had to advocate any platform

would bear him up."
Another, Father Vaughan is the skil-ful organizer and administrator. Two Manchester bazaars organized by him made £11 000 with which he built clubs

Leo XIII. He was called up and con-

Leo XIII. He was called up and congratulated by His Holiness, and when one of the Cardinals declared that Father Bernard preached like an It alian, the Pope asserted that he was an Italian. "He was born on Vesuvius, and we only sent him to England to cool." It was a fine metaphor of his fiery eloquence. But perhaps the most characteristic story is his answer when asked if he had been nervous in preaching at Cannes, when King Edward as Prince of Wales, and some fifteen other per-onages were present, "No," he said. "for you must know I have been

per onages were present, "No," he said, "for you must know I have been

THE GUILT OF HERESY.

Rev. Walter McDonald, a professor at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, writes to the London Tablet,

as follows:
The writer of the article "Moral

Obligation of Assent to Dogma" in the last issue of the Tablet holds that a

Catholic who has once received the faith cannot cease to believe without formal guilt; and that the possibility

accustomed to preach in the pre of Our Lord."—Indian Advocate.

# The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907.

A WORD IN SEASON.

To our friends who fear to begin works (Federation of Canadian Societies for instance) we submit the following words of a great spiritual writer "They will risk nothing," he says, " for fear of losing the reputation they may have gained of ability and wisdom. Hence they renounce a thousand holy enterprises. They abandon their labors lest they should labor without success. Whereas they who are really humble, forgetting themselves, apply with diligence to many objects to which they may often find their talents unequal . these men who seek humiliation are crowned with success which

NOT OPPOSED.

they never contemplated."

No, we are not opposed to athletics. A ball game, unaccompanied by the antics and dismal "wit" of the coacher, is not to be banned. In fact we enjoy anything which calls for skill and endurance, and which serves as an outlet for exuberant vitality. The well poised man, however, can amuse and recreate himself without depending on others. But while we are in sympathy with any movement that can enable us to have more energy for our work we have none for the unreasonable devotion to athletics. Exercise to keep one "fit" should be enough for anyone who has to make his way. No play, it is true, makes Jack a dull boy, but some of the Jacks now - adays play the most of the time and are not excessively brilliant. It may please us to dilate on the blood that makes us winners on field and water, but it would be far more pleasing to chronicle the feats of our young men in the civic arena and their contributions to the formation of public opinion.

GOING AWAY.

Time was when the road houses "were on the highway to afficience;" now they are on the pathway to failure. The festive gatherings, once in vogne therein, are but a bad memory. The proprietors waste time in berating the cranks" and sighing over the good times gone, but the reverend pastors rejoice at the good time that is, and that let us hope will be permanent. The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done, is not found at the " road-

THE JAPANESE CHARACTER.

The Sacred Heart Review, May 18, informs us that Father Conrardy, the leper missionary, declares from an inthe Chinese are in every way superior to the Japanese. Bishop Restarick (Protestant Episcopal) says that only Eastern people, who do not know, put the Japanese as superior to the Chinese in mental or moral qualities. There is, said Colgate Baker, in the Independent, no mystery about the Japanese character, as Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn and others would have us believe, but there is an absolute lack of what the Christian world understands and cherishes as moral ideas. The inherent natural philosophy of the Japanese mind does not permit to conceive those ideals, and while it cannot be gainsaid that there are many admirable traits in the Japanese character, all of them together do not counterbalance the absence of the moral principle.

REVISION OF THE VULGATE.

In a statement to the Catholic News (London) the distinguished Francis can, the Most Rev. D. Fleming, says, in reference to the Papal decree for the revision of the text of the Vulgate 6 that the revision was proposed by the Council of Trent. Commissions were appointed under Sixtus V. and Clement VIII., but their labors did not give the accuracy demanded by the Council. The action of the Pope means that the intention of the Council of Trent, so clearly expressed and so emphatically insisted upon, must be effectively and successfully carried out."

It may be well to remark that the numerous inaccurate readings found in volve any errors in matters of faith or morals. They concerned chiefly historical facts; or presented different shades of meaning. So that it is true to say that the present Latin Vulgate represents in substance, and for all practical and hold the attention of his devotion to truth when they ceased to the British Government was establish to ten or later, followed their parents to ten or later, followed their parents to ten or later, followed their parents in goatholicity in India if it should to ten or later, followed their parents in goatholicity in India if it should parents in goatholicity in India if it should to ten or later, followed their parents in goatholicity in India if it should to ten or later, followed their parents in goatholicity in India if it should to ten or later, followed their parents in goatholicity in India if it should the substance, and for all practical for parents in substance, and for all practical forms. They didn't know what they were not false to God. There are though they do." (St. Luke xxiii, 34)

They didn't know what they were conversions were widening the circle of native good-will towards the client of native good-will towards the circle of native good-will towards the circle of native good-will towards the circle of native good-will towards the client into the parents in goatholicity in India if it should to ten or later, followed their parents ing Catholicity in India if it should they do." (St. Luke xxiii, 34)

They didn't know what they were conversions were widening the circle of native good-will towards the client into the provide the provide into the missionary on the Afghan frontier, where conversions were widening the circle of native good-will towards the client into the provide into the doing. And that its about all we need to go an an answer to the attacks upon the client into the provide into the provide into the provide into the doing. And that its about all we need to go an an answer to the attacks upon the client into the provide into the provide into ten or

purposes, the various original texts. The new revision will require a great deal of labor and of accurate scholar ship, and will need the co operation of the best experts in textual criticism and in the collation of the most trustworthy manuscript.

THE FRENCH SITUATION.

Writing in the Nineteenth Century (June) the Countess of Franqueville, who has lived for four years wholly with the French, says in regard to Pope Pius' rejection of the Worship Associations proposed by Clemenceau: "Looking back through the annals of the Papacy nothing strikes us as more essentially in harmony with the spirit of the apostles, with that of the first Bishop of Rome, than this act of Pius X., whether wise or foolish from a worldly point of view."

Of the Montagnini business she says: The only reproach possible to Rome is a want of discernment in those em ployed and trusted 'and (is it a reproach?) no intriguing whatever against the Republic, but an extraordinary preference for Christian as against anti-Christian deputies in the Assembly which disposes of the earthly circumstances of the Church of France. We have been reproached," she

writes, " as lacking a spirit of tolerance in another review. What does tolerance mean? Tolerance of evil, of anti-Christianism, of injustice, of French Freemasons ?"

It is absurd to attempt to explain the situation and at the same time to ignore the chief factors on the side of evil-Freemasonry and the atheistical, fanatically anti Christian elementary school teachers. Of course there are still many of the old race who regret and bewail the poisoning of the race; but the whole current of the stream is a propaganda of atheism, and often also of anti-patriotism.

Does the editor of the Christian Guardian still think that Viviani's atrocious speech of November last, with its mockery of Christian hope and light, prayer and faith, is but " a not very sensible remark."

FATHER VAUGHAN, S. J.

PEN-PICTURE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH JESUIT'S HOME LIFE.

Father Vaughan, the preacher, the denouncer of the sins of modern society, the eloquent outspoken priest, is known to everyone.
Father Vaughan, the tireless worker

in the East End, the glad resource of all the hungry and suffering, the sick and needy, and above all, of the children, is a stranger beyond the dull, narrow streets where he has worked.

dat the "road
At one time he used to spend two nights a week at his residence in Lucas atreet, Commercial Road. The residence was one room on the ground floor, furnished with two deal chairs, a deal table, a camp bedstead, and a frying pan. There you might find both races that the transmission of the during the decree in the light of the assurance as regards heresy; it seems but natural to interpret it as teaching that one can never give up the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the effect that one can not without such its part of the during the contain official teaching to the effect that one can not without such its part of the during the contain official teaching to the effect that one can not without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it does not contain official teaching to the faith without material sin. If this be the true meaning there is nothing about formal sin in the decree; consequently it d liver and bacon—a portion of his own dinner—for some old creature who had ne to appeal to his benevolen

There are two sides at least to Father Vaughan. He will pass from a fashion-able congregation in Farm street, from a passionate attack on what he con-ceives to be certain aspects of modern life in the West End, to the squalor and abject poverty of the East. There perched on a table in some convenient square, with the children gathered round him, he will start a service, first catechising the children, and then passing to an easy, simple address to the rough people gathered round.

The sheer, inevitable directness of his speaking gives Father Vaughan his great norms. His words are carefully

great power. His words are carefully chosen; he begins slowly, impressively, and perfectly natural. Some of his points are made almost in asides, some points are made almost in asides, some come with a direct sledge-hammer force, but whatever the manner they strike home. As a speaker Father Vaughan is of the school of Mr. Balfour, master-ful in fact and skill: and with it there come spaces of intense earnestness that thrill and sway a whole vast audience. Then Father Vaughan has a keen wit Then Father Vaughan has a keen wit
—and also a genial humor—a quite extraordinary combination. There is a
story told of him when he was a guest
of the master of Trinity, Cambridge.
He was standing under the famous picture of Henry VIII., by Holbein, when
someone asked with half jest, half jeer,
"What would you, Father, as a Jesuit,
Let it is Maisety was to sten forth out do, if his Majesty was to step forth out of that canvas?" "I should request the ladies to leave the room," he answered promptly. Some years ago he brought a libel action against a paper which charged him with being "steeped in sedition." His conduct of the case was one of his most brilliant successes. was one of his most brilliant successes. As someone remarked, he was a good witness, a good counsel for the defense, and for the plaintiff, and a good judge directing the jury. Asked at the time by a rabid anti-Jesuit, "Do you believe in the principle that the end justifies the means?"—It was the time of the King's illeges. "It hope ac." he

operated."
This, it must be admitted, is a fair presentation of theological opinion as it is found in text books; it represents even, there can be little doubt, what may be called the official mind, or as some may prefer to say, the mind of most of the Church's officials who are empowered to teach with authority. some souls, notwithstanding, may be comforted to hear that the dostrine has never been taught officially. The Vaticau decree, quoted by the writer of the article just mentioned, is the most definite of all the official utterances on

the subject; but before that decree was passed assurance was given at the Council that there was no intention of Council that there was no intention of coademning the opinion of those who maintained that in certain circum stances an ignorant Catholic might join an heretical sect without committing formal sin. This does not cover cases in which all faith is lost — when, that is, one ceases to believe in supernatural revelation; but reading the decree in the light of the assurance as regards heresy: it seems but natural to

Whether the doctrine that faith can a lost without formal sin is true of false, it is surely not Pelagianism, for it does not assert "that faith is not a it does not assert "that faith is not a grace at all." Faith, in the present order of Providence, is always super-naturalized: but may it not be that a mental act once supernaturalized can change to the contrary without formal

sin?
There is, of course, the other alternative—of implety—mentioned in the article; the implety consisting in the blasphemous supposition that "the part of the soul, abandons His own work in it, and is false to the very union in truth which He Himsell has union in truth which He Himself has operated." A blasphemous thing, surely, to charge the Infinite Truth with falsehood; but no such charge is implied. God never abandons till He has been abandoned—wilfully or unwilfully. How does it appear that he abandons on in what same does He abandons, or in what sense does He abandon, a soul that may be supposed to renounce belief in revelation, from to renounce belief in revelation, from ignorance, deeming it, perhaps, a duty so to do? Sanctifying grace would not be withdrawn on that account; so that, should death occur, the soul would enjoy the beatific vision; is that to be abandoned by the Holy Spirit? No doubt, the soul is not saved from the material sin of infidelity; but where has the Holy Spirit promised to where has the Holy Spirit promised to save from material sin those in whom He has operated a union in truth with Himself?

At the time of the Greek schism and also at the Reformation, millions of simple people followed their pastors · who can believe th were all formally guilty? And what of the theory that in England at least the faith was not much given up by the dren who have been baptized into the Church have at the age of from seven to ten or later, followed their parents

audience. In Manchester, before he came to London, he preached at the Church of the Holy Name. The title of one of his course of sermons that attracts huge audiences was, "Is life worth living in hell?" He also addressed a huge audience in a well-known music hall, and met a critic with the reply that "with such a good cause as he had to advocate any platform would hear him up." but may it not have been but a mater ial sin after all? It is well to remem ber that heresy or infidelity, however wilful in such cases as drunkenness or impurity, is not true heresy or infidelifor working men.
But Father Vaughan is chiefly the preacher. He was once preaching in Rome on behalf of the charities of Pope

impurity, is not true heresy or inidelity unless it has been forseen that the evil cause may lead to denial of revealed truth.

There was a time when, happily, atheism was rare, and it used to be taught in the schools that all atheists are of necessity in had faith. Some of taught in the schools that all atheists are of necessity in bad faith. Some of us who have come into living touch with atheists can no longer conscientiously hold to that bad opinion of them. We cannot believe, either, that those who have been born of infidel parents and grown up in infidelity must at some time have sinned against the light. So, too, should a considerable number of those who were once believers lose faith in revelation, as unfortunately may happen, perhaps even it has hapmay happen, perhaps even it has hap-dened, we or our successors may come to credit their assurance that when they gave up their faith they were not conscious of any lack of fidelity to truth. We may then be thankful to Tanner, Platel, and those few theolo-Tanner, Platel, and those few theologians who maintained that heretics may leave the Church without formal guilt, we may thank them for having thereby saved us from being obliged to regard as formally guilty those who seem to us to have renounced the faith with deepest anguish, and others whom though they cease to belive in revelation, we find it hard to regard as having thereby committed formal sin.

#### DEVIL'S DOCTRINE,

formal guilt; and that the possibility of a purely material lapse into heresy or infidelity implies "either Pelagian ism and holding that faith is not a grace at all, or impiety, by holding that the Holy Spirit, without any fault on the part of the soul, abandons His own work in it, and is false to the very union of truth which He Himself has operated." THAT EDUCATION AND PHILANTHROPY BECOME UNWORTHY OF PUBLIC ASSIST-ANCE WHEN THEY ARE GUIDED AND

ANCE WHEN THEY ARE GUIDED AND INSPIRED BY RELIGION.
On pages 33, 34 of his book Lansing says: "No religious society can justly receive, under the constitution, the public funds for its upbuilding and the propagation of its ideas."
Here, as everywhere else in his book, the author talks as if the National Constitution controlled the State Constitutions in religion. which it does

Constitution controlled the State Constitutions in religion, which it does not. The General Government is not allowed to establish a religion, but every State is free to do as it likes. As I have said before, so far as the law goes, Massachusstts is still at perfect liberty to require every citizen to pay \$5 a year to the Congregational pastor, New York to the Episcopal rector, South Carolina to the Presbyterian minister and Louisiana to the Catholic priest. It would be impossible to do this, but there is no law against it. The impossibility lies in general feeling, and in the fact that in no State (uniess in Utah) has any one denomina-

(uniess in Utah) has any one denomina-tion a majority. \* \* \* However, in no state for many years,

however, in no state for many years, have the public funds been given to any religious body "for the propagation of its ideas." The nation as such may not establish a church, but, as the Supreme Court of the United States has emphatically decided this in no way retrains it from aiding a way restrains it from aiding a est tribunal of a Christian nation should decide that they do not become should decide that they do not become unworthy of this help when they are guided and inspired by religion. Such devil's doctrine our Supreme Court leaves to Clemenceau and his "noble Father," and to the accomplices of Apollyon in all lands, including our own.

It would be unjust to any that Land

It would be unjust to say that Lan sing and the A. P. A.'s and such people sing and the A. P. A.'s and such people have any wish to see religiously conducted schools and orphanages left unsided by the public treasury, provided only they are Protestant or Jewish, at all events Protestant. It is only when they are Catholic that their conscientions accurate and deally blaze up. They tious scruples suddenly blaze up. They sometimes act oppressively towards the Jews, but this is only incidental. They would be persuadable here, unpersuadable only to the most numerous Chris-

TAE INDIAN SCHOOLS AS AN EXAMPLE. It is well to recur, and not once or twice only, to the history of the Indian schools to be convinced of the hypo-crisy of the Protestant churches where Catholic rights are concerned.

We really are not undeserving of commisseration, being shut up in a vice between our necessity, as Americans, of professing attachment to equal religious rights of all, and our immitigable hatred of the Catholic Church, and our determination to deal her a back-handed stroke when

ever we can. We know that the churches we know that the churches were neither startled nor scandalized when President Grant, in a message to Congress, said that the Government was ready to receive them as aids "in civilizing and Christianizing the Indians."

I was then out of the country, but no spho, private or public, reached me of echo, private or public, reached me cany dissatisfaction with this statemen It no more occurred to sensible people that there was here any union of Church and State than it would that the British Government was establishing Catholicity in India if it should

the Government, went on quietly among the Indians for several years, until it was found that sixty per cent. of these were for Catholic schools, and only forty per cent. for Protestant. Then first the heinousness of this imagined "union of Church and State" because to dewn on Perchaptant vision.

began to dawn on Protestant vision.

Even then we should probably have stifled our scruples—for Government greenbacks are a very soothing ap-plication to conscience—had we not been reminded by a Presbyterian minister—cited by Colonel Higginson—that the loss would fall mainly on the Catholics, inasmuch, he remarked, as the Government schools would still be Bestester in fast though not Protestant in fact, though not in form. Then at last our duty to shake off alliance with the Belial of the United States Government.

ment became clearly imperative.

Even then the Presbyterian clergyman aforesaid, Dr. Patterson (or one of man aforesaid, Dr. Patterson (or one of the same way of thinking,) writing in the Independent, does not put the duty of refusing Government aid on any-thing wrong in accepting it, but on the odiousness of sharing in moneys that were also given to Catholics. That a Protestant nation should help Papists for any purpose whatever, however laudable, he signifies to be purely in-tolerable. Of course this includes the appointment of Catholic chaplains for Catholic soldiers and sailors, but Dr. Catholic soldiers and sailors, but Dr. Patterson leaves this to be inferred. In various States the law forbids pub-

In various States the law forbids public grants to ecclesisatical schools or ssylums. This is a purely local affair, which the Supreme Court explicitly declares to be no requirement of national principal. Therefore Lansing's ravings, in the name of the nation, against such grants, are simply, like all his declamations, a mixture of ignorance and impudence, in this case directed against the nine chief judges of the land.—Rev. Charles C. Starbuck (Protestant) in Sacred Heart Review.

WE MUST FORGIVE.

Ever since the Catholic Church was nstituted it has been the object of denunciation. In the earlier days this took the form of direct attacks of Christianity, but since the reformation these attacks have been guided largely by men professing Christianity but at the same time holding the Church founded by Jesus Christ up to scorn and ridicule. It is natural the them when have found in for those who have found in Catholicity the direct answer to the questions of the soul which they had sought in vain in other channels should attempt defenses of what they believe is the duly logical church representing God and Jesus Christ on earth. In presenting their defenses, their work has very generally been to refute the errors of Protestantism and not to show the truths of Catholicity only in so far as those truths were necessarily brought forward in showing where Protestantism erred. Most of the discussion, therefore, as to the respective merits of Protestantism and Cath olicism has been dry reading for the layman on either side and has not been active in winning the hearts of the people to either side of the controversy. It has probably been an active cause in keeping people away from God.

The natural wants and cravings of the heart of man, the ideal to which it aspires and which is cherished above in no way restrains it from aiding a school or protectory which may chance to be under a particular ecclesiastical control—Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, Education and philanthropy are intrinsically worthy of public assist ance, and it is natural that the high-cent tribunal of a Christian nation ess of unbelief or entangled in a mass of polemical assaults upon Protestant-ism. Rather do discussions of religious problems, that is, the abstruse and complicated ones which arise among men competent to discuss them, add to the bewilderment and dazed condition of the honest seeker for satisfaction of the wants and needs which every human heart must crave. That Catho-licity satisfies the craving for super

natural help is more to the point.

The same effort expended in present ing the logic of Church as founded by Jesus Christ would as effectually answer the attacks upon the Church, and at the same time instruct and interest those whose natural desires make them feel the need of the knowledge of God.

No matter what the physical outlook and spiritual condition of individuals there are many who seek but the truth and whose aim is to live a higher life. No matter how false are the premises upon which they found their faith, they are not deserving of the sneers of an unsympathetic world. They have most of them retained some of the truth as it has been handed down from the days of Christ to the present by the Catholic Church, and all Christians should rejpice that even so little of the true faith is known to them. While they are all seeking an answer to ques-tions of the soul; the duty of Catholics is plain that they should testify to the genuine happiness which com them and the complete answers which the Catholic Church affords.

Attacks upon Catholicity when no prompted by vicious causes or hatred may well be answered by logic. But about every attack it is possible for the mind of man to conjure up has already been answered. It is well to reer the words of Jesus Christ when at the climax of His life, with scoffers and mendacious rascals hurling epithet and meduacious rasola thining present upon Him, He prayed: "Father, for-give them; for they know not what they do." (St. Luke xxiii, 34) They didn't know what they were doing. And that is about all we need

what |better can we do than to commend them to the loving kindness and forgiving graciousness of God, Who sent His Son to earth to show mankind the way ?-Intermountain Catholic.

AMAZE YOUR CONGREGATION.

Our young men somehow seem to have got out of the marrying habit, here in the East, but out West the an-cient story is being retold. Here is a refreshing bit of news, found in the Catholic Columbian of Columbus, Ohio: The matrimonial market is booming

The matrimonial market is booming in this city, as is evidenced by the long list of licenses published daily, and in one of the largest Catholic churches the publication of banns read out last Sunday at the last Mass was so long even for that large congregation that a silent smile spread from pew to pew and looks of amusement, if not of amazement, were exchanged. It was the subject of general comment after the dismissal of the congregation.

Is it not about time for Catholic young men East to undertake to amaze congregations this way? They will

congregations this way? They will never do their part in building the Church of God by herding together in club-rooms and engaging in melan-choly smokers.—Syracuse Catholic

May St. Joseph, on his part, obtain for our cold and sinful hearts a little of the love for Jesus that filled to burst-ing his own most generous and magnifi-cent heart, till at last it broke, and he died of love—love for the Sacred Heart.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Another of Fra Ignatius' monks at Llanthoney Abbey, Wales, has been re-ceived into the Catholic Church.

Some of the wooden churches in Norsome of the wooden churches in Norway are fully 700 years old and have withstood the stress of the severe weather almost perfectly. This is said to be because many of the main timbers are coated with tar every few years.

The Record of Louisville states that Prince Loewenstein Wertheim, the foremost and wealthiest Catholic nobleman of the German Empire, at the advanced age of seventy-three years, had just entered the Dominican Order at Benlo, Holland, as a novice.

Archbishop Bourne, of London, has received \$10,000 from the Duke of Norfolk and \$5,000 each from the Marquis of Ripon and Lord Llands towards the fund of \$500,000 which is being raised in order to meet the re-quirements of the local educational authorities respecting Catholic schools of the Westminster diocese.

The ecclesiastical authorities in The ecclesiastical authorities in Paris are determined to break up the huge parishes and institute in their place a number of small ones. How huge they are at present may be judged by the fact that the Cardinal Archbishop thinks that no small parish should contain more than 20,000 contains.

The Marist Brothers' chapel in France, which cost about 600,000 francs and is considered one of the most beautiful in that desolate land, has been sold to a business man and is now used as a cafe and cinematograph show. Its high altars form a support to the stage, on which blasphemous and indecent songs are sung to the vilest classes.

An original untertaking was recent-In original uniertaking was recently completed in New York, that city
of the odd. St. Michael's Church,
school, rectory and convent were
moved stone by stone, pillar by pillar
and joist by joist from West Thirtysecond to West Thirty-fourth street and re erected so that the oldest in habitant could scarcely tell of the removal.

Rt. Rev. Ignatius F. Horstman, Bishop of Cleveland, has placed a ban upon dancing of any description at Church fairs and picnics. He also Church fairs and picnics. He also strongly discountenances the moonlight excursion, and will positively refuse to allow any such to be held for the purpose of raising money for any church in his diocese, unless the permission, in writings, of the ordinary shall have been first obtained.

A private life-saving station, fully equipped with all apparatus and appliances for the saving of life, with the crew composed entirely of priests, who live at Loyola-on-the Lake, the Jesuit villa a Sunnyside, three miles west of Lorain, Ohio, on the lake shore, has been established. The idea was carried out at the suggestion of Rev. Fred. Oden-back, S. J., of Ignatius College, Cleve-land, who has just ordered a marine telescope and a large flag for the look-out tower sent to the station. The Catholic Mirror cited last

reek an instance of the confessional's practical results. Here is another. Just recently a priest of St. Louis, Mo., called on the cashier of one of that city's banks, and handed him \$161. He requested that the cash should be credited to the account of a prominent St. Louis merchant ; with the further request that nothing be said about the matter, as it was conscience money, and had been given to him that he might so deposit it. He left without disclosing his identity. Mr. A. S. Colborne, a Catholic gentle-

man of New York, has adopted a novel way to assist the Holy Name Society in its warfare against profane language. This gentleman has had thousands of tickets issued, bearing the sentence, "Please do not swear or use obscene or profane language." These are left in places where men congregate. Officials of railways, superintendents and forest the control of the cont on raniways, superintendents and fore-men of shops have assisted him in the distribution of the cards, and the silent campaign of the cards against the great evil has borne good results.

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OLIC RECORD

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Diurnæ 48mo.  $(4\frac{5}{8}x2\frac{5}{8}$  in.) lear and bold type light weight

ckness. Morocco, first quality, gold, gold stamping on ners. ce \$1.75 rd, London, Canada they had a Freemason secret amongst themselves that Father Martin did verily and indeed enjoy a joke. And

great puzzle to him, the only answer to which he found in his prospective exile. The profit he derived from this inter-

course was probably not an apprecia-ble quantity; but his nerves got smoothed out and calmed. It is true,

indeed, that Father Tim gave labored utterance to one or two of his oracular

sayings, which, not being quite consistent in their normal bearing with what Luke had been taught, occasioned

igh, and put a big price on yourself."

"But surely, Father," remonstrated Luke, "that would be quite inconsist

"Humility? God bless me, my boy, you'll be pulled and dragged through the mud; you'll be trampled into compost by the hoofs of men if you attempt

Luke was silent.
"An ell has a better chance than a

salmon," said Father Tim, on another occasion, "of making his way in the narrow and twisted and shallow chan-

narrow and twisted and shallow char-nels of Irish life." After a long pause of pleasure, he added: "But an eel is not a salmon for all that." The brethren nodded assent.

"You have a good name to go England with, my boy," he said, at his own dinner-table on Monday evening. "Who was the fool that said: "What's

in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

"A great fellow called Will Shakespere," said Father Martin.

"I thought so. One of those birds

who hatch the eggs of others. Now, will any one tell me that Delmege —

and if you can pronounce it in the French lashion so much the better— is not a wholesomer name for an exile

than O'Shaughnessy or O'Deluchery You'll find that this fellow will com

back to us with an accent like a duch

ess, and that he'll find out that his an

cestors fought at Poictiers, and that he

is a first cousin, in the collateral line, to Joan of Arc."

'It is a curious form of insanity,'

"No! no!" said Father Martin

To explain which parable we should

operations on animals that would have

made Lister die of envy. Here he had put into splints the broken leg of a

blackbird, who, in exchange for the gratuitous service, then and there ab dicated his freedom, and became the

melodious companion of the priest. Here, too, dogs of all shapes and breeds were brought to him, and whilst

he treated them with infinite gentle-ness, and they licked his hand in grati

tude, and the wistful, swimming look gathered into their eyes, as indeed in-

human way. In spiritual matters, too, he was an able and tender physician.

am not sure that he was a distingui-

shed theologian, or that he could weigh

opinions in the balance, like that sens

tive plate in the Bank of England, that

tive plate in the Bank of England, that flings good coins to the right, and light, spurious ones to the left, and quivers, as if in doubt, when a dubious coin is submitted, and reasons in its

own mechanical way, and finally drops it. But Father Pat had a sovereign

re that Father Pat was an ama

Rescissa vegetius resurget.

make little of yourself.

EN ROUTE.

The next few days passed pleasantly and cheerfully for Luke. The inestimable privilege of being able to say Mass in his father's house blessed and hallowed the entire day; and if occasionally he allowed himself to be tormented by the accidents and circumstances of by the accidents and circumstances of life, or by grave questioning about men and their ways, all these vexations troubles evaporated the moment he sat with his three clerical friends; and all jarring and dissonant sounds were merged and disappeared in the glorious dithyramb of friendship.

The three friends were known in the diocese as the "Inseparables." They formed a narrow and exclusive circle of themselves, and all candidates for the accidents and circumstances o

formed a narrow and exclusive creas of themselves, and all candidates for admission were sternly blackballed. They dined together and supped to gether on all festive occasions. They took their summer holidays together at Lisdoonvarna; and there they insisted that their rooms should be on the same Lisdoonvarna; and there they insisted that their rooms should be on the same corridor and adjacent, and that their chairs should be placed together at the same table. At Kirkee, which is popularly supposed to be the hygienic supplement of Lisdoonvarna, just as the cold douche is supposed to wind up a Turkish bath, they bathed in the same pool er pollock hole, went together to Loop Head, or the Natural Bridges of Ross, fooled around during the hot day together; and if they ventured on a game of billiards after dinner, two played and the other marked. If any one else came in or interfered, the three walked away together. At home they were equally exclusive. Every Sunday evening, winter and summer, Sunday evening, winter and summer they met, to "celebrate the Eleusinian mysteries," said jealous outsiders, but in reality to dine; and the dinner on each occasion, and at each table, never varied—chickens and ham, followed by a tiny piece of roast mutton; one dish, generally of apples, as second course, and that was all. The only occasion when there was a shadow of a cloud be-tween them was when Father Martin got a new house-keeper, and she treated her guests to what she was pleased to call a chancellor-pudding. The guests looked at it suspiciously, but declined to partake. Father Martin, always gentle and polite, made profuse apol-ogles. "Give me the old horse for the long road." said Father Tim. So, too ong road," said Father Tim. So, too the "Inseparables" held the same opinions on politics, the only difference being that Father Martin looked upon things from a theoretical and academic standpoint, whereas Father Tim held himself passive, and Father Pat was disposed to be flercely and re-Pat was disposed to be neresty and re-lentlessly aggressive. Some said it was genuine, downright patriotism; some thought it was opposition to his pastor. No matter. There it was; and the great newspapers spoke of him as a "true soggarth, who was upholding, nader difficult and trying circumstances the noblest traditions of the Irish Church." These laudatory lines Father Pat had cut out, and posted into the cover of the Pars Aestiva of his breviary, where they formed occasionally the subject of an impromptu mediation. And as these three excellent men were obliged to make their wills in conform-ity with the statutes of the diocese, it was understood (though this of course was a secret) that the two executors of him who should predecease the other were to be the survivors. What the last survivor was to do history does

And yet, with all the unbroken in-And yet, with all the distributions over many years, no three men could be more unlike in character, disposition and education than the "Inseparables." Father Pat Casey was an open-air priest, who lived in the saddle, and was the familiar and intimate of every man, woman and child in the parish. We might sav indeed, in the three parishes; for his brother clerics often good-humoredly complained that he forgot the rectifica tion of the frontiers, and poached rather extensively on their preserves. He had a genuine, undisguised horror of books. His modest library consisted of St. Liguori in two volumes, Perrone of St. Liguori in two volumes, refrided in four, Alzog in two and Receveur in ten. There were, also, about fifty volumes of the Delphin classics, which had come down to him from a scholarly uncle; and in the midst of these was single volume of De Quincey, with an account, amongst other sssays, of the last days of Kant. This volume was the occasion of perpetual inquiry and interrogation.
"Where in the world did I pick it

Who the mischief was this What a name for a Christian! Martin, I am sure I must have stolen it from you in a fit of abstraction."

you in a fit of abstraction."

But he would not part with it—not for its weight in gold. It had served him well a tew times. It was always lying on the parlor table, except during when it went back to the book shelf; and once a highborn English lady, who had called to inquire about some poor people in the neighborhood took it up, and said:

took it up, and said:
"I'm glad to see you interested in
my favorite author, Father."
And once, when the Bishop paid an
impromptu visit, he found Father Pat

deeply immersed in abstruse studies. Reading, Father Casey?" said the

Bishop, as if he were surprised.
"Yes, my Lord," said Father Pat

demurely.

The Bishop took up the volume, turned over the leaves with a slight uplifting of the eyebrows, looked at Father Pat questioningly, looked at the book, and sighed.

There were a few prints of sacred subjects around the walls, one or two engravings signed Kaufmann, which

puted dull, because he did not choose to take part in discussions, which had no interest for him. But there was a tradition amongst the "Inseparables" that after these occasions strange sounds of laughter used to be heard from the recesses of his library. But this was a mistake. It was only a musical box that used to play twelve airs, and which always required winding on engravings signed Kaufmann, which Father Pat was told were of priceless Father Pat was told were of pricerosa value. But the masterpiece was over the mantel; it represented three or four horses, bay and black, their skins shining like mirrors. One was hurt, and a groom was chafing the fore foot, and the pay one of the old masters, and it It was by one of the old masters, and it was called "Elliman's Embrocation."

"Take down that vulgar thing," said his parish priest, on one of the few occasions when he visited his curate. Father Pat obeyed, but put it back again. It was the source of innocent and inefiable pleasure to him.

Father Pat didn't preach. He only spoke to the people. Hence after thirty years of zealous ministration, he remained a curate; and there seemed no likelihood that he would ever be asked, in his own words, "to become his condition." hange his condition."

Father Tim Hurley was pastor of

themselves that Father Martin did verily and indeed enjoy a joke. And in one of the secret recesses of his library, which no one was allowed to penetrate but the "Inseparables," he had a large ring or recary of photographic portraits—Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Wieland, Richter, Novalis, and Herder. The centre panel was for a long time vacant. Then one day it was filled—filled with a cabinet portrait of a man who, at his own dinner table, used to say by ges tures, if not articulately to his worship pers and sycophants: "Behold, am I not your lord and master?" and they answered him and said: "Yea, verily, thou art our lord and king." And the horrible story went abroad that Father Martin, the demure monk and eremite, used to sit in his arm-chair for hours together, contemplating this circle of genius with the centre of conceited emptiness, and laugh loud and long at the dismal contrast.

Luke was privileged to spend his last three days in Ireland in the company of these kindly men. Why he was admitted with the magic circle was a great puzzle to him, the only answer to which he found in his prospective exile. change his condition."

Father Tim Hurley was pastor of a neighboring parish—a one horse parish. He had no curate—a fact in which he took great pride when speaking to his fellow pastors, but which he deplored, almost with tears in his eyes, when in the company of curates. Once, in his early days, he had had the supreme misfortune of making an excellent bon mot, and an unwise admirer had called him "Thou son of Sirach." From that day forward he assumed the aphoristic mode of speaking; and sometimes it was a torture to his friends to see him, in much agony, laboring to twist and extort from his inner consciousness some pithy phrase that would help him to conserve or extend his reputation. Under the unwise advice of his friend Father Martin, he had laid in a stock of writers who had been remarkable for their wit and powers of repartee; but it was mighty hard to bring around Rochefoucauld in a conversation about the diocose, or Epictetus when they were talking about the harvest. And so Father Tim was driven, by the stress of circumstances to fall hack more his were talking about the harvest. And so Father Tim was driven, by the stress of circumstances, to fall back upon his own originality: and if, sometimes, he failed, he found, on the whole, that in his flights of fancy his own gray feathers were better than borrowed plum-

what Luke had been taught, occasioned him not a little anxiety and scruple. For example, Father Tim strongly in culcated on Luke the paramount neces sity of "not selling himself cheap."

"The world takes you, my boy, at your own valuation. Hold your head high and put a high reise on yourself." Father Martin, again, was almost direct antithesis to his friends; and as it was from him Luke's future life tool some of its color, I must give him a little more space just here.

Father Martin Hughes was not origin Father Martin Hughes was not originally intended for the Church, but for the Bar. For this purpose he had spent two years in Germany, passing from university to university, lodging in humble cottages by the banks of legendary rivers, or in the solitudes of black mountain forests; and here he had learned to prize the simple, cleanly lives, gray and drao in their monotony, but guilded by the music and the mystery that seems to hang like a golden cloud above the Fatherland. In after life he often recurred, with all the tery that seems to hang like a golden cloud above the Fatherland. In after life he often recurred, with all the gratefulness of memory, to the kindliness and unaffected politeness of these simple peasants and wood-cutters; and the little marks of sympathetic friend ship, such as the placing of a bunch of violets with silent courtesy on his dressing-table, or the little presents on his birthday, when his portrait was decorated by some Gretchen or Ottilie, ated by some Gretchen or Ottilie, were graved indelibly on a memory almost too retentive. Then the pathon almost too retentive. Then the pathos of the German hymns, sung by a whole family around the supper table, and to the accompaniment of a single table piano, such as you see in every German household, haunted him like a dream; and when, by degrees, he began to realize that this country, which but a few years back had been cursed by a foreign tongue, had now, by a supreme magnificent effort, created its own lan guage, and a literature unsurpa sed for richness and sweetness, he saturated himself with the poetry and philosophy of the country, which gave a new color and embellishment to life. Not that he troubled himself much about the cloudy metaphysics of this school of that, or the fine hair-splitting of philo sophic I mountebanks who ridiculed the scholastics for logic-chopping, yet mitated in untruth the worst feature of systems they condemned; but he allowed the fine mists and mountain

blematical issue at present, I'm going to get my notepaper created, like the Canon—two shillelaghs rampant—very dews of Schiller, Richiter, and Novalis to wrap him round and saturate his spirit, and thanked God that He had rampant—on a background of red—very red, with the motto, Nemo me impune lacessit, or its Irish translation, given poets to the world. The last months of his pilgrimage he had spent Don't tread on the tail of my coat; and I'll also pay for Father Pat's, for he'll above the Necker, in the grand old town of Heidelberg, and he never saw never have a penny to bless himself it after but in such a sunset dream o coloring, and such an overhanging heaven of azure, as arches the golden an heraldic crest and motto for Father Pat?" said Father Martin.
"Certainly. A death's head and crossbones couchant, on a black ground, with the motto of Napoleon: andscapes on the canvases of Turner But it was there and in the lonely re cesses of the Hartz mountains, wher village after village clustered around the church spires and the white tombe Frappez-vite — frappez fort, or in the vernacular: Wherever you see a head, of the dead, that the gentle afflatus wa breathed on him that turned his thoughts from the forum to the pulpit hit it !" "that would not be appropriate. Give him the surgeon's knife and the motto, and from the world to God. But he never abandoned his German studies during all his after life. He had conceived the original and apparently ex travagant idea of engrafting German teur surgeon, principally in the vet erinary department. He had a little German habits and manners on the peasantry at home, and he had written one thoughtful article on the surgery, a room about eight feet square, off the ball; and here he performed affinity between German and Irish thought and traditior. He thought to show that German idealism and Celtic mysticism were the same, and that the issue of an alliance between the thoughts issue of an alliance between the thoughts and sympathies of these nations should necessarily be a healthy one. But he was hooted from the literary stage. France, and France alone, was to be our wet nurse and duenna—and Father Martin went back to his books and his dreams. He was, therefore, a cipher, a nonentity, for a silenced voice is sup-posed to denote and symbolize empti-ness in a loud-tongued, blatant land. to all eyes, human and other, in crises of their lives, some thought that he dropped a tear into the embrocation, and moistened the cintment in this old Then, again, his accomplishments and learning were merged and forgotten in the fact that he was the gentlest, the most imperturbable of men. And partly by native disposition, partly by habit and cultivation, he had come to that pass when he did not think it worth while to differ with any one about anything. He answered, "Quite

about anything. He answered, "Quite so!" to the most absurd and extravag

ant statement. Hence, after conferen

ces and such like he was generally re-

and which always required winding on

these particular occasions. So said the "Inseperables" to the gentiles; but

puted dull, because he did not c

Lord knows I'm not a saint. I suppose 'tis the grace of God and an honest face."

'tis the grace of God and an nonface."

"No matter," said Father Tim, in
reply; "he'll never come to decent
notepaper. Ah, me! if Pat had only
held his head high, how different he
would be to day? Luke, my boy, hold
your head high and let every year
increase your valuation."

"Tell him about Tracey," said Fath"Tell him about Tracey," said Fath"Tell him about Tracey," said Fath-

"Tell him about Tracey," said Father Pat; "It might frighten him."
"About Tracey, that poor angashore in the city? Well, he's an awful example. He had a good parish—as good a parish as there is in the diocese. It is my own native parish—"
"It is the Siberia of the diocese," hinted Father Martin.
"It's my own pative parish." said

hinted Father Martin.

'It's my own native parish," said Father Tim, "and though I shouldn't say it, there's as good a living there—well, no matter. What did our friend Tracey do? Instead of thanking God and his Bishop, he fiew into the face of God, he insulted the Bishop, he insulted the neonle and he in he insulted the people, and he in sulted me." The memory of the insult was so vivid and painful that Father Tim could not speak for several

"He began to make meditations, if you please, with the result of course, that he went clean off his head. His delusion was that he was too elevated as a parish priest, God bless the mark! and that his salvation would be more secure on a lower rung of the ladder. He resigned his parish and became chaplain to a city hospital. He is low chaplain to a city hospital. He is low enough now. He may be seen wandering around the streets of the city with a coat on him as green as a leek, and he looks like an anatomy. Of course he is off his head; and the fun is, he likes to be told it. And if you'd politely hint that he has been, and must have been, suspended for an occult crime, he'd shake your hand like a hungry friend whom you had like a hungry friend whom you had unexpectedly asked to dinner."

"By Jove !" said Luke, forgetting himself, and striking the table, "the first vacation I get, I'll make a pil-grimage to the city and kiss that man's

"That's easy enough," said Father m. "because his shoes are usually Tim, "because his shoes are usual well ventilated, and he's not shy about showing his toes. Meanwhile, spare these few glasses of mine. spare these few glasses of mine. They are all I have, and this is a hungry

"Tell me, Father Martin," Luke, as the two went home together, "is that true what Father Tim told about that priest in Limerick? Because one never knows when he is serious

and when jesting."
"Literally true," said Father Martin
with that tone of seriousness which was
natural to him, and which he only suppressed in moments of relaxation.
"And our cases like this very rare?"

asked Luke. "Not so rare as you may imagine," replied Father Martin, "but not so remarkable."
"I suppose the man is worshipped,"

"I suppose the man is worshipped, said Luke, gauging the popular estimate by his own.

"Quite the contrary. He is regafded by all as an imbecile. The people only think of him as one 'tetched in his mind."

"But the brethren - his own

"But the brethren — his own — who understand his heroism?"
"Oh!" said Father Martin, with a long breath. "Well," he said deliberately, "here, too, there is compassion, but no great admiration. He is not called a fool, but he is treated as such. "It is a curious form of insanity," said Father Martin, "and every one is more or less affected."

"Except myself and Father Pat. I could never trace the Hurleys or the Caseys beyond the three-years-old and four-years old factions. But I believe they were very conspicuous in these crusades." He added, in his tone of quiet sarcasm: "When I get a little money together, which is a rather problematical issue at present, I'm going I remember a few months ago a magnificent sermon, preached by a great pulpit orator, on 'Humility.' It was really beautiful, and the picture he drew of St. Francis, hooted by the people of his native town, and called people of his native town, and called 'a fool,' was photographic in its perfect details. But when he met Father Tracey, with his old green coat at the dinner table afterwards, it was delighted the coat of the c ful to see his condescension. He shook hands with him, apparently with some reluctance, but said after to one of a group of his admir-'Poor fellow!' But the cream "And wouldn't you kindly suggest of the joke was that an excellent man,

immediately after, spoke of the distinguished orator as the exact and happy antithesis of wretched failures like Father Tracey."

"It's a dreadful enigma," said Luke, wearily mopping his forehead. "I don't know where I am."

"You see Father Tim's advice was not so far absurd as you seem to think We are all like frogs in a swamp, each trying to croak louder than his follows, and to lift his stupid head somewhat and to lift his stupid head somewhat above them out of this dreary Slough of Despond. And for what, think you? That he might have a better opportun ity than his fellows to see the fens and quagmires of this dreary existence, and inhale the more deeply and marsh-miasms of this fever-stricken and pestilential planet.

"But, surely, you do not agree with what Father Tim said?" said Luke,

what Father Tim said?" said Luke, in an accent of despair.
"I fully agree with his conclusion that, if you are humble and lowly and self effaced, you will certainly be crushed into compost under the hoofs of wild asses. But—"He stopped, and Luke watched him.
"I believe, also, that the highest Christian teaching is true; and that

Christian teaching is true; and that no real work is done in the world except by humble and lowly men. Did you notice the two photos on my mantlepiece?"

Yes : your idols ?" "According to mood. When I am disposed to be contemptuous or scornful or too zealous, I turn to Savonarola; he was my deity for half my life. When I am in a gentle and charitable mood, I light a taper before the Curé of Ars.

"'Tis all a mighty puzzle," said

Luke. "Ay, 'tis a mad world, my merry masters," answered the priest. Then, after a long pause, he said :

remedy, a pure anesthetic, an anti-septic salve for all the wounds of humanity, and that was Epikeia. It was never known to fail him, and the after a long pause, he said:
"I dare say you're pretty tired of
the advice and wisdom of your seniors.
But you have had a great misfortune.
You have come into the world worse consequence was that patients flocked to him from town and country and went equipped than if you had been born blind or lame. You have a hundred away rejoicing.
"I can't make it out," he said. "I'm not much of a theologian, and the naked, quivering nerves, wide open on

every square inch of your body. Happy you if you had been born with the hide of a rhinoceros. As this is not so, I say to you, first, with the Grecian pollosopher—
"Habita tecum. Dwell as much as you can with your own thoughts. Secondly—
"Make God your companion, not men. Thirdly—

"Make God your companion, not men. Thirdly—
"Feed not on ephemeral literature, but on the marrow of giants. Goodbys! till tomorrow."
On Friday afternoon, Luke was launched on the high seas in the London steamer, and into the mighty world at the same time. The enigma of life was going to be shown him for solution on larger canyas and in deeper solution on larger canvas and in deeper colours in the strange and unfamiliar environments of English life.

> CHAPTER VIII. ALBION.

Not the white cliffs of Dover, but the red loam of Devonshire downs, where the sandstone was capped by the rich teeming soil, saluted our young exile the following morning. He had risen early, and shaking off the mephitis of a stuffy cabin, had rushed above, just as the sailors were swabbing the decks. Here he drew in long, deep breaths of the crisp. cool. sea air. bing the decks. Here he drew in long, deep treaths of the crisp, cool, sea air, as he watched the furrows cut by the coulter of the sea-plough, or studied the white towns that lay so pictures quely under the ruddy cliffs. "And this is England," Luke thought: "England, the far-reaching, the imparial whose power is reverenced by

perial, whose power is reverenced by white, and black, and bronzed races; white, and black, and bronzed races; and whose sovereignty stretches from the peaks of the Himalays to the Alps of the southern Archipelagoes." Luke couldn't understand it. She lay so niet there in the morning sun. landscapes stretched so peaceful and calm, that symbol of power, or of might

caim, that symbol of power, or a might far-reaching, there was none.

"I thought," said Luke, aloud,
"that every totch in her cliffs was an embrasure, and that the mouths of her cannon were like nests in her rocks." "'Tis the lion couchant et dormant."

said a voice.

Luke turned and saw standing clos an officer of the ship, a clean cut, trim, well-defined figure, clad in the blue cloth and gold lace of the service. His face, instead of the red and bronze of the sailor, had an olive tinge, through which burned two glowing, gleaming brown eyes, which just then were sweeping the coast, as if in search of a signal.
"I have often had the same thoughts

as you, sir," he said, as if anxious to continue the conversation, "as we swept along here under more troublous skies and over more turbulent seas skies and over more turbulent seas than now. It is the silent and sheathed strength of England that is terrible. I have seen other powers put forth all their might by land and sea: I have not been moved. But I never approach the English coast without a feeling of awe.

"I dare say it is something to be proud of," said Luke, who was appre-ciative of this enthusiasm, but did not

share it.
"Perhaps not," the officer replied; "it is destiny."
"You see the Cornish coast," he

"You see the Cornish coast," ne continued, pointing to a dim haze far behind them, in which the outlines of the land were faintly penciled. "Would you believe that up to the dawn of our century, flity years ago, that entire peninsula was Catholic? They had relied the Catholic faith from the times tained the Catholic faith from the times of the Reformation. Then there were no priests to be had; Wesley went down, and to day they are the most bigoted Dissenters in Eugland; and Cornwall will be the last county that will come back to the Church."
"Horrible!" said Luke, sadly.

"And yet so thin is the veneering o Protestantism that their children are still called by the names of Catholic saints, Angela, and Ursula, and Teresa;

minister amid such surroundings."

"I only speak of it as a matter of Fate," said the officer, dreamily. "It is the terrific power of assimilation which Protestant England possesses. "You must be proud of your great country," said Luke.

"No, sir," said the officer, "I am not." nister amid such surroundings.

Luke looked at him with surprise. "Ireland is my country," the officer said in reply, "and these are our countrymen." He pointed down into the lower deck, where, lying prostrate in various degrees of intoxication, were four or five cattle-dealers. They had sought out the warmth of the boiler during the night; and there they lay, unwashed aud unkempt, in rather uninviting conditions. Their magnificent cattle, fed on Irish pastures, were going to feed the mouths of Ireland's masters, and tramped and lowed and mosned in 'Ireland is my country," the officer and tramped and lowed and moaned in hideous discord for food, and clashed their horns together as the vessel rolled on the waves. It was altogether an unpleasant exhibition, and Luke turned away with a sigh.

In the early afternoon, after sheering close under the Eddy-stone lighthouse, swept around the beautiful woodlands and shrublands of Mount Edgeumbe, and the splendid panorama of Plymouth harbor burst on the view. Here again Luke was dis-appointed. Everything looked so calm Everything looked so calm, and peaceful and prosperous, that he found it difficult to understand that there to the left was one of the greatest dockvards and marine emporium and store-houses in the world; and his eye ranged along until, hidden under the bosky covers and the abundant foliage of Mount Edgeumbe, he saw a long, low wall of concrete, and there were the buildog mouths of Eagland's

"Going ashore, sir ?" said the chief officer who had previously mate, the accosted him.

accosted him.

"No," said Luke, dubiously.

"Let me introduce my wife and little girl, sir," he said politely. "We are running in, as I am leaving Marguerite with the Notre Dame nuns

" You are going further, Father?"

said the lady, with frankly polite Irish

manner.

"Yes," said Luke, "I'm going to London. I have a sister Margaret also," he said, tenderly watching the child's eyes, "but we call her Margery."

"We shall be lonely after our little woman," said the officer; "but she will be in safe hands."

"Do you know what Marguerite means, little one?" said Luke. "No, Father," said the child.

"It means a pearl. Be thou," he said, assuming a tone of unwonted solemnity, "a pearl of great price."
"Bless her, Father," said the Catholle mother.
And Luke blessed the child.

All that day, whenever he had a spare moment from his office and a few necessary studies, he was absorbed in reflections. The awful spectacle of those drunken men in the morning haunted him like a nightmare. They had risen half drunk from their hot, hard bed, and stupidly had passed him hard bed, and stupidly had passed him near the gangway with a maudlin; "Fi' morn'n, Fazzer!" And he was studying all day the mighty problem, that has occupied more attention than half the more serious problems of the world. What is it? What is it?—the fatal bias towards intoxication that seems to distinguish the race? Indelence, vacuity of thought, the fatal altruism of the race? What is it? Or is it only a political calumny?

altruism of the race? What is it? Or is it only a political calumny?
And side by side, alternating rapidly with the bitter reflection, came the question: Wny wil not Iri h mothers educate their children at home? Have we not convents, etc.? Why, it is Irish nuns who are teaching here in Plymouth and throughout England. What is in the English air that the same teachers can teach better here then as teachers can teach better here than at home? Or is it the everlasting serfnome? Or is it the everiasting serf-dom of the race, always crouching at the feet of the conqueror, always lessen-ing and depreciating its own large possibilities? Let it alone, Luke, let it alone! Except, Indeed, as an exercise, to while away a long afternoon under sleepy awnings, and to soothe your nerves with the dull mechanic interplay of questions that are forever seeking and never inding an answer, let it alone, let it alone! But Luke was not made thus. He had a great taste for the insoluble.

Late in the evening he heard the same officer chatting freely in French, and with the absolute ease of a native, with a young governess who was re turning to her home from Ireland. He listened, not with curiosity, but just to see if he could distinguish one word. Not a word! And he got a prize in French in his logic year. "Harg Wegscheider and the Monophysites,"

thought Luke. Now, I should like to know where is the connection between Wegscheider, a fairly modern German, and people that lived fifteen centuries ago? But that is the way the lobes of the brain work and interchange ideas, not always sympathetic, or even relevant, especiwhen the schoolmaster is in a pas-

ally when the schoolmaster is in a passion, and demands too much work at once from his willing pupils.

Next day the vessel had swung into the gangway of the world—that mighty sea-avenue that stretches from the Downs and the Forelands right up to London Bridge. The vessels's engines were slowed down, for this was a pathern the assengers had to pick way where the passengers had to pick their steps; for all along the banks at intervals, where the plastic hand of man had built wharves and quays, there was a plantation of bare masts and yards that cut the sky; and now and again a stately steamer loomed up of the eternal haze, and grew swelled into colossal blackness; then passed and subsided into the dimensions of a waterfowl that troubles the tranquil waters with swift alarm. Bound for the Orient, and laden with freights of merchandise-from the mechanism of locomotive to the Brummagem-made idol for far Cathay; bound for the Occident, and laden to the water's edge, and stuffed chock full with rolls and they have as many holy wells as you have in Ireland."

"It must be a heart-break to the priests," said Luke, "who have to priests," said Luke, "who have to bound for the roaring Cape and the priests," said Luke, "who have to bound for the Paiffer, sleepy isles of the Pacific : the West Idies and the Bermudas, whence Nature has tried in vain to frighten them with her explosive earthquakes or the dread artillery of her quakes or the dread artiflety of her typhoons; or homeward from far clim-ates, and with the rusty marks of the storm on their hulls, and their sailors staring at the old familiar sights on land and water—like fairy shuttles, moving to and fro across the woof of many waters—the fleets of the empire came and went, and Luke fancied he saw the far round world as in a magic mirror, and that he smelt the spices of Sultans and the musk of the gardens of Persia, as the stately argosies swept by. It was a magnificent panorama, and re-called the times when the Mare Mag-num was swept by the oars of the Roman triremes, and dusky Ethiopians sweated at the galleys of their Roman masters. Then the vision faded, and in the raw cold of an exceptionally sharp morning, Luke stepped across the gangway and looked down at the mighty sewer of a river, and came face to face with all the squalor and fætor of

London life.

He was calmly but courteously received at the presbytery attached to the cathedral; and it is surprised him not a little to perceive that his arrival was regarded as an event of as ordinary importance as the closing of a door or the ticking of a clock. He took his seat at the dinner-table; and he might have [been dining there for the last twenty years, so little notice was taken of him.

He was a little surprised when he

"Bellege, if you want bread, you can get it at the side board; but cut the loaf even, please."

He was a little amused when some

one asked :-"I say, Delmege, is it a fact that the curates in Ireland give dinners at a guinea a head ?"

He replied: "I have dired with curates, and even with parish priests lately, and the dinner did not cost a cent per head."
"Tell that to the marines," was the

reply.

And he was almost edified, yet partly

JULY 2 to show him t him on returni to a confrater But what was, the calm each individue and the easy t contradicted, shade of asper was a perpetu his whole care The follow mitted to a bi ties. His ex General and "In the ca Vicar, witho you ascertain baptized, bu

had a growndo ?"
" I should tion," said L seemed rath fetched. He sked how m on this side bstruse the then ?" Luke. are not mathematoren

> " Of cour your conven ments for co can divines
> "How we
> that black i day is not Luke! Luk solutions a and self res the illumina spector, si member you Elizabethan of Victoria said Luke

loctrines doctrines tory, Conf jects of con Ireland ev

the Reform eion." Inspector. you had Hospital you found operation what woul "I wou move the probably "Very knock do geons and Vicar with

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to-morrov seven to Luke never so deep and introduce ome cha college. dusty, de span, we day exis never h lives. A ptuous. thing to sides si Hibernia ex parso two year fore his grim, and ated at happene strange centage

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JULY 27, 1907.

nonplussed, when his former interroga-

tor took him out promptly after dinner to show him the slums, and cooly told him on returning that he was to preach

I'm going to er Margaret er Margaret watching the her Margery.' fter our little t Marguerite

y polite Irish

Luke.
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him on returning that he was to preach to a confraternity that evening.

But what struck him most forcibly was, the calm independence with which each individual expressed his opinion, and the easy toleration with which they differed from each other, and even contradicted, without the slightest shade of asperity or resentment. This was a perpetual wonder to Luke during his whole career in England.

The following Friday he was submitted to a brief examination for faculties. His examiners were the Vicar-

mitted to a brief examination for facul-ties. His examiners were the Vicar-General and the Diocesan Inspector, a convert from Anglicanism.

"In the case of a convert," said the Vicar, without preliminaries, "whom you ascertained to have never been haptized, but who was married, and had a grown-up family, what would you

I should proceed with great caution," said Luke, to whom the question seemed rather impertinent and far-fetched. He had been expecting to be asked how many grave professors were on this side, and how many excellent writers were on that side, of some

Luke.

"Very good. But these good people are not married. Could you allow them to remain so?"

"It depends on whether they are bona fide or mala fide," said Luke, red-dening.

dening.
"Of course they are bona fide," said
the Vicar. "Look it up, Delmege, at
your convenience."
"How would you refute the argu-

ments for continuity amongst the Anglican divines?" said the Inspector.
"How would you prove to a lunatic that black is not white, and that yesterday is not today?" said Luke. Ah, Luke! Luke! where are all your ra-Luke! Luke! where are all your re-solutions about interior recollection and self restraint?" You are far from

and sell restraint? You are lar from the illuminative state, as yet! "That will hardly do," said the In-spector, smiling courteously; "re-member you have to face Laud and the Elizabethans, and Pusey and the host

of Victorian divines, now."
"We never thought of such things,"
said Luke "we thought that the old
doctrines of Transubstantion, Pargacoctrines of transubstantion, Purga-tory, Confession, etc., were the sub-jects of controversy to day. No one in Ireland even dreams of denying that the Reformation was a distinct scoes-

sion."

Very good, very good," said the Inspector. "One word more. In case you had a sick-call to St. Thomas you had a sick-can wo st. Industry thospital here; and when you arrived, you found the surgeons engaged in an operation on a Catholic patient, which operation would probably prove fatal, what would you do?"

what would you do?"
"I would politely ask them to sus-pend the operation for a few minutes—"
"And do you think they would re-

"And do you think they would remove the knives at your request, and probably let the patient collapse?"

"I'd give the patient conditional absolution," said Luke, faintly,
"Very good. You wouldn't — a—knock down two or three of the surgeons and clear the room?" said the

geons and clear the room?" said the Vioar with a smile.

"N-no," said Luke. He was very angry. Dear me! no one appears to have heard of Wegscheider at all.

"That's all right," said the examiners. "You'll get the printed form of faculties this afternoon. Confessions to morrow from two to six, and from seven to ten. Good-day."

Luke went to his room. He was never so angry in his life before. He expected a lengthened ordeal, in which

expected a lengthened ordeal, in which deep and recondite questions would be introduced, and in which he would have some chance at last of showing what he had learmed in the tamous hais of his college. And lo! not a particle of dust was touched or flicked away from dusty, dead folios; but here, spick and span, were trotted out airy nothings day existences; and he had not got on day existences; and he had not got one chance of saying—" Sic argumentaris Domine!" Evidently, these men had never heard of a syllogism in their lives. And then, everything was so curt and short as to be almost contemptuous. Clearly, these men had something to do in the workaday world beaides splitting hairs with a voung thing to do in the workaday world besides splitting hairs with a young
Hibernian. Luke was angry with him
self, with his college, with that smiling
ex parson, who had probably read about
two years' philosophy and theology be
fore his ordination; and with that
grim, sardonic old Vicar, who had
never opened a treatise since he graduated at Doual or Rheims. Hence it
happened that at dinner, when a
strange priest asked simply what percentage of illiterates were in the diocese, and the old Vicar grimly answered —

"About fifty per cent—mostly Irish and Italian" — Luke flared up and

We weren't illiterate when we brought the Faith of old to your an prought the fath of old to your ancestors, who were esting acorns with the boars in your forests, and painting their dirty bodies with woad; and when your kings were glad to fly to our monasteries for an education, no where else obtainable on the planet."

The stranger natted Luke on the

where ease obtainable on the planes.

The stranger patted Luke on the back, and said "Bravo!" The Vicar pushed over the jug of beer. But they were friends from that moment. A gnarled, knotty, not in any sense of the word euphonious old Beresark was gnaried, knotty, not many state the word euphonious old Beresark was this same old Vicar—his steel-blue eyes staring ever steadily and with anxious inquiry in them from the anxious inquiry in them from the jagged penthouse of gray eyebrows; and his clear, metallic voice, never toned down to politeness and amenity, but dashed in a spray of sarcasm on bishop, and canon and curate indiscriminately. He would blow you sky high at a moment's notice; the next minute he would kneel down and tie the latchets of your shoes. A wonderful taste and talent, too, he had for economics: not ungenerous by any sul taste and talent, too, he had for economics; not ungenerous by any economics; not ungenerous by any economics; not ungenerous by the objected very strongly to any abstraction of jam on the sleeve of your soutane, or any too generous distribution with something akin to rapture,

Then Tony turned to pleading.

It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so manyhow?"

Fund a place wheah in to prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.

Then Tony turned to pleading.

Then Tony turned to pleading.

of brown gravy on the thirsty table

cloth.

Saturday came, and Luke braced hinself for the second great act of his ministry—his first confession. He had scampered over the treatise on Penance the night before; and just at 2 o'clock he passed, with fear and trembling, to his confessional. He had acid a short tremplone prayer before said a short, tremulous prayer before the Blessed Sacrament; had cast a look of piteous appeal towards the Lady Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy commincied he slipped quietly past Altar, and with a thrill of fear and joy commingled, he slipped quietly past the row of penitents, and put on his surplice and stole. Then he reflected for a moment, and drew the slide. A voice from the dark recess, quavering with emotion, commenced the Confiteor in Irish. Luke started at the well-known words, and whispered Deo grat ias. It was an ancient mariner, and the work was brief, But Luke recollected all the terrible things he had heard about dumb and statuseque confessors; and that poor Irishman got a longer lecture than he had heard for lecture than he had heard for

many a day.
"I must be a more outrageous sin "I must be a more outrageous sin' rer even than I thought," he said.
"I never got such a ballyragging in my life before!"

Luke drew the slide at his left; and

iters were on that sue, or some struss theological problem.

'Very good,' said the Vicar, "and en?"

I think I should let it alone,' said

Luke drew the slide at his lett; and voice, this time of a young girl, whispered hearsely:—

"I ain't goin' to confession, Feyther; but I 'eard as you wos from Hirether; but I 'eard as you wos from land, and I kem to arsk assistance to tek me out of 'ell!'

"By all means, my child," said Luke, shivering, " if I can assist you in any way; but why do you say that you are not going to confession?"
"I ain't prepared, Feyther. I ain't been to confession since I left the con-

vent school, five years are gone."
"And you've been in London all this time?"
"Yass, Feyther; I've been doin'
bad altogether. It's 'ell, Feyther, and
I want to git out o' ell!"
"Well, but how can I assist you?" this time?

"Ev you gi' me my passage, Feyther to Waterford, I'll beg the rest of the way to my huncle in the County Kilkenny. And so 'elp me God, Feyther—"

ther-"
"Sh-h-h!" said Luke. A cold
perspiration had broken out all over
his body. It was the first time he was
brought face to face with the dread

brought face to face with the dread embodiment of vice.

His next penitent was a tiny dot, with a calm, English face, and yellow ringlets running down almost to her feet. Her mother, dressed in black, took the child to the confessional door, bade her enter, and left her. Here even the mother, in all other things in senarable from her child, must not separable from her child, must not accompany. The threshold of the confessional and the threshold of death are sacred to the soul and God. Unlike the Irish children, who jump up like jack in the box, and toss back the black jack in-the box, and toss back the black hair from their eyes, and smile patronizingly on their friend, the confessor, as much as to say, "Of course you know me?" this child slowly and distinctly said the prayers, made her confession, and waited. Here Luke was in his element, and he lifted that soul up, up into the empyrean, by coaxing, gentle, burning words about our Lord, and His love, and all that was due to Him.

burning words about our Lord, and His love, and all that was due to Him. The child passed out with the smile of an angel on her face.

"Wisha, yer reverence, how my heart warmed to you the moment I see you. Sure he's from the ould counthry, I sez to meself. There's the red of Ireland in his cheeks, and the scint of the ould sod hanging around him. Wisha, thin, yer reverence, may I be bould to ask you what part of the ould land did ye come from?"

land did ye come from?"

Luke mentioned his natal place.

"I thought so. I knew ye weren't from the North or West. Wishs, now thin, yer reverence, I wondher did ye ever hear tell of a Mick Mulcahy, of Slievereene, in the County of Kerry, who wint North about thirty years ago?" Luke regretted to say that he had never heard of that distinguished

"Because he was my third cousin by the mother's side, and I thought yet reverence might have hard of him —

reverence might have hard of him — "
"I am hardly twenty-three yet,"
said Luke, gently, although he thought
he was losing valuable time.
"Wisha, God bless you; sure I ought
to have seen it. I suppose I ought not
to mintion it here, yer reverence, but
this is an awful place. Betune furriners, and Frinchmen and Italians, and
Jews, and haythens, who never hard
the name of God or His Blessed Mother'
'tis as much as we can do to save our 'tis as much as we can do to save our

"You ought to go back to Ireland," said Luke.

"Ah! wisha, thin, 'tis I'd fly in the morning' across the say to the blessed and holy land; but sure, yer rever-ence, me little girl is married here, and I have to mind the childre for her, whin she goes out to work, shoreing and washing to keep the bit in their mouths—' in the name av the Father, and av the Son, and av the Holy Ghost.

"Father," said a gentle voice, as Luke drew the other slide, "I am ever so grateful to you for your kindness to my little one. She's gone up to the Laly Altar; and I never saw her look Laiy Altar; and I never saw her look half so happy before. You must have been very gentle with my dear child."

Luke's heart was swelling with all kinds of sweet emotions. Ah, yes! here, above all places, does the priest receive his reward. True, the glorious Mass has its own consolations, sweet and unutterable. So, too, has the Office, with its majestic poetry, lifting the soul above the vulgar trivialities of life, and introducing it to the company the soul above the vulgar trivialities of life, and introducing it to the company of the blessed. So, too, has the daily, hourly battle with vice the exhilaration of a noble conflict; but nowhere are human emotions stirred into such sweet and happy delight as when soul speaks to soul, and the bliss of forgiveness is almost merged in the ectary of emancipation, and the thrill of determination to be true to promise and grateful to and the thrill of determination to be true to promise and grateful to God." Here is one thing that Protestantism—the system of individualism and pride—never can, and never will, fathom.

Luke Delmege out off his surplice and stole, after a hard afternoon's work, and knelt and blessed God for having

HOW UNCLE TONY "FIT" AT GETTYSBURG.

Boom - boom - boom - it was the second day the eminous growling of those far-off guns had come down across the Maryland border. Someacross the Maryland border. Sometimes it was one long rumble and roll, then the gruff voices muttered intermittently and again they died out entirely, and left the mother and sister wondering how the battle had gone. They knew the fighting was over the Pennsylvania border up Gettysburg way. They knew Pickett's was there. So much had come down to the Trevor planation. And all this meant to them that Dick Trevor, their Dick, was their and so they prayed and listened.

It seemed at times they must go to Dick—perhaps he was wounded and

Dick—perhaps he was wounded and needed them—but there was no way to go; and then the idea came to Barbara send to him. They could at least send a message, and something for a hungry young soldier to eat. The mes-senger was to be old Tony, the only man

left on the place.

Tony was not a willing messenger by
Tony was not a willing messenger by
the remaining Tony was not a willing messenger by any means. He gave a hitch to his ragged trousers with the remaining half of his suspenders, as he shifted his well ventilated hat from hand to hand —he "mout be shot by de Yanks" and —he "mout be shot by de Yanks" and that would leave no one to take care of the plantation, and he was very certain he couldn't find the way. In the end he couldn't find the way. In the end he was persuaded, and the two women rolled up their sleeves and went into the kitchen to fry chicken and to bake corn bread and pies and cake.

Early in the morning. long before

rolled up their sleeves and went into the kitchen to fry chicken and to bake corn bread and pies and cake.

Early in the morning, long before day-light, Uncle Tony, mounted on his mule, a switch in his hand, and the basket on his arm, set out on the road toward Gettysburg. It was for Marse Dick's sake he was going. That was the thought that put courage into him as he jogged along. The sun came up and began to climb into the heavens. It beat throu h the gaping holes in his old straw hat, and Jinny seemed to doze in its warmth, but that didn't interfere with her pace, which was doze in its warmin, but that that it is the fere with her pace, which was as slow and lifeless as if Jinny had been wide awake. The Pennsylvania border was passed at last, and Tony felt more at ease as time went on and

A sharp turn in the road brought him close upon three men in uniform. They were on foot, dusty and red-faced, and generally unprepossessing. Tony's heart was in his mouth. His first thought was in his mouth. His first thought was to turn Jinny about and make the best escape he could. But he was too late; they had seen him and, more than that, they had muskets, so what chance had he and Jinny against such odds !

He rode on all of a tremble, touching He rode on all of a tremble, touching his hat respectfully as he attempted to pass. "Fine mawnin', ge'mmen!" For the first time he realized that the uniforms were gray, and heaved a sigh of relief that he was among friends and had not fallen into the hands of the dreaded Yanka dreaded Yanks, "Hold on theah!" called one of the

"Hold on thean!" caned one of the men, seizing the bridle, bringing Jinny ani Tony to a standstill. "Wheah you goin' so fast? An' what you got in that theah basket?"

that theah basket?"

"Yo' jes' let dat basket alone," said
Tony, and jerked it angrily away from
the man, but the soldier kept his hold.

"Now, now, don't be techy, Uncle
"Rastus. Ah'll bet you's got sump'n good theah!"
"'Tain't fo' you uns if it is," said
Tony. "Git yo' han's out'n dat!"

Tony. "Git yo' han's out'n dat!"

There was a loud gunaw from the men, as they succeeded in pulling the basket a way from Tony. The clean white napkins were whipped off and thrown in the road, and the three began to examine the contents. gan to examine the conten

gan to examine the contents.

"Say, fellahs look at the chicken,"
roared the stout man; "an' look a
heah," he punched his grimy thumb
through the icing on the cake. "Jes'
stick youah finger into it an' see ho w
nice an' squashy! Say fellahs, this is
puddin', ain't it?"

"Puddin'!" echoed Tony, contemptonsly. "dat ain't no puddin', dat's

"Puddin'!" echoed Tony, contemptously, "dat ain't no puddin'; dat's

Well. it's puddin' to us, ain't it, fellahs ?"
"An' yo' stickin' you alls fingahs
into it," Tony's voice rose excitedly—
"dat\_ain't no way to treat a lady's fellahs ?'

ake !"
"Ah sut'n'y ain't had a piece o' cake
ence befo' the wah," said the stout

"O doan'! doan' yo' do dat!" almost screamed Tony, as the man broke off a handful of cake and crowded

most of it into his mouth.
"Shet up, niggah; eh'm eatin' this
heah cake. We ain't huntin' you. heah cake. We ain't huntin' you. You ought to be thankful we uns ain't shootin' youah coat full o' holes! Yo' ah the most ungratefullest crittah ah evah see !"

evah see !"

The sight of the white napkins lying trampled in the road, and the three worthless-looking stragglers gorging themselves on the things that had been so carefully prepared by Miss Barbara and her mother wrought Tony up to a fever heat of anger. His eyes blazed and his white beard fairly trembled on his chin.

his chin.
"Yo' look heah; dat cake an' chick 'n's fo' Marse Dick—Cap'n Dick Trevor of de Confederite ahmy, suh.

Trevor of de Confederite ahmy, suh. An'ef you eat dat all up hel'll hab yo' put in the gyardhouse, deed he will!"
"Shet up, niggah; do you heah? We don't know no Oaptain Dick Trevor, an'we's goin' to eat this cake ef we want to—an' ah guess we does."
Tony's eyes opened wide, "Yo' doan' know Capn'n Dick Trevor I Why he's one o' de Trevors o' Trevor Oaks, Carr'll County, Mahylan', suh."
"Nevah heahed of 'em," said one of the others.

one of the others.
"Nevah heahed of 'em—nevah heahed o' de Trevors o' Carr'll county,

bara, dee sot up mos' all night a-cook-in' dat; an' dee said, 'Tony,' dee said, 'yo'll kyar it sale, it sale, won' yo'?
An' he's his maw's onliest son, ge'm
men—de onliest one what's left."

"Well, we all is ough maw's onliest sons," chaffed the stout man.

By this time the cake was gone and a heavy inroad had been made on the other good things. After much charging among themselves the men. quarreling among themselves the men agreed to save the rest of the chickens and what remained in the basket for their supper. Tony was pulled off the mule and made to carry the basket and the stout man's knapsack, while the fel-low himself mounted the mule, and the little company, with the heart-broken Tony, took up its march toward Getty-

burg Before they had gone far, there was a pounding of hoofs on the pike behind them, and an officer came up with them them, and an officer came up with them on the gallop. He pulled in his horse beside them.

"What are you fellows doing in the rear? he called out. "There s a fight up yonder, and if you don't get into it lively I'll have every man Jack of you

"Look a heah, Mistah Cannell," broke in Tony; "dat's my mule dee's took fum me! Ah's taking sump'n to Marse Dick in de Confedrite ahmy-Cap'n Dick Trevor, o' Trevor Oaks, Carr'll County, Mahylan', suh—an' dese heahuns have eat de cake an' took de mule, an'

"Trevor of the Thirtieth?" asked

and I've a great mind to shoot the whole lot of you right now."

The stout man, sided by a slap over the back with the flat of the officer's the back with the flat of the officer's the back with the flat of the officer's the back with the size of the officer's the back with the size of the officer's the officer's the size of the

saber, lost no time in getting down.

Again Tony, with the remnants in his
basket, mounted Jinny, and the officer
saw him safely out of reach of the stragglers.
"By the way," said the officer, peering over into the basket,

little something in there you can spare, uncle, I wouldn't mind a bite myself; I haven't had any breakfast." I haven't had any breakfast."
Tony looked on dubiously while his guardian helped himself pretty gener onsly from the basket. "Deed yo' mus' be pow'ful hungry, Mistah Cunnel," the old man ventured, as he watched the things disappearing.
"I am, uncle, I am. Well good-by; I'm going to leave you now. I'll take

"I am, uncle, I am. Well good-by;
I'm going to leave you now. I'll take
just one more of those fried cakes."
"Why, dyah's only two o' dem lef',
suh!" gasped Tony; but before the
words were out of his mouth the officer

had driven the spurs into his horse, and he and the fried cake disappeared

in a whirl of dust.

Now Tony was nearing his journey's end. The stillness was broken by a gun end. The stillness was broken by a gun thundering out its challenge, a second roared, and then began a cannonade that made Tony think the end of all things was at hand. For a minute he hesitated, wavering in his purpose to go forward. But those stragglers were behind, and Marse Dick was up ahead where the guest was a glass was a straggler of the stragglers. bebind, and Marse Dick was up ahead where the guns were, and he pushed on. Louder and louder came the roar of the battle. He caught sight of gray uniforms among the trees. He passed a train of baggage-wagons. A troop of calvary swept down a cross-road ahead of him. Not a hundred feet away the top of a tall tree broke with a crash and came tumbling down, while some-thing high in the air sailed over Tony's head with a whirring scream and ex-

ploded in a neighboring meadow.

The next shell struck the road in front of him. There was a terrific con-cussion on Tony's ear-drums, an avalanche of earth was thrown over and he was thrown to the ground with stunning force. When he opened his eyes he was lying with the ill-fated basket hopelessly crushed under him, and Jinny was nowhere to be seen. An and Jinny was nownere to be seen. An orderly coming by good-naturedly helped him to his feet and picked up the flattened basket. He was a hungry orderly and made bold to help himself, unasked, to the one remaining fried-cake, now a shapeless wad of dough,

cake, now a snapsiess was of dougl, and a chicken wing.

"Oh, say, mistah," Tony groaned aloud in his disappointment and his pain, "dysh won't be nuffin left"— nuffin tall. Ah'm tryin' an' tryin' de pain, "dyan won't be num lef'nuffin tall. Ah'm tryin' an' tryin' de
ve'y bes' ah know how to git sump'n to
Marse Dick' an' dee all keeps a-satin'
an, a-satin', an' dee won't let me git it
to him nohow, 'deed dee won't. Do
you know him, mistah — Cap'n Dick
Trevor, o' Trevor Oaks, Carr'll county,
Mahylan', suh?"

"No, I don't. What's his regiment?"

"He's wid Gin'l Pickett."

"Weil, you'll find Pickett's men
right in among those trees, and !! you
want to see anyone you had better be
quick about it. They're going to make
a charge right away."

While they were speaking, the cannonade by the Confederate guns
stopped, the bugles rang out, "Forward!"

Tony hurried in among the trees in

Tony hurried in among the trees in

time to see three long gray lines sweep-ing out across the open, and up to-wards the heights which were flashing The shells had been crashing among the trees around him; now, as he peered over the log behind which he

"Now yo' ge'mmen wouldn' go an' eat dat all. Why, his maw an' Miss Barin and around the three gray lines. On the lines went, broken in great gaps. On the lines went, broken in great gaps.
They wavered an instant, then on again
while from above a rattle of musketry
broke on them, and all along the heights
the white smoke was ripped by lines of

spitting fire.

Tony lay behind his log almost par-Tony lay behind his log almost par-alyzed with fear. On the heights everything was swallowed in the heavy hanging smoke. At times he could see a flag waving, or a line of rushing men; then the drifting smoke hid them again. The thunder of the guns died down a little. He saw men in gray, not in lines now, coming back slowly, stead ily, stubbornly turning now and again to fire. It was pitiful to see the wreck of that gallant charge drifting back to its old position.
Suddenly Tony started up. His eyes

were fixed on a man on horseback. The cap was gone, he was covered with dust and blackened with powder, but Tony knew the pale, grimy face, and dark curls—" Marse Dick, Marse Dick!" he cried. Tony saw the horse fall and Marse Dick go down like a

Tony forgot the big guns and the bullets, forgot everything but Marse Dick. He jamped up from behind his log and, still clinging to the crushed basket with the three pieces of fried chicken in it, ran out among the re-

treating soldiers.

In the crowd he soon lost sight of the place Marse Dick had fallen. A horse ran against him and knocked him down.

The next thing he knew the stars The next thing he knew the stars were out and he was lifting his bruised and aching head from the ground all wet with dew. There were no bones broken. When Tony had assured himself of this he got on his legs, painfully, to look about him. Not ten feet away from him, propped up against his dead horse, was Marse Dick. He seemed in a heavy sleep. He opened his eyes as Tony laid his hand on him.

"Tony?"
"Yes, suh, hit's me." The faithful old slave who had carried Marse Dick in his arms a baby laid his hand on the white forehead and smoothed it as ten-derly as Dick's mother might have done.

In the midst of it he stopped short For de lan's sake, Marse Dick, whah in de name o' goodness am dat ar bas-ket? Ah've bin 'deavorin' all day to kyar it to yo' jes' like yo' maw tole me dis mawnin', when she stan' in de do'— but dee ali took it away fum me, an' kep'a-pickin' an' a-eatin' at it till dyah wan' nuffin lef' — an' now dat's gone,

too!,'
"Never mind, Tony. I wonder if you can help me out of this? I could walk, I think, if you can help me."

"Ah'll try, suh; but tell de truf, Marse Dick, a'm only tolerbul spry

But Tony got Marse Dick to his feet, and slowly and painfully, and after many rests, the two reached a deserted cabin at the edge of the wood. "We must stop here," said Dick, "I can't go farther."

If yo'll lie heah on de flo', suh, ah'll git back to de plantation some how, or to somewhahs whah ah can git somebody to help tote yo.' Sho'as yo' bawn, Marse Dick," exclaimed Tony, excitedly, "heah's a laig o' dat chicken

in my pocket!"

The chicken leg was gritty with THE The chicken leg was gritty with sand, but Dick gnawed at it hungrily while he lay there waiting for help to come. He was just waking out of a feverish sleep when Teny's voice was

hear!.
"Hi, Marse Dick, we's all right now. Heah's Jinny. Ah foun' huh down de road a piece. Didn' yo' heah huh a hee hawin' when she met up wid It was night again, and the two an

rious ones at the Oaks still waited for news of Dick or Tony. They knew of the defeat, for a baggage train had pussed the plantation in its retreat.

They would not go to sleep—suppose arms of Dicks of the plantation of the suppose arms of Dickstir, man should come that some of Pickett's men should come the way. No, they could not sleep while there was a chance of news. Long past there was a chance of news. Long past midnight they were startled by a low knocking at the door. They went to the window with beating hearts, and strained their eyes into the darkness. Dimly outlined was a dark figure leaning against the doorpost. They watched it suspiciously, fearing to go to the door. They summoning un courto the door. Then summoning up courage, Miss Barbara called out in a voice that would tremble, "Tony?"

"Yes, Miss Barbara, hit's me," said "Yes, Miss Barbara, hit's me," said Tony. He spoke in a feeble, tired voice, as if every breath might be his last. Barbara opened the door hurriedly, and looked out on the woe-begone object before her.

"Ah tole you ah couldn't git the basket to him. Dee all tuk it away, an' sticked dey duhty fingahs in de cake, an' dee mos't kilt me. Ah feel 's if ah had de rheumatiz fo' a hundred yeahs. Ah's mos' dead, 'deed ah is!"

"Poor Tony!"

"Miss Barbara, ah reckon 'tain't too late to fix up sump'n in de kitchen

"Miss Barbara, ah reckon 'tain't too late to fix up sump'n in de kitchen dat'll taste right good — de chicken laig was de onliest bit dee lef'."

"Yes, Tony, I know you are hungry; come in and you shall have something."
The hope was gone from Barbara's voice, and there was a sinking at the mother's heart; they had longed so for just a word from Dick.

"He didn't see Dick?"

"He didn't see Dick?"
"No, mother," and Barbara squeezed tightly the hand that stole into hers. "Why, yes ah did," groaned Tony "Dat's what ah want yo' to fix sump'n to eat fo' Who yo' t'ink gwine eat it?"

" He's not here, Tony?" sobbed there

"'Deed he is, Miss Ca'line! He's right out heah, Marse Dick is, waitin' you all to come an' help me tote him in." He turned, and his voice quavered out into the darkness, "Ain't yo

Marse Dick?"
And this is how Tony came to tell, long years after, to a cluster of wide-eyed, open-mouthed little Sams and Billys and Dinahs, with a pickaninny or two balancing on his knees, of how he fit at de battle o' Gettysbu'g right 'longside Marse Dick Trevor, o' Trevor

Oaks, Carr'll county, Mahylan'.
"An' who win dat fight, Uncle Tony?"
one of the Sams or Billys was always

sure to ask.
"Who win dat fight!" Uncle Tony's "Who win dat fight!" Uncle Tony's voice would crack and tremble with his emotion. "Who win dat fight! Why, boy, we did—Mars Dick an' me, an' de udder ge'mmen, we win that yuh fight. Driv' dem Yanks clar up Norf agin. Lor', boy, ah 'lows some dem Yanks is running yit."—The Interior.

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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 imped with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends firmly by the teachings and authorand strength of the Church, at the same time promoting the 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 more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic familities. With my blessing on your work, and best wisbes for its continued success, and best wisbes for its continued success, and best wisbes for its continued success, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Mr. Thomas Coffey :

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
and congratulate 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 pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.
Heesing you and wishing you success, believe
as to remain.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907. A MISLEADING TRACT. Some friend has sent us a tract entitled "The Doctrine of Intention." Its author does not give his name, nor does that of the publisher appear. They acted shrewdly, for it is no credit either as a literary effort or as a faithful exponent of Catholic doctrine. It is a toothless wolf in sheep's clothingnot even dangerous to the most simple, or instructive to the most ignorant. This tract criticizes what it calls the doctrine of priestly intention. By means of hypothetical cases it chips away the rock of faith or thinks it does -until it is shifting sand. Every minister in conferring a sacrament must have an intention. Then supposing a priest had not the intention of conferring baptism upon some one. He is not baptized. This child grows up, studies for the priesthood. The bishop to all intents and purposes ordains the young man. But, he not having been baptized, the ordination is invalid. There may be a case of that kind now and again. It proves nothing whatever against the sacramental system, nor should it disturb any individual's conscience. Such cases are extremely, historically rare. All the precautions that can be taken to secure the validity of the sacraments are taken. No portion of the ministerial function is so sacredly watched. A Bishop does not ordain on mere verbal evidence. In the case we have supposed no prelate would act until he had had a certificate of baptism. Supposing there was fraud in that, then the ordination would be invalid. The ministers of the Church are not all deceivers so false that they will pretend an ex terior action and withhold its interior efficacy. That is the limit of malignity. We do not deny its possibility, or that it has from time to time occurred. What we maintain is that clergy and laity are united in seeing that virtuous young men are chosen as candidates for the priesthood; for it is the sacrament of holy orders which is most vitally concerned. Sacred orders maintain the apostolic succession, perpetuate the sacrificial worship of the Church, and provide the ministry of all the sacraments which concern especially the daily spiritual life and sanctification of individual souls. The fact that fraud is possible is no argument against the necessity of intention. One idea running through the tract is the confusion between

divine faith and human faith. We can-

not have divine faith that a certain

individual is ordained priest or that

another has conferred the sacrament of

baptism upon the child just being

carried from the font. All the faith in

these cases which we have is human

faith, a moral certitude that the act of

which we have positive evidence is

valid. Now the act of administering a

sacrament requires an intention on the

terial ability to perform it. As the

do a certain thing must be present;

for the act is a human act, and every

If, therefore, the agent excluded from

nurse adds the words of baptism, excluding at the same time positively the will to baptize the child, then, although the nurse is desecrating the sacrament she certainly does not confer it. The validity of an action which is mixed in its character, partially exterior and partially interior, as the sacraments, must be derived from the will of agent. An intention must originate every human act. For a sacrament which is not a mere external rite requires the intention of the minister as a primary condition of there being a sacrament in the concrete. If the word intention is not specially mentioned in the early patristic theology it proves nothing. It is a scientific term, and was all along required. It was reserved for scholasticism to define more exactly what was meant. Luther and the other innovators, magnifying to excess the theory of justification by faith, went astray upon the sacraments. They denied some of them absolutely, and taught that the others were mere external ceremonies indicative of the faith of the recipients. This cannot be; for the apostles were to baptize, to forgive sins, to consecrate. It is the central error of all Protestantism, justification by faith, which raised the arm of rebellion against apostolic authority and took the sacranental power out of ministerial hand. The attack upon priestly intention is a futile afterthought.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Touching the insinuation made by the Superintendent of the Belleville Institute concerning St. Augustine and deaf mutes, we call upon him and the Minister of Education to verify both the extract and its application. The Ency clor redia Brittanica quotes the follow ing as that of St. Augustine : " Deafness from birth makes faith impossible, since he who is born deaf can neither hear the word nor learn to read it." Faith here is not used in a theological sense at all. It is merely equivalent to any instruction. We have searched the saint's works very carefully, and more particularly all passages treating upon faith as the root of justification and in other theological meanings. In none of these is there an allusion to such doctrine as is attributed to him by the Superintendent of the Institute. There is in one of St. Augustine's philosophical disputations a brief passage similar to that which is quoted above from the Encyclopædia. The translation is misleading, and the inference contained within the bald extract entirely unwarranted. St. Augustine was a voluminous writer. His works run forty-one volumes, so that a careful examination of them is a serious under taking. Nor could we claim to be fully conversant with them all. Yet even with the evidence before us we deny, and we will risk our reputation upon it, that the Bishop of Hippo wrote or taught any such doctrine as is implied in the last Educational Report of Ontario. The Superintendent of the Belleville Institute, we think, ought to take warning. It is not his business to give theological lessons or calumniate the Doctors of the Catholic Church. A little learning is The gentleman took the extract from the Encyclopædia without challenging its correctness or its application, saw in it an opportunity of casting a slur upon the Catholic Church, and availed himself of it accordingly. He had, for his own reputation and for other personal reasons, better be more careful in future. The Minister of Education has not improved his name for learning by so carelessly endorsing his careless subordinate. It is discreditable to the whole Department-a feeble effort to display learning, but a successful attempt at manifesting bigotry. We call upon both of these gentlemen to

#### HERESY.

substantiate their statement.

Few questions are a greater puzzle to outsiders than the stand taken by the Church in regard to heresy. For other sins the Church seems to have abundant mercy. Nothing but persist ent bad-will thwarts her forgiving message and healing balm. Sinners come to her for pardon seventy times seven times and she sends them away absolved, as if anxious to practice the Gospel's lesson or leave untried to win the erring and strengthen the part of the agent as well as the minisweak. It is not the same with heresy. The mother who in other cases is so question concerns priestly intention it gentle becomes stern. A word of suppo es the power. The intention to warning, an appeal to abjure the error, patience in her correction, and prusacrament a sign instituted by Christ. dent watchfulness for her faithful children-then firmness and rigor follow. Heresy is so injurious to the unfailing his will, wherein the intention lies, the intention of doing what Christ wished word of our divine Saviour. He who to be done, there can be no sacrament. hears you hears Me, and he who despises you despises Me. It wounds What was meant to be a sacred rite would, in the absence of the special grievously the mystical Body of Christ. It destroys the unity of that faith and intention, be either a mere ordinary action or a mockery. Let us take a doctrine for which our Lord prayed so earnestly, which he insisted upon and simple example. A nurse gives an niant a bath. The action so far has which alone could protect His followers no other end or aim than the health or advance His interests. Heresy at-

ground of truth, and throws it upon the defensive. There is nothing of which the Church is so jealous as the truth of Christ. Not only is it doctrine which it teaches to the world, it is the law by which she governs, the sacrifice by which she worships and the seven-fold sacrament by which she sanctifies. When therefore any doctrine is attacked, prevented from her missionary work, the Church defends, explains, defines more clearly what has either been called into question or openly denied. Nothing has done so nuch injury to Christianity as the sin of heresy. Whether we look at the earlier forme, as we find it in the Gnostic, the Manicheans, the Pelagians, the Arians, or in the latest, the socalled Reformation, it is distructive of Christian energy, and devastatingly ruinious to that vineyard which our Lord planted with such care and of which He Himself is the vine. All strength lies in unity, and a kingdom divided against itself shall fall. What the gates of hell could not do division -sowing heresy-were it not for the divine promise, would long ago have accomplished. Many of the sects, if we may judge by their talk about union, feel the weakness and fain would look for a remedy. Their eyes are held; for, as pride led their fathers away into heresy, so the same passion governs them and prevents them from seeking truth and union where alone they may be found.

A TYPICAL TWELFTH OF JULY ORATOR.

This year we have had a flood of Orange literature in the shape of speeches. If we except the Orange orators in Toronto, perhaps the most mischievous and un Christian-like utterance was that of a preacher whom the Herald of Fort William calls Paster Flatt of the Methodist church in that

We have a small share of regard for the typical north of Ireland Orangeman, who struts about the streets on the 12th of July, with all his yellow war paint, presenting a picturesqueness earnestly looked for by the man with the camera. At least there is no hyprocrisy about such a man, but there is nothing to be admired about an individual like Pastor Flatt, who feigns Christian behavior the while he is scattering seed amongst his flock which brings a smile to the face of the enemy of mankind. "He had no quarrel," said Pastor Flatt, "with the members of the Roman Catholic Church; many of them were amongst their most admirable citizens, but the system was inherently bad." We might ask the reverend gentleman how it is possible that a system which is inherently bad will produce most admirable citizens. It is a pity that one wearing the clerical garb comes into the limelight as a model of inconsistency, bigotry and ignorance—another proof that many private libraries are selected with a reckless disregard of quality. Graduates from the schools of Chiniquy, Margaret Shepherd and Maria Monk are somewhat handicapped in the race for preferment when called upon to de liver speeches or sermons before intelligent auditors. We desire for a moment to bring Pastor Flatt into communication with one of his own household.

"What I Admire in the Catholic Church" was the subject of a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. T. Moffatt, in the First Congregational Church, Newark, N. J., on a recent Sunday. He said during his remarks:

"There are seven things which the Protestant Church might imitate, and which I admire in the Catholic Church Church might imitate, and and they are these: First, emphasis
of the sanctity of the marriage vow;
second, the pomp and dignity and parade of the Church; third, the central unifying authority of the Church; fourth, the tone of conviction; fifth feminiuity, as exemplified in the worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary; sixth purgatory; and lastly, confession. I want to tell you, and I speak just for myself, what I admire in the Catholic Church. I can imagine, to begin with, that there are those, even in this day say that I have no business t admire anything in that Church. There is another thing I remember and that is that the Protestants have and that is that the Processants have also persecuted the Catholics. Serve tus was burned at the stake and John Calvin gave his sanction to the execution of a man whose only crime wa that his religious theories did not jibe with those of Calvin. In our own land we have read something about the Puritans persecuting the Baptists, and we have also read about the persecution of the Quakers; in other words, Protestants, persecution of the Puritant Protestants persecution. Protestants persecuting Protestants. This is an age of the tolerant spirit. We do not look at things through one eye, but through both. If, instead of fighting, we should shake hands and look into each other's eyes perhaps we might, after all, find the spirit of Christ not in competition, but in co-operation. We have a different attitude toward everything in this day in which we live. Be tolerant to those who bear a different name, but worship the sam God and the same Christ."

That Mr. Flatt is a missit in the clerical garb few will doubt who have and hygiene of the child. Even if the tacks the Church as the pillar and read his utterances. He is one of those School this season,

men whose lips truth oftentimes makes an effort to reach but is always beaten back. At least we take such to be the case, judging by his utterances. Here is a nugget :

" Not only did the Catholic Church fail to stem the tide of criminality, but it encouraged ignorance. It was posed to free schools, and sough limit the spread of knowledge, clai that the common people were not to be entrusted with a too liberal education."

The rev. gentleman's knowledge of current events must indeed be somewhat limited. While it is true that Catholics, in the minor crimes, may be no better than their neighbors, it is a fact patent to everyone that in the more serious breaches of the moral and criminal law Catholics make a good showing. We would ask this Methodist pastor to study the statistics of crimes such as murders, suicides, robberies of banks and robberies called high finance, divorces, and crimes the mention of which does not look well in prir to and he will find that this much abused Romish church and its adherents are

worthy of emulation. When placed on the defensive Cath olics sometimes find it necessary to strike back. Just here we may draw the rev. gentleman's attention to something that came under our notice this very day. The Cincinnati Inquirer published in 1906 a list of serious crimes committed by thirty eight ministers of the different non-Catholic denominations. We will send our clerical friend the list if he is anxious to see it. The CATHOLIC RECORD has never referred to these matters, because we think it is much better to make a practice of looking for nice things to say of our neighbors rather than make a parade of their failings.

Now, as to ignorance, Mr. Flatt says the Church encouraged ignorance, was opposed to free schools and sought to limit the spread of knowledge, claiming that the common people were not to be entrusted with a too liberal education." In his good city of London, a week ago, there was pub lished a list of children who were succesful in passing the examination for the High School. The Cath olic Separate schools are taught by nuns, and from these nuns schools came 99 per cent. of the candidates who passed, and from the Public schools 85 per cent. Does this look as if the Church encouraged ignorance? Let it be understood that we do not wish to belittle the work done by Public school teachers. They deserve every praise for their conscientious discharge of their duties. We merely wish to impress upon our readers that the statement made by Pastor Flatt is without foundation. What we have said of the London Separate schools applies to a very large extent to all the

other Separate schools in the province. Toward the close of the pastor's sernon he stated that a lady visiting Fort William from Glasgow during the past week had informed him that in her dis trict Catholics who failed to attend Mass were called upon by the priest during the following week and violently flogged, which shows that it is not always safe to place implicit reliance visitor. It may be that the lady visitor in this case was humbugging the rev. preacher, but if she was in earnest it might be well to remember that a certain class of visitors from Canada to England tell stories to their hearers about Canadians in which the element of truth is entirely missing. We doubt not the Rev. Mr. Flatt and his lady visitor from Glasgow are amongst those who contribute to bring Truth to the heathen, while having scarcely a bowing acquaintance with it at home. Such men as the Rev. Mr. Flatt may, after all, be missionaries for the true Church, be cause such sermons as he is wont to deliver, when treating of Catholicism, will promote a spirit of inquiry, and some of his hearers will wonder, as the many converts continously pouring into the Church are wondering, how they were for so long the dupes of which prompt the inquiry : " Whither are we drifting ?"

THE SIXTEENTH session of the Catholic Summer School opened auspiciously on Monday evening, July 1, with the first lecture of the session delivered by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D., the president of the school, on the First French Republic. Previous to his lecture, Father Smith declared the school open in a brief speech, in which he enumerated the advantages of the Summor School and the work done by it in the past fifteen years. Many new buildings and additions have been added to the School this year. The post office has been enlarged to twice its original size and there has been quite an addition made to the library. There was a larger attendance on the grounds during the first two weeks of the session than in previous years, which augurs well for the Summer

TIME FOR REFLECTION.

We take the liberty of saying to our clerical friends of some of the Protestant denominations that the Orange business has assumed a form which bodes ill for the future of Canada. One of the most regrettable features of our present day life is the fact that a few preachers may at any time be found to deliver anniversary sermons for almost any secret cath-bound conclave. While we find many very prominent non-Catholic clergymen in the United States unsparing in their condemnation of societies of this description, in the Dominion of Canada, and notably in the Province of Ontario, a preacher can always be found to glorify the Orange Association, perhaps the most objectionable of all the oath bound combinations. The people of Toronto were on the 12th of July given an object lesson. They were shown to what lengths of lawlessness the great mass of the Orange and young Briton bodies would descend, nothwithstand. ing the fact that they claim to be the champions of law and order and equal rights to all. The Toronto Star of the 15th of July well says that "it is contrary to these principles that a procession representing one class of cititens should be allowed to block traffic and delay people in going about their regular business, and that motormen should be assaulted and policemen resisted in endeavoring to protect citizens in their right to the free use of the streets." The conduct of the present mayor of Toronto as well as that of a man named Hocken, one of the city controllers, has been unsparingly condemned. The speeches they made at the park to the Orange gather ing after the disturbance of the 12th. in resisting the progress of the street cars, were those of fishers of votes, becoming the low class politician who desires to make himself solid with that portion of the community who are not model citizens. A serious problem confronts the respectable element in Ontario's chief city. The election to high civic positions of men who make Orangeism a trade has besmirched Toronto, and the stain is becoming

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

more pronounced as the years go by.

When a child has been taken from its parents through the agency of a Children's Aid Society because of neglect, ill treatment, immoral surroundings, or any other cause that was considered sufficient by the judge before whom the case was tried, the work so far as that particular child is concerned is not by any means finished. In some cases it is only well begun. It is necessary now to find a foster-home for the child, and though there are many applications for a child that is at an age to be use ful all are not satisfactory. There can be no objection to an ordinarily healthy child being made useful in its fosterhome. To be trained to habits of industry and usefulness makes for the present and future happiness of these children, but it must not be made too apparent that the chief object in view must receive in return the ordinary advantages that children are expected to receive in their own homes - nourishment and care, education, secular and religious, and above all an unselfish interest in their welfare. After the Children's Aid Society has found what is thought to be a satisfactory home and the child has been placed, then the Neglected and Dependent Children's Department of Ontario is notified and the Government assumes the duty of having his child visited regularly in its foster home and generally superviving its welfare. Where a child is thought to be not receiving fair treatment in its foster home it is removed, and, on the other hand, it will not be surprising to learn that sometimes these children are not satisfactory to their foster - parents and are returned. In some cases it is necessary to change a child shepherds who led them into pastures around several times before a satisfactory placement is made. Sometimes a child is not satisfied with its fosterhome and yet cannot explain the reason why. The foster-parents are fairly good and the child is fairly good but they do not seem to "hit it off ' well together. Possibly they are uncongenial to each other or incompatibility is the cause. Whatever may be the cause, experience has taught that it is not wise to try to force a boy or girl to remain in a home where he or she does not desire to stay. The aim is, as far as possible, to make these children happy and contented. Some of these cases are pathetic. Where the children have strong family affection they would rather endure discomfort and positive ill-treatment in their own homes than share the comforts of a good foster home and they do not appreciate the danger of the surroundings from which they were rescued. There are other cases where it has There are other cases where it has been necessary to take children from a mother because of her evil life. Maybe cept her coal, was a cry once raised

the fault was not primarily her own Perhaps she had a drunken, worthless husband who deserted her, and not being of the strongest moral fibre she has become too easily discouraged; she is kind, nay, indulgent, to her children but she is herself their worst enemy.

The Children's Protection Act gives to Children's Aid Societies the right to maintain supervision over their wards until they are twenty one years of age but if at an earlier age the children are taught to be capable of taking care of themselves and do not show an inclination to place themselves amid dangerous surroundings, they are allowed to go wherever they wish, The young man or woman who has been in a respectable foster home for several years, who is trained to the habit of industry and has received religious and moral instruction by precept and example can be relied upon to make an honest living for the future and not become a charge upon the community, Is that not something worth while?

#### IRISH AFFAIRS.

The Irish leader, John Redmond, in speech recently delivered at Battersea, denounced the action of the Sinn Feins. "They were," he said "erying for the adoption of a new policy, but it was the old policy of discrediting and trying to destroy the Nationalist Party. The Nationalists must put away all this futile, foolish talk, and pursue vigorously Parnell's policy. The present Parliament would not last more than a year or a year and a half, and the next government would not have such a majority as the present one."

It may be well to have it thoroughly inderstood amongst the friends of Home Rule, both in Ireland and America, that all attempts to discredit the Nationalist Party will be considered the work of the enemies of Ireland's aspirations. If there is anything weak or wrong in the ranks of the members let its correction be brought about in sensible fashion : if there are any withered branches, lop them off : if there are any members whose conduct is a discredit to Ireland. let their constituencies see to it that at the next election they be left at home; but any attempt to discredit the Nationalist Party as a whole, and to impede the work carried on by Ireland's Parliamentary representation, is but the work of traitors in the camp. Let them be treated as such. Ireland has suffered so much from disunion, so much from the unfaithfulness of her own sons, that any attempt to bring about the existence of divided and warring parties should be stamped out with a swiftness and a sureness that would preclude the possibility of repeti-

#### IRISH INDUSTRIES.

The Rev. Michael O'Flanagan, who is now in Philadelphia, and who is spending the summer as the guest of the Rev. Gerald P. Coghlan, Rector of the Church of our Lady of Mercy, 2141 N. Broad St., has spent two years in the United States in the interest of the Irish Industrial movement. He sums up the case briefly in the following terms:

"The struggle of nations at the present day is most economic. We realize that in Ireland the future struggle must be with the selfish manufacturing interests of England. Our present economic position may be broadly stated as follows: we import from England every year more than \$100,000,000 worth of manufactured goods. We pay for them in raw matergoods. We pay for them in raw materials and food stuffs. In the past England crushed our industries by direct legislation. In more recent times sh has crippled them even more effectively by the scoret methods of the Trust and the Combine. We have no possible remedy in legislation because our only legislature in the Parliament of the so called United Kingdom, where we are in a permanent minority of one to six.

"If England was selfish enough to crush the competition of Ireland by law at a time when there was no other serious competitor on the horizon, it is only to be expected that she will continue to crush Ireland to-day, by the refusal of proper legislation, when her markets all over the world are sore pressed by the competitions of the United States and Germany. Ireland poor, is a dumping ground for the surplus output of England's factories. Ireland, thinly populated, is a huge farm from which over populated Eng-land can draw cheap food-stuffs. Whether the ship goes out from an Irish port laden with cattle, eggs or butter, or returns laden with shoddy and crockery ware, the gain on both sides is England's. For Ireland with an increased population could eat her own cattle, eggs and butter, and could manufacture her own cloth and crock ery ware, whereas England would then have to search at the ends of the earth for some other innocent country to

take Ireland's place.
"But if Ireland cannot protect herself by legislation, she can, and is beginning to do so, by supporting our own products on patriotic grounds. The result is that a new era of prosperity has opened up before our woollen mills; and many industrial enterprises are starting up here and there all over Irein Ireland by Der in giving Ireland and prosperity t years. This time equally effective England's market The United Sta from England abo of woolen goods. Irish mills is bett we have no consour trade and cannot devote as tention to a foreign and long established. But our do more for us to country. And learn of the Iris up the work as zeal and with so "The Athlon"

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TRIES. 'Flanagan, who is, and who is as the guest of ghlan, Rector of of Mercy, 2141 nt two years in e interest of the ment. He sums in the following

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up the work and are pushing it with zeal and with some success.
"The Athlone woollen mill sold two years ago, \$28,000 worth of its product in the United States. The same mill has large orders for the supply of cloth for the German army. There are many mills in Ireland quite as up to date as the Athlone mills. If we are able to appeal to such a good business man as the Athlone mills. I we are appeal to such a good business man as the Emperor Wilhelm, there is no reason why we cannot sell some millions of dollars worth instead of some thousands in the United States."

some of the Canadian cities during the coming winter season.

WE RETURN sincere thanks to our contemporary, the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, for the following complimentary reference to the CATHOLIC

A Canadian Catholic editor has been A Canadian Catholic editor has been honored with an LL. D., Hon. Thomas Coffey of the Loudon Catholic Record, having received the degree from Ottawa University. We extend felicitations, but we don't believe the doctorship will make the vigorous Record one whit better than it always CORD one whit better than it always

#### ON MODERN PREACHING.

It is commonly said, writes an an-onymous contributor to the Civilta Cat'olica (Rome,) that a man's value is proportionate to his ability to talk, and there is little doubt that in the effort to show what is of worth in him, and there is little doubt that in the effort to show what is of worth in him, the man who can lucidly express himself generally fluds the biggest audience. Mere elegance of delivery or superabundance of rhetorical effect count, however, for little if the speaker or preacher tries only to touch the sentiments of his hearers and does not aim at reaching both their hearts and their minds. So important has the gift of able preaching been always considered by the Church, that we are not surprised to hear one of her greatest luminaries, St. John Chrysostom, de claring that without the experience of speaking, almost all other gifts avail little to the priest (si illud nihil possit resiqua omnia incassum abount) Unless, indeed, as the great doctor adds, he is capable of performing miracles. It is not only necessary but here Unless, indeed, as the great doctor adds, he is capable of performing miracles. It is not only necessary but essential, he continues, that every priest be ready with his tongue; that weapon is one of his greatest and, consequently, it must be powerful and always ready for that fray in which the priest has to perform the duty of the private soldier as well as that of the general, fearless in moving through the private soldier as well as that of the general, fearless in moving through the battle, provided he be able to scatter the truth at every step along his progress. The contributor to the Civilta does not The contributor to the Civits does not hesitate to say that a decay of the art of preaching among the priests of the Church, will necessarily lead to a falling off of the Catholic spirit among the body of the people. Wose to the priesthood, he declares, when it neglects to educate itself in the art of preaching and wose to it, too, when it allows itself to be drawn away by the fascinations of polemics, an altogether different thing from the preaching of the Gospel!

Among the many faults which our author finds among the preachers cieriosi action, and Miss Garvey lay action, working on wealth represented by Silas Maglundy. The library scheme is only an instance of how wealth may be applied for the benefit of religion."

Now to come back to the Leader. That organ seems somewhat surprised that a Jesuit should write a "truly readable novel," and that Father Devine, in this instance, does not doose to be "appallingly grave." Is there anything useful to humanity, either in the temporal or the spiritual sphere, that has not been done by a Jesuit. The very mists of ignorance, concerning the Society of Jesus, in

certain extent incapable of producing results, he notes, above all others, at over-confidence in their knowledge and a tendency to ascend the pulpit with little or no preparation: he finds that the most important points of Christian the most important points of Christian dogma are among the majority of the clergy, hurriedly passed over or left to explain themselves in the minds of congregations; the treatment of the sermon, he asserts, is more frequently than not, obscure or perfunctory, or else the preacher, assuming all the airs and graces of the platform orator, looks graces of the platform orator, looks upon his duty as profane rather than sacred. There is a certain the-atrical air about the delivery and the enunciation which nullifies the effect of the Divine Word, scandalizes the faithful and is of little or no profit to the cold or the unbelieving. The writer quotes Cardinal Bauss, Archbishop of Florence, as stating that one of the most flagrant evils of modern preaching is the tendency of preachers to also the greations of religion before to place the questions of religion before their congregations as being the means to social and material success, forgetful entirely of the duties imposed by our religion and the belief in God. "I see" said His Eminence, "a certain tendency to consider Christianity as a deep system of philosophy and nothing more." If the preacher would remember that everything about his duty is of divine origin and to be performed according to divine order and that the only thing human in it is the exercise of the natural faculties of him who is the instrument of the to place the questions of religion before him who is the instrument of the Divine Word, he would not only complish his task according to the teaching of Our Lord to the Apostles but would also, by his very seif-effacement, pre-dispose his hearers to a closer attention and a firmer understanding of the eternal truths.

The writer is in favor of a long and

is in favor of a long and and for two reasons, namely, that a long probation would give priests adequate testimony as to their ability for preaching and because the length of their training would eliminate from among the body of preachers a far too large the body of preachers a far too large the body of preachers a far too large in New York journalism; I knew him as a printer, in the body of preachers a far too large to the gay and pleasant with the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I made in my lecture on socialism. I the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I have relied on him myself. I have read and aralyzed their great in good faith in believing that social is miss of a heavenly character, let him the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I have read and analyzed their great in good faith in believing that social is miss of a heavenly character, let him the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I have read and analyzed their great in good faith in believing that social is miss of a heavenly character, let him the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I have read and analyzed their great in good faith in believing that social is miss of a heavenly character, let him the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my lecture on socialism. I have read and analyzed their great in good faith in believing that social is miss of a heavenly character, let him the dark caverns of infidelity and remade in my letture on socialism. I have read and analyzed their great in good faith in believing that social is miss of a heavenly character, let him the dark caverns of infidelity and remarks the dark caverns of infidelity and remarks the dark caverns of infidelity and remarks the dark caverns of

in Ireland by Dean Swift. It resulted in giving Ireland a period of freedom and prosperity that lasted eighteen years. This time we hope to see it equally effective and more lasting.

"We also hope to capture some of England's market in the United States. The United States buys each year from England about \$12,000,000 worth of woolen goods. The product of our Irish mills is better and as cheap But we have no consuls here to look after our trade and our young industries cannot devote as much capital and attention to a foreign market as the old and long established houses of England. But our patriotic societies can do more for us than the consuls of any country. And I am glad to say that many of the Irish societies are taking up the work and are pushing it with zeal and with some success.

"The Athlone woollen mill sold two of his own to the eternal truths." At the present day, says our author, we may repeat what Cardinal Sarto said when Patriach of Venice, to wit, that sermons have become speculative rath er than practical; civil rather than religious and more full of shadow than of substance. Where the simple truths of religion would do more real good and gain more adherents to the hody of the gain more adherents to the body of the faithful priests are tempted rather to give a display of their knowledge to the better educated among their con-gregations by discussing abstractions such as positivism, autocracy, demo cracy, liberty and other kindred sub ons of dollars worth instead of some chousands in the United States."

Father O'Fianagan expects to visit preachers who are really loved for their preaching. Such a consummation ly be reached by him who can com bine good sense, imagination and sym-pathy with the simple and Divine truths.

"THE TRAINING OF SILAS."

A NOVEL BY REV. E J. DEVINE, S. J. Review by Dr. J. K. Foran

Referring to this admirable and upto-date novel the Leader of San
Francisco writes: "A refreshing
thing it is to find a priest, and a
Jesuit at that, writing a nove!, a
really, truly readable novel, and
apparently enjoying the fun. There is
nothing even remotely ascetic in "The
Training of Silas." Father Devine,
like so many of his conferers, can un-Referring to this admirable and upnothing even remotely ascette in Training of Silas." Father Devine, like so many of his confreres, can undoubtedly be appallingly grave when he chooses; but here he doesn't choose, and we are unspeakably grateful. Emphatically, "The Training of Silas," is not a book to be afraid of. It is an American book of to day in which several real and one or two possible characters live and move and are. A distinctly Catholic atmosphere pervades the work, and—we say this deliberately—adds vastly to its literary worth. . We need novels nowadays, particularly we need novels with a Catholic tone, and Father De vine has made us all his debtors by giving us a book that we really want."

From a number of able and favorable From a number of able and favorable reviews (and I have found none other wise,) I have selected the above because it covers the ground very fairly and, at the same time furnishes me with a text

for my own few remarks. I do not purpose analyzing the story, nor giving extracts from its pages, nor telling the trend of the romance; I prefer to leave to each reader the pleas ure of perusing its chapters without having any inkling as to the drift of the outcome of the nevel. In the read the outcome of the novel. In the very mystery as to the fate of each character lies the keenest enjoyment, and to break that spell would be to rob the reader of more than half the cost of the book.

I may, however, say this much, and I quote the author's own words, "this I may, however, say this much, and i quote the author's own words, "this work is a thesis at bottom: a plea for the right use of wealth. Father Sinclair represents clerical action, and Miss Garvey lay action, working on wealth represented by Silas Maglundy. The library scheme is only an instance of how wealth may be applied for the benefit of religion."

either in the temporal or the spiritual sphere, that has not been done by a Jesuit. The very mists of ignorance, concerning the Society of Jesus, in which hundreds of thousands of otherwise well informed men, are enveloped seem to produce the same optical illu-sion upon their minds as do the Scotch mists that impart a dark and magnified appearance to Ben Lomond or Ben appearance to Ben Lomond or Ben Venue. The Jesuit is a soldier in the Venue. The Jesuit is a soldier in the ranks of a special regiment in the army of the Church Militant. His military code is the "Exercises of St. Ignatius"; his obedience is that of any soldier under command; his weapons are those best calculated to defend the "Standard of Christ" and to disagraph and defeat the ground of God and the "Standard of Christ" and to dis-arm and defeat the enemy of God and man. The soldier is not perpetually on the march, nor constantly in the thick of battle. He has his hours of drill and his hours of rest, his time to mount guard and his time to clean his arms, brush his accourtements, eat, sleep and enjoy recreation. So it is with the Jesuit. While ever ready to drop any work or pleasure and to march fo when the command is given, he is no perpetually on the rampart. He too must brush up his weapons; he too, must recuperate for the struggle. One soldier may be an expert artillery man, another a dashing cavalry officer, a third a sharp-shooter, a fourth a swordsman; the commander assigns to each the duty which he is best fitted to each the duty which he is best fitted to perform. One Jesuit may possess the gift of pulpit oratory, another may be a born teacher, a third may be a model missionary, a fourth may be an inventor, a fifth may be a poet, a sixth may be nevelist: each one utilizes his special gifts for the benefit of the world and the glory of God. That is all there is to it: that is the sum and substance of this great Jesuit secret—if you can call it a secret.

Now, any person who ever knew

Now, any person who ever knew Father Devine as I know him, would Father Devine as I know him, would never be surprised that he should write a novel, nor that he should choose to be gay and pleasant with the world. I knew him as a boy, when we

as a student, as a traveller, as a misas a student, as a traveller, as a mis-sionsry, as an inventor of railway ap-pliances, as an organizer of exactly such institutions for young men as he describes in his novel. And knowing him as I have I could not conceive Father Devine as "appallingly grave." He has seen life in most of its phases; he knows the world as it exactly is; he carries the responsibilities of his vocation with the same case and of his vocation with the same case with the same tenders that is characteristic of the members of his community; no frown ever effaces the smile that plays on his features. Of all the men I have ever met and known he is about the best calculated to write a really interesting novel—and he has done so. If any person entertains a lingering doubt on person entertains a lingering doubt on the subject, just let him write to Benziger Brothers, in New York, Chicago, or to the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Rachel street, Mortreal, and order a copy of "The Training of Silas." It after having read that story, he does not agree with me, I am prepared to resign my pen for all time to come. It is a gennine novel; a splendid love story; a rich literary treat. The lecture of Professor Flume, in one of its chapters, is worth the price of this volume alone. One thing Father Devine can do, and that is to inculcate true principles without seeming to preach. From the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume, the first page to the last of this volume alone. One thing Father Devine can do, and that is to inculcate true principles without seeming to preach. From the first page to the last of this volume, the fate of Silas—and incidentally that of Miss Garvey—is what absorbs your attention; the personality and character of the author are entirely forgotten. Father Devine has proven that love may be the basis of an ab orbing story without, of necessity, being divorced from virtue.

#### FATHER STRITCH

from virtue.

ANSWERS CRITICS OF HIS LECTURE ON SOCIALISM.

The following letter appeared in The Detroit Journa!: Editor The Journal: I have read the Editor The Journal: I have read the communications of your correspondents relative to my opinions on Socialism, lately reported in your columns. They demand more justice and less misrepresentation in dealing with this subject. In a certain sense there was some mis In a certain sense there was some mis-representation in the report. It was a very brief and compact synopsis of the portion of my lecture which bore upon the teachings of socialists. The re-porter, with a great deal of skill, re-produced the substance of my views. But in the brevity of his statements he

But in the brevity of his statements he could not duly bring out the impressions of the exposition, given in the lecture, of the degrading and atrocious immorality of socialistic doctrine.

Every statement in the report was proved by argument, illustration and citations from the writers whom Socialists acknowledge as the international leaders in their movement and as the authoritative expounders of their prinleaders in their movement and as the authoritative expounders of their principles. I shall repeat these proofs and expositions against Socialistic teaching whenever occasion shall serve. Thus I shall piece out the feebleness of representations. sentation incident to the synoptic style of even a skillful report. My repre-sentation of the socialists will then be more adequate but will at the same time be much less favorable to the principles and aims and methods of socialistic

agitators. Regarding the "more justice," I think I can comply with the demand of your correspondents in this respect also. But that they may know before also. But that they may know before hand whither perfectly just criticism is certain to lead them, I shall tell them a story of a certain defendant in a case at law. The defendant took a gloomy view of the probable decision of the court. A friend to whom the despondant litigant revealed his fears, gave the court. A friend to whom the despond-ent litigant revealed his fears, gave the opinion that the judge was a very com-petent and fair man and that justice would surely be done, "Justice! Yes, justice," said the hopeless respondent, "that is what I fear most of all."

synoptic report of it were but my first installment of justice to the Socialists. It is gratifying to think that they ask for more, and I promise them that it

will be a pleasure for me to grant their request.

No, I did not call anyone in particular a dishonest man. I said that, besides the dishonest element in the socialistic ranks, there were many dupes and zealots. As far as my classification goes, your correspondents are free to take their place in the second or third category. Some very unsavory reports have reached me concerning their conduct on essential points of morality, but not having heard their defence, I suspend judgment on all such matters. I shall further suppose, though, like many others, they are actuated only by the most benevolent impulses in the adherence to the socialistic movement As far as their purpose is merely the bring about a great and sorely needs bring about a great and sorely needed amelioration in the condition of the non-capitalistic class, I am heartily with them. But I insist that the reformation must be effected by means which are at once, practical, rational, moral and Christian. My opposition to socialism and socialists arises from the fact that their schemes and methods are visionary, irrational, immoral and up. visionary, irrational, immoral and un-Christian

But they demanded citations fro recognized expounders of socialism to sustain these charges. Such citations I produced in abundance in my lecture. It would take too much space and time on this occasion to produce them once more, and even then they probably would not satisfy your correspondents. The best way is to refer them to the work of Mr. David Goldstein, entitled work of Mr. David Goldstein, entitled "Socialism—A Nation of Fatherless Children." The author was for many years a leading socialist, and is a man of uncommon ability. He read extensively and critically the works of the great masters and leaders of socialism. From these works he has taken supergraphically the strength of the state of the sta abundant and unquestionable testimonials to substantiate every assertion

their writings more than enough to establish every charge which I have made against socialism and much more besides. But they are hard reading for most mer. If your correspondents wish to be properly informed regarding the nature and tenents of the socialistic creed, they will do well to read these masters. But lest this should prove too arduous a task for them, I have referred them to Mr. Goldstein's collection of the proper passages with his comments thereon

SPENCER ON SOCIALISM. They ask whether I have ever read Herbert Spencer. Yes, indeed, over and over. Iadmire his great erndition. I despise his vast pretensions and in tolerable egotism. I reject his mater.

the Socialists is sure to be represented, decried and calumniated as a pro-capitalistic advocate and a despiser of the multitude. Now I, like every other priest, and every honest and intelligent Christian, have nothing but the "hate of hate and the sorn of scorn," for the injustices of greedy capitalism. But while I am eager to eliminate the injustices I am enually desirous to retain the ices I am equally desirous to retain the uncalculated advantages of the capitalistic system of economics. If you think this attitude of mine unenlightened, unprogressive, and unphilanthropic, read Mr. Mallock's article now appear-ing in the North American Review, or his five admirable lectures recently delivered at Columbia University, New

delivered at Columbia University, New York. In both performances he deals with the economic phases of socialism, and shows it to be, even from its most advantageous point of view, no better than the dreamy utopianism of the past. Remember, too, that Mr. Mallock is a very able scholar and a thoroughly impartial witness. THE IGNORANT MULTITUDE.

So I spoke of the ignorant multitude! So I spoke of the ignorant materials. Yes; but the context made my mean, ing clear. It is not I put the dishonest propagators of socialism who take for granted the ignorance of the multitude; and then proceed to play with all their unscrupulous tactics on the interest they arrosse. Thousands of ignorance they suppose. Thousands of the socialists themselves are ignorant the socialists themselves are ignorant of the irrational principles and ground less philosophy which underlie the cause they espouse. These and other thoughtless men who are willing to be deceived by the socialistic propagands, are the men whom I designate as an ignorant multitude. However, as they are but a small fraction of the laboring class, they are very different laboring class, they are very different from "the multitude." The multitude, in this later sense, are far too enlightened to have anything to do with impracticable, crazy and immoral socialism. This larger, multitude and with impracticable, crazy and immoral socialism. This larger multitude are properly represented in the great movement of labor unions. The labor unionists do not, like the socialists, stand for atheism, materialism, infidelity or immorality. They are our true and effective reformers along industrial and economic lines. They have already achieved splendid results in shortening the labor day, in raising wages, in excluding children from factories, in securing vastly improved physical and moral conditions in the laborer's environment, in immensely narrowing the arbitrary exactions of

would surely be done, "Justice! Yes, justice," said the hopeless respondent, "that is what I fear most of all."
"Now, I assure my socialistic friends that justice is what the Socialists have to fear most of all. My lecture and the synoptic report of it were but my first. for the effecting of a fair adjustment of the relations between labor and capital. There is no more helpful way of doing this than a sympathetic and judi cious encouragement of the labor unions. Not the least of the sins of the socialists is their fanatical opposition to the efforts of the labor union movement. Socialists and not I, nor the clergy, nor the church, nor decent and responsible citizens of any descrip-tion, are the enemies and injurers of the multitude. It is our pleasure to commend the conduct of the thoughtful and upright portion of the multi-tude for the wise course they are pursuing. Nor is it less our duty to warm the remainder that it is nothing but their ignorance that exposes them to the deceptions of the socialistic propaganda.

SCCIALISTIC CATHOLIC TYPE OF UN A word in particular to the corre spondent who calls himself a Catholic socialist. I assure him that he is neither Catholic nor socialist. He is far too " to fathom " and far too par row to comprehend the significance of either of Catholicism or socialism deep in the mire. The heavy oxen are straining every muscle to draw it out nd get it under way once more.

He quotes some verses which he opines tell powerfully for his cause. They miss their mark. Christ is down They miss their mark. Christ is down among the people. The one object of my life is to be with Christ among the people to recognize the recognized to the christ among the recognized to recognize the recognized to recognize the recognized to recognize the recognized to recognize the recognized that the rec my life is to be with Christ among the people, to bring the people to recog-nize their Saviour, accept His teach-ings and obey His laws. But the gulled socialistic neophite thinks it better to hold his ear to the mouths of the dark caverns of infidelity and re-

Fruit Cures Constipation

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Constipation means a disor- takes place when dered liver. When the liver is weak, bile is lacking. And it is the bile—which the liver prunes are comexcretes-that flows into the intestines and

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Purgatives, powders and purg-ing mineral waters, never reach the liver. They irritate

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"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices—in which the medicinal action is many times intensified by the wonderful change which 

ication is not all folly; it is, in part, knavery. He cites the Rev. Dr. Heiter of Cleveland, a prominent Catholic priest, in defense of socialists. Now, socialism has among Catholic writers very few more earnest, inveterate and crushing foes than Rev. Dr. Anton Heiter, as any one may see who will Heiter, as any one may see who will take the trouble to read his seven lectures against social democracy, delivered, February, 1903, in Chicago and published in German by the German Catholic Priesterverein of that city. The Catholic Telegraph of Cincinnati is my objector's next authority. That is my objector's next authority. That paper, like every other Catholic publication, is sternly and unalterably opposed to socialism. Even the present writer has, from time to time, while condemning socialism as a system, taken pleasure in freely acknowledging and eulogizing the good intentions of not a few unsophisticated, so-called socialists.

These partial and kindly concessions

mest." The Catholic socialist mere honest." The Catholic socialist mere ly asserts that I am very ignorant of the doctrine of socialism and that I misr-present the little I do know. But what he clearly proves is that he himself is uninstructed, incapable and untruthful.

M. I. Stritch, S. J.,
Detroit College. Detroit College

Montere

work among them to bring them back.
But Monterey was a virgin field for
the Missionary. An effort was made to
get the court house for the services.
The county clerk was a tall, gaunt, venerable mountaineer who is evidently
spending the end of his days pouring
over the county records. He didn't

over the county records. He didn't think it could be done. "The super-

A GOSPEL AUTOMOBILE FOR THE SOUTH.

If the West needs the chapel car, and undoubtedly it does, for already it has proved the value of its mission, the South needs a gospel automobile for the conditions are somewhat different. In the South much of the mission giving is done far from railreads and to narrowing the arbitrary exactions of employers, in forcing the principle of arbitration. ing is done far from railroads and to people who would never come to a rail-

people who would never come to a rail-road station.

A mission was recently given from the Apostolic Mission House in High-land Co., Virginia, and it may well be taken for a type of many others that might be given under similar condi-tions. Highland Co., Virginia, is back up against the Alleghanies. To get a it it is necessary to drive by team ove three ranges of mountains. situated in the beautiful valley at the nead waters of both the James and the Potomac Rivers is its country seat. The voice of a Catholic priest had never been heard in this town above a conversational tone and then only at rare times as one passing through. Father McKeefry, the pastor of Staunton, Va., of whose extensive parish Highland Co. is a part determined that Highland Co. is a part determined that the claims of the Old Mother Church should have a hearing before the citizens of this town, so he and Father Boyle of the Apostolic Mission House Language Town Work among joined forces for a week's work among

the mountaineers. A long drive of forty-six miles from Staunton brought them to Monterey. Seven miles be-yond there were found a few Catholic yond there were found a few Catholic families who had settled there just after the war and for a half century! were without Church or religion till a few years ago when they were discovered. Then it was found that their children had grown up without handlen. The old folks hand. cither of Catholicism of socialism.

There are in the socialistic party men of conspicuous, though abused and perverted ability. But the Catholic socialist is, quite (byiously, not one of them. The socialistic wagon is now found that their chi aren nad grown up without baptism. The old folks kept the faith. Father Paine and Van Inglehemn did considerable mission work among them to bring them back. Catholic socialist is one of the buzzing insects fluttering about the wheels, endeavoring by his meaningless noise to have it understood that he is doing work of immeasurable importance.

think it could be done. "The super-visors alone had the power, and one lived eight miles one way, and the other twelve the other. Yes, the Court house had been used for school exercises, but this was an unusual request. Catholics had never been refused before, because they had never asked." Anyhow, rehad never asked." Anyhow, re-fuse. Here and elsewhere the Mission-aries finally secured the dining room of the summer hotel and this with the

Apostle Paul, who assures us that, to deceive the unwary, the demon of darkness often comes in the guise of an sngel of light. The socialistic Catholic is a type of the unwary.

Yet the Catholic socialist's communication is not all folly; it is, in part, the property. He gites the Ray, Dr. Heiter example was followed by many others until a good presentation of the teach-ings of the Church was made to the town's people. Undoubtedly a clear, straightforward explanation of Catholic doctrine was a revelation to these sturdy mountaineers. They had never heard the Church mentioned except in con-demnation. They had been told that she stood for all sorts of evil things, from saloon keeping and grafting and the destruction of the Government, and they believed it because there was no one found to contradict such statements. The closer one gets to nature, the more honest men become. It was a privilege then that these honest folk appreciated to have a representative of the Church come among them and tell them what she was and what indeed she stood for, and they will not forget the impression made.

There are thousands of places like reciated to have a representative of

These partial and kindly concessions have been used by socialists in support of their plan of "reform."

However, it is only the "socialistic mind" that can fail to perceive that this manner of quoting authorities is another proof of the assertion made in my lecture that "socialists are dishonest." The Catholic socialist mere thought a country first, people settle along the line of the road or they come to the railroad for many reasons; but in the South where towns were established before the era of railroads, there Monterey in the South, far from rail-roads. In the west the chapel car has are more towns of size away from the

railroads than there are on the line.

It is not as much a chapel car but a gospel automobile that is needed for the mission-work in the South.

Spiritual Retreat.

Spiritual Retreat.

The spiritual exercises of a retreat are to be given at the Sacred Heart Convent, commencing Monday, August the 5th, at 7.30 p.m., and closing Friday morning. Those desiring to board at the Convent, will kindly apply for an invitation to The Mother Superior, Sacred Heart Convent, P. O. Box 320, London, Canada. London, Canada.

One tear of the heart over the Passion of our Blessed Lord! How much fire of purgatory has it the power to quench.-Faber.

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#### FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost. DISTRUST OF SELF.

"Jesus spoke this parable unto certain who usted in themselves that they were

My brethsen, Holy Church, in bidd My brethsen, Holy Church, in bidding us study these words of our Lord, would u.ge on our attention that we are redeemed by the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and not by any merits of our own. She does this that we may bear in mind, in this season of relaxation, that we need to be redeemed, and that without the merits of our Lord we should be one and all a lost race. "I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me," says our there was none with me," says or Saviour by the mouth of the Proph Saviour by the mouth of the Prophet Isaias. There is no possibilty of winning heaven except by the merits of Christ. Adam's fatal sin so infected us with its miserable poison that all human remedies were and are totally worthless to cure us. Of course we need not exaggerate, as the Calvinists do, the depravity of fallen man. We are not by nature totally depraved.

The corruption of the fall is miserable enough; but it has not utterly extinguished natural virtue in man natural virtue in man, nor has it made his every action a sin, as our Presbyterian friends once believed, and as some of them still profess to

when you ask, How is man to enjoy the happiness of heaven? the doctrine of the Catholic Church infallibly teaches the answer: Only by fallibly teaches the answer: Only by acquiring the merits of Christ. To trust in your own righteousness, when there is question of getting to heaven is to rob the Son of God of His office of Redeemer and the Holy Ghost of the office of Sanctifier. Hence the Council of Trent defined as an article of faith: any one shall say that a man can b lieve, or hope or love, or repent in such manner that he shall be justified without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit going beforehand, let him be anathema. And there is no Christian doctrine more plainly taught in Holy Scripture, or more plainly essential to the office of Christ, than that his merits

are necessary to salvation.

But, brethren, if this is cause of But, brethren, if this is cause of humility to us as men, it is cause of wonderful joy to us as Christians. For by the grace of Christ we are made children of God, and are really sanctified with that holiness which the Son of God our Redeemer had and yet has—yes, really, and not technically, or fictitiously or in name, but actually or fictitiously, or in name, but actually imbued with that infinite love of his Father which made our Lord's lightest sigh of more worth the purchase heaven than all the best and purest of the than all the best and purest of the human race put together. What the Son of God is by nature that we are by grace: children of the Eternal Father unite to the Godhead by the bond of the Holy Spirit. When we receive the grace of baptism, especially when we receive Communion, we become united to God by a union so perfect that St. John says we are entitled to be called, we actually are, Sons of God. Our John says we are entitled to be called, we actually are, Sons of God. Our Lord is called, by Sr. Paul (Rom. viii. 29) "the first-born among many brethren." And what did our S viour Himself say when He bade His disciples farewell? "I ascend to my Father and

to your Father. Now, my brethren, if there are many who need to be warned against pride by the example of the haughty Pharisee there are some who, like the poor publican, need to be encouraged. There is a true sense in which a good There is a true sense in which a good Christian may say, I am a righteous man; it is that sense in which Sz. Paul spoke when he said, "By the grace of God I am what I am." As much as to say, My virtue, if I have got any, is mone the less mine because I have received it from Jesus Christ, and beceived it from Jesus Christ, and be-cause by His love I still persevere and hope to persevere to the end in it.

Nay, my virtue is all the more to be

boasted of, if I give credit to whom

credit is due.

Let us, then, be indeed humble when we look at the shrivelled nakedness of our own poor, fallen nature; but let us rejoice and be honestly proud when we consider how God changes us into princes of His heavenly kingdom. Ohl how we ought to value the means of acquiring divine grace—the practice of humble, fervent prayer, the sorrowof numble, fervent prayer, the sorrow-ful confession of sin, and especially the devout reception of Holy Communion; for these are the great and necessary means of acquiring Christian righteous-

#### A CURE FOR THE BACKBITER From the Ave Marie.

A correspondent having written to the Examiner (Bombay) on the prevalence in his neighborhood of jealousy and backbiting, Father Hull treats the

subject in a journalistic sermon, in the course of which he says: "We think that many people habitually indulge in jealousy and backbiting, not out of deliberate wickedness, but for want of reflection on the unre

for want of reaction of the ableness, repulsiveness and moral perversity of such conduct. Argument, however, is not of much use in such cases. The best way of curing them is to bring them face to face with the anty of the contrary virtue. A man il of good feeling and friendliness ward all, \* \* \* a man free from toward all. the least touch of jealousy, rejoicing in good wherever he sees it and putting the most benign interpretation on evil such a man is a most delightful and such a man is a most delightful and attractive personality. And when people feel this, a certain magnetic influence will pass into them. A light will penetrate into the hidden recesses of their hearts, will reveal the vermin and fith lurking there, and result in a spring-clearing of a far more effectual kind than any treatis on the virtues and vices would bring about. In fact, it is a general principle of practical psychology that if you wish to make others as general principle of practical psychology that if you wish to make others what you think they ought to be, you must show yourself a model of the same. Hostility is conquered by friendliness, moral depravity by uprightness, hatred by love; and it is the soft answer which turnoth away wrath." turneth away wrath."

A propos of this sin of detraction, the one point that needs to be insisted

upon, "opportunely and inopportunely, in season and out of season," appears t, be that it is a sin, far more grievous than theft, and presenting far greater difficulties in the matter of restitution

#### BLOOD OF MARTYRED PRIESTS OVERSHADOWS ENGLISH ABBEYS.

ENERABLE PILES CONVERTED INTO COUNTRY HOMES, PRESBYTERIAN CON-GREGATIONS AND RUINS. SOME STRANGE FACTS — MISFORTUNE THAT HAS FOLLOWED THEIR OCCUPANTS -PROPHECY FULFILLED - TRAGIC HIS TORIES AND DRAMATIC HAPPENINGS.

Over the ancient abbeys of England some of which date back to the days of William the Conqueror, hangs the curse which followed the inhuman spilling of the blood of the monks who were murdered when the so called reformation turned loose a reign of heresy and ter

ror in England.

Many of these venerable piles have been converted into country houses, been converted into country houses, others are now the gathering places of Episcopal congregations. Still others are crumbling ruins, but around them all is an atmosphere of baneful misfortune, as if those from whom the abbeys had been sacrilegiously torn were never to permit them to be possessed in peace till again devoted to the worship of God for which they were devontly dedicated centuries ago by their youtly dedicated centuries ago by their

Catholic founders. Whenever an abbey comes into public notice it is usually in connection with some mis ortune. Not long ago Selby Abbey founded by William the Conqueror, was partially destroyed by fire; Glastonwas partially destroyed by first classical bury is going begging and after being on the market for many mouths, faces the prospect of being turned into a country seat by some wealthy American who seems to have more money than brains, else he would never dream of forsaking America for a residence in England. Fyvic Castle, once an abbey, is fated with some curse; nothing but horror comes to those who live in New-stead Abbey; Battle Abbey and Cow stead Abbey; Battle Abbey and Cow dray Park have been the undoing of all who lived in them; Coryland Abbey was lately the scene of the sudden death of the man who had spent the best years of his life striving to effect its restora-tion and so with Combe Abbey, Foun-tains Abbey, Easby Abbey and Bolton Abbey, all have their stories that make the blood run cold.

The worst of the misfortunes that have fallen upon owners of abbeys con-fiscated has come to those who have made once holy places the scene of roy

Newstead Abbey, where priests once devoted their lives to prayer and supplication, was built by Henry II., in explation of the murder of St. Thomas a Beekett, Archbishop of Canterbury. When it was stolen from the monks when it was stolen from the monks a curse fell upon it which seems to specially provide that it shall never pass from father to son.

The fifth Lord Byron saw both his

on and grandson die violent deaths in quick succession, and in this way the abbey passed to a distant relative. The Sixth Lord Byron, the poet, had no son, and left Newstead to a renkinsman. The latter, pursued by malediction, lost his only son and the property went to the late Frederick William Webb, the traveller and ex plorer. He so feared the effects of the prophesy that instead of willing New stead to his son, he left it to his daughter, married to General Herbert Cherm

The monks occupied Battle Abbey, erected by William the Conqueror, till the coming of Henry VIII., who drove out the priests and presented the abbey to his favorite retainer, Sir Authony Browne. The latter elected to take possession by a great feast but when tall and angry, made his sudden appear ance, and pronounced a solemn curse upon Sir Anthony and all who might succeed him in ownership of a property stolen from the Church and devoted to

the worst of infamics.

The prophecy of the priest has been marvelously fulfilled, for nothing but misfortune has come to the successor of Sir Anthony. He himself died suddenly; his son, Lord Montague, became involved with Guy Fawkes and the Guncowder plot and was harved. Sev. Gunpowder plot, and was hanged. Several succeeding Lord Montagues came to their deaths by violence, and the last of the line, the eighth, was drowned

Hoping to break the string of mis-fortunes, the owners disposed of Battle Abbey to Sir Godfrey Webster, who rebuilt itsomewhat and re christened it "New Battle Abbey," in the hope of taking the malediction from himself but all to no avail. Misfortune pursued Sir Godfrey lost most of his him. SIr Godfrey lost most of his money, and was in turn forced to sell the abbey at an enormous loss. It passed through several hands before being purchased by the Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery. Suffolk folk blame the sudden death of Cecil Rhodes to the possession of Dalham Hali, which he had bought only few month, before his demise. Dalham

few months before his demise. Dalham Hall has been a monastery, in the time Hall has been a monastery, in the time of William and Mary, but was turned to other uses after the monstrous Henry VIII. came to the throne. This former abbey has never in its long history passed from father to son, and no per manent happiness has come to those who dwelt within its curse laden walls.

All England is bemoaning the fact that Glastonbury Abbey may be con verted into a home for some wealthy foreigner, yet though constant appeals have been made, funds are not forth coming to purchase it for an English

national memorial. national memorial.

Glastonbury is situated in Somersetshire, and dates its history all the way back to the sixth century. On the site of the present abbey have been several structures before Sir Dunstan, its first abbot, rebuilt it in magnificent state in 1184. Religious warfares raged around the building for some time after the apostasy of Henry VIII., and in 1539 its sixtieth and last abbot, Robert Whiting, was ordered executed by Henry and his body quartered, his head having been fixed on the abbey gaterost.

on record that struck hours automatically, and was the invention of one of the priests of the abboy.

Selby Abbey was dedicated to St. German and St. Mary, and dated its history from 1097. It was one of the glories of the County of York, and architects came from far and near to study it as a fine example of the developed Gothic. In 1872 73 Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost of \$50,000, restored the in-Gothle. In 1872 73 Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost of \$50,000, restored the interior. For long years Selby had been devoted to Episcopalian religious services, and York confidently believed that the old curse of the murdered monks had lost its potency. But also no, for fire recently took the venerable pile in its clutch, and never desisted until the fine organ had been destroyed and the beautiful oak celling burned away completely, the walls toppled, the peal of eight bells melted, the tower burned out, pillars destroyed and the nave left in ruins.

nave left in ruins.

More than \$200,000 will be required to restore the abbey, and patriotic Euglishwomen are striving to raise the money, but even should this rebuilding take place Selby will never be the same, for the glory of its antiquity will have

departed forever.

Croyland Abbey also has been pursued by misfortune, and it seems to act against those outside the Catholic pale, whether they are laymen or cleric, as is proven by the fact that the Rer. Thomas Henry le Boeu spent his life striving to restore Croyland to the striving to restore Croyland to the glory of its past. He sent out eighteen thousand letters appealing for funds, and finally raised \$55,000 by which in various stages the work was completed. The happy actor, rising in his pulpit tell a joyful congregation the story of the completion of his labor was stricken as he stood before them and died in the

pulpit.
The Earl of Guilfort, who is a res lute minded Englishman, declines to admit that harm may come to him through his occupancy of Wroxton abbey, but he has not long been a resi-dent there, so there is no guarantee that he will not encounter what his

redecessors have. Fountains Abbey is the generally accepted title for what was originally known as "Our Lady of the Fountains," way back in the days when Cistercian monks had their home there. Like all the others of the ancient building. Fountains has its martyr, for its last abbott. William Thrush was killed abbott, William Thrush, was killed there by orders of Henry VIII, during the "reign of terror," familiarly known as the "reformation." Fountains, howas the "reformation." Fountains, how-ever, has fared somewhat better than its contemporaries. It is one of the few abbeys to fall into the hands of a Catholic nobleman. This owner, the wealthy Marquis of Ripon, has tender-ly cared for the old structure, and not stone is ever touched, save with the

idea of repairing or preventing decay.

Bolton, in Yorkshire, is not so pretentious as Glastonbury, for instance but it was once the center of a thriving community when the Augustinian atherwere in control of it. Bolton is a some what shapeless and casual structure that has been the work of many centur what snapsiess and testan that has been the work of many centuries of building, various forms have been used at different times. It is most noted for its wenderful surroundings, and with the soft Yorkshire moon shir ing on it, makes a picture that has ap pealed to many artists, including Land

There are many other noted abbeys in England whose histories are full of tragic and dramatic happenings among them Tintern Abbey, Sweetheard Abbey, Lincluden Abbey and Kirkstaa

### OUT WITTING THE FRENCH PER-

TERIES.

For the present, writes Rev. P. Grobel to the London Catholic Times many a French town council has out witted the persecutors at Paris. cean and his minions have no idea of people's liberty, and still less of their legal rights. He has forced through the French parliament a law taking away from all local authorities, the liegal owners of the presbyteries, the right of letting them to priests, if the prefect withholds his consent. One would imagine the inhabitants to

be living in Persia under the rule of a satrap! A town council may let a room in the town wall to any wander-ing gypsy, but on no condition must it let a house free to the priest, the ninister of God in the district.

But all councils have not obeyed this order. Some simply left the priest in possession. Others raised the rent one franc each time that their derent one franc each time that their decision was returned for amendment. Others have "gone one better." The presbytery needed a caretaker, so they appointed the priest keeper of the township's property. Others, to allow him to pay for the rent of the presbytery, have appointed the priest "sick visitor" or keeper of the local cemetery, and remunerated him for it. Some anthorities, to escape the diffietery, and remunerated him for it. Some anthorities, to escape the difficulties, have given him the use of other municipal property, for the law only prohibits the leasing of former presbyteries. In some districts as the churches are to be left open and must have a caretaker, the priest has been appointed to the post, and the salary given to him has been equal to that which the Prefect had fixed for the rent of his former home. rent of his former home.

# LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada, References as to Dr. McTaggart's profession-l standing and personal integrity permitted

Str W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross, ex. Premier of Ontario,
Rev. John Polits. D. D., Victoria College
Rev. Father Teeft, President of St. Michael's
College, Toronto.
Right Rev. A Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto
Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Kuox
College, Toronto.

its sixtieth and last abbot, Robert Whiting, was ordered executed by Henry and his body quartered, his head having been fixed on the abbey gatepost.

Its clock, still preserved, is the first Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.

Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.

Rev. Wm. McLaren, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.

Pr. McTargarr's vegetable remedies for the incompanies of the preserved having been fixed on the abbey gatering the preserved, is the first vegetable remedies for the incompanies of the preserved have a correspondence invited.

bad year in Ireland as he pictured it:

"Rain is falling piteously; the turf is
"rotting, and the seaweed used as
manure is as wet as when taken from
the sea. Such a measure as this will
be taken by that population as a token
of good feeling. It will do much to
bind up many a well-nigh broken heart
and in some measure stanch bleeding and in some measure stanch bleeding wounds." There are two thousand tenants to be reinstated, he estimates, and he seeks compulsory powers to enand no seeks company posteriors when it," as he put the case. But this bill will hardly do it, for, according to "The Irish People," there are six thousand more who will be debarred from its benefits by reason of some legal flaws. Let us hope, if this be so, that the Irish party will force an alteration in the measure so as to make it really effective to "make a clean job" of a dirty busi-ness too long allowed to fester and seethe, to the detriment of the public moral health in Ireland.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

#### A Disgraceful Action. From the Sacred Heart Review

Rather an unusual point, but never Rather an unusual point, but nevertheless a good one, was made by a Jesuit priest preaching a mission in the cathedral of Brisbane, Queensland, the other day. He was speaking of the many dangers that surround Catholics at the present day, and the necessity of safe guarding the faith by Catholic reading, when he digressed a bit to score severely the Catholics who show meanness or carelessness in the matter meanness or carelessness in the matter of paying for Catholic papers. Catholic publications, he said, suffered very much from unpaid subscriptions. Oftenmuch from unpaid subscriptions. Often-times the paper was sent for years, and, when the bill for payment came, very often a post card was sent, stop-ping the paper altogether. This, de-clared the preacher, was a shameful and disgraceful action on the part of Catholics, and a great deal of the weak-ness and inefficiency of the Catholic press, complained of by some people, is due to Catholics who seem to have due to Catholics who seem to have money for everything else, but who "get mad" and stop the paper if they are reminded of their remissness.

In life and in death let us have the no life and in death let us have the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph upon our lips and in our hearts. In our affections let not St. Joseph be sundered from those, the best beloved of God, to whom God has joined him so

#### WE EAT TOO MUCH.

SAYS PROF. CHITTENDEN OF YALE UNIVERSITY, IN HIS LATEST BOOK ON THE "NUTRITION OF MAN"-THE LATEST WORD ON FOOD FROM HIS SCIENTIFIC AUTHORITY.

It is an oft-repeated statement—and one that doubtless holds true with one that doubtless holds true with many people—that we do not care what we eat so long as it tastes good. The average person in good health gives little thought to the "fuel value" of the food he eats nor is he greatly concerned about the quality of "proteids" or the number of "calories" in his daily diet. It is only when his stomach cries out in protest or the signs of mal nutrition show SECUTORS.

test or the signs of mal nutrition show themselves in gradually decreasing strength that he begins to give the

study.
Within the last few years, however,
there has been a popular awakening on
the question of food and the nutrition of man. Pure food laws have been en-acted and scientic men are making ex-periments to determine just what kind of food and how much food is required to maintain health and a proper amount of energy in all kinds of en-joyment, mental and physical. Pro-fessor Chittenden's book is one of the results of this popular awakening. It is an exhaustive work of three hundred and twenty one pages, covering all sorts of dietic experiments on men and dogs.

Professor Chittenden believes that

we all eat too much—especially too
much meat—and that the great majority
of our bodily ailments may be traced to
this cause. It is interesting to note
the prominence given throughout the
book to Shredded Wheat Bisouit as being an ideal, perfectly balanced food, containing all the proteids and calories that are necessary to perfectly nourish the average man or woman. In out-lining a simple dietary showing that will provide a proper quantity of nutri-ment for the average man he suggests the following as an ideal breakfast

|   | One Shredded Wheat Biscuit3 15 gr        |
|---|--|
|   | 30 grams                                 |
|   | One teacup of cream                      |
| l | One German water roll5 07                |
|   | Two one-inch cubes of butter 0 38        |
|   | 38 grams Three-fourths cup of coffee0 25 |
|   | 100 grams One-fourth teacup of cream0 78 |
|   | 30 grams                                 |
|   | One lump of sugar                        |
|   |  |

It is also interesting to know that Shredded Wheat is the only Wheat breakfast food mentioned in the en-tire volume, which may be regarded as the latest scientific authority upon the question of food. It merely tends to confirm the general belief of physicians and dietetic experts that Shredded Whola Wheat is becoming more and more recognized as the one standard cereal food which contains in well balanced proportion and in a digestible form all the elements that are needed for the complete nourishment of the perfect human body. It is always clean, always pure, always the same, An ideal summer food. Nourishing. Strengthening. the latest scientific authority upon the

Mr. Birrell is a sort of Ministerial Mark Tapley. He comes up smiling after each fresh defeat and sets to work again with a good word for the countrymen of those to whose, efforts his defeats are mainly due. Last week, according to promise, he brought in a bill for the restoration of evicted tenants in Ireland. Is doing so he waxed truly eloquent when pleading for these unfortunate victims of cruel landlordism. It is a bad year in Ireland as he pictured it: "R in is falling piteously; the turf is

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JULY 27, 1907

Kept back By Foo I know a most estin thoroughly honest a been very seriously hadvancemnet by people in general. Sto have a prejudice a until he becomes quainted with him as worth. When he is worth. When he is stranger, he unconsciself against him, as to protect himself ag to protect himself ag he might commit him might compromise the stranger not b people with whom associate.

He has many stroi makes them slowly ceptions, he says the against people, often happen to show any pearance or manne lack of great refine The least evidence unusual "nerve" or over confidence dices him so strong a long time to over In other words, h spent a good part coming prejudices against people. He seems to have

fine nature, but he diced to people seems to reverse th he is proved guilty prove his genuine take him into his co or even respect him This prejudice barrier across the path. But for it edly have occupi place in his profess. He has tried sell this prejudice, be able to do so. What to a stranger he reluctantly, hesit as though he were s being led in not dare to greet and heartily, lest wards. He preautiously that the

impression.
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him.-O. S. M.

The wise ma genious or fru youth may be, i orderly in hi habits, he is the kinds of work methodical you and leave him b merely in the and happy ou Order reigns business of life The young s this necessity may hear it so their fellows scorn. "Red a by word of in the tape, " in the unintelligent many hard thi man of routin poor creature. be a means apart from the to be swept av But the abus ment against for itself has forgetful of i aim, is necess narrow energ organ of ene of living, co which sees the one of the mo be no profess Let every

> allow his sy energies. I but someth master of its rising above cannot be Might do Take prid olic it is

to those w you. In do the Master term, and little child:

Kept back By Foolish Prejudices. Kept back By Foolish Prejudices.

I know a most estimable young man, thoroughly honest and able, who has been very seriously handicapped in his advancement by his antipathy to people in general. Somehow he seems to have a prejudice against everybody, until he becomes thoroughly ac quainted with him and knows his real worth. When he is introduced to a stranger, he unconsciously braces him self against him, as though he wanted to protect himself against him, for fear he might commit himself in a way that he might commit himself in a way that might compromise him later, should the stranger not be of the kind of people with whom he would like to

He has many strong friends, but he makes them slowly. With rare exceptions, he says that he is prejudiced against people, often very strongly, at the first meeting, especially if they happen to show anything in their appearance or manner which indicates lack of great refinement and culture. The least evidence of coarseness or of unusual "nerve" or "cheek," or anything which looks like presumption or over confidence or egotism, prejudices him so strongly that it takes him

In other words, he says that he has spent a good part of his life in overcoming prejudices that he has held

against people. He seems to have a good heart and a fine nature, but he is naturally preju-diced to people in general, and he seems to reverse the rule that "every man is supposed to be innocent until he is proved guilty." Everyone must prove his genuineness before he will take him into his confidence or esteem,

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President.

or even respect him.

This prejudice has stood as a great This prejudice has stood as a great-barrier across this excellent man's path. But for it he would undoubt edly have occupied a much higher place in his profession. He has tried religiously to overcome

this prejudice, but has never been able to do so. When he is introduced to a stranger he puts out his hand reluctantly, hesitatingly, cautiously, as though he were in great fear that he was being led into a trap. He does not dare to greet the person cordially and heartily, lest he regret it after wards. He proceeds so very cautiously that the other person feels embarrassed and raturally gets a bad

It is not because this man desires to be exclusive, or because he feels better than the others, that he acts in this manner; it is simply owing to an involuntary prejudice against everybody, he does not know intimately. What a misfortune that children can

not have those peculiarities and idio-syncrasies educated out of their natures when they are young and plastic, instead of letting them grow up as rank weeds to sap their energies and keep off the sunlight, to humiliate and

embarass them through life!

How much it would mean to children if they could be trained to openness of n they could be trained to openness of nature, large heartedness and generosity: if they could be taught always to greet people cordially and kindly, with an open, responsive nature!

is a great thing to cultivate a

It is a great thing to cultivate a genial disposition, a broad magnanimity and charity for everybody.

It is a great thing to feel at the first meeting with a stranger that one is favorably, generously received; to feel that he is basking in the sunlight of a cordial nature, and that he is welcome and the stranger is glad to meet him. O. S. M. in Success. him .- O. S. M. in Success.

The Value of System The wise man places the highest value on system. However clever, ingenious or frui fal in expedients a youth may be, if he is erratic and discovered or mental youth may be, if he is erratic and dis-orderly in his personal or mental habits, he is thereby unfitted for many kinds of work. The plodding and methodical youth will outstrip him, and leave him behind; and this is not merely in the more methodical professions. Life itself, with all its life and happy outgoings, is systematic. Order reigns everywhere; and in no business of life can this great princi-

business of life can this great principal be neglected with impunity.

The young should keep before them this necessity of all business. They may hear it sometimes spoken of among their fellows with indifference and scorn. "Red tape "has passed into a by word of contempt; and "red tape," in the sense of a mere dead and unintelligent routine, has deserved many hard things to be said of it. A man of routine and nothing else is a poor creature. System which ceases to be a means and becomes, in itself—apart from the very object for which to was originally designed—an end, proves itself, in this very fact, a nuisance to be swept away, the sooner the better. But the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use; routine in and for itself has no value, and the mind that settles on the mere outside of work, forgetful of its inner meaning and real aim, is necessarily a mind of feeble and narrow energies; but routine as an organ of energetic thought and action of living, comprehensive intelligence, which sees the end from the means, is one of the most powerful instruments of human accomplishment; and there can pal be neglected with impunity. one of the most powerful instruments of human accomplishment; and there can be no profession without its appropriate

and effective routine.

Let every youthful aspirant carefully Let every youthful sapirant carefully learn the letter without forgetting the spirit of his profession. Let him subdue his energies to his system, but not allow his system to swallow up his energies. Let him be a man of routine, but something more. Let him be master of its machinery, but capable of rising above it. With the former he cannot be great or successful.—The Gridon.

A Truism.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. unbelieving age of the day recurs to Him, unquestioning, as the "only gentleman the world has known."

Those who live with whatsover things are true, just, gracious, pure and amiable, continue to grow in mental power; and the good of life lies in the mental and moral dispositions which a spiritual faith and disinterested con-duct create and foster within us.

Envy is fixed only on merit and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything. To persevere in one's duty and be silent is the best answer to calumny.— Our Young People.

#### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Shepherd Boy Who Became Pope One bright summer morning, many years ago, a lad sat under an oak tree near a little village in France, taking care of his sheep. He was a blue eyed flaxen-baired boy, with an intelligent face. He was busy knitting a pair of woollen stockings, yet keeping both eyes alert, so that his sheep should not wonder away, when a richly dressed horseman rode up from the neighbor-ing wood. The stranger reined in his

ing wood. The stranger remed in his horse close to the boy and asked:

"How far is it to the village of Aurrillac, my lad?"

The little shepherd arose and answered politely: "It is a good four miles, sir, and the road is only a stranger steep raths so that one would

miles, sir, and the road is only a narrow, steep rath, so that one would easily miss it."

'Whew!'' whistled the knight. "It looks as if I should miss my dinner as well as my breakfast. Show me the road, my good boy, and I will pay you more than you can earn in a year keeping sheep."

"'I am very sorry." said the boy,
"to refuse you, but I cannot leave
my sheep; they might wander away
and be lost or the wolves might slay
them."
"That would not matter much."

"That would not matter much," "That would not matter much, answered the hunter. "The loss would not be yours. Look, here is a purse of gold. It shall all be yours if you will only guide me ont of these meadows." And he opened the purse and poured the gold out in a pile, where the broad pieces glittered in the sunshine. The lad looked wistfully at the

money, but he sighed and shook his head. "I know that it is much more than I shall over own," he answered decisively. "You may as well replace the purse in your girdle, though." "Then you will be uncivil enough not to show the way to a lost stranger?"

said the knight in an angry voice.
"You are a boor, and will always remain a boor." "Sir, I cannot leave these sheep." The hunter looked steadily at the

The hunter looked steadily at the boy a moment with a strange light in his eyes. "That is enough, said he. "If you will show me the sheep path, I will try to find my way alone." So the little shepherd conducted the knight to the narrow track, and giving him half of his own dinner, sent him on

his way. What was his surprise a few days afterwards, to see a troop of gaily-mounted horsemen ride out of the woods toward the meadow where he woods toward the meadow where he was tending his sheep, and at their head the very man that he had refused to guide to Aurillac. He began to tremble, for he did not know but that after all the knight might be angry with him. The knight was not angry, however, but very pleasant and cordial.

"I have seen your master," he said "and to morrow he will send someone else to care for your sheep. As for yourself, you will come and live with me. You are a lad to be trusted, and will, I think, make a great and a good

personage than Count Borrel of Barcelona, who was visiting his friend, the Count of Provence. And the outcome of it all was that Gerbert kept sheep no more, but under the patronage of Count Borrel became a scholar. So famous was his learning in the after years that he was made the instructor of a future French king and of a future German emperor, both of whom were great and good sovereigns. At last, so famous had he become that they elected him to St. Peter's chair as Pope Sylvester I. He is called the most learned of all the papal sovereigns, but if he had not been true and faithful as a shepherd boy he should never have heard of him as the famous scholar or the great Pope. of him as the lamous great Pope.

great Pope.

Duty First.

A gentleman had a little pet dog that always came the moment it was called. One day this gentleman thought he would put the liitle dog's obedience to the test, so he told his servant to put a plate of mutton chops on the floor for him. The servant did so, and the little dog came running to the plate, for he was very hungry. But just as the poor thing was thinking what a fine treat he was going to have, and was about to help himself to the meat, his master called him away.

The little dog heard the call, and looked wistfully at the chops. They were nice and fresh from the butcher's shop, and certainly very tempting to

were nice and fresh from the butcher's shop, and certainly very tempting to a hungry dog. But the little creature knew that the first thing was to obey his master. He, therefore, turned from the plate of meat, without touching it, and ran to see what was wanted, not with his tail between his legs, but megging it so pleasantly that it inst wagging it so pleasantly that it just

meant a smile.

That little dog, I think, was deservedly a favorite; and it would be well if all little folks followed his example, doing what they know to be their duty before seeking their own pleasure or eant a smile.

painting and santed to complete it.

When little folks do so, they are pleasing themselves instead of obeying avd cannot expect a blessing

from God. "Duty first and pleasure afterwards," children; that is the way to be truly happy.—Our Young People.

It is a mistake for a boy to think that It is a mistake for a boy to think that a dashing, swaggering manner will commend him to others. The fact is, that the quiet, modest boy is much more in demand than the boy of the swaggering type. More than one boy has lessened his chances of success in life by acquiring in boyhood a pert, smart, dashing manner, particularly offensive to men of refluence. real intelligence and refinement. Modesty is as admirable a trait in a man as in a woman, and the wise boy will find it to his distinct advantage to be quiet and modest in manner.

It is a mistake for a boy to put too high an estimate on his own wisdom. He will fi d it to be to his advantage to rely on the far greater wisdom of those much older than himself.

it is a mistake for a boy to feel at ny time in all the days of his boyhood that it is not his duty to be respectful and deferential to his father and mother. The noblest men in the world have felt this to be their duty not only in boyhood, but when their boyhood days were far behind them. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to show signs of disrespect to his parents.—The

Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored and little cultivated. Yet, like most other good things in the world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of per-fection, for in very few cases is it a fection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are doubtless to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right things at the right time and place, but they are few in number. Then again, some people are by nature cooler headed than their neighbors and do not shout or otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this onict composure, though very valuable, quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same thing as presence of mind. The latter consist not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self con-trol and the instinct of trying to rem edy any mistake or accident they may encounter.—Catholic Citizen.

#### THE POWER OF EVIL HABITS,

The Protestant Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, in a speech at the Synod of the rish Protestant tchurch, recently, referred to the story of a pick-pocket, having been found dead, with the watch of the clergyman. who had come to attend him, in his dead hand. This story, says the Westminster Gazette, is not only well-known, but true. The clergyman in whose experience this strange incident occurred was the late W. H. White, chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons. Mr. White of the House of Commons. Mr. White was aroused in the small hours of the was a curate in a Brighton parish. He was summoned to a very bad quarter of the town, and was brought to the bedthe town, and was brought to the bed-side of a man who was rapidly sinking, amid surroundings of destitution and squalor. He passed away while Mr. White was offering up prayers in his behalf, and Mr. White, on rising from his knees, discovered to his astonish-ment that his watch had "been re-moved from his pocket and was held ment that his watch had been re-moved from his pocket and was held tightly in the grasp of the dead man." Now this story is almost laughable— it seems such a good joke on the clergy-

will, I think, make a great and a good man."

And Gerbert—that was the little shepherd's name—went the next day to a great castle, where he met his bene factor, who proved to be no less a personage than Count Borrel of Barcelona, who was visiting his friend, the Count of Provence. And the cutcome of it all was that Garbark kant, sheen a strick of its value, because nobody article of littie value, because nobody article of little value, because nobody sis looking, because nobody will miss it, is beginning a habit which, unless he stops it at once, will finally ruin him. But one act, a youth may say, will not make much difference. Yes, one act will make a difference, and a great one. will make a difference, and a great one. Aside from the sinfulness of the act itself, it is by single acts that habits are formed, and habits make or mar our characters as men and women. One act of theft, of indulgence in drink, of impurity. begets another and another and another. Each fall makes the next fall easier and easier. Each act weakens the will and deadens the conscience. Each act is the link in a chain which, by the bye, will bind the heart and soul so tightly and so strongly that only a miracle of God's grace can break it.

The unfortunate man who even in his dark hour of death could not resist the

dark hour of death could not resist the dark hour of death could not resist the temptation to steal the watch of the minister who prayed beside him—is it to be supposed he took the watch for fun? Did he attempt to commit this theft merely to furnish the world with an interesting story? By no means. He did it because "as you live so will you die." He did it because the ruling He did it because "as you live so will you die." He did it because the ruling passion of his life was so strong that even the damp of death on his brow could not subdue it. He did it because the habit which he had begun in youth by a single act had so overmastered his every faculty that when all else failed, when every other sense deserted him, that one habit still survived and compelled him in spite of himself to attempt an act of theft. Stealing had become the master passion of his life, and even in death it asserted its em-

pire over him.

So it is with every passion that a man allows to master his will and his conscience. It assails him in moments even when he would fain turn away Might doesn't make right; but, as a rule, it manages to make good.

Take pride in the fact that as a Catholic it is your heritage, your birthright, to show an example of courtesy to those who are not so fortunate as you. In doing so you do the bidding of the Master Whose charity knew no term, and Whose courtesy called the little children to His knees. Even the

that again and again degrades him to the gutter? Why, the habit which is too strong for him to break. And re-member that this powerful force, against which he is helpless, was begun by a single act. What consequences flow from the single act whereby habits are formed and become passions which do not lose their baneful power over the human soul until God summons it to appear before Him, and which, even in the dying moments of the un-happy wretch, shows itself vital to the

The moral of all this, is: Resist beginnings. Be careful of your single acts. Root out habits which show a tendency to lead you into mischief. In a word, master your habits before they master you .- Sacred Heart Review.

#### THE POPE AND THE BIBLE.

The official organ of the Vatican, The Roman Observer, contains an address or letter by the Pope to the Society of St. Jerome, in which he commends the society for the zeal with which they are spreading the Gospel over the civilized world.

The Pope calls attention to the prejudice which exists as to the Catholic Church not wishing the general read-

The Pope's letter is written in Italian, and is addressed to Cardinal Cassetta, "Honorary President of the

setta, "Honorary President of the Society of St. Jerome for the diffusion of the Gospel." He says: "We, who since the time when Patriarch of Venice blessed the pious Patriarch of Venice blessed the plous Society of St. Jerome, and conceived happy wishes for it, now, after a few years, looking at it from the Supreme See of the Church, find reason of high satisfaction, in seeing how, in such brief space of time, it has made so much progress and has brought such notable advantages. For with its edition of the gospels, the Society of St. Jerome not only has overrun Italy so as to establish action in order to reach the end more largely, but it has also penetrated into America, caring for the dispatching of its volumes wherever the Italian tongue resounds, and aiming to help especially the immigrants.

grants.

"It is certainly necessary to recognize that the fact of having published and spread among the people, with the guide of an opportune discernment, about ave hundred thousand copies of about five hundred thousand copies of the Gospels, constitutes a splendid proof of the extraordinary zeal man-ifected by the members in said enter-prise, and of the very large sphere of action touched by the society. "These facts are evidently worthy of even much more admiration, because the means which the society had at its disposal have been limited: a fact also

disposal have been limited; a fact also disposal have been limited; a fact also consoling and of good omen if we consider the below the intended by the institution, which proposes to offer to everybody the opportunity and facility to read and meditate upon the Gospel, in view of the special needs of our see, when, compared with other our age, when, compared with other times, the avidity for reading is too times, the aviolity for reading is too great in general and not only without damage; to souls; a fact also very healthful not only in itself as one which brings us to the narratives of an all divine force, namely, to the story of the life of Jesus Christ, of which nothing could be consaived more errors. nothing could be conceived more em-inently effective to inform us as to holiness; but also very helpful, chiefly because it renders a signal service to the magistracy of the Church and because the reading of, the Gospels pre-pares the soul to receive well the mes-sage of the Divine Word, and because when the sacred text has been read previously, the explanation of the parish priests will remain better im-pressed on the memory, and will ripen

etter. "We wish to add that, considering the present times, certainly it is not the least advantage of such publica-tions to be able to say that, in virtue tions to be able to say that, in virtue of their diffusion, and of their consequent reading, the echo of the voice of God goes and makes itself heard even among those unfortunate persons who, through despair, or hatred, or prejudice, flee from any contact with the priest. This is a thing which, to the priest. This is a thing which, to our eyes, is of precious and very desirable usefulness, in so far that it gives a way to obtain the salvation of souls: if not with the voice, at least with the books, and with the teachings, [emanating from the life of Christ we heal the evils of society and of the individual.

"It goes without saying that this fact will help also to rebuke the known prejudice, namely, that the Church

prejudice, namely, that the Church does not wish to admit, or opposes, the reading of the Sacred Scripture in the vulgar tongue. And because it is of the greatest interest not only to have the greatest interest not only to have as an aim the prosecution of the afore said end, in preference to anything else which might come under the active zeal of the society, but also all the united forces may be converged in it, it will be also opportune that the

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Association of St. Jerome should retain as a sufficient field of labor to dedicate itself to the publication of the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles."

A Scotchman who lived by himself sent for the parish grave-digger and explained to him where he wished to be buried. "And here, Sandy," said he,

buried. "And here, Sandy," said he, "are \$2 for digging my grave. Ye see, ye wadns, maybe, be sae sure o' the pey efter I'm awa."
"Deed, sir," replied Sandy, overcome at such unwonted liberality "it wad be a great pleasure tae me tae dig yer grave for naething, ony time.

I am called the Mother of Mercy, and with reason: the ever-merciful Heart of my Son has made me all merciful in regard to sinuers.—The Blessed Virgin



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## PROTESTANT BISHOP APPEALS

Recently a very unusual and most interesting letter has been received by Pope Plus X. from the Protestant Bishop of San Antonio. Texas. It was written at Manilla, P. A.. where the Bishop has been staying some time but was sent from San Antonio under cover to the Cardinal Prefect of Propagands.

aganda.

It is a letter which strikes one as singularly pathetic. In it the writer appeals with touching confidence to appeals with touching about the singularly pathetic. In it the writer appeals with touching confidence to the Holy Father to bring about the unity of Christendom, pointing out in vigorous language the evils that overmun the world at the present day, and the ever-increasing loss of faith. His words to the Pope (whom he styles his dear brother in the gospel) are full of reverence and affection, though he talks of the Catholic Church as a "branch of the Universal Church." There is a tone of manifest sincerity and desire for God's glory in the letter which leads on to hope that sooner or later he will find the rest and comfort he so desires in the bosom of our Holy he so desires in the bosom of our Holy Mother, the Church.

#### THE STORY OF A CONVERT.

With the brief introduction that I was a person of little importance among the many learned and capable men who form the ranks of the Anglican clergy I will proceed at once to my subject — the development of a creed, we creed.

glican clergy I will proceed at once to my subject—the development of a creed, my creed.

When I entered the college which gave me my theological training, I discovered to my horror that I neither knew the difference between the various ecclesiastical parties which constitute the Church of England, nor—worse still—to which I myself belonged.

Was I a Protestant? Did I consider that the Church of England was a compromise or no? I was confounded to think that I did not know the answers to these questions, nor to which party to attach myself. I had up till then always thought religion was just goodness." At our old village church we lived in an atmosphere above controversy. Our faith was of the simplest. God was good, Providence was kind and all was well with the world. The sun fell upon us through stained-glass windows, the organ poaled, we got up and sang, we knelt and prayed, we gathered and dispersed, and nothing even disturbed the blissful serenity of our thoughts.

Dear, sweet sentiment, how pleasant it is! How pleasant it was to trudge through the snow on a Christmas morning and stant together and sing. "Christian awake salute the happy morn Wherin our Saviour Jesus Christ was born."

"Christian awake salute the happy morn Wherin our Saviour Jesus Christ was born.

Dear, sweet sentiment, how pleasant is!— and yet how powerless to bring down the towering thoughts of pride, to turn the edge of anger, to quell the flames of desire, to melt the heart of selfishness, to break the chains of sin, and set up the throne of God in the inner chambers of egotism. And how different to the Cstholic faith with its definite creeds and definite duties. how different to the Catholic faith with its definite creeds and definite duties feading on by definite steps to the formation of a definite character of virtue! But to return, I did not know whether I was High or Low, I had no concept of the exact nature of the Reformation Settlement, and, thoroughly archarged of my ignorance on these ashamed of my ignorance on these points, I set about to discover what I was. From the very first then I was attracted by everything that was Catho-lic. And, moreover, I was told that I was a Catholic, that I belonged to the Catholic Church and that the prayer book admitted being interpreted on Catholic lines. In fact, by the time my course at college was ended, I thought I was a Catholic. I did not know much about Ritual, but I be-Sacrament, thought that there might be seven sacraments instead of two, and had learnt:

"How strangely sweet His grace can make the penitential tear" in the Sac-rament of Penance.

When I was installed in my first cur-

when I was instanced in my mist con-acy I took early opportunity to show my wisdom by repeating a piece of advice learnt at college and that was: To follow some safe guide. "I don't believe in following anyone,"

"I don't believe in following anyone," said the beneficed elergyman to whom I was speaking. "I follow myself."

For me that answer meant much. The Church of England, as I stood, split into a thousand fragments. For if the Rev. Mr. X—had a religion of his own, why should not everyone have a religion of his own? I, too, had a Bible. I, too, had a prayer book. I, too, had a theological library. Why should not I build up a creed of my own? The thought was no sooner con-The thought was no sooner conown? The thought was to solve that put into action. I commenced my reading afresh. And as I read, the more and more did I incline towards tradition. The idea of the Church as the Body Mystical of Christ inspired by His life, possessed by Him as the habitation of His spirit held me fascinated.

"Behold, I am with you always, even

But, with this beautiful conception of the Church, came the troublous thought "When did he stop? When did this gracious God cease to inspire and lead and guide His Church? At which particular point in the advance of the centuries did He stay His aid? I was puzzled. There seemed to be a continuity of faith, a uniformity of pursons a similarity of religious sentpose, a similarity of religious sent-iments, a connection of effort, a con-stancy of growth running through and stancy of growth running through and linking together the centuries. And I had to be content with perplexity. "You have no concern," said I to myself, "to know the when and the why. It is sufficient for you to know that I the Church did err, and, for the rest, that the Church of England has a purer faith than any other."

About this time I had the singular good fortune to be attached temporar-sly, as curate to a really staunch, de-yout, medinching ritualist or Catholic according to the usuage of the word in the negro apologized and said he the Anglican Communion. And the would try Masonic signs no more on this or any other magistrate.

effect upon the hearts of his people
—upon the proud and humble, the stubborn and obedient, the selfish and the
charitable, the good and the bad—was
to me an amazing object-lesson.

The good were stirred up to a great
er devoutness and a more loving service, while the bad were provoked to
a greater hostility.

vice, while the bad were provoked to a greater hostility.

I discovered this great truth, that the more Catholic like the doctrine, and greater the authority with which it was taught, the greater the effect, for it condemned the bad, approved good and revealed the thoughts in all hearts.

And it was this truth which ultimately led to my conversion, for I saw in the imitative Catholicty as it exists in the Church of England a means to lead anxious souls to the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.—H. K. Gornall, M. A. (Cantab.)

M. A. (Cantab.)

#### INTOLERANCE WELL REBUKED.

To Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, and Mr. Taft, the War Minister, must be accorded the palm for cool judgment in positions where less experienced heads might lose their balance. Whatever errors Mr. Root may have been led into over the earlier negotiations concerning the situation in the Philippines, he has profited by the experience gained therein, and now shows to great advantage as a states. shows to great advantage as a states men in similiar delicate positions whenmen in similiar delicate/positions when-ever they arise. His mode of dealing with an uncharitable resolution passed by the Baptist ministers of Philadel-phia at one of their weekly meetings in March last, requesting the Govern-ment to forward the ministers' commen-tation to the Fence Government for

ment to forward the ministers' commendation to the French Government for its onslaught on the Catholic Church, is admirable as a dignified rebuke to bigotry. The Rev. S. S. Woodward, of the Hebron Baptist Church, presided over last Monday's meeting, and to him fell the duty of communicating the terms of the gentlemanly snub. The Secretary wrote to say that such action as the ministers requested would reflect on the Government, and that the Federal Government could not be the medium through which such a communication could be sent. Determined to send its resolution anyway the conference discussed the advisability of sending it through the French ility of sending it through the French Ambassador, but the document was finally laid on the table for further consideration

The Baptists, however, are not en-tirely alone in such innocent behavior. Some Presbyterian assemblies have expressed themselves in a similar spirit of rejoicing over the persecution of the Catholic Church, wholly indifferent to the circumstance that all other Christhe circumstance that all other Christian denominations in France also suffer in proportion from the same ferocious outbreak of inudelity. It is a sorry spectacle. No wonder then Buddists and the Brahmins sneer at the missionary agents of Christianity when they behold such exhibitions of unlovely the proper on the part of one called Christianity. temper on the part of so called Chris-tians, for they judge the tree by the fruit.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard

#### SPANISH SEMINARIES SPREAD CATHOLIC TRUTH.

FUTURE PRIESTS AND THEIR "CRUSADE OF THE GOOD PRESS."

We talk a good deal about supporting the Catholic press in this country, but certainly they have a unique way of spreading Catholic truth over in Spain, as we glean from a Spanish exchange. In the Diocese of Murcia there is a movement called "the Crusade of the Good Press." It is an organization composed of young seminaries organized into "decurias," or groups of ten, each decuria having a director. There are twelve groups with twelve directors, and over all there is a director general.

The duties of those future priests? Strange as the fact may seem, they are: To solicit subscriptions for Cat lic journals approved by episcopal auth-ority; (2) to persuade Catholics to cease patronizing Liberal or Socialistic cease patronizing Liberal or Socialistic journals: (3) to request Catholics to give up dangerous infidel or immoral periodicals, pamphlets or books; (4) to collect a fund and use it in circulating safe Catholic journals, pamphlets and publications. This work they are obliged to continue during their vacation and make report, each to his directions. tion and make report, each to his direc-tor, who reports to the general direc-tor, who reports to the Bishop of the

diocese.

Tais is a strenuous apostolate of the press, but it has several points in its favor. Full as Spain is of bleak Liberalism, red Socialism and black anarchy, those young men get a grasp on conditions and do much good in rescuing the wavering from peril. Last vacation the twelve decurias secured 178 subscriptions to Catholic papers, killed 206 subscriptions to the Radical press, captured 230 Radical books and inmoral novels and distributed 3,000 copies of Catholic journals and 16,500 pamphlets bearing on the propaganda

pamphlets bearing on the propaganda of the good press.

This country is not Spain, of course, but much work of the kind might be done here. The Spanish Catholic press is not, we must confess, singularly interesting, being heavy, devotional and dull; but it is waking up, and will improve. Apparently the Bishops of Spain are convinced that the Catholic press can help—Catholic Sun.

#### Made Masonic Signs.

A negro arraigned in a New York court the other day, while his wife was giving testimony against him, began making some mystic signs to the magis-trate, who, noticing the antics of the prisoner, leaned ever the desk and

The prisoner grinned and said that

he was.
"I thought so," said the magistrate.
"For the last five minutes you have been trying to give me some sort of signs of distress. Now, I am not a Mason, and you have made a big mistake. If I were, and you tried that game on me I'd send you up to Hart's Island to dig graves for a time.

The negro applogized and said he

# THE POPE AND THE "DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER" BILL.

WIFE'S SISTER "BILL.

The following is the text of the letter in connection with the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which some years ago was addressed by Cardinal Vaughan to the Catholic members of the House of Lords:

The Bill purports to abolish, as part of the civil law, the matrimonial impediment of the first degree of affinity in the collateral line. This is to propose a law in direct opposition to the common law of the Church. No Catholic, therefore, can vote for it.

The Holy Father himself directs me to use every influence to induce Catholic members of both Houses of Parliament to take up the defence of the common law of the Church; and to vote against this Bill, which attempts to violate it.

It is well known that some have voted for the Bill year by year on the ground that it would give civil recognition to a dispensation which the Holy Father occasionally grants for very grave and special reasons. The intention was laudable; but the Holy See regards it as no sufficient ground for changing the Marriage Law. As the guardian of the sacrament of marriage, the Holy See attaches the greatest importance to the maintenance of a perfect conformity between the civil and the ecclesiastical law in respect to matrimonial impediments.

Knowing your Lordship's devotion to matrimonial impediments.

matrimonial impediments.

Knowing your Lordship's devotion to the Holy See and to the laws of the Catholic Church. I have thought it my duty to bring under your notice these observations concerning a grave matter of actual interest, affecting the sacrament of marriage.

#### CONVENT INSPECTION.

The publishers of this admirable work exhibited commendable enterprise in keeping it abreast of the times. Notably on the continent of America Websier is invariably asked for when doubt arises as to the meaning of a word. The book is now published in an enlarged edition. No mistake is made when one purchases a Webster. cause it is an insulting and unwar-ranted intrusion on private right. There is no more reason why a Catholic convent should be inspected than the manse of a Protestant minister—for crime is as rare in one as in the other, and the existing law has the same entry into both. Ignorant Protestants are fed on stories of 'convent atrocity," usually attributed to distant countries and never verified. But this is Great Britain, and the Catholics of the country are as much British subjects as their neighbors, and they are going to stand out for the same rights and privileges. They will not have convent inspection."— Antigonish

#### A TRIP TO IRELAND.

Rev. Thos, Noonan. P. P., Dublin, diocese of London, has left for a trip to Ireland, and will spend some time with his parents in the county of Limerick. We extend to him our heartiest wishes for a pleasant trip and a safe return to his beloved flock, by whom he is held in the very highest esteem. Nor could it be otherwise, because in Father Noonan they have one to their midst, who makes their spiritual welfare his constant concern. New that he is absent we may say of him has given himself completely the environment of the completely and bublin, on the himself completely and bublin, on the him a present of a purse of money containing 1815. In the address his congressitations both in the prishes of Biddulph and bublin, on the properties of a purse of money containing 1815, in the address his congressitations who has solicitude, more especially for the rising generation, who will be the hope of the Church in the future. Reference is also made to Father Noonan's gentlemanly deportment for this is one of the good pastor's noted characteristics. Special mention is made by his parishioners to that truly admirable characteristic of the model priest—a desire to store up in heaven—by faithful performance of duty—the spiritual treasures of eternity. The address was signed by Frank

#### Talks on..

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The Protestant Alliance of Great The Protestant Amistee of Great Britain is agitating for convent inspec-tion. The Glasgow Observer voices the opinion of Catholics with regard to this demand: "To all concerned, what Catholics

Jacob Weber, Joseph Nagle, Patrick Woods, ir. David McConnell John Carpenter, Jacob Bruxer.

In reply Rev. Father Noonan expressed warmest thanks for the kind address and generous purse presented him. It was all the more appreciated because it was a complete surprise. He felt that he did not deserve any special thanks for his labors amongst them, because, when Orr Divine Master calls us to the sacred work of the ministry, we must be prepared for a life of abnegation. If we taste not, sald father Noonan, many of the so called pleasures of life we drink not deeply of its cup of sorrows. He felt that he did not deserve any special thanks for counselling the young and instructing the old of his flock. Did he not perform these duties to the best of his had in view on the day of his ordination. Making reference to that portion of the address which stated that a priess should stand aloof from secular sfairs he claimed that the pastor of souls should be as particular about his cloth as the ermine is about its fur. That little animal, he said will suffer everything rether than besmirch its snow-white robe. In larnished through life not only the white should, as a rule, leave matters of worldy concern to those to whom they belong. In concusion Father Noonan thanked the people most heartily and then said that the knowledge that he had left for a time a loyal and loving congregation would make his visit to the land of his fathers all the more enjoyable. "To all concerned, what Catholice say of convent inspection is this: There is not the least Catholic objection to the factory inspection of convent laundries or other industries. The Catholic cause does not depend upon unfenced belting nor sweated labor, and the fact is that of all convent laundries in the country, Catholic and Protestant (there are many Protestant laundries in the country, Catholic and Protestant (there are many Protestant convent laundries in England), the vast proportion of Catholic laundries have voluntarily sought factory inspection already. There is nothing to hide.

"As to convent inspection, that is a horse of another color. Catholics will not submit to convent inspection, because it is an insulting and unwar-

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Webster's Dictionary.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED-A TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. S. No. 1. Stanley, holder of a qualified certificate preferred. Duties to commence 19th Aug. State experience and salary expected. Apply to Jos. Gelinas, Sec., Drysdale, Out. 1499-tf.

WANTED FOR CATHOLIC SEPARATE school, No. 8, Peel. Teacher holding first or second class professional certification commence after vacation. Salary \$400 per year. Apply to Francis P. Mayne, Goldstone Station, Oat. 1501-2

Goldstone Station, Oat. 1901-2
TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. SCHOOL
Section No. 11, Anderson. To teach English and French. Male or female. Apply to
Thomas Mahou, Auld, P. O., Essex Co. Ont.
1501-3

WANTED. A CATHOLIC TEACHER (male or female.) Folly qualified to teach and speak French and English for R. C. S. S. No. 3 McIntyre Tp., Thunder Bay district near Port Arthur. Applicant state salary expected and experience. Address Dr. R. A Caldwell, Sec'y. Treas., Murrili's P. O., Ontario.

A CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHER FOR A the Wikwemikong Girls Industrial school. Duties to commence on the 19th of Aug. Apply stating qualifications recommendations, etc. to Rev. Father Th. Couture, S. J., Wikwemikong, Ont. 1501-tf.

WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF school, the 3rd of September next, two Catholic lady teachers, holding a second class prefessional certificate, and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French language Salary \$375.00 per year. Apply to Rev. Father Denis Dumesuil. S. J., Sec. S. S. of St. Ignatius, Steellon P. O., Sault Ste Marle

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C SEPAR-ate school Nos. 3 and 4 Anderson. Duties

I ate sphool Nos. 3 and 4 Anderson. Duties to commence after vacation. Apply stating salary, to A. J. Mailloux, Sec., Amberstbury, Ont. 1500-2

WANTED, FOR R. C. S. S. No. 4, Bromley, a female Catholic teacher, holding a second-class certificate. Duties to commence August 19.h. Apply, stating salary, to Joseph Sheedy, Oscocla

WANTED, CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR R. C. S. S. S. No. 3 Tilbury East, Duties to commence August 19, 1997, for balance of year, one capable of teaching English and French preferred. Apply, giving recommendations and salary required, to Peter Simard, Fletcher P. O., Ont.

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TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC school Section No. 1, near Massey, Ont., holding second or third class certificate. Duties to commence August 1st. Salary \$500. Apply, Alex Faubert, Sec. Treas. S. S. No. 1, Massey Station, Ont. 1500-1

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for Industrial School, Qu'Appelle,
Lebret, Assa. Good permanent position.
Apply to Rev. J. Hugonard, Lebret, Assa.
1500 2

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. SEP-arate Union School, Sections 8 & 5 Maid-stone, Duties to begin after holidays, Salary, 8450 per annum. Applicants please state qualifica-tions with references, Address M. J. Kane, Sec. Treas. Maidstone, Ont.

A CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHER FOR Public school at Byng Inlet North, Ont. Salary 8350. Duties to begin after holidays, Apply, stating qualifications, recommendations, etc., to C. E. Begin, Secretary, Byng Inlet North, Ont.

QUALIFIED TEACHER (ROMAN CATH-olic) wanted for S. S. 2, Granite Hill, Ons, Salary, \$390. Attendance of pupils 12 daily. Duties to commence after midsummer hold days. Apply to Joseph Boller, Secretary, Granite Hill, Ont.

Granite Hill, Ont.

1499-4

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department of the R C. Separate School

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second class professional certificate. Applications will be received up to the 31st JulyState experience and salary expected. Average attendance for the last six months only
23. Apply to Rev. B. J. O'Connell, Secretary
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