

The Catholic Record.

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

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THE PAPACY.

REV. DR. HENRY A. BRANN ON "OUR HOLY FATHER."

Amongst the distinguished speakers at the recent golden jubilee celebration of Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., were Bishops O'Connor and McQuaid, and Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann. Dr. Brann's address, which contained a number of facts interesting to Catholics, was as follows:

"Messieurs and Gentlemen: I deeply appreciate the honor conferred on me by the authorities of Seton Hall in asking me to respond to-day to the toast 'Our Holy Father.' The place, the occasion and the theme suggest to me pleasant recollections and inspiring thoughts. I am asked to speak about our Holy Father; and, as the first priest of a great Pontifical college (the American College at Rome) and as one who in these classic halls first tried, long ago, to teach the sciences of metaphysics and of theology I had learned at Rome, I have special reasons for loving Rome and its Pontiff. I rejoice that I have lived to see Seton Hall's golden jubilee; and to see present to-day, honored and honorable, and some of my old pupils. They, like myself, feel that no matter how long we may have been severed from the pleasant environment, even in the most honored of exiles, we always feel the sentiment so well expressed by the gentle and graceful poet—

"Where'er we roam, whatever realms to roam,
Our hearts untravelled fondly turn to thee."
"Our Holy Father Joseph Sarto, the son of a Venetian peasant, the faithful curate of Tombolo, the zealous parish priest of Salsano, the prudent Vicar General of Treviso, the devoted Bishop of Mantua, by Leo XIII. created Cardinal of San Bernardo alle Terme, Patriarch of Venice, and now the humble and learned Pope—

"This is my theme, my theme, St. Peter's name. Ten of the name of Pius have governed the Church. The first was a saint and Pope, A. D. 142; the second came thirteen centuries later, A. D. 1458, Pius II., Bartholomew Piccolomini ('Anacars Sylvius'), one of the greatest scholars of his time, and the efficient organizer of the Christian powers of Europe against the Turks; the third, another Piccolomini, A. D. 1503, ruled only twenty-six days. Pius IV., John Angelo de Medici, A. D. 1559, terminated the Council of Trent after its twenty-fifth session, and left us as his greatest legacy the formula of faith to which every beneficed clergyman must subscribe. He was the uncle of St. Charles Borromeo. Then came, A. D. 1565, the grand old Dominican monk, St. Pius V., who excommunicated Queen Elizabeth and the illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.; inspired the coalition that routed the Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, and, greatest work of all, compelled the negligent clerics of his time to be more zealous in teaching the people the Christian doctrine. In A. D. 1575 we have Pius VI., John Angelo Braschi; and in A. D. 1800 Pius VII., Barnabas Chiaramonti, two Pontiffs, the history of whose lives reads like the Gospel story of the Passion of Our Lord. They were both victims of the brutality of the French Revolution—the former died in exile at Valence; the latter, after imprisonment, first at Savona and then at Fontenbleau, died at Rome. He lived to see the exile and the overthrow of his cruel persecutor, the greatest product of the Revolution and the most unprincipled European despot that ever lived, Napoleon I. The eighth Pius, Francis Xavier Castiglione, was Pope in A. D. 1829, and governed the Church for a year and eight months only. After him came John Mastai Ferretti, Pius IX., in 1846—the history of whose long reign of suffering and of sorrow is so familiar. He gave to the Church as his greatest legacy the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility. The recent Popes of the name of Pius and the Church have suffered so much at the hands of the French Government that the old phrase, reflecting so much honor on the early French Catholics, 'Gesta Dei per Francos,' may now with propriety be changed to 'Gesta diaboli per Francos.'"

In this age, which is witnessing the apotheosis of the proletariat and the apotheosis of the Church for elevating to her highest dignity a simple proletarian. But the Church, when her action is untrammelled by political intrigues, never recognizes any class as having a monopoly of her honors, either in this world or in the next. Among the hundreds who have worn the mitre and the tiara, and among the thousands who have been canonized, many were of noble blood; but the son of the plebeian was never rejected if he were worthy of a pontifical throne or of a throne in heaven. The Invisible Head of the Church was, by law, a carpenter's son, who for twenty centuries has been busy in making coffins for empires, kingdoms and republics that have persecuted his Church. The first Pope was a fisherman, and in his royal dynasty may be found represented the highest nobility and the lowest occupation, even that of sweeper, as in the case of Sixtus V. The vision, the beneficence and the power of Him Who founded the Church is Catholic. He sees all, He is beneficent to all, and He is all-powerful, with no one but Himself to control or limit His will. In bestowing the special gift of intellect in the order of nature, or the gift of sanctity in the order of grace—the two

gifts necessary for a place in the hierarchy on earth or in the hierarchy in heaven—He is impartial. The names that record the names of those whom He has crowned in heaven show that no class has been excluded from His bounty; and the pages of history, from Peter to Pius X., show a similar mode of action by His Providence.

"Although only a few years governing, the magnetic personality of Pius the Tenth has won the esteem and the affection of the world. If his predecessor of noble birth associated men by his luminous writings, as remarkable for their sublime matter as for their beauty of form, Pius charms by his simple, straightforward, popular exposition of Catholic doctrine and his unswerving courage in face of the enemies of the Church. Well has he taken the name of Pius; for, in his conduct of the affairs of the Church, we see the spirit of the gentle but unyielding Pius VII., whom the haughty conqueror of Europe could not intimidate; and in the ringing tones of our beloved Pontiff's defence of the noble Church of France against the robber and apostate clique who now misgovern that miscalled republic we hear again the clarion notes of Pius IX.'s immortal 'Non Possumus.'"

"Where he stands is the centre of the world; to him truth looks for certainty and infallibility—two essential requisites of truth; to him authority looks for stability and law books for protection and material progress and civilization for light, inspiration, support and development. Logic and history attest the importance and the glory and the beneficence of his office.

"Gentlemen, the Eternal Creator of the universe, Who has made all things out of nothing, when He pleases can unmake them. He can send the ocean rolling in mountains upon the land. He can send His destroying messengers, the hurricane and the lightning, from the skies, or send one of His angels to shake the ground. He can tell the angel who is commissioned to send through space this ball of dirt which we inhabit to turn it a little to the right or to the left out of the ordinary course; and in a second the mighty fleets of war and the galleasses of commerce would be submerged; the tall towers of the greatest cities would be laid low; mills, factories and banks, as well as the museums of art and the libraries of culture, would be burned up; and the conquering army, the mighty armored fleet, the wealthy classes as well as the suffering peasant, would be destroyed. The Creator has promised neither perpetuity nor stability to this earth. All things human may be destroyed before the earth itself is destroyed. Decay is the universal law of all things human. But should the wreck come there is one power, one office, that will survive until the last day, and that is the power and the office held by Pius Tenth. The fire may consume, but it will stop at one exempted, guaranteed and privileged spot. Where the Pope is, there will always be an evergreen oasis of truth and morality; and from that oasis and from that fountain the rest of the world, no matter how barren or desolate, will always be renovated and regenerated. The power that has informed material civilization, and that in the spiritual world has put a new soul into philosophy, into religion, into science and into art, no cataclysm, no revolution, no epidemic, no warfare can destroy. The clouds of adversity may sometimes obscure the shining of the Papacy; but the rainbow of promise ever gleams through the gloom. Then long live Pius the Tenth! *Vivat, fiat, crescat, videaturque saltem annos Petri.*"

APATHY AND INDIFFERENCE.

From Manchester, England, paper we gather that the same apathy exists on the other side of the water that formerly characterized the Church in the United States, says the New York Catholic News. This report has passed away from a great part of the land, and slowly but surely it will pass from the rest. There are some things however, written by this critic from which we may draw a lesson:

"How lamentable to think of the selfish isolation of most British Catholic parishes, where from years' end to years' end not a word is heard of foreign missions. The contributions received are usually the result of individual subscriptions as opposed to parochial collections. Probably this is why we make so little progress in Great Britain, for God cares for those who themselves care for others. Thus our late lamented Cardinal Vaughan, having, despite plenty of 'cold water,' founded as a young priest his glorious missionary society on behalf of English mission millions across the seas, lived to behold as Metropolitan his own great Cathedral of Westminster built for him. Curiously enough, the average English Protestant (especially Low Church Anglicans) seems to take far more interest in missions, and anyhow, realizes more the 'imperial' aspect of the matter. If we British Catholics indeed we deserve all the more the reproach for our want of missionary zeal, leaving out duty in this respect to the clergy of other nations, whom we are apt to deride for their stay at home apathy in the pursuit of wealth or adventure. Vocations for missionary work are discreditably rare in Great Britain, and latterly even in Ireland. Thus in British India nearly all the Catholic missionaries are foreigners, mostly French or Italian, who also have to act as chaplains to the thousands of Irish soldiers in that mighty non-Christian empire."

MICHAEL DAVITT.

At a public meeting in Manchester, Mr. P. O'Connor, M. P., delivered a touching parable on the life of this noble son of Ireland. He said: "It was a day of sorrow for them all, for though there remained many other patriotic Irishmen, there was only one Michael Davitt. (Applause.) It would be unbecoming on such an occasion to make any attempt to divert the mind of the meeting from what he was sure was the innermost thought, and therefore he would not make any allusion to their ordinary political topics, but confine his observations to a slight sketch of the career and character of Michael Davitt. Lancashire, continued Mr. O'Connor, was peculiarly associated with his memory. Referring to the influx of Irish into Lancashire in their flight from hunger and disease, and eviction, the chairman said a vast army of the Irish race came to Lancashire because they had not the means to emigrate to the great Republic of the West. They landed here bare of all the equipment of life; and of that vast army there was no family more typical than that of Michael Davitt. He then proceeded to relate the eviction and emigration of the Davitt family. As Michael Davitt, the little child of four years of age, walked hungry and tired, by the side of his father and mother, they were cramped by the vessel that was to take them from Ireland, his burning home was almost the last sight that met his gaze. That little family was expelled in hunger against its will, from a land that at that moment was rich in corn fields. They were banished from the land which they loved, and banished by an alien section who hated their people. It was unnecessary to go into the story of that parting. They could see it in their mind's eye. Many of those present at the meeting had passed through similar partings in the days of their childhood, when they first left Ireland, and if they had not, their fathers and mothers had. Proceeding, Mr. O'Connor said it was rather difficult to deal with the first days of the Davitt family in Manchester—it was too poignant for words. The most remarkable figure in that family, with the exception of Davitt himself, was his mother. She was a tall, brave, and true hearted Irish woman, a fitting mother to the heroic son, and a splendid type of the noble type of woman he belonged to. If any proof of that was wanted it could be found in the ardent love which her son had for her memory. 'I remember once hearing him say,' told Mr. O'Connor reminiscences, 'that he would be glad to lie upon the earthen floor of an Irish cabin if he only knew that his living mother was still in the next room. And yet this mother, this noble type of woman, had died in the streets of Manchester, as Davitt himself declared in this very city, to get bread for her starving children. The grave of Davitt's mother is in America, while thousands of miles away from her side Davitt himself sleeps in his last sleep in the same little village where he had his first sleep sixty years ago.' Davitt, continued Mr. O'Connor, was one of those marvelous statesmen who come once or twice in a century. He brought a great epoch of wrongs to an end, and opened up another greater era of reform and blessings to mankind. It was the vengeance—the noble vengeance—of Davitt to destroy the system of which he and his had been the victims. During the sixty years that had elapsed since the child who walked by his parents' side had come to a ripe old age, and had brought into existence an entirely new world of hope and freedom. Little, indeed, could any of that class that was ruling Ireland and destroying or exiling her people, in all the security of apparently omnipotent and everlasting tyranny, have suspected that the child was to grow up to overthrow them and theirs and make it impossible for evermore to be banished from that such a tragedy as that on which he and his were victims could be repeated. 'In all the big revenges that time sometimes gives to the oppressed there is no more remarkable instance than the vengeance which the eviction of Michael Davitt at four years of age brought in the overthrow and practically the final disappearance of Irish landlordism.' He then passed on to speak of Davitt's life in Lancashire. Irishmen, he said, would know that it was inevitable that a man with such a training should grasp at any honorable means which promised to bring to his country rescue from such tyranny as had made him and his beggared exiles. The terrible punishment in Dartmoor, so nobly borne, accounted largely for the nobility Davitt always had in the affection of his countrymen. When later he started the Land League he faced the dreadful risk of being sent back by a stroke of the pen to that hell of penal servitude, the terrors of which he knew so well, and the blow of imprisonment again fell upon him. Of his Parliamentary career, Mr. O'Connor said Davitt had remarkable Parliamentary gifts, and it was a misfortune, and indeed an injustice to Ireland and to himself, that he did not remain longer a member of an assembly where his voice could have helped to achieve great things both for England and Ireland. As to the work which he did outside the House, he might be described as being almost as much a founder of the new Labor movement in Great Britain as of the Land League. They might not realize it yet; but the day would come when the English masses would realize that to no man did they owe so heavy a debt of gratitude as to the Irishman who, for most of his life, was supposed to be the enemy of their country. He should

have died hereafter. They were in sight; they already saw the dawn of a New Ireland. Before many years had passed, perhaps before many months they would see the new fabric of Irish Liberty rising, under whose dome there would be an assembly where Irishmen would rule the destinies of Ireland. It was at a moment like that that Ireland would require guidance in her young, new steps. Their country, old and scorned, would in the manner of nations, renew her eternal youth, and the wisdom, the courage, and the prestige of her ancient rulers would again be required. Though Davitt was dead he was not lost to Ireland. He spoke from the grave, in his writings, in his speeches, and above all, in his noble life. Long after they and the generations that followed them had turned to dust the name of Michael Davitt would guide, illumine, and inspire the course of the history of her race.

IS THE INVENTION OF PRINTING A BOON OR A CURSE?

By Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.

For all who are acquainted with Father Sheehan's literary productions it will be interesting to read what one who knows well has to say about the boon of evil reading. He treats the subject from the viewpoint of the educated Catholic, and his remarks are eminently practical.

There is one evil which has injured God and His Church more than any other, against which the efforts even of a church must be always partly unavailing, and which it is especially needful to be guarded against, as it is probably the most attractive means by which the arch-enemy can propagate sin in the world. I mean bad books, bad literature of any kind. I do not exaggerate the evil influence of corrupt literature when I say that it is the most powerful ally of our enemies. It has been the chief agent in that awful revolution, the effects of which are now visible in the demoralization of all society.

And if the present reign of sin and inhumanity in the world is to have any stability, it will owe it entirely to the perseverance with which bad men will continue to issue from the press their own perditions and suggestions of their own depraved minds. It will always remain an open question whether the invention of printing was a boon or a curse to mankind. Up to this present moment, however, it may be safely averred that its evil effects have more than neutralized its good effects.

Dealing with the offenses of different countries against good taste in the matter of literature, Father Sheehan declares that it is precisely bad literature that has made the France of to-day infidel. You may pass from end to end of France and you will hardly find a single book in a single public book stall that you can touch without committing mortal sin. The writings of the infidels of the last century, and of this are printed and published in every form and variety, they are sold in cheap editions, in the village or hamlet in France that is not inundated with them. Dramas, comedies, tragedies, works on philosophy, moral or natural, poems; in every way in which a lesson can be taught, faith destroyed and morality injured, the infidels of France are doing their devilish work, and with a success that is known only to themselves.

Now are other countries exceptional. In Germany, outside the Catholic Church, almost everyone that can read is a transcendental philosopher—in other words an atheist; and this, too, is attributed to the pernicious writings of a few dreamers who have substituted the shadows of their own making for the shadowy Christianity that was left them by the reformers.

In America the venality and corruption of the press is proverbial, infidelity is unblushingly advocated and immorality as openly countenanced and suggested. It is not at all a pleasant task to stir up the sink of the world's iniquity. It might be better, perhaps, to let it rest. But I regret to say that it is strongly to be suspected that there are many Catholics to whom that literature is not altogether unknown, and I speak to show them the danger of its attractiveness, as well as their unfaithfulness to God in countenancing the efforts of those whose vocation it is to blot Him out of the minds and hearts of men.

The newspaper press is considered by Father Sheehan as the great offender against the true mission of the printing press, and while he excoriates it unmercifully, his words have the ring of well deserved censure.

With regard to newspaper literature, I wish to caution you against those sheets that are sent about the country to pander to the sensationalism and sensuality of the multitudes. What ever freaks human weakness or human wickedness may have indulged in are sure to find place in the columns of these journals, and you have a ghastly list of all the suicides, executions, and, worst of all, the scandals that crop up week after week—sad indications enough that all our rigid respectability only covers a state of national depravity that is simply appalling.

With regard to the better conducted class of newspapers in England, many of them are characterized by a hatred and insane fear of everything Catholic. Now, as all these journals have very high pretensions, they speak in very decided, dogmatic tones. They occupy a very high position, their editors and staffs of writers are men of high literary abilities; they pretend to have means of obtaining precise information

on every possible subject; and their modes of dealing with Catholic subjects especially are often so overbearing that there may be weak-minded Catholics who will be induced not indeed to doubt matters of faith, but to yield to the temptations of becoming 'liberal.' Indeed, to most of the uninitiated, the editor of a newspaper is as awful and mysterious an individual as can well be imagined, and his utterances are only less than infallible. It is no exaggeration to state that the Church has been always superseded by the press as a public teacher. Men do not seek opinions nowadays from the pulpit, but from the paper. As a distinguished writer remarked many years ago: 'The Church is now relegated to the organ loft and to psalm singing, its place as public teacher, moralist, etc., is assumed by the press.' The press, therefore, in our age, wields tremendous power; and, unhappily, that power is used in the cause of evil, and not in the cause of God.

As I must be brief, I would remind you of a few things it would be well to remember. The editor of the ordinary daily newspaper is an individual of flesh and blood whose opinion is not worth more than that of any other man; that he writes not to preach the truth, but to earn his livelihood; that he therefore shapes his opinion according to the opinions of the party he represents; that, therefore, his is the most servile of all professions; that in treating of Catholic subjects, the ignorance of average newspaper writers is only equalled by their ingenuity in framing falsehoods and their fluency in calumniating; that the paper must please the people or the people will not buy the paper; that, therefore, as the public still demand the periodical joke, the periodical lie, the periodical misrepresentation of Catholic faith and Catholic practice, the paper must insert them; and that, therefore, on all Catholic subjects, they are utterly untrustworthy, ignorant of our doctrines, of our practices, misrepresenting our principles and moral maxims, scurrilous, false and libelous.

With regard to the literature of magazines and novels, it is impossible to give absolute advice. There are two classes of novel writers—they who write for money and they who write because they must write. They who write for money must please the editor and the public. The taste of the public is depraved, and therefore this class of literature is bad and corrupt. Vice is openly recommended, or so nicely veiled that it looks attractive; the vilest passions of a corrupt nature are shown in the light of amiable follies. These novels have as their one end and aim to destroy Christian morality, and therefore their one subject is sin. Have you ever noticed how carefully the name of God is excluded from the novel of the present day? It is never mentioned except as an oath. Have you ever seen the beautiful Christian virtues of patience and purity and self-sacrifice and humility recommended? No; but everything that is low and vile and groveling and sensual.

A still greater condemnation must be passed upon those who write because they must write. These are the demigods of literature, the men who have made for themselves everlasting reputations. Now, what do I mean by men? I will explain to you in the words of Father Hecker. 'What else,' he says, 'is the great mass of our modern popular literature but an examen of conscience, publicly made by the author, before his readers and the whole world? And so deeply are his vices rooted in his heart that, not satisfied with presenting them under the attractive disguise of imagery, they must be spread out to cater to the tastes of his readers, in all their filthy and disgusting details.'

The number of infidels and licentious books written by our authors and read by our people presents no flattering picture of the boasted progress of our nation in civilization. How many crimes would have been unknown in Rome, had it been as Goethe, Schiller, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, Bulwer, had sought relief for their consciences in the divine sacrament of penance instead of flooding society with the details of their secret vices and miseries, and thus feeding men's passions until they ripen into crime! They rid their hearts of the passions and miseries which they are filled with infecting the innocent and unsuspecting; they gain to their own minds a so-called peace and freedom by corrupting the pure and the virtuous.

Let me repeat, then, what I said: Avoid the novels of the day, because they are godless. The devil's imprimatur is upon every one of them because they treat of subjects with which a pure-minded Catholic ought not to be acquainted; because the writers of them are depraved, mercenary wretches, who hate God, and whose avowed mission is to inaugurate a reign of infidelity and viciousness, and because the effects of novel reading are most pernicious and hurtful. It weakens the mind, degrades the mind, it preaches the worship of creatures, it subverts Christian principles, it plants pagan principles, and leads inevitably to a shameful idolizing of vice.

It is especially painful to a priest to go into the houses of the poor and to find the scandal mongering, sensational papers, irreligious, or even immoral books on the same shelf, but much better cared for, with the Imitation of Christ, if indeed, these books find there a place at all. It is very suggestive, indeed, and a melancholy sight. Do not be indifferent to the poison that destroys your faith and ruins your morals, and the faith and the morals of

those for whom you will be responsible to God. Look your doors against irreligious and bad literature of any sort. Do not underestimate its poison. It works slowly but surely. Let your Christian homes be undefiled by the foul products of a godless press.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Through the activity of the Rev. John Mueckler, pastor of St. Ignatius' church, St. Ignace, Mich., all the saloons are now closed on Sunday.

Many of the Sisters of the Sacred Coars, of Paris, have gone to Argentina, where they are conducting day schools for poor children.

In Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday afternoon, Archbishop Ryan confirmed a class of sixty grown-up negroes and seventy-five negro children.

The Holy Father, we are told, says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, still owns the humble little home in Riese where he was born, refusing always to sell it, so that his sisters may be sure of a shelter.

For twenty-four years the Catholic party has ruled Belgium. Elections are biennial. This year a "cartel" or combination was made between the Socialists and the Liberals. But it failed to unseat the Catholic ministry.

The Rev. Charles Cormack, whom the Sisters of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Halifax, received at their institution, an orphan, when he was but three years old, said his first Mass for them the other day. Father Cormack is now a priest of the English order.

The Catholic Times of London, England, is of the opinion that the school agitation in England seems destined to evolve a Catholic party or organization in that country for self-protection and the defense of the constitutional rights of its members through political action.

Some nights ago a gang of men knocked down at St. Joan-des-Guerois (Ile de Vahine), France a fine granite Calvary, which has stood there by the roadside for more than a century. In the morning one of them was dug out half crushed beneath the fragments, abandoned by his companions.

Canada has produced a new Damien. The self sacrifice of H. P. Anderson, a successful Canadian accountant, who has given up a prosperous career to devote his life to work among lepers in India, is, in every respect, as great as that of the Belgian priest's. Mr. Anderson sailed for India a few weeks ago.

Last week at Rutherglen, Scotland, Archbishop Maguire blessed and opened two new Catholic schools. The schools cost \$35,000, have twenty class rooms and will accommodate at least two thousand children—another instance of the Church's advance in Scotland.

Owing to the recent death of Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Most Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel, D. D., Archbishop of Ottawa, has become the senior Metropolitan of the Church in Canada. He was mitred on October 20, 1874, but his See was not raised to the archiepiscopal dignity until June 8, 1886.

To see their son ordained to the priesthood, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Blaznik came from Austria to New York. The Rev. Aloysius Les Blaznik is the first Slavonic priest ordained in the diocese of New York.

The ceremony took place on Saturday, June 9. He is twenty-four years old and came to the United States five years ago at the request of the late Archbishop Corrigan.

Rev. Ludwig Bonvin, S. J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, having dedicated to the Pope a Mass of his own composition after the ideal suggested in the Motu Proprio of 1903, has received a very gracious acknowledgment from the Holy Father which embodies a high tribute of praise to the musical work of Father Bonvin. The distinguished Jesuit is one of the greatest contemporary musicians and composers.

Cardinal Gruscha Archbishop of Vienna, has issued a strong pastoral condemning the proposed reform of the marriage laws in Austria, and declares that Parliament threatens to deprive Catholic marriage of its character of indissolubility, in defiance of the law of God and of moral law. 'An indiscreet foundation on which the family and social order are based, and, besides, it is the strongest protection against immorality.'

The religious sincerity of Spain's convert Queen was admirably illustrated, says the London Catholic Times, on the day of her departure for that country, which was Ascension Day. She was up at 6 o'clock in the morning in order to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion at the Carmelite church at Kensington before starting on her journey, whereby her Majesty set a good example to those Catholics who neglect this solemn duty before undertaking a voyage.

When Father Luke Wadding, the Irish Franciscan, founded the monastery attached to the Church of San Isidoro in Rome in the seventeenth century, one of its early pastors, says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, was Fra Bonaventura, a Spanish Franciscan, whose hidden virtues have found him out and caused him to be placed on the altars of the Universal Church for the edification and help of struggling humanity all over the world, but especially of his Franciscan brethren. He was solemnly beatified in St. Peter's on June 10, and St. Isidoro's made a gals day of it.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SHILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER IV. A SCHEME OF GUILT.

Loser reached the "Four Ways" inn soon after the children, and stood by while Charles, with frequent interruptions on Julia's part, gave his friend the baker the reasons why his grand-mother was remaining for the night in the convent, while he and his sister were to return to Aix. The account was not very clear, and at the story of the ghost the stout baker shook his head incredulously. One thing however was evident; the children were afraid of spending the night in the deserted convent and therefore wanted to return home; but why their grandmother should not go with them remained a mystery.

"Why," Charles said, "Uncle has a whole lot of money in his desk. You know you were to say nothing about that," interposed Julia sharply. "Why not?" her brother retorted. "Mr. Lenoir is not a thief."

"That I certainly am not," the baker interrupted. "But make haste and jump up, it is already late. You shall sit on each side of me on the front seat and we shall see how fast my good horse can run. Yes, I understand now why your grandmother sends you off alone. Yes, this very morning she was saying her son, your Reverend Uncle—never mind, it is no business of mine. Can I do anything for you Sir?"

These latter words were addressed to Loser, who had been near enough to overhear the main part of the conversation, and who now stepped up to the cart just as the horse was in the act of starting, and asked if he could be driven to Aix for a trifling compensation.

"How came you by that scar all across your face?" inquired the baker, who did not much like the look of the man.

"I have to thank an accursed Prussian Hussar for that, in the course of the late war," was the answer. "Up with you then Sir you must sit here by me and tell me the whole story. Make room for the gentleman, Charles all honor to the brave defenders of our country!"

So Loser seated himself in the place Mrs. Montmoulin had occupied a few hours previously, and romanced so freely about the exploits he had achieved in the Franco-German war, that he positively fascinated the worthy baker. In fact Mr. Lenoir went a good distance out of his way to set the hero of many battles down at the station, and far from taking anything from him he treated him to a glass of Bordeaux at the buffet, and shook hands heartily with him on parting. As he left the station he heard Loser asking at the booking office for a ticket to Marseilles and being informed that the train did not go for another hour. A few minutes later Lenoir put the children down at their mother's door, and went home at the station, and the wife the wonderful deeds of the brave veteran with the scar of the sabre cut.

Meanwhile Loser provided himself at the station with a flask of brandy and some sandwiches which he put into his pocket, and then pacing about as a waiting-room, he made himself as conspicuous as possible, asking one railway official after another about his ticket and the time of the train, until one of the porters told him that if he could not wait like other people, he had better have a special train put on for him. Loser laughed and said it he could have it at the expense of the Company he would only be too glad, as he was in a hurry to get to Marseilles. At length the train was signalled, and as it came into the station, Loser, together with a crowd of other passengers, pressed forward to find a place. The train was very full, and hearing the porters call out "plenty of room behind," he hastened to the lower part of the platform, less brilliantly lighted than the upper. "Room in here, be quick, there is no time to lose," said the guard, opening the door of one of the last compartments, and the face of the passenger, whose suspicion of one he had met, who had been observing as he did so, the ugly ticket he at the same time clipped, and the engine began to move. Before his fellow-passengers had settled themselves in their places, Loser contrived to slip out of the carriage, and make his way out of the station unobserved before the commotion caused by the out-going train had subsided.

"There," he said to himself as he emerged into the darkness, "all has turned out just as I wished! Now if any body should assert that I was in St. Victoire to-night, I could bring forward a couple of witnesses to prove that I left for Marseilles by the last train. Certainly neither guard nor porters will remember having seen me on the way, but when a train is so full one man is not noticed. At all events I shall escape the time to get off with the money. What I have to do now is to get back to Ste. Victoire without being seen. Nine o'clock," he mused after a glance at the illuminated face of the station clock; "I can easily get into the convent before midnight, and long before daylight make off with my booty." So saying he chose the most ill-lighted street, and presently reached the open country.

Walking at a brisk pace, and avoiding the most frequented roads, Loser made his way back to Ste. Victoire. He had nearly reached the village, when the rising mistral dashed the first drops of rain in his face. He took his way, tower, and the kitchen fast-falling rain. "My booty is well worth a few drops of rain," he said to himself, "and there is this advantage at least, in the bad weather, I shall not be liable to meet any one in the street."

Under cover of the darkness, he actually did reach the long rambling building unperceived, and going round to the back, entered by a gate in the outer wall which was always unlocked. Passing through the garden, he came to the quadrangle of which the church and convent formed three sides, the other being shut in by a high wall; the door leading to the inner courtyard was bolted, but Loser knew where there was a broken window through which he could easily gain access to the old kitchen, now used sometimes for the manufacture of olive oil. Groping about between empty casks and presses he found his way to the flight of stairs leading to the second floor. Then he stopped, listened awhile, and then taking off his boots, crept up the stairs. Stillness reigned everywhere; only the wind howled dimly in the empty corridors.

And now the man's courage suddenly failed him. This was the first really criminal act of his life, for which perhaps he would incur imprisonment. Long years ago he had cast his belief in God and in a future life with a Christian education, the fibres of faith deep down in the soul, are not lightly eradicated, and Loser had had a good mother. Now all at once, as he stood listening in the pitch dark passage, the remembrance of the mother whom he had lost but too soon, came back to his mind; he seemed to hear again the words she said to him on the eve of his First Communion, after his confession: "My boy, promise me now, and promise our Lord to-morrow, that you will try to be steady, or your headstrong ways will surely get you into trouble."

The promise he then gave with tears had alas! not been kept, and his mother's prophecy had indeed come true. On account of his wild pranks he had been expelled from the gymnasium, and only been forgiven through the intercession of a priest to whom the being taken before the magistrate; at the University he squandered the slender fortune his parents left him, lost his faith, and acquired a bad name through his vicious habits. Finally, to elude his creditors, he had hastily fled; and he drew him deeper into the abyss of social degradation and moral turpitude. And after the war, as he had seen, he had gone from one sin through another, losing each in turn through his unprincipled conduct, until, for the sake of a living, he had accepted the post of sacristan in a village church. Now he was on the eve of committing an actual crime, and the memory of his mother rose up before him like a warning angel to deter him from it.

Alas! in vain grief made this appeal to his heart. "Don't be a fool, don't be a fool," he murmured to himself. "How many who are highly esteemed and rob their neighbors of hundreds of pounds through the struggle of existence, enforces one to it. Besides I am taking it out of no man's pocket, one will be the poorer. If the hospital is not built by charitable contributions, the government will build a far better and larger one. Now for it!" Loser felt his way along the wall until he reached the corner formed by the junction of two wings of the building. When he stood in the space between the little kitchen and the priest's apartments, he thought of the carving knife lying in the table drawer. Should he go in and fetch it? It might be useful in self defence. He found his way to the table with some difficulty; on putting his hand in the drawer he touched the carving knife. "I don't want to do any harm either to Montmoulin or his mother," he said, "besides I might stumble in the dark with the stupid thing in my hand, and cut myself. I will light the little lantern, though, which his Reverence carries with him to the church of a morning."

Striking a match, he found the lantern immediately, for he was thoroughly acquainted with all the priest's habits. Covering it with his coat, Loser cautiously stepped across the corridor, and after listening at the door took occasion of a violent gush of wind, to open it gently. By the light of the lantern he perceived that there was no one in the room. Nonetheless, he crept on tip-toe to the place where the desk stood, and taking the key from his waistcoat pocket, he unlocked the door. The thief was furious in being out-witted. He had laid his plans so cleverly, as he thought, and now this stupid priest had seen through it all, and in the simplest way possible, had completely baffled him. "Who would have thought," he mused, "that the cunning folk would have taken his money-bags to bed with him like an old miser! I would sooner strangle him with my two hands than go out of this convent without his peff. I will have the money," and he stepped with an oath to the door of the bedroom. He turned the handle, but found it was bolted; at the same time a woman's voice called out, "Is that you, Francis?"

"Confound it all!" murmured the disappointed man. "What can I do now? If I burst open the door, the old wretch will set up shrieking so loud, that she will be heard in the village. Besides I cannot be sure that the priest will not come back at any moment. It will not do to use force at any rate not now. I must await some other opportunity." Acting on this conviction, he moved stealthily away, replacing the lantern in its former position in the kitchen, and withdrew to one of the empty cells, there to concoct fresh schemes for the accomplishment of his object.

After spending some time in thought, he went back to fetch his boots from the place where he left them; then he took the larger knapsack, and having drawn, and creeping along on tip-toe to the tribune, where he descended the winding stairs to the little room adjoining the sacristy, where poor Charles had been so tormented at the sight of the death's head. "I am safe here," he said to himself. "Nobody will come near this lumber room, and I shall be able to keep a look out over the church and the cloisters and watch for a favorable opportunity. It is very cold here, though. Ah, there is the pall!" He laid the knife down upon the ground, took a good draught from his flask of cognac, wrapped the pall round him and settled himself to sleep. "Bah, I am emancipated from all foolish superstitions," he muttered. "I believe that there is something about after death. Yet there is something very uncanny about this wretched pall. What a coward I must be, to fancy the dead can come back." And yet for all his bravado he was unable to sleep, until he had nearly emptied his flask, then he lay in a half dozed state until daylight recalled him to himself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TIGHT FIT.

Mr. Halliday Manners, banker and public personage, stopped dead on the pavement and spoke with determination to the good-looking young fellow who was walking with him. "No," he said firmly; "you have had your answer, and I don't change my mind."

"But Ella has promised to—"

"Then Ella has no right to promise without my consent. I am her father, and I will not have for a son-in-law a man who cannot earn his own living."

"But, sir, I do! You very kindly pay me \$3,000 a year for acting as your private secretary."

"All of which you spend on clothes and fancy waistcoats. No, Percy, my lad, your prospects are well enough for a secretary, but not well enough for a son-in-law. There, give me a paper, boy."

Mr. Manners took a paper from the newsboy and waited for the half penny change.

"I suppose you'd have given the boy sixpence, wouldn't you?" he added as he took the coin.

"Very likely," answered St. John. "But, seriously, sir, mayn't I have some hope? I shall be better off directly."

"When your uncle dies—and he will probably live till eighty. No, Percy; there are two things you can do. One is, stop with me and give up Ella, and the other is, leave me and when you're earning—mind, I say earning—a substantial income come back and ask again."

"Then I'll resign at once," said St. John, buttoning up his coat. "This is rather a public place, so I'll say good-by with your own lass. Good-by, sir, I shall hope to come for Ella very soon."

He held out his hand, and Mr. Manners, rather astonished at being taken at his word, inadvertently dropped the half penny which he had been holding. It tinkled on the pavement, and then rolled between the railings that fronted the office of the Board of Locomotion, outside which they were walking.

St. John and Mr. Manners pointed their feet at the ground, and the crowd followed them. The policeman took a rest and wondered whether he should send to Scotland Yard for assistance. "Cut his head off!" shouted a wag in the crowd. "Fetch some dynamite!" advised another.

"Tackle him and see if he'll move!" was a third suggestion.

Manners heard all these remarks, and in his agony wished for an earthquake or anything that would remove him—even if it was only in bits. "E's one of the old cabinet," cried the wag of the crowd, "and don't want to give up 'is office!"

One humorist, bolder than the rest, reached over and tickled Manners under the left arm.

Goaded to desperation, the banker kicked out backward and caught the policeman on the knee-cap.

The policeman took off his helmet, wiped his forehead and tried to think of a regulation that fitted the occasion.

The crowd was fast becoming manageable, and a costermonger with a barrow of fruit pulled up in the hope of trade. Leaving a small boy to guard the barrow, he edged his way to the railings.

"Lumme!" he said. "The old cov's got 'is head stuck in the same way as wot my little boy did. Soap 'is head—that's wot we did."

In a few minutes Manners felt a liberal dose of cold water poured over his head, while what seemed to be fifty pairs of rough hands soaped him vigorously.

In vain he yelled, or rather croaked that it would be useless.

The policeman, with his ideas of unnecessary revenge, went to work with a will.

He soaped Manners thoroughly. Even the top of his head was liberally treated, and as the soapsuds trickled into his eyes and mouth, the crowd almost fought for the privilege of trying to pull him through the railings.

claimed the honor, and nearly pulled Manners's head off without affecting the position.

"I shall chuck it!" at length said the policeman, regretting that he hadn't club the unfortunate Manners to death. "Just pop off to Scotland Yard and tell them how it stands."

Shortly after a dozen policemen, under the command of a sergeant, made their way through the crowd.

The pavement was cleared; as much of the crowd as possible was moved on, and the sergeant examined the railings to see what could be done.

"Better go and find a smith, Jackson," he said, "and we'll have the railings wrenched open."

"Not one in the neighborhood," replied Jackson.

"Well, take a cab and find one!"

By a series of wriggles that would have done credit to a professional acrobat, Manners supported part of his wearied body against the railings.

Freed from the attention of the crowd, he was now able to think, and a bitter hatred seized him for St. John, who had deserted him in his hour of need.

He had already forbidden him to think of Ella—that was one consolation he had, when freedom arrived, if ever it did, some other punishment would be thought of.

He was in the midst of these charitable reflections when he became aware of a voice speaking behind the railings.

"May I go round, sergeant?" he heard.

"Certainly, Mr. Everett."

In a few seconds a young man stood in front of him.

"Do you mind holding your head up in the police request."

Manners dropped his head, and the young man promptly dropped on one knee and looked up in his face.

"Ah, yes," he said. "Mr. Halliday Manners, the banker. I represent the Evening Wire, and should like a few facts. A Much obliged to you, and I hope you won't let the other newspapers follow interview you. I want this exclusively."

The sergeant, attracted by his groans, kindly fed him like a caged animal with brandy and biscuits, and so prevented a collapse.

In a dazed state Manners leaned against the railings and wondered what suddenly his heart leaped. Over his shoulder he heard the familiar voice of St. John.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the young man; "I've been trying to get help everywhere, and the nearest I can get is a blacksmith, who will be here in an hour's time. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing," snapped Manners. "I don't even want to see you again! It's all your fault!"

St. John gallantly forebore to retort, and stooped and examined the railway.

As he looked his eyes glittered, and he knelt and with his eye measured the space between the two railings at the bottom.

"Quick!" he whispered. "Slide your head down!"

Manners promptly slid his head up, and met the bar at the top.

"No, down—down!" cried St. John excitedly, when Manners had finished his remarks. "Get on your knees!"

Manners dropped in a dazed sort of way.

St. John seized him by the neck, pulled toward the pavement, and the banker's head slipped easily through the railings. They were wider at the bottom than at the top, and Manners was free.

Before he could realize his freedom, St. John pulled him to his feet and had him in a cab, to the intense disappointment of the crowd and the joy of the sergeant, who was beginning to think seriously about the matter.

The cab stopped for a moment in a block of the traffic, and a new boy jumped on the step and flourishing a paper.

"Amorous plight of the banker! Ho uses 'orrible language! Shocking details!" he cried.

St. John bought a paper, and Manners preserved an awful silence till the house was reached.

"Come into the study," he said grimly.

"Do you mean to tell me," he went on, "that you were the only one out of about twenty thousand people who found that out about the railings?"

"I'm afraid it looks like it," laughed St. John.

"Very well," sighed Manners; "you'll find I'm not ungrateful. I shall have put up with the scandal, I suppose. Better go and see Ella and leave me to myself. And, here you can have the half penny as a remembrance if you like."

Mrs. Percy St. John sometimes wears a half penny set with brilliants but never when her father comes to dinner.

REMARKABLE STORY BEHIND THE SIMPLE INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT IN THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

In one of the fairest parts of the city of New Orleans, at the beginning of one of its finest streets, is a unique monument. But one word is inscribed on it. That word is "Margaret."

The monument is on a triangular-shaped grassy plot named by order of the City Council "Margaret Place." It is noted also as being the first monument to a woman erected in the United States.

The monument is an interesting one. A short, plump woman is seated upon an old splint bottomed chair, its legs wrapped about with a cloth reaching to the floor, as you may have seen a kitchen chair in some old fashioned day calico dress. A crocheted sac de laine faithfully represented by the sculptor's chisel, covers her ample shoulders. Her hair is combed back tight from her hair in a close coil at the back. Her face is strong and kindly. By her side and leaning confidently against the woman, is a child, an orphan, who looks gratefully up at the face of the woman, a face that one looks at with admiration.

And what did Margaret Haughey do to deserve so fine a monument and to have the honor of the first monument ever erected to a woman in this country?

"There is 'not much to tell,'" says Grace King in her "New Orleans, the Place and the People," and yet the story is as sweet and simple as love itself.

A husband and wife, Irish immigrants, died in Baltimore, yellow fever, leaving the orphan, named Margaret upon the charity of the community. A strong, young Irish couple who had crossed the ocean with the Irish immigrants took this little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child. They were Baptists, but they reared her in the faith of her parents, and kept her with them until she married a young Irishman in her own rank in life.

Her health forced the husband to resign in the worst climate of New Orleans, and finally, for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland where he died. Shortly afterwards Margaret in New Orleans lost her baby. To make a living she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles Hotel. This was her equipment at twenty for her monument.

The Sisters of the neighboring asylum were at the time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their charge, and they were struggling desperately to build a larger house, which was daily becoming more necessary to them. The childless widow, Margaret went to the superior and offered her humble services and a share in her earnings. They were most gratefully accepted. From her savings and laundry Margaret bought two cows and opened a dairy, which she milked herself. Every morning, year after year, in rain or shine, she drove her cart the rounds of her trade. Returning, she would gather up the cold victuals which she begged from the hotels, and these she would distribute among the asylums in need. And many a time it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. It was during those weary periods of the great epidemic, when children were orphaned by the thousands, the new, larger asylum was commenced, and in ten years Margaret's dairy, pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer, was completed and paid for. The dairy was enlarged, and more money was made, out of which an infant asylum—her baby house as Margaret called it—was built, and then the St. Elizabeth Training Asylum for grown girls.

With all this Margaret still could save money to invest.

"One of her debtors, a baker, failing, she was forced to accept his establishment for his debt. She therefore dropped her dairy and took to baking, substituting the bread for the milk cart. She drove one as well as the other, and made her deliveries with the regularity that had become characteristic as the orphan asylums at so low a price and gave away so much bread in charity.

that it is surprising that she made any money at all; but every year brought an increase in business, and an enlargement of her original establishment, which grew in time into a factory, worked by steam. It was situated in the business centre of the city, and Margaret, always sitting in the open doorway of her office and always good humored and talkative, became an integral part of the business world about her. No one could pass without a word with her, and, as it was said no enterprise that she endorsed ever failed, she was consulted as an infallible oracle by all; ragamuffins, paper boys, porters, clerks, even by her neighbors, the great merchants, and bankers, all called her "Margaret," and nothing more.

"She never dressed otherwise than as her stature represented her, in a calico dress, with a small shawl, and never wore any other head covering than a sunbonnet, and she was never known to sit in any other way than as she sits in marble. She never learned to read or write, and never could distinguish one figure from another. She signed with a mark that will that distributed her thousands of dollars among the orphan asylums of the city. She did not forget one of them, white or colored; Protestant and Jews were remembered, as well as Catholics, for she never forgot that it was a Protestant couple that cared for her when she was an orphan. "They are all orphans alike, was her oft-repeated comment.

"When she died it seemed as if the people could not believe it. 'Margaret dead?' Why, each one had just seen her, talked to her, consulted her, asked her for some word of delight, or from her. The news of the death of any one else in the city would have been received with more credulity. But the journals all appeared in mourning, and the obituaries were there, and these obituaries, could she have read them, would have struck Margaret as the most incredible thing in the world to have happened to her. The statue was a spontaneous action. While her people were still talking about her death, the fund for it was collected; it was ordered and executed, and almost before she was gone she was there again before the asylum she had built, sitting on her same old chair that every one knew so well, dressed in the familiar calico gown, with her little shawl over her shoulders, not the old shawl she wore every day, but the pretty one of which she was so proud, and the orphans crocheted for her.

"All the dignitaries of the State and city were at the unveiling of the statue. A thousand orphans representing every asylum in the city, occupied the seats of honor; a delegation of them pulled the cords that held the canvas covering over the marble, and as it fell and 'Margaret' appeared, their hands led to loud shouts of joy and hand-clapping. The streets were crowded as far as the eye could see, and it was said—with no doubt, an exaggeration of sentiment, but a pardonable one—that not a man, woman or child in the crowd but knew Margaret and loved her."

Such is the story of Margaret, as told by New Orleans' historian, the orator at the dedication of her monument said: "The substance of it, truth is, the strength of it, religion; the end, peace—then fame and immortality."

A DAY AT A TIME.

THIS IS THE BEST WAY TO LIVE.

Worry is one of the worst curses of modern life. I say of modern life, not because people a thousand years ago did not worry, because as civilization advances men become more highly strung, more sensitive and less capable of detachment. Thus we often say in a very expressive phrase that a thing "grates upon our nerves." Something distressing happens to us, and we cannot shake it off. Some one treats us rudely, harshly, or unkindly, and the word is over until we are in a state of mind that is grievous and intentional insult. We take it to bed with us and no sooner is the light put out than we begin to recall it, and turn over in our minds all the circumstances that occasioned it. We sleep feverishly, haunted all the time with the sense of something disagreeable. We wake, and the acerbic thing is still rankling in our minds. This is one form of worry, which is very common among people of sensitive minds.

Another form of worry is the tendency to brood over past errors. The business man or the public man is suddenly overwhelmed with the conviction that he has made an awful mess of things. The worst of all calamities is the lack of energy to grapple with calamity and in most cases with worry that breaks down a man's energy.

A third, and perhaps a more common form of worry, is the gloomy anticipation of future calamities. There are some men who however happy they may be to-day, are perpetually frightening themselves with the possibilities of a disastrous to-morrow. They live in terror. When actual sorrow comes upon us most of us discover unexpected resources of fortitude in ourselves. But nothing sickens the heart so much as imagined sorrow. Of this form of worry we may well say "It's wicked!"

I have no doubt that most people know by experience what some of these things mean. No doubt also many of them have many real causes for anxiety. They will ask me how I propose to deal with it. One of the best ways is to be content to live a day at a time. Sydney Smith once counsels us with rich wisdom to an entity in itself. Each day is a new thing, it is rounded off by the gulf of sleep; it has its own hours which will never return; it stands separate, with its own opportunities and pleasures. Make the most of them.—W. J. Dawson.

The religious orders are ornaments of the Church. Their wonderful diversity of vocations, the virtues of their numbers, their service, the erudition of so many of their scholars, etc., endear them to it. And their good works speak their praise.

THE LESSON.

WHAT CHRIST ON THE CROSS TEACHES US.

On the occasion of the unveiling of the Sorin monument at the University of Notre Dame, on May 3, Archbishop Keane, of Dabnque, Iowa, preached a memorable sermon.

Many people were fortunate enough to hear Archbishop Keane deliver the sermon on April 30th before the convocation of the Christian Brothers Alumni Association, in which he dealt so forcibly with the problems in modern religious education; and they, knowing the manner of man he is, understanding his gift of great oratory, will more appreciate the following extracts from his sermon of May 30th.

The opening words dealt briefly, but fittingly with the chequered career in America of Father Sorin, and his final glorious achievement in the erection of Notre Dame, after which he goes on to show that the life of Father Sorin was in every particular an absorption and a practical living example of the Lesson of the Cross, and he pleads with his hearers that they learn and apply the great lesson. He said in part:

Here, then, at Father Sorin's feet we will this morning take to heart, more lovingly and earnestly than ever before, the lesson of the Holy Cross which his whole life was spent in teaching.

And, in the first place, it is a noteworthy fact that the lesson of the Cross was not entirely of his own choosing. It was manifestly given to him and his associates by the Providence of our Lord. For Providence gave them as the cradle of their Order the village of the Holy Cross, a suburb of Lyons in France, and it was the simple peasantry among whom they first labored who called them Priests of the Holy Cross. Thus it was not by their choice but by Providence that the title of the Holy Cross, was given them as the name of their Congregation and the lesson of the Holy Cross as the perpetual theme of their teaching.

Nor was it by his own choice, but by the Providence of God, that Father Sorin's first Mass in America was offered up on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. His own intensely spiritual nature, ever sensitive to the touch of the divine, recognized clearly in these facts the pointing of the finger of God. His soul was filled with the conviction that the lesson of the Cross of Christ was the lesson which he and his Order had to learn for their own sanctification, and which it was their special duty to teach the world, for the world's greatest good. Hence during all his life, his every word and act seemed to breathe that declaration of the great Apostle: "I consider myself to know nothing among you but Christ Jesus and Him crucified."

Here, then, he says to us, "is the lesson which you must try to fathom, and to impress on the mind of your age, and especially your country—the lesson that Christ crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God; that in vain will the intellect of your age and country seek wisdom elsewhere than in Christ crucified, and in vain will its boundless energies seek power elsewhere; that the achievements both of the intellect and of the energies of the future will be to control and benefit and glorify, just in proportion as they are inspired and moved and guided and controlled by Christ crucified."

Turn we then to our blessed Lord, and ask Him to unravel to us this mystery, to teach us what is the inner meaning of this assertion, that Christ crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto which all answers us: "I lay down My life for My sheep. Therefore, doth the Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I may take it again. No man taketh it away from Me; but I lay it down Myself; and I have power to lay it up again."

Here then is what is meant by Christ crucified. It means the voluntary acceptance of death by Him over whom death had no dominion. That death He accepts and offers up in His capacity as the Good Shepherd—as the Head and Guide and chief of mankind, as "the Second Adam." That death He accepts and offers up as an act of supreme homage and love and atonement to God, in the name of humanity, which thus acknowledges that it has chosen the things of this life, the things of earth, instead of God, and that it repents of the folly. That death accepts and offers up as an act of supreme love to humanity. Mankind, were, says the poet like "swine of Epicurus' pigsty," seeing in one another only rivals and enemies; but Christ crucified proves the almost infinite worth and loveliness of humanity. That death He accepts as the penance for sin, when "God laid on Him the iniquities of us all." But He "lays down His life that He may take it up again," flinging off the death of iniquity, of self-seeking, of self-indulgence and heartlessness, to take up, in the name of all humanity, that new life which alone is truly life animated by those two supreme loves—love of God and love of humanity. In that death to evil and that new life of love, is found the wisdom of God and the power of God.

Does not a glance at history show us that this is the truth, that this is the summing up of all the philosophy of humanity? For ages before our Lord taught that wondrous lesson, mankind had been crying out despairingly: "Give me understanding that I may know what I am, and whence I come, and whither I am going, and wherefore I am here, and what is expected of me during my brief span of years!"

The philosophers, one after another, had tried to answer these mighty questions of humanity. And Cicero reviewing them all, concludes by saying: "It would take a God to tell us which of these things is true, or whether any of them is true," and beneath the written words we read the unwritten thought—"if indeed there be a God." Thus life seemed to be a poor, struggling thing, flung out of darkness, to be again soon swallowed up in darkness. No wonder then that the Epicureans exclaimed: "Let us squeeze out of life what we can of pleasure and of profit," and no wonder that the Stoics frowned: "And

then fling it back in the face of the gods, if there are any gods!"

And while it was thus with human thinking, so also was it with human striving, and endeavor. The world had beheld wondrous achievements of human energy as of human genius. But Fate always sat in judgment, and asked Cui bono? And one fearless daring and energy, coupled with vast resources, had done their best and grandest, it proved to be the colossal whose downfall Daniel explained to the heathen king. Its feet were brittle clay, and therefore the end thereof was ruin, because the fundamental principles, which must inspire and direct human action, were wrong. And so, no matter how subtle the structure, its end was necessary disaster. The wisdom of God and the power of God were not in it, and so it could only fail.

Such was, in brief, the history of humanity from the Garden of Eden till the coming of Christ. Mankind had listened to the tempter, had chosen the wisdom and the power offered by Satan, rather than the wisdom and power of God. And God has permitted mankind to make the great experiment, to test practically what would be the result of leaving such a teacher of following such a leader and serving such a master. Satan was, according to the expression of our Lord, "The prince of this world." And the great experiment of the ages had proved disastrous, had shown the truth of the Prophet's word: "Know thou and see that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God."

But just before our divine Lord gave Himself up to the death of the Cross, there happened one of the most thrilling and significant events of His life. Certain Gentiles came asked to see Him. As they approached Him the Lord was rapt in ecstasy, contemplating the heathen nations from which they had come, those nations in which Satan had so long been permitted to reign supreme. And He exclaimed: "Now is the judgment of the world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up on the Cross, will draw all things to Myself. Father, glorify Thy Name. And a voice from the heavens like thunder proclaimed: 'I have both glorified it and will glorify it again.'"

There was the turning-point of history. Thenceforth, the wisdom of God was to be the world's teacher and guide, the power of God was to control and direct mankind. Thenceforth, the wisdom of God was to shine from the cross of Christ, teaching that man was not made to eat and drink and stare and die like the animals; that he was not made for any destiny that this world can either bestow or take away; that God, the eternal, the infinitely good and true and beautiful, is man's beginning and man's end. Thenceforth, this is proclaimed to be the dignity of human nature, this the responsibility of human conduct, this the comfort and uplifting inspiration of humanity as it journeys through thorns and briars and pitfalls toward light eternal.

Within the shining of that wisdom there likewise radiates from the Cross the power of God, making man not only wise, but brave, generous, nay heroic, to strive after the real utilities and greatness of life, the true objects of ambition, the fitting aims of energy, the worthy goal of endeavor. Thenceforth the world recognizes that in the final judgment of God, true greatness of achievement depends on greatness of character. It does not consist in love of self but in love of God and humanity; not in lust and greed, but in purity and unselfishness; that the more Christ-like a man is in motive and in character, the more will his life-work be an honor to humanity and a blessing to his generation; that the very highest ideal of human greatness is the consecration of life and death to supreme love of God and devoted love of humanity.

This was an ideal that heathenism was incapable of, because it had no notion of God as worthy of supreme love, and no notion of humanity as worthy of devoted unselfish service. The Cross of Christ was the teacher of this wisdom and the inspirer of this heroism by what it taught both of God and of man. It was into this sublimity of wisdom, this heroism and power of life, that humanity had to be, as our Lord declared "born again." This is "the new life brought into the world by His Saviour. This is the life that He took up when, having cast off the world's iniquities and follies which He had born in His body on the Cross, He rose glorious from the tomb. This is to be henceforth the life of Christendom.

But the prince of this world, although cast down from his throne by our Lord has during all these centuries remained ever hostile, ever alert, ever ready to rebuke the Kingdom of Christ. The history of the errors and the waywardness of these ages has been the history of Satan's endeavors to lure mankind back from the spirit of the Cross—the spirit of self-immolation, to the spirit of self-indulgence, self-seeking, self assertion; from the spirit of—Christianity back to the spirit of heathenism; from the wisdom and power of God to the wisdom and power of Satan.

He too has had his "new birth," the renaissance of heathen ideals and tastes and philosophies in the thought and the literature of modern times. And history has shown how, in the lives both of individuals and of races, it has brought forth the fruits of death which made the prophet exclaim of old: "Know thou and see that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God"—it has always ended in pessimism, misanthropy, and despair. The spirit of Epicurus has always led to the bitter gloom of the Stoics. Though clad in all the fascinations of sentimentalism, it has but taught the old familiar lesson, that human life is a failure when it is not guided by the wisdom and the power of God; that the lesson of the Cross of Christ is the only salvation for the world."

It is just as easy to contract the pure speech habit as it is to take on that of profanity.

THE UNION OF TWO GREAT SCOTCH HOUSES.

Not for many years has an engagement been announced which has caused such general satisfaction in London as that between the young Marquis of Graham and Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton. The Marquis is the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Montrose. Lady Mary is the only child of the late twelfth Duke of Hamilton, and the late King of Scotland. Their marriage will link together two of the greatest houses in Scotland, which for centuries were conspicuous in the making of Scotch history. From the more human point of view the match appeals still more strongly to sentimental feeling. It is entirely cupid's work, and both the lad and the lassie embody the best traditions of their lineage. They are proof that aristocracy can still produce as fine, healthy specimens of virile manhood and womanhood as democracy.

"Bonnie" is perhaps the word that best describes Lady Mary. She is good-looking, but it would be an exaggeration to call her beautiful. She has the frank, open countenance that bespeaks kindness of heart and sincerity and a wholesome, sunny nature. Full of complexion, the outdoor life that she has led has imparted a ruddy glow to her cheeks and given grace and elasticity to her carriage. She is one of the best horse women in the kingdom; is always in the first flight in the hunting field, and is one of the few women masters of hounds in the country. With rod and rifle she is equally expert, and has humbled the pride of many a man who has gone deer stalking with her. She is natural and unaffected in manner, dresses simply and cares nothing for what is called smart society.

There is royal blood as well as the choicest assortment of blue blood in Lady Mary's veins. One of her ancestors, the first Lord Hamilton, married in 1474 Princess Mary Stuart, the daughter of King James II. of Scotland, through whom his descendants became next heirs to the crown after the Stuarts. In fact, according to the laws of hereditary succession, she has a better claim to the English throne than King Edward VII. By other ties of consanguinity she is closely related to some of the present royal families of Europe. Her father's mother was Princess Stephanie of Baden, the younger daughter of Grand Duke Carl, who died in 1818, and was married to the Viscountess Stephanie de Beauharnais, the adopted daughter of Napoleon I. She is therefore the great-granddaughter of the ill-starred Emperor Josephine and a cousin of the Grand Duke of Baden, the king of Wurtemberg and the Crown Princess of Sweden.

The Marquis of Graham is a strapping fine fellow, standing six feet tall, with athletic frame and well modeled, clear-cut features, that bear the unmistakable stamp of life early and hard. He began the Duke's heir does that he deserves a lot more credit than ordinary plebeian folk, because the temptations that beset him to take life easy are vastly greater. When he left Eton College instead of passing on to Oxford or Cambridge, he voluntarily sought the more practical kind of education that of real life, with plenty of hard and thorough work. Resolved to make a thorough man of himself, he shipped as a common sailor, served a full apprenticeship in the mercantile marine, obtained his master's certificate when he was twenty-one, and proved his competency by navigating Lord Brassey's steam yacht, the "Sunbeam," from Australia to England, and later to Canada. He completed the great educational voyage, and the better educated himself for the command of the Clyde division of the Naval Volunteers, he went through a course of gunnery at Portsmouth.

Naturally this stalwart representative of the fighting Grahams jumped at the chance the South African war offered him to take the field and get under fire. During the famous battle of De Wet he was in action no less than twenty-nine times in thirty-one consecutive days—something of a record even for those days of endless skirmishes. For his gallantry he was mentioned in dispatches and was rewarded with a medal and three clasps.

A fluent and effective speaker he took to politics a few years ago, and at the General Election he contested Strirlingshire as a Unionist candidate, but Democracy was on the other side and he was defeated. He is far better qualified for Parliamentary career than any of the other young lordlings who managed to escape being submerged by the democratic flood, and there is little doubt that he will some day succeed in winning a seat in the House of Commons. Meanwhile, the business of making plenty of land for himself leaves him little time for dawdling about drawing-rooms.

He will be twenty-eight years old next May. His father is fifty-four. If he survives his father he will inherit half a dozen other titles in addition to that of Duke of Montrose, and will come into possession of 115,000 acres of land. But like much of the land in Scotland, the Montrose property does not yield a very large rental, and there is little money from other sources which finds its way into the Montrose exchequer. In fact, the Montrose dukedom stands in great need of a rich chatelaine and several English society journals have expressed satisfaction that the Marquis did not have to go to America to find one.

Lady Mary is a very wealthy woman but since her coming of age last November many grossly exaggerated reports have been published, here and in America, concerning her wealth and possessions—some estimating the former at anything between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 a year; others crediting her with 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 in cash and estates yielding enormous revenues in her absolute control. As a matter of fact, she owns not an acre of land in fee simple or at her own disposal. Under her father's will her estates, comprising some 107,000 acres, are held in trust for her, the income

therefrom to be paid to her during her life. Should she marry and have male issue the later will inherit the property but failing such issue, it will revert, on her death, to the then Duke of Hamilton.

From lands alone Lady Mary's income, at a liberal estimate, does not exceed \$175,000 a year. Her father bequeathed to her \$500,000 in cash, to be paid to her either on her marriage day or when she attained her twenty-fifth birthday. Since 1895 she has received the interest on this capital sum. She is by no means the richest heiress in the kingdom, but she is by long odds the richest titled spinster, for as a rule the daughters of noble families, which are hedged about by the law of entail, receive a comparatively small share of the ancestral wealth and acres.

Had she been born a boy instead of a girl, she would now be two dukes, two earls, three marquises and eight barons, all rolled into one. Her 107,000 acres would have stretched to 150,000 and would have included Hamilton Palace, the magnificent ducal seat. The man who has gained what she is to through being born a girl was, at the time of her birth, plain Lieut. Douglas Hamilton, of the Royal Navy. He is her fifth cousin only; his nearest ducal ancestor lived in the time of Cromwell, and so remote seemed his chances at first of ever succeeding to the premier peerage of Scotland that he did not even hyphenate his name or sport a crest. But death swept from his path one by one, the several relatives who intervened between him and the dukedom, and, by the time it became evident there was no chance that the stork would pay a second visit to Hamilton Palace and perhaps bring a boy with him, the naval lieutenant was his presumptive heir to the longest string of titles in Scotland. The duke made the best of what he naturally regarded as a bad job by so fixing things that his distant kinsman should get not an acre more of land than the law of entail entitled him to, and not a dollar in cash did he bequeath to him. In consequence the reigning Duke of Hamilton is wretchedly poor—for a duke—and in Hamilton Palace there are many rooms which are absolutely bare because he cannot afford to furnish them. He would be hardly human if he does not cherish the secret hope that the stork will bring only girls to the future Duke and Duchess of Montrose. That would make a big difference to his own heir.

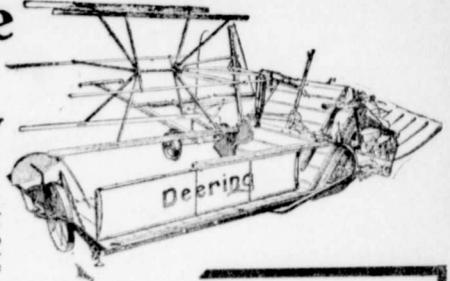
Lady Mary, meanwhile, has a bounteous heritage which is hers to enjoy for life. The biggest part of her domain is the picturesque island of Arran, in the Fifth of Clyde, sixty miles in circumference, and with five thousand inhabitants, whom she rules as a virtual queen, with the feudal title of the Lady of Arran. She is much beloved by the simple island folk, who regard her as the head of the Douglas clan, and, as such, would fight for her to the death if need be. And yet, strange to relate, she does not possess of the island to the treasury against a Douglas of that name Lord Hamilton who endowed her with the royal blood of the Stuarts. He joined a rebellion against King James under the leadership of Sir James Douglas, but on the eve of battle he deserted to the royal side with all his followers. In consequence Hamilton was defeated, and Lord Douglas was rewarded with a large share of his possessions, including the Isle of Arran. Marriage united the two houses again some two centuries later, and on the death of the Duke of Douglas in 1761 without issue, James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, became the heir male and head of that grand old house, and annexed the name of Douglas to his own.

Lady Mary has two residences on Arran Island. The chief of them is Brodie Castle, a grand old place, commanding a magnificent view of mountain and sea. In earlier times a fortress stood on the site of it which the heroic Bruce captured from the English. According to local legends it was while hiding in one of the Arran caves that he learned the famous words of the epilogue: "Lady Mary's other house, on the other side of the island, she modestly terms a shooting box, but so well it is equipped, and so romantic is the surrounding scenery, that when the King went on a cruise on the west coast of Scotland, four years ago, he was glad to put up there for a few days. At Eaton Park, Suffolk, in England, she has another large estate, with a magnificent residence and a stabling accommodation for fifty horses. Truly the Fates have dealt kindly with Lady Mary, barring the little matter of making her a girl instead of a boy.

Walter de Hamilton, the first of the line to attain prominence in Scotch history, was one of the barons who adhered to the English cause in the war of independence, but after the battle of Bannockburn he changed his politics, made his peace with Bruce and received several large grants of land. The barony had become a dukedom when Charles I. ascended the throne. He entrusted the first duke with the task of persuading the Scotch Covenanters to abandon their league and covenant and join the royal cause. The duke failed in his mission which so incensed the King that he locked up, notwithstanding this scurrily treatment, after the fall of the monarchy, the duke raised a Scotch army to rescue the King, was defeated at Preston, and beheaded in 1649. His brother, the second duke, tried to put Charles II. on the throne and lost his life in the battle of Worcester, 1650.

The family to which the Duke of Montrose belongs goes back to the time of David I. King of the Scots. Sir David Graham was one of the Scottish leaders employed to negotiate the ransom of David II., who was made prisoner by the English at the battle of Durbanham in 1346. The family were first elevated to the peerage in 1445, when a barony was conferred on Patrick Graham, on his becoming one of the Lords of the Regency during the minority of King James II. After two generations this barony was raised to an earldom in consideration of the gallantry the third Lord Graham exhibited at the battle of Sauchieburn, where his King was killed. In 1612 a marquise was conferred on the family.

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It was the first Marquis of Montrose, greatest of all the "fighting Grahams"—the most brilliant soldier, perhaps, that Scotland ever produced, who made the name forever famous in Scotch song and story. Everybody knows—or is supposed to know—how well he fought for his royal master, Charles I, and perished for him on the scaffold. It was not until 1795 that the family reached the topmost round of the ladder, the fourth marquis being made first Duke of Montrose for conspicuous service to the State.—E. Lisle Snell, in Independent.

CATHOLICS IN BALTIMORE.

Henry Morgan in April Donahoe's. If Lord Baltimore, in applying for priests for the colony in America, could have foreseen a tithe of such results what hope would have inspired his work of colonization! "The barn himself is unable to find support for the Fathers," he wrote, "nor can they expect sustenance from heretics hostile to the Faith, nor from Catholics who are most part poor, nor from the savages who live after the manner of wild beasts." And yet sustenance was provided. To day the Archdiocese of Baltimore numbers two hundred and fifty thousand souls, ministered to by four hundred priests under the direction of the Cardinal Archbishop, whose wise, beneficent administration has won the love of his people, and excited the admiration of all classes and denominations in America. With deep tenderness the reverend Cardinal recalled his personal associations with the historic Cathedral:

"As for myself, I need not tell you that my most hallowed associations are entwined around this venerable cathedral. Every stone of the building is sacred to me. It was in this church that I was regenerated in the waters of Dr. White's baptism. Under its shadow I was raised to the priesthood. In this temple I was consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Spalding, of happy memory. It was here that the insignia of cardinalial rank were conferred on me by a representative of Leo XIII. Here I have labored as a priest and prelate, and ministered to you and your fathers for thirty-two years.

"I intend to continue to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to preach within these walls as long as God will give me life and strength. And when my earthly career is ended—which in the course of nature and in the order of Providence is not far distant—I expect that my body will repose in this crypt beside the ashes of my illustrious predecessors, and I hope it may there remain undisturbed, if God so wills, till the glorious dawn of the resurrection."

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 THOMAS COFFEY
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1906.

BISHOP WILLIAM McDONELL.

The Catholic Record sends sincerest greetings to Right Rev. Wm. McDonell, the newly consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Alexandria. He has become the Chief Pastor of a historic district in the Catholic life of British North America—one which has occupied no inconsiderable place in the minds of those who have supplied us with the stories of Canada's birth and progress. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Church on this continent were we brought face to face with more manly, bright, God-fearing and sturdy examples of uncompromising Catholic faith than was and is yet to be found amongst the stalwart Highlanders of old Glenarry. Since the day when they braved the storms of the Atlantic in the primitive sailing ships, and landed on Canada's soil, they have been remarkable for the tenacity with which they have clung to the traditions of the Church of their forefathers in Scotland, and their firm attachment to the laws and institutions of their adopted country, and, though Jacobites in the days of Prince Charlie, none have been more truly loyal to the British crown. Well have they treasured the lessons so firmly implanted in the hearts of their fathers by the first and second great Bishops who bore the same name as the present incumbent of the See. May his days be long in the land! May his faithfulness and love and obedience of his flock be ever a balm to his fatherly heart! May every blessing be with him and about him as he fulfills the great duties of his exalted station!

We will next week publish a report of the ceremonies attending the consecration on Sunday last.

CHURCH UNION.

At the session of the Presbyterian General Assembly held in London on June 9th deputations from the Baptist and Methodist churches presented the greetings of similar assemblies or conferences. On the part of the Methodists, Rev. Jas. Livingstone, was spokesman, and Rev. J. J. Ross for the Baptists.

All the speakers expressed the most cordial interest and sympathy with the work being done by the Assembly and the Presbyterian church generally.

Even though a union is contemplated between some of these denominations, as well as with the Congregationalists, the union must be now regarded as being in the air loaded with some false or dubious doctrines taught by all the bodies which have it in their minds, even as a possibility to give up some doctrines on the occasion of the completion of the prospective union.

St. Paul tells us in Eph. iv. that we "should walk worthy of the vocation in which we are called. . . . Careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. One body, and one Spirit. . . . in one hope of your vocation. One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, etc."

Surely such unity is lacking where we are directed to believe a diversity of doctrine as revealed by Christ Who directed His Apostles to teach the observance of all things whatsoever He had commanded.

We are also told (Eph. iv.) that for this very end the various offices of the ecclesiastical hierarchy were appointed, for the perfection of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, till we all meet in the unity of Faith. . . . that we may not now be children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine in the wickedness of men, in craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive.

But we may be told, that the lost unity of the Church will be restored after the completion of the prospective union. But in this case there has been no true Church of Christ, at all events not since the great persecution of Diocletian in A. D. 303 to 313 and especially during the last three hundred and eighty-nine years, since the Protestant sects began to emerge from their bacterial or bacilli. And in the meantime, what has become of the true Church of Christ against which the gates of hell shall not prevail? (St. Matt. xvi., 18.)

In the meantime, the three or four hundred sects existing, all anathematizing each other until now, and even they have scarcely ceased to do so while they are seeking a reunion!

The proposed reunion will only extend to a few denominations, leaving the hundreds as they stand opposed to each other on many doctrinal grounds, as New Lights, Blue Lights, Quakers, New Old and Wet, Tunkers and Dunk-

ards, Hook and Eye, and Suspender Mennonites, etc.

But we cannot forget that the Church of England as one of the parties to the proposed arrangement at the present moment thus condemns sectaries: "Whoever will be saved: before all things, it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith; which Faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled: Without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." (Athanasian Creed.)

The Kirk of Scotland in its General Assembly on Aug. 27, 1647, approved the Westminster Confession as "most orthodox. . . . and being agreed upon in both kingdoms is a great strengthening of the true reformed religion against the common enemies thereof."

It will be remarked that Holy Scripture nowhere tells us that we are to seek the true Church among a number of diverging sects which teach contradictory doctrines; but whosever will not obey the decisions of the one true Church which He established, must be regarded as a heathen or a publican.

There is only one such Church which Christ has established, and to which "the Lord added daily such as should be saved." (Acts ii. 47.)

The prospective unionists have set about their purpose in quite a different manner. They have determined that the negotiating organizations shall put out of the way some doctrines and modify others till they produce something which will be best in accord with public opinion, and the Church thus patched up from much discordant material will be called by some fanciful name never before heard of, and lo! the resultant piece of patchwork will be a bran new Church of Christ, and as true as the assembly formerly decreed the Westminster Confession to be the only true religion of Almighty God.

A HERESY TRIAL.

The trial of the Rev. Dr. Algonern Sidney Crapsey, Rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal church of Rochester, N. Y., took place in Batavia the week before last, the charge against Dr. Crapsey being that he taught a doctrine of the physical non-resurrection of Christ from the dead.

The good life of the rev. gentleman was not at all in dispute, and it was admitted that in his parish and elsewhere, he manifested very great charity toward the poor: it is stated as a matter of fact that he makes it his practice to distribute to the poor his whole salary, amounting to \$3,000. He is admitted to be a scholarly man, and an effective and earnest preacher. The Church authorities held that a preacher has no right to teach doctrines which are opposed to the declared belief of the Church, as contained in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Mr. Crapsey has maintained and still maintains the right of the individual Protestant Episcopalian to differ from other individuals of his church, and even from the decisive teaching of his Church, in regard to statements in the Bible on what doctrines are to be believed or rejected.

Dr. Crapsey maintained that Christ rose spiritually from the dead, and that His spiritual resurrection, not "the physical one," is the keynote of the Christian religion.

Our interest in this trial does not arise from any pleasure we take in the squabbles over dogma as understood by our separated brethren, but we admit that it gives us pleasure to see the sects maintain in full "the faith once delivered to the saints," or at least that they do not easily give up so much of the ancient faith as they do still maintain. We are glad to notice that the Protestant Episcopalian continue as a whole to believe in the Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus our Redeemer, for it gives additional strength to our faith when we see that even a much weakened faith in Christianity, is able to make a fairly good fight in maintaining the teachings of "One Lord, and one Faith," even though Socinianism or Unitarianism has made considerable havoc in its ranks.

BELGIUM AND THE CONGO LAND.

The London (England) morning papers severely criticize the report of the Congo Commission which was appointed by the Belgian Government, and, of course, the appointment was approved by King Leopold after the usual manner of constitutionally governed Monarchies and Republics, such as England and the United States.

Now that this Committee has given its formal report in the usual manner the Protestant papers say, and re-echo with great perseverance, the cry that this Commission was called into existence to whitewash the Belgian King and Government before the face of the European powers, and that it has done so. This report has admitted that there were some—that is, a few scandalous acts—committed which must

be attributed to Belgian officials in the discharge of their duties in governing the country, and the recommendation is made that immediate steps should be taken to bring the government of the tribes more immediately under the control of the king and the Belgian government, and this has been done already, and though the time is not long since the investigation was completed most of the recommendations of this commission have been already put into force.

Only a few days have passed since with the proved conjuncture of an even direct approval of the Russian Czar and his Council, a fearful slaughter was perpetrated upon the Jews of that country, and when in the British House of Commons the Government was questioned whether remonstrances would be sent to Russia against these outrages, the Government replied that according to the usages of nations, no Government has a right to remonstrate, and still less threaten another with punishment for neglecting to keep up strict justice, or to blame that Government for its treatment of its own subjects, even though such treatment were most cruel. In fact the reply was that the Government of Great Britain has no mandate from its people to intervene between any Government and its subjects for their protection against their own rulers.

But the government of Russia is a powerful one, whereas that of Belgium is weak, and England has acceded to the request of a junta of Liverpool merchants so far as to ask the European powers to intervene for the protection of the natives of the Congo territory against cruelties inflicted by Belgium while attempting to govern that country. A crusade is also being preached by ministers of various sects to the same ends which is to deliver the Congo from the cruel rule of Belgium. The purpose here is evidently to strengthen the hands of England in the demand for improvement, and ultimately to hand over the Congo to the rule of the British rather than of the Belgian government. But the demand is readily traceable to the Liverpool merchants who constitute the "Congo Reform Association," and this organization has gained over about one dozen English missionaries to aid it by preaching a crusade in America so that by the united influence of Great Britain and America, England may be asked by the powers to replace King Leopold, and his Government there; and some few atrocities which have been committed by the savage troops, though contrary to orders given them, have been attributed to orders given by the Belgian rulers, so as to make it appear that the Belgian Government is fully responsible for these and other savage deeds committed in the act of governing.

It was at a meeting of the powers assembled in Berlin in 1885, or twenty-one years ago, that Belgium was requested to take up "the White Man's burden," and to make accessible to the world the natural riches of the country, and to civilize it.

Within that short period of time, the cannibal tribes have been induced to give up their cannibalism, and to become Christians for the most part, and as but few Protestant missionaries were sent, the great majority of these converted cannibals are Catholics.

Another reason for this is the fact reported by the British Consul, Mr. Casement, who had been himself a trader, and had travelled much of the time with the Protestant missionaries, that the part of the Congo land which was administered by Belgium was flourishing, whereas in the Uganda and other provinces where Protestant missions were established, were torpid and sickly.

But the Liverpool Congo Reform Association saw a grand opportunity of trade if the Congo Free State could be brought under British rule, and having enlisted on their side the Protestant missionaries to represent the Protestant portion of the Congo country as flourishing both spiritually and temporally, while that which is under the teaching of the Catholic priests of Belgium is misrepresented as cruelly dominated over by Belgian officials.

1. The first fact to be noted in connection with this matter is that King Leopold has abolished the Arab Congo Slave Trade.

2. The Hon. John Campbell stated in the British House of Commons that the anti-Belgie agitation was raised through jealousy on account of the rubber and ivory trades being managed by another nation than the British. These trades are very remunerative to those engaged in it, and the British Company would be glad to monopolize them. They hope that by means of a strong agitation in England and America they may succeed in gaining this monopoly, whereas the other powers in Europe have no desire to bring about such a state of affairs, and have treated the English demand rather coolly, no other power but Turkey having offered to back up the demand.

But here, let us see what some disinterested witnesses have to say on the subject.

Major Harrison, an English officer, travelled not long ago through the whole Congo State, and after his return home, declared in the London Times:

"I am not alone in discovering so much that is good in the Belgian Administration. It is vouched for by other English officers who have hunted and travelled among the natives beyond the Nile." Referring to Major Cromer's previously issued on this matter, Major Harrison said: "Lord Cromer contrasts the peaceful settled state and the confidence of the tribes under English rule on the Nile as compared with those on Belgian territory; yet within a few months of his visit a whole British force was annihilated on the Bahrel Ghazal, while in the Game Ordinance published last year it is stated: 'The whole of the left bank of the Nile is at present closed to sportsmen owing to the unsettled state of the natives.'"

Contrasting that part of the Congo with the Belgian part, Major Harrison says: "Through the whole of my Congo trip, absolutely alone, I wandered about, visiting fifty different tribes and hundreds of villages armed, as a rule, with a camera, umbrella and a collating gun; yet I had no unpleasant experiences. On the contrary, I was received with kindness far different to any I ever met with when hunting among British African natives." He continues:

"As for the way in which the Belgians have opened out the country, it is wonderful. The posts are now all well built brick houses, excellent roads connect many of the posts, while all sorts of vegetables and fruits are being grown, cattle and sheep being introduced in many parts." "My views are shared by Major Gibbons and Captain Bell, both of whom have had chances of seeing life inland from the Nile."

Dr. Christy, a scientist who spent two years in the Congo, studying the "sleeping sickness," says he did see sometimes men without noses, or ears, or hands, but in a country in which cannibalism has been rampant only a few years ago this has to be expected, and he saw as many such persons in Uganda, the English settlement, as in any other part of that country. This is not to be wondered at where there are thirty-four million natives who were once cannibals, and only a few thousand Europeans.

Lord Cromer's opinion founded upon sure facts is undoubtedly worth a good deal, but it has been ascertained and he has admitted that he only spoke so far as he saw the facts, and his opinion was formed after a few days' voyage on the Congo side of the Nile where he had no opportunity to see more than eighty miles in length of Belgian territory which lay beside the Congo river.

THE BIBLE AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X. issued on the 27th of March an interesting brief dealing with the question of the course of Biblical reading and study which is specially needed for young clerics preparing for ordination to the priesthood.

The Pope says: "The Biblical Question has, perhaps, never been of such importance as it is to-day, and it is, therefore, absolutely necessary that young clerics should be assiduously trained in the knowledge of the Scriptures, so that they may not only know and understand the force and character and teaching of the Bible, but that they may be skillfully and rightly trained in the ministry of the Divine Word, and able to defend the books written by the inspiration of God from the attacks of those who deny that anything has been divinely handed down to us."

"To this end, Our Illustrations predecessor in his encyclical 'Providentissimus' decreed: 'Let the greatest care be taken in ecclesiastical seminaries and academies, to have the Sacred Scriptures taught in a manner befitting the importance of this study, and the necessity of the present moment.'"

It needs no new definition of our Holy Father to impress upon Catholics the deep importance of an acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures on the part of Catholic people in general, and such an acquaintance should be had by all English speaking Catholics owing to the fact that at the beginning of all our English Catholic Bibles there are two documents incalculating this. One is a letter from his Holiness Pope Pius VI. addressed to the Most Rev. Anthony Martini, Archbishop of Turin, praising his very great piety insofar as he had translated anew the Bible into the Italian tongue for the use of his dioceses. The Pope says in this Epistle that "The faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures: for these are the more abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from their purity of morals and of doctrines, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in the corrupt times." The other document is a decree from the Council of Trent containing a similar recommendation, and naming the Books which are received by the Catholic Church as Sacred and Canonical.

The Holy Father Pope Pius X. orders that instruction in Sacred Scripture in all seminaries should be given on the meaning of inspiration, Canon of Scripture, the original text, and the most important variants, and the analysis, exegesis and history of both Testaments. Moreover the Pope declares that the Chair of Scriptural Teaching in different seminaries must be filled according to their means, yet "no student is to be deprived of the means of learning those things of which a priest may not lawfully be ignorant."

For some time past some so-called Divines of various sects which are busying themselves for the nonce with the work of Protestantizing the French Canadians, have been making special efforts to spread in Ontario the belief that Catholics in Quebec are forbidden to read the Bible. This, of course, is specially a falsehood; but its object, we should think, ought to be clearly enough seen even by a majority of those whom it is intended to deceive. The recent decree of Pope Pius X., which is intended for the use of priests and students for the priesthood everywhere, will tear away from the faces of the Deceivers in Canada who are endeavoring to create a false impression on Canadian Protestants, that they may be induced to contribute more generously to the spread of the mutilated Gospel in Quebec. We are very grateful to our Holy Father, the Pope that he has issued his decree for the circulation of the truth and knowledge of the Gospel at so opportune a moment.

BEER AND ATHLETICS.

It has been a very general belief that German athletes when brought into competition with stalwarts of other countries, the heavy body of the German gives him a great advantage over those of other nationalities. But the failure of German athletes to gain athletic honors in the recent Olympian games at Greece has been remarkable, their physical achievements having been very low among the nations. German writers acquainted with the athletic art do not hesitate to say that the beer-drinking habits of the German are the chief cause of this deterioration of the race, which is sapping their natural vigor which has been so conspicuous an attribute of the German tribes of the seventh to the ninth and even to the sixteenth century.

There is a general agreement among medical men that this is the cause of the failure, as it is an obstacle to the tautness and stiffness of the human muscles among Germans in comparison with American and English athletes.

Another correlative cause of this failure is that the frequent use of beer causes superfluous fat and affects the heart injuriously. Surely in the face of medical expert testimony to this state of the case, the only cure of the falling away of the race in vigor as a testimony by modern anatomists on this question is to give up the custom of beer drinking. Other races will be affected in precisely the same way, from the same causes. And as beer-drinking is but one form of the use of alcohol as a beverage, the consequences of the use of alcohol in this form, should lead to the disuse of all alcoholic drinks as a beverage.

INFLUENCE OF THOUGHT.

WHAT WE THINK IS WHAT WE ARE.
 Very few people realize their responsibility as thinkers. A person may think that so long as he makes no outward sign of an ignoble thought that he has a perfect right to think what he pleases. He may entertain a hateful, jealous, angry thought, and think of keeping these feelings to himself, and that no one else knows that he is envious, jealous or angry; but nevertheless, even though he makes no outward sign of what he is thinking, yet the mind spreads its contagion from his mind to every other mind that comes within his influence.

Thoughts are just as real as action, and whether we carry our thoughts out in action or not, it has a potent force and goes out whether we want it to or not. Thoughts have a greater influence on human life and destiny than most people have any idea of, and the unseen and unheard influence of thought is often far more irresistible than words or deeds. That man who thinks that by suppressing the utterance of anger, malice or envy, that he is doing harm to no one, unless it be himself, has a wrong idea entirely. Everything we think has its influence not only upon ourselves, but upon all around about us.

It is not what we say and do that determines what we really are, but it is our thoughts that make us. Evil or unclean thoughts manifest themselves in the very bones and sinews of the body. They stamp themselves upon the features and leave their imprint upon the whole physique. On the other hand, if we think kind, helpful, wholesome thoughts their influence is so well marked upon the body; they speak from the eyes and write themselves upon the countenance. What we think more directly affects ourselves than anybody else, yet it is an old truth, that no man lives to himself alone; and what we think is what we are, and our real influence on the lives of others is according to what we think.—Evelyn Pickens in Medical Talk.

THE JESUITS IN SCOTLAND.

"In Scotland, where the figure of the Jesuit flits through every page of its stirring history, the numbers of the Brotherhood are by no means large; but their work is all the more within the blaze of public light, their labors pursued with a lofty disregard of human motives. Even within our own city there exist many interesting recollections of work pursued with singular vigor, and of successful missionary enterprise achieved under difficulties. "The Scottish Jesuits come prominently into the picturesque incidents of pre-Reformation history. In the year 1589 the Jesuit was the malinstay of ecclesiastical life. After the upheaval, his existence has become a sort of blank, for in 1611 there is record of only one Jesuit priest. But, wearing the garb of laymen, they nevertheless existed in great numbers, and few houses of the nobility were without, the Jesuit in the fold. Their services were punishable by death. 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SCIENCE BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

It has usually been the custom to think of science in the narrow sense...

Anyone who has read any of the recent contributions to our knowledge of the work done in the thirteenth century...

COLLEGE. To college or to the streets, of them, determined circumstances of the question...

about this is, intellects are not that many neglected and...

is fact is particularly so in large waste energy that hundreds of colleges rather...

to get to the right to a higher education. Do not sit the advancement of our...

SUGGESTION. get to the support the better," says "the better" for our literature...

How happy is he who, in hours of discouragement and sadness, can have recourse to work and prayer!

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

At the moment when we hear of the elevation of the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick...

CATHOLICS URGED TO ACTIVITY

NO GOVERNMENT CAN EXIST IF BASED ON IRRIGLION AND MATERIALISM.

The Knights of Columbus New Haven convention last week was notable for the striking addresses made at it...

Our country, therefore, is doubly dear to us. We were here at its first discovery...

The early discoverers of America as well as our revolutionary forefathers were imbued with strong religious principles...

While, therefore, gazing in our triumphs and pride, we could not, if we would, fail to discover those ominous clouds...

The thoughtful statesman of America, the hopeful patriot and the virtuous citizen who knows and feels that the nation's prosperity...

How happy is he who, in hours of discouragement and sadness, can have recourse to work and prayer!

have animated our past and secured our present, we can render a signal service at this time to our country...

POWER OF PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

The propagation and perpetuation of animal and other life has attending it close and rigid physical resemblance.

Child-study discloses the fact that this physical resemblance is reinforced in the human family by even stronger characteristics.

It is quite apparent, therefore, that the future life of the child, because of its rigid imitation, depends on the life of its parents.

THE TRUE FOOD OF OUR SOULS.

Processions and public honors are suitable and useful and even necessary to show our loyalty to our Lord in the Holy Eucharist...

There is no longer any doubt as to what is meant by frequent Communion. Our present Holy Father in a recent decree has declared that frequent Communion is the duty of the young...

Let us therefore, listen to the appeal of our Holy Father urging us to receive the Body of our Lord as often as we may, for it is our true food.

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needed it is to be found on every hand. Children so fortified may in their years of maturity turn from God to attain the common ambition—money.

FALSE STANDARDS.

The greatest mistake that is being made in the training of the children of today is the exaltation of the money standard—the exploiting of the price mark as a goal.

For it comes to us all sooner or later, that the best things of life are un-purchaseable by any tender so far purchased by the hand of man.

Young people should be trained in the giving of such service. Learning to think of others sweetens the nature and helps in the unfolding of the rose of character which should one day show a perfect bloom.

SOCIETY WOMEN IN CONVENTS

The conversion of Princess Ena, now Queen, to the Catholic faith, recalls to mind how many recent converts there have been.

The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns: Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite order, and Lady Etheldreda Howard is a Sister of Charity.

Not all are attracted with the instinct to help their fellow-beings: it is God-given. And with this thought there comes the memory of a golden hair, now stilled these two years to all earthly harmonies...

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A SELF-EXILE.

Good works and heroic deeds are always appreciated. Not to be preaching, but to the doors of good works is the promise of blissful immortality made.

The Philippine Government has established a model colony for lepers on Cullion, a small island about a day's sail from Manila to the south.

Not for the love of his Master and his fellowman. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

For it comes to us all sooner or later, that the best things of life are un-purchaseable by any tender so far purchased by the hand of man.

OUR HOLY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

The 2nd of June was the Pope's birthday—his seventy-second. It was celebrated quietly, or rather not celebrated at all, except in extra devotion by the Pope and his court in Rome.

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Bowel Troubles of Childhood

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of FRUIT-A-TIVES as a medicine for children.

Fruit-a-tives are fruit juices—concentrated and combined with the most valuable tonics and internal antiseptics known to medicine.

Fruit-a-tives are free of calomel, cascara, senna and the host of violent purgatives that simply act by irritating the bowels.

Get a box now—today. 50c. a box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them.



FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

TO THE GRADUATE.

Pain and effort are the yardstick not only of earthly success, but of virtue itself. It is well for the graduate to begin in the belief that suffering is the portion of the good.

The infidel often sits down to-day and enjoys a hearty laugh at the expense of our God. He says: "Is this thy God, O Christian?—He thy friend, thy best benefactor?—thy fond Father, who looks out from His heavenly kingdom and sees the children of His adoption ragged and beggarly in tears at His gates?"

How is it that your God is not so kind to you who profess to know and love Him as He is to me who submissively ignores His existence and loves not, because I believe there is nothing to love?

So does the infidel carp and sneer at what is often a puzzle to the thoughtful Christian, a puzzle that the thoughtless man never sees. He is the first to serve God best, get apparently least for their labor—that act of Christian heroism.

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IN THE SUN AND NOT "SO."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. The New York Sun in an editorial article on the English Education Bill...

WASHING Without RUBBING



Here's a machine that washes clothes without rubbing—and all but works itself.

Bible, and the only interpreter the judgment of the individual enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

THE ONLY SOLUTION OF THE WORLD'S TANGLES.

Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, in making the baccalaureate address at Iowa State University last week, discussed a matter that is well made clear to the average mind of our day.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

ITS POWER OVER ITS PEOPLE IS A PUZZLE TO ITS OPONENTS. It is estimated that the Catholics in London number 200,000, and their Irish element in the population, just as the Presbyterian Church counts among its adherents most of those of Scottish birth.

It is one of the strangest characteristics of the Church of Rome that she alone among the denominations has discovered the secret of grappling to herself with hooks of steel men and women from every rank of society and every grade of culture.

It is only those with some personal knowledge of her adherents who have any idea of the diversity of individual conviction which attains repose under the apparently rigid and unbending system by which her authority is exercised.

"TIM" HEALY'S ACT OF FAITH.

One of the most meteoric geniuses in the history of modern Ireland is undoubtedly the irrepressible "Tim" Healy, and one of the grandest acts of faith that an English Parliament ever made to hear, fell from his lips in the discussion of the great school question, now occupying the time of the solons of Great Britain.

GRAFT.

Every paper, every book, every magazine of the hour, seems to have chosen for the popular theme graft, till we are led to exclaim: Have we a honest public man, in politics, in trade, in commerce; nay, even in the home?

Have we no honest men worthy of press space? Most of the present investigation appear but as the greatest farces. Why are these no condemnations? It is not "through the mighty power of publicity," as the New York World puts it, that any final convictions can be made, but by the strong and constant series of government investigations.

Inculcating principles of right, truth and honesty. Teach them the nobleness of honesty, the supremacy of truth over every other factor of life. To our shame it must be admitted that the average daily paper is not fit to go into the hands of our youth to day.

Co-Operation in Civic and Patriotic Affairs.

Catholic Americans should not hesitate to co-operate with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens in civic and patriotic affairs. Over in Germany the Catholic leaders do not hold aloof from their fellow countrymen of other creeds in movements making for good citizenship.

A Lesson.

The late Dr. Carmont, dean of the Scotch diocesan clergy, was in his day one of the most brilliant students of the Scots College at Rome. On one occasion he tied with the late Archbishop Croke, then a student of the Irish College, for the first medal in dogmatic theology.

Destructive Fire.

Nicolet, Que., June 22.—A disastrous conflagration broke out here last evening, which, sooting, gutted and utterly destroyed the magnificent new cathedral, the old parish church, the splendid convent of the Sisters of the Assumption and the residence of Mgr. Suzor.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

Non-Catholics make confession their great bugaboo, says a contemporary. It is not at all uncommon to hear a non-Catholic say that if it were not for the tribunal of penance they would become Catholics. They say they are afraid to confess to the priest. They protest that they do not think it right to tell their sins to a mere man, and so on.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

REV. FATHER BUCKLEY HONORED. Owen Sound Times, June 15, 1906.

As previously announced in The Times, the removal of Rev. Father Buckley from Owen Sound to take up the duties of the parish priest of Corunna and Courtland in the diocese of London, is marked by universal feelings of regret and sadness.

To the Rev. Father Buckley, in the congregation of St. Mary's church, Owen Sound, while learning with extreme regret of your intended departure from our midst, desire to congratulate you upon your appointment to the important position of parish priest at Corunna. We feel that you have well merited this step in advance, and that the parish which has you for its pastor is fortunate indeed.

TWO MORE PRIESTS ORDAINED FROM MARYSVILLE PARISH.

A FAMILY WHICH COUNTS THREE PRIESTS. The Saturday preceding Trinity was the date on which two natives of the parish of Marysville, Ontario, were ordained to the priesthood. These were the Rev. M. Murphy, O. M. I., and the Rev. M. Mackey, O. M. I.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

ON SUNDAY last—the solemnity of Corpus Christi—the church of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Toronto, was the scene of a most interesting and important ceremony.

"The first thing a man should learn to do is to save his money."—Andrew Carnegie

\$1.00 opens an account. We will help you to put this good advice into practice, if you open an account in our Savings Bank Department. Interest added 4 times a year. THE SOVEREIGN BANK OF CANADA.

The Cleanest, Purest Food in the World is SHREDDED MEAT. More nourishing, more wholesome, more economical than MEAT, made of the whole wheat, cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. An ideal summer food. Keeps the stomach sweet and clean, and the bowels healthy and active. MADE IN CANADA.

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