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Onto King St. West. Dollar, register and take your...

Office Montreal Street

ERS WANTED.

TEACHER FOR THE BLIND. C. S. S. Sec. No. 1, Stanley...

WANTED, GOOD SALARY. Oh, Jesus, strengthen our weak hearts...

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The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1900

1610

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1900.

THE HARP OF GOD.

Smite Thou our heart-strings, dearest Lord, That with a harp's full tone, The music of its suffering...

ONE OPINION.

A great deal of modern pedagogy seems to us as dead as dust and as pulseless as bare bones. A machine for testing the number of times a child can bend his finger without becoming tired...

THE FOLLY OF IT.

The tendency of the times is to acquire gain, to accumulate wealth, to push to the front and to stick there, despite all—even if we needs must trample over those nearest and dearest by ties of kindred.

"They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

"Gold, gold, gold, gold, Bright and yellow, hard and cold; Molten, graven, hammered and rolled; Hard to get and light to hold; Hoarded and hoarded, bought and sold; Stolen, squandered, borrowed and doled; Spurned by the young, and hugged by the old; The price of many a crime untold; Gold, gold, gold, gold."

The greatest temptation that besets the youth of the present age is the love of gain. They see with their own eyes what money can do. It gives men a solid standing in society, a potential voice in politics, it builds costly houses...

A NEW DISORDER.

"That tired feeling" with which mankind is so generally afflicted in these latitudes, has at last been clothed with the dignity of a classic name—ergophobia—from the Greek ergo, work, and phobos, hatred.

SOME STEVENSON CREEDS.

"There is something better than making a living; making a life." "Our success in life depends upon our will to do."

A POPULAR POET.

There is ever a charm about James Whitcomb Riley's poetry. Many of his older verses and a few new ones make up the little volume, "When the Heart Beats Young."

Whitcomb Riley still holds his own as the children's poet and friend. Everyone who reads the poem from which the book takes its title must feel its joyous spirit:

"While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance, With every day a holiday and life a glad romance, watch their flight, We have the birds who wonder and with wonder stand still, the more enchanted both of hearing and of sight, When they have vanished wholly—for, in fancy wing-to-wing, We fly to heaven with them; and returning still, we find the prizes of the lower heaven, with tireless voice and tongue, Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats young."

FRANCE'S GLOOMY FUTURE.

An odd coincidence of the fall of Clemenceau has been the fact that the very issue of the papers which announced it contained also the announcement that Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, has been fined 600 francs for the crime of warning his people against the dangers of irreligious schools...

Briand will succeed Clemenceau as head of the French government. The selection will be quite logical, and it will serve things exactly as they were for the Church in France. Even after the passing of the Separation Law, and in spite of his revolutionary record, there were numbers of Catholics who longed for the belief that if Briand had his own way and were not constantly browbeaten by Clemenceau he would grant many concessions to religion.

"It is never too late to be what you might have been." "Great principles are in small actions. If we fail in our present circumstances to live nobly, we need not imagine we should have done better on a grander scale. Develop great character in simple duties and in unobtrusive trials."

"To be of good cheer in case of disappointment; exercise greater charity toward the erring, and make more allowance for the opinions of people whose views differ from mine, to smile more and frown less."

"To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, and these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

"Let's don't never ever go To the Land of This and So." "Granny," too, and "The Runaway Boy," are in this select and goodly company, with many other favorites who have helped to gladden hours in "The Days Gone By," and who will prove equally popular in the days to come.

The new numbers fit in happily with the old, and the genial charm and kindly tone of all prove that James

believed them. It was under these circumstances that Father Berthe declared with an air of certainty as if he had the events before his eyes: They will first destroy all the religious congregations in France and confiscate their property; then, when they have weakened the Church by destroying its outposts, they will attack the secular clergy and the Bishops. And the selfish bourgeoisie of the country will do nothing to stop this injustice and confiscation, as long as their own pockets are safe—but their turn will come when the Church has been disposed of, and then you will see a Revolution in France compared with which that of 1793 was child's play.

SOME RECENT CONVERTS.

MISSIE'S DAUGHTER TO BE A NUN. WIDOW OF METHODIST CLERGYMAN BECOMES A CATHOLIC.

Miss Ida Hitchcock, daughter of the Rev. Charles Hitchcock, head of the Hitchcock Military Academy of San Rafael, Cal., formerly rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, has announced her intention of becoming a nun in the Catholic Church. She took the white veil of her novitiate at the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Name, in Oakland on Aug. 15th.

"I have given my full consent to Ida becoming a nun," the Rev. Mr. Hitchcock said in an interview on the subject. "I do not think that I should be a barrier between her and her duty as she sees it."

The San Francisco Monitor says: "The wonderful spirit of St. Ignatius, which has sent men proclaiming the cross into all corners of the world, lives stronger than ever to-day, and is kept keenly alive wherever the great Jesuit order is established. It is the spirit of the teacher and the missionary, and it works at home as well as in the field afar."

Mrs. Roswell Parke Sherwood, Chicago, late a member of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Ravenswood.

Mr. Campbell, of Dunstaffnage, head of one of the oldest families in Scotland, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Rev. Dr. Hudson, of the Protestant Church of Ireland, and Mr. Labors were rewarded with seventy-two confessions and Communions. Now, next month, on the Feast of the Assumption, Cardinal Gibbons will dedicate the new \$500,000 Cathedral, the most substantial and beautiful piece of architecture on the most central and magnificent street of the town.

CATHOLIC CHURCH WILL INCREASE.

Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, the pastor of the Chambers-Wylie Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday morning spoke upon "Childhood's Visions." The discourse was in the main a plea for support for the playground movement. Passing from the needs of the physical to the spiritual needs of the child, the preacher gave utterance to a prophecy which must have been somewhat startling to his hearers. Owing to the training being given to Catholic children in the parochial schools, said Rev. Mr. Talmage, the Catholic Church is to become the universal or conquering Church of America's future.

"If the years which the child passes before he reaches his twelfth milestone are the most important years of the human life," said the preacher, "what are you and I, as parents, doing for the physical and mental and moral and spiritual training of our little children? First, how are we caring for the physical bodies of the children so as to make them healthful animals, as God wants them to be? It is a surprising fact to them to be? It is a surprising fact to me how a great intellectual city like Philadelphia will allow its thousands of little children to be born in our congested streets and give them no adequate playgrounds where boys can stretch their legs and develop their lungs and run and play as they ought to play. Would to God that we would heed the clarion call of Mayor Reburn and come to the physical succor of our children. And when we build these playgrounds, let us build playgrounds. Let there be no signs 'Keep Off the Grass!'"

"Then, what are we doing for the moral and spiritual lives of our little children? Most of us are willing to confess that our little children are not receiving at home the religious training which they should. How are they to get that training? In our Sunday schools? Most of the children do not go to Sunday school? Indeed, half an hour a week of Bible study will never make strong Christian men and women out of our children."

"Now I am going to say something you may not agree with me in, and which will shock some of you here present. The only Church which is dealing with the spiritual development of her little children aright is the Catholic Church. The Catholic priest says, 'Let me mould the child up to twelve years of age and I care not who has the child after that.' And mark me, on account of the parochial school, the Catholic Church is to become the universal or the conquering Church of America's future."

"And when I say this I am not attacking the Catholic Church. Mr. Beecher used to say that some people had two beliefs in Christ: First, do you believe in Christ? Second, do you hate the Catholics? Well, then, pass into heaven." Like Mr. Beecher, I am no bigot. I would infinitely prefer one of my children to be a Catholic rather than to have him go to no church at all. Indeed, I would prefer one of my boys to be a good Catholic rather than a poor Presbyterian, although I would prefer to have my children good Presbyterians than good anything else."

"But whether I like the Catholics or no, one fact is certain, the Catholics train their children for the Church. The result: The Catholics are simply going ahead by leaps and bounds. The coming universal creed of this land is the Catholic creed, unless we as a church have the brains of the Catholic priest and put the chief emphasis of our spiritual work into moulding our children under twelve years of age for God."

MISSIONARIES AMONG MORMONS.

PREACHERS AND CHAPEL CAR INVADERS STRONGHOLDS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Pocatello, Idaho, July 30.—Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, rector, and Rev. Alvah Doran, a recent graduate of the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, D. C., are conducting here this week a rousing mission to non-Catholics, which is taxing the capacity of the largest auditorium of the city. Their home, the Chapel Car St. Anthony, is drawing multitudes of the curious and devout to its siding in the yards of Oregon Short Line.

MASS OF BRAVING TRAIN.

In an interview with our correspondent, Father Doyle said: "For the first time in the history of the Chapel Car, Mass was offered the other day while the train was in motion. We knew the track between Ogden and Salt Lake City was smooth and straight, and although the train was speeding at forty miles an hour, we offered the Holy Sacrifice in the early dawn. It was a fitting offering to Salt Lake City, for this is one of the most amazing of all American cities in the rapidity of its beautiful and solid growth, and best of all, the Catholic Church has kept pace with its growth. I was there thirty-four years ago on the first Western trip of the Paulist missionaries, and our labors were rewarded with seventy-two confessions and Communions. Now, next month, on the Feast of the Assumption, Cardinal Gibbons will dedicate the new \$500,000 Cathedral, the most substantial and beautiful piece of architecture on the most central and magnificent street of the town. And every cent of that half million comes from Salt Lake City."

A NEW OXFORD MOVEMENT.

"Bishop Scanlon is a wonder. In striking contrast with the behavior of the Protestants, he has maintained cordial relations with the Mormons and he has been rewarded with their trust and good will for all things Catholic. We experienced a striking illustration of this on our way up here from Salt Lake. We have stopped and given lectures all along our route. Last Saturday, a week ago, our car was dropped at a station and a section house out in the desert. Father Doran and I jumped aboard the mail car and were hauled three miles across country to Oxford. The town consists of two streets at right angles, some twenty homes hidden beneath the tall poplars in rigid rows, and two hundred souls, all Mormons, in the village. Bishop Scanlon is president of the Ward Council and authority in the village. We told him we were Catholic priests and wanted to conduct services. He courteously offered us the meeting house for Sunday night, and promised to announce our services at his meetings in the morning and to afford us every facility in his power. So began the new Oxford Movement."

Sunday morning our Masses in the Chapel Car were attended only by Mr. Hennessy, the superintendent of the car. John Casey, section foreman from the next station, visited us in the afternoon and took us on his hand-car, propelled by Japanese, to visit two fallen away Catholics at Swan Lake. It was love's labor lost.

GRACE FOR CHURCH AMONG MORMONS.

"How different the evening's work? A carriage awaited us on our return and we were so eager for the fray we hurried off supperless. The entire town of Oxford filled the Meeting House, all ages down to babies in arms. 'Children are our best crop,' is the Mormon motto, and they live up to it. The Bishop sat on the platform with us. We used his Bible; his choir did the singing. Both Father Doran and I lectured, pouring into the hearts of those simple and earnest hearers a volume of Catholic doctrine. When it was all over we shook hands with everyone present and drove away leaving a quantity of books, the 'Faith of Our Fathers' and the 'Inquirer's Guide.'"

"Owing chiefly to Bishop Scanlon, the Mormons think highly of the Catholic Church. They are a simple country folk, no swollen fortunes, no paupers. Their Bishop is one of them, working for his living with his hands. Except naturalism, they have very little religion, and they are losing hold of their young folk. It is a big chance for the one True Faith."

The Great Guest Comes.

A beggar drenched by the driven rain. He called him in from the stony street And gave him shoes for his bruised feet. The beggar went and there came a croon, Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown, A bundle of faggots bowed her back, And she was spent with the wretch and rack. He gave her his loaf and steadied her load As she took her way 'on the weary road. Then to his door came a little child, Lost and afraid in the world so wild, In the big, dark world. Catching it up, He gave her the milk in the waiting cup And led it home to its mother's arms, Out of reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west And with it the hope of the blessed guest, And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray: "Why is it, Lord, that Your feet delay? Did you forget that this was the day?" Then soft in the silence of voice he heard: "Lift up your heart for I kept my word. Three times I came to your friendly 'door; Three times my shadow was on your floor. I was the beggar with the bruised feet; I was the woman you gave to eat; I was the child on the homeless street." —EDWIN MARKHAM.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

With the blessing of the Holy Father a penny collection has been organized throughout England for the erection of a shrine in Westminster Cathedral to Joan of Arc.

Bishop McGrick has received a donation of \$10,000 from James J. Hill of St. Paul, the railway magnate, for the new Cathedral high school which he is building in Duluth. The total cost of the building will be \$60,000.

After an interval of sixteen years, London is to have once again this autumn a Catholic Lord Mayor. In the year 1892-1893 Sir Stuart Knill held the office, and this year his son John Knill, will follow in his footsteps.

Little Francis Xavier Kawamura was baptized at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, a few days ago, by the diocesan director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Father Dunn. Both parents were present with four friends, all Japanese and Catholics.

Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was recently received in private audience by the Pope. The Pontiff praised the work of the Delegate in America and gave him instructions regarding certain matters that will be taken up on his return to Washington.

The national convention of the Knights of Columbus, before adjourning, went on record as deploring what appears to be an increased tendency on the part of a portion of the American press to give undue publicity to sensational trials, publishing in full testimony of a degrading and immoral character.

A despatch from New York announces that Miss Mabel Howard has forsaken the footlights and entered a convent. She is now serving her novitiate and in a short time she will take the veil. She has entered the convent of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers, New York.

Out of a population of 2,500,000 the State of Georgia has only about 15,000 Catholics but they are accomplishing wonders. Macon, Georgia, has a handsome church; it would do credit to any parish in our largest cities. At Macon, also, is a Jesuit novitiate and a flourishing colored school supported by Mother Katherine Drexel.

Over three doors of the Cathedral of Milan, Italy, are three inscriptions. The first, amid a wreath of sculptured roses, reads: "All which pleases us is but for a moment." Over another door, around a sculptured cross, we read: "All that which troubles us is but for a moment." On the central door we read: "That only is important which is eternal."

The betrothal of King Manuel of Portugal and Princess Alexandra of Fife, eldest grand daughter of King Edward of England, has been formally announced. There is little doubt that the princess will abjure her Episcopalianism and embrace the Catholic faith. The Royal Family, however, will have no objection to her copying the example of Queen Victoria of Spain.

When Bishop Grace of Sacramento, Cal., went to Downsville, recently to administer Confirmation, he was given an illustration of the faith of the children of that portion of his diocese. Among the aspirants for the reception of the Sacrament were two boys, aged ten and twelve years, who had walked twenty-two miles on the Saturday previous in the intense heat, while another boy of fifteen years, walked thirty-eight miles. The Bishop was deeply impressed by the circumstance.

The Duke of Norfolk has a rent roll of \$1,350,000 a year. His London estate in Norfolk street, Surrey street and Arundel street, Strand, was erected on the site of his ancestors' town houses by speculative builders after the great fire of 1666. The original leases expired in eighty years, but those houses were still standing in 1887. The duke gives liberally to every Catholic enterprise and dispenses charity with a munificence that earns for him the love of God's poor.

IN TREATY WITH HONOR A Romance of Old Quebec.

MARY CATHARINE CROWLEY. Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the West," "Love Thrives in War," etc.

CHAPTER XVII. STRANGE JOURNEYINGS.

The reprieve by no means meant that I was to be set at liberty, however, as I was soon to discover. Unfortunately for my fellow-prisoners and myself, the burning of the Canadian steamer "Robert Peol" at Well's Island by a band of patriots disguised as Indians caused us to be treated more rigorously than before.

This it was that, twenty-four hours after Jaquette brought me the glad news that I was to live, I was awakened in the middle of the night by the flash of a lantern in the corridor. As I sat up on my pallet, half blinded by the sudden light, I heard the rattling of keys and the grating of the lock. The next moment the flickering rays of the lantern sent weird shadows, like the ghosts of former occupants of my cell, shuddering along the walls, and Tummas entered.

"You have to rise had once, sir," he said, "hand prepared to be taken away."

Had I been deceived? Was the reprieve but a sham, after all? Was it intended I should be secretly put to death, now in the darkness of the night when the city slept and my friends, happy in having as they thought, paved the way for my speedy release, were resting tranquilly, unconscious of the fate that menaced me?

The first part of the gaoler's injunction was unnecessary, for I was already on my feet. Tummas had not waited to say more, but went down the passage, leaving his lantern outside my door. As I dressed, I commended my soul to God, thinking that, perhaps, within the next half hour I might be before the bar of His judgment.

My natural supposition that I was to be speedily hustled out of this world was, nevertheless, presently changed, as I heard the turkey raising others in the same row of cells. It could not be possible that all the patriots in the goal were to be led forth to execution thus, the others without even the form of a trial.

Yet, if we were merely to be transferred to another prison, why this secrecy and haste? Why could not the journey be put off until the morning? I put the question to Tummas when he returned.

"Look, sir, I don't know, but I suppose hit his thought as to send you hin this way," was the only answer he vouchsafed me.

Brought out into the large room I found myself once more among my former companions. Chained together in pairs, we were before long led out of the building and presently found ourselves marching down to the wharf. A steam-boat lay waiting and, by the flare of the torches, we saw a gray line of smoke escaping from her funnel and knew she was ready to start. Our escort down to the boat had been a company of negroes, her majesty's black guards, and we presently found we were to have them during the voyage. The regulars could not be well spared from the garrison, and we were thought too popular with the volunteers, who might be tempted to desert across the lines to the States, taking us with them. The blacks being originally slaves who had run away from the south would be sure to keep clear of the border, lest they should be caught and sent back to their masters.

There were twenty of us, literally and figuratively, in the same boat, and huddled together aft, with a barricade of barrels of flour in front of us and the sentinels behind. As the steamer put off, the white officer in charge of the party informed us that we were to be placed in care of the military at Fort Henry, at the end of the lake. He then went into the cabin and made himself comfortable.

Though it was now early in June, at this season in the north the temperature is cool at night, but we had no shelter, beds, nor blankets. Still chained together two and two, some of my companions seated themselves upon the deck, peered up the barrels, others leaned against the gunwales. Among these, but a little apart from the rest, with my involuntary mate, I stood peering through the gloom at the sky and the tossing waters. Alas, every moment carried me farther away from all chance of rescue, from the friends whom my misfortunes had made for me in Toronto, and, worst of all, to my thinking, far from my beloved Jaquette, whom I was leaving without a spoken word of farewell.

The most I had been able to do was to write a few words, which I intrusted to Tummas, telling him to take the letter to her and he would surely be well rewarded. Of course in addition I gave him as generous a pre-ent as I could. Thanks to the success of an acquaintance in smuggling into the prison a small sum of money sent to me from the States, I had a little coin at my disposal.

Would Tummas deliver the letter? How it would grieve my darling! Yet if it failed to reach her, how shocked she would be when the news got abroad in the town that, with the other prisoners, I had been hurried away thus without warning.

"My poor Jaquette, am I destined ever to see you again?" I mentally soliloquized. "I must no longer dream of a time when I may call you by the sweet name of wife. If I ever regain my freedom, doubtless it will be as a gray-haired man, coming out of prison to find I have been long forgotten by the world."

I dared dwell no longer upon these sombre thoughts. "Shall we mingle with the men?" I proposed to Culver, my companion. "Being shackled together, wherever we move we must go in company."

Among the others I had noticed and saluted Sutherland. Several times I had sent him messages of cheer in the goal, and occasionally little presents of the dainties sent in to me, at rare inter-

vals, by several kind ladies who on gala days remembered our loneliness. But this was the first time I had seen him since the day when, in his picturesque uniform, he had posed as a general at Bois Blanc. We now drew near him, and I conversed with him as cheerfully as I could, finding him no with him a while but, returning to my own thoughts.

About 3 o'clock in the morning, our guards growing tired of watching us, and sure we could not get away, piled their muskets and cartridge boxes on the other side of the cabin and went forward to amuse themselves, leaving only one sentinel at his post. This was our chance.

"I'll wager the officer is asleep," I whispered to Culver. "If we rush upon the sentinel we can bear him down, seize the arms, take possession of the boat, and run her across to the American shore of the lake."

"Chained though we are, I believe we can do it," he replied, for he was mettlesome and resourceful. "When you give the signal, major, I will act."

Cautiously, we communicated our plan to the others. They were, to a man in favor of it, with the exception of Sutherland.

"I flatly refuse," he declared. "Then remain quiet and keep yourself out of danger!" I exhorted him. "We will ask no more of you."

"It is folly I shall all be shot down. It is better to await the chance of release. If you do not at once abandon your design I shall warn the sentinel," he said sullenly.

Time was wasted in arguing with him. Toward daybreak, as the boat came within sight of Fort Henry and the town of Kingston, the guards turning took up their arms, the officer came on deck to make a bold dash for liberty was lost.

One thought had served in some degree to buoy up my sinking spirits during the voyage. "Perhaps it was to this place my dear comrade was sent," I said to myself. "Possibly here, far from the friends who are free and happy, he and I, by a fortunate chance, or still better, a kind dispensation of Providence, may be reunited."

Soon after our party landed, I found the hope was vain. "There are no other political prisoners here," said the officer in charge of us, when I put the question to him. "But only the Canadians among your company are to remain at Fort Henry. You, and the nine other Americans, are to be sent on to Quebec."

It was not cheering news that I was to be still farther separated from Jaquette and every one whom I knew. During the evening the soldiers of the garrison showed themselves eager to pay us any little attention in their power, and the supper furnished us was the best that had been provided since our imprisonment.

Early the next morning, after we had breakfasted on prison fare, we Americans were called out and our chains were stricken off, a consideration for which we were truly grateful. Having taken an affecting leave of the patriots destined to remain here, and whom we might never see again, we were placed once more under our black escort and marched to the boat waiting to take us down the Rideau Canal to Lower Canada.

During this new voyage we had the freedom of the boat and remained most of the time on deck, charmed with the romantic scenery of the country. Our guards were ever on the alert, however, and when occasionally the boat put into shore for wood, or stopped at some little village, we were requested to go below. Evidently, it was still feared the people might attempt to rescue us.

At last we reached a town on the boundary of the two provinces, at the point where the canal joins the lake. Here the lumber sent over the waterway on rafts is divided into small cages, to be passed through the locks, and once floated through, is made up again to be carried over the swift current to the Ottawa. The notables of the place came on board, curious to see us. At first I kept to the cabin, but a strapping young captain of a logging gang sought me out.

"Lord Darham, the new governor-general, has already arrived at Quebec," he told me. "Whether that may be for your advantage or not, it is impossible to say, sir, but at least in the Canadas you have many friends like these."

As he spoke he pointed to the wharf where a throng of his men and others stood watching us with axes and logging-poles in their hands, excellent weapons indeed for an emergency. So our ship's captain clearly thought, for he ordered all visitors ashore and steamed out into the river. As we floated down the current, we were followed by a chorus of cheers from the lush throats of the lumbermen.

The next day we landed and were marched across the country toward the St. Lawrence. That night at a block-house we mended and slept with our officer. The guards being encamped at a short distance we were, in a manner, on our parole. The following morning we continued our march to Carillon, where we embarked again upon a steam-boat. Soon after noon we came to Montreal. At the prison we were served with a fine dinner provided by the French prisoners still incarcerated there. After a night's rest, we were again marched through the streets to the Quebec steamer, crowds of the people, many of them friendly turning out to see us.

It was afternoon when we approached Quebec. The boats riding at anchor in the harbor, the landing-place, and the streets through which we marched were thronged with the hostile portion of the population who cried out insultingly to us as we passed. There were no French Canadians among these crowds. The narrowness of the thoroughfares, their steep ascent and the heat of the day made the trudge up La Montague and the length of St. Louis Street seem interminable, even though at its end we knew we should find again a prison.

"Ah, with what different feelings we would have approached this citadel had our fortune been to attempt its capture," said Culver, aside to me.

"Yes, even though those frowning batteries belched fire, and we should fall in a mad effort to scale the wall like the American general, my brave countryman," answered I.

While we spoke we entered the gate of the fortress and were halted, perhaps that we might take breath. The sentinels saluted our officer. Several soldiers of duty, who were standing about the door of the barracks to the right of the gate, stared at our black guards with astonishment, and I caught the eyes of more than one among them fixed upon us with a certain interest.

Feeling sure my companions, like myself, must be suffering from thirst after our climb up the hill, I asked that we might be given water to drink. Without waiting to be sent by the officer in charge of our escort, one of these soldiers started off and straightway returned with a bucketful of cool water and a tin cup. For each of us in turn he poured a draught that was most refreshing.

"Forward," came the order, crisp and sharp. Across the parade, purposely left uneven and stony, that the regiments who drilled here might become used to the rough surface of the country hereabouts, were conducted by a corporal's guard toward an angle in the fortifications, shut off from the parade by a high board fence. At a gate in the fence stood a sentinel. Passing him, we entered the enclosure, and found ourselves before a bomb-proof building whose door was studded with iron nails.

Another sentinel paced up and down before it. A sergeant inserted a great key in the lock, turned it, and threw open the door. Entering we glanced about us with dull indifference, conscious that we should know our surroundings only too well as time went on.

We were in a room about fifty feet long and twelve broad, with a high arched roof from which the moisture dripped. There were two strongly barred windows and the walls, which were very thick, had loopholes for musketry. The donjon had evidently been used as a military prison. The settles were of iron, and boards placed across two of them formed a table. The beds were of iron too, but now they were folded up against the wall. We afterwards discovered that to each was allowed a thin pallet and a soldier's blanket. There was a stove in the place, also, and on the floor near it lay a pile of brushwood.

Warm as the air had been outside, here it was chill and damp, and the thought crossed my mind that had I been the man whom I described at the farther end of the room, I would have started a fire. The chamber was ill-lighted and his back was towards us, but clearly he was a fellow-prisoner, else he would not have been locked up here. His position was an odd one, I whimsically reflected. It was hardly fitting he should bid us welcome, since we had no wish to be here, and yet the instinct of courtesy would have impelled him to extend to us a greeting.

Seated amid the shadows, at first he had seemed to me one of them, for he did not even turn his head at the sound of the opening door. Now, however, apparently aroused to the fact that others beside the prison rounds had come in, he slowly rose to his feet and wheeled about.

He was tall, straight, and broad-shouldered, and I remember, as he came forward, apparently in puzzled uncertainty as to what this intrusion on our part might mean, I thought it a pity so fine a figure of a man, and one plainly accustomed to much exercise in the open air, should languish in captivity.

I could not distinguish his features, though mine must have been visible to him, because, as it chanced, I stood where the light from one of the windows fell full upon me. Therefore I was at a loss to understand the sudden change in his demeanor, the quick start, the eager stride forward. Not until he was with in a few feet of me did I know I had ever seen him before.

Then indeed I echoed his cry of delight and amazement, and seizing his outstretched hands wrung them rapturously; then indeed was my heart uplifted with joy. For the man who thus came to greet me in this new prison-house was my dear friend Ramon.

CHAPTER XVII. THE CITADEL.

When we calmed down somewhat after the excitement of this unexpected meeting, Ramon told me he had only that afternoon been transferred to this large room from a small cell under the same roof, and he was cogitating what this change might mean when we were brought in.

"Until late in the night he and I talked together, as at our reunion under such different circumstances near Le Detroit. Now in our heart to hear, in conference, instead of avoiding the name of Jaquette I spoke of her frankly telling him of her presence at my trial, her visit to me in my prison accompanied by her maid, and finally of our betrothal, a strange love truth, truly, since I was still under sentence of death.

"Ah, Nial, from my soul I congratulate you upon having won her love," he cried, when I had finished my story. Jaquette is a pearl among women. For her sake now, as well as for your own, we must make every effort to obtain your release."

"My dear comrade," said I, "not even for Jaquette shall I ever go forth from this place without you, unless it be to mount the scaffold."

He looked pleased at my thus putting my friendship for him apparently before even my love for my darling.

Then, I, too, must make haste to regain liberty," he declared lightly. "In order that I may dance at your wedding. Truly, I must begin to practise a pas seul to-morrow."

From that time he was so gay it was with difficulty he kept to the subdued tone of voice in which we conversed to avoid waking our companions or calling forth a warning from the sentinel outside one of the windows. Once or twice a suspicion flashed across my mind that his buoyant spirits were, in part, assumed as if he strove to divert my thoughts and cause me to forget how long it might be before I could claim Jaquette as my bride.

"But, one thing is evident," I said to myself, "he is glad of my happiness and by giving him the wherewithal to drink our health at the canteen, we soon had him in our power."

Nancy, his wife, attended to our marketing. Through her I was able to communicate with several gentlemen of the city whom we knew to be friendly to the patriot cause. In reply they sent us a purse. Nancy was not aware, however, that once, in a loaf of cake, she again in a wonderful party, she brought us letters from these gentlemen. Trusty friends, they said, would be on the watch to take us, if we should have a chance to take "French leave" of our present lodgings and make our way across the border to the United States.

While we were breakfasting one morning shortly after this, we were surprised by a visit from the adjutant accompanied by a guard.

"Sir, I demand the key of your trunk," he said, confronting me peremptorily. "Sir, you shall not have it until you tell me the meaning of your request," I answered with equal terseness. For some minutes we argued the matter, for I wished to gain time to re-visit upon the possible reason for this investigation. Had the sergeant betrayed the fact that we had received a present from half a dozen of the citizens? Did he suspect they had written to us? The letters I had at once destroyed, but was there anything among my scant belongings which would incriminate myself or any one else?

"If you do not give up the key immediately, I shall have the trunk broken open," declared the officer, losing patience. "We have full knowledge of your schemes, gentlemen."

As he spoke he held up before my eyes a piece of an old broken saw. At sight of it, I laughed, and at once gave up the key.

By his order the sergeant-major not only searched through the trunk, but examined the lining, the pockets of my clothes, and every corner where anything could possibly be concealed. In the same manner he went through the effects of Sutherland, Ramon, the other fellow-prisoners, and the adjutant, seeing me scrutinizing the saw with interest, cried testily—

"Well, Mr. Adair, you have evidently seen this tool before. Will you be so good as to tell me where?"

"Certainly," I replied. "For some time it lay on the sill of one of the windows here, and the other day I threw it out as useless. The sentinel picked it up, and no doubt took it to the guard-house. I am sorry the circumstance occasioned such a commotion."

The officer swore under his breath. "God, sir, I beg your pardon," he broke out frankly after a moment. "The sergeant took it to the armorer, who said it was such a saw as is used to cut iron, and the report came to me that you political prisoners had tools with which you were trying to cut your way out of the fortress."

He ordered the guard away forthwith, and departed with them. Afterwards we learned that carpenters who were making repairs in the building had probably left the piece of the saw there long before our coming. Also that the adjutant was much twitted by his brother-officers for his mistaken zeal, and the opinion he had formed of our prowess that in face of so strong a guard, with only a rusty bit of saw for a weapon, we might charge through two battalions of her majesty's troops and make our way to the States. I mention the incident because it had much to do with what happened later.

To make amends for the annoyance he had caused us, the adjutant permitted us to go out on the ramparts armory and to remain longer than usual. Ramon and I were never permitted to go together. On this day I was of the band that went out last.

As from the highest point of the citadel I gazed around me, I thought I had never beheld a lovelier scene than the panorama that unfolded from beneath my feet. From the west the sun shot golden arrows among the sombre woods, against the spires of the Charlesbourg church, and into the Indian village of Lorette, and made the stream of the St. Charles a gleaming ribbon of silver winding through the green meadows.

Beyond the little river I traced the white farmhouses of Beauport, the old settlement of Breton and Norman sailors that stretches its serpentine length along the shore of the St. Lawrence. The white mists arising from a cleft in a neighboring hill showed me that here was the Mountmorency Fall. Thence, travelling across the marshes, my eyes rested at last upon the blue Laurentian range, where the rays of golden light touched, as with the blessings of a holy hand, the mountain of Ste. Anne, and brought out into relief the lofty peaks of Bonhomme and Troumontain.

Coming back to the foreground of the picture I saw below me the quaint old city of Quebec, the antique gables and sloping roofs of the Lower Town; halfway up the height the towers of the basilica, the Laval University, and the long front of the Jesuit college. From here, as well as from the Recollet monastery, then sheltered beneath the cliff, went out the first missionaries to carry the message of the Cross to the Indian tribes, even as far as the Great Lakes and the Mississippi.

Yonder, too, I beheld the Ursuline convent, so linked with the story of the past, and at the edge of the cliff the ancient Chateau of St. Louis. Crowned on the summit of Cape Diamond, was this fortress where I was a prisoner, this citadel, founded by Champlain, above which for a hundred and fifty years had floated the white standard of the fleur de lis in token of the supremacy of France in the New World.

From beneath these ramparts Duluth and La Mothe Cadillac set forth to found French military posts in the great North-west. Beyond, on the Plains of Abraham, was fought the battle wherein Wolfe and Montcalm fell, when France lost Canada and the French Canadians a country.

But from the contemplation of the beauty that, on this midsummer afternoon, lay over the town, the fields, and the sunlit mountains bounding the west, I turned eagerly toward the eastern prospect, even though it was in shadow.

in the promise she has given me. How fortunate there was no real rivalry between him and me. Had we both loved Jaquette, what would have become of our friendship?"

Had she really given her love to my comrade instead of to me, could I have conquered my jealousy and wished him joy of his good fortune? I said in my thoughts that I would have tried to do this in all sincerity; but what man knows himself? If Ramon had hoped to win her, could he now listen to me so patiently while I talked of her with a lover's pride and eloquence?"

"Pshaw, this is a vain question to raise, even in my reflections," I told myself. "Ramon is brave and generous, but—well, a lover is a lover—and because I love him so well, I am heartily glad he does not love Jaquette."

Days lengthened into weeks and we seemed domiciled in our new prison for an indefinite period.

There were at this time in Quebec two battalions of the queen's household troops who had just arrived from England. Of these the Coldstream Guards were quartered in the citadel, the Grenadiers at the barracks, the old Jesuit college in that city. Several of the officers of these regiments called upon us with punctilious courtesy, regarding us as prisoners of war. We had also a visit from the commandant of the fort, Sir James Macdonald, a handsome, soldierly man of middle age.

"Gentlemen, I intend to treat you well, but in pursuance of my duty I shall, nevertheless, take every means to prevent you from making any attempt at escape," he said with decision.

In response to his grim humor, I smiled as I looked around the walls and at the door doubly guarded, and knew full well we were within the inner fortress.

"Escape!" I echoed; "since to get out of this place would appear to be impossible, we are not like to be so foolhardy as to court certain death by essaying to get away."

By this time we had discovered there was a sentinel outside as well as within our enclosure, while on the earthen-roofed roof of our quarters, which formed another sentry post to the fort. On the other side of the building was the inner ditch of the fortifications.

The order of our day was as follows. In the morning the sergeant who had charge of us entered the room with four soldiers who made up the beds, folded the beds, swept the floor and brought in fresh water and wood. Breakfast and supper were prepared for ourselves, but a soldier always came and cooked our dinner. Plates, knives and forks, even tablecloths were furnished to us; after each meal our sergeant carried away the knives.

At 11 o'clock each forenoon we were visited by the officer of the guard, who relieved the officer of the previous day; our names were called and we were formally delivered over to him. The same routine was followed when one sergeant relieved another in the direct charge of us. At 12 o'clock our dinner was brought in. We had our choice of ham, pork or beef, a pound a day being allowed to each man, and we might order it cooked in whatever manner we chose.

At 3 o'clock the field officer of the day always came to inquire if we had any complaints to make, that he might lay them before the commandant. At 4 we walked out, three at a time, accompanied by a guard of six men, our sergeant, and the corporal who commanded the escort. Sutherland ordinarily took two of our men with him; Ramon and I in turn also took two. Usually it was 6 o'clock before the last squad returned. The evening parties of the city were then brought in, and after having been duly inspected by the sergeant, were given to us.

The sentinels were changed every two hours. Those who mounted guard over us at 11 o'clock every day had loaded muskets. When they were released and the corporal gave the word "Port Arms," the guard exchanged muskets, those who remained keeping the weapons that were loaded. At 6 o'clock in the evening the tattoo was beaten and the gun fired, after which time the soldiers were required to keep in the barracks. Our lights were ordered out at this hour.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock the officer of the day came round with a guard to visit the posts, and he usually looked in upon us. When the Coldstreams were on duty they seldom came to the outer door of the citadel, but the sentinel inside. How often I have listened to the call.

"Who goes there?" "Rounds." "What rounds?" "Prison rounds." "Advance prison rounds and give the countersign."

If the door was opened they advanced. When it was not they whispered the countersign through the door. Thereupon the sentinel would clap his firelock on the breach and shout, "Pass prison rounds; all's well."

The Grenadiers, on the contrary, invariably opened the door and came up to the sentinel at the entrance to the building. When we heard them coming, either Ramon or I would crouch down and steal along the wall to a position under one of the windows. By listening intently we could almost always hear the password as it was whispered outside. It was often an odd number and generally in the teens.

We never let pass an opportunity of trying to catch it, for, notwithstanding my reply to the commandant that escape would be impossible, our thoughts by day and our dreams at night were haunted by plans toward this end. The stronger the walls of the fortress, the more rigorous the discipline maintained therein, the more ingeniously will the captive set his wits to devise a means to regain his freedom.

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But from the contemplation of the beauty that, on this midsummer afternoon, lay over the town, the fields, and the sunlit mountains bounding the west, I turned eagerly toward the eastern prospect, even though it was in shadow.

For in that direction, across the noble tide of the St. Lawrence, now dotted with shipping, beyond the heights of Levis, upon the distant horizon I could see the hills of the State of Maine, the hills of freedom. Would I ever reach them? Or was I destined to die thus in sight of the promised land?

On this evening, as many times afterwards, I felt, if I were fated to meet my end in Quebec, I would pray that I might be shot on the ramparts with my face turned toward the country of my adoption, which I loved even as I loved the country of my birth.

Now, as my eyes lingered in fascination upon the deep purple outline of those hills against the sky, my thoughts went back to Jaquette. I wondered if she was still in Toronto, and for the hundredth time I conjectured as to whether she had received my hastily scrawled letter. The dearest thing in life to me was her love; and yet often I felt I repented myself for having claimed her heart and won her promise to be my wife. And in the exaltation of this emotion, I told myself, I would willingly endure any trials in store for me, if I could but lift the burden of anxiety from her spirit and know that she was happy.

CHAPTER XVIII. LOVE AND A TRAITOR.

It has been said that friends and lovers when separated can sometimes actually communicate by thinking intently of each other. Perhaps it was some such sympathy of mind acting upon mind, or, more truly of soul crying out to soul, that made Jaquette so, almost constantly, present to my thoughts on the particular evening of which I have just spoken.

The next day Nancy, the sergeant's wife, returning from her marketing in the town, sought to entertain me with her woman's gossip, to which I paid little heed.

"Well, well, sir, I see you are not listening," she said at last. "But I have one more story of the forenoon, which perhaps will interest you. As I stood awaiting my turn at one of the market stalls a lady, who was waiting too, happened to speak to me. As I chatted with her I came to say I was exchanging some small commissions for Major Adair, one of the Yankee prisoners at the citadel."

"Poor man, I have heard of him," she exclaimed. "How lonely he must be, shut up in the fortress here, in a strange country, far from his home—and I suppose he is in his prime too, and has a wife in the States?"

"I ded he is scarcely turned five-and-twenty and is no wife," said I. "Is he good-looking?" she asked.

"As fine a god-figure of a man as you would wish to see," says I. "At this, she hesitated a bit, sir, and then said in the kindness of her heart—

"Although I am a stranger I should like to contribute a little to his comfort. Now here is a loaf of white bread, I was taking two to a friend of mine to prove my skill in cookery, but one will serve as well. I will slip the other into your basket for the young man; only you must never tell him where it came



The Catholic Record

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When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerk to give them the Catholic Record. We have information of cardholders in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and has done more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings upon you and wishing you success, believe me to remain,

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1906.

SPAIN.

We publish a paragraph from the Christian Guardian, with a letter from one of our correspondents commenting thereon. Up to the present we have abstained from writing a word about recent Spanish events or their causes until we received our Catholic papers from Europe. Associated Press despatches are so unreliable in regard to accounts that the Catholic press is heavily handicapped. Our Methodist contemporary summons us to the field although only half armed. We notice that the Christian Guardian is quite timorous. What with the Queen of Spain being a member of our English Royal Family and Spain itself being a Catholic country, the Methodist organ hardly knows how to begin or what to say. For the sake of her Majesty it hopes that the throne will be supported. Still a strong undercurrent of sympathy goes out to the revolutionists. As the Christian Guardian directly addresses us we take up the case. There need be no asking our permission for the Christian Guardian to make a statement. From many a past experience as well as from the present instance the Methodist organ has displayed the most polished powers of hyperbole and the highest degree of conscientious elasticity. Its statements may be criticized. They are not often approved. When we are asked to allow the Christian Guardian to say that "there is something in the religion of Spain that makes for national weakness and disintegration"—we demand proof. There is no authority, historical or doctrinal, to show such qualities either in the Church itself or in its dealing with nations. Our contemporary forgets to mention that the revolutionary attacks at Barcelona were chiefly directed against churches and convents. The Masonic programme has for a long time marked out Spain as a special field for action. Failure has closed its first attempt. It will not be long before a second effort will be made. This revolutionary epidemic can be traced neither to racial peculiarities nor to the Church. Without hesitation we lay it at the door of Protestantism, whose fostering care of secret societies and whose uncontrolled prejudice against the Church have sown the storm and reaped the whirlwind.

The following is the paragraph from the Christian Guardian:

"Poor Spain is in the throes of a revolution that at the present date looks extremely threatening. Taking advantage of the serious reverses that had come to Spanish arms in Morocco, where Spain is charged, in company with France, with the maintenance of order, the insurrectionary sentiment at home has broken out in numerous places, there has been serious blood-letting, and it almost looks as if the throne was in imminent danger. With all that is going on in Spanish territory, Englishmen of today, strange as it might seem to the Englishmen of other days, find themselves in peculiar sympathy. And that fact serves only to indicate how strong a force mere sentiment is, even in international affairs. With a Victoria, granddaughter of our own Queen Victoria the Good, Queen Consort to the King of Spain, Englishmen in general will find themselves hoping for the re-establishing of the royal power and the dawning of brighter and better days in the kingdom of Spain. With a rich and fertile country, a population to-day nearly half that of the British Isles, one

is sometimes at a loss to account for conditions as they are to-day in Spain. Surely there are many reasons why Spain should be prosperous and contented. Possibly there is something in the blood of a Spaniard that makes for insurrection. Possibly, also, if THE CATHOLIC RECORD would allow us to say so, there is something in the religion of Spain that makes for national weakness and disintegration. Spain is to-day the most Roman Catholic country in the world. Is there not some significance in that fact in view of the present critical situation?"

If in its ignorance the Christian Guardian remained silent it would not lay itself open to criticism. Here is what Castelar said—and he was no clerical politician: "Their firesides,"—he was speaking of the people of northern Spain—"are as sacred from the invasion of authority as those of the English or the Americans." Again, we have Don Carlos: "No country in the world is less susceptible of government by absolutism than Spain. It never was so governed, it never will be." Let us quote again from Castelar when speaking on religion: "Give to man a great idea of himself, tell him that he bears God in his conscience and immortality in his life, and you will see him rise by this fortified sentiment of his dignity to reclaim those rights which assure him the noblest independence of his being in Society and in Nature." Spain may have lost much of her former well earned honor amongst the nations. The blame is not due to her Catholic faith; for never was she so great as when most Catholic. A modern writer says that her literature excels that of every Protestant country in depth, in moral riches and in aesthetic splendor. Its clergy are renowned for virtue and learning. Spain has held the commerce of the whole world in its power. It has alone founded more colonies than all other nations put together. Nor can it be said that a throne which crushes so promptly an uprising shows the least sign of weakness or national disintegration.

ANSWER CONCERNING GAMBETTA

An esteemed friend has called our attention to an article from Munsey's Magazine for August. It is one of a set of articles entitled, "Affinities of History." We do not think a Magazine adds to its reputation by parading the weaknesses of human nature in the private life of public men. When it comes to men whose career is well known because of their recent appearance on the world's stage it would be far better to throw the cloak of silent charity over all. Publication is an evil. The eighth affinity is that of Gambetta, the well known anti-clerical French republican. He it was who composed the motto for his followers: "Clericalism—that is our foe." We are not estimating his character or sketching his relationship with Leonia Leon. Our attention is directed to a single paragraph in which we are told that the Church recognizes two forms of espousals. "The usual one looked to a marriage in the future, and gave no marriage privileges until after the formal ceremony. But there was another kind of betrothal known to the theologians as sponsalia de presente. According to this, if there were an actual betrothal and a marriage. The latter is a promise de presente—to take the party here present now and forever more as lawful wife or husband. The former concerns only future marriage, and is defined as the mutual promise of future marriage. A betrothal such as is claimed by the writer of the Gambetta story is a fiction—without foundation—and never recognized by the Church or taught by any self-respecting theologian. People who look so carefully into theology to excuse their criminal conduct might as well throw the books away. However, we cannot let the assertion go uncontradicted. There is no such teaching in Catholic theology. It is most detestable and repulsive in its mere suggestiveness. We cannot expect to learn either history or theology from romance writers. What we have a right to demand is that theological teaching shall not be falsified. Munsey's article is finally too confident in the story of Gambetta's death. Whether Leonia Leon shot the pistol or whether it was suicide we cannot know now. Gambetta fell at forty, never to rise again in public esteem. A French writer—not a romancer—says of his death: "He was stricken in that final fall which resulted from a mysterious pistol shot at his home at Jarcades, casting a deadly shadow upon his private life which we do not investigate but which is certainly not without reproach." Was that pistol shot an accident? This is the official report which none believe. Was it a woman's hand? All France repeats it. We think Munsey's Magazine ought

to close this series of articles if the eighth one is a type of the rest.

MATRIMONIAL ANNULMENT VS. DIVORCE.

A case in Montreal occurred lately wherein a marriage was annulled. The Archbishop of Montreal rendered his decision last January. And about a month ago Mr. Justice Dunlop gave judgment in the civil court on the same ground and to the same effect as Mgr. Bruchesi. The parties had been living together for ten years, the marriage ceremony having taken place in October 1897. Naturally this case has attracted no small attention. Criticism is directed against the Province of Quebec, as well as against the party who originated the suit. One journal—and we dare say many more—sees no difference between this annulling of the marriage by both the ecclesiastical and civil courts and a divorce decree from Chicago. We have no intention of discussing the particular merits or demerits of the question. Still less have we any thought of expressing an opinion as to whether the man wished to get rid of his wife. That could not be the problem for the Archbishop to solve. The question for the ecclesiastical court was whether the lady was Archambault's wife at all. If she were, the marriage would stand, and nothing could dissolve it. If through some fault the ceremony were invalidated, then, unfortunate as it might be, there was no sacrament and therefore no marriage. All the subjective doubt or unlawful desire could not weaken the sacramental contract. But in this as in other contracts there are conditions which affect its validity. These are determined by the due authority of the Church, published and proclaimed, written in the statutes of the land, as well known as any other point of law, and equally to be observed under penalty of the invalidity of a sacred contract. Instead of these things being a weakness to the matrimonial tie they are a strength. Now and then, as in the present, a case may arise. Its decision rests with the ecclesiastical court of the diocese. From this court there is the right of appeal to the Delegate and to Rome. Whilst matrimony is a sacrament those who are married are human. Attempts may be made to cut themselves free from an irrevocable promise. They will fail as long as the validity of the sacrament is unshaken. This validity is in possession, so that the burthen of proof remains with the party doubting the marriage or claiming annulment. That some marriages will be annulled goes without saying. These cases can, not be nearly so frequent as divorces, for their starting principle is that the marriage tie is indissoluble. The difficulty is to prove that there was no marriage tie. Divorce separates man and wife. Annulment declares a supposed marriage void. This latter is much more difficult than the former both from the nature of the sacrament and the character of the judges.

A MAGAZINE.

There lies before us the July number of a magazine calling itself The Modern Catholic Magazine. Under ordinary circumstances there is not much in a name. The Encyclical on Modernism has somewhat changed things so as to make the term modern Catholic an object of suspicion. Nor does this magazine conceal its spirit of misleading insubordination. An article upon our country and the Church is fulsome in patriotic exuberance, un-Catholic in its religious opinion, and calumniating in its discussion upon the heroic refusal of Cardinal Andrieux to submit to the French courts. The fact that the Pope was a temporal ruler, being monarch of the Papal States, is taken as a sufficient reason for applying the Monroe doctrine to all Catholics in the United States. Thus, if a Catholic party should be formed in the Republic which would belong to neither existing political party, this would be regarded as the interference of the Papacy in the politics of the United States. The Monroe doctrine should thereupon be sternly and rigorously applied. The article claims that in the case of the Papal court the offence is worse than that of an English or Russian diplomat, for the Italian would use the States to restore the temporal power of the Pope. Lyceums revived. He knows the reason why the Papal government does not want many American Cardinals in the sacred college. All this from a magazine posing as Catholic and eriging to political vanity! To prove his assertion the writer cites the conduct of the Cardinal of Bordeaux, France, who, he says, refused to appear and answer any charge in connection with the separation law. That is an unjust and false statement. His Eminence warned the people that the law was not binding in conscience on account of its many injustices. This magazine should wipe out its title of Catholic and be satisfied with modern American magazine, which it may with more decency fire off rockets on the fourth of July. Few people

show more dependence than some of our fawning neighbors, who are never content save when boasting how loyal they are to old glory. They do not belong to the original pilgrim fathers. Distinguish between them and the foreign element in the United States—one generation removed.

TO A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

We have received a long letter from a young lady who complains of some opinions expressed by a convert in a letter which we published about a fortnight ago. It was entitled "The Story of a Convert," and was written by Mr. Gornall, a graduate of Cambridge. As this letter was copied from a contemporary, the B. C. Orphan's Friend, we are not at all accountable for the views it expresses. Nor are we disposed to enter the controversy. We are confident that Mr. Gornall will give satisfaction to the young lady and show that he is fully aware of what he is writing. In his last paragraph he states distinctly that he is not accusing Protestants indiscriminately of being suspicious. He is open to conviction, and would be glad to learn that it is not so. Our quarrel is not so much with Protestants as with Protestantism. We often think of what Bishop Healey wrote once—that Protestants are much better than their principles, and Catholics are not nearly so good. The latter hold out the great Exemplar and the lives of the saints. The former live beyond their principle of justification by faith alone. Our lady friend tells us a lot of things which, however social and courteous her acquaintances hardly touch the radical supernatural difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. People mingle together in social and business intercourse, fully prepared to trust that great bond of society, the work of promise. This by no means proves the religious truth of one or the other. Beyond all those communications there is the higher and deeper duty of each one's fidelity to our Blessed Lord and His Holy Church—a duty which at times calls for sacrifices such as Mr. Gornall has made.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTISTS.

In answer to a correspondent who asks for information concerning the Seventh Day Adventists, we cheerfully admit that we cannot say much upon the subject. The term Adventists was applied to a group of six Protestant communities which hold in common a belief in the near return of Christ's coming in person. These sects owe their origin to William Miller about the year 1831. Mr. Miller, though without training, attacked some of the deepest Biblical problems. He looked for the fulfilment of every Messianic prophecy in its obvious surface meaning and the strict historical relation. Taking the 2,300 days of the Prophet Daniel for so many years, and computing from the commencement of the seventy weeks before the first coming of Christ, Miller thought he had the exact date of the end of the world. The date of Daniel was 457 B. C. Subtracting this number from 2,300 we have A. D. 1843. When the second coming of Christ failed one of Miller's disciples strove to correct the calculation and fixed the date for Oct. 22, 1844. They were again doomed to disappointment. They ceased to be positive about the day, contenting themselves with the belief that the second coming of Christ is near at hand. This movement afterwards divided into several independent bodies, amongst which are the Seventh Day Adventists. They derive their name from the fact that they hold to the observance of the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. According to them also the dead remain in an unconscious state until the general judgment, when the wicked will be destroyed. At present the Seventh Day Adventists number a little more than seventy-five thousand.

THE LATEST EX.

Some few weeks ago we received a pamphlet containing a theological article on the text "Thou art Peter." It came from eastern Ontario, and was presumably of one calling himself Harold P. Morgan, an ex-Franciscan. The pamphlet had as a preface a letter addressed to Bishop Wilkinson of Hexham and Newcastle, England, who died last spring. Upon receiving the booklet we wrote to Ushaw College for information about Morgan. He spent a year in that institution at the expense of the priest who had received him into the Church. It was not long before the College authorities discovered that he was by character and talent totally unfit for the priestly state. After his departure from Ushaw Morgan went to the Franciscans in North Wales. His stay here was short; "for apparently," says our English correspondent, "the monks came to the same conclusion as ourselves." Morgan was never professed, so that strictly speaking he is not an Ex. He was never a monk at all. It is the opinion of his old Professors at Ushaw College that Morgan did not write the pamphlet himself, but

that some one else did it for him in his name. The argument contained in the thesis is to prove that by the word rock, Christ, not Peter, was intended. This is quite sufficient to show the un-Catholic tone of the whole business, which in the book itself and its author is one of the ordinary snares to raise money and belittle our religion.

OUR EXCELLENT CONTEMPORARY.

The Casket of Antigonish, N. S., finds fault with those Irishmen in the United States who believe Ireland would be served by war between Germany and England. "If there were a war between these two countries," says the Casket, "would not Ireland as well as Britain have to pay for it, and would not many Irishmen be fighting and many lives be lost, leaving widows, orphans or aged fathers and mothers?" The Casket is quite right. It is little short of criminal to promote or wish for a war between nations, for, as General Sherman said, "war is hell." There is abundant reason, however, for unfriendly feelings on the part of the Irish in America towards the British Government. They may forgive, but they cannot forget, the horrors connected with the English occupation of Ireland. There is yet an open sore, but the political doctors of England are very slow to apply the remedy. The cultured privilege-hunters of the House of Lords killed Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Had it been adopted, and put in force with good faith, there would be a different feeling towards the mother country amongst Irishmen in the United States. An American contemporary states that if England wished to annoy her enemies she could not take a better way than giving Ireland Home Rule. The strength which this would give to the United Kingdom is a matter for serious consideration for a foreign foe.

THE SATURDAY EDITION OF THE TORONTO MAIL AND EMPIRE.

At least that part of it controlled by some person who signs the pen name "Flaneur," may be considered a supplement to the Orange Sentinel. As one of the Mail and Empire's staff is permitted to insult Catholics week in and week out, it will not be wondered at if Catholics have a very poor opinion of the management and will act accordingly. It is pitiable to see one of our great dailies giving a department to a man who appears to carry the traits of a John Kinsit and a Ballykillbeg Johnson. Writing about the civic scandals in Montreal, this person tells us "the disgrace is not in their exposure but in attempted concealment or condonation. Quebec wants to shake the malign party hacks and priests." Here we have a good sample of the 12th of July orator. It will be remembered that one of the witnesses at the Royal Commission at Montreal refused to give evidence because it would injure a brother Mason. It would thus seem that the Masonic brethren were to a great extent mixed up in this reprehensible matter. It were difficult to imagine why the "priest" has been introduced by this writer unless on the principle that, in the mind of an Orangeman, a priest is responsible for all or every calamity that befalls us. As to party hacks we desire to say nothing. We will leave these to be dealt with by the Mail and Empire editor. We do not know anyone who can speak with greater authority on such a subject.

A MOST IMPORTANT ITEM OF NEWS.

Came to us by cable from Rome last week. It has reference to the address delivered by Dr. Charles W. Elliot at the Harvard Summer School of Theology on the religion of the future. This address has been translated by the Pope's order into Italian so that he might more thoroughly comprehend it. The translation, which has been most accurately done, has been read with great care by his Holiness, who expresses profound regret that a man of such authority and culture as Dr. Elliot should spread theories that, he said, could not, in fact, be the basis of the new religion of the future, but are the negation of faith and the principles which are the foundation of Christianity and modern civilization. The Pope is reported to have said it would be easy to refute and destroy Dr. Elliot's arguments. It is believed a semi-official reply to Dr. Elliot's address, on lines suggested by the Pope himself, will appear in the Civiltà Cattolica, a most representative Catholic magazine managed by the Jesuits.

AMONGST THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Over there is a feeling of gratitude towards the Ancient Order of Hibernians for the splendid work they have done in erecting a monument to perpetuate the memory of the thousands of Irish exiles who lost their lives by ship fever at Grosse Isle and other parts of Canada. History will ever mark this event as a disgraceful exhibition of tyranny on the part of the Irish landlords and a criminal neglect of the welfare of the Irish people on the part of the English government. The occasion of the erection of

the monument was a splendid exhibition of Irish nationalism and it betokened a unity of purpose which is most commendable. There is more work yet to be done, and we hope soon to see erected at the capital a suitable monument in honor of the late Thos. D'Arcy McGeer, poet, orator and statesman, whose tragic death was a distinct loss to the Dominion of Canada. The money has been voted by the Government for the purpose and we trust the work will be commenced at an early date.

MR. JOSEPH ASHCROFT.

Mr. JOSEPH ASHCROFT, of 96 St. Patrick street, Toronto, writes a letter to the Toronto Mail and Empire, making a vigorous defence of Professor Goldwin Smith against strictures cast upon that gentleman by a correspondent the week previously because of his spiteful and uncalled for reference to the Society of Jesus. Mr. Joseph Ashcroft, of 96 St. Patrick street, Toronto, gives a complete list of the literary productions of Professor Goldwin Smith, or, rather, what he considers a complete list. He forgot to mention that Professor Goldwin Smith is on record as a very ardent pro Boer and some years ago advocated the annexation of Canada to the United States. Had some Irish Catholic of Toronto pursued a like course, Mr. Joseph Ashcroft, of 96 St. Patrick street, Toronto, would have undoubtedly dubbed him a Fenian and warned all good citizens to give him the cold shoulder. Hatred of the Jesuits covers a multitude of sins amongst no-popery fanatics.

FROM IRELAND WE HAVE ANOTHER.

instance of the regrettable conditions prevailing in that country because of the existence of that aggregation of undesirable called the Orange Association. At Lurgan some of the brethren were about to take their departure for the United States and a flute band paraded by way of farewell. No doubt the flute band played several stirring airs, including "Croppie Lie Down." When the paraders entered the nationalist centre they were, as might be expected, received with disfavor and the stones began to fly. When the constabulary came upon the scene both parties united to assail them for their interference. Orangism in Ireland, as elsewhere, has always been a curse, nor are Catholics alone in holding such an opinion of the institution. The bitterest denunciations have come from Protestant gentlemen of prominence who recognize it as a disturbing element which bodes ill for the future of any country.

THE ORGAN OF THE ORANGE ORDER IN TORONTO.

tells us that we either have not a proper knowledge of what we are writing about or deliberately slander an association whose principles are as lofty and generous as can be devised by man. As Orangism practically controls the city of Toronto, and as Catholics are rarely found occupying a position high or low in its civic life, the loftiness and generosity of its methods may fairly be called in question. It poses as the defender of civil and religious liberty, yet an Orangeman must swear that he will not become a Catholic, he must swear that he will not marry a Catholic wife, and he must swear that he will not send his children to a Catholic school. The civil and religious liberty of all manner of people are very near and dear to him, but he swears away his own. Truly the institution is, as a Protestant friend remarked to us the other day, a combination of contradictions.

AN EPISCOPAL CONVENTION RECENTLY HELD IN ST. LOUIS, MO.

It was reported that there were less than five thousand Episcopalians within the borders of that State. Yet, notwithstanding this, the rev. gentlemen seriously discussed the advisability of calling their denomination the American Catholic Church. A pity it is indeed that these good people do not under the bonds of prejudice and take the step that would bring them within the portals of the real Catholic Church. Many of their brethren in other parts of the country, as well as in England—men distinguished for blameless lives and culture—have recently found repose in the bosom of the Mother Church and now realize to the fullest extent the madness of that revolution that forced their forefathers without the fold.

HAMILTON IS CALLED UPON TO MOURN.

the loss of one of its most lovable and distinguished priests, the Very Rev. Dr. An Laussie, V. G. In another column we give a short account of his career published in a press despatch. We regret a more extended report is not available. Father Laussie's death will bring grief to the Bishop, priests and people of the diocese, but more especially to his parishioners in Dundas, by whom he was greatly beloved. He had attained a ripe old age, verging close to the eightieth year, and had been a priest for over fifty years. He had fought the good fight and now that he has laid down the burden may we not feel assured that he

as a splendid exhibition and it betokened a which is most commendable work yet to be done, in to see erected at the monument in honor of D'Arcy McGee, poet, man, whose tragic death loss to the Dominion of money has been voted by for the purpose and we will be commenced at an

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TEMPERANCE WORKERS and medical men in London, England, stand aghast at the condition of things in the schools of that city. Forty per cent of the children, it is stated, under the age of eight years, drink alcohol more or less regularly. Dr. Mackenzie says he got the figures from several of the London County Council Infant schools. This condition of things is certainly most alarming. If at a tender age children contract the drink habit their condition in after life will be most deplorable. If this practise continues the future of the mother country will be dark indeed. What avails it to have a great navy and a great army if the country becomes diseased at the core.

M. BRIAND, the new French Premier, is reported to have expressed a determination to bring matters to an issue with the French hierarchy. His intention doubtless is to bring them to trial, fine and imprison them. The sooner the test comes the better. The Bishops will be true to the Pope and the Church, and persecution will all the sooner open the eyes of the French people to the deplorable conditions prevailing. In the long run Briand will go to his grave unhonored, and the Church will live and flourish as never before in the French Republic.

THE SOUTHERN MESSENGER states that Sir William McGreggor declared that children would learn more at school if they were allowed to learn less. Our contemporary states that this utterance is founded on reason and common sense, and adds that it is advisable in school training to cover less ground and to cultivate it more thoroughly. Our educationists, however, seem determined to go on in the old rut. "Cram" is the order of the day in too many of our school rooms. The consequence is that the little ones have a smattering of everything and are very poorly equipped in the essentials.

WE ARE GLAD to notice our non-Catholic fellow citizens of London, following the example of the Catholic Church, in establishing a Holy Name Society. It is proposed to have a Sunday set apart for a crusade against swearing; the day is to be known as "The Holy Name Sunday." The practice of swearing cannot be too strongly condemned. If we look at it merely in the light of citizenship it betrays a want of character and manliness. A higher motive, however, should be our guide in this matter.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT, W. H. Bliss, recently died in England. This gives us another example of the influence of Rome upon men of wide information. Mr. Bliss had been an Anglican minister, but after a visit to Italy he became a convert. The London Anathacum recently gave a sketch of his career which occupied two pages. It describes him as one of the most learned men of our time. For many years he had been Roman correspondent of a number of English papers.

FROM DAY TO DAY we still have a gist of news from New York concerning that detestable Thaw business. Really, esteemed contemporaries, is it not time the Canadian people were supplied something better in the way of news. From first to last the actors in this social drama have given us a picture of humanity depraved. It is high time the unlovely exhibition were put out of business.

HALIFAX is rejoicing because of the triumph of John O'Neill, a native of that city, at the great regatta in Detroit. He is now the amateur single scull champion oarsman of America. We are glad to be able to say, too, that Mr. John O'Neill is a model resident of the city by the sea. He is a member of St. Mary's Young Men's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, and is a devout Catholic.

will receive that great reward which is promised to those who are faithful to the end.

THE CONSTITUTION of South Africa has received its second reading in the House of Commons and has virtually passed. Ex-premier Balfour considers this one of the most important events in the British Empire. General Botha and Dr. Jameson, we are told, sat together on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords while the constitution received its second reading in that house also. This pleasant picture would be reversed were the Lords dealing with a system of government for the Irish along the same line. Inherited prejudice and vested interests have still a powerful hold on the minds and actions of those who constitute a majority of the Upper Chamber of England.

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A PRESS DESPATCH from Rome, dated August 17th, gives us the gratifying news that His Holiness the Pope is in perfect health and that all rumors to the contrary are groundless. This will

be pleasing news to the Christian world. The Pope's personality has endeared him to people of all lands and all creeds.

IS PRAYER A "THEOLOGICAL FIGMENT?"

"My religion is science," said an Oglon teacher to us on a Saltair train recently. "Being creed in Christendom is being purged of the notion of a pious God, receiving in its stead a juster concept of a Supreme Being, too wise to be taught by us, and too good to dispense curses and blessings in a spirit of revenge and favoritism." He then went on to show how science had exploded superstition, was purifying religious beliefs from the gross anthropomorphic elements which were accepted in the past, and had won over to its side large numbers of the most intelligent and advanced of the clergy who look upon prayer to God as a theological figment.

All of which is entitled to the same attention which is given any assertion unsupported by proof. The purifying effect of science on religious belief is like unto that of the shark on its prey, that is, absorption and for the shark, victim, annihilation; and the Protestant creeds are beginning to perceive it. Thoughtful Protestants realize that the light is on between the positivism of Christianity represented by the Catholic Church and the entire negation of the supernatural, of revealed religion, on the part of pure materialism, called science. The sects are encumbering the ground, and like the Hessian troops in the revolutionary war for independence, they are auxiliaries of our enemies, though not recognized as such.

We cheerfully welcome all duly attested facts of science in the natural order and admit our obligation to give them place in the sphere open to examination. But when the scientists undertake to examine, analyze and criticize the mind of God in His dealings with his own creatures, we question their authority and competency to do so. Our Oglon friend unfairly caricatured prayer in order to disparage it. Who would accept as his idea of prayer the conception of a God Who "dispenses curses, and blessings in a spirit of revenge or favoritism?" The Oglon teacher was ridiculing the faith of an Episcopalian minister who with his congregation petitioned God for rain in an exceptional period of drought, believing that God would, at their request, change the order of nature.

When the Lord sent thunder and rain in answer to the prayer of Samuel (I. XII, 17), we have no reason to suppose that these were produced differently from other thunder and rain in violation of the order of nature. Why cannot God work through nature's agencies and forces? It is asserted by infidels that natural laws are inviolable. But, if living force directed by a human will can counteract the forces of gravitation, or other natural laws, then is it unreasonable to assume that a living, personal, Almighty God cannot hold in suspense or counteract the forces of nature when in His wisdom He deems it well to do so?

Christian theologians freely admit that there is an established order in the universe; that there are divinely appointed conditions of health and success in human affairs which if we neglect or overlook, we cannot prevent the consequences by prayer; that what we ask in prayer we must ask in submission to the will of God. But these admissions do not exclude the duty of prayer, and its absolute necessity for the man who seeks to reach the end for which God created him.

Though it is not the ordinary Divine method to regulate the affairs of man and the universe by arbitrary miraculous interference with the established order of nature, yet we cannot accept any theory which shuts God out of His own universe and denies His power and His right to control and command the forces of the world. Our Redeemer in His earthly life exercised such a control over nature that those standing by were compelled to ask, "What manner of man is this that the winds and the waves obey Him?" Are these miracles of Our Lord to be placed among "theological figments?" God is the quiet assumpser that there is no living, personal, God Who cares for his creatures or heeds their requests. Our Oglon friend's argument against prayer for rain, if valid, would hold good against all kinds of prayer. Those who speak of prayer as if it was to teach God and make Him the instrument of human caprice, should remember Paley's wise words: "It may seem good to the wisdom of God to give us, in answer to our prayers, what it would not seem good to the same divine wisdom to give us without prayer."—Intermountain Catholic.

co-operators. It would seem that nothing is too outlandish, nonsensical or dangerous to assume the good name and usurp the prerogatives of religion.

But underneath the specious claims and mock-heroic sides of these delusions of mankind, is a lack of sincerity. These people are intelligent enough to delude others and too intelligent to deceive themselves. They know that their boasted claims are without foundation, but they are hopelessly in the dark as to religion. The very fact that so many come forward with solutions of a problem already solved shows that they are engaged upon a fruitless task and know it. Their theories are like the attempts to square the circle. They are trying to make a religion without God and without revelation and with an authority that can continue only so long as they are popular.

Dr. Eliot's theory in particular is a conspicuously hopeless one. It is the stand of a man who has abandoned everything really divine in religion and in his desperation strives to formulate some jumble and nerveless statement on which people who reject revelation can agree.

To one who has followed the history of Protestantism in this country, its stiff formalities and harsh rules of conduct which were the rule of city schools, its exaggerated championship of the Bible, and contrasts the former condition with the total disorganization of to-day and the disappearance of any real creed or positive belief on the essentials of religion, these evanescent pronouncements indicate the last gasp. On every side are empty conventicles, colleges wholly secularized or given over to the teaching of rationalism and atheism, ministers who have no definite beliefs whatever, and unchurched millions who have broken definitely with all creed and religious sanction of conduct. This is the actual condition on which a false glamor is being placed by specious and voluble writers and preachers. Protestants are attempting to make move by mechanical contrivances. They use the old names for things religious but in their mouths these have a widely different meaning. Divested of all their verbiage they stand forth as hopeless and profitless materialism.

What is there in all the antique errors that are yearly paraded before us as religions, or the starving heart of man or lift up his spirit to a higher condition and purer life? They are but the vapors of charlatans, the senile outpourings of shallow talkers. All their large promises, their vain boasts, their prating about brotherhood and humanitarianism would not furnish forth the devotedness of one small Sister of Him with all her heart.

"Vanity of vanities," They have thrown away the pearl of great price and exhibit in triumph the empty shell. They toil all day to make bricks without straw. Their labor is foredoomed to failure because "they have not known Him." Having persuaded themselves that Christ was no more than a man, that miracles are lies, that revelation is a failure, they have nothing left but the broken shreds of demolished heresies, and the endless, noiseless swamp of fallen human nature. These men offer old lamps new lamps that will not burn. They are religious bankrupts. The battle is lost and they stand among the corpses shouting in faltering notes that they have won.

And the Catholic Church here and everywhere goes calmly on with her work as she has for ages regarding all the noise and fuss as but the repetition of what she has witnessed time and again in the past. They talk, invent, and vex the souls of men with vain questionings, and she goes on garnering in souls and waiting for the coming of Him "Who will make all things new."—Pilot.

ATTITUDE OF CATHOLICS TOWARD EVOLUTION.

The following conclusions presented by Father Muckermann, S. J., in the fifth volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, indicate what the Church teaches as the proper attitude to be observed by Catholics towards the much disputed theory of Evolution.

Here are the conclusions:

(a) The origin of life is unknown to science.

(b) The origin of the main organic types and their principal subdivisions are likewise unknown to science.

(c) There is no evidence in favor of an ascending evolution of organic forms. That is to say it cannot be asserted that man evolved from the lowest forms of animal life upwards.

(d) There is no trace of even a merely probable argument in favor of the animal origin of man. The earliest human fossils and the most ancient traces of culture refer to a true reasoning man as we know him to-day.

(e) Most of the so-called systematic species and genera were certainly not created as such, but originated by a process of either graduated or saltatory evolution. Changes which extend beyond the range of variation observed in the human species, have thus far not been strictly demonstrated, either experimentally or historically.

(f) There is very little known as to the causes of evolution. The greatest difficulty is to explain the origin and constancy of "new" characters and the teleology of the process. Darwin's natural selection is a negative factor only. The moulding influence of the environment cannot be doubted; but at present we are unable to ascertain how "inheritance" may be extended. Lamarck that influence may be acquired characters is not exactly proved, nor is it evident that really new forms can arise by mutation or simple change.

In regard to the alleged blood-relationship between man and the higher apes, it is admitted that the blood of man is chemically similar to that of the anthropoid apes.

It does not follow, however, that this chemical similarity must be attributed to any kinship of race.

The mistake arises from the confusion of the ideas "similarity of blood" and

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AN ENGLISHMAN OBJECTS.

Edward Clarke, former mayor of Hastings, England, who took part in the Joan of Arc celebration in Rouen, France, has made a speech in which he attacked the Froethinkers' Society of that town which placed in the dungeon where Joan of Arc was imprisoned an inscription reading:

"To Joan of Arc, Burnt by the Priests."

"The inscription," said Mr. Clarke, "shows that history is not as well studied by some people in France as it deserves to be. You say that Joan of Arc was burnt by the priests. We in England, say that she was burnt by the English. That is the truth."

"Our ancestors committed a great crime, the greatest of all crimes, and we deplore it. We English now hold the maid's memory in veneration. None ever attempt on our side of the channel to sully her name."

"I bring the homage of the English people to your national heroine, who marched to victory against the tyranny then represented by our ancestors, and I ask you to shout with me, 'Vive Jeanne d'Arc.'"

This speech was greeted with applause and has raised much discussion throughout France.

THE OLD LAD O' THE BELLS.

Hark!  
The bell o' St. Mark,  
How it mellowers the air!  
Sure, I can't understand  
All the bells in this land—  
I declare  
But it's queer—  
Whin the bells o'er the sea are so joyous an' grand.

Now whin I was a boy,  
By the town o' Clonmel,  
I drank nothin' but joy  
From the rim of a bell.  
Was it rung for two wed,  
Was it summons to prayer,  
Was it tolled for van dead,  
Still the music was there;  
Every hill-side an' glen  
Every hollow and glade  
Rang agen an' agen  
Wid the echoes it made,  
An' the good folk that trod  
To the call o' the bell  
Gave a "Glory to God!"  
For whatever befall.  
Don't I mind—bless me soul!  
Me a wee curly head—  
How we heard the bells toll  
Whin O'Connell was dead?  
I can mind that same day,  
Aye! I see mesself well  
As I stopped in me play  
At the sound o' the bell;  
An' I hold in me ear  
All its music that's past,  
Tho' it's sixty-two year  
Since I heard it the last.  
For I can't live it down,  
An' I hear it ring yet  
O'er the bells o' this town,  
Wid their tears an' regret—  
Hark!  
The bell o' St. Mark,  
How it mellowers the air—  
Sure, it ought to be gay,  
'Tis a weddin', they say—  
I declare  
But it's queer,  
Whin the bells o'er the sea are so joyous alway.

—T. A. DALY, in Catholic Standard and Times.

METHODIST OPINION OF OUR CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

There is no question but that the ministry of the Catholic Church is a success, says the Methodist Recorder. This is partially due to the fact that there is no recognition by the Church of a dead line and because of the high standard of education and preparation for the ministry which the Church exacts. But not content with the standards which now prevail, Pope Pius X. recently gave orders for a universal advance of the standards to be applied to candidates for the clergy and also advancing the age for ordination. This is in direct opposition to the idea of many of the Protestant churches, notably the Methodist Protestant, that a man must get into the active ministry as early as possible, whether educationally prepared or unprepared. Of course, if a man is to be superannuated by his church at forty years of age, under the Catholic rule he would have little time to work. But, as we have said, the Catholic Church does not superannuate her ministry at the age of forty. She rightly considers that her power and wealth and success lies in the wisdom and the experience and the age of her ministry. The decree of the Pope also raises the standard of education for the ministry of the Catholic Church. What would the Methodist Protestant candidate for the ministry think if before he could be ordained to the ministry in his church he should be required to take a four years' college course as a preparation to six years' extended study in the higher institution which must follow? We say exacting study, for the course includes now two years in philosophy, four years in theology, courses in the Scriptures, exegesis, canon law, moral theology, ecclesiastical history, homiletics, Gregorian chant, higher law, French, Hebrew, Italian, natural sciences, eloquence, and in some cases German. We say this is the course that has prevailed; but now the Pope has decreed an advance on this. No wonder the Catholic priesthood is such a power. It is not possible to accomplish a good mechanical job with dull tools; how can good ecclesiastical work be done without sharp tools? The place to sharpen the edge of the ministry is in the seminary. Jesus did not begin his ministry until he was thirty years old.

What Gairdner Shows.

The Lamp (Protestant Episcopalian) continues to give its readers extracts from Dr. Gairdner's recent book, "Lollardy and the Reformation." As an advocate of the reunion of Anglicanism and Protestant Episcopalianism with Rome, the Lamp will not agree with

blood-relationship" in the genealogical sense of the term.

The fact of chemical similarity of blood is of no more importance for the theory of evolution, than any other fact of comparative morphology or physiology.

The central idea of modern theories of evolution, namely, progressive specific development, has not up to the present received any confirmation from observation of the world of organisms as it now exists.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The Marquis of Ripon recently granted an interview to a writer on the staff of the Review of Reviews in which he gave many interesting episodes of the active life from which he has just retired. Speaking of his conversion to Catholicity, and the fact that this step had not hindered his official career, he said:

"This is very remarkable, and I owe that to Mr. Gladstone. When I joined the Catholic Church I was fully convinced that by that act I had cut myself off forever from public service, and the Times told me so with the utmost emphasis. That it was not so was entirely due to Mr. Gladstone."

Asked to give his advice as regards the management of public affairs for the benefit of younger men who are growing up in the service, he said:

"That is rather a large order, but if I had to say anything this is what I would say: 'In the government of the world, as in all the other affairs of life, accept no other than the voice of your own conscience. In dealing with the affairs of your own private life, let your moral judgment be supreme. In the government of countries as in everything else, so live that all those over whom you wield authority shall recognize that your first object is to make truth and justice prevail. That at least has always been the principle upon which I have endeavored to order my life in whatsoever positions I have been placed.'"

Noble words and worthy of a Catholic statesman.

Ah, if we could only realize the tenderness, the depth of Christ's love for us, when He so closely unites Himself to each one of us in Holy Communion, we would converse lovingly and familiarly with Him. In those moments, the most precious of our life, and the happiest, we should present to our dear Lord all our needs, those of our friends, of our pastors, of the whole Church.

FOLLOW THE DICTATES OF CONSCIENCE.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. What shall I do with my child next year? To what school shall I send him? These are important questions that are being asked by the anxious parent during these days when the school-term is about to begin, and they must soon get a practical answer.

Of course it is the ardent wish of every good parent to give his child a thorough education, so that he might not only be fitted to cope with others in the race of life, but also to secure his eternal salvation. Both these objects must be secured by an education that is worth the name. A school that does not either teach the child to read, write, and reckon well, or does not carefully train the child's soul, is no school at all, and should never be patronized by a parent who is sincerely anxious for his child's welfare.

Both these aims are essential to a good education. Neither the one nor the other can be omitted without detriment to the child and culpable neglect on the part of the parent. The child's mind must be filled with knowledge, so that the child can earn a living for itself, and also, and even more particularly, its heart must be trained to virtue, so that it can do God's will in all things. Virtue will not grow spontaneously in the child's heart. The heart is like a field where, if we want to have a crop, we must sow the seed and let it germinate and grow to maturity. It is then only that we can reap a harvest. So in the child's heart the seeds of virtue must be sown and tenderly nourished and cared for. Only after this has been done can we expect a harvest of Christian virtues in the child's soul.

This kind of an education that trains both heart and mind is only given nowadays in the Christian school.

There are other schools that may train the child to read and write well, but they overlook the most important duty the child has—that is, the duty towards his God. They never instill into the child's heart sound principles of Christian morality. They teach him to be smart, but not honest. They teach him to be clever, but not dutiful. They teach him external respectability, but say nothing of what is vastly more important before Almighty God—internal cleanness of heart. Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.

Knowing these things well, a good parent cannot long hesitate where to send his child. If he is within reach of a Christian school, he fails in his duty to Almighty God if he does not send his child to that school.

Home-training is very good, but in the peculiar state of affairs in this great city the home-life seldom supplies an adequate amount of religious training to a child. Practically, it is in the school where it must be done, if done at all. For there the child spends the best part of the day; there the child's mind is being developed, and the education of his heart ought to go hand-in-hand with the development of his mind; there the child spends the best years of his youth, the time that is particularly set apart for learning. So that it is during this time, while the child is at school, that he must be taught his religion.

Hence, dear parents, do you wish your children to grow up to be an honor to you?—do you wish them to be good men and good women?—do you wish them to be a strong staff on which you might lean when your own step will grow unsteady? Train them, then, to virtue when they are young; let the knowledge of their religion be thoroughly instilled into their minds; let their hearts be solidly anchored to the eternal principles of morality. This is best done nowadays by sending them to the Christian school. A wise parent will not question for himself where his child will go to school.

HOLY FATHER GIVES COUNSEL.

HE EXHORTS CATHOLIC STUDENTS TO STUDY THE GREAT DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH—SHOULD BEWARE OF REFORMERS, THE ADMIRABLE EXPRESSIONS OF AFFECTION AND LOVE OF THE PONTIFF.

The following is a translation of the Pope's address to the Catholic students who met recently in Rome:

"With real satisfaction I welcome the expressions of devotion and obedience to this Apostolic See which you have just professed in your own name and that of your companions. They are all the more to me from the fact that they come from young men pursuing their studies in order to acquire true science, who declare their attachment to Catholic teaching, and thus recognize the necessity of uniting in a holy union those two daughters of the same Father: Reason and Faith, by which we all live; those two sons which shine in the firmament of the souls, the two forces which constitute the beginning and the completion of our greatness, those two wings which raise us to the knowledge of all truth—Reason, which is the eye of the man who sees, aided by Faith which is the eye of God. It is, therefore, a sweet consolation, beloved young men, for me to see you who represent the age of noble sentiments, of generous deeds and splendid victories, representing the Church as she has always held in honor not only the early Fathers and Doctors, but the writers of all times who have studied, and published works to make known the truth, to defend it from the attacks of unbelievers, and to show the entire harmony between faith and reason. In order that you may be able to give an account of the faith that is in you study the works of those great apologists and do not permit yourselves to be taken in the toils of these new reformers. Let the world call them superior minds, powerful intellects, unshakable consciences, brilliant intellects, but Jesus has judged them: 'He that speaketh for himself seeketh his own glory but he that seeketh the glory of Him that sent him, he is true and there is no injustice in him.' And do not let yourselves be deceived by the wily declarations of those others who are forever protesting that they are on the side of the Church, that they love the Church, that they are

"Beloved youths, listen to the voice of one who truly loves you; do not allow yourselves to be led away by vain appearances; but be strong in resisting seduction and protest and you will be saved."

"But, then, it may be said the official Church desires ignorance hinders the development of religious studies; her intolerable discipline imposes silence. No! No! beloved youths the Church the representative of Jesus Christ, in the very words He used speaking to the Jews, preaches continually: 'My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me,' and she adds: 'If any man do the will of Him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.' The Church has always held in honor not only the early Fathers and Doctors, but the writers of all times who have studied, and published works to make known the truth, to defend it from the attacks of unbelievers, and to show the entire harmony between faith and reason. In order that you may be able to give an account of the faith that is in you study the works of those great apologists and do not permit yourselves to be taken in the toils of these new reformers. Let the world call them superior minds, powerful intellects, unshakable consciences, brilliant intellects, but Jesus has judged them: 'He that speaketh for himself seeketh his own glory but he that seeketh the glory of Him that sent him, he is true and there is no injustice in him.' And do not let yourselves be deceived by the wily declarations of those others who are forever protesting that they are on the side of the Church, that they love the Church, that they are

"Hence I made my own the words of the youngest of the Apostles, the one beloved by the Divine Redeemer beyond others, who wrote to the young men, because 'I write to you young men, because you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you and you have overcome the evil one.'"

"Be strong in guarding and defending your faith when so many are combating it and losing it, be strong in keeping within you the word of God, and in manifesting it by your works, when so many have banished it from their souls; be strong in acquiring true science and in conquering the obstacles you will en-

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counter in your work on behalf of your fellows.

"Do not think that you are asked to make great sacrifices or to relinquish your lawful recreations—no, you are only asked to render, truly beloved, your age, which is the age of fair hopes, to lay the foundations which will make your career a splendid one so that in the autumn of life you may gather in abundance the fruits wherof the flowers of your spring are the promise. To day, the I only recommend you to be strong in preserving yourselves devoted sons of the Church at a time, when so many, alas! and perhaps unconsciously, are showing themselves to be rebels, because the first and chief criterion of the faith, the supreme and ever-fixed rule of orthodoxy is obedience to the infallible and everlasting magisterium of the Church constituted by Christ: to be the pillar and the ground of truth.

"Jesus Christ, Who knew our weakness, Who came into the world to evangelize especially the humble, chose for the diffusion of Christianity one means extremely simple, and admirably adapted to all capacities and to all times, a means which requires neither erudition, nor research, nor culture, nor reasoning, but only good ears to hear and a good heart to obey. Hence St. Paul says: 'Faith comes by hearing,' not through the eyes but through the ears, by the living magisterium of the Church, that visible society composed of teachers and learners, of rulers and ruled, of pastors and lambs and sheep. Jesus Christ Himself, too, enjoined on His disciples to listen to the lessons of their teachers, on the subjects to live in submission to their rulers, on the sheep and the lambs to follow their shepherds obediently; and to the shepherds, rulers and teachers He said: 'Teach all nations. The Spirit of Truth will teach you all truth. Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.'"

From this you will see how far astray are those Catholics who in compliance with the spirit of historical and philosophical criticism and with the spirit of discussion, which has found its way everywhere, put forward also the religious question and insinuate the idea that by study and investigation we must form for ourselves a religious conscience in harmony with the time, a modern religious conscience.

"And thus by a system of sophisms and deceptions they endeavor to show that the concept of obedience taught by the Church is a false one; they arrogate to themselves the right to judge and even to ridicule the acts of authority; they attribute to themselves a mission, which was not given them by God or by any authority, to impose reforms; they limit obedience to merely external acts—whereas they do not resist and rebel against the same authority, setting up against it the fallacious judgment of somebody without authoritative competence or of their own private conscience under the illusion of vain subtleties, against the judgment and the command of him who is by divine mandate the legitimate judge, master and pastor.

"Beloved youths, listen to the voice of one who truly loves you; do not allow yourselves to be led away by vain appearances; but be strong in resisting seduction and protest and you will be saved."

"But, then, it may be said the official Church desires ignorance hinders the development of religious studies; her intolerable discipline imposes silence. No! No! beloved youths the Church the representative of Jesus Christ, in the very words He used speaking to the Jews, preaches continually: 'My doctrine is not mine but His that sent me,' and she adds: 'If any man do the will of Him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.' The Church has always held in honor not only the early Fathers and Doctors, but the writers of all times who have studied, and published works to make known the truth, to defend it from the attacks of unbelievers, and to show the entire harmony between faith and reason. In order that you may be able to give an account of the faith that is in you study the works of those great apologists and do not permit yourselves to be taken in the toils of these new reformers. Let the world call them superior minds, powerful intellects, unshakable consciences, brilliant intellects, but Jesus has judged them: 'He that speaketh for himself seeketh his own glory but he that seeketh the glory of Him that sent him, he is true and there is no injustice in him.' And do not let yourselves be deceived by the wily declarations of those others who are forever protesting that they are on the side of the Church, that they love the Church, that they are

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working to prevent the people from being separated from the Church, striving to bring the Church into line with the times so that she may come closer to the people and win them back again. But judge them by their works. If they treat badly and despise the pastors of the Church, and even the Pope: if they try in every way to withdraw themselves from their authority, to evade their directions, their enactments, if they do not fear to raise the standard of revolt, then what Church is that of which they speak? Certainly it cannot be the one established on the foundation of the Apostles and the Prophets of which the supreme corner stone itself is Jesus Christ, and therefore we must have ever before our minds the admonitions addressed by St. Paul to the Galatians: Even should we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you besides that we have preached to you let him be anathema.

"You will meet, and unfortunately only too often, new apostles of this kind because so long as there is pride of intellect or corruption of heart scandals will never be absent from the world. It must needs be that scandals come, said Christ, and God permits them and tolerates them to prove the fidelity and constancy of the just. But be not dismayed or disheartened by these scandals however painful they be; have compassion for those poor blind guides who in their ignorance or obstinacy, believing themselves to be wise, have become fools, and praying for them that the Lord may enlighten them and bring them back to the fold they have so unfortunately abandoned. Be you strong and faithful to the promises you have made, and in your society you will find the means to escape the danger by which you are surrounded, and by serving the interests of religion and the Church you will be making provision for your own welfare."

THE CHIVALROUS SOUTHERNER.

"A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND," HE ROSE TO THE DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS.

Chivalry is not dead, and as the deeds of the heroes of peace oft outshine those of the heroes of war, so twentieth century defense of those unable to defend themselves often calls for a higher order of courage than did the storming of castle or tilting with the lance. Such was the courage displayed by a speaker who electrified his hearers at a recent meeting of a local Presbyterian congregation.

It was a gathering called to discuss a question of more or less public interest, but with no direct bearing upon the differences between Christians. A reverend gentleman from abroad arose, and said that he was present at the cost of great personal discomfort and inconvenience, having passed through a raging storm. Then, after a few words on the subject under discussion, he branched out into a violent attack upon the Catholic Church. He was heard in silence, until, in the blindness of his bigotry, he went so low as to attack the Church's consecrated daughters, the Sisters.

Then there came an interruption. A gentleman of distinguished appearance, a Southerner at a glance, begged the indulgence of the speaker and the meeting. He was, he said, a visitor to the city, and had come with his host, a mem-

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ber of the congregation, to hear discussed the subject which had been announced. He merely wished to say that he thought the object of the meeting would have been better conserved had the reverend gentleman who had come some distance in a storm remained at home. He himself held no brief for the Catholic Church and had slight acquaintance with its priesthood. Slight as that acquaintance was, however, it was enough to convince him that "even a second-rate representative" of that priesthood would have little difficulty in confounding the man who had just attacked it. He (the interrupter) did not feel called upon to defend the Catholic priests, but when the Catholic Sisters were in question that was a different matter. He knew their worth, their self-sacrifice and their devotion. As a gentleman he could not sit silent while any ladies were traduced, and he was in a special degree solicitous for the fair fame of the Catholic Sisterhoods. No Protestant, clergyman or layman, attacking them in his presence would find them defenseless.

Needless to say, the concluding portions of the interrupted discourse dealt with other matters.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

RACE HORSE TAKES PRIEST TO DYING MAN.

A thrilling race with death was ridden and won by Father McKinnon, of Nelson B. C., a few days ago when Aimee Amicon, an employe of the Trail smelter, fell into a vat of acid, receiving such injuries that immediate death was inevitable. The doctors said Amicon might live half an hour, and the unfortunate man asked for the priest.

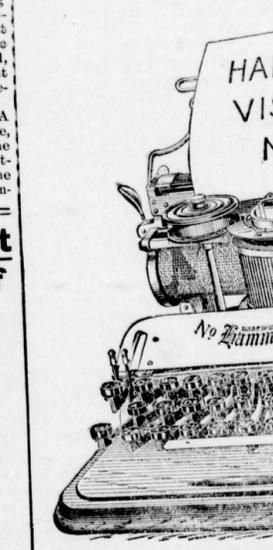
Father McKinnon got the message at Nelson and forthwith applied to Anderson Brothers' livery for their fastest mount. He was given the race horse boarder, Oregon John, with which he started for Trail at a hard gallop, taking a new short cut, reducing the distance to eight miles by going dizzily down the mountain.

Here the horse ran away, the priest hanging on until thrown, within a few hundred yards from Trail Hospital. He sustained a broken rib and many bruises, but paid no attention to them until he had comforted the dying man and administered the sacraments. Amicon died three minutes later.

The priest's ride stands as a record, lasting just 19 minutes.—Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Oregon.

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The world's gr... well that if you ar... or a womanly st... for yourself... wrong; either yo... or you have not... human nature is s... will only hold yo... excuses.

Are You Afraid... Many a man fail... dare to take risks... When do you c... distinctive in lif... spect to get out o... city? The men... are fearless. The... their make-up, a... They are not af... shoulder respon... convenience and... There never... quality of courag... dispensable in t... is to-day. It do... success qualiti... man, if you lack... get anywhere... perseverance wi... is no substitute

It does not m... you may be, or... may have had fo... as a hesitator,... which dares to r... you will never... The men who... their line of en... cause they have... convictions. Th... climb, had the... against the adv...

Forget t... Some people... stituted that t... remember ple... When you me... they always ha... some unfortunate... them or is su... They tell you... narrow escapes... the misfortune... bright days, th... experiences, th... drop out of th... only the disag... cordant, and th... The rainy d... sion upon thei... think it rains... There are... reverse. The... pleasant thi... agreeable exp... know some of... all sorts of m... and yet they r... refer to them... never had an... good fortune... enemies, and... kind to them... who attract y... The habit... toward the e... of holding c... thoughts per... gloomy, sar... formed by ha... unkind thoug... so set toward... only radiat... Can Not S... Some peop... without flin... and troubles... ances and tr... Somehow... for a great... attached by... every-day li... the little bi... that demor... most of us... things bett... thing in hu... up for the i...

Gold

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JUST

by showing... and friend... every one... Dr. Hanz... locality o... If you a... fearer (n... "Dear Do... Eye Teste... particular... Spectacle... and I will... Haux Bul... 5078-7... Photo Li...

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Forget the Disagreeable. Some people are so unfortunately constituted that they do not seem able to remember pleasant, agreeable things...

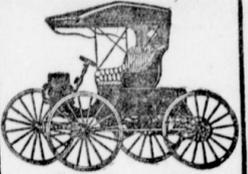
Can Not Stand the Little Things. Some people who would walk boldly, without flinching, through great trials...

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Large numbers of people have brilliant qualities; they know a great deal, are well educated, but they lack sand, staying power. They can't stand by a proposition and see it through thick and thin to the end.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. The Winner. The big plot of strawberry plants lay in the glistening rows in the early morning sunlight, each pointed leaf tipped with a shining dew of gathered dew.

Tom Wilbur coming down on the grass grown lane with a couple of bank piles of strawberry boxes in his arms, spoke an admiring word to the man by his side.

Jefferson's Ten Rules. Thomas Jefferson, who framed the Declaration of Independence and was the third President of the United States, also thought out these ten rules, which every boy and girl could do well to remember and practice.

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"I'll get up and get to work early, mother and then I can be through earlier, and maybe Mr. Morse will have something more around the place for me to do," he had said the night before.

Tom's eyes widened with pleasure. "I could try it," he said. But Sidney White interrupted.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap. Price costs more than hunger, thirst and cold. We seldom repent having eaten too little.

REVERENCE IN GOD'S HOUSE. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat gives an outline of a sermon preached by Rev. Earl Hewson in a Congregational Church of that city.

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