the shadow.

Friend of the poor. Lover of God's small beasts,
Those that He gave unto us for our gentle keep.

Beloved of beggars—you with the generous hand,
You, with the large, patient eyes,
The suppliant eyes of the deer. The suppliant eyes of the deer. You, with voice so musical and low It wrought men's hearts to higher, gentler things, You—gone! Lying low, my girl— God's world the emptier, because you are not here God's heaven the richer, because, sweet girl! Your home is there.

A Child's Face.

It may not have mattered much, And it really was nothing at all— A child with that infinite touch Of a child with her arm 'round a doll; But somehow wherever I went And whatever took place all day, Her face was a sacrament sent To keep me from going astray!

Some would not have given a thought To so purely a commonplace thing As a child with her visage enfraught With the light and the bloom of the spring; But it followed me, haunting and sweet, And her laughter rang on in my ears, And I smiled through the dust and the heat And forgot there were sorrow and tears!

THE BATTLE FOR THE FAITH AMONG

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The Pan-Anglican Congress closed on Wednesday, June 24, and the next day was held the forty-ninth annual meeting of the English Church Union, in London. "Nothing of the reaction and lassitude," says the Church Times, "which might be expected to follow upon (the former) was observable in the Anniversary services and meetings of this society." Early Masses for the in-Early Masses for the intention of the society were celebrated in a large number of the churches in London and elsewhere and at 11 o'clock a Solemn High Mass was beautifully rendered at St. Mathias's Earl's Court St. Mathias is a spacious church and well known for the stateliness and splendor of its Catholic ritual. This characteristic devotion of the E. C. U. to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has served in some measure to atone for the absence of the Holy Eucharist as the supreme act of worship, intercession and thanksgiving in the opening and clos-ing services of the Pan-Anglican Con-

great hall of the Church House at 2.30. Lord Halifax, the president, was re-ceived with enthusiastic cheers, and his noble address was repeatedly and loudly cheered throughout. We wish we had space to give it in full, but that which follows may be described in French phraseology as the creme de la

LORD HALIFAX'S ADDRESS-THE ATHAN-

"The third subject to which I wish to allude this afternoon is the Athanasian creed. Since 1871 we have been fighting the battle of the creed. During that time various proposals have been made in different quarters with regard to its position and use. Amongst others the suggestion was at one time made that some general recognition of the vestments used at Mass, and prescribed by the Ornaments Rubric, might be balanced by some mod...cation of the clauses of the creed, or some alteration

"The members of this Society, as in duty bound, resisted all such proposals and they will resist them again if they emerge out of the present consideration the rubrics by the Convocations of Canterbury and York. We value the Athanasian Creed, as for other reasons, so especially for this, that in these days of unbelief and no belief it asserts emphatically the necessity of believing the Catholic faith. There is nothing in the statements of the creed that requires any more explanation than som of the statements of Christ Himself. The Gospels and Epistles contain many statements which, if they are rightly to be understood, have to be taken in con nection with other statements as peremptory as themselves. We do not, or that account, propose to alter or suppress them. The creed cannot be re ified in the ways suggested, without seeming to countenance the opinion that a right faith, when it cannot be had, is of less necessity for salvation than

unanimous mind of the members of this Union, when I say that they are as determined as ever to continue the battle in defence of the Creed which was so valiantly fought by Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon. I remember Dr. Liddon saying 'The Creed means exactly what it says—that a right faith is neces sary to salvation. Those who deny that proposition sign the formularies of the Shurch dishonestly, and those who affirm it will not be content to see the Creed mutilated, or its position in the Prayer Book altered our business is to contend for the faith, not to compromise it and then he added, in reference to those who were attacking the Creed,

shall yet live to see the Egyptians drowned on the sea-shore.' "That was fully thirty years ago and the position of the Creed is still intaet; it is those who were attacking it who have passed away. Nothing, in-deed strikes me more, in reference to this as to other controversies, than the which the line we have felt it our duty to take has been justified by events. I see nothing to retract, nothing to regret in all we have said and separated? The Church of England at

done during the last forty years. On the other hand, how completely have all the prophecies, all the predictions, all the anticipations even of the most inthe anticipations even of the most in-telligent and best informed of our op-ponents been falsified. We have had few abler Archbishops than Archbishop Tait. The history of the Church in South Africa, to take one example outside matters connected with worship and ritual, and in regard to worship and a way none can mistake, how complete-ly he misread the situation. Nor is his the only example. Look at the way the Oxford Movement is spoken of by Prime Minister after Prime Minister in the recently published volumes of Queen Victoria's letters; we are told that it was nothing but a passing folly which would shortly disappear and leave 'sensible people' at peace. Well, Prime Ministers and 'the sensible people' have all passed away, but the Oxford

Movement remains, and is stronger than ever. Its whole history is the complete falsification of the prophecies which sixty years ago were made in regard to it.

"The change in opinion is complete. To what is it due? No doubt to the To what is it due? No doubt to the discovery that much that was apprehended was only a bugbear; to the diministration of prejudice, to the appreciation of good work done among the ation of good work done among the poor, and in the slums of our large towns; to the devoted lives of clergy and laity, to the growth of sisterhood and religious communities, with their examples of complete self-denial: but also to the more intelligent comprehension of the questions at issue, largely due to the growth of historical school both at home and abroad, and lastly, though not least, to an ever-deepening perception of what a professed belief in the Catholic Church involves and neces

"How is it possible, for example, to claim for local Episcopates an authority which you deny to the whole Episco-pate collectively. If a local Episcopate is to claim an authority which cannot be gainsaid, it can only be by its own submission to and recognition of that larger and wider Episcopate of which it is a part. There may be difficulty in ascertaining precisely at a given moment what the exact mind of that Episcopate is upon any new point of dispute which may arise; his-tory does not countenance the opinion that an immediate and final decision on all disputed which has been the second all disputed points has been the ex-perience of the Church, but in any case the difficulty does not apply to the points which have, for the most part, been the subject of more recent controversy. No real question can be raised as to the mind of the collective Episcopate in regard to such subjects as the Eucharacteristic Sacrifice, the Sacramental presence of the Body and Blood of Christ under the species of bread and wine, and the adoration due to Christ our Lord in the sacrament of

" As little question can be raised in regard to such other matters as Prayer for the Dead, the Invocation of saints, the duty of reserving the Blessed Sacrament for the use of the sick, or in respect to the general sanction given by the practice of the whole church, east and west alike, to the employment of such external observances in the matter of ritual as those which have been the subject of recent controversy. Diffi-culties in regard to these and kindred subjects would cease to be possible if those who raised them recognized more completely than they do their obliga-tions as members of the one, holy Cath olic and Apostolic Church, belief in which we profess, and the authority of which we acknowledge each time that we recite the Creed.

THE DIVISIONS OF CHRISTENDOM. Does it admit of a doubt for anyone who will seriously consider the subject that what lies at the root of our mos that what hes at the root of our most pressing difficulties is precisely this failure to recognize the obligations imposed upon us by our profession of belief in one, holy, Catholic and Apos-tolic Church? olie Church 2

"If the link which unites the members of the body of Christ with one another, and the consequences inseparable from that union, were better realized, could men talk as they do of the Invocation of the cessation of all communice with those who, though departed this life, are still, as we are, members of that body of which Christ is the Head? Could they insist on the atonement made by Christ upon the Cross for all the members of the human race, by virtue of His identity with those whose nature He has assumed, and yet fail to recognize, by virtue of the same principle, that nothing any one member of the body of Christ does or suffers, but must

needs affect all the members of that body for good or for ill? "How could they doubt, what it is our comfort and joy to know, that by virtue of the same principles the pray-ers of the Church still prevail with God for sinners and that the humblest are enabled to plead the all-availing sacriice of Christ for the sick and the dead and by such pleading to prevail with God on their behalf?

"It is prejudice and ignorance in re gard to these matters that keep us apart. Were these, the great enemies of peace and concord, dispelled, little would remain which need separate us from one another. And what is true of our own internal divisions, is true of the whole of Christendom. Why will we not try to come together? Why will we not try to ascertain what others teach before we condemn them? Why will we not make every advance that is possible to win back into one communion and fellowship those from whom we are

the principles she is bound to profess, has I think, the greatest opportunity that was ever offered to any part of the Church to heal the divisions of Christenders and to wish health as a constant of the characteristics.

dom, and to win back peace for the Church at large.

"To believe that God the Son has clothed Himself with our nature in order to make a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world upon the Cross and that this great and ritual, and in regard to worship and ritual, the history of churches like St. Alban's, Holborn, together with the present attitude of the Episcopate in regard to the Ornaments Rubric, show in a such a manner made over to us as to enable us to offer it with Him and in His name to His Father, and to add in that belief the conviction fortified by to that belief the conviction fortified by a personal experience so imperative and cogent in its character as to make doubt impossible, that in the Holy Communion Christ does here and now, in every deed and truth, give Himself to us; I say that really to believe this—and what Christian, if he trusts the Bible and the ible people' at peace. Well, Prime Ministers and 'the sensible people' have all passed away, but the Oxford Movement remains, and is stronger than ever. Its whole history is the complete falsification of the prophecies which sixty years ago were made in regard to its to government, difficulties as to the extra to the limits of authority but on the limits of authority but of the limits of authority bu extent or the limits of authority, but they will be incapable of keeping those apart who realize their union with one

another in Christ.

"Why is this so? Because the real unity of the Church—the unity which binds the members of the Church to Christ and to one another—does not de-Christ and to one another—does not depend so much upon the recognition of any external bond, or upon submission to an external authority, as it is the result of a sacramental union with Christ of so intimate and penetrating a character, that our Lord tells us it is only to be understood by and compared to that unity which binds Him to the Father. "I in them and Thon in Me. Father: "I in them, and Thou in Me,

Father: "I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."

"As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me even he shall live by Me."

"The Mass, Holy Communion, the Holy Eucharist, the Lord's Supper—the names all mean the same thing—is then the real instrument by which this unity is realized. It is the Mass which signifies, for the Mass is the placing before the eyes of the Eternal Father that one and sufficient sacrifice which has atoned for all the sins, past, present, and to come, of the whole world, and in the Mass and in Communion is vouchsafed to us that closest and most intimate upon ourselves on telling our brethren to us that closest and most intimate union with Christ of which He spoke on the morning of His Resurrection when He said: 'Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended to My Father, in comparison with which any mere external union, such as that which was possible before His ascension, leaves the soul unsatis-

fied and alone. "Let us only believe the treasure which God has given us in the Sacrament of the Altar ; let us realize that in the midst of the Israel of God there is indeed the presence and the cry of a King, and we shall find that differences which separate us from one another will fade away; that the walls of separation will be broken down; that of two there shall be made one; that, though we had long forgotten it, we were really one in Christ, and that it was only because we had forgotten Him that we had become estranged from one another. "We thought," as Christian Rossetti says, "to thought," as Christian Rossetti says, "to see only stones on the distant hills; they were really sheep, and God all along had known them as such. We thought the word was "Samaria"; it was really Sancta Maria that the letters spelt.' A Jesuit, Father Urbah, at a Congress recently held in Hungary, has been emphasizing what are the real and essential notes of the Church. I do not ential notes of the Church. I do not think anyone can read his addresses, or the proceedings of the Congress, to which the Pope has just sent his blessing, without realizing their importance, without seeing that in the prin ciples advocated, and indeed, acknowwhich not merely the East and West might reunite, without any sacrifice of essential principle on either side, but essential principle on either side, but which makes the possibility of reunion, in the West not merely an abstract possibility in a remote future, but something which, if we could but forget our differences, might become an accom-

" Meanwhile, this Union has only to go on fighting the same battle it has been fighting for the last forty years, the battle of the spiritual rights of the Church against the aggressions of the

plished fact at no distant date.

"That many a battle may yet have to be fought, that many a hard struggle lies still before us, we may be well assured; but cast your eyes back fifty years, and then ask yourselves whether we should not be cravens indeed if we doubted the issue of the struggle, and did not buckle on our armor with the full assurance of complete victory.

"Do you ask the secret of this confidence; why the Church movement is so strong, why it ever grows, why it conquers, and must ever conquer? It is because of its faith, because it believes in the Church as a spiritual reality, because it is true to the Apostolic teaching of the One Baptism for the remission of sins, and to the sacramental system of the Church, because it has the constant help and intercession of the whole court of Heaven, and, above all, because as we are reminded to-day—the octave of Corpus Christi—it believes in and adores the greatest gift of God to man His gift of Himself to us in the Most Holy and Adorable Sacrament of the

What, indeed, is the love of God We can not tell it. Earth's loves dwindle before it. Will eternity itself unveil to us completely the intermin-

Altar."-From the Lamp, Anglican.

THE GREAT SOCIAL DISEASE.

DR. SHAHAN ON THE SOCIAL VICE OF Doctor Thomas J. Shahan contributes

to the pages of the Catholic University Bulletin a thoughtful study on the present well-nigh universal social vice of It is, he well suggests, under modern

social conditions, frequently its own ex-cuse, and may be termed a social phen-omen which has become, in some respects, ilmost an inevitable concomitant of the conditions brought about by complex human gregariousness. This, of course, without trying to palliate the offence against morality necessarily entailed by the practice or habit of telling lies.

Moderate lying, says the essayist, is so easy, so available, so harmless, appar-ently, that men are inclined to adopt it as an institution. But generally considered, it results from the natural physical recoil; one shirks, with both m and bodily weakness, the duty of telling another a truth which in the interests

of righteousness should be withheld.

It is unfortunate that the nobler the temperament of the person upon whom temperament of the person upon whom the duty is incumbent, the harder is the task. The tender-hearted, the well-dis-posed, the charitable and the cultured feel the physical recoil in the direct ratio of their good qualities. And so it if that the majority of us follow the vic-ious advice of society, namely, that if we cannot be truthful and polite we must at least he polite always a species.

hear pleasant untruths, weak persons

upon curselves on telling our brethren the truth, in that he says our conduct is to be determined by estimating the probable effects on the hearer of the unpleasant truth to be communicated.

Here one is tempted to recall the pre-

dicament the late Charles Dickens manuscript from a contributor who solicited his advice as to the applicant's pursuing, or not, a literary career. In a very frank letter he asked for a candid opinion, telling the novelist that he had been advised to "write for a living," and that his circumstances necessitated his earning a livelihood. In the majority of cases an editor would be disposed to give the applicant some hope or en-couragement on the "physical recoil" argument of Mr. Shahan. Not so the great writer, who was really a kindly enough hearted man, and who was sufficiently established to be able to encour age effort. Here, however, he thought that duty to the writer and those depending upon him, called for the whole truth. He wrote back advising his correspondent to give up all thoughts of literature, as being, on the evidence of the submitted work, wholly outside his powers.

His thanks consisted in an epistolary rejoiner of the most truculent kind, in please—of jealousy of a possible rival!

Doctor Shahan tells us that General
Gordon destroyed his "usefulness" to ingness to tell the traditional lies his ce required.

Mark Twain, the inimitable, again tells us that his mother know his "average of truth" from her experience of his stories, and so could discount their ex-

Truthfulness, says the essayist, is no easy virtue, and truth is not its own apology, considering the evil situations which are liable to arise from the blunt telling of it. Strong teaching and touching appeal for truthfulness are not lack ing in society. What is lacking is practical understanding of the social pro cesses back of much lying, and practical sympathy for those who lie because forced to it by the world about them.

A HOARY FALSEHOOD.

THE ABSURD FICTION OF THE "POPISH-PLOT" ADMITTED BY NON-CATHOLIC WRITERS.

Of the lies that have passed current a history for centuries none is of a blacker hue than the fiction of the "Popish Plot" in England in the reign of Charles
II. For two centuries this horrible
falsehood manufactured in the fertile
brain of Titus Oates has been believed by a large part of the English-speaking world. It has passed into "history" and writers have expressed their gratification at the wholesale judicial murders

that took place during that period of anti-Catholic frenzy.

But gradually the truth about the terribleaffair is becoming known and non-Catholic writers to-day do not hesitatto characterize it as an infamous con-spiracy against the lives of innocent

In the May number of Blackwood's Magazine the writer of the article "Musing Without Method," writes freely of this time and places before us a review of the methods of the judge and witnesses as gleaned from a packet of documents containing an authentic

the most part the sufferings of those who died victims to the Popish Plot. Never were so many judicial murders committed in England within a few space."
description of the character of

Titus Oates, the fomenter and protagonist during the whole trouble, is very frank. "He it was who held England spell-bound. He cheerfully swore away the lives of honest men, and in doing

this he won the perfect sympathy of the people. He appears to have loved per jury for its own sake and the excite ment which it brought him.

"It is wholly impossible to believe that he had any zeal for any cause save

that of his own advancement. If as i most probable he contrived the death of most probable he contributed the was truly Sir Edmund Godfrey, then he was truly such an artist in crime as has seldom been seen. His success was due to courage and effrontery. There was no sound reason why his words should be taken by any just man. "His career before he set up as an in-

former was as infamous as it has been cunning. The son of an Anabaptist he

The conduct of the trials is thus set forth: "As you read the trials you recognize how excellent an understanding held the chief an understanding held the chief actors in the court together. They all knew their parts. There was Scroggs, they their pates, in the first place, a very scourge of Catholics, a drunken scoundrel, who did as he was told, and vastly preferred oppularity or profit to justice. Titus Oates was, indeed, the pet of the court. If he were cross-examined by a presumptuous prisoner on trial for his life, Scroggs would not have him harried. We desire, said the Court, 'that Mr. Oates may not be interrupted.' If the Oates may not be interrupted.' If the witness shuffled or contradicted a former statement the judge was ever ready with an apology for him."

Finally the writer sums up the character of Oates: "The successful villain commonly depends for his success upon some charm of manner, some trick of making himself agreeable to others. Titus Oates' body was as ill-favored as his mind. It is thus that Roger North describes him : 'A low man, of a North describes him: 'A low man, of an ill cut, very short neck, and his visage and features were most peculiar. His mouth was the center of his face, and a compass there would sweep his nose, forchead and his visual to the control of the control orehead and chin within the perimeter. And having thus described the rascal Roger North utters this prudent warn-

g: 'Cave quos ipse Deus notavit.'
"God had marked Titus Outes in ver truth, and nobody was wise enough t eware. Had one single man among hi him as to character, his power for evil would have been destroyed. He had al-ready been prosecuted for perjury, the first necessity of his being, before he came forth as the champion of Protest-

proves the skill of a practiced hand. Though his task of falsehood was made easier by the unbroken sympathy of the judges he was now and again at a loss and then he had two methods of extri-Either he would whine and say that fatigue had blunted his memory; that he had gone two nights without sleep and so could not be sure of the truth, or he would bluster and revile. As his skill increased with practice, he preferred insult to apology, and he became as quick at repartee as Scroggs,

evidence in these many trials without admiring his pertinacity. When he had once made a charge, nothing said or done by others persuaded him to sur render it. Prisoner after prisoner de-clared that he had never set eyes upon Oates. Oates cared not a jot. If the prisoner knew not him, he knew the prisoner, and could swear to him without esitation or uncertainty."
Such was the man whose glib storie

were believed by practically the whole English nation. His perjured testimony sent to the scaffold Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, and a host of Catholic martyrs, whose cause of beatification is now progressing in Rome. The Protestant world is coming to realize the true character of the infamous Titus Oates just as the Catholic Church

" A BUSINESS ETERNALLY PROFIT-ABLE."

Arthur Machen is an English author whom it is a constant pleasure for Cath-olics to read, and who causes constant surprise that one who writes so fairly and so understandingly of Catholic beliefs should not himself be a sharer in them. In the London Academy, for instance, he recently wrote thus of the "Dark Ages."

"A friend of mine once said very wisely that one great difference be tween the Middle Ages and the presentime was this,—that though there were convergently and the said of the control of money-grubbers in those days as nov yet even the money-grubbers of old were aware that it was the saint, the solitary, the ascetic, who were in reality the true 'men of affairs,' the men who had got hold of a business eternally profitable, and pursued that business without rest, without weariness, without distraction.

And again:
"A person who believes that the great Opus of the Middle Ages—its poetry, its romance, its architecture, its craftmanship, its devotion, its social able depths of this mystery. "God so loved the world, as to give His only loved the world. structure—was the work of ignorant and brutal lords, superstitious clerics and 1560.

DR. CABOT'S BLUNDER. In the August McClure's, Dr. Rich-In the August McClure's, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, writes an article on "One Hundred Christian Science Cures," in which he disposes very effectually of the claims of Christian Science to the monopoly of healing nervous diseases. Had he been content to rest his case here, we should have no ground for complaint against his article. But, whether from inherent bigotry or from takes occasion during the course of his paper to bracket the cures recorded at Lourdes with the magic handkerchiefs of quacks and the bread pills and highly diluted homeopathic drugs of disreputable physicians.

able physicians.

It is a pity, that in writing from a scientific standpoint on this question of actual interest, he did not take the trouble to inform himself of the miraculous healings at Lourdes before putting tion, he may receive some enlighten-ment from the Pilot's Book Reviews of mad professed many faiths and brought discredit upon them all. Disloyalty was in his blood, and he could not help turning upon those to whom he had paid reverence for some illicit purpose of his own." this present issue. If Dr. Cabot had. physicians who, at Lourdes, attend to the registration of all cases. He would furthermore know that men quite as eminent in the medical profession as Dr. Cabot of Boston, have no hesitation in believing in the supernatural character of the healing power of the waters of ourdes, sanctified just fifty years ago by the presence of her who gave Christ to the world.

uperficial training of our great Amerian universities which send forth into can universities which send forth into the world men who, however proficient in some special branch of learning, have, in other directions, shallow minds which expose them to the danger of what we may term smart and rapid con-clusions having no foundation in fact.— Boston Pilot.

The spirit of man must have a super-The spirit of man must have a super-natural endowment before it can see God. This gift is called the Light of Glory. It is beautifully referred to in a passage of the Psalms: "Thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure. For with Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light." shall see light.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The death occurred recently in England of Mr. George Matthews Arnold. He was a brother of the poet, Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," and was a convert to the Catholic Church.

A lady of Paris, Mme de Provigny, gave ten million francs to the poor of the city on condition that the Sisters of Charity administer it. In consequence the authorities must either recall the expelled Sisters or forfeit this large

John D. Rockefeller has given \$60,000, Sonn D. Rockeleller has given \$60,000, it is reported, to St. Thomas' College, St. Paul, Minn., with which to build a dormitory. Lack of funds has hampered the work of the founder of the instituthe work of the founder of the institu-tion, Archbishop Ireland, D. D., but the donation will serve the needs of the college for years. St. Thomas' ranks among the leading ¢atholic coileges of the country.

A new college for Foreign Missions has beed opened in Ireland near Castle-bar, in County Mayo. The Archbishop of Tuam is much interested in the found-ation and during a recent visit referred to the great missionary spirit that once characterized the Irish r

The resolution passed in the Rome Municipal Council against religious instruction in the communal schools in Rome is producing results on which the "Bloe" did not count. It so happens that congresses have been held by Cath. struction of youth in the Christian Doctrine is one of the matters occupying most attention.

"I have no use for the money unless I should care to buy an automobile, and as I do not need or desire one of the he church," said the Rev. William A. Brothers, of the Immaculate Conception Church, Mont Clair, N. J., in announcing that he would contribute his first six months' salary to the building fund.

Upon the invitation of the Rev. Thos. I. Gasson, S. J., president of Boston College and rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, forty-nine members of Col. Lillies' (Pawnee Bill) Wild West show attended High Mass at the church last Sunday. More than half of the body attending from the show were Sioux, members of St. Francis Mission, Rose Bud Agency, South Dakota.

It is confidently predicted that the oons by the citizens of Baltimore on his return from abroad will surpass any similar function yet held in that city. Mayor Mayhool and Attorney-General Bonaparte, representing respectively the entire city and the Catholics of Baltimore will welcome the Cardinal on

Miss Ida Hitchcock, the accomplished minsteen year-old daughter of Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, for ten years principal of the Hitchcock Military Academy of San Rafael, Cal., and an ordained Episcopalian minister, was received into the Church recently at St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, Rev. Father Konner, S. San Francisco, Rev. Father Kenner, S. J., officiating. Miss Hitchcock had the full consent of her parents, who though staunch Episcopalians, wished their daughter to follow the dictates of her

CHAPTER 1. THE GRAVENORS.

Bleur House, the magnificent home of the Gravenors, stood in the very heart of Kempton, under the sheltering shade of several noble oaks, surrounded by well-kept lawns, its massive, white front facing one of the loveliest residential streets in the city. The estate was the especial delight of the good people of Kempton. On the spacious lawns the choicest flower-beds were to be found all the summer through, creations of arranged by a genius, the trusty old gardener, Matt Pensy. Several paths led from the street to a marble fountain in the centre of the lawn and here the men and women and children often came quench their thirst. In the rear the house stood the conservatory filled with the rarest plants all the year round, and not far off a well-kept flower-garden smiled pleasantly to the passer-

When William Gravenor first came to Kempton, in the thirties, all the place could boast of were ten houses, a tavern, a grocery store and a blacksmith shop. a grocery store and a blacksmith shop.
The village was a little child out of its
cradle just then, learning to crawl up
the hill upon which the future city was
to rise. All about Kempton was God's own treasure trove, thousands and thou-sands of acres of rich timber land. On all sides mighty forest-trees lifted their sun-kissed kingly heads to the clouds. One night William Gravenor dreamed a beautiful dream, full of hope and promise. That night, the young sleeper dreamt he saw men at work at Kempton building, a large lumber mill; others were busy cutting down the grand old trees in the woods. The lusty, vigorous song of the lumberman was music to his ears. Then the smoke from the lumberman's shanty rose snake-like to the skies, and all this filled his heart with joy. He saw men on their rafts in the rivers and the lakes and the thousands of logs floating down lazily to the mill at Kempton. Very soon new fami-lies poured into the village and count-less buildings sprang up over night al-most. The streets were filled with the the sound of traffic and cars : hundreds of tall chimney-stacks pointed heaven-wards; there was a boom, and in a very short time Kempton threw off its child-hood's clothes and donned the garments of a vital, progressive manhood.

It was only a dream, but it set young Gravenor's brain a-thinking. He was a poor man just newly married, come to Kempton to gain a livelihood for himself and his charming young wife, but he was shrewd, manly, full of business tact and had two strong arms that were ready to do their share in the strenuous battle for existence. Here was the chance of a life-time, and one morning William with several others began to dig the foundation for his intended lumber mill. A few years passed, the project grew, and very soon the young lumber-king was making piles of gold out of those very saw-logs that floated carelessly down the river in the fall.

Years passed, happy fruitful years for the Gravenors. God gave them too children, Muriel and Arthur, who brought much sunshine into those early days. It was during this time of prosperity that Bleur House was built, but Mrs. Gravenor did not live long to en-joy it. When life held out its most precious treasures to her it was then God called her home. Fifteen years later the same message came to the lumberking. He had lived a good life; he had given freely of his money towards charity to lighten countless heavy burdens—and he had nothing to fear from the Prince of Peace. And thus the Gravenor millions fell into the hands of the two children—Muriel and Agthur, who together with old Aunt Arthur—who, together with old Aunt Hawkins, the trusty nurse, and Matt Pensy, the gardener, and several maids, constituted the Gravenor household a the time when this story opens. Arthur was then a handsome young man of twenty-eight and Muriel a shy girl of

One afternoon in late July when Nature looked its loveliest, Aunt Hawk ins hied away to a cool spot under the trees in the garden. A wave of hea had suddenly swept over Kempton but it was not to last very long for already a cool wind was creeping up from the lake through the not far distant cedars and hemlocks. The heart of the old nurse beat joyously as she seated her self on the mossy bench which was he favorite resting-place. She was a short plump, good-looking woman with a per fectly round fat face. Her hair was soft, silky white and though she was nearly sixty years of age, not a wrinkle was visible on her pleasant face. But her years were beginning to manifest themselves in her gait. She moved themselves in her gait. She moved with difficulty, and her hands were already showing the tremor of age. Yet withal she was good to look at as she sat there, in her neat, plain, gray dress and white apron, a favorite volume Dickens in her hand. There was Dickens in her hand. There was a quaint, old-time comfortableness about her that was not at all unpleasing These afternoon reading-hours out in the open were her special delight. the Gravenor library was ever at her disposal. She was not an intellectual woman, but she was schooled in the philosophy of good living, and, had it not been for her coming into the Gravenor household, things would have gone hard with the two small children when they became orphans. When Muriel was but a child and Mrs. Grave hung merely by a thread, the frail, little woman pressed Aunt Hawk-ins' hand and with tears in her eyes, begged her to take care of her two little children. And, when fifteen years later, the father felt that he was also to taken away, his last words were Auntie! be good to the children. breaks my heart to leave them. Continue to be a mother to them, for they woman fulfilled her promise. She guarded half hour ebbed away slowly.

things. She was a second mother to them in every sense. Mrs. Gravenor herself had christened the matronly, tender-hearted woman "Aunt," and thus she was called by all who knew her in-

she was called by all who knew her intimately.

Muriel, unknown to Aunt Hawkins, had stolen into the garden some minutes previously. She loved to be out there amongst the flowers. They were like so many companions—playmates to her, in their many colored dresses. Roses, dahlias, portulaceas, nasturtiums and marigolds smiled everywhere. That afternoon, she had asked Matt if she might not gather a few roses for Aunt

might not gather a few roses for Aunt Hawkins as it was her birthday.

"And how old, pray, is the aunt to-day?" Matt asked, inquisitively.

"Sixty years, Matt," the girl answer-

ed gently. ed gently.

"So, so—sixty years! well! well! I would hardly believe it. She is pretty spry for an old woman," he added. "Ah, but she's a good soul, she is. When first I came here about thirty years or so ago, she was a fine young woman then, but she had a broken heart an' I couldn't help pityin' her. Your father, girl, kind man that he was, took her in a few weeks before I came."

" Aunt Hawkins had a broken heart,

Matt? What do you mean?" asked

"Ah! 'tis a long, long story," the old gardener answered thoughtfully. "I cannot tell it to you now. Sometime you shall hear it all." "Very well. You must not forget to tell me for I never knew that Aunt

Hawkins' young life had been so sad."
"No, I shall not forget, Muriel," he said, as he turned down the narrow path-

way that led to the street.

"Matt! Matt!" cried the girl, loudly. "What about the roses?
The gardener turned with a pleasant

"Pluck all you want, darling," he answered tenderly. "The reds are the prettiest, but they're not half nice

ugh for you or Aunt Hawkins." A few moments later Muriel was busy in the garden and as she bent cutting the rose stems, a little sigh escaped her

lips.
"Poor things!" she murmured. "I wonder if the other roses will miss

She gathered the flowers together in her arms, and as she turned to leave the garden, the sunlight stole silently over her face, sweet in its girlishness and for a moment made it more lovely. God had given Muriel rare beauty of form and face. In her plain white dress, the cluster of red roses nestling sweetly against her breast, she appeared very beautiful. Aunt Hawkins always said that she looked like her mother. She had her fine, creamy complexion, her dark black/hair, the same small, deli-

cate nose and her blood-red lips.

Gently she glided down between the stately rows of holly hocks, with their atin crimson and lavender hoods umming a favorite song. Presently satin she reached the garden-gate. Then she espied Aunt Hawkins on her favorite bench not many yards away. The old woman had her back turned. Slowly her, then threw her arms about her neck and kissed her tenderly.

Aunt Hawkins had been so wrapped up in her book that she had not heard Muriel's footsteps.
"Goodness gracious, child! You frightened me," shrieked Aunt Haw-

'Never mind Auntie," the girl interposed. "The situation was really too

empting."

Blk

Muriel could not restrain her laughter and in a moment the dear, old Aunt joined in with her. "But come let's be friends again,"

whispered the girl as she put her arm about her a second time.

"Where do all the pretty roses com from, Muriel?" Aunt Hawkins asked.

"From the garden, to be sure. You see, I did not forget that this is your birthday, so Matt gave me permission to pluck the prettiest ones for you. May many more birthdays gladden your the girl said with feeling as she handed her the fragrant flowers.

"Thank you, child! It is all very thoughtful of you and I appreciate your kind words. But alas! I am afraid I have seen most of my birthdays. The summer of life has passed over me, the autumn is now here and soon it will be winter. Yes darling soon it will——."
She did not finish the sentence. He

voice seemed to choke her.

"Ah, you seem to be sad, Auntie,
do not like to see you in such spirits.

"Some day child, when you will be
sixty, you too, like I, will look down the one pathway of the years, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, upon thos nings, large and small, which at one time or other entered so largely into

our life. Besides ——"
There was a momentary pause. The woman toyed nervously through the pages of her book while Muriel seated erself upon the grass at her feet. Then in a voice trembling with emotion, sh

egan:
"You have never heard the story of my younger life. Have you not often wondered how I ever came into your household?"

"Yes, often, Auntie. It has been a puzzle to me. But at last I got to thinkng that you have been here always."
"Ah no, child. 'Tis a long and sad "Ah no, child. 'Tis a long and tory—but I had better not tell you.'

O do tell me, Auntie! Pray, do tell Since you wish to know then, I shall

The kind woman closed the book o

er lap, readjusted her eyeglasses and then proceeded. "It is now thirty years since that awful night out in the woods. I remember it all so well. It was a clear fresh night in summer, radiant with moon and starshine. We had been married three starshine. We had been married starshine. Dave was a good man, and I months. Dave was a good him with a months. loved him tenderly, loved him with love that was strong and all consuming. That night I waited long for him in the little, log shanty down by the hill. evening meal was ready-but he did not come. My heart had strange mis-givings but I trusted in God. The givings but I trusted in God. The clock struck seven—eight. Another them as zealously as a bird would desperate. Presently there was a rap its young. They looked up to her in all at the door. The door flew open, and

there stood your father.'

"I come to bring you no good news, Mrs. Hawkins" said he. "Hurry! Dave is dying."

"Dave dying—, great God!" I cries.

"Dave dying—, great God."
"What has happened?"
"The poor fellow was on his way home this evening when a hungry wolf attacked him. He was defenceless, but he fought and struggled with his hands until he choked the animal to death. The wolf, however, had inflicted such dangerous wounds in the death struggle and Dave has lost so much blood that dangerous wounds in the death struggle and Dave has lost so much blood that he cannot live much longer."

"Where is he? I cried, despairingly.

"Down in the forest, near the bend in the price."

the river. The night watchman came eross him accidentally a half-hour ago.
"Why did they not bring him home?

"He is too weak," said your father.
"The doctor would not allow him to be moved.'

"Then he is dying? Perhaps he is "No," replied your father, "I am sure you will still find him alive. Eut come let's go!"

"Quickly we hurried to the spot, you father and I. The earth seemed to reel before me. When I reached the spot Dave raised his head and smiled gently. "I am so glad you came. I am dying— take my hand," was all he said. His life hung by the merest thread. Another minute and the struggle was over. That very evening your father took me to Bleur House. My heart was broken but I found friends in your dear parents. They sympathized with me, and in time my suffering became less acute. Bleur House was to be my home forever they said, and I was glad. Then Arthur came into the world and I nursed him

ed to me. You see, then, child, I have remained with you both until now. I loved your parents. They were good to me, and for their sake and yours I hope to remain with you until I die." "O I am so glad to hear that you intend remaining here always," joyfully cried Muriel, "and, though your early

through childhood, and some years later your precious self, Muriel, was entrust-

years experienced such great sorrows, I know that Arthur and I shall take good care that your last days may be those of peace. But see! there comes Matt He seems to be worried about some thing."
The faithful gardener was walking

rather briskly up the narrow path when Muriel summoned him. "Come over here, Matt!"

In a moment Matt joined them. Like Aunt Hawkins Matt was also well on in years, and as he stood there he looked the picture of simpleness and good cheer. He was a tall and very thin man. A large straw-hat covered his bald head and his tanned face was all wrinkles. He had no moustache but a long gray beard showed conspicuously, hiding a rather gaudy, red neck-tie which had undoubtedly done service for many years. His arms were bare to the They were strong and very Plain, blue over-alls covered a brown. pair of trousers rather short in the ex-tremities. Matt Pensy was a very plain, ordinary- looking man, but he had more heart and love for his fellowmen than many a city millionaire. Yet he was rather simple in many ways. He knew absolutely nothing about the world outside of Bleur House. For years he bad attended to the gardening about the place, and people admitted that he was an expert at this sort of business. He could talk for hours about plant-life and its many interesting details, but, when one brought up a topic of the day for dis-cussion, Matt Pensy would only shrug his shoulders and walk away in disgust. "What is the matter, Matt?" asked Muriel, noticing the sour look on the gardener's face. "You do not look well. re you sick ?"

Not exactly," he remarked, glumly, "You see I did not feel well when I left you an hour ago, Muriel, so I went to the doctor. He felt me pulse, looked at me tongue, gave me some medicine that almost turned me inside out an' charged me a dollar for all me trouble. By Jiminy! that's enough to put anybody out humor, I think."

"Is that all he did ?" asked Mrs. Hawkins. "Did you not receive any medi-cine, any liquid, powders or pills?" "To be sure he gave me some stuff drink-two doses, elieve. He cal t some fancy, high falutin' name. Just

a minute. I'll have it in a second. Ah yes! em-etje or some such sounding thing. Emete, yes—that's the word."
"I thought Matt he would not let you go without giving you some medicine remarked Muriel.

"Medicine!" he retorted angrily.
"Why, what good was the concoction to
me anyway? Sure, I could not hold it
on my stomach at all—at all. And to hink he had the nerve to charge me dollar for it when it wouldn't even stay

down five minutes."

The two women at once took in the situation. Matt, poor fellow, could not magine what they were laughing at. The sound of their voices irritated him and he stood for a moment, gazing about in strange bewilderment. Then h turned away abruptly.

"Poor Matt! simple as he is, he has

really a heart of gold," remarked "I am afraid we hurt his feelings." ex-

"I am arraid we nurt his feelings, ex-claimed Mrs. Hawkins. He did look so pitiful when we laughed. It was positively rude, Muriel. I feel rather sorry for it all."

Just then a voice sounded from the

Just then a voice sounded from the garden—a thin, weak voice, tuned to some melody, tender and soothing. It was Matt's. He was busy at work amongst his flowers in his little world that was filled with beauty. Presently a lonely thrush joined in the old man's some in sweet accommunicant. ong in sweet accompaniment.
"Matt is singing, auntie," whispered

Muriel. "Listen! The poor soul seems to have forgotten the sting of our outburst of laughter."

It was a touching, plaintive strain

and the two women could not help listening to the pleading voices of man and bird, that floated over the fragrant rose-bushes and the stately rows of tall holly hocks.

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER. The little canary warbled cheerfully

THE CATHOLIC DECORD

in the library as Aunt Hawkins rose from her chair to stir the fire in the grate. It was a cold evening without. The winds were blowing wildly over the hills—rather an unexpected change from the warm, peaceful afternoon. The skies were filled with heavy clouds, and, here and there, in the blue could be seen the tranquil stars, sentinelling the glad hours of approaching night. Aunt Hawkins felt rather chilly as

she sat near the table doing a bit of sewing. In her hurry to finish her she sat hear the same to see so the sewing. In her hurry to finish her little task she had forgotten to add more fuel to the fire. A few feet away, book in hand sat Muriel, dreaming of the little silken-haired heroine whoestormy

career she was following through the interesting chapters.

The library was the most inviting room in Bleur House. On the three sides of the room stood rows of bookshelves filled with the volumes that William Gravenor had collected in hi William Gravenor had collected in his life-time. On the other side of the room two large windows looked out into the moonlit night. The heavy damask curtains were only half drawn. Two large palms stood on pedestals near the pleasant windows. The floor was covered by a Turkish rug, and from the ceiling a heavy glass chandelier hung, full of many sparkling lights. Over the large arched doorway that led into the drawing-room hung two costly paintings in oil—likenesses of the former owner of in oil—likenesses of the former owner of Bleur House and his charming wife. Marble busts were on the bookshelves. Upon the table in the middle of the room stood the bouquet of roses which Muriel had given Aunt Hawkins in the afternoon, and a bowl in which three or four pretty gold-fish were swiming. Just as Aunt Hawkins had seated her-

Just as Aunt Hawkins had seated her-self after attending to the fire there was a rap at the door. Turning, she beheld Kitty, the cook, in her nicely starched white cap and apron, a small silver card tray in her hand.

silver card tray in her hand.

"Pray, ma'am, pardon my interrupting, but someone just this minute left this note at the door and bade me deliver it post-haste to Mr. Arthur." Arthur has not returned, but I shall

e that the note is handed him, Kitty. Mrs Hawkins took the proferred envelope. It bore a woman's handwrit-

ing. "And do you suppose, ma'am, that Arthur will be in for dinner this even-ing? It is getting late and—and— "Kitty bit her lips nervously and blushed visibly. "I would like to know r you see, ma'am, Silas promised to take e to the theatre to-night, and I would ot like to disappoint him for all the

"And Silas Butterworth shall not be disappointed, Kitty," answered Aunt Hawkins. "It would be a pity to have Silas drive in from the country for nothing—so just hurry upstairs and put on your best clothes. Muriel and I shall see that Arthur is well cared for."

"A thousand thanks ma'am!" said

Kitty. "Silas and I are engaged you but that is miles from getting married, eh? Kitty Frederick isn't in such a hurry to change her name to Butterworth. You may depend upon it

Just then Kitty heard footsteps out side. "Ah! I'm sure that's Silas!' And in a second she ran out of the

'Kitty is a good girl, Auntie," re marked Muriel, looking up from her book. "I do hope she will not think of marrying that Silas Butterworth for a

long time yet."

"And so do I," interrupted Mrs.
Hawkins. "It would be very difficult to replace her."

Presently the old family clock in the

hall struck eight. The house was very quiet. The sound of the clock outside had the slightest touch of melancholy in

"Goodness!" exclaimed Muriel, "eight o'clock and Arthur not he yet."
"He is likely busy at the mill. This

is the last day of the month you know Muriel." "But I am sure he is not at the mill

at this hour. You know, Auntie, he went fishing this afternoon with a few of his friends.

"O I did not know that," answered Mrs. Hawkins. "By the way Muriel, have you not noticed that Arthur has been acting strangely of late? He is not the same as he "Yes, I have noticed it. The bright

res, I have noticed it. The bright smile and cheerful laugh seems to have left his face. He always looks so worried. Only yesterday I found him sitting here in the library gazing into space. His mind seemed to be wrest ling with some problem. He was st absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear me enter the room. And then I always seem to see such deep lines of sadness in his face. I wonder what car

be the matter. "I have do idea, Muriel. Do you think he might be worrying over busine affairs?

"I hardly think so. Only last week he told me that everything was running smoothly at the mill. Presently a light dawned in Mrs Haw

kins mind, and her thoughts stole swift ly to the mysterious letter which Kitty had handed her but a few minutes before "Muriel come here," she said. "Let us examine this letter. It seems strange that it should have been brought here this evening. The postman never makes his rounds as late as this. How stupid of me not to have asked Kitty who hand-

ed her the letter." "It all seems very strange to me." rentured Muriel. "See! the address ventured Muriel. "See! the address shows a woman's hand-writing. Who could it be from?"

That very moment the front door opened, and there were sounds of foot steps in the hall. Arthur appeared in the doorway, his face showing a faint smile.

"At last! at last!" joyfully exclaimed Muriel as she ran across the room to embrace him. "Really, Arthur thought you were never coming Auntie and I have been picturing all manner of things for the last half hour

"That is really too bad, and I am sorry you worried so about me, little pet," he said tenderly as he seated him-self near the fire. "This is a cold night

"Was the fishing good, Arthur?" questioned Muriel, eagerly.

"Yes, very. It was fine sport. It would have filled old Izaak Walton's heart with joy. I caught a great many fish, but I sent them to the homes of

the poor people of Kempton."

"You must be hungry," interrupted
Mrs. Hawkins. "Dinner has beer
ready a long time. Come Muriel! Come
Arthur!" And she led the way to the

dining-room. the way, Arthur, she remarked "Just a minute." She turned and walked over to the table and took up the strange letter.

"Some one left this at the door for

you this evening," she continued.
almost forgot to hand it to you."

Arthur looked at the address. He recognized the hand-writing at once and a shadow crept over his handsome ace. Quickly he walked over to the light, opened the envelope and eagerly

read the contents.

Arthur Gravenor looked the picture of strong, athletic manhood as his eyes scanned the lines hurriedly. He wore a plain tweed suit of gray. His face was clean-shaven, fair complexioned, and, withal, good to look upon. Yet the color was fading quickly from the glowing cheeks. His perfect row of white teeth met for an instant then he hit read the contents. teeth met for an instant, then he bit his lip. A strange look came into his eyes, and a heavy sigh escaped him. He whispered a few words under his breath but the two women did not understand him.

Muriel grew frightened. Muriel grew frightened.

"What's the matter, Arthur?" she said uneasily. "That letter seems to have brought you bad news."

"No, no, Muriel. Just as I read it a

faint, sickening feeling stole over n and almost overpowered me. But have been so long without my dinner. I think this is probably the cause. "Then, come, Arthur, you shall not

wait another minute," remarked Mur

Arthur stepped hastily to the fire Arthur stepped hastily to the fire place, tore the mysterious letter and threw it into the flames. Some of the fragments, however, fell to the paved floor in front of the grate. Arthur did not notice them. He was too excited. Just then his thoughts were with the writer of that letter. Muriel, however, which the few white serans lying noticed the few white scraps lying around and decided that she would gather them at the first opportun-

Arthur sat at table that evening, but he ate very little. For the last four years the management of the extensive lumber business had fallen to his lot, and it was only natural to imagine that there were many worries in connection with it for a young man of twenty-eight. After dinner he lit a cigar. He tried to smile, but it was a strange smile such as Muriel had never seen before She did not like her brother's actions at

"I am going out for a while this ever ing," he said to Muriel. "I have some little business matters to attend to Now be a good girl and do not worry

"How can I help it, Arthur? Yo know you are all I have in this world and—" Then the tears came to her

A feeling of pity stole into Arthur' heart, and he drew her to his breast

heart, and he drew her to his breast kissing her forehead tenderly.

"There! little angel!" do not cry any more!" he said with emotion. "I must away now. I will be back soon."

"This protection!! "This mysterious letter was not good omen," she said to Mrs. Hawkins as she entered the room. "It contained bad news. I could read it plainly in Arthur's eyes. A change is coming over my brother. What can it all mean?"

Thereupon Muriel went to the open free-place and picked up the torn frag-ments of the letter. There were eight or ten pieces. Lifting them to the light she approached the table and re-marked: "I wonder, auntie, if these ragments will give us a clue. The

are pretty small, but perhaps we may be able to discover the writer."

Nervously the girl's eyes followed the words on the little, white frag-

Ah !" she exclaimed, "Here's the name of the writer—Mazie Rawlins Good heavens! Mazie Rawlins, the poor widow's daughter on Shelbourne What dealings can this girl have

with Arthur?" asked Mrs. Hawkins.
"Ah, I see it all," cried Muriel, her face white with excitement. "On these slips I can decipher two phrases—'You torture me' and 'I do not love you.'"

The girl sighed deeply.

"O, I see it all," she continued.
"Arthur is in love with Mazie Rawlins.

He is going to her to-night. I'll follow him and see what it is all about. There s not a moment to be lost.'

"Muriel, it is getting late. Are you not afraid?" asked Mrs. Hawkins anxiously.
"Afraid? No, auntie. There is omething wrong somewhere, and I will

find out the cause. Poor Arthur! has been acting strangely. I see it all now, and my heart breaks for him. The black cloak, auntie—quick! I must go. Arthur, I am sure, is only a block ahead by now." "I fear for your safety, child."

"Do not worry about me. Something tells me I must go, and go at once." Muriel threw the black-hooded cloak over her shoulders and was off in minute.

"Good bye, auntie, she said. "Don't worry about me.' In a moment she was in the street, hurrying on as fast as her feet could

carry her in the direction of Shelbourne Avenue. But there was no sight of Arthur in the throngs that passed her. Hoping to save time she entered the city-park. The band was just then playing a pleasant waltz — full of dash and vigor. But the music did not appeal to her. and vigor. But the music did not appea to her. In her present state of mind i only bored her. The wind-storm had abated. Only a cool breeze lingered, sighing through the trees.

In half an hour Muriel reached Shel-bourne Avenue. The quaint, little cotand I am nearly frozen. We would tage of Grandma Rawlins stood but a have been back hours ago, but we took few blocks away. In the distance she tage of Grandma Rawlins stood but a

a canoe and sailed up the river, and, be-fore we know it, were miles away from of the windows. The name of Grandma of the windows. The name of Grandma Rawlins was well-known in the city. She came to Kempton in her girlhood and grew old with the place. But what made her a figure of special interest was her extreme old age. She was now well over a hundred and had been bed-ridden for two years. She was blind and God also took away from her the gift of hearing, took away from her barrier, the young-est child, was all that remained now. The other children were sleeping the last, long, eternal sleep in different parts of the world. Fate had separated them in early years, and God willed they should never meet in this life again.

Grandma Rawlins, however, was well taken care of. Mazie tended and vatched her carefully. Poor, frail, little watched her carefully. Poor, frail, little woman, nestling sweetly in her neat, white bed — it was well that God had given her so good, so noble a daughter. Angels could not have made her last years pleasanter. The touch of Mazic's warm hand and the press of her red cheek were the gifts of life the old woman prized deeply.

Mazie Rawlins was a good-hearted girl. In order to make a living for herself and her invalid-mother she gave music lessons to a small number of publis

music lessons to a small number of pupils Her constant devotion to her infirm mother did not allow her much time Her income was little enough, but b areful saving she managed year by to make ends meet. She played the piano remarkably well and deserved plane relativably were and deserved hearing from the musical world. In the years back, she had been a great frier of Signor Fastini, whose studio had stojust across the street from her mother's just across the street from her mother's cottage. She had been a bright, little thing and had shown decided talent, so the Signor took her in, and in time she developed into one of his best pianists, She was destined to carve a name for herself, but the ties of home bound her fast. Thus she sacrificed the concert-platform in order to care in the concertplatform in order to care for her old mother and in her heart she de

her duty to do so.
When Muriel reached the Rawlings eottage the sound of music floated the desolate street. Quickly she toed across the lawn and hid behind the arge rose-bush that stood in front of the half-open, cottage window. A soothing Mendelssohn aria was just then sounding from the room. Muriel recognized it. The music recalled tender memories t The music recalled tender memories to her. She pressed closer to the window, and presently her eyes stole into the plain, little cottage room. Mazie Rawlins sat at the plano. Her fingers moved slowly over the keys, but her thoughts were

"How pretty she looks!" Muriel whispered. "Poor thing! But where is Arthur? Perhaps after all I am on the wrong track, I shall

minutes."
The minutes hung like heavy, leader the minutes upon Muriel's heart. "I wonder hours upon Muriel's heart. "I wonder what it all means" she mused. "Why should Mazie write my brother a letter?'

Just then footsteps sounded on the pavement. They were coming nearer and nearer. Presently a man passed by hurriedly. Another minute and there was a rap at the door of the Rawlins' cottage. Muriel raised herself full length before

Muriei raised herself full length before the window. Every nerve in her body tingled. Her breath came in interrup-tions. Her eyes stared into the cosy little room.

Mazie ceased playing. Like a fright-

ned bird she rose and turned towards the door. There was just the faintest smile on her lips. She halted for a moment. Her plain, black gown hung gracefully from her shoulders. She looked very pretty. The sudden excite-ment had brought the color to her cheeks. Her soft, bright dreamy look in them as she toyed ner-vously with the little golden necklace round her throat. But it was only for in instant. Then the door opened quickly, and the man entered.
"It is Arthur. I'll remain here quiet-

y and listen," whispered Muriel to her-

TO BE CONTINUED.

LARRY O'NEIL.

Half an hour past noon on a bright May day, Larry O'Neil, for lack of anything better to do, dropped into Christie's salesrooms. Some necessary legal business had obliged him to leave his retirement in Donegal, and when he found the family solicitors were not to be hurried into any unlawyer-like speed, he found time heavy on his hands. Once he would have had no difficulty in spending a few days pleasantly enough in London, but that was prior to the time of the occurrence that had transformed the light-hearted Larry O'Neill into

gloomy and morose recluse. The famous salesrooms were pretty well filled, and Larry cupied chair and looked indifferently around him. As he did so, the occupier of the next seat turned towards him, eyed Larry doubtfully for a few minutes

and then held out his hand.

Captain O'Neill, isn't it?" the man

said, eagerly.
Larry's face darkened.
"No, I am in the service no longer,
Mr. Hilton," he said quietly.
"Well, you're Larry O'Neil, anyhow," Mr. Hilton said, "though I doubted the fact for a minute. I never knew you had taste for bric-a-brac."

"Oh, I haven't!" Larry smiled slightly. "I merely strolled in here because I had nothing else to do. Are you purchasing?'

"I have just bought a Kang-he-vase." Mr. Hilton replied. "It's very unique."
Then he sighed. "One has to cultivate

an interest in something or another."
"I suppose," Larry assented indifferently and rose to his feet. Mr. Hilton

did likewise.
"There is nothing else I want," he explained. "Come to my flat for luncheon, vill you Larry?'

Larry began to excuse, Mr. Hilton interrupted him. You'll do me a kindness, really old fellow," he urged. "I'm very lonely at times," and then Larry remembered that times," and then Larry remembered that Mr. Hilton's wife, to whom he had been

tenderly attached, had died at San Remo seven or eight years before.
"Thanks, then I will," Larry assented "but I should warn you that I'm not the

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best of company."
"Neither am I," Hilton responded. Soon afterwards the two men were seated at a simple, well-cooked lunch-eon in a quiet street not far from Picca-

dilly.
"I couldn't bear the country," the elder man confessed, "nor the house where Jane and I had lived so long alone together. My nephew, who will succeed me, occupies the house in the summer. I brought a couple of old servants with me

Larry was sympathetically silent. Larry was sympathetically silent.
"But you, Larry, why have you turned hermit. Jane liked you—for her sake, excuse what might seem an impertinent question," Mr. Hilton went nent.

Larry looked across the table. Do you not know?'

Y Know!" Mr. Hilton shook his head.
"But, there—perhaps my question roused painful memories. Don't—

Larry laughed, a hard bitter laugh. "Painful memories are seldom long away from me," he said, "You know I went to India."

"Well, I was in command of a troup during a period of unrest among the natives. A certain tribe was disaf-fected and we feared a rising. It took place, and though we had been in a neasure expecting it, we were surprised at the moment I was in command, and I olundered hopelessly."
"How was that?"

I don't know in the least. I felt drunk, stupid, dazed, and my man had to help me into the saddle. What or-ders I gave I have no idea: but we were beaten back ignominiously, disgrace-fully, and all through me. Only for Tyson, the next in authority, matters would have been worse. As it was, India and England rang with the miserable story. There were some who said, because I was a Catholic and an Irishman, that I was a traitor.'

But could you not account is

any way-"
"In no way. I have no recollection of anything really till our defeat was accomplished. I was a ruined and disgraced man. For myself, though, I loved service, it would not have mattered, but my father— The old man believes we are descended from Conn of the Hundred Fights. You can guess the blow it was to him to hear his only son described as a coward or a traitor.

"Larry, you are neither."
"I was one or other to all men. My father never openly reproached me or questioned me. Ah, Hilton, I think I could have borne it better if he had. I etired to Carrickdun, and I have tried, God knows, to make the best of things both for him and me. Sometimes I see a look on the old man's face that seems to me to ask for an explanation, and I can give none. I wonder you did not hear of the thing at the time it oc-When was it."

"When was it."

Larry mentioned a date.
"Ah! My wife was abroad," Mr. Hifton said. "I was only interested in that fact. And then—things are speedily forgotten. Some new sensation turns up."

Larry nodded, a deeper shadow over-

rarry hodded, a teeper state of the spreading his face.

"I seldom leave home," he said, after a moment, "but I had to come here. A piece of land was sold to the railway company. I dreaded meeting any of the set I once knew. I need not have feared to the railway large hour people are formed to the set of the second and the second second the second se -not things alone, but people are forgotten. You are the first to recognize

Mr. Hilton played nervously with his fork. He had liked Larry O'Neill well in the days long past, and ventured on a question hesitatingly. And you—You are engaged, Larry.

Did the marriage come off?"
"No-how could it? I released Miss

Trevor. She accepted her release."
"Miss Trevor—Constance Trevor,"
Mr. Hilton thought a moment. "She is unmarried yet. I saw her at some art show not long since—as beautiful as ever. Did she act under compulsion? Her father was rather determined."

"There was no compulsion. Constance simply thought as the world thought—I was either a traitor or a coward."

Strange !" To none more so than me, Larry said. "How could any one account for what was unaccountable? There was only one person who believed in my honesty courage." was that?"

Mollie Blake. Miss Trevor's mother was Irish, you know. That's how my acquaintance, with the family began. Mrs. Trevor was Mollie's aunt. Poor Mollie! She was an orphan, unprovided for, and exceedingly simple, young, unformed, and quite ignorant of the world, too. and quite ignorant of the world, too. Yet her vigorous and foolish champion-ship gave me comfort. I wonder what of the child?

Mr. Hilton shook his head. "Like you, I have not mixed much with my kind."

There was a long silence. Mr. Hilton was not an adept at the art of making conversation. He tried to think of something to talk about, while Larry sat grave and abstracted his thoughts far back in the past. The host was relieved by a summons from his man-servant, and When he returned he carried a vase in his hand. Larry had not moved.

"This is my recent purchase," Mr. Hilton began. "It belonged to Sir Stephen Mercham, once Foreign Secret-

ary. He died a year ago."
"Yes," Larry responded, "I know. A sister of his was married to an officer in my—the regiment. Mrs. Tyson was a pretty, hysterical little woman, but very She was much affected by that unfortunate affair. More than she had the least right to be, seeing we were the

merest acquaintances.

Mr. Hilton had no desire to go back to the unsatisfactory subject. He be gan divesting the vase of its inner wrap-

Just look at this, Larry, he said

"even if you aren't an art critic, the vase will appeal—" There was a loud crash. The precious

"What a pity!" Larry said. "And the thing is shattered, I fear. No patch-

ing of it up?" " No, no." Mr. Hilton stooped over the pieces and lifted a couple of sheets of paper. Half mechanically he began reading them.

"God bless me, God bless me!" he cried. "How on earth—what on earth!" He dropped into a chair, and went on reading while Larry retreated to the windows and looked out. When he turned from his momentary contempla-tion of the opposite houses, Mr. Hilton was still reading with distended eyes, the thin, crumpled sheets of paper.

"Larry, Larry! Do you know what this is! It is most marvellous, most wonderful. How fortunate I am to find it! God bless me!" Mr. Hilton ejacu-lated excitedly.

"What is the matter, Hilton?" Larry

"And you here! Why it is simply astonishing, dramatic!" Mr. Hilton tried to compose himself, and held forth the sheets: "This is a letter from Mrs. Tyson to her brother, Sir Stephen. He must have stuck it in the vase."

"Indeed!" Larry observed. "And forgotten about it. He was absent-minded, it is said, or perhaps he conpromised with his action. One doesn't know, can never know," Mr. Hilton said. "Read the letter, Larry," "Why abould I read whether the said." Why should I read what was not in-

tended for my eyes!"

"Nor for mine." Mr. Hilton laughed:
then added solemnly: "Why, Larry,
it is your justification. It was Mrs.
Tyson had you—drugged." "Drugged!"

"Yes. She was nervous about her "Yes. She was nervous about her husband going into action, into danger —a poor, foolish, goose of a woman she was, I should judge. She obtained some powerful native drug from an Indian servant, which she determined to administer to her husband when the hour of danger arrived. The dose was warrant ed to produce a form of illness that would render the person taking it quite unconscious. The illness was to resemble an attack of heart trouble that would even deceive medical men. Well, the woman placed the powder in a cup of coffee, and in the confusion of the moment you drank it, and not Tyson." Larry raised his hand to his head.

"Wait a moment, please. I remember the coffee. It tasted queer, and I did not finish it." "Consequently you missed the full

Tyson got all the credit out of the rising. He is General Tyson now,"
Larry said. "He was a brave soldier."
"His wife was not a fit mate for him,
evidently. She did not confess anything till your ruin was accomplished. Then she wrote to her brother telling him all."

"I cannot believe it."

"There it is in black and white. What are you going to do, Larry?"

Larry made no reply.
"Look here," said Hilton, "let me in-terview Mrs. Tyson. I know her. She is a society woman and capable of denying the affair altogether if she is allowed. Let me tackle her. She might suspect you and be prepared."

Thus it was that Mr. Hilton journeyed

into fashionable quarters that same afternoon and was fortunate enough to find Mrs. Tyson alone in her drawing-room. He told the story of the interiew to Larry O'Neill at dinner.

"She's a poor, weak creature, and capitulated almost at once. She was imply bewildered into doing so. The apse of time had left her almost forget ful of India. What will you do Larry

"Nothing, I think. So many years have passed, and I have grown accus ned to the present state of things father, of course, shall know." Hilton determined differently.

"Oh, well, perhaps you are right," he commented, in non-committal tones; but ext day he sought and obtained an interview with an important personage in the Foreign Service. He also called on Miss Trevor. As a result of these two calls Larry received a couple of invitations. The interview with the important man did not last long. Larry was determined to leave the past alone, and perhaps the Foreign Office individual was not altogether sorry. His interview with Constance Trever was longer. The passing years had touched the lady but lightly. She was fully as beautiful, perhaps more so, than when Larry had seen her last; nevertheless, he greeted her, much to his own surprise, without a quickened pulse.

"No, don't apologize, Constance,"
Larry said. "I may call you Constance,
may I not? You could do nothing but
follow the example of all the world. Nobody kept belief in me—well, except little Mollie Blake. By-the-bye, has she married yet ?"
"No. She developed modern inde-

pendent notions after my mother's death, pendent notions after my mother's acatum, and is a hospital nurse. Just at present she is spending a part of her annual holiday with me. She will be down in a moment or two. Won't you take a cup of too. Larwy 2" of tea-Larry?

Not only on that afternoon, but on several subsequent ones, did Larry par-take of tea in Miss Trevor's drawingroom. Constance was never deceived. It was not for her sake he lingered in London when even his business at the lawyers had been accomplished. Four months later Hilton was induced to visit Carrickdun, and one September evening he and Larry's father, the latter younger in looks and spirit than for years back—sat smoking by an open window while Larry and his wife strolled about

the gathering dusk.
"Mollie is just the wife for him," Mr. O'Neill commented. "She says she would have married him at that unfor-O'Neill commented. tunate time had he asked her; but of course she was only seventeen then."

" And Irish hearted," Mr. Hilton replied. "I have a sort of pity for Miss Trevor,' and the speaker laughed, " and for myself."
"Yourself?"

"Yes. Didn't the truth come through the breaking of my beautiful Kan-he vase? It was smashed, you

Last week the city press contained striking accounts of several cures that occurred at various Catholic Churches of this city. The dailies declared these cures "miracles" and wrote them up rather sensationally, but probably the

ntention was good.

We fear that so much cannot be said for a professor in the Divinity School of Chicago University. This savant — the Rev. Dr. Willitts—on last Saturday delivered himself of a lengthy fulmination against miracles in general, and, we in-cline to suspect, Catholic miracles in particular. Coming as it did, so soon after the chronicling of the cures at Chicago Catholic Churches, his discourse has been interpreted as rather pointed by many.

It is true he confined himself to a denial of Old Testament miracles. The plagues of Egypt, the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, the rising to life of the dead man who couched Elias' bones, a dozen things similar — all these he put down as purely natural occurrences around which the maginative Jews grouped an interminable mass of legend and folklore. The rev. doctor evidently thinks the greatest Jews of old were stupendous liars. No man, he asserts, is able to perform a miracle. Few people, indeed, have ever heard of any mere man claiming such ability, still it must be conceded, even by Rev. Dr. Willitts, that the Creator of the heavens and the earth must have power to direct Nature as He wills, and this being so it is conceivable that he may operate through man as His instru-

The day in which we live is grossly naterialistic, a statement which none will deny, yet that even in the midst of the prevailing materialism a number of remarkable things are taking place is absolutely certain. We may not declare them miracles, since the Church, in her caution, reserves such right to herself, but we may term them cures when, obviously, such they are. As cures, however, they certainly transcend the laws nature. The occurrence at St. oseph's Church, this city, last week, is an instance of the kind. If we reject

God as its author it simply defies analysis. A young woman whose leg, through an accident of some years ago was short-ened three inches, suddenly had it re-stored to its full length. Auto-suggestion is powerless to produce such effect. Lourdes has witnessed eleven cures of the kind, two of necrosis, one of cancer of the heart and three of leprosy—all these cures instantaneous. Moreover, forty-eight cases of total blindness have en cured there and eight cases of dumbness, to say naught of three hundred cases of pulmonary tuberculosis cured and seventeen cases of cancer. In St. Joseph's Church, New York, last July, a woman was instantly cured of a ghastly cancer of the cheek and at St.

Anne de Beaupre, Canada, the same day, a Protestant woman from Rochester, New York, was instantly cured of a malignant cancer of the breast. In neither of the last-named cases did the trace of a sear remain. Nature does not work nstantaneously; nature does not heal

But Rev. Willitts may claim hypnotsm as the agent employed. Very vell; let him find one human being whose leg has been lengthened three nches by hypnotism. Let him gash his sheek with a knife and cure it instantly and without the trace of a scar by means of psychotherapy or by auto-suggestion. Let him go to the leper colony at White Castle, Louisiana, and attempt the cure of the lepers there by hypnotism. him go to the city hospital and hynotism on the cancer patients there Let him put out both his eyes and self-hypnotize himself into perfect sight. Let him be made perfectly dumb and fect speech by means of hypnotism. If he doesn't know these things cannot be done, the world's greatest authorities

on hypnotism so confess. s shameful that such an attack of niracles should emanate from the Di vinity School of a great Baptist university. What sort of divinity do such professors teach? Does Rev. Willitts has lost control of it? Does he con-ceive that the Author of Nature has no power to suspend the operation of its What laws can Nature have out side His will? To deny the possibility of miracles is to deny either the omnipotence of the Creator or His infinite mercy. It is no wonder Chicago Uni versity is growing to be suspected by Christians everywhere. Evidently so of its instructors are somewhat to blame

CARDINAL MANNING'S LAST DAYS

It is safe to say that it will be a long time before the memory of Cardinal Manning fades from the minds of Eng-lish Catholics. To the laboring classes he particularly endeared himself by his advocacy of their cause, and, at the recent celebration of the anniversary his birth, we may be assured that many a prayer went up from the workingmen of Eugland for the soul of him who was well named "the peoples Cardinal." I the Century Magazine for August w catch a glimpse of the Cardinal in his last years when the partition which di-vides this world from the next was growing thinner and thinner every day. Robert Hickens in his article the "Spell of Egypt" incidentally brings in this allusion to the Cardinal: "Many years ago in London I went to the private view incidentally brings in this of the Royal Academy in Burlington House. I went in the afternoon, when the galleries were crowded with politicians and artists, with dealers, gossips quidnunes, and flaneurs; with authors, fashionable lawyers and doctors; with men and women of the world; with young dandies and actresses en vogue. A roar of voices went up to the roof. Every one was talking, smiling, laughing, com-menting and criticizing. It was a little picture of the very worldly world that loves the things of to day and the chime of the passing hour. And suddenly vase had slipped from its owner's hands and fallen on the side of the brass fender.

"Oh!" Larry ejaculated. Mr. Hilton laughed again, lightly, as if well pleased—Magdalen Roche in the ton was gazing at the fragments in con-

Above it was a face so intensely thin that it was like the face of death. And in this face shone two eyes that seemed full of the other world. And, like a preath from the other world passing, this man went by me and was hidden from me by the throng. It was Cardinal Manning in the last days of his life.

MANNING'S CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY, The present flood of conversions from merican Protestant Episcopalianism the Catholic Church makes the ob ervance of the hundredth anniversary the birth of Cardinal Manning very teresting to us on this side of the Atlan Manning's conversion to Catho was not immediately due to the

ord movement. The immediate se of his conversion was the Gorham sion in which it was made clear that the Privy Council was superior to doctrine. Gorham was appointed to an Anglican living, and when his Bishop objected on the ground of his unorthodoxy with regard to baptismal egeneration, he appealed and rivy Council reversed the bis Manning protested against this usurpa on of ecclesiastical authority by dy, but when he saw the portion of the Anglican clergy acquiesce in the decision, he became convinced that the church of England was no nch of the Catholic Church. When ve up his place in the establishment, suggested that he become of an Anglo - Catholic founder of an Anglo-Catholic free church. To this suggestion he replied "Three hundred years ago we left a goodship for a boat; I am not going to leave the boat for a tub." Shortly thereafter he made his way back to the ship.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE NEED OF REAL CATHOLICS.

In his address at the Federation Con vention in Boston, Bishop Canevin made a stirring appeal for Catholic union against the evils of socialism and athesm, which he said were being widel disseminated among the people of the United States of all grades and classes society. On being introduced by tional President Feeney, Bishop

"In the federation I see a mighty power for good. With Archbisho O'Connell, I hold that the federation ought to be a mighty wall to resist evil. It should be a living wall, not a dead wall, and it should be supported by the ses of the Church throughout the

"It is not material power that will unify the federation; it is not Boston culture or the wealth of Chicago or New York or tangible things that will cement this federation and bind it together. Its unification is only to be found in the

faith of Jesus Christ.
"Every man must be a stone in the great wall. In order that every man must do his part, he must not only be linked to the other parts, but he must be animated by faith and by Christian charity. It will be a deplorable thing if we do not bring the men of all social and intellectual grades to stand together in this federation. We must have men who will live as Catholics, think as Catholies, and act as Catholies in their daily lives at all times.

We need to carry on a work of edu-The propaganda of atheism and socialism is being carried on i our minds, in our shops, in our fac-tories, in the offices of our professional men and in the rural districts. Literature of this propaganda is circulated among those who are discontented with their position in life, whether old or young. The false doctrines of rebellion against law, both of God and country, of atheism and socialism, are being dis-eminated and discussed widely. The young men of to-day can argue social-ism and put forth its so-called principles

in a very plausible way. "We must educate our young men so that they can meet the arguments of those socialistic atheists. must carry on this work of education among themselves, so that they may believe there is a God? Does he be-lieve that God who created the universe able to overthrow the doctrines of their able to overthrow the doctrines of their opponents. For this end they must be real Catholics, thinking as Catholics and living up to the teachings of Catholicity."

A BROAD-MINDED MINISTER.

REV. CHARLES D. KELLOG OF SANDY HILI COMMENTS ON A SERMON OF ARCH

Rev. Charles D. Kellog, pastor of th Presbyterian Church at Sandy Hill, N. Y., writes a very interesting letter to the Sandy Hill Herald from Boston. In the first paragraph the reverend gentle-man pays a fine tribute to Archbishop O'Connell, and makes some candid admissions regarding the Archbishop's criticism of modern Protestantism. That portion of Mr. Kellog's letter to

which we refer is as follows:

"As the local papers state that I am spending my vacation in the city of Boston, I may admit that I was in that famous town last Sunday. I may possibly bring to the attention of your readers some items of interest that your readers some items of interest that I gathered during my brief sojourn. The day was of especial importance to Roman Catholic brethren in connection with the great Federation movement.

Archbishop O'Connell is one of the

strong men of New England, a grand type of the noblest Christian manhood. He preached the sermon in the Cathedral, and set forth some vital truths that all Protestants will do well carefully and thoughtfully to consider. Among these is the undisputed fact that we are not succeeding in retaining the interest of the men in the services of the church in any degree to compare with our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church. That we are not paying the same deference to the inspired Scriptures as are they. That whilst in a former day the Bible among many of our number was a fetish, it is now a fable. And as a still

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we are teaching them everything about These constitute the leading eloquent indictment of Archbishop, to which your correspondent is convinced it would be wise for the Protestant world to take heed."

THE EVIL OF REPORTING SENSA-TIONAL CRIMES.

The Chicago Evening Post raises rotest against the evil of reporting sensational crime. It believes that if the public would critize the papers more pon this line they would find their riticism an effective remedy with the editors and proprietors. It contends that, although publicity in reference to criminals has its legitimate functions and defense, the parading of pictures of criminals and the assumption of their injured innocence or the endeavor to arouse indignation against them, work perniciously in the case of boys and girls of little education, who readily make heroes of criminals, glorified by indiscriminating and highly colored notoriety. It quotes from the Paris Cosmos the following paragraph, which is very suggestive for us in America to-

"The reading of criminal narrative brings on a diseased excitement and creates a dangerous obsession in the This is not the only danger of the ex cessive publicity given to criminal cases. Professional criminals find in such public narratives, filled with too minute detail, useful information about the way to commit crimes with the least possible risk. It is time for us to real crime; and since examples are apt to be followed, let us make good deeds in teresting to the public rather than blazon forth evil-doing."





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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

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 imbused with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic ings and authority of the Church, at the same true promoting the best interests of the country. Folloing these lines it has done a great deal of good the welfare of religion and country, and it will more and more, as its wholesome influence reach more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recomend it to Catholic families. With my blessing your work, and best wishes for its continued such control of the country in the control of the country of the country in the control of the country in the control of the country in the country in the control of the country in the coun urs very sincerely in Christ, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegat

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ. †D. Falconio, Arch. of Lariss Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908.

EDUCATION.

At this the beginning of the scholas B tic year, it is useful to reflect upon the character and importance of any educational system. Few systems have had 1 such a run and few have so little to commend themselves as the public school or godless one. Its founders and advocates claimed for it that it was the key which alone would open 'the temple of peace and the halls of learning. Religion was not on the programme of studies. It belonged not to the school but to the Church. One day a week was enough to devote to God's knowledge and worship. And as for morality and ordinary virtue there need be no anxiety: home training would supplement what Sunday school might omit. The details of the plan were expected to be filled in by an occasional shaking and that adjustment to circumstances which marks man's ability and good will. Plan this system was not, for it aimed at nothing. Its methods were erroneous and its principles contradictory and antagonistic to man's highest interests Modern education was content to give a little intellectual training. And even this it does not impart with vigor and success. One reason is that it is too Sutilitarian in its aim and too limited in vits appreciation of the height and depth f of education. A more important reason lies in its omissions—especially o morality and religion. Any system of education that does not build up character, which does not even aim at it, cannot stand. Nor can character be built up without the strong foundations of moral and religious discipline. If the advocates of public schools were more candid they would A laboring woman who has not had time have acknowledged long ago their fail- to look after her baby, puts it in the ure. Now, however, they are forced to cradle, and if it cries gives it soothing admit that something is rotten in the state of Denmark. The little red school-house has proved neither the nursery of pure patriotism nor the finally a funeral is held. Any one who court-yard of integrity. The National Education Association of the United States at its meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, passed a resolution urging the introduc tion into the schools of some moral teaching. "We earnestly recommend," says the resolution, "to boards of education, principals and teachers, the continuous training of pupils in morals and in business and professional ethics.' That is quite an admission: it is a step in the right direction. Where it like its parent will fail is in its weakness to convince the people and still more in the remedy it suggests. Platitudes never educated any one. A lesson, to be practical, must contain a particular proposition more as the type of a general principle than as the material out of which we are to manufacture our principles. There is a threatening danger in decrepid teaching. Education, whether as the chief formative of the individual or as a borrowed auxiliary of the state or as the help of religion, must be virile, orderly and efficient. To impart morality by such methods as the above resolution suggests is sending the child upon a man's errand. Morality cannot be taught or practised without religion. The only law which man in the ultimate observes is God's law Let God be thrown out of the schools

His law goes also, God's law alone

binds all. It alone secures a sanction

without which no law cannot command and continuously instilled into their

observance or punish vice. Artificial morality based upon social observances will not do. It cannot form a system of education or lead the present system out of the mire up to the rock. Bible reading has been long enough tried to convince unprejudiced witnesses of its failure. Even if the old-time respect for the Bible reigned amongst non-Catholics it would not improve matters. Outside of the Catholic Church there is little or no respect for the Bible. Science has done its evil work: it has torn to pieces the volume of which its Protestant ancestry claimed to be the only guardians. Teachers trained in agnostic, sceptical universities are not the proper medium for the biblical education of the young. There should be no denial. Our Protestant leaders may as well acknowledge it - more thoroughly than the Education Association. They sowed the storm : they are now reaping the whirlwind. Nor can the lesson be without its meaning to Catholies. Some there are who think that too much is made about religion in education. They do not see why our young people cannot sit on the same forms with others and learn that two and two are four where ever taught. There is no objection to any such scheme as that. It must not be mistaken for education. Religion with its sweep of loving discipline and supernatural formation must be in the home, the school and the church. We cannot do without it. If the home is marked by piety and by all that heart culture and soul training which religion calls for and is prepared to impart, the work of the Church and the school is rendered easy. These three, the home, the school and the Church are the great educators of the race. Each has its office, its responsibility and its power. Religion is the most important subject the child has to learn, so that if any of these three neglect religion it is not true to its purpose. When therefore attention is called to the fact that the schools need reformation we welcome the confession. It is not enough, although it is significant.

AN OUTRAGEOUS PRACTICE.

A debate took place in the Senate, on the 17th of July, on a bill introduced for the purpose of regulating the sale of proprietary or patent medicines. The discussion on this measure revealed a condition of affairs in some parts of the Dominion which calls for swift and drastic action on the part of those who have at heart the welfare of the country. Speaking of the drug habit, the venerable and respected Secretary of State, Hon. R. W. Scott, stated that a majority of medical men had admitted to him that the evil effects of drugs were unlimited, but that the people demanded them, and that, if simple prescriptions or advice were offered, they were not accepted. The people, the doctors said. were not educated up to the highest standard. It was rather a starling, but, we fear, none the less true, statement made by the leader of the House, that ten thousand babies were killed every year in the Province of Quebec from the use of morphia. "He had," he said, been tracing it up and found in general use a certain soothing syrup." have been told." the Secretary of State continued, "by one who has made an enquiry of a chemist, and who is taking some interest in the subject, that the people must have the drug. medicine. The child goes to sleep and she finds that to be the quickest way of keeping it quiet, and enquires into the subject must come to the conclusion that the use of opium in the present day is doing a vast amount of harm." As a remedy for the deplorable condition of affairs, there is much force in the suggestion made by the hon, member from Kingston, Dr. Sullivan. "If any of these medicines." he said, " contains anything noxious or dangerous to life, the stock should be destroyed." "There are many patent medicines," he continued "that are harmless-something to play withmade up of harmless ingredients by people who want to make money fast, but who have a conscience. There are two classes of people making patent medicines, one class having a concience, and the other class no conscience. If the Minister permits drugs to be sold which are devoid of noxious substances, let him do so. That is all right. But if a medicine contains drugs that are noxious poisons they should be destroyed," Meantime it would, it seems to us, be of inestimable value were a crusade entered upon against the use of soothing syrup for children. More effective than the law could be other influences. Parents

should be taught that a terrible respon-

sibility rests upon them when they use

such a medicine with a view of obtaining

a short respite from annoyance. The

fact should be put plainly before them,

minds, that by using soothing syrup they are guilty of something very much akin to child murder. This they do not seem to realize. Many a mother gives so-called medicine to her child, believ ing it to be beneficial. A terrible re sponsibility rests upon those who pre pare this child-killing nostrum and put it upon the market. The stern hand of the law should fall heavily upon them. Evidently they have precious little regard for the higher law.

A SUGGESTION.

We desire to say a word to the licens ommissioners in the different parts of the Dominion, and trust that no one will be so uncharitably disposed as to imagine that we have any political motive whatever in so doing. In their dealings with the liquor business politicians of every hue are guilty of short-

Almost invariably, whenever a license

is applied for, party interests are taken into consideration. The whisky seller. as a rule, is expected to be ever on the alert to forward the interests of the party from whom he expects a license and the Tammany politician holds the big stick over his head, which will descend with tremendous force if he violates the unwritten law of the license commissioner. These commissioners in too many instances are selected, not for their fitness for the position, not because they hold a high place in the estimation of their fellow citizens, but because they are strenuous party men, willing to smother the better instincts of manhood and citizenship if such a course would only redound to the advantage of the party. How to deal with the saloon is one of the problems of our day. All men recognize that in its trail follows that which is a menace to mankind—to the body and soul of mankind. If we are to have it, however, it were of the utmost importance to institute such regulations as would make it (we were going to say respectable-but that is hardly the word to fit in with such a business) as unobjectionable as possible. This can be done if the commissioners have at all times due regard to the character of the person seeking a license We have now in mind places which may be termed "dives," where the men be hind the bar and the license holder bear characters not above reproach, and smilingly ply their trade with an eye to money-getting only. We have in mind others who are known as professional gamblers, others again in whose bar rooms men are doped and robbed. The granting of licenses should be placed in the hands of men who are entirely out of politics and who have regard only for the safe-guarding of the public interests, and the promotion of decent living. If the appointment of license inspectors and the granting of licenses were left in the hands of the county court judges we think it would prove a great improvement on the present

A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR IRE

It seems there are Orangemen and Orangemen. In Ireland they have two kinds, the Old Line Orangemen, and what is called the Independent Orangemen. The latter seems to be a wholly sane class. The former, together with their prototype tirely in the hands of the Grand Master boss, who has an object of his own in keeping the memory of the Battle of the Boyne " red hot." The Independent Orangemen are active members of what is known as the Irish Imperial Home Rule Association. The motto of this body is "Federation, not Separation." A short time since it issued a statement setting forth its aims, the chief of which is the establishment of a Parliament in Ireland, and of an executive responsible to it for the internal administrative government of that country, definitely subject and contributory to the Imperial Parliament in matters of Imperial importance. "Extravagant and unsympathetic Irish Government in the past has," the statement says, " identified Imperialism in the minds of Irishmen with Irish national decay. The reaction from this misunderstanding has unfor tunately placed Irishmen in the position of appearing to be opposed to the idea of Empire. Out of this dual misunder. standing a deadlock has arisen, and toward its dissipation the association hopes to demonstrate the truth of the proposition that the institution of Irish self-government is not only necessary to the domestic welfare of Ireland, but solidation of the Empire, to the founda-

contributed." Here is a deliverance from Mr. Linddependent Orangemen of Ireland, which appeared lately in the London Daily

Chronicle: " Ireland has entered on the last and

most interesting phase of her century-old struggle for self-government, and forces hitherto antagonistic are converg-ing on the national highway that leads to Home Rule within the Empire. The main causes of internecine strife and division—the established Church, the landlords, education—have, one by one, oved from the sphere of been removed from the sphere of the troversy, and many of those who fought on opposite sides in the Church and land wars are now to be found on the same side preparing for the final assault on the remnant of the ascendancy that antrapolad behind Dublin Castle. nched behind Dublin For the first time since the union the political struggle in Ireland has assumed a distinctively national aspect, untrammeled by considerations that, in the past, tended so much to divide the Irish past, tended so much to divide the Irish past, tended so much to divide the Irish past to be the past to be past to people into hostile religious camps. There are now only Dublin Castle and the parasites who there fatten on the decay of the Irish nation. This is the last line of defence of Unionism in Ireland, and it is manned almost exclusively. sively by the professional classes and permanent officials. Dublin Castle will ppeal in vain to the forces that in the past propped up the ascendancy. It is cut off from the main currents of national ife, and has few friends even on the Inion side.

We trust the Canadian brethren will give this statement their careful conderation.

A DESPATCH THAT is likely to promote much comment appeared in the daily press a few days ago to the effect that Cardinal Vannutelli, who is expected to represent the Pone at the Eucharistic Congress in London, will deliver an address in Latin which will be a strong appeal to England to return to the unity of the Catholic faith. "He will recall," it is further stated, " the bonds uniting England to Rome from the time of St. Gregory, who called England terra angelorum (land of angels) rather than terra anglorum (land of Anglicans) to the time of Cardinal Vaughan, the founder of the new cathedral at Westminster, where the congress is to be held Although the King will not be mentioned, the Pope will send him his re spectful homage as a wise ruler. Cardinal Vannutelli says that he expects the congress to be a great success and an imposing demonstration of the Cath olic faith." It is a little too much to expect that the eminent Cardinal has opened his mind to the press interviewer. Cardinals and other church dignitaries are not in the habit of doing this. There might be a grain of truth in the despatch, or there might not be any foundation for it whatever. The associated press representative has no doubt built up his despatch upon what he conceived to be a probability or a possibility. However, the return of England to the true faith is a consumnation devoutly to be wished for. The glory of the British Empire, the freeom and the happiness of its people, would not be retarded, but rather enhanced, were Englishmen to return to the faith of their fathers.

PROFESSOR BLACK lately delivered a lecture on Tennyson in the old South Church, Boston, in the course of which he said : "Close on two thousand years have passed away since the despised Galilean was in an agony of bloody sweat in the olive garden above Jerusalem, one moonlit midnight; and yet the world. though it has got hold of railways, electricity, and I know not what bravery of scientific invention, is intellectually no farther advanced than that journals and papers, which it is almost a shame to of good. In these days of decadent novelists and versifiers we are apt to forget what purity is, what literature is Art for art's sake is made the excuse for outraging on printed pages every one of the decencies of life; and the shelves of public and private libraries are flooded with spurious sentiment, spurious eloquence and spurious philosophy. I know of no remedy for this deplorable state of affairs save the old-fashioned one of the cultivation of the true religious ense." Day by day our separated brethren recognize the wisdom of the Catholic Church in its system of education. Children trained to have regard only for the things of this world cannot, in the nature of things, be expected to give thought to Christian principles in worldly pursuits.

AT THE LAYING of the corner stone of the new Brooklyn College, Rev. T. J. Sheelev. S. J., was the speaker, and he discussed the problem of the relation of education to the unrest of the masses in the United States. His words are well worthy the consideration of those in Canada who are wont to worship the public or colorless schools of the Dominion. Speaking of public opinion as is demanded by the progress and con- having endorced this system of education Father Sheeley said: "A terrible tion of which Irishmen have so largely power is public opinion without religion! Public opinion has done the mightiest wrongs, it has brought on more say Crawford, Grand Master of the In- unjust wars, it has nailed Christ to the cross. What hasn't it done, that great and mighty public opinion? Public opinion in America is nothing more than the characterless, the conscienceless.

the godless Lucifer of destruction." He ception of the amphibia and such small quotes Horace Mann and Elliott of animals as moles, mice, and the like quotes Horace Mann and Elliott of Harvard as having admitted that the flooding of the country with educated men without religion gave us dangerous ruffians and that it is impossible to teach morality without religion. "The American People will realize," Father Sheeley concluded, "that it is not the fear of men bringing in anarchy from abroad but rather the anarchy of our own nurseries and schools which should be taken into account. "

WE PUBLISH in this issue the first instalment of an original story which has not vet appeared in print, from the pen of Dr. Wm. J. Fischer, of Waterloo, Ont. This name is not unknown to the literary world. For some years Dr Fischer has contributed largely, both prose and poetry, to the Catholic magazines of the United States and his work will richly entitle him to an honored place amongst the Catholic writers of our day. The story entitled "The Years Between," which is now reaching its conclusion in the columns of the RECORD, is also his work and it has been read with the utmost interest. The "Children of Destiny" will, we think, be considered the best story he has yet written.

FEW PEOPLE give thought to the fact that in the aggregate it costs the Catholic people of the United States an im mense sum of money to support their parochial schools. This is a most unjust Under the above heading you have made tax when we consider that they have timely and fair criticism on the state of also to bear their share of the burden the Catholic schools in New Glasgow and all over Pictou county, Nova Scotia. of supporting the Public schools. Some It is surprising indeed that the Scotch county of Pictou, the home and birthidea of the magnitude of the task undertaken by the Catholic people of the Republic may be formed when it is considered that if all the Catholic parochial schools in Chicago were closed o-morrow it would cost the city over \$10,000,000 to erect school buildings to care for their pupils, and more than \$2,000,000 a year to pay the wages of additional teachers and caretakers.

A YOUNG LADY in Dunrea, Manitoba named Mary Esther Mills, writes us a very kind letter, thanking the CATHO-LIC RECORD because it was the means of her conversion to the Catholic faith. She was received into the Church on the 26th of July, by the Rev. W. L. Jubinville, and made her First Communion on the 13th of August. It is to be hoped that the conversion of Miss Mills will lead others to make a study of the Catholic faith. It will be a revelation to them to find that it is an institution altogether different from that which it is represented to be by its enemies.

ANIMALS IN THE BIBLE.

At a time when the critical world is subjecting everything to scientific scrutiny, an article in the Catholic Encyclopedia which discusses the animals in the Bible, is not untimely.

"The Bible" says the Encyclopedia makes no pretensions to science; we must not therefore expect to meet in its pages with any kind of elaborate classifications, whether zoological or otherwise. The sacred books, on other hand, were composed by, and for a people almost exclusively given to husbandry and pastoral life, hence in constant communication with nature. To such a people references to the animal world, animal customs, etc., are quite natural; and the more animals abounded in the country, the more fre- government grant or county occur in the Scriptures. A closer examination of the way in which references to animals are introduced, the frequency of allusions to certain species and the date of the documents in which they are found, may give a fair idea of the conditions of the country at the different stages of its history. The The species, for instance, called in Hebrew re'em, very probably the aurochs, or wild ox, totally disappeared about the time of the Babylonian captivity; the wild ass, the lion, and a few others long ago became extinct in Palestine; other species are now so scarce that they could hardly afford a familiar subject for illustration. The variety of animals spoken of in the Bible is remarkable; ostrich, for instance, a denizen of the tortid regions and the camel, of the waterless districts around Palestine, are mentioned side by side with the roebuck and deer of the woody summits of buck and deer of the woody summits of Lebanon. This variety, greater pro-bably in Palestine than in any other country in the same latitude, should be attributed to the great extremes of elevation and temperature in this small country. Furthermore, that the Palestinian fauna is not now as tinian fauna is not now as rich as it used to be during the Biblical must not be wondered at; the times, must not be wondered at; the land, now bare, was then well wooded, especially on the hills east of the Jordan. hence the changes. Although no regu-lar classification is to be sought for in the Bible, it is easy to see, however, that the animal creation is there practically divided into four classes, according to the four different modes of locomotion: among the animals, some walk, others fly, many are essentially swimmers, several crawl on the ground. This classification, more empiric than logical, would not be any worse setting. would not by any means satisfy a modern scientist; it must be known, however, if we wish fairly to understand the language of the Scriptures on the matters connected therewith. The the matters connected therewith. The first class, the behemoth or beasts, in once confronted by two highwaymen the Biblical parlance, includes all quadrupeds living on the earth, with the expense of the parlance of the par

animals as moles, mice, and the liberated had a moles, mice, and m Beasts are divided in the strict sense). ticated (benemoth in the scrict sense), and beasts of the field, i. e. wild animals. The fowls, which constitute the second class, include not only the birds, but class, include not only the birds, but also "all things that fly" even if they "go upon four feet," as the different kinds of locusts. Of the many "living beings that swim in the water" cular species is mentioned; the "great whales" are set apart in that class, while whates are see apare in that class, while the rest are divided according as they have, or have not, fins and scales (Lev., xi. 9, 10). The reptiles, or "creeping things," form the fourth class. References to this class are relatively few however, it should be noticed that the "creeping things" include not only the repetiles properly so called, but also all short-legged animals or insects which seem to crawl rather than to walk, such as moles, lizards, etc. From a religious viewpoint, all these animals are divided two classes, clean and unclean according as they can, or cannot, be eaten. We shall presently give, in alphabetical order, the list of the animals whose names occur in the Bible whenever required for the identifica-tion, the Hebrew name will be indicated, as well as the specific term used by nat-uralists. This list will include even such names as griffon, lamia, siren or unicorn which, though generally applied to fabulous beings, have nevertheless, on account of some misu derstandings or educational prejudices of the Greek and Latin translators, crept into the versions, and have been applied to real

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, - Sir

place of such eminent and liberal-minded educationists as Sir William Dawson Rev. G. M. Grant and Rev. Mr. Patter son, as well as that of Dr. McKay, the Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and a former principal of the Pictou Academy, would allow pre-judice or injustice of any kind to exist or be practiced within its borders. matter is of notoriety and has been well aired and severely commented on by the Antigonish Casket some years ago, but so far no change has been effected. It is gratifying to find such an able and fearless journal as the New Glasgow Eastern Chronicle espousing the cause of the oppressed Roman Catholics at its very door. The tone and logic of the Eastern Chronicle is sound, fair and irresistible, and in the end, even if after struggle, bound to win. It is vain and useless to keep these grievances be fore the public unless the remedy to remove them is clearly pointed out and understood. Has the question been grappled with in a spirit calculated to nsure success? No. It is clear that the School Board of New Glasgow is responsible for this state of affairs and that it is determined to continue it in spite of its injustice. To compel the Catholics to pay for the public Protestant schools, and support their own without an equipment without an equivalent compensation, is gross tyranny and legalized robbery. Who, then, is the proper force to apply to and deal with the question? government and Council of Public Instruction of Nova Scotia. It is from this source that the Pictor and New Glasgow School Board derives its existence and authority, and it is clear that if the Board abuses its sense and fair play, as in the case of double-taxing Catholics for the Public and religious schools, which they deem the best and safest in the interests of morality, which is the best State as well as the family, the only remedy lies in the government, which can reserve to itself the power of limit-ing the wrongful and dishonest action of the School Board. As the matter works now there is not a cent of in Canada, consisting of persons of all nationalities, including Mohawk Indians, are, taken in the bulk, far from being the forbidden tree of knowledge was the rational. They are as a class almost entries of the knowledge of evil as well as a class almost entries of the knowledge of evil as well as a class almost entries of the knowledge of evil as well as a class almost entries of the knowledge of evil as well as a class almost entries of the more tree of the more tree of the country, the more tree quent and varied these allusions may going to the support of the Catholic schools, which have to be names of a large number of animals—over a hundred and twenty species cost by the weak minority, together with their share of the Public school assess ments. If the Government is inclined to deal fairly in the matter, it can ask the School Board to deal fairly with the Cath olics, allow their schools to draw the Government grants to which their teachers are entitled without loss or detriment to the School Section, and also the portion of County Funds the Catholics contribute in the shape of taxation.
Since the teachers of the Catholic schools are legally qualified by their grade of license to teach in the public schools, the government can pay provincial grants to them, retain their proportionate share of the county funds to be applied to their own benefit the same as they do in the case of the school for the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Institution at Halifax at the time of making up the school pay sheets. I most respectfully submit this matter to the school Board of Pictou and to the Council of Public Institute of National States. Council of Public Instruction of Nova Scotia. Antigonish, N.S.

Priest as Life-Saver.

The Rev. John T. Tracy, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, St. Louis, saved an elderly man a few nights ago from two foot-pads who had attacked and knocked him down. Without any weapon except his fists, the brave priest set upon the thugs, and so effective were his blows, the two men were soon put to flight. Then Father Tracy assisted the stranger to his home. Father Tracy has a record as a life-saver. In 1904, when the grand stand collapsed at the National League Park in Phila-delphia, he saved the lives of four persons by tearing heavy beams and timbers away, and two years later, at the risk of his own life, he rescued a little girl from a tangle of live wires in St. Louis, being severely shocked and burned.

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How grave is the question which this open pulpit canon presents to the candi-date for orders who is looking forward date for orders who is looking forward to his ordination as admitting him to the exercise of the Catholic priesthood, the exercise of the Catholic priesthood. Surely as he considers the significance of this enactment, he will be constrained to pause and ask himself the question. "Shall I do wisely in allowing myself to receive the Orders of the Episcopal Church? I want to be in very truth a Catholic Priest in authority to teach as well as in power to administer sacra-ments. But I am now being told that the prophetical or teaching office is not conferred by ordination, and that the non-Episcopal minister may be as much a minister of the Word as the one episoppally ordained. If I now enter the ninistry of the Episcopal Church I shall by my promise of conformity be comto the doctrinal principle implied in this canon 19—a principle, which, judged by Catholic theology, I know to be absolutely false. Do I want o place myself in such an ambiguous where I shall be holding one heory of the Church and ministry, while the Church I represent is acting upon a t theory? totally different theory? More than that, can I with a good conscience place myself in such a false position? Does not loyalty to revealed truth forbid my Questions like these mus ent themselves to every thoughtful and conscientious ordinand. And aleady these questions are being answered in several instance by the candidate refusing to proceed further toward ordin-

THE EFFECT UPON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE With the drying up of the supply of High candidates for the ministry must ome the gradual extinction or radical transformation of the churches which at present teach more or less of the Catholic system. But more serious than this will be the effect upon those comunities of women who observe the religious life in the Episcopal church. They are-necessarily dependent for their existence upon the guidance of the clergy who are in intelligent spmpathy with the religious life, and the number of such Episcopal clergymen has always been very small. And when it comes to pass that there is an entire absence of such guidance and oversight, the nities will soon lose everything of a distinctively religious character, and settle down into little families of ladies living together for philanthropic purposes. So will evaporaae what has been the spiritual salt which has preserved the principle of supernaturalism in the Episcopal Church. And a so-called re-ligious community, which has nothing left but a picturesque habit and exter-nal activities, will not long cumber the

It is impossible to imagine that any ntelligent woman, who understands the bearing of present conditions in the copal Church, will for a moment think of committing her future to any of its religious societies. And 'grave in-deed is the responsibility of the bishop, chaplain or superior who allows any nan in her simplicity and ignorance bind herself by vows to a system of e which the Episcopal Church has never recognized, for the continued existence of which she has never cared, and which is now doomed within her borders.

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE LAITY. What possible hope can there be of any further growth of the Catholic movement among the laity? Where will be found the layman of any intelligence who is going to accept the principles of the movement when his common sense will show him that those principles have not behind them the authority of the Episcopal Church? Just as soon as the significance of canon 19 is fully understood by people, the position of those who teach that the Church is the possessor of a divine deposit of truth, that by ordination the clergy are made Ministers of the Word and the sole dispensers of God's truth, will be thoroughly discredited, and it the new kingdom of the Church, where their is neith Greek, nor any other nation.

How like all this is the Cat become impossible to induce any man to attach himself to the Episcopal Church on the supposition that she stands for any such doctrines. And what possible outlook can there

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be for the spiritual life of the layman who has learned more or less of the de-Votignal life of the Catholic religion? There are only a few churches here and here where he has now the opportunities of putting in practice the religion which he has learned. But the number of these churches from now on will be steadily decreasing, simply from lack of clergy with the knowledge and zeal necessary to carry them on. And if the High Church layman has children, whom he desires reared in the observances of the Catholic religion, will be care to leave them in the keeping of the Episcopal Church now that she has opened her pulpits to every species of religious teacher? What assurance can he have as to the character of the reacher who may be set in the pulpit instruct his children? They may be delivered over to the exhortations of a preacher who scoffs at all sacramental doctrine, or who may even deny that holy Name by which we are called. The result will be, that the Catholic teaching in which the parent has trained his children will be neutralized, and in time ogether effaced from their minds. And the parent will have the grief of seeing his children living in disregard of principles and practices which might have been the safeguards of their souls. Can any devout father or mother tho believes that a steadfast faith in the doctrines of divine revelation is necessalvation, contemplate the possibilities of the open-pulpit for his or her children without the most serious concern?

THE OPEN PULPIT AN EXPRESSION OF THE REAL MIND OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

eyes to facts, however disagreeable and painful they may be. The enactment of the open-pulpit canon, which was the work of the House of Bishops, was the death knell of the Catholic Movement. The signs of the ultimate cessation of

THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE QUESTION BEFORE CANDIDATES FOR ORDERS.

Dr. William McGarvie formerly Episcopal Rector in Philadelphia.

The Catholic movement are written large on every hand, and may be read by all who are willing to open their eyes, No one appreciates this more than those whose farseeing statesmanship secured the passage of the canon. Spon after the adjournment of the General Convention of the Golden which is not your rest," and to lift up their eyes are willing to open their oyes. No one to the vision of that kingdom whose pricests.

The only effect of the circulation of this nasty pamphlet will be to justify all montrated to those who have eyes to adjournment of the General Convention of the statement of the dependence of the circulation of the adjournment of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church as a been a dirty rag, and the assertion of the care willing to open their eyes are willing to open their oyes. No one appreciates this more than those whose farseeing statesmanship secured the passage of the canon. Spon after the adjournment of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church as a lead such self-sacrificing, hardworking, not your rest," and to lift up their eyes to that vision of that kingdom whose pricests.

The open converted to those who have eyes to the passage of the canon. Spon after the adjournment of the General Convention of the Episcopal Rector in Philadelphia. the influential laity of more than one High Church parish gave their rectors to understand that the Catholic Moveto understand that the Catholic Move-ment had its day and that reformation must now begin. It is a reformation that will not rest satisfied with the doffing of a biretta. It will insist upon going down to the skirts of the clothing. It will tune the pulpit, and hush there-in the call to penance and the claims of sacerdotal authority. In due time, how-ever slowly, it will eliminate avenuthing ever slowly, it will eliminate everything which may offend the susceptibilities of which may offend the susceptibilities of Protestants, for whose companionship the Episcopal Church is so earnestly stretching out her arms.

This disposition to turn to the Protest est bodies, and to make common cause with them, is not confined to the Episco-pal Church in this country. Throughout the world, wherever Anglicanism is found, the same tendency is manifesting itself. In England, in Canada, in Australia, as well as in the United States, it is toward the Churches of the Reforma-tion that the Episcopal Church is everywhere turning her face. At first it seemed that this was the result of the ascendency of a new and foreign principle within Anglicanism; that Broad Churchism had simply by the force of worldly influence captured the Episco-pal Church and was committing her to a line of action contrary to her essential life. A careful reading of history, and the consideration of the whold phenomenon of the Anglican communion will convince the thoughtful student that this is not so. The Episcopal Church in moving towards the other Protestant Churches is but instinctively surrender-ing herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been pent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But these theories are giving way one by one before the pressure of an energy impatient to be ree. And before very long Anglicanisa will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestined it, and from which no power can any longer hold it back.

THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE CATHOLIC

Has then the Catholic me without a purpose? Have all the prayers, and tears and sacrifices been in vain, and as water poured upon the earth? Most certainly not. Nothing which is done in God's name and for the advancement of His glory can ever be in vain. It all contributes to the low min to whom the Lord has given the would fain parley with Peter, and are asking for this or that concession, and the thir pride may be respected in this or that particular, so that their heads may not be bowed too was they need to was they need to was they need to would have a support to whom the Lord has given the would have given the would fain parley with Peter, and are the would fain parley with Peter, and are the would fain parley with Peter, and are the provided has given the would fain parley with Peter, and are the provided has a support of the would fain parley with Peter, and are the provided has a support of the would fain parley with Peter, and are the provided has a support of the would fain parley with Peter, and are the parley with Peter, and are the price of the parley with Peter, and are the parle in vain. It all contributes to the working out of the final purpose of the Divine will. But that purpose may be misunderstood or be entirely hidden from our eyes. Ofttimes we work on in the darkness, with no glimpse of the ultimate object which God has in view in making use of our efforts. So it was in the case of the apostles. They heard the heavenly calling and surrendered their all at the bidding of Christ. But they conceived that the end for which, with their Divine Master, they were laboring was that the kingdom might again be restored to Israel. Such, how-ever was not the purpose of Him whom they served. His aim was to merge Israel into the world-wide kingdom of the Church. Israel's glory was never to be restored. Israel itself was to be left in an empire wherein nationality would count for nothing. How over whelming was the disappointment of the disciples when the crisis of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday made it clear to them that the hope which they had cherished would never be realized. It looked as if the movement which Christ had inaugurated had ignominiously failed. Failed indeed had all the dreams of racial pride and exclusiveness. But the purpose of God, which was that He might gather together into one the nations that were scattered abroad, had not failed. Through the grave of earthly sorrow and disappointment those who were re-deemed from rejected Israel passed into

the new kingdom of the Catholic Church, where their is neither Jew nor

How like all this is the Catholic movement in the Church of England. who had been identified with it have dreamed that it would result in a resti-tution of the ancient glory and beauty which was the Church of England's before she fell away from the faith which once was hers. In times of apparent success and of temporary quiescen the Protestant spirit we thought the Protestant spirit our expectations would be realized, and that the Episcopal Church would accept the whole cycle of Catholic faith and practice. Again and again we seemed on the eve of triumph, and, like the dis-ciples of old, we asked: "Lord, wilt Thou not at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" Again and again God tried to show us that such was not His purpose. The gift of perma nency has never been bestowed upor any work of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church. The land is dotted over with churches and institutions for which High Churchmen have toiled which they have even laid down their lives. But when these men were gone their work was brought to an end, the souls they had gathered together scat-tered and left without a shepherd, and the material fabric which they had so laboriously reared was turned over into the hands of those who cared nothing for the principles which the buildings had been designed to perpetuate. The same fate awaits every parish and in-stitution which still remain in the hands of the Catholic party. They are all built on sand; not one of them has in it the pledge of continuance. And o one understands this better than those who at present are vainly trying to maintain in them the semblance of life, while all the time they know in their hearts that it is only a question of time when they must hand over their works to the authorities of the Episcopal He is a foolish man who closes his Church. And that means that the principles and practices of the Catholic

see that it was never the purpose of God to make the Episcopal Church as a body what we would fain have had her

body what we would fain have had her to be. It is clear now that the Catho-lic movement was not for the rehabilita-tion of the Church of England, but was the breath of the Spirit of God breath-ing upon individual Anglicans and carrying them onward, little by little, to the time when they should be ready to be gathered into the kingdom of the Catholic Church Catholic Church And now that divine breath has

brought those I who have been yielding themselves to its influence so far that they are standing before the City of God. At the gate of this City stands Peter, lighty or of this City stands Peter, living on still in his Successor, to whom the Lord gave the charge, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep." And through Him the Good Shepherd speaks in the accents of divine compassion, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "Come for all things are now ready." Multitudes are hearing the voice of Jesus. Multitudes are in the valley of decision. And in every land many are the souls who, obedient to the heavenly calling, are braving the world's gorn and verification required. scorn and penitently passing into the one fold of the holy Roman Church, and therein are finding the certitude, the peace and the joy which they sought for in vain outside the City of God.

But great is the distress of others whom God's grace has brought so near the door of the sheepfold, who are hearing the voice of the Good Shepherd, who are feeling the drawings of His grace. Submission to Rome is not what they had conceived to be the purpose of the Catholic movement. Like the disciples of old, they have had dreams of their own as to what should be the ultimate outcome of the working of God's grace outcome of the working of God's grace in the Episcopal Church, and those dreams they are loath to give up. The Spirit of God is constraining them with the bands of love to enter the City, and yet they stand still and will not go in. The thought of giving up their precon-ceived notions, of laying down their wills, of taking the lowest place, of secrificing friends, or worldly rais helds. sacrificing friends or worldly gain holds them back from obediently submitting to him to whom the Lord has given the

City. But to all such there comes the voice of stern warning. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter into it.

No doubt there were those who long followed our Lord, but who, rather than accept the revelation of Good Friday and be identified with the re-proach of Christ, went back and identi-fied themselves with supostate Israel, and so forfeited the place in the Catholie Church which might have been theirs. So now there are men and women whom God's grace has brought to see the emptiness of Protestantism, that Anglicanism is but a house built upon sand, and that the one Church of the living God is the Catholic and Roman Church, and yet who, rather than pass under the discipline of the are turning back from the open door which the love of God has set be-fore them. With manifold excuses they are striving to salve their wounded con-sciences; but they are excuses which bring them no peace now, and which they know in their hearts will not stand

the test of the eternal judgment.

May the divine Spirit open the eyes of all Anglicans to see the real purpose of the Catholic movement. And may those whom God in His mercy and goodness is ow leading to the door of the one sheep fold have the fortitude to enter therein, so that they may not be of the children who draw back to eternal loss, but of them that in the simplicity of faith believe in the saving of the soul.—Rome.

SOCIALIST TACTICS.

The Socialists of the United States have opened a campaign against the Catholic Church by publishing five mil-

lion copies of an official document.

The wonderful document which is to extinguish the Catholic Church is made up of a series of doctored extracts taken from the testimony given before the Taft Commission in the Philippines. This testimony, as is evident on the face of it, is all exparte, and is given by natives who were as bitterly opposed then to the friars as they are now to the Americans. No record of crossexamination appears, or of any attempt to get at the truth of the statements The natives were allowed to pour out everything they pleased against the friars, and any one who knows the Malay can guess what kind of filth they emitted. The object of the commission was to justify the expulsion of the friars and every accusation was welcome The only two Americans whose testimony is given were compelled to admit that all they had to go on was hearsay A study of the whole document, if it were available, would show what every one admits, that the friars were hated the revolutionists because they were Spaniards, and that the failure of a few of them to observe their religious obligations was made the basis of universal calumnies against the orders. Every Catholic knows as much.

clergy of his Church are not infallible n politics or impeccable in morals. They have been on the wrong side of politics, that is, the losing side. Some of them have failed to live up to the of them have failed to live up to the high ideal of their sacred calling. This is

only saying that they are men.

But Catholics don't know, and Catho lics resent being told that their priests are oppressors of the poor by their very profession and that they are hypocrites by choice. Catholics know their priests face to face. The priest's life principles and practices of the Catholic party will be brought to an end, and and the labors of years given to the winds. So by manifold disappointments and defeats God has tried, and is still trying, to make High Churchmen hear them all in all, there are no men who

this nasty pamphlet will be to justify all that the opponents of socialism says of it. The Appeal to Reason has always been a dirty rag, and the assertion of the warren person that the socialists have maintained a dignified silence in face of unjust attacks is entirely untrue. It would be very hard to find any issue of the Appeal in which there is not some attack on the Church, and usually in the shape of filth. Whoever Warren is his mind is a cesspool.

The fact of the matter is, socialism is first and foremost a religion and then an economic school, and finally a political party. As a religion it represents the last evolution of Protestantism and substantism are substantism and substantism and substantism and substantism and substantism and substantism are substantism and last evolution of Protestantism and substitutes the worship of humanity for the worship of God. It denies the truth of dogmatic Christianity, it rejects the Christian organization of the family and the Christian code that governs the relations of the sexes. Whether the

it is in Europe.

As to economic socialism, there are many schemes proposed by socialists which are not only unobjectionable, but are very desirable. Many people are attracted to socialism by this very feature. In fact, in a sense, we are all socialists now. It is a pity that religious rancor should be stirred up amongst men who would naturally work together for the betterment of human conditions The Catholic Church is the Church of the working-men in this country. To attack the Catholic Church, especially in the vile and brutal manner of the Appeal to Reason, is to alienate that vast body of men and women from many movements that might be of benefit to the proletariat.

As to the socialists as a politicial party, they are just the same as the other political parties. The professional politicians run them, and will run them. Unless the political socialists aspire to the coffin of the A.P. A. they had better remember that they who eat the Pope die of the Pope.—San Francisco Leader.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC DANCE HALL.

"The public dance hall is an unmiti gated evil," says the Tidings of Los Angeles, Cal. "It is run for money and its doors are open to all who have the price of admission. Investigations made in certain dance halls of this city have shown that men and women whose lives vicious frequent these places stantly, and it is further asserted that the dance halls are made a recruiting station by persons of evil life who come from that district of the city known as the 'under world.' To those parents who are striving to train their children in the love and fear of God, the very words 'dance hall' are a perpetual night mare. Some, innocent of certain evils, may not really know of the degrading influences that lie masked behind the lights and the music and the merry laughter of the dancers in these places, but the evil is there just the same, and the most innocent of the careless frequenters can hardly fail to be contamin ated by it. Love of truth, of purity, of temperate living, of the beautiful ideals of life are not taught in the public dance hall. Society, as represented by its public officials and its reforming agencies, should not hesitate to deal sternly with this evil life in our large cities. The public dance hall has no record of work done for the public weal where finis is written to the record of the wrecked lives of men and women who first wrong start was made in the public dance hall.'

FATHER TABB'S UNQUENCHABLE

HUMOR. It is evident that though Father Table has lost his sense of sight he has not lost his sense of humor. The Newark Monitor tells a characteristic story con-cerning him and his life-long friend, the late Bishop Curtis. Both were converts to the faith, and as a boy Father Tabb was a parishioner of Bishop Curtis when the latter was rector of an Episcopa church in Baltimore. In all the quent years the two preserved a friend-ship of singular steadfastness and intimacy. When Bishop Curtis heard of the affliction, falling on Father Tabb, he took occasion to run down to St. Charles' college to visit him. When they were parting Bishop Curtis said to Father Tabb: "Is there anything I might ask from His Eminence for you?"
"Yes," said Father Tabb. "Ask him to

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

NON-CATHOLIC SCIENTIST'S IMPRES SIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE. In an article in the current Outlook, under the heading "Letters of a Vaga-bond," we read of a non-Catholic scient-'s impression of the Cathedral of Cologne —a cathedral, in our opinion, the most glorious and majestic in the

world. He says: stood, perhaps, five minutes, spellbound by the Great Nave. The evening hour gave it the dim religious air a church interior needs. At last Baldwin found ioners know their foibles and failings to a "t," and they know, too, that, taking can broke into a rapture which was prose only in words, 'I'm a scientist,' he

said, 'a rationalist. But I never knew what religion was before. How these men must have believed in God when they dreamed this thing into ex-istence! There was something in this old faith which has passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill, we couldn't build a thing like this to-day. There was a great light shinning in those days which has long gone out. And yet we call them 'The Dark Ages.' 'Yes,' he went on, 'the men who built this cathedral believed that God was watching them. They thought of Him personally, with great, kind, loving eyes, leaning over the battlement of His high heaven, smiling down on their labor - almost within reach of their endeavors. I suppose the men who put the cap-stones on the towers felt themselves consciously nearer God than the unfortunate ones who only worked down here on earth." towers

The Apostolate of Prayer.

relations of the sexes. Whether the doctrinaire socialists are any worse in practise than many who are nominal Christians is another question. The point is that socialism formally rejects the Christian religion and the whole the Christian morals.

Spearing

Teresa says: "This is a more prontaure form of almsgiving than it would be if we helped a Christian whom we saw with hands fast chained behind his back, tied to a post and dying of hunger—not for want of food, because plenty of the choicest delicacies lay near him—but accused of injustice because they opposed such tenets as those? It is their duty to warn their people against such monstrous opinions and to fortify their monstrous opinions and to fortify their the point of dying, and that not a temporal death but an eternal one. Would it not be extremely cruel of us to stand Show that socialism as a religion in America is the same narrow, blind, vindictive persecution of the Church that Mansion, ch. I.)

A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The sermon delivered by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connel at the Cathedral the other Sunday before the delegates of the Federation of Catholic Societies, has produced a deep and lastng impression upon the general public and especially upon the religious-minded

An editorial in Zion's Herald, the Methodist Episcopal organ declares that it "was remarkable in its Biblical setting and exegesis, and in its treat-ment of the palpable evils of the day." After expressing regret that space will not permit the quotation of more gen-erous extracts than the journal has given, it goes on to say: "As we read given, it goes on to say: "As we read after the Archbishop and the report of the proceedings and particularly the addresses of able and loyal laymen of that body, we were led to ask if, after all, this Church might not become the hope of the world as the repository and servator of the essential fundamentals of the Christian revelation. Certainly, Protestantism—the Protestantism of this old New England—has now too little fibre in it, in doctrine and works, to Catholic Church. We believe too little, and hold that little in too weak and colorless solution, to adequately evangelize and church the mulititudes.

After referring to an editorial in the Boston Transcript, in which the writer sought to break the force of the very unusual impression made upon our city by this convention of the Federation of Catholic Societies, the editor of Zion's Herald continues; "It still remains true that Protestantism in New England is being outranked by the Roman Catho-lic Church and the reason lies exclusively in the fact that it does not believe as does the Catholic Church, in the essential certitudes of the Christian revelation. Protestantism in our midst. in substituting for a hearty, loyal, passionate faith in Jesus Christ as Savior, Redeemer, Lord, a naturalistic, sophic creed, adjustable and constantly in need of readjustment, has shorn itself of evangelistic power and

divine certification."

This frank and full acknowledgment of the impression created by the Archbishop's discourse displays an open mind so utterly opposed to the purblind view of the Transcript editorial writer, that it becomes at once a matter of interest to discern that, after all, there is at that entitles it to plead at the bar of public opinion for permission to take the money of the young and inexperienced and in return perhaps start these children on the road that leads to the graves breadth as the result of their Unitarian training, oftentimes display a pitiful spirit of narrowness that ill becomes their profession of liberality and toler-

The first requisite for religious betterment is to recognize the evils whence spring indifferentism and an irreligious spirit, and not to be deluded by a false optimism which blinds one's vision to facts which are patent to all and makes ne a partisan special pleader.—Boston

IRISH-GROWN TOBACCO.

LIKELY RESULTS OF THE GRANT, The fact that the Chancellor of the

Exchange has announced his intention of giving a sum of £6,000 each year to the Agricultural Department for the encouragement of tobacco growing in Ireland is important, not so much for the amount of money involved as for the recognition which it gives on the part of
the Government that the industry is entitled to some special consideration because it was suppressed by the British Parliament more than seventy years ago, and against the wishes of the Irish people of all shades of opinion. Some of the Unionist newspapers in England have raised the cry of "Protection for Ireland," simply for the purpose of try-ing to make trouble for their political rivals. We are told by the opponents rivals. We are told by the opponents of the Government that the assistance given now to the Irish tobacco industry is very small. So undoubtedly it is, but then it is well to remember that the measure of assistance given by the Liberals is that which was fixed by the Tories themselves, for it was a Tory Chancellor who fixed the rebate of one shilling a pound upon Irish-grown to bacco. The present grant of £6,000 bacco. The present grant of co, or a year may, perhaps, enable an extra hundred acres of tobacco to be planted.

Up to this the area for tobacco growing has been limited to something under

one hundred acres, and the rebate of

HOW TO CURE A HEADACHE

To attempt to cure a headache by taking a "headache powder," is like trying to stop a leak in the roof by putting a pan under the dripping water. Chronic headaches are caused by poisoned blood. The blood is poisoned by tissue waste, undigested food and other impurities remaining too long in the system. These poisons are not promptly eliminated because of sick liver, bowels, skin or kidn ys.

If the bowels do not move regularly -if there is pain in the back sh wing kidney trouble-if the skin is sallow or disfigured with pimples-it shows clearly what is causing the headacher

"Fruit-a-tives" cure headaches because they cure the cause of headaches. "Fruit-a-tives" act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" keep the system free of poisons, "Fruit-a-tives" come in two sizes—25c and 50c. If your dealer does not have them write to Pruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

duty at the rate of a shilling per pound last year amounted, I understand, to about £3,300. Therefore, if the same rate is continued by the Department of Agriculture, at least a couple of hun-Ired acres may be employed in growing tobacco in Ireland next year. This is, at any rate, progress—slow progress, it is true, but still progress; and there can be no doubt that before 1913, the which the grant is given up to, the Irish tobacco industry will have reached a position in which it will be absolutely impossible for any Government to refuse to give it whatever re-maining help may be required to enable t to continue as a permanent and laborgiving industry in the country. More-over, it is well to note that in fixing the duty on Irish-grown tobacco the Finance Bill of this year allows a reduc-tion of 2d. per lb. to meet whatever costs excise supervision may entail upon the cultivators. This is, of course, too small an allowance, and we are trying to have it enlarged, but small and all as it is, it shows, like the Chancel-lor's grant of £6,000 a year, that there is now a wide recognition of the fact that the growing of tobacco in Ireland is something which ought to be encouraged, and that some reparation, is due to Ireland in the affair by British Governments. As matters now stand the position of Irish tobacco growing is this way
—the Department of Agriculture will have yearly for the next five years £6,000 a year, or £30,000 in all, for the encouragement of the growers, and to secure them in their enterprise against the loss always sure to be felt for some little time by those embarking in a new undertaking. In addition to this, Irish tobacco will pay 2s. 10d. per lb., as against 3s. on the imported article. All this is little enough for an industry which was deliberately strangled by British law long ago. The provision made is, of course, very inadequate, and it is very absurd to call it seriously

"protection."
One advantage which the new arrangement as to helping tobacco growing in Ireland undoubtedly possesses is that the matter is now entirely under the direction of an Irish authority—the Irish Department of Agriculture—which has done a great deal already in enabling experiments to be made. The grant will be made to the Department, and, therefore, the tobacco growers will, in the future. be obliged to go no further than Dublin for the assistance which they are en-

titled to receive.

Although as I have been compelled to point out, the recognition given to Ire-land in regard to her tobacco growing is exceedingly small, still it is something to go on with, and it now remains for those interested in the subject to prove within the next five years that tobacco growing can be made profitable and pernanent in its usefulness to the country. Already some excellent tobacco has been grown and manufactured, and those engaged in the work are enthusiastic about it. At any rate, it is open to those who have the to do so to try their hands at producing this crop, which, seventy or eighty ago, was grown in several parts of Ireland. The law which prohibited the growing of tobacco in Ireland in stands now repealed, and the Irish Tobacco Act of last year has been adopted by the Government, and is embodied in the Finance Bill of this year. That, at any rate, is at I something gained, small though it As illustrating the jealousy with which even the slightest concession of justice to Ireland is regarded in some quarters in Parliament, it is of interest to note that the moment it was discovered that Ireland was to be allowed, and even encouraged, to grow tobacco, gentlemen from England, Wales and Scotland at once rose demanded the same rights. Of course, the Chancellor replied that he would consider all representations on the subject from those countries. But the difference lies in this, no considerable experiments, certainly no official experiments, as to tobacco growing have taken and a great deal of labor have been expended upon experimental tobacco pended upon experimental tobacco growing in Ireland for the last six or

seven years.

The results of these experiments have been of a character which amply justify anything that may be done for the encouragement of the industry. For some time back the whole question of tobacco growing in Ireland has been on a more r less vague and irregular footing. After this year, however, the matter is on a clear and distinct understanding. Tobacco growing, after many years, has been legalised, and the growers know exactly the extent of the consideration they may expect from the Government for the next five years anyway.

Under these circumstances everyone who desires (and who does not?) to see fresh sources of employment offered to country people, will wish the promoters of tobacco planting every good fortune and much increasing success.
WILLIAM REDMOND,

CHA'

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

SERVING TWO MASTERS.

Notwithstanding these clear words of Notwithstanding these clear words of to-day's gospel there are many who wish to be the friends of Mammon without becoming enemies of God. They dally with the world, they try to serve it and God, if not at one and the same time, at least alternately. They do not appreciate the enormity of sin: in fact, they begin to doubt if God will, after all, condemn a soul to eternal pains for one demn a soul to eternal pains for one mortal sin. Their confessions are mechanical affairs, without any serious conversion from their life of sin. There are souls to whom the Holy Ghost ad-dressess those awful words: "I would thou wert cold or hot; but because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my month." These, therefore, who are trying to serve God and Mammon have already begun to serve Mammon. Christ will have nothing of those who will not serve Him with their whole

hearts.

How foolish to suppose that we can save our souls by a divided love!

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And if for the sake of the world we forsake Christ in anything, we show where our treasure is and in what service we are.

"It one passy grains Christian were to

If our easy-going Christian were to appreciate the enormity of the least sin, he would but admire God's justice in condemning a soul for a single mortal sin. It is not so much the single act which we call a mortal sin for which the soul is condemned, as for the moral leprosy which made the sinner capable of so monstrous a crime. No words can adequately describe the awful leprosy which covers that soul which is in a state of mortal sin. When it becomes conscious of its state, after death it would be a greater hell for it to stand in presence of its outraged Creator than to suffer the miseries of that darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. When it will be brought before the judgment seat of God, before Whose majesty the angels veil their faces with their wings, it will cry out to the mountains to cover it and the hills to hide it from the sight of

God.

Let not our easy-going friends think, therefore, that sin is a matter of small consequence. They are mistaken if they think that the sacrament of penance

But he caps the climax of folly who thinks to put off his conversion until his old age. To-day's gospel asks: "What old age. To day's gospel asks: "What man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" Who can count upon a day, much less a year? But even if we could count upon an old age, who tells us that we shall become truly converted, when it is apparent that the only reason for our conversion is the impossibility of sinning any more? Confession is not the magical charm our easy-going friends would have it to be; it cannot make a foul sinner into a saint by slight of hand. God might

ject and aim in life were to restore order in the chaotic state of the Angli can church. Honest, sincere and power ful in intellect, he traveled to Rome to learn and convince himself thoroughly of the errors of the Catholic Church so that he might bring out in bold contrast the beauties and grandeur of the Anglican Church and the necessity of the schism of Henry VIIII. During his stay in Rome he studied Christian prin-ciples to their foundation. Doubts be-gan to arise in his mind as to his herculian undertaking, viz., to connect the Anglican Church by some invisible chain with primitive Christianity. The more and the deeper he studied the graver and more serious were the doubts which arose in his honest, sincere and logical mind. To him the Pope was no longer the anti-Christ whom he considered him to be when leaving old England. Returning home, pressed by doubts, whilst crossing the Mediterraneau Sea, he poured forth the cravings of his soul in that beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

After reaching England, the dark-ness grew denser, and through the mist he could see no light which would en-able his powerful intellect to trace the invisible chain from the foundation of the Anglican Church of Henry VIII. hack to primitive Christianity. The missing links were visible in the Church of his liberal donations these convenof Rome. He told his brother Francis his mental struggles, his doubts, etc. His brother honestly and candidly told him that in his state of mind nothing remained for him to do but "to go back to Rome." He took the step which shook the faith of thousands of Angli-

Such cases are not rare. They speak olumes. A short time ago in Bridgevolumes. A short time ago in Bridge-water, Mass., a notable convert, the son

the Congregational Church, whilst preaching to his congregation, quietly slipped off his gloves, and as reported

said:
"Our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, moribund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth. If it is investigated to the contribute of the c warmth, life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weariness of sin. Alas! it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan Fathers yearned for and sought with prayers and tears, has become, to many of our Christless descondants a fried prayers and tears, has become, to many of our Christless descendants, a frigid city of ice palaces, built of pale nega-tions, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evadescent glitter of a doubtful and insubstantial intellectual

"As the icebergs from the frozen north floated with the ocean currents, only to be melted and disappear in the warm waters of the equator, so shall these transcendental ice mountains melt in the warmer currents that the Holy Spirit will bring to human hearts from our crucified but now risen and glorified Lord.
The full, rich, glorious Christ of Cath-

olic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these advanced thinkers (God save the mark!) and reduced to tood save the mark;) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless emaciated Syrian ghost, He still dimly haunts the icy corridors of this twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of His final exclusion has been already

spoken.
"Then in their boundless arrogance
and self-assertion they turn upon those
of us who still cry with Thomas before
the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,'
and tell us that there is no middle ground between their own vague and sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic Church. If this be so, then for me, most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the Church of Rome as a homeless, houseless wanderer to a home in a con

We are hungry for God, yea, for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker and its meat thinner and drier every day for the vast major ity of our people. In many and important respects life was brighter in the so-called 'Dark Ages' than it is today. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hide-ous fragments and trampled in dirt."

A little over ten years ago, John A. Kensitt, the ultra-Protestant who be-sides manifesting a bitter antagonism to man goes to confession without doing his share, by honestly repenting of the past, and sincerely purposing to walk in the way of the commandments for the future, the last state of that man is worse than the first. By no trickery can we get into heaven; God requires an honest service and a whole-souled fidelity. Kensitt began his campaign. The veneration of the cross on Good Friday, and the Asperges following the Catholic custom of sprinkling the congregation with holy water, were naturally very distasteful to the self-constituted champion of Protestantism. He got a few drops of the water one day, and went to the nearest police court to register a charge of "assault and battery." Free-dom of worship, however, prevails in London, and the police was sir gularly unsentimental. So when Mr. Kensitt tried to break up a ritualistic service in we the worst sinner in a move that the worst sin so in a single star case? Let us not try to cheat God. He cannot be mocked. He has told us clearly that we must serve him with all our hearts, or we are none of His. We must choose between Him and Mammon. It is not impossible to choose. What shall it be — God or Mammon?

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**CONVERTS.* that city, and made off with the Crucifix, which he had snatched from the hands of the officiating elergyman, his profollowed the light. While his defection is a hard blow to the followers of Kensitt, it rejoices Catholies that another incere soul has imitated the Scriptural xample of St. Paul. — Intermountain

TWO PRINCES; A BITTER CONTRAST.

ONE AT THE DOOR OF A MONASTERY, THE OTHER AT THE GATE OF A PENITEN-TIARY.

On August 10, the Cathedral of Cologne was the scene of a unique and im-pressive ceremony. The aged Prince Karl zu Loewenstein, in religion Fratur Raymundus, who made his profession in the Dominican Order on August 1, re-Days. This the last stage in an event-ful career stretching over more than

half a century. Born in 1834, the prince's whole life as been devoted to the service of his Church and his country. In 1868 he became the leading spirit in the German Catholic conventions, organizing and managing them every year until his retirement in 1898. In 1869/he was unanimously chosen to preside over the able management and where the dot of his liberal donations these conventions, which have meant and still mean so much for German Catholicity, weathered many a storm and gave the lie to many a pessimistic prediction. His popularity was perhaps second only to that of the great Windthorst. In 1902 he founded the Anti-Duelling

League, over which he presided until A STARTLING CONTRAST.

charge of perjury. Philip von Eulenburg—Karl zu Loewenstein—what a contrast! Both are men of the highest rank, standing almost on the topmost rung of the social ladder. Both had great wealth at their command, and both wielded great influence over their fellow-men. And yet how different are their dispositions, their conceptions of life and their destinies!

The one, in spite of his brilliant

life and their destrines!

The one, in spite of his brilliant talents, his high culture, his artistic tastes, his social gifts and his diplomatic adroitness, a man whose darker side can be viewed more closely only with complete exclusion of the lyublic, the other a true nobleman, a knight, "sans peur et sans reproche," whose escutcheon bears untarnished the proud device: "Fuer Wahrheit, Freheit und Recht;" a man of noble mind, of pure morals, of unflinching courage of conviction, who, after la long life spent in the most unselfish service of his country and of his Church, voluntarily steps off the stage of public life to live henceforth, forgotten of the world, for God alone.

The one, although he exercised for

The one, although he exercis decades o' years an uncanny influence on domestic and foreign politics, could control himself so little that he finds himself face to face with the criminal judge; the other exchanges the prince's ermine, which he had worn in all honor before the world, for the humble habit and cowl of the friar.

The one boasts of having been the champion of the "Protestant empire idea" at the courts of Catholic sovereigns, and of having earned for his pains the hatred of elericalism and ul-tramontanism; the other has always and tramontanism; the other has always and everywhere "given unto God that which is God's, and unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." Wherefore he is honored by all men of noble mind, Protestants as well as Catholies, and their admiration follows him into the solitude of the deligitor. of the cloister.

The one, in his frantic efforts to

save his honor as a "man of the world, insults and calumniates his opponents and lays his misfortune at their doors the other, who has left the world to become in a stricter sense " a man o God," can look up to heaven and pray,
"Forgive us our trespasses," because
he can also add in very truth, "as we can look up to heaven and pray

forgive those who trespass against us."
A conclusion presses itself upon us;
If culture is the ennobling of man, then we have in the prince in the quiet Do-minican cell its true image and likeness n the prisoner prince of the Charite is

Berlin its caricature.

How explain this contrast? We have no right to judge any man; God alone searcheth the heart. One thing is ce-tain; whoever takes his religion seriously and practices it manfully may perhaps find himself in his old age at the door of a monastery, but hardly at the gate of a penitentiary.

THE DUSSELDORF CONGRESS.

Speaking of Prince Loewenstein na turally reminds us of the fifty-fifth Catholic convention, which meets at Dusseldorf, the Munich of the Rhineand, from August 16 to 20. It promise to be a record breaker. The conven tion hall, superbly situated on the right bank of the Rhine, is the largest ever constructed by the Catholics of Germany. It measures nearly 300 feet in length and 140 feet in width, and has a seating capacity of over twelve thous-and. It is built in the later Byzantine style, and the grand central tower and the eight flanking minarets, when illuminated as proposed, will present a fairy-like aspect. The workingmen's parade

Catholic life and faith, a well-known pastor of Cologne recently said to the writer: "I, for my part, always find that attendance at the Katholikentag does me more good than a week's re-treat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

BULL AGAINST THE COMET.

OBJECTS TO PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN'S CRITICISM. Writing in the Sacred Heart Review

the Rev. Dr. Starbuck says:

Of all singular remarks concerning
the Church of Rome made by President A. D. White, and which I learn Raymundus, who made his profession in the Dominican Order on August I, received subdeaconship at the hands of Cardinal Fisher. His ordination to the priesthood is set for the Advent Ember to me that there is nothing quite of the that there is nothing quite so surprising as his contemptuous rejection of Dr. Pastor's testimony that there is no record of any Papal ediet which can be interpreted as even distantly resembling a "thell casing to be a supply the supply as a supply as

bling a "bull against a comet. Dr. White's mere contradiction of Pastor signifies little, since he might have found a documet which Pastor had failed to notice, the Papal archives being exceedingly voluminous, and having probably, in the course of ages, fallen more or less out of chronological

The extraordinary point in White's ejection as quoted in the Messenger is the assumption that a Roman Catholic

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water, Mass., a notable convert, the son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, one of America's greatest preachers, created a similar sensation. Rev. Charles E. Stowe, a minister of high standing in the clear himself of the degrading street, Toronto, Canada.

While this man, full of years and merits, is standing on the threshold of the priesthood, another scion of a princely house, more ancient still than that of Loewenstein, is vailely attempting to clear himself of the degrading street, Toronto, Canada.

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historical scholar, no matter of how high a standing and character—and we know that there is none now living who stands above Pastor—would not dare to state the truth about an external, contingent fact, a public and official declaration of the Church, verifiable from diplomatic archives, if he thought the statement might be disagreeable to the Holy See, lest a work of his should be suppressed by the Index; nay, that he would feel himself bound to make a positive affirmation contrary to the truth, for fear of such a condemnation. ...When Leo XIII, announced his inten tion to throw open the Vatican archives, with few reservations, to all the world, Dr. Leroy M. Vernon, predecessor of Chancellor Day at Syracuse, N. Y., and previously head of Methodist operations

in Italy, signified with a bitter sneer that he did not believe that the Pope had any such intention, and that a too credulous Protestantism would find it-self mortifyingly taken in by this hypo-

critical pretense.

Dr. Vernon did not live, I understand, to see the Pope honestly fulfil his frank declaration. Had he seen it carried out, we have little reason to suppose that it would have made much difference to him. He had higher titles and higher to him. He had higher titles and higher positions than the Lansings and the Christians, but in his preface to Lansing's book, whereby he voluntarily brings himself down to the level of this unhappy demagogue, he shows beyond question that he is completely possessed by Luther's avowed principle: Do not ever shrink from setting forth a good plump lie if it will advantage the Protestant cause. Never retract a calumny against an active Papist, for the very fact that he is such a Papist turns a calumny into a truth. Being ipso facto a child of the devil, he has always done the thing you filege, or something else exactly equivalent. What difference does it make if I say a man has stolen two double eagles and it turns out that he has stolen four single eagles? Does this unessential difference of fact make me a slanderer against him? The lav takes no account of trifles.

If I have not a cross I will make no progress toward heaven. that is to say, all that disturbs us—is the sting which stimulates us, and without which we would remain stationery receiving all the dust of the road, an perhaps sinking by degrees into evil. A cross is the spring which pushes us forward in spite of our apathy and our resistance.—Golden \Sands.





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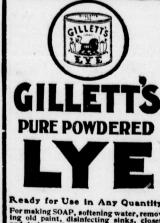
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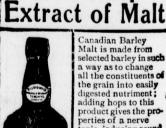
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The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

blind to their opportunity for embalming themselves in the hearts of their fellow men. We do not understand why they should be so shortsighted.

Do not deceive yourself by thinking that you are going to do great things in any direction when you get a lot of money, if you are not doing the little things with a little money. I never knew a man to do great things with a lot of money who did not try to do little things with a little money.

things with a little money.

Nothing is more deceptive than the belief that we are going to be very generous when we accumulate a fortune, for selfishness fattens upon money, until it becomes a voracious, greedy animal. Somehow, when our income begins to increase, our wants, which we felt sure ould always remain so simple, grow ester than the income, and, strange to say, we can look upon those in want about us without being much disturbed. Pitiable cases of suffering, such as used make our hearts bleed when we were poor ourselves, no longer arouse our sympathies. We become more and more hardened, until finally we are not only not disturbed because we do not assist struggling merit, but we can even

are like the cholera victim. When he first hears that cholera is epidemic in his neighborhood he is terrified with fear; but when the dread disease has once fastened itself upon him he looks without emotion at the weeping relatives at his bedside, beof the characteristics of the the utter indifference of the victim. He cannot understand the anxiety of those about him, and even when the chill of death is upon him, and his flesh is as cold as marble, he will tell you that he feels perfectly warm.

enjoy our luxuries while those within a few minuses' walk of us are hungry and

The possession of wealth seems to dull our finer sensibilities so that we are indifferent to the needs and the sufferings of others. It takes a very strong character to remain unselfish as his wealth

If you are really anxious to do good, begin now. You can do a great deal with a little money, and if you have no money, you can give kindly, helpful thoughts. You can give encouragement. The desire and the inclinations

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are the main things. A Smile From a Stranger:

Most of us owe debts of gratitude to strangers whose kindly smile has sent sunshine into our aching hearts, and has given us courage when we were dis-

It is a great thing to go through life with a smiling face. It costs little, but who can ever estimate its value!

Think how the pleasure of life would increased if we met smiling faces everywhere—faces which radiate hope, sunshine, and cheer! What a joy it would be to travel in a gallery of living pictures radiating cheer, hope and

can estimate what beautiful. smiling faces mean to the wretched and the downcast—those whose life burdens are crushing them !

are crushing them 1
Many of us carry precious memories
of smiling faces which we glimpse but
once, but whose sweet, uplifting expression will remain with us forever.

Who Gives Himself for Principle. Lowell says: "The only conclusive idence of a man's sincerity is that he

gives himself for a principle."

The fact that a man sends his check to help along a charitable enterprise may mean a great deal, or it may mean very little; he may have some ax to grind, some ulterior purpose back of it all; but when a man gives himself for

When a man is willing to make a sacrifice of his personal comfort, of his time, his energy for a cause, it is pretty good evidence that he is sincere.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE.

"Did I ever see the likes of that child? Whiles my back is turned and I washing the carriage, and that stiff with rheumatiz that I'm not turning 'round 'cept on business, along comes she on her wheel, goin' for all the world like a race horse. She jis catches sight of the blanket fallen off your master's horse that he's brought in, boy fashion, all in a sweat, and in eye's twinklin,' if you'll believe it, she's put the blanket on and jumped off the machine and wrapped the beastie, up any and the state of the s beastie up snug as a cat in a chimny corner. See, jes' now she's hugging Doc. I never saw the beat of that child

for lovin' kindness."
Uncle Sol, Mr. Ray's man-of-all-work, had a fashion of talking to himself, and

rarely to others.

"It's safest," he would say, shaking his gray head very earnestly, "it's safest for a man to have his self for his ofteness. est companion, then, if there's any trouble he can easy settle who's made it."

the name of Little Miss Sunshine, and well she deserved it.

She it was who, on the school playground was the usual umpire to settle all sorts of vexed questions between the

scholars—all animals recognized her as their friend. Ducks would waddle yards out of their way to quack out to her the out of their way to quack out to her the story of injuries received from small boys, and innumerable dogs had a way of limping into the Gray's yard, sure of sympathy, or if it proved a case of broken bones, she would tenderly carry them over to her staunch friend, Dr. Soymour and wake, coast the Seymour and make over the case to him,

very painful sore throat, uncomplain-

ing as usual, the doctor said:
"Oh, Amy, how I wish you could send your recipe for bearing pain and trouble so bravely to some of my patients, with very little the matter with them and surrounded with all the comforts money can preque who had been surrounded. can procure, who are always bemoaning the hardships of suffering."

But little Sunbeam's sky had not always been blue and cloudless. Two years ago she had a devoted father and pretty horse, but one sad day, as he came from school, she met her mother at the gate with a white, drawn face, say-

ride, nor the cold chill that struck her when she learned Dr. Seymour had just left for a five-mile drive to Farmer Reeve's place.
Oh, if she might only overtake him!

Oh, if she might only overtake him!
For once she thought nothing of overtaxing herbeloved pony's strength asshe
urged him on at full gallop. Through
the long shady village street out on the
turnpike they hurried, but never a trace
of the familiar chaise was visible.
When at last the Reeve's farm had been
reached, right, glad was the exhausted ing that all the sunshine had vanished from the child's face as, breaking into

aining courage with every mile.

But loving care and medical skill annot hold back those the dear Lord

One day shortly after the funeral, Dr. eymour drove up to the cottage and asked for Amv.

"Little Sunshine," he said, "you have been so brave, it breaks my heart to have to tell you your pretty pony is dead. It had very tender care, but the strain of that hard ride proved too much for the poor little fellow.

"No, dear; don't blame yourself. You did it all for the best and saved your

father some hours of suffering."
"Then dear doctor, when I miss my dear pony, I will think he died for his

trol by the bedside of a rich patient, and during the sleepless hours, she thought how she, too, might brighten other lives by more patiently enduring her pain and devising means of giving

press left at the Gray cottage a large case directed to "Miss Amy Gray," and case directed to "Miss Amy Gray," and when, with awkward fingers, quite unused to tools, she accomplished the task of opening the case, Amy found a wonderful wheel, one of the most approved sort, its nickel plating shining brilliantly, and attached to the saddle was a card with the words.

People.

The Irish author, Henry Giles, thus gives us a pen picture of Sir Thomas More, one of the most interesting figures during the reign of Henry VIII. of England: "A just man is always simple. his principle, we may know that he is honest.

He is a man of purest aims and purposes; there is no complexity in his motives, and thence, there is no jarring or discordancy in his character. . . Fidelity and truth. . . throb in the last recesses

> bly, he maintains inviolate the trust given to him. Place him in the council of the executive magistrate, and no of the executive magistrate, and no favor can win him and no danger appal; indifferent to office and fearless of power, he will assert the highest right, and he will stand by it, whatever the cost. Place him on the bench of justice, no prejudice can approach him, no passion can move him. Place him in the presence of a tyrant, call upon him for his opinion, let life or death hang on the result, he will not speak rashly, but he

> his enemies; he pittes his destroyers, he wishes good to all men; he gives a moment to silent prayer; he meekly lays his head upon the block—then, there is the echo of a blow that sends a soul to heaven. This character is not imaginery; it is real, it is practicable. The original is Sir Thomas More, of England."

the saintly Bishop Fisher was executed Uncle Sol was not the only one who thought thus of Amy Gray, for long ago the people of Saybrook had given her the name of Little Miss Sunshine, and well she decorated it.

courteous manners.

sought to influence him by a present of a valuable cup, he ordered her butler to fill it with wine, and having drunk her health returned at; and at another time when he was presented with a pair of gloves filled with gold, he accepted the gloves but returned the money, saying that he "preferred his gloves without lining." His offence was similar to that for which Bishop Fisher was condemned to the block

He resigned his position as Chancellor when Henry defied the Pope's decree and married Anne Boleyn. He was committed to the Tower, and after many attempts made in vain to change him or make him disavow his deep convictions, Henry finally ordered him to be behead-ed. His devoted wife, seeking to save ed. His devoted wife, seeking to save his life, came to the prison and begged him to accede to the King's wishes, but he refused. When about to mount the scaffold he asked a man near by to assist scand he asked a man near by to assist him in climbing the steps, saying with his gracious smile: "When I am come down, my friend, I will ask no one to assist me." On the scaffold he pro-claimed that he died for the Catholic faith. He devoutedly recited the "Miserere," and then calmly laid his head

upon the block.

His head was stuck on a pole and placed on London Bridge, where it remained for two weeks. His daughter, Margaret Roper, secured possession of it in a remarkable manner. It is said that one day as she was passing under the Bridge in a boat, as was her daily habit, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, "That head has lain many a time in my lap: would to God it would time in my lap: would to God it wo fall into my lap as I pass under!" I prayer was answered, and it did fall into her lap. It was shrewdly suspected that the bridge-keeper had managed to lower the treasured head of the martyr to his faithful daughter. She was imprisoned for a time for having taken it, but liberated and permitted to keep it. It is preserved in a niche in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.—Derry Journal.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER TABB.

SECULAR PAPER TALKS OF HIM AS SOLDIER, POET, PRIEST, TEACHER AND CONVERT.

The Baltimore Sun, in a sympathetic article on the affliction of Father Tabb.

ays:
"Rev. John B. Tabb, A. M., soldier, poet, divine and for many years instruct-or in English at St. Charles' College, Howard county, has for a long time past been an increasing sufferer from failing sight until at the present time his active duties as one of the faculty of St. Charles' have had to be abandoned. HIS FAME ABROAD.

"In the literary world there is no name associated with St. Charles' College that has reflected greater glory to the institution than that of Father Tabb, whose rare gifts as a pet are recognized on both sides of the Atlantic. prominent British literary critic

some years ago placed him in the front ranks of living American poets, and a writer in the London Spectator some twelve years since did not hesitate to

twelve years since did not hesitate to say he is one of the greatest living poets in the English language.

Father Tabb has published several small volumes of exquisite verse—poems lyrics, quatrains—that combine the beauty of Keats, the imagination and spirituality of Shelley and the love of nature that is the distinguishing charm of Wardswarth. The neems are characteristics. of Wordsworth. The poems are characterized by a delicate fancy unexcelled in any poetry of our language and a depth of tenderness as rare as it is beau-

"By birth Father Tabb is a Virginian. He was before taking holy orders a Con-federate soldier and, as he sometimes himself, 'an unreconstructed He was a fellow-prisoner of the rebel. He was a fellow-prisoner of the poet Sidney Lanier at Point Lookout during the Civil War. Mr. Edwin Litchfield Turnbull not long since harmonized a theme entitled 'A Melody From Sidney Lenier's Flute,' which was given Mr. Turnbull by Father Tabb himself, for the gifted priest was born a musician as well as a poet, and those who know him intimately as a rant listwho know him intimately as a rapt list-ener to good music know also that he plays the piano with much skill. Students leaving St. Charles' College tell many stories of creeping near the music room at twilight to hear the poet priest,

FROM EPISCOPAL TO CATHOLIC. "After the close of the Civil War Father Tabb was received into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and for a while labored in the Diocese of Maryland. Here he formed a friend-ship with the late Bishop Alfred A. Curtis, who, like himself, afterward entered the Roman Catholic Church.

"In appearance Father Tabb is slightly above average height, slender of figure and quick in his movements. In the class room his original methods of instructing and his wonderful ability of fixing important facts in the minds of

wait, for a similiar fate awaited him on July 6th, 1535. Sir Thomag More was one of the most eminent men in England and Henry had awarded to him many honors. His sound wisdom and unspotted integrity were recognized everywhere, and he was noted for gentle and courtees manners.

the point which he desired to be re-membered.

"About Ellicott City Father Tabb is warmly beloved by all who know him, and especially by the boys of the town and of the several colleges. With him they find infinite interest in instruction in a walk through the woods or a ride

about the lanes.
PUBLISHED WORKS. "Among the poet's published works are the following volumes; 'Poems,' 'Lyrics,' 'An Octave to Mary,' 'Rules of English Grammar,' 'Poems Grave and Gay' (for children), 'Two Lyrics,' 'The Rosarv in Rhyme,' besides numer-

'The Rosary in Rhyme,' besides numer-ous contributions to American and English magazines. One of the most beautiful verses by Father Tabb is the following, called

"Out of the dusk a shadow, Then a spark; Out of the cloud a silence, Then a lark; Out of the heart a rapture, Then a pain; Out of the dead cold ashes Life again."

SEVERAL RECOVERIES DUE TO INTERCES SION OF OUR LADY.

So keenly do Americans follow the progress of the different movements, old and new, to improve physical con-

inent churchmen. Among them were the canon of Notre Dame and one of the professors at the Catholic Institute in Paris. Five cases are cited, all of them concerning women, and in each case the evidence collected, "both medical and general," tends to show that a serious organic disease was cured in-stantaneously, radically, and, according

returned from Lourdes, after an absence of ten days, the doctor scarcely knew

her. "It was a graceful young girl who advanced toward me," he writes, "instead of the human wreck, and so forth, adding: "The tuberculosis had disappeared." A crowd in which Zola was standing witnessed her transformation. The other cases are detailed in a similar manner.

The conclusion drawn by the late cardinal archbishop is that these five cases are typical Lourdes miracles. He avers that they cannot be explained away through medicine or psychology. The cure in each instance was too sudden, too radical, especially consider-ing the serious nature of the disease, to be accounted for under any known law; nor, the report goes on to say, can any hidden law be urged in explanation since it is contrary to reason to suppose that nature contradicts and makes war upon itself and by exercising some unknown force suddenly repairs the damages inflicted upon the human body.

That is the canonical judgement "or several recoveries due to the interces-sion of Our Lady of Lourdes,"—Editorial in Washington Times.

The Altar Boy.

It is only by privilege that boys not in minor orders may serve in the sacred functions at the altar. This office was originally reserved to those only who had been ordained acolytes. The order of acolyte is the highest of the minor orders, and next to the sub-deaconate. In the early ages of the Church the dignity and functions of the acolyte were so highly prized that only the most fervent were deemed worthy of it. To be an altar boy is, then, a very great privilege—in fact, next to the dignit f the priesthood itself. What greate privilege can we imagine than to numbered among the chosen ones, to all appearances, permanently. The names of the five women are given. They are all living; one of them being to one of them being they are all living; one of them being the all living; one of the all living; one of them being the all living; one of t a nun.

The most interesting case is that of vine wrath?

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LONDON, CANADA

Going to be Generous.

bright smiles.

One day when Amy was suffering from

"Amy, dear, get on your pony as quickly as possible and go over for the doctor, for your father is, I fear, very

Little Sunshine will never forget that

reached, right glad was the exhausted child to see Dr. Seymour and the farmer standing talking on the porch. Their smiles of greeting were arrested by see-ing that all the sunshine had vanished

In another moment, leaving the panting porty to the kind farmer's care, Amy found herself seated by her friend's side

call to the rest of Paradise; and with the father's death, Amy was obliged to bear the grief of leaving her pretty home, for a tiny cottage on a lonely country road.

sked for Amy.

She came out, looking white and pale in her black dress, but greeted him with her usual smile, and the doctor felt very loth to tell her his errand.

"Oh, doctor, was it my fault?" sobbed

master's sake who was so kind to him. and he will be my martyr-pony."

That night the good physician told the story of Little Sunshine's self-con-

others pleasure.
Two mornings after this Adam's ex-

with the words:
"For Little Sunshine, from one who has learned, she hopes, from her life, a lesson of self-control and thought for others." — Emilie Foster in Our Young

SIR THOMAS MORE.

of his moral being; they are embedded in the life of his life.

"Place him in the legislative assemstrument.

forgetful of the world drawing sweet melodies from his favorite musical instrument.

will not speak falsely.
Place him in the dungeon, shut him call him from the dungeon to his doom, he goes rejoicing to the scaffold; he looks cheerfully on the axe; he faces death almost with gayety; he forgives his enemies; he pities his destroyers, he wishes execut to all more he gives a

England."
When Sir Thomas More heard that

CURES AT LOURDES.

ditions by means of religion or by means of religion and medicine combined, that a reference to the report of the Lourdes commission appointed by the late Cardinal Richard, of Paris, is timely and im-The committee was made up of pron



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CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

THE FIRST CONVERSION IN THE LAND OF THE ISLAND EMPIRE—CHRISTIANS WHO PRESERVE THE FAITH AFTER CEN TURIES OF PERSECUTION.

The story of the Catholic Church in Japan reads like a romance, writes Father Walsh of the Propagation of the Faith. As a result of the labors of St. Francis Xavier and his successors, more than a million Japanese (according to some authorities, including a native historian, nearly two million) were con verted to the Catholic faith. People from every rank in life embraced the newly-taught doctrines, and hundreds of churches and chapels dotted the islands. All this was accomplished within fifty years, in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

The jealousy of potentates was aroused

by these successes, and the fear of for-eign invasion, excited to some extent, doubtless, by the boasts of the European traders, brought about a series of perse-cutions in which more than 1,000 missionaries and 200,000 native Christians

From the days of the apostles no more sublime examples of heroism have been offered to the world. Mr. Adachi Kinoffered to the world. Mr. Adachi Kinnusuke, a Japanese and a non-Catholic, writing on this subject in the Cosmopolitan for February, 1905, says: "In 1597, had you been in Nagaski, you would have witnessed a seene such as those for which the days of Nero were notorious. You would have seen six Franciscan priests, the Jesuits, and a number of Christian converts. They were not, like their great Master on were not, like their great Master on Calvary, nailed to crosses, they were tied to them. In the light of funeral pyres built at the foot of the crosses, the people read the reign of the law of the land.

"Some of the native converts were sealed in rice-sacks made of straw and flung into the fire; others were marched to the edge of a precipice from which they were hurled to the chasm below, down many hundred feet; others were thrown into graves to be buried alive; others were forced to starve to death in an iron cage in front of a richly laden tray of tempting food. More sinister forms of torture even than these were served to the Christian converts of the seventeenth century. Without a murmur and with perfect composure, these converts went to meet death; and they commanded the respect of the samurai Thousands of prisioners were taken to a rock in Nagaski Harbor—the rock which is called Pappenberg — and hurled into the waters of the harbor."

This is the testimony of a native Japanese, who, though he does not profess Christianity, has impartially searched the records of his country and has not hesitated to make known the cruel

ties of the past.

For more than two hundred years notice-boards stood beside highways, ferries and mountain passes, containing among other prohibitions the following "So long as the sun shall warm the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan: and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the Great God of all, if He violate this commandment, shall pay for it with

During this period not only was Christianity seemingly exterminated, but all intercourse with foreign traders was broken off, except to a small degree with

the Chinese and the Dutch.

It is well known that to the United States belongs the credit of opening up Japan, through a treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry and ratified in 1854. This led the way to treaties with various European nations, and in 1858 religious liberty was allowed to foreigners, but not yet to natives. Catholic mission-aries were sent from the Paris Seminary for Foreignor Missions to Yokahama Nagasaki and Hakodate; and in 1865; "On March 17, 1865," writes Father Pettijean, "about 12:30 some fifteen persons were standing at the church door. I went out and opened it. I had scarce time to say a 'Pater' when three women, between fifty and sixty years of age, knelt down beside me and said in a

The hearts of all of us here do not fer from yours.'
"Indeed,' I exclaimed, 'where do you

"They mentioned their village, add-

ing: "At home everybody is the same as

"Scarcely had these Japanese opened their hearts to us than they displayed an amount of trustfulness which con-trasted strangely with the behaviour of their paragraphs. trasted strangely with the behaviour of their pagan brethren. I was obliged to answer all their questions, and to talk to them of O Deous Sama, O Yaso Sama, and Santa Maria Sama, by which names they designate God, Jesus Christ, and the Blessed Virgin. The view of the statue of the Madonna and Child recalled Christmas to them, which they said they had celebrated in the eleventh month. They asked me if we were not said they had celebrated in the eleventh month. They asked me if we were not at the seventeenth day of the Time of Sadness (Lent); nor was St. Joseph unknown to them; they call him O Yaso Samana you fu, "the adoptive father of our Lord," In the midst of this volly of questions footsteps were heard; immediately all dispersed. But as soon as the newcomers were recognized all rethe newcomers were recognized all re-turned, laughing at their fright.

"They are people of our village."
they said. 'They have the same hearts as we have.'

"However, we had to separate for fear of awakenig the suspicious of the officials whose visit's I feared. On Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, April 13 and 14, 1,500 people visited the Church of Negasaki. The presbytery was invaded; the faithful took the concentrative to satisfy their devotion. opportunity to satisfy their devotion before the erucifix and the statues of Our Lady. During the early days of May the missionaries learnt of the ex-istence of 2,500 Christians scattered in the neighborhood of the city. On May 15th there arrived delegates from an island not very far from here. After a short interview we dismissed them, de-taining only the Catechist and the leader of the pilgrimage. The Cate-chist, named Peter, gave us the most valuable information. Let me first say that his formula for baptism does not

differ at all from ours, and that he pronounces it very distinctly. He declares that there are many Christians left up and down all over Japan. He cited in particular one place where there are over 1,000 Christian families. He then asked us about the Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome, whose name he desired to know. When I told him that the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius IX., would be very happy to learn the consoling news given us by himself and his fellow countrymen, he gave full expression to his joy. Nevertheless before leaving he wished to make quite sure that we were the true successors of the differ at all from ours, and that he prothat we were the true successors of the ancient missioners. 'Have you no children?' he asked timidly.

"'You and all your brethren, Christian and heathen, of Japan, are all the

children whom God has given us. Other children we cannot have. The priest must, like your first apostles, remain all his life unmarried.'

"At this reply Peter and his com-panion bent their heads down to the ground and cried out. 'They are celibate, thank God.'

"Next day an entire Christian village invited a visit from the missioners. Two days later six hundred more Christians sent a deputation to Nagasaki. By June 8 the missionaries had learned the existence of twenty-five Christian communities and within a few months more than ten thousand were found who without priest or altar had kept the Catholic faith through generations, covering a period of nearly two hundred years. This is one of the most remarkable examples of vitality to be found in the annals of the Christian apostolate.

"The secret soon leaked out. Christianity was still a proscribed religion, forbidden under pain of death. In 1868 or the public boards, declaring that:
'The evil sect called Christianity is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper authorities, and rewards will be given.' Fresh edicts against Christians were published and between October, 1869, and January, 1870, 4,500 Christians were de-ported from Urakami and the Goto Islands, the chief centers of Catholi-

city."
The next few years are set down in the annual mission reports as a time of mingled persecution and liberty, yet in spite of the expiring efforts of hostility and repression, the growth of Catholi-city and the expansion of Catholiworks went on very rapidly. It was not until 1873 that all religious persecution ceased and it is calculated that between 1868 and 1873 from 6,000 to 8,000 Chrisported, and subjected to cruel tortures

nearly 2,000 dying in prison.

During the last quarter of a century the Catholic Church has made steady progress, and counts upon its roll of missionaries about 140 European and 35 native priests, under the jurisdiction of four Bishops, including the Archbishop of Tokio and one Prefect Apostolic. Most of the native priests are from the diocese of Nagasaki, and are the descendants of the early Christians

There are also many native nuns, trained by the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, France, who were the first religious women to enter Japan (in 1872.) The first native nun was Agatha Kataoka, in religion Sister Margaret. She was the sister and daughter of martyrs and died young from ill usage, which she had met as a child in prison where she saw her father perish under the blows of the executioner.

Schools, asylums for infants and or phans, dispensaries and hospitals, including two leper houses, stand to-day as witnesses of great struggles which have been made with scanty means, by self-denying men and women The latest statistics based on the Mis siones Catholicae of Rome and the Compte-Rendu of the Paris Seminary, gives a Catholic population of 61,500.

do not believe, and citizens of the gos-pel kingdom. We have all rights with-in the Church; but we have all obliga-

tions, as much to others as to the Church and ourselves. It is undeniable

says Dr. Barry, that our average Catho-lic abstains from active social Catholi-city. Our young Catholics have not

that sense ingrained and insistent, of

duties to be undertaken during their spare hours, which has created in Eng-land a.d in America the immense net-

work of non-Catholic voluntary associa-tions, so distinguished for their encour-

agement of the higher life and their at-tempt towards social amelioration.

Most of our associations, if not all, are lamentably undermined. Consider-

ing the large percentage of young lay Catholics who might be drawn upon, the quota engaged in active social Catho-

licity is far from satisfactory.

The question is, however, how can we increase their numbers? One must

begin at the beginning, and the begin-ing is to recognize frankly that the lay Apostolate is lamentably wanting in our

midst.

CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

rism, Agnosticism, Secularism.

In the recent encyclical, Pope Pius cointed out that many dancers accounted treatment of physicians, the limb shrank and grew several inches shorter than the other.

pointed out that many dangers accrued to the Church from the attitude of the average Catholic layman towards the faith and its teaching whether he was rath and its teaching whether he was professor, literary man or simply private at the shrine of St. Ann, in Chicago and expressed faith that if she went When the layman has done with when the layman has done with school, says Dr. Barry, he too frequent-ly has done with religion. Even if he still pursue the duties of religion, he is satisfied to think he has done all that is required of him, when he has received the sacraments and made certain con-tributions to the pastor. As for an active Catholic life, in which he should endeavor to make his

the exception of Rev. Emil J. Lempkes of St. Barbara's parish, of which she was a member. With his aid she was able to make the journey to the shrine.

"If it is true that she has been cured it is surely the grace of God," said Father Lempkes when he was told of the news, "for the girl was terribly crippled. But she had the 'faith that would move mountains'." he continued with

which he should endeavor to make his Catholicity a living force in the social world and propagate its truths, this conception of his religious duties never enters into his mind. Yet by our baptism, we are soldiers of the Catholic Church, apostles to those who can believe and citizens of the gos-

the shrine, the young girl noticed that her leg was lengthening. The next day her leg was lengthening. The next day the braces which she wore gave her pain, and on the following night she could no longer walk with the braces which she had worn for ten years and



It is not enough to hear Mass and DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Catholic social creed.

The difficulty lies mainly in retaining, after their school-days, youths of both sexes who have already learned the lesson, more difficult now than ever, since the whole machinery of public Christian law which might avail has long since been swept away in modern countries. Nothing is left but voluntary effort.

countries. Nothing is left but voluntary effort.

The great hindrance to the fulfilment of one's duties, says the doctor, in effect, is drink, the continual indulgence in unthrift, selfishness and the disorder which this habit carries with it. Every association, therefore, which promotes sobriety, is a branch of the Lay Apostolate. Temperance is, in fact, a compendious name for the blameless Christian life, as it bears on our combat against the social evil in all its forms.

forms. In this it is the layman who can strike

the boy as he leaves school, and induce him to enter a social brotherhood. In nim to enter a social brotherhood. In gaining a youth to the cause of temper-ance, he is practically assuring him his spiritual and material welfare in the world. The Catholic boy should be taught to consider his duties as a citizen ne must learn that his fellows in religion may need his services as a municipal officer, as a magistrate, or in some other public capacities.

Let every Catholic ask himself, says Dr. Barry, if he has helped any social Catholic enterprise, and what help has e given in accordance with his power to assist. Individual effort and heroism can be the only solution, in these days of religious anarchy and indifference The victory over indifferentism, secular ism and the worship of money, can be assured not by the clergy, who live out of the world, but by the laymen who live in it.

The Mutton-head Catholic.

Says the Dublin Leader: "The rdinary man, when he talks of putting is country above his religion, is not, we pelieve, a heretic, but merely a mutton head. It seems mere A B C to us that, so long as a man professes to be a Cath-olic, his religion is above all. He may ike one, in which case he is a sinner or he may call himself a Catholic, and say that his country is above his relig-ion, in which case he is probably only a mutton-head, and does not rightly understand what he says, or else he has ceased to be a Catholic.

ST, LOUIS GIRL, A CRIPPLE, CURED AT SHRINE OF ST. ANN. AME TEN YEARS, SHE LEADS PROCESSION

AT CLOSE OF NOVENA.

From St. Louis, Mo., comes an apparently well authenticated account of the miraculous cure of the crippled child of a widow of that city at the close of a public novena at St. Ann's shrine in St. Joseph's Church, Chicago. While kneeling before a shrine in her

ome, where candles had burned con stantly for more than a week, Mrs. Anna Gutfleisch, 938 North Sixty-sixth street, St. Louis, heard the glad news that her daughter, Miss Emma Gut-fleisch, afflicted for ten years, had re-gained the use of her limbs. Word of the remarkable recovery of

the girl, who had fasted and prayed before the shrine of St. Ann in Chicago for six days, was carried to St. Louis in a despatch. Two Chicagoans also claim to have

been made whole through their faith. They are Annie Marie Morrison, 2 years old, 239 East Twenty-second street, whom, her parents insist, has been par-alyzed from her waist down, touched the splinter of the bones of St. Ann and is declared to have been healed. C. F. McDermott, 58 years old, said to have been all but sightless and now able to read the finest print.

Months ago the girl read of the rethere she would be cured. She found little encouragement from any one with the exception of Rev. Emil J. Lempkes

nove mountains'," he continued with a

move mountains, smile.

The throng that filled St. Joseph's Church, at Chicago, first saw Miss Gutfleisch at the opening of the novena, when she limped painfully down the aisle to the shrine.

After having prayed for six days at that

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receive the sacraments. Men must be taught—an d the lesson cannot be begun too soon in life—that there is a Catholic social creed.

The difficulty lies mainly in retaining, after their school-days, youths of

dom.

In the evening when the procession in honor of the saint was made around the block in which the church is located Miss Gutfleisch led the line of

"It was my faith in the great powers of the saint," said Miss Gutfleisch. "My leg that was $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches short, has lengthened out. It is stronger even than the other. When I left St. Louis the physician laughed at me. But I had faith. Now I can go back home and help to support my poor widowed

IS IT IGNORANCE OR MALICE?

Our esteemed contemporary, the Baptist Watchman of Boston, has been making important discoveries. It finds that St. Liguori, one of the distinguished to the contemporary of the Church temporary in the Church temporary. moral theologians of the Church, teaches that deception, lying, and even perjury, may be practised by Catholics, and, worse than all, that the Popes have sanctioned every one of these teachings. Since making his alarming discovery the Watchman has been very much perturbed and exclaims: "How can we deal with Catholics who believe such things allowable!" All this learning and knowledge knowledge
"Amaze th' unlearn'd and make the

Almost thirty years ago, Dr. Little-dale of London published in book form all this worthless trash, and the performance called forth such a protest from scholars that, in the second and third editions of his work, Littledale made so many corrections that the final made so many corrections that the linar edition was not nearly so alarming as the first. Finally, Father Ryder of the Oratory published a work dealing seria-tim with all of Littledale's charges with such effect that no responsible person, ince that time, has been so reckless as of all these facts, it is left to the Watchman in the very Athens of America apparently ignorant of the literature the charges drew forth, to attempt to rehabilitate the antiquated and credited original charges. Poor Boston!—Sacred Heart Review.

A PROTESTANT IMPRESSION OF POPE PIUS X.

What shall I say of my impression of the present Pope? It would seem almost an impertinence to describe him whose features are now so universally known. But this I can and do say that he looked grave and almost sad, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and indeed one who has at all followed the history of the Church since his acce will not be surprised at hearing this.
To believe in the Pope one must be a
Catholic: to love Pius X. one has only to have seen him. What can be more moving than this lonely figure, simple amidst so much magnificence, with the burdens of the universal Church on his devoted shoulders, a prisoner for life in the Vatican, when all the affections of his ardent nature strive ever after freedom and his beloved people of one policy and one only, to spread the blessings of concord, religion and peace throughout the world. Let us ever think of him as engaged in the sublime task he has consciously fore himself as the work of Pontificate, "instaurare omnia Christo," to restablish all things Christ—his own words taken from his first—encyclical.—A. W. Perceval in the Beaumont (Eng.) Review.

The Bad Catholic. "The Catholic who conforms to the

bare letter, and not to the spirit of the obligations laid upon him by the Church is a poor specimen of a member of the household of the faith," says the Brookread the finest print.

The years ago Miss Gutfleisch, then a girl 10 years old, resided with her and brothers at High Street and Cass avenue, St. Louis. While walking near her home an affray between two men took place, and she was shot in the right thigh. The bullet ivism, Agnosticism, Secularism.

The years ago Miss Gutfleisch, then a girl 10 years old, resided with her mother and brothers at High Street and brothers at High Street walking near her home an affray between two men took place, and she was shot in the right thigh. The bullet together the ligraments and despite the street was son sundays and approach the together the ligraments and despite the street was son sundays and approach and street was son sundays and approach the street was son sundays and approach son sundays and approach to Mass on Sundays and approach the sacraments of penance and of the Eucharist, and who, nevertheless, continue to lie, to cheat, to pilfer in their dealings with their fellow-men, who devote six days of the week to toiling and schem-

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ing for the sole purpose of accumulat ing money, and who are as mean, as dis ing money, and who are as mean, as disagreeable, as unneighborly, as disobliging, as uncharitable as if they were pagans. The scandal which such Catholics give to all who are acquainted with them or who have dealings with them is incalculable. They would be a disgrace to any religion." to any religion."

DIED.

LYNCH.—In Adjala, Sincoe county, on the 5th of August, Mr. Mortimer Lynch, aged seventy-two year May his soul rest in peace!

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VOLUME The Sermon

> Killarney's legend On Innisfail the The cloister-shado Rooted in ruin, In his bright ves

scorn, Half-pity, which Must feel for man t Upon a broken t Beneath his feet— The abbey-ivy, a In green confusion Oblivion's comm

"Now he will tell
"And so dismiss
The flock of good
"Who knew as "Love one anoth "Love one anot (The singing woo "Love one anot

A MIRA

TETTER ADI FANE BY NIGHTING Hotel de Fr your letter strange you it is all c French pap had reached

Well, I m

was on our f

Lourdes, an

We went fi

where I sai thousands o neither the prayer is t I asked mot which has e but of cour such a wet we went. hundred pe preaching. ing the p heaven for offer to bea a miracle the faith, worked late ing dampe

thousand i

one miracle

en croix be

thinking a

that I shou

So we a

time I was the Grotte souls in dreadful pa saying the to say any ever, they I called o increased should los pain; the ing and silence, an minutes: go mad wi lovely dre thing unti heard the

It appe

minutes Marie, M

not believ

several ti

was true, tude. Wild, thusiasm. of "au madmen Rosary, of voices mea Do "Ave N the air, had coll miracule of all the my rosa I would opened t me insie taken t Paix we almost even th

> into the All t Even r

or prev