



THE CATHOLIC RECORD

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER X.

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what were the sources of his wealth, and what were his family connections...

CHAPTER XI.

Rachel's circumscribed life, with no outlet for her strong affections...

"Come in, Jim; I understand you want to see me on some business...

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CHAPTER XIV.

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CHAPTER XV.

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When Bridget was waiting for the postman, she was waiting for the postman...

CHAPTER XVI.

When Bridget was waiting for the postman, she was waiting for the postman...

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CHAPTER XVIII.

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CHAPTER XIX.

When Bridget was waiting for the postman, she was waiting for the postman...

GOING HOME.

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Down in the Southern country there is a little winding railway that connects two widely parallel systems...

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1904

AWAITING THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

An Idyll in Clerical Life.

It was Monday morning. On the Saturday previous a letter—a begging letter, of course—in his most fascinating manner appeared in the Catholic newspaper. He was on the tip toe of expectation, for it was the postman's knock. Presently the bell rang. "Ah! here they come," smiled he, for there was a school of money orders in his expectant mind, and his smile accordingly was in the plural. "Please, at the door Bridget entered. "See you, Father, a gentleman wants to see you. "Ah! was the musty reply, "not the postman, but evidently somebody quite as good." Then suddenly, and with an effort to look unconcerned, "Show him into the waiting-room, and I'll be down directly."

After a diplomatic wait of a few seconds his reverence stepped down to the waiting-room. "Good morning, reverend Father; glad to make your acquaintance," was the free and easy greeting of the stranger in the blandest manner possible. He was baggy at the knees and limp in the right foot. Indeed, he looked quite the shady side of respectable. "Not the likeliest person for a five-pound note," thought Father Joseph (Joseph was the name he had taken in confirmation, though few knew it). But being a man with strong faith in his own begging letter, he added: "But these moneyed people are sometimes so odd, you know." So he returned the stranger's greeting quite cordially.

"Very fine weather we're having," said the stranger. "Yes, indeed," said the priest. "Large parish?" asked the stranger. "Very large," said the priest. "You don't work it all yourself?" said the stranger. "Not quite," modestly replied the priest. "Very hard work all the same?" opined the stranger. Father Joseph began to grow restive and looked at his watch. "Excellent schools, too, I understand," pursued the stranger. "Ah! now he is coming to business," thought the priest, whose mind was fixed upon the school children's excursion, about which the begging letter was concerned. So he replied in his most engaging way: "Exceedingly excellent, I assure you."

"Very glad indeed to hear it," replied the stranger. There now ensued a hiatus, and Father Joseph's heart was throbbing violently. He felt so embarrassed by the pause that he began opening his watch to look at the works when the stranger said: "Well, Father, I often see your name in the papers, and being a paper man myself—a paperhanger, to wit—and out of work, and a bill hard up, I thought that, prompted by a fellow-feeling, you know—"

Bridget cannot be got to tell what happened at this point. All that is known for certain is that Father Joseph was in his chair again a few minutes afterwards awaiting the postman's knock. ENTER MRS. JONES—AND OTHERS. After an hour Bridget entered again. "Mrs. Jones wants to see you, Father."

He had not heard of Mrs. Jones in his own parish, so she must be somebody. He saw her, and she hoped he was quite well. He thanked her. She saw his appeal, she said (his heart thumped), and she meant to help him (his heart thumped louder); indeed, a nice appeal she never read (his heart nearly choked him). Her annuity was due next month (he begins to get his breath again), when she would be sure to call upon him again (he beats growl). In the meantime could he let her have a trifle—say £5—as she had not fetched her purse and was due at Father Robinson's bazaar at 2 (his breath is again normal).

Father Joseph offered to give her a letter explaining her embarrassing position to Father Robinson, but when you ask him if he gave the £5 he looks enigmatical. Anyhow, he was in his chair again very soon after with his ear upon the knocker. Before the postman actually came Father Joseph got through a sample of his ordinary daily experience. Several tramps, some of them decent-looking hungry men, called for the price of a dinner or night's lodging. Hennessy came to say his wife was making a holy show of herself (his language is Hennessy's own), and for the children's sake would the priest Mrs. Jones down and pacify her. Mrs. Delaney, with her compliments, would the parish priest, who she knew had a "sail of influence," recommend her a couple of decent young men for lodgers. Madame de Stingue wanted a nice, steady girl for a servant, and thought C— was a likely place to find one. Jim Smith was smashing the furniture, and his young wife—pretty Mary O'Shea that was a short year ago—was in tears waiting for such consolation as Father Joseph could afford her. She was paying the penalty now, poor girl, of having married against his advice and the wishes of her parents; but her over-trustfulness in her worthless lover had been her only sin, if sin it was, and she was none the less to be pitied now for having deserved a better fate. Then the Doyle girls—lately over-good looking, large, innocent, plump, intelligent and awkward, would like nice situations, and would Father Joseph, whom they read so much about in the papers, tell them where to find them.

A wise and high principled person avoids if possible the office of confidant to husband and wife, to kindred or friends of long standing during the time of their slight estrangement.

NOW THE POSTMAN!

Rat-tat-tat. "Ah, there he is at last." And sure enough it was. In came Bridget with an armful. Father Joseph strove to compose himself. He conquered so far as the external went, but as to the internal he failed abjectly. All ashake within, he proceeded with apparent coolness to open the great haul. The first letter did not enhance his joyous expectancy. It was from Kandell, Wicks & Co., intimating that they would like a settlement of their account at his earliest convenience. The next intimated that tomorrow with samples of their delicacies. Sharp & Cute enclosed their price list. Better, Skill & Co., in a long communication, made many and sundry hits at Kandell & Wicks, with the object of enticing to themselves Father Joseph's custom. The remaining letters were of a suit with these. Father Joseph had a quick temper, but he conquered it on critical occasions. This was a critical occasion. "Of course," he soliloquized in Mark Tapley fashion, "this is always the creditor's post. The donor's post is always later." So he arose and went out among his people for a few hours. It diverted his mind from that iniquitous postman, and did him good.

HIS CONSOLATION.

When he returned the faithful Bridget announced that Mrs. Murray was waiting for him. The very name was a joy to him. Mrs. Murray had been his best friend during his seven years' struggle as parish priest. And yet she was but a poor woman, dependent upon the weekly earnings of the husband who loved her as his own soul, and was worthy of all the love she could return him. Nor was it the silver shilling always in the heel of her fist (as she herself would say) for the priest that captivated Father Joseph. It was, rather, the cheerful, sunny, hearty and withal modest manner in which she smuggled it into his. How she managed to be always so happy was a puzzle to Father Joseph, because she had a household of little ones, and her husband was none of the strongest. She looked a little scared now, however, and the reason was soon told. Her husband had taken to the bed four weeks ago, and she was a weak behind with the rent, "and you know, Father, you are the only one I have to come to."

There was a moistening in her eyes as she spoke, and Father Joseph's could moisten, too, at times, though few suspected it. It was his chance now, and greedily he took it. "There you are, my poor woman, and God bless you," was all he trusted himself to say as he thrust something into her hand. He left her abruptly, for his heart was full, but he knew she understood him. And when he had taken round a little later some few tickets for the excursion for Patsy and Billy and the mother he realized once again how much more blessed a thing it is to give than to receive. And, although no donations arrived by the donors' post, Father Joseph's meditation that night was on the consolation of the priest-hood—Rev. Andrew Dooley in the London Catholic Universe.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

O Jesus, love of heaven and earth, detach me from myself, attach me to Thyself. I will bear the cross and the thorn, Thou dost sustain both me and the other.—Sibylla Holland.

Sorrows unknown to all but God are most precious to Him and are links binding us to the Heart of Jesus, thus uniting us closer to Him and giving us a power over His Heart which will enable us to enrich our brethren. When sorrow, humiliation, and sadness weigh upon you, do not ask God to deliver you from them; it is a service that he cannot always render you, to despite the pleading of His heart. Lovingly ask Him to come and share your suffering; that is the service of a friend which He will never refuse you; and your suffering, shared with Jesus, will indeed be light.—Golden Sands.

Make your life a continual act of love, reparation and admiration of the Sacred Heart. All our actions, affections and thoughts will be modeled on those of our Lord. Constant study of His heart makes us like Him. Our sufferings will be borne in a spirit of reparation. Our sorrows, as He tells His faithful servant, shall be cast into His wounded heart. Our deficiencies will be supplied by His merits, and all things we will be "clothed with the virtues of His Sacred Heart," and we shall draw from this "treasure house" whatever we need for our advancement in grace and happiness.

Love is most powerful. Love conquers all. The love of the Sacred Heart will melt the most obdurate heart, will convert the most hardened sinner, will bring confidence to the most despairing, will ease the misery of the suffering—in a word, will make one forget all the sorrows of this life and instill a new and better life into one. Why wait any remedy for all except at once, now, this remedy for all your ills, and live henceforth in your love with the Sacred Heart. It matters not how poor you are or with how many afflictions you are borne down—the Sacred Heart will be a most efficacious remedy for all.

MIRACLES AND THE TRUE CHURCH.

Some of our non-Catholic brethren are greatly distressed about the alleged miracles in the Catholic Church. They exclaim against the devout crowds, or, as they deem them, the credulous rattle or bathe in a fabled miraculous spring; they disclaim against the authorities of the Church for allowing such proceedings; they make "copy" out of instances where supposed cures seem to be failures, and explain away or deny the myriad instances where failure was not.

Moreover, the devotion to the saints troubles them greatly, and the Church Quarterly Review, (Anglican) comes to the same conclusion. The mention of some modern aspects of the Papacy, quotes Mr. E. C. Conybeare as giving very curious specimens of devotion to St. Joseph and St. Anthony of Padua, which, he says, are published in a periodical edited, according to its own statement, "by ecclesiastics with the authorization of their superiors," and which, this Quarterly says, has received papal approval. The instances given remind one of those which Cardinal Newman mentions in speaking of the native-born Italian Catholic's familiar treatment of holy things, so foreign to the English, and especially to the English Protestant, temperament. However, the Church Quarterly declares:

"These things are, we believe, as repellent to many Roman Catholics as they are to ourselves. But what is to be said about the authorities who allow and encourage such ideas? One of the claims constantly made for the papal system is that of the possession of authority. A contrast is always being pointed out by Roman Catholic controversialists, and sometimes by others, between the chaotic condition of the Church of England and the exercise of rule in the Church of Rome. If authority is not used to prevent evils such as those to which we have referred, we confess we do not know of what good it is."

In replying to an attack of this sort, we have always to bear in mind that we stand in a totally different position from our opponents. They do not even profess to have any power to work miracles; and while they say in the Creed that they give in the communion of saints, they give no practical proof of it by any plain trust in the holy prayers ceaselessly offered for us by saints men and women, whose prayers on this sinful earth they would have asked like any other tried and tempted Christians in this mortal life.

The power of working miracles is one of the signs of the true spouse of Christ, Who Himself said while on earth: "Amen, Amen I say to you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do, he also shall do; and greater than these shall he do. Because I go to the Father, and whatsoever you shall ask Father, and whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, that will I do: that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (St. John xvi; 12, 13). This true Church gets on through every age, calmly claiming and constantly using this great gift of miraculous power. It is one of the signs whereby men know her; but little they know unless her fold what a component part it is of her ordinary life. Lourdes is a great place of healing, truly a city set on a hill that can not be hid; but Catholics are well aware of an ever present gift of healing, existing in our very midst; each parish has its own story of the cure this priest has wrought, the deed that priest has done, above and out of the usual order of physical healing or process, through the prayer and the power of faith. When the process of a saint's canonization is in progress, two well authenticated miracles wrought through his or her intercession must be proven. A cure has just been wrought on a nun of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis, and is being closely investigated, in the examination of the claims of the Venerable Mother Barat to the title of Saint. This may all sound like Greek to other people, but it is exact Catholic phrenology, and it serves to show how radically we differ.

A body of men who do not believe in miracles, or, if they wish to do so, can find no grand record of them ready to hand, can hardly be considered fair judges of the real Catholic Church where miracle and are a matter of frequent occurrence and of continuous record throughout all the ages. We insist therefore that there may be some instances, and even flagrant instances, of abuse among the zealous and not always perfect members of the Church that, nevertheless, as Christ promised, actually does such works as He did. We can quite as easily concede that people who do not believe in miracles, and do not claim them as a proof of the Christ's Church, will think it a very easy matter to find fault with our "authorities." But, when our people crowd round a relic in simple faith, is it then so impossible to recall the days when the common people heard Jesus gladly, and thronged and pressed about Him, as, later, they thronged about His great apostles? The work still goes on, and it will go on, and there is a divine authority in the Church which has its own ways of rebuilding and reforming, when necessary, but has too, a marked preference for the little ones, and the ignorant, and the publican, and the concerns with stern glance the Pharisee with his "Stand aside, for I am holier than thou." If the Church Quarterly Review would give as much time and study to the history of miracles in the true Church of Christ, from its inception to this day, as it gives to finding fault with the "authorities" of that

Church, it might discover one plain reason why we look with something akin to amusement, and closely allied to amazement, on the preposterous claim of others to the name of Catholic.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE NEW IMMORTALITY.

It would seem that there is to be no end to the freaks of theory. Though we had fancied that there was little of moment to startle us after President Jesse of the State University had promulgated his scheme of "undogmatic Christianity." Yet he has not held the pedestal long, for upon his enunciation of his ridiculous contradiction comes Dr. McConnell with "The Evolution of Immortality."

This is the name of the latest. It is an attempt to change the universal belief of the world, handed down through the ages, since the sixth day of creation, and to create the impression that he is wiser than all the sages that have preceded him, the doctor dashes into his theories with a boldness which he himself mistakes for certainty. He asserts that the common view of immortality is wholly untenable. He has discovered that the soul is not a principle distinct from the body, but entirely which is the result of our earthly frame. By the doctor's road of reason it is not the free, spiritual and immortal principle which thinks, wills and acts. In fact, he does not define his idea of it but seems to be certain that this it is not.

According to the new theory the common herd of humanity has no claim to immortality. Distinctions are made by the doctor and only those can be aspirants for immortality who have evolved to a higher kind of spiritual life. In other words, at the creation God marked certain souls with some sort of a Calvinistic stamp which made them elect. That is He did not, as the world believes, create man after His own image and man, as to his soul, a pure spirit. No, for the doctor says that man is not immortal but only "immortalable." And, strangest fact of all, the doctor insists that his theory is in perfect harmony with Christianity!

About as much so as President Jesse's "undogmatic Christianity" is in accord with common sense.—Church Progress.

"CONFUSION TO CONFUCIANS."

Under the above not inappropriate heading the New York Tribune of Tuesday last gives an interesting account of the nineteenth annual picnic of the various Chinese Sunday schools in that city. A prospective midsummer picnic, says the Tribune, brings Chinese into the Sunday schools in much the same fashion as the approach of Christmas attracts the small boy.

Four denominations were represented on the picnic—Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist and Methodist. The only friction on the whole trip resulted from this mixture of faith and creed.

"You are no Christian," declared one John, whose store clothes fitted as only the product of a Baxter street tailor can fit.

"I am as much one as you are," insisted the other Chinese, who was conspicuous by the big red fan which he carried.

"You have never been immersed," said John, who was a Baptist.

"But I've been sprinkled, which is just as good," replied the Presbyterian adherent.

It took one of the missionary women to explain that both would be saved if they followed the straight and narrow path.

On the homeward trip the salvation of a Methodist Chinese was doubted by a High Church group because he had not learned the Episcopal catechism. This difference in creed was also explained.

In Chinatown on the night of the picnic many a Chinese youth had tears in his slant eyes because he had not joined a Sunday school.

THAT REMINDS ME—

Senator Depew was at a dinner the other night with President Hadley of Yale University. He was toast-master and he had been twitting Hadley, but he gave the latter a chance to get back at him when he related this incident:

"We have been having some new stories added to the Grand Central Station. One day as I sat in my office a brick fell from the window above, and crashing through the glass window, fell almost at my feet. I summoned the contractor and demanded what he intended to do to repair the window. I won't repeat what I said to him."

When President Hadley arose to speak there was a twinkle in his eye. He then proceeded to twit Senator Depew in this wise: "In thinking of something to say to you tonight I have tried to devise some new story to tell you, but it had all seemed hopeless until the toast-master came to my rescue. You told me to force a new story upon the Grand Central Station, you rebuked a workman because he let fly a brick at you."

An English gentleman, visiting Dublin for the first time, engaged a "cabby" to drive him about the city. Noticing a large building surrounded by three sculptured figures, he inquired: "What is that building?" "That's the city hall, sir." "And what are those three figures?" "They're the two apostles, your honor." "But there are only three," exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Sure, an, would ye hav' the whole twelve of 'em out on the matherin' wet day as this is!" There is a story told of a candidate for a preacher's orders who was preaching ex-tempore before the sermon before the late Archbishop Pitt and Dean Stanley, and who, in his embarrassment, commenced his sermon by saying: "I will divide my congregation into two classes—the converted and the unconverted."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Want of all Comfort.

Hence one said at the time when grace was with him, in my abundance said, I shall never be moved. (Ps. xlix, 7.) But when grace was withdrawn, he immediately telleth us what he experienced in himself, Thou turned away thy face from me, and I became troubled.

Yet in the meantime he despaireth not, but more earnestly prayeth to the Lord, saying, To thee, O Lord, I will cry, and I will pray to my God. At length he receiveth the fruit of his prayer, and witnesseth that he was heard, saying, The Lord hath heard me, and hath had mercy on me: the Lord hath been my helper.

But in what manner? Thou hast turned, saith he, my mourning into joy for me, and thou hast encompassed me with gladness.

If it has been thus with great saints, we that are weak and poor must not be discouraged if we are sometimes fervent, sometimes cold; because the Spirit cometh and goeth according to His own good pleasure.

Wherefore holy Job says, Thou visitest him early in the morning, and thou provest him suddenly. (Job, vii, 18.) Wherefore then can I hope or in what must I put my trust, but in God's great mercy alone, and in the hope of heavenly grace?

"The Catholic Witness."

The Episcopal Recorder, an organ of the Reformed Episcopal Church, says:

"The San Francisco Examiner tells of the establishment of a new Protestant Episcopal paper in that city, to be called The Catholic Witness. It is to be backed by the parish of St. Mary the Virgin, the rector of which, Rev. Stephen Innes, described to a reporter one aim of the new journal, as follows:

"One of the main objects of the paper will be to counteract—to kill—Protestantism in the Episcopal Church. We believe the church is overrun with a particular form of Protestantism that is antagonistic to the old Catholic doctrine, and we want to root it out. We hold that the advancement of the future church depends on the suppression of this Protestantism."

"And yet persons who regard themselves as Protestant and evangelical are satisfied to remain in the communion of a denomination, many of whose members hold such views as are expressed by Mr. Innes."

Fifty Against Two.

It is not reasonable to expect two weeks of outing to overcome the effects of fifty weeks of confinement. Take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla along with you. Three doses, daily, of this great tonic will do more than anything else to refresh your blood, overcome your tired feeling, improve your appetite, and make your sleep easy and restful.

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THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be no relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this case to assimilate food properly, in this case a recuperative force, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

is an Officer of the Law of Health.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-places of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistances are useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to secure that sentence.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure and effective. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

GOOD NEWS comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES.

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No use to hunt tigers with bird-shot. It doesn't hurt the tiger any and it's awfully risky for you.

Consumption is a tiger among diseases. It is stealthy—but once started it rapidly eats up the flesh and destroys the life. No use to go hunting it with ordinary food and medicine. That's only bird-shot. It still advances. Good heavy charges of Scott's Emulsion will stop the advance. The disease feels that.

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Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through—not your mouth. But there may be times when your nostrils are so bad you can't breathe through them. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when their delicate tissues have been weakened by the scrofulous condition of the blood on which catarrh depends.

Alfred E. Yings, Hootersstown, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head. After trying several catarrh specifics from which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by

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This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleaning the blood and building up the whole system. HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite cathartic.

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The Catholic Record

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REV. GEORGE R. BORTHEAVES, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels" THOMAS COFFEY.

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

ANARCHISTS ARRESTED. Emma Goldman, the noted female Anarchist who some years ago was driven out of New York for her inflammatory speeches, was arrested in Chicago on charge of complicity in the attempted assassination of President McKinley.

London, Saturday, Sept. 21, 1901.

If the abject apology were to be given, they could not live afterward, so they had made up their minds to apologize indeed, but to commit suicide immediately afterward to blot out the humiliation. It shows the Emperor's good sense that he did not push the matter so far. Prince Chun apologized for the weakness of the Chinese Government in not being able to punish the murderers, but he stated that the Emperor (his brother) had no complicity in the murder. The statement was accepted by the Emperor William, who in a most dignified manner told Prince Chun that in the future the Chinese Government will be judged by its acts, and not by its present promises of good conduct.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

For several days during the past week President McKinley was reported to be greatly improving, and at one time it was confidently predicted that he would almost surely recover so as to be able after the lapse of a few months to resume his duties as President, but on Thursday and Friday his condition was much worse, and once more it was feared that death would result from the wounds inflicted by the assassin's bullets.

On Friday afternoon he again rallied somewhat and hopes of his recovery were again entertained, but at about 5 o'clock he grew worse again, and on Saturday morning at 2:15 died peacefully.

As might naturally be expected, the indignation of the public against anarchists in general, and Czolgoz in particular, increased to fever heat when the result was made known, and when at the Pan-American grounds the newspaper bulletins were read announcing the death, the cry was raised "Let us find the assassin." The multitude then started at once for the police station where Czolgoz is imprisoned, with the intention of lynching him. The police were warned by telephone of the approach of the mob, and were drawn up in force before the station when the crowd arrived. Two companies of military were also put under arms to assist the police if necessary; but though the crowd, about six thousand in number, were in a high state of excitement, they attempted no resistance to the police, and thus the city of Buffalo was saved the disgrace of adding an anarchical act, to that of the anarchistic murderer.

It is far better that the law should be allowed to take its course, than that the peaceable city of Buffalo should be disgraced by a violation of law and order.

From all parts of the world, and especially from the monarchs of various nations, telegrams of sympathy are being sent to the American Government, and in most of the pulpits of the United States and Canada sympathy has been expressed, and tender references made to the dead President, who is universally beloved and respected for his high and noble qualities and virtues.

THE REV. WM. FLANNERY, D. D.

We already mentioned in our columns that the Rev. Wm. Flannery D. D., till recently P. P. of St. Columban's (Irishtown), had resigned his charge of that parish owing to his recent severe illness. The Rev. Albert McKeon, L. S. T. and P. P. of Strathroy, has been appointed to succeed him, and will enter immediately upon his duties as pastor of St. Columban's.

PRINCE CHUN APOLOGIZES.

At last the obstacles which stood in the way of Prince Chun's apology to the Emperor of Germany for the brutal murder of Baron Von Ketteler by Chinese troops were removed, and the apology was given and received in a manner acceptable to all concerned.

The Rev. W. Flannery was born in Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ireland, on January 29th, 1830. In his boyhood, he attended the classical school of Nenagh, at which there were twenty-five pupils, all of whom became priests, all but himself being ordained for the Diocese of Killaloe.

In 1852, at the request of Bishop de Charbonnel of Toronto, the Basilian Fathers opened in Toronto a college, which afterward became well known as St. Michael's College, and was a nursery from which came forth many priests and Bishops.

The Rev. Fathers Wm. Flannery, and Chas. Vincent, who afterward became Provincial of the Basilian Order in America, were at this time students of Theology, and accompanied the Basilian Fathers who came to Toronto to establish the college. These were Rev. J. M. Soulerin, First President of the College, Joseph Malbos, Treasurer, and the Rev. Patrick Maloney, who had preceded the others by about two years in order to prepare the way. Father Maloney was at this time Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.

Fathers Flannery and Vincent were ordained to the holy priesthood in the Cathedral on May 22nd, 1853, by Bishop de Charbonnel.

In 1858, owing to failing health, Father Flannery was permitted to leave the close confinement of the college and to seek health in his native land. In the following year he returned to Toronto, and was appointed Pastor of Streetville, where he remained until the consecration of Bishop Walsh as Bishop of Sandwich, on Nov. 10th, 1867.

Bishop Walsh was always a particular friend of Father Flannery, and induced him to accompany him to his new field of labor in the Diocese of Sandwich, which soon afterward became the Diocese of London.

Father Flannery remained with Bishop Walsh, accompanying him throughout the Diocese, and aiding him to extinguish the diocesan debt of \$85,000. When this was accomplished, Father Flannery, in 1869, was appointed Pastor of Amherstburg.

When the Basilian Fathers took charge of the Parish of Sandwich, and of Assumption College in the same parish, the parochial changes made necessary thereby brought the Rev. Father Flannery to the parish of St. Thomas, of which he took charge in 1870.

At this time there were about sixty Catholic families in the town, and seventy in the country belonging to the parish of St. Thomas. The Church was an old frame building, with a small cemetery adjacent, and there was no Catholic school.

Fr. Flannery's first work in the parish was to build the present handsome new Church, the old building being turned into a Catholic school. The cornerstone of the new church was blessed by Bishop Walsh on July 2nd, 1871, and on the occasion an eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. E. B. Kuroy, then pastor of St. Mary's. The Church was dedicated on Nov. 10th, 1872. Its total cost was \$15,000. It is remarkable that it was begun without a cent of Church funds on hand, and was paid for only through Fr. Flannery's zealous and earnest efforts to collect the money.

In due time Father Flannery purchased the new cemetery of St. Thomas, and, when the old school-house was accidentally burned, erected a new school house of four rooms, which was inaugurated by the enrollment of two hundred pupils. A handsome and commodious convent was also built and finished in December 1896. The convent, which is occupied by the Sisters of St. Joseph, who teach the schools, was erected at a cost of \$5,000.

In September, 1898, the Rev. Dr. Flannery moved to Windsor, where he remained in charge of that parish two years, and eight months. In January, 1901, he removed to Irishtown, where he remained till his present departure for Ireland.

His many friends throughout Canada and the United States will unite with us in wishing the Rev. Doctor a happy vacation in his native land, and a quick recovery of health and strength; and should it come to pass that he may return, he will be heartily welcomed by a host of well-wishers.

The Rev. Dr. Flannery was for about a year co-editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, along with the present editor, and both before and after the period of his co-editorship, he was a very constant contributor to our columns. Our readers will be pleased to learn that he has promised to continue his contributions should his health and strength permit.

The splendid gift of \$50,000 by Mr. Michael Cudaby, of Chicago, to the Catholic University of America, which was announced at the recent closing exercises, sets a good example to Catholic wealthy men, which we hope to see followed.

The lack of sympathy makes half the miseries of life.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

Bishop Latane of the Reformed Episcopal Church lectured recently in St. Bartholomew's Church, Montreal, on the "distinctive principles" of the Church over which he presides.

The Reformed Episcopal Church, as most of our readers are aware, is an offshoot of, or perhaps, it would be more according to the views of our Anglican friends to say, a schism or secession from the Church of England. From Bishop Latane's sermon, one would not suspect that this "Reformed" Church arose out of the widespread dissatisfaction of the Low Church party with the enforced toleration of High-Churchism by the Anglican Church and its offshoots in Canada and the United States, but would imagine that it is a Church standing on "distinctive principles of its own" for the Bishop in his lecture carefully avoids all reference to the causes which led to the organization of a "Reformed Church" out of the dissatisfied elements of Anglicanism.

It was surely a grave omission in a lecture which should have dealt with the reasons for the existence of his Church, to pass by all reference to the primary reason for its establishment; but we can readily understand the Bishop's motive for admitting so important a matter. It is the fashion for all new Churches to ignore the point of their modernness, in order to make it appear that they are the real and original Church which Christ established on earth, though the date of its first existence may be eighteen or nearly nineteen centuries too late for it to have any such valid claim.

The Bishop tells us that "there are three recognized rivals for authority—Reason, the Church, and the Word of God," and "in establishing the pre-eminence of the Bible," we are told in the report of his lecture, "he adduced arguments clear and convincing."

It is easily understood that in this enumeration of the three Rivals, he intends it to be understood that it is the Catholic Church which puts in its claim to authority as a rival to the Word of God.

No such rivalry exists. The Catholic Church not merely admits, but maintains the Supreme authority of God's Holy Word, and in fact, now, the only Church which does maintain firmly and unflinchingly the truth of God's entire revelation whether written or unwritten, whether coming to us through the Scripture or transmitted through tradition. The Catholic Church alone maintains the unchanging infallibility of God's Word.

It is notorious that the Church of England does not suppress Latitudinarianism within itself. During the past century the Broad Church School, so called, has pushed itself to the front more and more vigorously, and the Church as such has made no pronouncement towards repressing the rank infidelity which has been openly proclaimed by prominent divines, and even by Bishops of that Church; and the public have not yet forgotten that in New York, but very recently, a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, whom the Presbyterian General Assembly condemned for openly impugning the divine authority of the Bible, was received with open arms and was ordained an "Anglican priest" with what may be considered most unseemly haste by the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, without being asked to retract his practical denial of the inspiration of the Bible. A few voices, indeed, were raised in protest against this act, but they only served to show the impotence of the Anglican or Protestant Episcopal Church to maintain the Word of God, the Word which Bishop Latane pronounces to be the distinctive rule of faith of his reformed specimen of Episcopalism. There was no official condemnation of Bishop Potter's act.

We are quite aware that Bishop Latane's Church is distinct from that known as the Protestant Episcopal; but it was not in vindication of the divine authority of the Bible that the Reformed Episcopal Church was started, but in protest against supposed tendencies of a section of the Anglicans and Episcopalians toward Rome. We are therefore justified in believing that the Reformers of Bishop Latane's sect had no protest to offer against the Latitudinarian tendencies of Anglicanism. We say, "of Anglicanism," because, the two Churches, namely, that of England, and the Episcopal Church of America, proclaim boastfully, that they are only two branches of the one Church, and we are therefore justified in grouping them together.

If Bishop Latane's Church had a history worth investigating, we might be supposed to be under some obligation of investigating it to ascertain whether infidelity is as rampant in it as in Anglicanism, but its existence has been for so short a time, and its history is so obscure, that we deem it sufficient to consider its history to be simply part of the history of Anglicanism.

We say, therefore, that it needs no small amount of brazen-facedness to assert practically that the Reformed Episcopal Church adheres to the Bible or "the Word of God, whereas the Catholic Church has set up a "rival" authority.

The Catholic Church adheres most indubitably to the "Word of God" in its entirety: to the whole "Word of God," whether written in the Bible, or handed down by the undoubted tradition of the Church, whereas Bishop Latane's meaning in making his statement is that his sect adheres only to the written Word, or the Bible.

On what authority, then, do he and his co-believers keep the Sunday or first day of the week holy, instead of the Sabbath, or the seventh day?

There is no clear Scriptural authority for this departure from the command, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy." (Ex. xx: 8. Deut. v. 12.)

The Catholic is secure in keeping holy the Lord's Day, or Sunday, because he has the authority of the Catholic Church, teaching that this is an Apostolic ordinance, issued under the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, who commanded His Apostles to "teach all nations, all things which He had commanded," promising at the same time to be "with them teaching till the consummation of the world."

That the Catholic rule of faith is the correct one, we have ample evidence. The written Word of God, or the Bible, was never declared by Christ or His Apostles to be the complete rule of faith of Christians. The New Testament was not completed till St. John wrote the Apocalypse (Revelation) in A. D. 100. For two generations, therefore, the written Word of God could not be the rule of faith of Christians, nor could it be till the whole New Testament was gathered into one code in the fourth century.

Yet Christians certainly had a rule of faith at this time, and what that rule was, is clearly indicated by St. Paul in 2 Thess. ii. 14: "Therefore, brethren, stand firm: and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle."

The Thessalonians had already received one instructive epistle from the great Apostle, but there is no reason to suppose that they were supplied with the other books of the New Testament at this time. They may have had access to some one of the gospels, but they certainly had not more than a small part of the New Testament. The New Testament, thus, could not have been the complete rule of faith for the first Christians, and yet there was a Church of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth which interpreted the part of the Scripture which was known, and supplied by her teaching the lack of Scriptures which were not written, or if written were unknown to the generality of Christians. From all this it follows that the Church is not and never was the rival of the Word of God, but she was the teacher and interpreter of God's Word, written and unwritten, and this office she still holds, as neither Christ nor His Apostles made any change in the Church's authority, even when the Bible was completed.

We see from all this that the question is not between the Church and the Bible as rivals in authority. The authority of both comes from God, but the question at issue between Catholics and Protestants is whether the Church of God, or each private individual is the proper and divinely appointed interpreter of Scripture. Scripture itself gives the answer to this. We are commanded to "hear the Church," which is declared to be "the pillar and ground of Truth." (St. Matt. xviii, 17: 1 Tim. iii, 15) Whereas we are warned that "no Scripture prophecy is made by private interpretation." (2 Peter i, 20)

Bishop Latane maintains that under the New Law there is no sacrificial priesthood, and no Christian ministry "confined by Apostolic succession, only one or more branches of the Church of Christ."

We do not read anywhere in Holy Writ that the Church of Christ has branches in the sense of the Bishop, there is only one Church of Christ which He commands us to hear. (St. Matt. xviii, 17.) He builds but one Church on a rock, and against it "the gates of hell shall not prevail." (St.

Matt. xvi, 18) Only one Church is called "the Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of Truth." (1 Tim. iii, 15) The "branches" of which Bishop Latane speaks are, therefore, imaginary. Christ's Church is the one fold into which He wishes all His sheep to be gathered. (St. John, x, 16.) As the Apostles are His first messengers and pastors, and to them He transfers His power to rule the Church, there must be Apostolic succession in the ministry of the Church, and whosoever preaches without that succession is but a wolf in sheep's clothing. Whosoever assumes the office of the ministry without proper succession commits the sin of Core, Dathan, Abiron and Hon, and is worthy of their punishment. (Num. xvi.)

As regards the sacrificial priesthood of the New Law, we say that the oblation made by Christ at His Last Supper had all the requisites constituting a sacrifice, and when He commanded His Apostles to do this in remembrance of Him, He made them sacrificing priests, as He was Himself. (St. Luk. xxii, 19, 1 Cor. xi, 24.)

PSEUDO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

We have received from the office of the Christian Science Publication Committee of Toronto the following communication, which appears to be official, accompanied with a request to publish it in our columns. We comply with the request, with the reservation understood, that it is not our intention to open our columns for the serious and lengthy discussion of a mere fad which though called by its votaries "Christian Science" has nothing in itavoring either of Christianity or of Science. Such a discussion would tire out the patience of our readers:

DEFENCE OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Office of the Christian Science Publication Committee for Ontario.

ED. OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir—In your issue of August 10th you remarked editorially that Christian Science is a "medley of absurdities," and should be "laughed out of existence." But that has been tried for thirty-five years, and still it flourishes, and its influence for good increases each year. It is estimated that upwards of a million people really believe there is "something in it." For myself, having tested the efficacy of the Science for about eleven years, I can assure you there is no "nothingness" about it; but I have found it a grand reality, teaching the same blessed religion Jesus taught, and doing the works He commanded, viz., to heal the sick and reform the sinful. The early Christians were at first laughed at, and then persecuted, but that did not destroy Christianity. Mere argument, however, pro or con, is of little use to anyone. Earnest, serious study, and practice as well, is requisite, with sincere desire to gain an understanding of the truth, viz., the spiritual relations between God and man. This truth made practical, unfolded to mortals—is Christian Science.

Yours respectfully, WESLEY SPAULDING.

Toronto, Sept. 7, 1901.

The brief note in our issue of Aug. 10th, referred to by Mr. Spaulding does not say exactly what our correspondent asserts as the concluding sentence from which he culls a few words is:

"Back in the eighteenth century, when men were not given to the chattering of every speculative chattering, they would have laughed it (Christian Science) out of existence."

We were speaking here of what would have been the attitude of our forefathers before it became the fashion for people to become the dupes of every fadist who came along: Mormons, Spiritists, Theosophists, Dowdites, as well as Eddyites or pseudo-Christian Science.

Mr. Spaulding asserts that Christian Science is "the blessed religion Jesus taught." This statement is a sad misrepresentation of facts, though probably he does not intend it to be so.

The religion which Jesus taught was preached by His Apostles, and has continued to exist to the present day in an organized Church, which He commands us to hear: that is, the Catholic Church.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy is, on the contrary, described to be "the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science!" "the Mother of the Christian Science Faith, and the Counsellor of its interests the world over!" (See "Christian Science Sentinel" of 29 June 1899 printed under copyright of Mary Baker G. Eddy.)

So-called "Christian Science" declares that matter is "nothingness." Reason and the universal sense implanted by our Creator within mankind, prove to us that matter is a real being. It is the creature of God, and not God Himself, nor "a doubtful and uncertain inference of the human intelligence," as Professor or Mr. McCracken, the New York exponent of Christian Science, declares it to be in a recent letter (dated July 12) addressed to the New York Freeman's Journal.

The Old Testament is certainly part of the religion which Jesus taught, and it teaches unmistakably that mat-

ter is God's creation, and therefore really.

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth. And God said, 'Let there be light.' And there was light, etc." (Gen. i, 3) Disease and sin are both declared by Christian Scientists to be imaginary. But Christ's religion of them as really existing, as is from the following out of many ages of Holy Scripture:

"And Jesus went about healing all diseases among the people." (Matt. iv, 23)

"And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases." (St. Matt. ix, 34.)

"Therefore I said to you that shall die in your sin: For if ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die: your sins." (St. John viii, 24.)

If sickness and sinfulness, the Christian Scientists teach things imaginary, what sense in Mr. Spaulding's assertion that Christian Science "heals the sick and reforms the sinful?" It is but small credit if it only drives a nothing.

In fact Dowdism is less than so-called Christian Science, while both systems absurdly science of medicine, John A. Dowd does not, so far as we are pretend to having discovered there is no such thing as sickness.

We find nothing to retract edit remarks of August 1

A MODERN INSTANT.

BY REV. AUGUSTIN D. M.

When the Duke in "The Duke" rejects that he has been painted pomp through his forest of Arden had found in trees, books in the running sermons in stones, and good thing," he no doubt entered great truth we all experienced of chastened joy in the of beautiful nature. Our Lord Himself saw these things read these books, translating meaning to His followers, a devout mind the visible is a symbol of the invisible. Strongest and sweetest Christians have called upon nature ally and companion in the worship of God. St. Francis sings of his brother, the sun, sister, the moon, bird and ferocissimo lupus d'Agobio, were all creatures of God, and fore his brethren. And the Francis, of Sales, relied on from nature to help him possess holiness and grace more, our own day we see in the great Cardinal, John Newman nature helped him to pierce the tangle of doubting thought the same fashion as the great Now if this is so, what can have with nature studies lead to God?

No one who has read the of Frank Norris, "The Oct fail to grasp the reality of nature study, when regarded as the product of mind. Of all the gloomy and works that have appeared years this book is surely One arises from its perils, sickened, stunned at the of man when put in face of forces which rule men as oppressed, who are the sportless fate, who can only fall down and die upon an of iron! The novel puts form the hopeless philosophy penholder, although the author it for optimism. In it nature as a gigantic, unblinking If man comes in contact her everlasting wheels, mercilessly crushed for his rotness!

A few short selections, rich and powerful language, modern conception of man "Presley regained the self, his brain in a whirl, idea, this new conception founded him. Somehow I deny it. It rang with the beration of truth. Was not to blame for the horror of ing ditch? Forces, con of supply and demand—then, the enemies after enemies; there was no nature. Colossal indifference Nature was, then, a giant a vast cyclopean power, a leviathan with a he knowing no compunction, ness, no tolerance; cruel human atom standing in nirvanic calm, the agonist sending never a faintest tremor through a gious mechanism of whe

"What then was left no hope, no outlook for rift in the black curtain through the night? Was thus overthrown? Was be strong and to prevail ing left? Then sudden words came back to his was the larger view? tuted the greatest good numbers? What was the the circle whose segment held? In the end, the end of all, what was le

ter is God's creation, and therefore, a reality.

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth... and God said, be light made. And light was made, etc." (Gen.: 1, 3)

Disease and sin are both declared by Christian Scientists to be things imaginary. But Christ's religion treats of them as really existing, as is evident from the following out of many passages of Holy Scripture:

"And Jesus went about all Galilee healing all diseases and infirmities among the people." (St. Matt. iv. 23)

"And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases." (St. Mark i. 34.)

"Therefore I said to you that you shall die in your sin: For if you believe not that I am He you shall die in your sins." (St. John viii. 24.)

If sickness and sinfulness are, as the Christian Scientists teach, but things imaginary, what sense is there in Mr. Spaulding's assertion that Christian Science "heals the sick, and reforms the sinful?" It deserves but small credit if it only drives away a nothing.

In fact Dowdism is less ridiculous than so-called Christian Science; for while both systems absurdly reject the science of medicine, John Alexander Dowd does not, so far as we are aware, pretend to having discovered that there is no such thing as sickness.

We find nothing to retract in our edit. remarks of August 10.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

BY REV. AUGUSTIN D. MALLEY.

When the Duke in "As You Like It" rejoices that he has been freed from painted pomp through his exile, and by communication with nature in the forest of Arden had found "congresses in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing," he no doubt enunciated a great truth we all experience in moments of chastened joy in the presence of beautiful nature.

Our blessed Lord Himself saw these sermons and read these books, translating their meaning to His followers, for to the devout mind the visible is a sign and symbol of the invisible. So also our gentlest and sweetest Christian thinkers have called upon nature as their ally and companion in the praise and worship of God. St. Francis of Assisi sings of his brother, the sun, and his sister, the moon, bird and beast, "il ferocissimo lupo d'Agobbio," as they were all creatures of God, and therefore his brethren.

And the other St. Francis, of Salco, relied on examples from nature to help him portray what holiness and grace mean. Even in our own day we see in the works of the great Cardinal, John Newman, how nature helped him to pierce through the tangle of doubting thoughts after the same fashion as the great Butler. Now if this is so, what quarrel can we have with nature studies since they lead to God?

No one who has read the recent work of Frank Norris, "The Octopus," will fail to grasp the reality of the dangers of nature study, when nature is not regarded as the product of a directing mind. Of all the gloomy and pessimistic works that have appeared in late years this book is surely the peer.

One arises from its perusal dizzy, sickened, stunned at the hopeless lot of man when pelted in the face of the titanic forces which rule men and things! There is no comfort for the poor and oppressed, who are the sport of a ruthless fate, who can only cry out to a heaven that seems made of brass, or fall down and die upon an earth made of iron! The novel puts in dramatic form the hopeless philosophy of Schopenhauer, although the author intends it for optimism. In it nature is seen as a gigantic, unthinking machine.

If man comes in contact with one of her everlasting wheels, then he is mercilessly crushed for his lack of adroitness!

A few short selections will show, in rich and powerful language, the modern conception of man and nature. "Presley regained the street stifled, his brain in a whirl. This new idea, this new conception, dumb-founded him. Somehow he could not deny it. It rang with the clear reverberation of truth. Was no one, then, to blame for the horror of the irrigating ditch? Forces, conditions, laws of supply and demand—were these, then, the enemies after all? Not enemies; there was no malevolence in nature. Colossal indifference only, a vast trend toward appointed goals. Nature was, then, a gigantic engine, a vast cyclopaean power, huge, terrible, a leviathan with a heart of steel, knowing no compunction, no forgiveness, no tolerance; crushing out the human atom standing in its way, with nirvanic calm, the agony of destruction sending never a jar, never the faintest tremor through all that prodigious mechanism of wheels and cogs."

"What then was left? Was there no hope, no outlook for the future, no rift in the black curtain, no glimmer through the night? Was good to be thus overthrown? Was evil thus to be strong and to prevail? Was nothing left? Then suddenly Vanamee's words came back to his mind. What was the larger view? What constituted the greatest good to the greatest numbers? What was the full round of the circle whose segment only he beheld? In the end, the ultimate, final end of all, what was left? Yes, good

issued from this crisis, untouched, unassailable, undefiled. Men, notes in the sunshine, perished, were shot down in the very noon of life, hearts were broken. In that little isolated group of human insects misery, death and anguish spun like a wheel of fire. But the wheat remained. Falseness dies; injustice and oppression in the end of everything fade and vanish away. Greed, cruelty, selfishness and inhumanity are short lived; the individual suffers, but the race goes on. Anxieties die, but in a far distant corner of the world a thousand lives are saved. The larger view allows, and through all shams, all wickedness, discovers the truth that will, in the end, prevail, and all things surely, inevitably, resistlessly work together for good.

This, no doubt, is very fine writing, and can capture the unskilled. What is the particular fault in it? Through out the whole book, and lurking in these passages, can be seen the three great doubts of our age, the doubt of a personal God, the doubt of immortality for the individual, the doubt of a providence for the individual. For God is substituted force or impersonal good; for individual immortality is substituted permanent endurance of human kind; for individual providence is given the greatest good for the greatest number. This is all rank materialism masquerading as a spiritual philosophy. It is not atheism exactly, but a brand of disheartening pantheism.

What is it to me if humanity is my debtor by my heroic resignation, if there is not a personal God who watches over me and will finally give me rest? It is in reading a book of this kind that the thoughtful Catholic realizes the motive of the Church when she particularly insists on being regarded as a teacher and guide in educational matters. For what is she striving? Some who are unable to stretch their vision beyond the limits of their parish, imagine she has some quarrel with the local public school or systems of schools. The issue is not so petty. The local school or system of schools may be excellent in its way; but she sees the three great perils that are confronting the religious thought of the American nation—the loss of a profound belief in a personal God, the wavering in regard to personal immortality and personal providence. Take even the modern conception of God when He is regarded as personal, as is seen in the policy of state, or in the creed of the fashionable set. As has been well said, He seems to be a weakly, good natured Being who started to govern this world by a system of rewards and punishments, but seeing now the great weakness of most of the sons of Adam, repeats Him of His former severity, is only eager to see the end of it all, and will grant heaven to everybody. So, too, the lower and inferior races of men are a source of shame and confusion to Him, and He is grateful to may, even commissions the advanced nations to blow their weaker brothers off this earth. He sees now He should never have placed them.

What is the result to a nation when the popular conception of God is weakened? The idea of God is the cornerstone of every civilization. Where do we find institutions more firm, authority more respected, liberty more equalized, manners more softened, oaths and pledges more scrupulously kept, virtue better loved, passion and license more successfully restrained than among a people that are God-fearing? Where is there more forgetfulness of self, disinterestedness, spirit of sacrifice, devotion to humanity and fatherland, than among a people who worship God in their churches? In these things alone, can civilization be found, and not in railroads, bonds or bridges. So when the church calls a halt we should respectfully bare our heads and listen to her pleadings.

Now the higher knowledge of God that these things are based on is an experience. The great results coming from it can only be obtained by disciplining the mind and heart to the belief. Argumentation and preaching can do a little, but the real conviction can only be felt. For this we must be trained. Our own Catholic religion is a training; it does not consist in holding a peculiar set of dogmas distinct from Protestantism; it is a matter of life and character. The training necessary for it must come in youth; one is rarely won to it in middle or old age, for it is all a sort of trial to hardened human nature. At this season then the Church demands of all parents: Is that child being trained, not left completely alone, or even instructed, but is it being trained in the love and fear of the Almighty? If it is not, then its soul is going to be periled in the materialistic spirit of the age. It is going to doubt God as a beginning and an end, to suffer the weakening of the spiritual life, for this is the result of all secular education.

These thoughts were provoked by seeing the effect such books as "The Octopus" make on bright and thoughtful minds that are educated enough fully to realize difficulties, but have not enough acquaintance with the scientific aspect of religion to combat the three great doubts. Such souls deserve and should obtain the keenest sympathy. It takes the soundest and most finished training in Christian principles to keep one's convictions clear and firm amid the general abandonment of theological discipline. A pliant disposition is a good and an only foundation; but the intellect must have a firm grasp on the principles of revelation or else there is little hope of keeping faith serene.

It must be confessed, also, that works of this class, modern, materialistic pro-

ductions, possess great beauty of a certain kind. They abound in rich imagination, shifting fancy, even genius, can delude, if possible, even the elect. One is often tempted to think that the dangerous books or works are those which contain direct attacks on religion. But this is a fallacy. Such books have their day; they have their day and cease to be. But the powerful, subtle antagonists to revealed religion, which slay their tens of thousands where productions of the ingersoll type would slay but fifty souls, are such works, in the poetical and sentimental line, as the "Kubalyat," or the quasi scientific, socialistic and philosophic works, like the book under consideration. Argumentation cannot refute them, for they bring forward no arguments. They create a certain spirit, an atmosphere, in which religious truths cannot blossom. They can be met only when the soul is rendered immune by a devotional as well as a scientific training, for, left to itself, it is helpless before such powerful foes.

To state it all briefly, the world is finding it very hard to deal justly with man in the double aspect of his nature, to weigh and give due credit to both physical and moral truths. Man is a creature of sense and of reason, of conscience and of faith. The world at present despises ethical and theological questions as impractical, declaring nothing can be known in regard to the soul's origin or destiny, and throwing itself upon materialistic sciences and their uses, to the total exclusion of the spiritual. Who is to restore the lost equilibrium? There is no spiritual authority to do this in the world except the Church. This is her mission in the twentieth century. Catholics are looking the difficulty squarely in the face and are devising means to meet it. No doubt we can pick many flaws in our educational methods in the past, for they were untried experiments; but now seeing their strengths and their weaknesses, we can profit by both and not be above criticism. All is merely a matter of adjustment to changed times and circumstances. Our separated fellow-citizens should be made to feel that the Church has no sister designs against public schools, but as the guardian of God's interests is warning all against the impending dangers from the loss of spiritual reverence. In this way she is proving herself the staunch friend and supporter of the republic, for, according to the citizens' convictions of God will they rise or fall.—Republic.

HOW A YOUNG MAN BECOMES AN INFIDEL.

See this young man in his twenties. He has been baptized into the Church of God, . . . he has made his First Communion, he has been marked in the sacrament of Confirmation with the seal of Christian manhood. But now he believes no longer; the Christian life of his soul has disappeared; faith appears to be wholly extinct within him. He goes so far as even to affect pity for the belief which in his tender years he shared with his mother; he parades a supreme contempt for the teaching of the Church of Christ. What can have happened to work such a revolution in this youthful mind? If we ask him, he will probably tell us that he is the new source of light whence he has drawn decisive proofs against that old faith which for nineteen centuries has held captive the loftiest intellects and reigned over the noblest wills. What has this contemptuous youth seen of the faith of Bossuet, of Leibnitz, of Lacordaire, of Ozanam, of Newman?

Hear him! He has scrutinized everything, examined everything, by the torch of independent reason. The Catholic creed can not sustain for a moment the examination of serious criticism! Philosophy, history, science, agree to condemn it! . . . But these lofty affirmations can not impose on any one who has had experience of men and things; such a one easily discovers behind this clatter of empty phrases the true history of this poor soul. It is this:

This young man, who so proudly condemns Catholic belief, has examined nothing for himself. He has read none of the great works of Christian apologetics, he has not even opened a detailed and scientific exposition of the dogmas which the Church teaches. . . . Poor young man! Any serious observer can give you the history of your moral and intellectual falls, and placing his finger on the wounds of your heart, he will force you to confess, if you are sincere, that reason and science have no part in your condition, and that your unbelief is the fruit of weakness and decay of every kind.

The decline in a young man who has been educated in the Christian faith is usually brought about by the ruin of more faculties than one.

La Bruyere said: "I would fain see a man who is sober, moderate, chaste, equitable, declare that there is no God; but such a man is not to be found." For my part, I would fain see a young man who is chaste, modest, humble, seriously instructed in Christian doctrine, declare that the faith which he received from his mother, the Catholic Church, is without foundation; hitherto I have never met with such a young man.—Laforet.

Anarchists. Anarchists should not be tolerated in this country. All decent men should boycott them and refuse to give them employment. Many able and learned theologians see in the Anarchists the precursors of "the man of sin, the son of perdition." St. Paul warned the Thessalonians in the following words:

"Let no man deceive you by any means," for the coming of Christ for the last judgement will not be until the apostasy first takes place. The Anarchists seem to be getting ready to give "the man of sin" a reception, and should be driven from the United States.—American Herald.

FRUDE ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

How strongly is the truth of history favorable to the Catholic Church when such a bigot as Fruede was obliged to say as follows:

"Never, in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never, that we know of, have mankind grown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful as the Catholic Church. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognized rule of action; every one of us is expected to look out for himself first and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The bishops and clergy were regarded simply and freely as the immediate ministers of the Almighty; and they seem to me to have rarely deserved that high estimate in their character. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness, these are the qualities before which the freedom of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fulness of reverence kings and nobles bent to their power which was nearer to their own. Over prince and subject, chief and serf, a body of unarmed, defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery Northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls; and that they one day stand at a awful judgment bar and give account of their lives there.—Short Studies on Great Subjects.

Character. The qualities which are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity. We look for determination, will, decision of character, firmness in the man, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But when the child exhibits these qualities even in the incipient stages, we are annoyed, and perhaps repulsed, by the strength of will, and girding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who seems not to decide anything for himself in whom we delight and whose feeble will we make self-feebler by denying it all exercise. Yet when he grows up and enters the world and yields to temptation and perhaps disgraces himself and family, we look at him in imbecile wonder that so good a child should have turned out to so bad a man, when in truth, his course has been only the natural outcome of his past life and training.

How To Be Saved. Every one desires to be saved. Simply desiring will not accomplish this work. We must put our heart in the work and make use of all the means placed at our disposal. We should choose some devotion and stick to it. Fear of eternal damnation is good to meditate upon. Fasting and prayer are very effective. But the best of all is a devotion that will inspire the heart with love for his Creator and make all his actions accord with that love. To gain this love, the best way is to cultivate a devotion to the Sacred Heart. Commence by being enrolled in the League of the Sacred Heart and daily use the short, easy prayers of the league.

Don't Think They Do. When one observes Catholics leaving the church as the priest commences to read the last Gospel, he is inclined to ask: "Do these people appreciate as they should what the Mass is? Do they realize the fact that they are insulting our Lord and treating the celebrant with disrespect? We are careful to receive our friends when they visit us with courtesy and most assuredly we should show reverence to the Son of God when He comes on our altars in the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass."—Catholic Columbian.

We can understand how the Church can look fearlessly at the storms that over and anon burst upon her, because, built upon the solidity of her belief, she knows that the waves can break harmlessly at her feet. She has no need of human means to secure her existence, for that has a promise of perennial duration. The condition, too, of her being is one of struggle and warfare, and when it comes upon her, her only act is to oppose the shield of Faith and the sword of the Word of God—her only arms the truth. And as it is written that truth will prevail, so in every battle in which she has been engaged she has come forth at last with victory inscribed on her banner—victory through the truth.

The mind grows shallow when occupied perpetually with trivialities. A course of solid reading is a good tonic. When ignorant of our ignorance we do not know when we betray ourselves.

THEY "WILL NOT JOURNEY HOMEWARDS."

The Protestants have established near this city, what they call the Society of the Atonement of the Anglican Church, and its object is said to be a union of all the churches under the Pope. Father Paul James Francis, Minister-general of the society, is a member that the watchword of the ultra-Protestant party is, "We will not journey Homewards." This has been their war cry in Germany; it has been repeated in the United States; it has become their standard maxim in England, it has found an echo even in distant Australia. There is an old saying, which many an Irishman will, in spirit at least, have addressed to those who, taking that boasted watchword for their guide, would refuse to bend their footsteps towards Rome: Beware lest you go farther and fare worse. There can be no question that hitherto they have fared worse indeed, that the result of such ultra-Protestantism has been to multiply religious sects, to sow the bitter discord broadcast, and to lead its votaries to the abyss of irreligion and scepticism. It may be well to illustrate what we have said by reference to a few prominent non-Catholic writers whose authority in such matters none can gainsay. In Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, from the very outset such discord and religious dissensions became the order of the day. Melancthon, the bosom friend of Luther, laments in his letters that the Reformers appeared to be mainly intent on flying apart from one another, and he asserts that: "The Elbe with all its waters could not furnish tears enough to weep over the miseries of the distracted Reformation." More than once attempts were made by the civil government in the various principalities of Germany to stem the process of decay and to unite together the scattered sects of German Protestantism. It was found, indeed, that these sects were ever ready to combine together when Rome was to be assailed, but when they had done this they renewed their combats among themselves. At length the King of Prussia, by a stringent law which was enacted in 1839, endeavored to blend them all into what he was pleased to call "The Evangelical Church." But whatever outward compactness may have been thus given to the Protestant name, the dissensions in regard to the doctrines of faith and indifference to all religion only became the more intense. Hengstenberg, the leading representative of the Evangelical party, thus described this sad condition of things: "In the Evangelical Church of Germany," he says, "it has come to this, that all the articles of faith which she professes in common with the universal Church of Christ, and the validity of her confessions, are being called in question within her own bosom; and that open unbelief has at least as many and as distinguished representatives among the teachers and governors of the Church as the true faith. This schism goes to the very bone and marrow of the Evangelical Church.—American Herald.

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THEY "WILL NOT JOURNEY HOMEWARDS."

MILLIONAIRE'S LAMENT.

The next issue of "The Week's End" will contain an illustrated interview with William K. Vanderbilt, in which the American millionaire makes a remarkable confession. This will be interesting to the average man, who considers great wealth as the inevitable foundation for happiness. The Vanderbilt interview took place on his great ocean going yacht, the Valiant.

"My life was never destined to be quite happy," the millionaire is quoted as saying bitterly. "It was laid on lines which I could force almost from the earliest childhood. It has left me with nothing to hope for, with nothing definite to seek or strive for."

"Is great wealth a handicap to happiness, Mr. Vanderbilt?" questioned the interviewer.

"Inherited wealth, yes," was the decided answer. "It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality. If a man makes money, no matter how much, he finds a certain happiness in its possession, for in the desire to increase his business he has constant use for it, but the man who inherits it has none of this. The first satisfaction and the greatest, the building of the foundations of a fortune is denied him. He must labor simply to add to what may be as ever-sufficiency."

Praise for Catholic Missionaries. Sir Robert Hart, who has spent a lifetime in China, gives in the Fort nightly Review for May the following testimony in favor of the Catholic missions in China.

"Roman Catholic missions differ from all others—perhaps excel all others—in the fitness and completeness of their organization, in provision for and certainty of uninterrupted continuity, in the volume of funds at their disposal, and the sparing use of money individually in the charitable work they do among the poor—nursing the sick, housing the destitute, rearing orphans, training children to useful trades, watching their people from cradle to grave, and winning the devotion of all by assisting them to realize that Godliness is best for this world, and has the promise of the next. The Sisters of Charity in particular, many of them the daughters of great families, labor with a touching sweetness and pathetic devotion that no language can adequately describe. Protestants work on other lines, but individualism and something that savors of competition rather than combination may be said to give them their color."

John McCullagh, late Chief of the Police Department and present Superintendent of State Elections, tells a good story on himself, which happened just prior to his being selected to fill the position of Chief Executive of the Police Department.

It was a week previous to the opening of the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. McCullagh was assigned to pick the men from the mounted squad who he decided would present the most favorable showing in the exhibition and drill them.

He says he was drilling his men one morning in the garden, when he noticed a big, brawny policeman with his head inclined forward, out of keeping with the rest of the command. He rode up to him, and, putting his fist under the man's chin and shoving his face upward so that the policeman gazed toward the roof, said commandingly:

"Hold your head up, like a soldier!"

The patrolman did not move his head from the attitude in which McCullagh placed it, but said, as he continued to gaze upward:

"Inspector!"

"Well!"

"Will I always howl me head like this?"

"Yes! Certainly! Be a man! Hold your head up like a soldier!"

Extending his disengaged right hand to McCullagh, the big fellow answered:

"Well, good-bye, Inspector; I'll never see you again."

The true poet is always a prophet, a seer. On his mountain of discovery he breathes a diviner air. His voice rings clear from the height. His imagination, looking out and away, is the evidence of things not seen. All days need such voices, and these days are most of all. So many other voices are in the air—of croakers and doubters; so many prophets of evil; apostles of fatalism, nihilism, pessimism, proclaiming their false gospel of shame. We shall never follow this multitude to do evil, or think it, so long as our scholarship signifies reverence for Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, the men of "the vision and faculty divine." Faith in all things good shall "come easy to us," shall "beat with our blood," as we joy and rejoice in the sympathetic study of these.—Rev. George A. Strong.

WANTED. CAPABLE WOMAN TO DO GENERAL HOUSEWORK in family of four. Must be good plain cook. No washing, \$16 a month. Apply with reference to Mrs. J. P. McCormick, 701 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Mich. 1194

AGENTS WANTED—For the life of the late President McKinley. Price only \$10. A magnificent portrait of President McKinley, 18x22 inches, will be given as a premium with each copy sold, or, if preferred, a choice of nine other premium pictures, including the Duke and Duchess of York. Proceeds from sales will be paid out of pocket. Given, liberal terms, freight paid. Sell our Xmas books, they are the best. A premium with every one. Address: WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, GUELPH, ONTARIO.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"There is no use talking about it any more. I have to ride Bay Billy round the pasture till he is tired, and then go down to the post office. So I can't go with you and the other boys, much as I would like to go."

"No, my boy," said the doctor. "I can do what I like in the afternoon," answered Nell, "but father thinks a boy ought to learn to do all sorts of work, and he knows."

"Well, my boy, I am willing you should have one," answered his father, "when you earn it."

"Nell's face fell at this, for he saw little chance of being able to earn enough money to buy anything so costly."

"Leonard's father has promised to buy one for him," he added.

"He has, eh? Well, let me know the size of it when he gets it, will you? Has Leonard any work to do for his father?"

"No," he kept out of the way till his father leaves in the morning, and is always asleep when he returns at night."

"Keeps out of the way, does he?" said Dr. Fox. "Well, my boy, if, at any time, you should see something you think ought to be done, I hope I can rely upon you to do it, without being told."

while with the other he waved aloft the danger signal and shouted to the engineer. Then came a sharp whistle, and the train came to a stop.

In a few minutes, the brave boy was in his father's arms. Later on, when all danger was past, the passengers were forcing on Nell a gift of money, while his father looked on, not knowing what to do.

"What can such a boy do with money?" he asked. "He has no wants."

"Do with it?" roared a wealthy farmer, who, with his son, had been on the train. "Do with it? Let him buy peanuts with it, if there is nothing else he wants; but do not deprive us of the pleasure of showing we are grateful to one who has saved our lives."

So the doctor had to give in. That night, when talking over the events of the day, Nell said "I suppose, father, I can use part of my present for a bicycle?"

"No, my boy," said the doctor. "Put the money in a bank. I do not believe in rewards for merely doing your duty. As to the bicycle, I mean to buy one for you yourself, because I think you have earned it. You lost your holiday, but you knew your duty and did it."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Make the most and the best of yourself. There is no other tragedy like a wasted life.—Success.

Be Abreast of the Times. There never was another time when well trained, up-to-date young men were in so great demand as to-day.

The time is past when mere tact, or sagacity, will qualify a man to be a first-rate merchant. The successful merchant of to-day must have good knowledge of geography and foreign customs and trade conditions, as well as of accounting and a dozen other business details.

The "Blue" Young Man.

To the young man who writes me that he is troubled with the blues I am inclined to say, hush! He probably has not enough to do to keep him from continually thinking of himself, or he may be bilious and need medicine.

In the first instance, is plain enough. In the second, is plain enough. In the third, is plain enough. In the fourth, is plain enough.

It is the poor, imprisoned Prince Arthur in Shakespeare's King John who says, in effect: "Mercy on me, methinks nobody should be sad but I."

Yet I remember when I was in France young gentlemen would be as sad as you are now for wantonness. And night only for wantonness.

The fellow who faces difficulties manfully seldom or never has the blues. He is too busy to moon about like an idiot and he has no time to let in his head. He sleeps sound at night, without resorting to narcotics, and he wakes up in the morning refreshed and well prepared to begin the labors of the day.

To those who have the blues I give this advice. Brace up and do some thing—the nearest thing agreeable to you to something to do. Do not wait for some one to give you a job. "Cows in the distance have long horns." When you are having a hard time to them they are only ordinary cattle after all.

CATHOLIC POLITICIANS. Very sensible are the comments of the Sacred Heart Review on the recent election of a Catholic citizen to a high office in a New England State.

By all means, whatever you decide you must be, insist on relying on your own unaided efforts. Do not be an understudy to anyone when once fitted to make your own headway and your own livelihood.

ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE. An Antidote Discovered. A recent remarkable discovery in medicine which has been found to annihilate the appetite for alcoholic drinks and all drugs.

INFANT MORTALITY.

Many Deaths Largely Due to Ignorance on the Part of Mothers.

The disorders of children seem to the rugged and hearty grown persons to be simple and not particularly dangerous.

This point of view on the part of parents has been the cause of the loss of thousands of baby lives.

Now there are weekly papers for a dollar, and a half dollar, and there are other papers for two dollars and three dollars. Some of the two dollar papers are worth five dollars a year and some of the dollar papers would be dear at a dime.

Make the Catholic paper a better paper. Pay for good Catholic literature. Insure the reader good Catholic fiction. Show him some enterprise in Catholic news-gathering and above all, in timely, scholarly and able editorial treatment of matters interesting to the Catholic public.

FOR HABITUAL SINNERS TO CONSIDER. A priest, preaching a sermon last Sunday, made a good point concerning persons who habitually give away to sin.

SKIN TORTURES. And every Distressing Irritation of the Skin and Scalp Instantly Relieved by a Bath with CUTICURA SOAP.

The London Mutual. Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Established 1859.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. A weekly paper for a dollar, and a half dollar, and there are other papers for two dollars and three dollars.

PRICE OF CATHOLIC PAPERS.

A good ready-made all-wool neat fitting summer suit of clothes can be had at a reputable dealer's for sixteen dollars, but there are summer suits for sale at four dollars and a half at certain assignees "clothing" stores.

The trouble with the cheap "clothing" is that it gets shabby on very slight provocation and it is faded and gone a long time before the first rose of summer contemplates adjournment.

But if the confidence is forced upon him, he remembers, even though no reservation has been made, no pledge exacted, that it is a confidence of a most sacred kind.—Katherine E. Conway.

THE WHITE PLAGUE ADVANCES. Consumption is gaining headway. Why? Bad colds are allowed to run on neglected.

SKIN TORTURES. For pimples, blotches, bad complexion, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take—it has established this fact.

SKIN TORTURES. And every Distressing Irritation of the Skin and Scalp Instantly Relieved by a Bath with CUTICURA SOAP.

THE TWO SOURCES. ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE. An Antidote Discovered.

THE LONDON MUTUAL. Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Authorized Capital, \$500,000.

MAGICAL

is the effect produced on a big family wash by a single cake of SURPRISE soap.



Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER.

After Work or Exercise POND'S EXTRACT.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA. Formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. Head Office, WATERLOO, ONT.

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