



THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XXIII. CONTINUED.

In the meadows close about the army, the far extended lines of the French infantry might be seen winding about the fields like the folds of some hideous serpent; the greatest stillness pervaded their ranks.

When Guy observed that the attack was about to commence, he sent a thousand slingers, under the command of Solomon van Sevecoete, as far as the second brook, to harass the French outposts and sentinels; then he disposed his various companies into a line, in such a manner that the eyes of all were directed towards its centre. At that point rose an altar constructed of turf, and over it waved the great banner of St. George, the patron of warriors; on its steps melted a priest, arrayed in the vestments of his office, who proceeded to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the good success of the battle.

When the Constable de Nesle saw that the passage was impracticable for cavalry, he came to Messire d'Artois, and said: "Of a truth I tell you, Count, that we are exposing our men to great danger, by trying to force them over the brook, which is scarcely possible; either will or can ford it. Let us rather try to entice the enemy from their position. Believe me, you are striking all against fearful odds in this game."

But the general was too far carried away by his ardour and anger to give attention to this wise counsel. "Onc stable," exclaimed he furiously, "that is advice befitting Lombards! Are you frightened at this pack of wolves, or are you of the same breed with them?"

Rodolf, stung by this reproach, and by the indignation it conveyed, burst forth in unrestrained wrath. He came up close to the general, and answered with an expression of bitter disdain: "You have doubt on my courage; you dare to taunt and insult me! But, I tell you, having the courage to go with me on foot and alone into the thick of the foe, I would lead you so far that you would return no more."

Here some of the knights threw themselves between the angry generals, and endeavored by every argument to convince the seneschal that the brook was not fordable by cavalry; but he persisted in his refusal to listen to them and ordered Rodolf de Nesle to renew the charge.

The constable, beside himself with vexation, rode furiously with his troops towards the Flemish position. But at the brook all the horsemen of the front rank were thrown from their saddles, each thrust the other deeper into the morass, and more than five hundred perished in the confusion, either stifled in the mud, or slain by the stones of the Flemish slingers. Messire d'Artois now saw himself obliged to recall Rodolf; but it was too late; he had to restore order amongst the survivors, so utterly were they broken and dispirited.

Meanwhile Messire John de Barlas had found a place at which the first brook could be forded, and had crossed it with three thousand cross-bow men. Having gained the open meadow, he drew up his men in a compact mass, and poured such a shower of arrows upon the Flemish slingers, that the sky was almost darkened by them, and a large number of Flemings fell dead or wounded to the ground, while the French archers continued to make a steady advance.

Messire Solomon van Sevecoete himself had seized the sling of one of the fallen guldsmen, in order to animate the survivors by his own example; but an iron bolt from a crossbow pierced the sling of his helmet, and flung him dead to the ground. Then the Flemings, seeing their general struck down, and perceiving the intention of the French, dashed through the French foot soldiers to stay the course of De Mertelet. The shock of the meeting of the two knights was so impetuous, that the lance of each pierced the heart of his antagonist, and the two knights fell in one moment before the heads of the French, though a preternatural influence had suddenly cooled their rage; one would have thought each was leaning on the spear with all his weight, in order to thrust it deeper into the body of his antagonist; but this was but for a moment; and the next instant a slight convulsive movement, and the corpses of both fell to the ground.

Messire John van Renesse, who commanded the right wing, seeing the danger of William van Gulick, left his position, and, with Breydel and his guldsmen, fell back behind the line of battle on the rear of the French. Nothing could resist men like the butchers of Bruges; they exposed themselves to every weapon with naked breast, and before their death scorning every thing gave way. Their axes heaved the legs of the horses, or claved the shields of their falling riders. A moment after their arrival, the ground was so cleared that scarcely twenty Frenchmen remained behind the line of battle. Among them was Godfrey of Brabant, who blushed not to fight against those who were his brethren both by birth and by language. When John van Renesse espied him, he shouted to him: "Godfrey, Godfrey! your course is run—you shall die!"

"Apply your words to yourself," replied Godfrey, aiming at the head of Messire John a tremendous blow; but Van Renesse, with a dexterous and rapid movement of his sword from below, struck him so violently under the chin that he rolled out of his saddle to the ground. More than twenty butchers fell immediately upon him, and he received innumerable wounds, the last of which was mortal. Meanwhile Jan Breydel and some of his men had penetrated further and further amongst the enemy, and had fought long enough to gain the standard of Brabant; he regained his butchers, demanding his prize at every step, tearing the banner in pieces, and throwing its pole scornfully from him, he exclaimed: "Shame and dishonor to the traitors!"

The men of Brabant burning to avenge the standard, rushed with redoubled rage upon the foe, and made the most extraordinary efforts to gain and to tear in pieces the banner of William van Gulick; but its bearer, John Ferrand, struggled with the strength of madness, with all who dared approach him. Four times was he

trodden then under foot were in their turn overthrown and trampled down by others; and so the death-wall was continued unceasingly. The companies in the rear, thinking that the action had become general, spurred their horses on toward the brook, and thus increased the number of the victims of the seneschal's folly and imprudence.

As yet the Flemings had made no attack upon them; they stood motionless and silent, gazing with wonder and awe on the dismal tragedy enacted before them. Their generals proceeded with more skill and more prudence; other warriors would have thought this the fittest moment for a general attack, and so would perhaps have crossed the brook and fallen on the French; but Guy, and John Boriout, his chief adviser, would not relinquish the advantage which their position gave them.

At length both the brooks were filled with dead bodies of men and horses, and Rodolf de Nesle, with a few retainers, forced a passage with about a thousand horsemen. He formed them in a close quadrangle, and shouted, "France! France! forward forward!"

They charged with furious intrepidity into the centre of the Flemish troops; and rushed on the ground, until a length of the French gave way, and thus afforded the disordered troops time to close their ranks again.

Rodolf de Nesle had thrown himself with the utmost impetuosity on the five thousand citizens of Ghent under John Boriout, in order to pursue the soldiers of Rodolf, and so bethought himself of another plan. He hastily formed his three hundred men into two new battalions, and posted them behind the line of battle, one close in the rear, and the other further back in the meadow; he then ordered the central division to give way before the next attack of the French. When Rodolf de Nesle had collected his scattered troops, and restored order amongst them, he made another vigorous attack upon the men of Ghent; the centre fell back immediately, and the French, thinking that they had at length closed the Flemish division, and that his five thousand men formed a compact circle, and the thousand Frenchmen were caught in a net. Then began a fearful slaughter; in a quarter of an hour they were hacking, slashing, piercing and trampling down helpless confusion on the ground, shrieking, howling, nothing—they heard nothing, spoke nothing; but proceeded in silence with their work of death.

Rodolf de Nesle continued a long time fighting over the dead bodies of his soldiers, who were covered with wounds and besprinkled with the blood of his gallant followers; his death, he saw, was inevitable. John Boriout beheld the heroic knight with profound sympathy and compassion, and professed to him: "Surrender, Messire Rodolf; I would fain save your life!"

But Rodolf was beside himself with rage and despair; he heard, indeed, the words of Boriout, clearly, and an emotion of thankfulness touched his heart; but the reproach of the seneschal had filled him with such bitter vexation, that he no longer desired to live. He raised his hand and made a sign to John Boriout, as if to take a last farewell of him, and then the same moment, struck dead two of the men of Ghent. At length, a blow from a club stretched him lifeless on the corpses of his brethren in arms. Many other knights, whose horses had been slain under them, would fain have surrendered; but no one listened to them, not a solitary Frenchman escaped alive from the net.

Meanwhile the battle raged with equal fury all along the line. Here was heard a shout—"Noel! Noel! Mount joy St. Denis!" and this was an intimation that at that point the French had gained some advantage; and there the cry—"Flanders! the Lion! all that is French is false! Strike home! to the death!" rose in mighty peals heavenwards—a sign that there some body of French troops was broken and routed.

The Groeningen brook ran with blood and was chequered with the bodies of the slain. The mournful wail of the dying was scarcely drowned by the clash of arms; it was heard, low and continuous like the roll of distant thunder, above the noise of the fight. Spears and clubs flew in pieces; in front of the line the dead lay in crowded heaps. The wounded had no chance of escape; no one thought of rendering them any assistance; and they were either stifled in the marsh, or trampled miserably to death beneath the hoofs of the horses. Hugo van Arckel meanwhile had penetrated with his eight hundred soldiers, to the very centre of the French army, and was so surrounded by the enemy, that the Flemings had lost sight of him altogether. They fought too valiantly, and kept together too firmly, to allow the enemy to break their small but compact mass; around them lay numbers of the French, and they defended the captured banner so well, that the French could not retake it. He had already returned very near to the Flemish camp, when Louis de Forest struck him so tremendous a blow on the left shoulder that his arm was severed, and hung supported only by

the shirt of mail. The blood gushed in streams from the wound, and the pale-ness of death overspread his features; but yet his grasp of the banner was unrelaxed. Louis de Forest was slain by some Flemings, and Hugo van Arckel reached the centre of the Flemish camp, gathered his ebbing strength to utter once more the cry, "Flanders! the Lion!" but his voice failed him, his life's blood was drained, and he sank still grasping the conquered standard, to rise no more.

On the left wing, in front of Messire Guy's division, the conflict was yet more fierce and deadly. James de Chailillon charged the gulls of Furnes with several thousand horses, and had cut down many hundreds of them. Eastachius Sporkyn lay grievously wounded behind the line, and employed his remaining strength in cheering on his men and urging them to hold their ground; but the impetuosity of the onset was too great—they were compelled to retreat. Followed by a large number of horsemen, De Chailillon broke the line; and the fight was continued over the prostrate Sporkyn, whose sufferings were soon ended beneath the tramp of the cavalry.

Adolf van Nieuwland alone remained with Guy and his standard bearer; they worked out of it from the army, and their death seemed certain. De Chailillon made most strenuous efforts to get possession of the great standard of Flanders; but, although Segher Louke, who bore it, had been many times thrown down, De Chailillon could not succeed in his attempt. He waved around it and urged on his men, and death his blows in every direction upon the three invincible Flemings. Doubtless those could not long have continued to defend themselves against such a cloud of foes; but they had previously made such good use of their weapons, that they stood surrounded and protected by a rampart of slain. Mad with rage and impatience, De Chailillon snatched a long spear from the hand of one of his horsemen, and dashed at full gallop towards Guy. He would not fallibly have slain the Count; for he occupied with so many enemies, he did not notice De Chailillon's approach; the spear seemed to be already piercing his neck between the helmet and the surcoat, when Adolf van Nieuwland swung his sword round with the rapidity of lightning, the spear flew in pieces and the life of his general was saved.

The same moment, and before De Chailillon had time to seize his sword again, Adolf sprang over the head of the slain, and dealt the French knight so terrible a blow on the head, that his cheek, and the part of the helmet which covered it, were severed and fell to the ground. The blood streamed from his wound; still he persisted in defending himself, but two mighty blows from Adolf's sword hurled him from his saddle under the hoofs of the horses. Some Flemings drew him out, and having carried him to the rear, hewed him in pieces, taunting him the while with his merciless ferocity.

While this conflict was pending, Arnold van Oudenarde had come to the succour of the French, and changed the fate of the battle. The men of Furnes, thus encouraged, retreated with them; and soon the French were thrown into hopeless disorder. Men and horses fell in such numbers, and the Flemings deemed the battle won, and from the whole line poured forth a loud and exulting shout: "Victory! Victory! Flanders! the Lion! Who is false is false! strike all dead!" And over all the battle field raged the butchers, their arms, their bosoms, and their axes smeared with gore, their hair streaming wild, their features rendered undiscernible by mire and blood, and sweat, yet fixed in a grim expression of bitterest hatred of the French and intense enjoyment of the conflict.

While the first division of the French army was thus defeated and destroyed, the Seneschal d'Artois stood with the second division at a distance from the Flemish camp. As the front of the enemy was not extensive enough to admit of a simultaneous attack with his whole army, he had not thought it necessary to advance. He knew nothing of the fortunes of the battle, but concluded that his troops were certainly victorious; for otherwise, he thought, some of them would have retreated. In the meantime he sent Messire Louis de Clermont with four thousand Norman cavalry through the Neerland wood, to take the left wing of the Flemings in flank. De Clermont had the good fortune to find an ground on this side; he crossed the brook without losing a man, and fell suddenly on the division of Guy. Attacked in the rear by fresh troops, while they were scarcely able to keep De Chailillon's men in check, they found it impossible to offer any resistance. The first ranks were broken, and cut to pieces; the others were thrown into confusion, and all this part of the Flemish army gave way and retreated. The voice of the youthful Guy, conjuring them by the memory of their fatherland to stand firm, inspired them with courage enough; but this was of no avail; the violence of the attack was too great; and all that they could do, in answer to their general's appeal, was to make their retreat as slow and orderly as possible.

At this moment Guy received so violent a blow on his helmet, that he fell forward on the neck of his horse, and his sword dropped from his hand. In this position, stunned and giddy, he could no longer defend himself, and would certainly have perished had not Adolf come to his rescue. The young knight sprang in front of Guy, and valiantly that the Frenchmen were effectually prevented from striking the Count. In a short time his arm waxed weak and weary in this desperate conflict; his blows became ever slower and weaker; and the countless strokes that fell on his coat of mail made him feel his whole body bruised and swollen, and he was already on the point of taking a last farewell of the world; for he seemed to see death beckoning to him in the distance. In

the meantime Guy had been carried behind the line of battle, and had recovered from his wound; he now looked with anguish on the perilous position of his deliverer; and he seized another sword, he was in a moment at his side, and fighting with renewed vigor. Many of the most valiant of the Flemings had hastened after him; and the French would have been compelled to retreat, had they not received fresh reinforcements by way of the Neerland wood. The intrepidity of the Flemings could not avail to check the advance of the enemy. The cry "Flanders! the Lion!" was answered by "Noel! Noel! the victory is ours! death to the rebels!"

The Flemings wavered, broke their ranks, and were thrown into inextricable disorder. The marvellous efforts of Guy failed to prevent their retreat; for there were at least ten horsemen to one Fleming, and the horses either trampled them down or drove them back with an irresistible impetus. Half of them fled before the advancing foe; great numbers were slain, and the remainder were so scattered, that they could offer no resistance to the horsemen, and were pursued to the Leyde where many of them were miserably drowned. On the banks of this river Guy continued to form a few of his men in tolerable order; but the numbers of the enemy were too disproportionate to great. The men of Furnes, although their ranks were utterly broken, fought on with a mute and steady desperation; the foam stood on their lips, the blood streamed over their bodies from numerous wounds; but their heroic valor was of no avail. Each of the horsemen already slain three or four of the horsemen; yet their numbers diminished moment by moment, while those of the French were continually increasing; and soon there remained but one hope—one only thought—to die with honor and avenged.

Guy beheld the destruction of his troops, and deemed the battle lost. He could have wept aloud for anguish; but there was no room for grief in his manly heart—a moody rage had taken entire possession of it. In conformity with his oath, he desired to live no longer, and spurred his horse into the very thick of the exulting enemy. Adolf van Nieuwland and Arnold van Oudenarde kept close to his side; so desperate was their onset, that the foe was appalled by their feats of valor, and the horsemen fell, on all sides, as if by magic, beneath their blows. Yet the Flemings were more courageous and stout all slain; the French continued their shouts of victory; for it seemed that nothing could extricate the remnant of Guy's division from their perilous position.

And now there appeared in the direction of Oudenarde, beyond the Gaver brook, an object that glistened brightly between the trees; it drew rapidly near, and soon two horsemen might be distinguished in full career towards the field of battle. One was evidently a noble knight, as the magnificence of his armour attested. His coat of mail, and all the steel that enveloped both himself and his horse, were covered with gold and shone with wonderful brilliancy. An enormous blue plume streamed behind him in the wind, the reins of his horse were covered with silver plates, and on his breast was a red cross, surmounted by the word "Flanders" flashing in silver letters from a black ground.

No knight in the field was so gorgeously arrayed as this unknown knight; but what excited most attention was his unusual stature. He was at least a head above the tallest of the knights; and he was so powerfully built, in body and in limbs, that he might well have been taken for a son of the race of giants. The horse he rode was of a size and strength proportioned to those of its rider. Large flakes of foam flew from the mouth of the noble beast, and his breath rolled in two dense clouds from his expanded nostrils. The knight carried no other weapon than a huge axe of steel, which contrasted strangely with the golden splendor of his armour.

The other horseman was a monk, very meagrely attired; his mail and helmet were so rusty, that they seemed streaked with red; this was Brother William van Saetinghe. In his monastery at Doest he had heard that at Central the Flemings were in conflict with the French; he went at once to the stable, took thence two horses, exchanged one for the rust eaten armour he wore, and spurred the other at his utmost speed towards the battle field. He too was extraordinarily strong and brave; a long sword gleamed in his grasp, and the flash of his dark eye showed that he knew right well how to wield it. He had just fallen in with the wondrous unknown knight; and as both were bent on the same errand, they had continued their ride together. The Flemings turned their eyes hopefully and joyfully towards the golden knight as he advanced in the distance. They could not distinguish the word "Flanders," and so knew not whether he was friend or foe; but in this their extremity they felt a hope that God had set them one of His saints, to deliver them. And everything combined to strengthen their hopes—the gorgeous armour—the extraordinary form and stature—the glowing red cross on the breast of the unknown. Guy and Adolf, who were fighting surrounded by foes, looked at each other with beaming joy—they had recognised the golden knight. It seemed to them as though they heard the death doom of the French; so absolute was their confidence in the prowess and skill of the new warrior. They exchanged a look which said: "O happy chance! there is the Lion of Flanders!"

At length the golden knight came near; and before one could ask whom he came to aid, he fell with such impetuosity on the horsemen, and struck such fearful blows with his axe of steel, that the bewildered foe was smitten with a panic, and overthrew one another in their eagerness to escape from the dreaded strokes. Every thing fell before his crushing axe—behind him he left a clear space, like the wake of a sailing ship on the waters; and thus, carrying death before him, he reached

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THE YEARS BETWEEN.

A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona and Other Stories," "The Teller and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE BENEFACTRESS.

"Strange! I was just thinking of you a few moments ago, and here you are as big as life. How happy you look! Oh, I'm so glad you came to see me! The stout little woman replied smilingly as she placed her work-basket upon the table near by.

Mrs. Atherton was deeply interested in settlement work, and many an hour she piled with her needle to provide clothing for the uncared-for children in the swarming alleys. Her heart was with the poor, and her kindness and riches did much to let in a burst of light upon many a bitter, gloomy Calvary.

The afternoon sun stole merrily into the neat and well kept drawing room and threw pleasant shadows upon the carpeted floor. Mrs. Atherton had spent a busy morning in the downtown streets. In rain or shine, at a certain hour every morning, she could be seen making her house to house visit in the neglected parts of the city, relieving suffering on all sides by word and deed.

"You're a regular Sister of Charity, Mrs. Atherton," Charles exclaimed, when the woman had finished telling him some of her daily experiences among the poor, "and I am sure you find much gratification in your work. After all, our short stay in this town should be a preparation for that eternal Then which awaits us—somewhere at the parting of the ways. You are making other lives happier by your contact with them. The world too, is brighter for the sound of your voice and the warmth of your smile. In short, you are making the most of life."

"Do not know what I would do without those little visits I meet daily on my visits—the little begrimed angels. Born and raised in an atmosphere of crime and degradation, the poor little things hardly know how a kind word sounds. Only to day, I entered a hotel, the like of which I hope I may never see again. In a dark, damp cellar, in one of the tenement houses, I came upon this touching little drama. As I entered the hall, in the light of a tallow candle, I heard the rats scurrying over the wet earth. The heavy breathing of a living person was all that broke the silence around. Upon a bundle of furniture in the room was an old table and a broken chair. I drew near to the sick mother and she greeted me with a wan smile. 'I am so glad you came,' she whispered faintly. The child lay sleeping in his mother's arms—poor, frail little life! A rosemary plant and an old soldier's cap were all that decorated the little room."

"Was there no one around in that dingy place to wait upon the woman?" Charles asked, sympathetically. "No one but the other child, and she, poor thing, looked white as death. Think of a woman being left alone in the supreme hour of motherhood in that hole of darkness and rats!"

"It is pitiful! pitiful!" cried out Charles with emotion. "The sick woman told me she had been alone two whole days, and during all that time, she and her child had not tasted food. 'But where was her husband?'" "Down town spending all his money on drink. 'He knew I was sick,' she told me, and when the baby was born he seemed displeased and left. 'I have not seen him since.'"

"The brute! he deserves to be horsewhipped," Charles interrupted hotly. "I tidied up the dingy place as well as I could, went out and bought some eatables, and in a few minutes a brisk fire was glowing and a feeling of warmth stole through the damp hovel. I made the little mother a good cup of strong tea and she seemed pleased. The tears of gratitude swelled freely from her eyes and when I parted from her, she fairly burst out into convulsive sobs. On the stairway I met the drunken husband. His glassy eyes had a strange look in them. He brushed me aside angrily and stumbled down the steps. When he entered the place, the baby woke from its sleep and cried pitifully. 'Stop your yelling, you little impudent brute! he hissed vehemently, as his knees weakened and he fell to the ground. 'There'll be no sleep for me to-night, I guess, he muttered angrily. Then a volley of curses came from his lips. In a few minutes I heard his heavy breathing in sleep. I returned again this afternoon and he still lay there on the ground, but the poor woman in bed was happy in her new blankets and snowy white pillows. I promised her a dress for the little babe and here it is, Charles. I put the finishing touches on it just before you came."

[And Mrs. Atherton rose and proudly lifted from her work-basket the dainty, little white dress. "It is beautiful," exclaimed Charles. "You will get your reward for all of this, Mrs. Atherton. May you long be spared in the noble work!"

"There are hundreds of women in this city, Charles, who could help the good work along. They spend millions on diamonds; waste whole fortunes on dinners, banquets and other social functions; build homes for their pet dogs, wait upon them, nurse them, care for them and dress them as zealously and carefully as a mother would her child. And yet, these so called leaders of women never think of the thousands that are starving in the hovels for lack of milk and bread. Two real pictures I see every day, full of strange contrasts, the personality of the Divine Galilean visible only in the one where

Poverty toils on and sheds bitter tears. But why talk of these things, Charles? I am afraid I am growing just a wee bit morbid. I hope I have not depressed you."

"Anything touching humanity was dear to the boy's heart, and he drank in all the little heart that came to him as a result of Mrs. Atherton's words. 'Depressed me, Mrs. Atherton? Why, no! Instead, you fill my heart with fresh courage and nerve me stronger for life's battle.' 'Let me see Charles, your school term is nearly over. Is it not?' 'Yes. Only three more weeks and commencement will be here.' 'You must be a happy boy, now that your course is nearly over.' 'Happy and not happy,' thoughtfully answered Charles. 'What's the matter, Charles?' asked Mrs. Atherton, surprised. 'I am happy to know that the course will soon be over. It is a pleasure to think of it but I am afraid it will hold for mother such bitter disappointments.' 'Disappointments? Child! what do you mean?' Charles moved about nervously and his sentences came with great effort. 'Mrs. Atherton—I cannot—do not—want to—become a priest.' 'The woman eyed the boy intently and for some moments neither spoke. 'You're trembling, the boy began again. 'No! I cannot become a priest. It is not my vocation. For the past few years I have felt it, but I dared not tell a soul. Only last night, in the bitter stress of worry, I uncovered my heart to Father Salvini and told him all.' 'And what did he say?' 'He gave me every encouragement, and told me not to worry—that I was the master of my own vocation. If I felt that I did not want to become a priest I was to give up the thought forever.' 'To be sure, Charles. Do not worry about it. It would be foolish to do so, and, besides, we need strong men in the world. All men cannot go to Rome.' 'Yes, but what will mother think of it? It will break her heart. You know she always wanted me to—' The poor boy could go no farther. A sigh escaped Mrs. Atherton's lips. She also knew how his mother would feel. She had set her heart upon his becoming a priest, but then she surely did not want to see her boy unhappy in a vocation which, if once accepted, he could never forsake. 'Dry your tears, Charles! I will write your mother and tell her all and everything will be all right.' 'It is very kind of you, Mrs. Atherton, but then I think you might save yourself all this trouble for when I return home again, I expect it will be to stay there. My arms are strong, and I feel that I ought to work and support mother. She is not strong. In her last letter she wrote that she had had several fainting spells. I think it's my duty to go—but then, I will be hard to forsake my books for the spade or the chisel desk.' 'Surely you do not intend doing this. You have a bright future ahead of you and it would be folly to turn back now.' 'Yes, but what am I to do? The path I see before me leads to the university, but I dare not think of it. It's impossible.' 'Nothing is impossible, Charles. There is no such word for those who have courage and pluck.' 'Ah, you do not understand,' he interrupted earnestly. 'Personally I would be willing to do anything to accomplish my ends, but I am afraid my ambitions are so high that I can never reach them.' 'What course would you like to follow, Charles?' 'Mrs. Atherton, I would like to become a doctor. This suffering humanity about me is calling—calling incessantly for help. Like the sound of her strong, clear voice, I know I shall never be happy in any other calling. But I should not entertain so false a hope.' 'Why, Charles?' interrupted the interested woman. 'What difficulties seem to be standing in your way?' 'Only one, but it is a great, a mighty one.' 'Then name it, child!' 'The climax was now reached. Like a lawyer he had led his questioner to the crucial moment in which his future fate was to be decided. 'Mrs. Atherton, to be plain with you,' he answered, 'the great difficulty in my way is the important question of funds. Mother, you know, cannot afford the expense of a medical course, I am penniless. God gave me to pay, but what am I to do?' Instantly Mrs. Atherton's promise to the boy's mother years ago flashed across her mind. 'If that is all, Charles, then calm your thoughts at once! You shall never suffer as long as I have a dollar left. Therefore, throw all your worry aside! I mean to pay for your education from now on. Only be a good boy, and I will do all I can for you. You shall go to the university when it opens in the fall, and money shall be the last thing that shall stand in the way of you and your cherished ambitions.' 'Thanks, Mrs. Atherton! This is all so very good of you, and I fear I shall never be able to repay you. At some time in the future, however, when fortune smiles upon me, I shall return to you every cent you so kindly advanced for my education.' 'Then you mean to borrow this money from me?' 'Yes, until such a time as I am able to pay it back.' 'But Charles, that is not at all necessary. I am quite willing to give you all this as a present. Your mother and I are bosom friends, and for her sake I would do anything.' 'I shall never be able to accept a cent from you, Mrs. Atherton, upon such conditions. It hurts my manliness, and I would be very unhappy. I appreciate the goodness which inspires such a kindly act on your part, but, Mrs. Atherton, I beg of you to lend me the money. This is all I ask, and I

hope it will not be long before I can pay the debt.' 'Very well then, Charles. Let it be as you wish. Pay me back at any time—ten—fifteen years from now, but remember, consider your own wants first.' A thousand thanks, Mrs. Atherton!

Charles seemed puzzled for a minute, his brow wrinkled, and he continued, 'But what will mother say to all this? She would so like to see me a priest.' 'Leave that to me. I will write her a long letter to night, and tell her all. I know she will be satisfied. Why, gratitude! In two weeks she will be with us here in Billington at your graduation, and then we will celebrate in honor of the prospective doctor.'

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CURE'S ROSE GARDEN.

On his way back to St. Jerome's, Charles could not help feeling elated. Mrs. Atherton had come to his rescue at a most opportune time, and his heart fairly leaped with joy. The obstacles that lay in the path of his ambition were now removed, and no longer shrouded him a promising land, no longer shrouded in purple mist, but clear and bright and sunshiny. In the heart of the boy there were other feelings stirring in this supreme hour. There was a feeling of pain creeping out of all this great joy that he could not subdue. What will his mother say when she hears it all? The disappointment will almost kill her. Charles loved his mother deeply—but, after all, was he, by gratifying his mother's desires, to add misery and unhappiness to his own life?

The first person to meet Charles that afternoon was Father Salvini. 'Well, my boy, how did you fare?' 'Very well, Father. Just think of it, Mrs. Atherton has promised to put me through the university. I shall be rightfully in debt at the end of my course.' 'I know she would stand by you, Charles. There are few such genuine hearts as hers in this weary, strenuous work-a-day world. She is always willing to extend a helping hand. You must be a happy boy now, Charles.' 'I am. If mother will only be satisfied, then everything will be all right. You know I never told her. I never had the heart to tell her that I did not want to become a priest, and now, when she hears it all, I am afraid it will be too much for her, poor soul! You know, Father, she is not very strong.' 'Never mind, Charles. I will write her and tell her all, and when she comes to your graduation, believe me it will be with feelings of joy and pride. I'll write her shortly.' 'Thank you, Father! You are very good. Mrs. Atherton also said she would write. Surely the two letters will bring her some comfort.' 'Rest assured, they will.'

Mrs. Mathers in far away Stanford was very busy arranging her house for her son's home-coming. Only two more weeks she thought and he would be with her, and it would all seem like home again. How she had longed for the day to hear his voice about the house again! Even the little birds near the window seemed to be waiting for the sound of his footsteps. The little study upstairs was neat and tidy, ready to welcome back the busy student from college halls. The flowers in the window looked fresh in the warm June sun. A mother's tender hand had watered them faithfully these long months.

On this particular morning, two days following Charles' visit to Grosvenor street, Mrs. Mathers rose very early. She had a thousand and one little things to do. First of all a number of new pictures had to be hung up in Charles' study. One in particular was to occupy a place of honor. Poor Thady, the cripple, trusted friend of Charles' boyhood's days, had in time developed into quite an artist. One day his father carried him to the river's bank, just a few blocks away. Here, he and Charles had spent many a pleasant hour in the long ago watching the boats come in, loaded down with people and freight. That afternoon Thady busied himself with brush and palette, and, when evening stole quietly around, he had painted the whole scene before his eyes—the blue waters below, spotted here and there with boats and steamers, the lonely mountains full of majesty, and still together in the distance, in a soft, red twilight glow, the many towers and trees that skirted the busy little city. It was a beautiful water color scene.

'I am going to give this picture to Charles Mathers' mother. When he comes home for his holidays,' he said, 'he will find it hanging in his study. It will be a pleasant surprise for him, I know. It will remind him of the days we played together. Ah, then I could use my limbs just as well as any boy. Charles was so good to me, when I had the fever and lost the power of walking, that I can never fully repay him.' Mrs. Mathers hung the picture where the light shone full upon it. She did not seem to notice the rose tinted skies, the blue waters and the lonely mountain. Ah, no! that mother gaze rested upon the two innocent children sitting on the river's bank—the Thady and Charles of those white days of childhood. Her eyes had tears in them. That morning something heavy seemed to be laying hold of her heart. She felt depressed, and at times a sinking feeling would come upon her and almost pull her down.

When she had finished her work about the house she dressed for Mass and hurried down the busy streets as the chiming beat music through the pleasant, morning air. It was the anniversary of Mr. Mathers' death, and the thoughts of the delicate woman stole back to that quiet evening in the far off past when she and Charles and Father Flynn had watched patiently at the bedside of the sick man. Her heart ached within her; she had borne her cross faithfully, but she never forgot the one man she loved in the world. During Mass she pictured Charles standing before God's altar, there in the very spot where Father Flynn was standing, and she could not help think-

ing of her husband. Oh, if he were only here to help share the happiness that would soon be hers!

Mrs. Mathers remained kneeling sometime after the service was over. When she rose to go the church was deserted, and, brushing away a few hot tears, she hurried nervously down the aisle. It was a bright sunny morning. The very winds seemed to pause and listen to the sweet strains of bird music in the many trees and thickets. A clear, warm sun made golden all of Stanford. The Cure's rose garden stood very close to the old church. It was one of the brightest spots in Stanford and the special delight of Father Flynn. An old grey haired man, he loved and guarded it as zealously as a mother did her home. There roses bloomed all the summer long, red and white and yellow, waiting their perfume near and far. Early or late, the old priest could be seen walking the well-kept garden path, book or beads in hand. The little children in passing called to him, the men tipped their hats politely, and the women bowed gently, and the good old Cure had a smile and a kindly word for all. For over half a century he had toiled faithfully amongst his children, and they loved him tenderly. He was a distinguished figure there, amidst the hundreds of beautiful roses, in his plain black cassock and little velvet cap.

When Mrs. Mathers passed the garden she noticed the good priest, breviary in hand, coming down the garden walk. 'Good morning, Mrs. Mathers!' he called out lustily as he made for the closed gate. 'Good morning, Father!' And the two shook hands. The priest noticed that Mrs. Mathers had failed considerably in health since he had last spoken to her. There were heavy, black rings about her eyes, and they had a distant tired look in them. Her face somewhat alarmed him, but he did not want her to read his thoughts just then. 'How are you, Mrs. Mathers?' he asked kindly. 'I have not seen you for weeks. Are you well?' 'Yes, pretty well. Some weeks ago I was not myself, but lately my strength seems to be coming back and I am so glad.'

'And how is Charles?' 'Quite well, Father!' Suddenly her eyes brightened. 'I expect to leave for Billington tomorrow,' she said, 'to visit my old friend, Mrs. Atherton. You know of course that Charles graduates in a week or so. I am so anxious to see him.' 'You must be a happy woman, then, to know that there is much pleasure in store for you.' 'Just then a passing breeze caught up some of the rose perfume and drifted on. 'My! how delicious your roses make the air,' exclaimed the woman. 'And the flowers! they're exquisite. Your garden, Father, reminds me of a regular fairyland.'

'Fray, step inside Mrs. Mathers, and I will pluck a little bouquet for you. What's your favorite color, red or white or yellow?' 'Red for love,' she thought, and gladly she uttered: 'Red, Father, please! I always had a preference for red roses.' 'While the old priest was busy cutting the stems and arranging the flowers, the sickly woman's thoughts wandered to a lonely grave not far off. Then a sigh escaped her lips as her eyes followed the priest, and she whispered to herself: 'How good of him! On my way home, I will visit the Silent City and place the roses upon a lonely grave there, for I know some one in heaven will be looking for me this morning.'

The gentle priest was ever liberal with his roses, though they were treasures very dear to his heart. When a call came in the summer that some one was sick and dying Father Flynn could be seen leaving the rectory with a bunch of roses. They brightened many a sick room, many a last hour as well. And how his children treasured the lovely blooms from the cherished garden! Each little flower seemed to deliver to them some special message, for Father Flynn always carried consolation, comfort and good cheer into the sick room, and hearts warmed and brightened immediately.

'Take these roses, Mrs. Mathers, with my good wishes,' the old priest spoke kindly. 'The reds are particularly bright this summer.' 'Just as Mrs. Mathers raised her hand to accept the flowers, she uttered a sickly cry and staggered for a few moments. Had not the priest caught her, she would have fallen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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'I grow faint,' she whispered— 'A few men in passing saw the staggering form in the garden and in a few minutes were at the priest's side. Father Flynn laid the woman on the grass and ran to the fountain nearby for water.

'Telephone for the doctor—the ambulance! quick!' he cried, somewhat agitated. The excitement seemed almost too much for the old man. In a few minutes the ambulance came and the sick woman was hurriedly removed to her home. Father Flynn accompanied her.

When they arrived the doctor was awaiting them. After a brief examination he shook his head. 'Heart failure, I'm afraid,' he exclaimed. 'There's little hope for the poor woman. She will die.' Then Father Flynn administered the sacraments and said the prayers for the dying. The doctor injected a second stimulant into her arm, but the breathing became slower and slower and finally drifted into a short sleep. 'The doctor again felt her wrist. 'She is dying, Father,' was all he said.

Just then there was a rap at the door. Father Flynn opened it quietly. It was the postman with two letters addressed to Mrs. Mathers, bearing the Billington post-mark. 'The white soul of the sick woman was now hovering on the brink of eternity, and in an instant it passed the foothills of Peace into the great Beyond.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1908.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE.

Brief in duration, divided in opinion and unsettled in execution was the late conference of Anglicans held at London, England. Members, clerical and lay, had gathered together from the four quarters of the British Empire...

the Church by reason of the virtue of justice and the principle of rendering charity to all. Whether this activity be the work of individual effort or the organization of combined capital cannot directly be a question for the official guardians of revelation. Church work went on before monopolies were dreamed of, before feudalism changed the face of Europe...

SUMMER VACATION.

We are back to the good old summer time—and pleasant it is after the long and dreary winter. Most of us are taking a vacation, not we ourselves, but the youngest imp upstairs and the office boy and every one except ourselves. The pressmen and the poor unfortunate editorial staff stay with their job. They are so fond of it that they cannot be parted from it...

Sunday in any but a Catholic way. They see that they can miss Mass all summer—that their parents do not go or trouble themselves about the sanctification of Sunday, and that prayer cannot be so important after all. Another and a worse feature is that the head of the family who has been hard at work all week hurries out of town on Saturday evening to see the family and miss Mass likewise—Sunday goes on without a single representative of the family in the parish church...

MARRIAGE.

There is a great deal of misundertanding about the laws and discipline regarding marriage in the Catholic Church. It is not our intention to write several columns about the matter. The more there is written, the less there is understood. Suffice it to say, then, that marriage should take place before the parish priest and two witnesses, or before another priest, deputed by the parish priest. Otherwise, marriage is not only illicit, but invalid. In other words the contract is not only unlawful, but not a real marriage at all. Dispensations may still be applied for, and obtained. When granted by the proper authority, the dispensation will be valid, and also the marriage contracted under it. But since Easter of this year, it is impossible for any of our Catholic people to be married outside the Church, and to have their union honored by the name of marriage.

IRREVERENT.

Some time ago, in Washington, D.C., there was offered a prayer as follows: "Good Lord, deliver us we beseech Thee, from the jingo, the demagogue, the bigot and all other undesirable citizens, and give us instead the patriot, the statesman, the broad-minded, generous hearted, manly man, that Thy kingdom may come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, for Christ's sake. Amen."

This prayer was offered by the chaplain in the House of Representatives. We do not criticize the style of the chaplain's English, nor the motive of his pious effort. What we consider is the effect of the prayer, or the manner in which "the House" assisted at it. We are told that scarcely had he concluded when hard clapping and loud laughter were heard from various directions!

did he not promptly and severely resent the insult offered to himself and to the God Whom he was supposed to be addressing in prayer? For this was not what has been called "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a congregation."

A BARBAROUS CUSTOM.

It is with infinite pleasure we read in the Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, that the Knights of St. John, a Catholic fraternal organization, in convention at Reading, Pa., last week, passed resolutions against the "treating" custom. This custom is recognized by the Knights as one of the chief causes of too much drinking, and the convention pledged itself to aid in forwarding the agitation against it. It would be an excellent plan were all other Catholic associations to lend their aid in like manner in furthering the cause of temperance. In the different provinces of the Dominion we have thousands of good, steady, temperate men belonging to the different fraternal organizations. Included in the membership are a few who are prone to too much conviviality. If the steady element in these bodies would use their influence to bring about an anti-treating enactment, we feel convinced untold blessings, health and prosperity would be the outcome. Of all the injurious habits prevalent amongst the people of the country, embracing all classes of the population, from the poorest to the richest, the young and the old, we think the treating custom brings about the greatest share of debasement. The glee of the bar room as round after round of intoxicants are poured into the badly-abused stomach, is but dead sea fruit, and punishment severe always follows the carousal. Strange so many men take little note of this as they hie to the bar-room with boon companions, when the week's wage is in the pocket. We hope our Canadian Benefit Societies will take up this matter. The example thus given to the rest of the community will be an excellent one. We trust no one will for a moment imagine that we wish to convey the impression that the members of our Catholic Benefit Organizations are noted for indulgence in drinking intoxicants. Such is not the case. We know as already stated that the vast majority are good, sober, hardworking, honest men who pay heed to their own welfare and that of their families, and that when society meetings are concluded they invariably go direct to their homes. But there are a few who do not. They have an inclination to spend some hours where the flowing bowl is in evidence. We would like to see some movement set on foot for the purpose of bringing this small class to a saner frame of mind.

CATHOLIC PAPERS.

We heartily congratulate our contemporary, the Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, upon the completion of its twentieth year of existence. This admirable publication might be taken as a pattern by a few so-called Catholic papers in the Republic. Unfortunately our neighbors have too many publications calling under the Catholic name which are but the organs of political desperadoes who are seeking some office wherein they may be enabled to practice the fine arts of the grafter and the boodler. The editor of our splendid contemporary, the Review, would not have to travel far from Boston to find an example of this sort of Catholic journalism. Long life to the Review! It is well worthy the support of the Catholic people.

DEATH OF MGR. FARRELLY.

From Belleville comes the sad intelligence that Right Rev. Mgr. Farrelly had died in that city on the 8th instant. In the year 1851 the deceased was ordained a priest. He was raised to the dignity he held at his death by Pope Leo XIII. on the 17th of Dec. 1880. For thirty-four years he was parish priest of St. Michael's Church, Belleville, retiring two and a half years ago owing to ill health and advancing years. During well-nigh two generations the deceased priest held high place in the ranks of the great body of the priesthood of Ontario. Amongst the elderly clergy especially was he well known and respected in a remarkable degree. He had devoted a long life to the work of the priesthood in the archdiocese of Kingston, and few can fully estimate the trials and hardships which he was called upon to encounter in the work of planting and caring for the mustard seed of the faith in a district where his charge consisted of but a small number of Catholics, the majority of whom were in possession of but a limited share of this world's wealth. His heroic endeavors produced abundant fruit and the generation of our day has reason to bestow upon his memory that acclaim which

pertains of right to the good and faithful servant. He had builded well for holy Church—he had given her his best of work in a long and arduous career—and he has gone to his long home receiving and deserving her choicest blessings, while the prayers of his old and beloved flock will be freely poured out to our heavenly Father to give him joy everlasting.

SUPERSTITION.

Incredibly, which is opposed to true religion by way of defect, is no greater evil than certain forms of superstition which are opposed to it by way of excess. In Salt Lake City last week one Titus not the son of Vespasian and Flavia Domitilla, known by his valor at the siege of Jerusalem, but a "divine" healer, was arrested for practicing his profession on, and refusing medical aid for his own children. This illustrates the deranged state of a man's mind that is affected with superstitious notions. Charles Titus had in his home three cases of diphtheria, which he undertook to heal by some legendary process of his superstitious brain. Two of the children died before he would consent to call a doctor, and, not then till the maternal instinct and love of the mother for the remaining child persuaded him to yield. Last Tuesday Mr. Titus went to the county jail and surrendered himself to the deputy sheriff, on the charge of involuntary manslaughter. Another case exemplifying the deranged state of a superstitious brain was reported in the Chicago American last week. It shows to what excesses credulity sometimes carries persons. Here is how the reporter states the case: "The arrest of Mrs. Mary Hunter, member of the 'Pilgrim Brotherhood' of Zion City, who has fasted for thirteen days, was ordered to-day by Chief of Police A. A. Walker, following her refusal to break the fast. Adam Thompson, leader of the cult, who is sought for starving his wife to death after a forty-one days' fast, intending to purge her of the devil, is still a fugitive, and no trace of him has been found in the last twenty-four hours. The warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Hunter charges her with disorderly conduct, and Captain Walker said she would be taken to Waukegan and forced to eat, even if it were found necessary to force food down her throat. "There is no saying to what depths of degradation and folly persons who are superstitious may fall, nor of the misery and evils which they may bring upon themselves and those who are nearest and dearest to them in life. But in declining against superstition, our world be progressive men and women go into the opposite extreme and deny all faith, assuming that all creeds are the result of superstitious training. In the name of science, or what passes as science, they deny the supernatural, and all superhuman intervention in the affairs of mankind. How conclude because certain individuals imagine they have some innate divine power to heal the sick, and others think that it is God's will that they should starve themselves to death, that all faith in God is the result of superstition? This would make faith subsequent to superstition which is historically, as well as logically, wrong. Superstition is an abuse of faith by excess, but how abuse what does not exist? The genuine must be always prior to the counterfeit, as falsehood must be subsequent to truth. The fool who first denied God could not do so unless his existence had been universally proclaimed. Our modern unbelievers, who think they are too enlightened to be under the sway of religion, tell us in the words of the celebrated Roman poet and philosopher, Lucretius, that 'Fear made the Gods,' forgetting that none could be made unless belief in the gods had already existed. Superstition, instead of being an objection to religion, is the strongest argument in its favor, since without true faith it is inconceivable.—Intermountain Catholic.

THACKERY ON THE GREAT MOTHER CHURCH.

How it makes your heart beat when you first see it (St. Peter's)! Ours did as we came in from O'Connell's, and saw a great, ghastly, darkling dome rising up into the gray night, and keeping us company ever so long as we drove, as if it had been an orb fallen out of heaven with its light put out. As you look at it from the Pinello, and the sun sets behind it surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world. \* \* \*

There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself, English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbor cliffs on clear days; one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulfs between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass and not down a portion of the great Mother Church, I believe among us many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pliant, cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants, worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions, and the like commonplaces of Protestant blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars; it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have been burning before for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realized in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday; others, to be blessed as they, walk the world even now, doubtless; and the commissioners

of heaven, here holding their courts a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Is not there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prolates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them? Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest to day who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the Church has just proclaimed a saint—and in his hand they hold by one another till the line is lost up in heaven. Come, friend, let us acknowledge this, and go and kiss the toe of St. Peter.—Thackeray.

A VISIONARY TEACHER.

Professor Charles Zueblin, formerly of the University of Chicago, has been in Boston for some months to teach under private auspices his gospel of free thought and the new way of solving social problems apart from traditional Christianity. The other day, he appeared before the convention of Federated Women's Clubs in Symphony Hall; and, as far as one can gather from his address, the only advice he had to offer these women looking to their development and culture was a recommendation to study evolution; the higher criticism of the Bible and socialism. We feel bound to confess that we admire much more than this speech filled with vague notions the good sense and the good taste of the woman who some days later spoke before the convention on "Scientific and Classified House-keeping; or, How to Make the Home Comfortable and Agreeable." And what is more to be commended, the latter paper was well received. "What possible influence the theory of evolution, or the higher criticism of socialism can have upon the advancement of woman we are left to conjecture. From our reading of what we have been led to believe that woman owes the position of honor and influence which she enjoys in the world to day to the Catholic Church. And the Catholic Church seems to be the only force that has either the inclination or the power at the present time to safeguard her rights, for if the distrust were allowed to continue on a universal scale—and the Catholic Church has been the main bulwark against the increase of this moral iniquity—woman would soon find herself gradually being pushed back into the places which she occupied in Pagan times. The influence which has made human affection what it is rather precious foundations on which to erect her throne of honor. So, when the learned professor enumerates evolution, higher criticism and socialism as the three things which no woman of culture can afford to be ignorant of, we fear he has let want of whereas which has had and still has more power in shaping society and giving woman her present place than these three put together. How singular such an omission is on the part of one who aspires to be a teacher of the higher things of life! Will evolution or higher criticism or socialism be ever able to accomplish for woman what the Church has done? Why, evolution by its own principles is unable to explain the genesis and nature of the higher and nobler sentiments of man. For that reason ever since the publication of Balfour's "Foundations of Ethics," the bottom has fallen out of the theory. In the learned circles of England it scarcely finds a place. For the Protestant community, higher criticism would reduce all revelation to a dead human level and would leave the moral life to be supported by mere human props. It, too, has had a grand eclipse at the hands of some of its ablest exponents, and no longer is heralded as confidently by the real masters of research as it was once their custom to do. And socialism, even of the most acceptable and successful type, even in the full fruition of its hopes of founding a material heaven upon the earth, can never take the place of a spiritual light; for we all know that prosperity and morality do not always go together. The radical defect of all these systems which seek to take the place of the Church in the life of the people is that they are vitiated in their very beginning by unsound principles. Their upholders start from the standpoint—what does man want? whereas true religion begins at the other extreme, what is God's will? They deny the right of God to impose a revolution upon His children and try to settle the problems of life without taking into account the real providence wherewith God governs the world. They have set for themselves an impossible, hopeless task. Professor Zueblin might devote with profit to himself and to those whom he teaches some of the time which he gives to the study of evolution and the higher criticism to an adequate examination of the work of the Catholic Church in the ages that have gone, as well as to a consideration of the tremendous influence which she wields in the world to-day.—Boston Pilot.

O'Connell's Piano.

It is not generally known that Daniel O'Connell's piano is still in excellent preservation, and is actually in daily use for teaching and practicing in the Presentation Convent, Cahirciveen, says the Freeman's Journal. The instrument is a fine Broadwood square, and was purchased by the Liberator in 1830. Surely such a valuable relic ought to be acquired by the Science and Art Museum in Kildare street, as was Tom Moore's piano. O'Connell as a violin player was more than passably on the boy and he had an intense love for music, especially for the Irish songs. In fact, he kept a domestic piper in the Derrynane household, the famous Paddy Jeshu O'Sullivan, highly praised by Lady Chatterton.

AN OLD-TIME TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The squabbles which sometimes take place in temperance societies are not always sheer waste of time. There is another side to the matter, as is shown by the following description of an old-time temperance society which appeared in the Catholic World in 1895 from the pen of the late Rev. Daniel E. McSweeney, I. L. D., reproduced in a sketch of his life in the current American Catholic Historical Researches:—

"I was told of a total abstinence Society, in times gone by, which was very successful. There were some three hundred and fifty men in it. Their meetings were opened with one 'Our Father' and one 'Hail Mary,' and closed with a short prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor. The rest of the time was spent in arguing about the merits of 'By Laws,' some hot suggestions and hotter protests about the disposal of the money in the treasury, etc., etc. Politics were excluded else they might have called each other outside to settle things by physical force. Sometimes it was necessary for the priest to call a halt; but they were always ready to listen to his advice. Some 'tenderfoot's' might have been scandalized, but he was not. He was all the time thinking: 'How much better is this than the saloon! The meeting was always crowded, and both interesting and amusing—perhaps not always to the pastor, but to those whose good he had at heart which is the thing to be considered. The hall was in fact, a sort of total-abstinence saloon, just what was wanted, as it seemed. One of the members, a man of much natural ability, and as what follows will show, not without real humility in spite of his apparent vanity, went by the name of the 'Temperance War-Horse,' he neighed so loudly and pulled so hard to draw their customers from the saloon-keepers. He might be seen of evenings arguing with the loafers on the street corners. At a meeting one night he was talking enthusiastically of the advantages of total abstinence, when a jealous rival in the audience broke out with this interruption: 'Mr. X. is speaking very hard of drinkers, but I remember when he was himself the worst drunkard in this town.'

"The War-Horse was a little nettled at this cruel reference to his former career, but after a short pause conquered his feelings and replied: 'Yes, gentlemen; and this is why I hate drink so much, now that God has been so good as to convert me. We are all in His hands, and I hope that He will help me to persevere. We can't do anything without Him. I hope my friend will pray for me.'

"This was a complete extingisher, and brought much deserved applause, and from no one so much as from the pastor. The speaker then continued: 'If the society wishes to hear an account of my life I will give it to them. I was indeed a great drunkard, and made my home so wretched that my wife and children were in an awful state of unhappiness and distress. Things finally went so far that my poor wife had to put me in the lock-up, though it was sorely against her grain. One day, a friend of hers, Tom So-and-so, was passing our door with an empty coal cart; he backed it up and they put me into it by main force. Two of them had to hold me down in the cart, and they rattled away, as hard as they could over the cobblestones. The distance was over a mile to the jail, and although it is now a long time ago, I feel my bones aching yet from that ride.' (Great laughter and then applause.) 'Ladies and gentlemen I think I ought to know something about the evil of drinking, and if I do, I ought to tell it to others.' The pastor here stood up, and going over to the 'War-Horse' shook him warmly by the hand amid great cheering; so that he came out of the ordeal more respected and influential than before. 'The meetings went on in this way, with a short prayer before and after. The results: These men generally kept the pledge, went to confession and Holy Communion four times a year, took care of their families, etc., giving much edification to both Catholics and Protestants. 'Some well meaning ladies in the town tried to rival the saloon by establishing a sort of reading-room and restaurant, providing all the illustrated newspapers, magazines, and such; but it was no go. There was too much propriety about it. The saloon atmosphere was too cold, and the moral-keepers laughed gleefully at their efforts. . . .'

HIS MOTHER'S BEADS.

A TRUE STORY.

Written for The Missionary by Rev. Richard W. Alexander. I had been all evening in the confessional. At a quarter to twelve I was mounting the stairs that led to my room, when the night bell rang. I went to the door. 'Who is there?' I said. 'A man who must see the priest!' 'But this is no time to see the priest! Is any one sick?' 'Yes, Father, was the answer in a sad voice; 'I am worse than sick!' I opened the door; a man in poor attire stood there. 'Father,' he said, 'do you want to save a soul?' and he stepped in. Usually such a proceeding would put me on my guard. I felt no fear this time, and under the dim light of the hall-lamp I tried to look at the intruder; he took off his cap and I saw a white, ragged face, unkempt hair, a ragged coat and grimy hands. The eyes were clear and earnest, and I waited to hear what would come next. 'Father! I am a burglar and belong to a band! Don't be afraid!'—for started back involuntarily. 'I was once a well educated Catholic, but I have not practiced my religion for years. I have not had work for weeks, and this

very night, I held up a laboring man whom I knew had received his pay. I grabbed his throat in a dark, lonely place, and put my hand in his pocket, and drew out a roll of bills, entangled in a rosary! When I saw the beads, I felt a shiver run through me! Like mother's face came before me! I like a flash I thrust the money back into the astonished man's hand, and said: 'You take that, I will keep that!' and before he could make an outcry I fled down an alley to a shelter, and sat down looking at the rosary!

'I saw our little house in the country and my old mother (God rest her!) sitting in her chair on the porch with her beads in her lap! The sun was shining, and the creatures on the farm were making pleasant noises, but mother was looking at me! I called out, 'Do you want anything, mother?' 'No, son, only that you be a good man! I am saying my beads for you! Father, I heard my voice as plain as I hear my own, and it broke me all up! I determined I would leave the band forever, and see a priest this very night. I had no hope of finding one at this late hour, but I think God had mercy on me when He sent me to you.'

'My son,' I said, 'Do you want to go to confession?' 'That's what brought me here, Father,' said the man. I drew him into a little room where there was always a stole and a grate and he got on his knees and made his confession. It was a strange scene! The darkened room! With only the half-lamp dimly burning outside, the silent house and the solemn tolling of midnight, which rang out over the city.

'But God's work was accomplished and when we stood again at the door, he said: 'Father, you can trust me; I have not a cent in the world, I will return what you will lend me next Saturday.' I put my hand in my pocket; there was nothing but a two dollar bill. 'I am sorry I have nothing more,' I said.

'It will do, Father, I will try to get work and this will give me lodging and a meal till I do. I will be here next Saturday! Good night!' 'God bless you, my son,' I said, 'Good-night!' and I closed the door.

It was long before I slept. The face of the poor man was before me and the little white rosary and the vivid picture of that old mother in her chair on the porch, seemed to follow me even as I dreamed!

'Will he come back?' I thought; and then dismissed the doubt as unworthy. All week I wondered if he would come, I knew he would, some time; but feared it might not be so soon.

Saturday dawned, and in the evening at supper time, a respectable looking man rose from a chair in the hall where he seemed to have been waiting, and approached me as I descended the stairs. 'Father,' he said, 'I came to return your two-dollar bill. I have found work!' I could scarcely recognize him until he spoke, and then I grasped his hand.

'I am so glad to see you,' I said, 'I knew you would come some time, but I was afraid not so soon!' 'I meant to keep my word, Father,' he said, 'and when I made the first break and came to you, I knew the Lord would do the rest, and so He did; I thank Him for it,—Him, and my good old mother.'

'You will come again, won't you?' said I. 'Yes, Father, I'll come next Saturday.' And leaving me at the front door, he went out with a brisk step and disappeared down the street. As I looked at the two-dollar bill, I said to myself:

'O! ye sainted old mothers who pray for your wandering sons, never give up! God can not deny your prayers! They will come back, and there shall be joy in Heaven over the sinner who returns—over the sheep that was lost, and was found through your loving prayers!'

Need I say that he came back the following Saturday, and has come regularly since, leading the life of a good and honest man!

SOME VIEWS ON SOCIALISM.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, in a sermon preached at the Cathedral in that city, mercilessly scored the tenets of Socialism and arraigned the demagogic agitators who are endeavoring to spread unrest among the laboring classes. The subject was 'The Duty of the Individual to the Human Race.' His Eminence paid his respects to those who make a literal interpretation of the fundamental American doctrine that all men are created equal. 'Few sentences in the English language,' he says, 'have been so much perverted and distorted from their true sense as this short proposition. Certainly it cannot mean that all men are created with equal stature, physical strength, intellectual endowments or opportunities. Its obvious import is that all men are born subject to the same physical and moral laws of our nature, that all enjoy the same air and rain and sunshine of heaven, and that all are equal before the law. As long as the world lasts, some men will be rich and others will be poor; some strong and others weak; some talented and others of dull comprehension; some will be enterprising and industrious, and others will be apathetic and indolent. 'It is in accordance with the economy of Divine Providence in this world that there should be, as there has been in the past and there is now and always will be disparity and inequality of station and wealth in every department of human activity. 'The very existence of society requires that some are to command and others to obey. Where this order is wanting, chaos, confusion and anarchy will reign. The army and navy would

become a huge mob and a menace to the peace of the country if the commands of generals and admirals were set at naught. The Church itself would cease to be the great bulwark of social order unless the legitimate powers of the Pope, the Bishops and the inferior clergy were recognized.'

The Cardinal also arraigned the demagogues, whom he termed 'most dangerous and most mischievous individuals to be met with in the community,' who are habitually sowing broadcast seeds of discontent among the people. 'Be content with your position in life,' continued the Cardinal.

'While earnestly aiming to better your economic and social condition, do not be devoured by disquietude and envy toward those who are more favored than you are. 'To those who are in authority I would say, be just to your subordinates. Be kind and considerate to them, remembering that your Master and theirs is in heaven, who has no respect for persons. 'By your benefactions to a struggling brother and sister you confer a triple joy. You give a joy to the recipient of your gift. You give joy to the heart of God and you bring joy to yourself. You possess a delight springing from the testimony of a good conscience. You will have a share in that blessing promised by the psalmist: 'The Lord will preserve you and give you new life, and will make you blessed in the land of the living and will not deliver you up to the will of your enemies.'

FEAST OF THE VISITATION.

THE 'LOURDES' OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Lourdes, in France, the world-famed shrine of the 'Immaculate Conception,' has recently attracted the malediction of satan represented by his satellites and agents in France today. They seem to hold the reins of power at present. Satan transforms himself into an angel of light at times to delude poor mortals. Recently, he suggested the closing of Lourdes, alleging that the vast course of pilgrims numbering from fifty to one hundred thousand annually and drinking from the miraculous fountain germinated disease. We are not aware, however, that any scientific man in France or elsewhere has traced one case of disease from the waters of Lourdes. The regions of devout Catholics in France as well as from every part of the world continue to flock to France to drink from the miraculous Fountain. We presume that it will be consoling for Catholics to know that the cause so dear to their hearts, devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes, will not be exterminated by the legislation of Combes or men of that stamp. If by infamously laws you close a sanctuary and shrine built and established by the subscriptions and contributions of Catholics from the great nations of the world—honored by the flags and banners of some of these countries as well as the votive offerings—if you refuse hospitality to the Queen of the lock-up, your country as she did in Lourdes, then understand that many on this side of the Atlantic will only be too glad to inherit the succession of Lourdes. Recently, we have had a striking example. Thirty-three years ago, the first inspiration of a priest of Nova Scotia, the Rev. William J. Mahony, was to dedicate a parish under the invocation of Our Lady of Lourdes in Nova Scotia. He was blessed with great health and strength, and his Bishop assigned to him a great domain in the vineyard of the Lord, comprising the territory now known by the names of the Rev. William J. Mahony, Thoburn, Merigonish, Louisa, situated mid-way between Stellarton and New Glasgow, was without habitation—only a bush—and yet the devout client of Mary Immaculate fixed his eye on this desert. Thirty-three years ago he commenced to lay the foundation of the pretty village of Lourdes, which now numbers over five hundred communicants, and it is safe to conjecture will number before long one thousand. On this once lonely spot the eye can now rest on a beautiful Church, separate schools, convent, Parochial Hall and the neat comfortable homes of some eight hundred members of the 'Lourdes' parish. Every public building goes by the name of Lourdes. Since Thursday last, one addition to the church, which was dedicated and blessed by the Archbishop of Halifax, the Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy—which brought a great representation of clergy from the diocese of Halifax as well as Antigonish, which witnessed the presence of prominent members in state—which appealed to the hearts of a distinguished representation of other creeds, including clergy, will from now henceforth be reckoned amongst the glories of Nova Scotia 'Lourdes.' The Church addition in question now contains the face simile of original Lourdes. The ceremony of dedication of this grove was appropriately fixed for the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. If Mary visited on that day her cousin Elizabeth, if St. Ann has visited in Canada the shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre, if again, Mary Immaculate visited Lourdes in France why question the very great probability of a visitation of the Blessed Virgin on the 2nd July, 1908, to her grove in Lourdes, Nova Scotia. May not Catholics piously believe that the offering of the shrine by her devoted children, the miners and toilers of 'Lourdes,' Nova Scotia, was acceptable and accepted by her? Is it rash even to hope that she may favor spiritually and temporally those who cannot visit her in Lourdes, France, but who will frequently pray to her in Lourdes, Nova Scotia. Let our Catholic brethren in France feel certain that the stalwart miners of Nova Scotia, who are the constituted guardians of this sanctuary will never suffer any law to close their sanctuary of prayer and the 'Retreat' to which they have invited Our Lady of Lourdes.

The first Mass in the grove was said by the Right Rev. Archbishop of Halifax, at 7 o'clock. High Mass followed, coram episcopo, at 10 a. m. The celebrant was the Very Rev. Monsignor Daly, V. G., Halifax, N. S.; the deacon being the Rev. T. W. McIsaac, P. P., of Thoburn, N. S.; the sub-deacon the Rev. William Ryan; the master of ceremonies Rev. John McLeod, P. P., of New Glasgow, N. S. The assistants to the Archbishop of Halifax were Rev. I. D. McLellan, of Mount Cameron, Antigonish, N. S.; and the Rev. M. Coady, P. P., of Pictou, N. S. We also noticed Rev. Dr. Phil. Walsh, of Londonderry, N. S.; Rev. P. W. Brown, of St. Patrick's, Halifax; Rev. R. McDonald, P. P., Westville, N. S.; Rev. M. L. Ha, P. P., Tracadie.

The religious orders were represented by a large number of the Sisters from the Mother House, Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S., including Rev. Mother Berchmans, the present Provincial, and Rev. Mother F. dejes, her predecessor. What a debt of gratitude is due by the parish of Lourdes to those great teachers who are entrusted with the schools of Lourdes. The splendid results already obtained speak best of their zeal and devotion. The Sisters of the Congregation came from Pictou and New Glasgow, where they also are doing great work in the cause of education. The Sisters of St. Marcelline, Antigonish, so clearly identified with the progress of St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, as well as hospital, which they conduct in same town, were also well represented. The Mass was by Wiegand in F, and the music and singing were of an exceptionally high character as must be expected when we remember the choir is under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. As for decorations all was in keeping with the splendor of church and imposing nature of ceremonies.

We must not forget to mention that the zealous pastor during the past year has entirely renovated interior of church by new galleries, pulpit, painting, etc. The preacher of the day was Rev. O. B. Devlin, S. J. It will be enough to say that he realized the importance of the event, and entered into the subject with all the fervor which actuates every Jesuit when there is question of speaking on the greatness of Mary Immaculate. We shall give our readers a brief synopsis of some of the points treated by the Jesuit Father.

He recalled how some thirty-three years before, the pastor, Father McIsaac and his assistant, Rev. J. D. Donald, students of Laval University, Quebec, although none was then an enthusiastic disciple of Themis and the other aspirant for the altar. How little they realized that to day such an occasion would bring them together. The preacher then said many a prayer on this day would be addressed to Mary Immaculate in this new Lourdes of Nova Scotia—prayers that would count—and he felt certain that none would forget the dear Bishop of the diocese who had to sacrifice, by reason of his infirmities, the consolation of being present at such an event. But may it please Your Grace, remarked the preacher, how privileged we are to have the Archbishop of our diocese to represent our esteemed Bishop and officiate on this occasion. To appreciate the feelings of the people of Lourdes towards Your Grace I have only to direct your attention to the great demonstration of the men of Lourdes on your arrival yesterday, as well as the addresses read by the worthy Mayor of this town, Mayor Mahony, and by Mr. H. Call a prominent official of one of the great industries of Canada. And now turning his attention to the subject which assembled so many important dignitaries of Church and State, the speaker explained the relation of Our Lady of Lourdes with the 'Immaculate Conception.' In the year 1851 the infallible Church defined the great prerogative of Mary—the Immaculate Conception—how, namely by virtue of the merits of Christ applied to her soul by sanctification she was declared free from original sin, the dignity of the dogma being only to explicitly declare what was always implicitly believed at all times in the Catholic Church. It was no new truth. The deposit of revealed truth confided by Christ to His Church could not be altered or permit any new addition or innovation. The Virgin of Nazareth for this special prerogative in view of her divine maternity. She alone was exempted from the great deluge of original sin which respected none of the children of Adam and Eve. Immaculate conception referred to soul and not to the body of Mary. It signified that at the first moment of her conception or at the moment when God created her soul and united that soul to her body, He clothed that soul with sanctifying grace. Whereas with all others, original sin counts in the privation of sanctifying grace, in her case, immaculate conception means she was at the first moment of her conception not deprived but clothed with sanctifying grace. And what reason can we assign for this exception in her case? We say that the dignity of Mother of God, for which God created and chose her, demanded it. This meant that Jesus was going to take flesh from her flesh and blood of her blood. It was not proper for that source to be tarnished at any time by the slightest stain of sin. Mary was the creature promised by God to Adam and Eve as the one to crush the head of the serpent. Without Immaculate Conception satan could say there was a time, however short, when you were my servant—you resembled me by sin. The angels who remained faithful and never sinned would be superior to their Queen. The reasonableness of Immaculate Conception must appeal to everybody who has any understanding of the true meaning of the Catholic doctrine. We said Immaculate Conception was defined on earth in the year 1854. Heaven was not slow to express approval. The world-famed apparitions to the peasant girl of thirteen,

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Bernadette Loubinois, commenced on the 11th Feb., 1858. Miracles and wonders followed which confirmed the truth of visions and prophecies of the child Bernadette. Has science ever been able to disprove the truth of apparitions and miraculous cures effected by the Fountain which our Lady of Lourdes revealed to Bernadette during that month of February, 1858.

Enough to say that not greater miracles have been wrought since the days of Christ and His Apostles. One day Bernadette was requested to ask the name of the Lady of unrivaled beauty and goodness who was daily appearing. She answered: "I am the Immaculate Conception" Thus did heaven signify to earth approval of definition.

The Immaculate Conception was to be the preparation for maternity. It explains how dear to the heart of Mary was purity—how she vowed from childhood virginity—how she would have foregone the dignity of the Mother of God rather than transgress that vow—how the angel could already salute her on occasion of annunciation. "Hail full of grace." Judge what strides in sanctity and purity she must have made from the moment she issues her Fiat—and becomes the Mother of God. Can she be so closely allied with the God of infinite purity, goodness, sanctity without great participation in all these qualities.

Well you know or learn her greatness as well as claims to man's love as she is the Mother of the Word Incarnate and at the same moment can she also be styled the Mother of Redeemer. I mean that at the moment of incarnation the work of man's redemption to be consummated on Calvary has commenced. Surely, there is the victim of Calvary already in incarnation. Surely death of victim is represented in the practical annihilation of that God so great the seat of Blessed Trinity and now in the Tabernacle. The first altar of sacrifice is to be found in that living Tabernacle. The Minister of Sacrifice is Jesus and Mary. Mary issues her Fiat at incarnation, and like Jesus on Calvary, with the same Fiat which permits executioners to nail Him to the Cross. Who suffers most? That mother or that Son? Measure suffering by love for one another. This is fair criterion. As in the incarnation it is the flesh and blood of Mary which are the flesh and blood of Jesus, we on the cross, recognize in the flesh plighted, crucified in the blood streaming from the wounds also the flesh and blood of Mary. Every suffering of Jesus our Savior was felt likewise by his mother. Who will not love her who has sacrificed her Son for us. Who has been honored by God as she was—in one word, who is the Mother of God and Our Mother.

The shrine just to be dedicated is in honor of the Immaculate Conception. It is for the Mother of the Word Incarnate and the Mother of Our Redeemer. Then, O Lady of Lourdes, O Mary Immaculate, recognize us as thy children; show thyself a mother. Count on us as devoted children never to be separated from thee during life or by death, may we hope for the consolation of our last breath and last throbs of our heart we may expire sweetly and piously pronouncing the greatest names that can be heard in heaven or

The present public school system is not only Godless but God exalting.—J. The Church is not, as so many non-Catholics suppose, a mere theory of belief or conduct, but is primarily and essentially a fact, with a clearly defined and authentic history.—M.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

MAN'S NEED OF GOD.

"And Jesus said to His disciples: I have compassion on the multitude, because they have nothing to eat, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way." (St. Matt. xv, 32)

If our divine Lord were to reappear in the flesh to-day, walking amongst men, as He did nineteen centuries ago, He would, no doubt, have with Him again the multitude, attracted by the sweetness of His divine personality. He would see at His feet another of the miserable millions embodying mankind's collective need not only of the bread, the blind, the lame and maimed, casting themselves down before Him to be healed, but crowding around Him a multitude of those who have nothing to eat. Compassion would again be dominant and rule supreme in His Sacred Heart, and who can doubt that the Healer of mankind would again, while healing the sick, not send away the others fasting?

I will not dwell here on the fact that in the present as in bygone times there is scarcely much difference as to the vastness in numbers of those who literally, in plain Gospel language, "have nothing to eat." I will only say, that if the percentage of the poor and needy, of those hungering for their daily bread, has remained unchanged, as great as in the past, it is owing to the prevalent, all but universal love of gain. If, then, the wretched become dependent upon others more fortunate than themselves, their relief is a means to make those who help them like Jesus Christ. But though without such help the wretched multitude must go away fasting and fainting, this sorrowful truth is not the whole truth. The real state of things is still worse. For we consider likewise as we ought to the spiritual and moral condition of the greater number of those that have abundance—that is, that are filled with bread and meat and the other good things of this life—we find that in another sense of the divine text they have nothing to eat. If we only were able to read their souls, it would be seen that, in spite of their bodily fullness, they still are spiritually fasting owing to the void in their hearts.

In this world there is no food which can fill the desire of men's souls. There is, then, not only the danger of their fainting by the way, but there are in reality vast numbers of them who have fallen, what every moment is falling, by the wayside, and away from true life.

We then discover this fact, even more deplorable than the first, because having nothing to eat in the spiritual sense, so many fall away from all belief in God. In the truer and deeper, the mystical sense of the text, we see that there are millions to-day who have nothing to eat, who go about fasting, faint, and who even die in the way.

The experience of past ages bears out when I say that God alone can satisfy the necessities of the human heart and the aspirations of man's soul. In vain has mankind attempted to live without its Creator. "O, old," says the venerable Father Lilloient, "the devil disguised himself as God, presenting himself to the heathen in idols, as the author and the end of everything in the world." Later on, in modern, in our times, men have tried to fill the void within by creatures which they substituted for God. But nobody has succeeded, nobody can succeed without God. The oft-repeated attempt of man to deceive his own heart and soul into the belief that anything but God will still his hunger, has caused only wretchedness and supreme misery.

The truth then is: To-day, as of old, multitudes are without God, without Christ, by their own fault. They will not listen to His words, ponder upon them; will not ask for grace to believe and be filled with truth. No; in pride, in deluded self-satisfaction, in the bustle of life, in the entanglements of passion or business, they suffer life to run on in some faint, half-hearted way, desiring the truth but never, as the Apostle says, coming to the knowledge of it. But we, by God's mercy, have the truth, we have eaten and been filled; oh! let us let us let us be all be faithful to it—for our Lord says: Blessed are you, not because you know the truth, not solely because you possess it, but blessed are you if, knowing it, you live up to it.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

AMBITION, SELFISHNESS AND EXTRAVAGANCE THE ENEMIES OF TRUE HAPPINESS AND MORALITY.

Early marriages should, as a rule, be recommended and promoted by those who have authority and influence over young people, says the Catholic Transcript. The mature and deliberate opinion of our day is in favour of early marriages. Profoundly convinced that early marriage is the great safeguard of youth and the preserver of purity, they have strongly advocated the early marriage of young men.

The morality of the Christian, the wisdom of the philosopher and the knowledge of the man of the world, favor early marriages.

Marriage is the only natural, proper and safe state for the majority of persons living in the world. It is a sure promoter of domestic happiness—the only bliss of paradise that has survived the fall.

The law of Sparta required a man to marry when he became of age; if he did not he was liable to prosecution. The salutary effect of this was seen in the superior morality of the Spartans over the other people of Greece.

nation. Unfortunately a tendency towards late marriage has been gradually growing among the American people, especially in our own large cities.

This is one of the most dangerous and threatening signs of the times. It arises from a love of luxury and display which have overspread the land, and destroyed that simplicity of life and manners, which was once the glory and strength of our nation.

Parents are unwilling that their daughters should marry young men who are not well-to-do, forgetting that they themselves were poor when they were married, and that their wealth has been amassed by long years of constant toil.

Themistocles, when asked if whether he would prefer to marry his daughter to a poor man of merit, or to a wealthy man of an estate, replied: "I would prefer a man without an estate to an estate without a man."

The trend, in our country, is towards wealth and titles. Those who have but little of this world's goods seek to be allied with wealth and those who have wealth covet titles which are foreign to the simple tastes of a republic. Neither appreciate real worth. The consequences of marriages arranged by ambitious parents, on this false basis, have been most lamentable. Divorces in high society to-day are prevalent.

Daughters are unwilling to abandon a life of ease and luxury to share the fortunes of young men who, though poor in a material way, are rich in real worth, and have that which will command success.

A foolish young woman once refused to marry a young man on account of his poverty, whose death was mourned by two continents—the noble philanthropist, George Peabody. Napoleon III, when in poverty in London, solicited the hand of an English lady of rank; she refused him, and his comment on her rejection of his suit was "Madame, you have refused a crown." Young women in refusing young men of talent, industry and virtue, living on the hope of accepting worthless young men of fortune, frequently refuse a life of domestic peace and happiness.

The standard established by young women is so high that many young men despair of reaching it. These women have very expensive tastes that make it well nigh impossible for a man of humble life to support them. The reason alleged by many young men for deferring marriage is that they cannot afford it. When some one mentioned, on one occasion, to Chief Justice Chase that lately a young man of his acquaintance had grown cynical and censorious because he was engaged and could not afford to marry, his remark was that: "Any young man who cannot afford it, cannot support a wife—that is if he is wise enough to select the right sort of person." The Chief Justice had married when he was young, poor and unknown, and his success began with his marriage.

Many of the young in America today are not satisfied to live comfortably; they must live luxuriously. They live as extravagantly as the idle sons of rich men. Necessarily they must live up to, or not beyond their means. They can afford to marry if they will give up expenses which are always useless and often dangerous. An early marriage is the best beginning for the majority. It gives at once an object and aim to life. Marriage is a holy state, established by God, as the ordinary means for the happiness and salvation of the greatest number of the faithful. As a rule it is the safest state for persons living an ordinary life, and for many it is the only one that is safe.

MRS. EDDY'S PECULIAR INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE.

If anything further than Doctor Lambert's exposition of the fatuity of the so-called Christian Science were needed surely we have it here in the words of Mrs. Eddy herself who in her "Science and Health," deals with the Bible in a way that has hardly ever been eclipsed for its intrinsic, yet unconscious, farcicality. Here, for example, is her explanation of some of the passages of Genesis:

"Divide the name Adam in syllables, and it reads a dam, or obstruction. Adam was an obstruction," according to Mrs. Eddy, "because originally man was created out of God's likeness, and was free from sickness and death. But the 'obstruction' excepted, and ever since, man has taken upon himself a material aspect. As a result of this, 'it is a mere chance that the human race is not propagated by the removal of a man's ribs, and the only reason a rib is not the present mode of evolution is because of the change man brought about of his own will from real spirit to gross matter.'"

Further on, we are treated to an interesting, enlightening, and enlightening account of the origin of the human race. It is certain that Adam and all his race, suggests Mrs. Eddy were spiritual, and but a dream of mortal mind. Inasmuch as "Cain went into the land of Nod, the land of dreams and illusions."

Again the "All in All" is, of course, the Eternal Principle. This Eternal Principle, declares Mrs. Eddy, both masculine and feminine. "Gender," she says, "is embraced in spirit, else God could never have shadowed from out himself, the idea of male and female." What does this mean? We don't know. But, says Mrs. Eddy, as if she were elucidating her hyperbolic assertions, we have not much authority for calling God masculine as feminine, the latter being the last, therefore the highest idea given of him.

the dry land being itself "the condensed idea of creation." When God divided the light from the darkness, Mrs. Eddy tells us, it was just to indicate to the mortal mind (which, on her own admission, did not then exist, Adam, or the obstruction, not having as yet "obstructed," according to the text) that "Truth and Error were distinct from the beginning, and never mingled." What does this mean? We don't know.

Mrs. Eddy has reconstructed the Lord's Prayer on behalf of her followers. Here it is: "Our Father Mother God, all harmonious, adorable One. Thy kingdom is within us. Thou art ever-present. (Note the indubitable Modernism in this Revision.) Enable us to know—and in heaven, so on Earth, God is supreme. Give us grace for to-day; feed the famished affections. And infinite Love is reflected in love. And love leadeth us not into temptation, but delivereth from sin, disease (which is "but a dream of mortal mind" only, have an abiding regard for God is now and forever all Life, Truth and Love.)"

Then again, Mrs. Eddy says that "Christ did not come to save mankind from sin, but to show us that sin is a thing imagined by mortal mind, that it is an illusion that can be overcome like sickness and death." Again, the "tree of knowledge which caused Adam's fall, Mrs. Eddy says, was the belief of life in matter, and she suggests that the forbidden fruit which Eve gave to Adam may have been "a medical work, perhaps."

We have seen the portrait of Mrs. Eddy, who is now a very old lady, and that a face so really kind and gentle and beautiful must be the index of many very sweet and womanly qualities. So far, and because she is a very beautiful old lady, and must have been a very beautiful young one, we being "mortal mind" only, have an abiding regard for her. With respect to her production "Science and Health," however, we feel constrained on our conscience, as an honest reviewer, to declare that Mrs. Eddy is either one of two things, namely, an arch humbug, or an eternal assinine.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

FLEEING BACK TO THE CHURCH.

Secretary Taft in a speech last week told a Protestant audience in one of the most bigoted sections of the country that every sane and sensible man and woman in the world must hope and labor for the success of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. That Church was the prop of civilization in the archipelago, and her prosperity meant the progress of enlightenment and the advance of every civic and moral interest in the Islands. This was bold language for a candidate for the Presidency to use, and it marks a volte face in the opinions of the non-Catholic world. Time was, and not so far ago, either, when every step in advance for civil and religious liberty, every uplift of the human race in retirement, was necessarily accompanied by a retrogressive part pass of Catholic influence and activity. The success of the Catholic Church meant disaster for every good cause and every civilizing agency in the world. Kings were the first to take this theory of progress. They first discovered that the Church was the common enemy, and they were her first persecutors. The conflict of the Church with the people is of recent origin, and is an aftermath of her strife with crowned heads. Kings have since discovered and many of them have had the time and leisure in retirement to ruminate upon the question, that in persecuting the Church of God they were undermining their own thrones. They made it possible for the clergy to live only on condition of abject submission to their will. The world has since made it next to impossible for kings to live at all. It may be almost said that all good kings are deposed kings. And those that are not good are getting good. They say an empty brain is the devil's workshop. Kings are kept busy these days trying to keep their crowns straight.

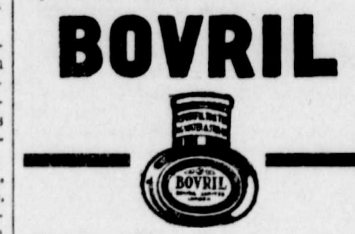
Not only in the Philippines, but everywhere else in the world is the Catholic Church the prop of civilization and the pillar of law and order. We know it in this country, and here the government is friendly to the Church. They do not know it in France, Italy and Spain; but when they have murdered a million or more of each other and brought these countries to the verge of bankruptcy, then they may discover this truth patent to all the rest of the world. A king can no longer walk the streets without an invisible army of detectives to protect him from assassination; and the heads of the infidel republics and mock monarchies are kept busy dodging the man with the bomb. It used to be that the people have no rights, now a king has no rights that the Anarchist or Socialist or Nihilist feels bound to respect. When kings claimed prerogatives to which they were not entitled, the Church fought them; and in turn they persecuted her. Now that peoples claim rights and powers that do not belong to them the Church restrains them, mildly, lovingly, but most firmly. For the time being she is as much hated and persecuted by Free Masons and Anarchist and Nihilist as she ever was by Bourbon or H. Heustaufen. But she has outlived the kings; she will outlive the lodges. It will not be long before the countries that are at present in open rupture with the Church will rush back to her arms for protection from

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the common foe of animalism and diabolism. The kings have "called up the spirits of the vast deep," and by jingo they have come. Only the Church of God can send them back in the swine and then hurl the swine over the precipice.

How strange it is that all thinking men did not discover the truth before. They have been invading the influence of enlightenment and civilization to still the storm of popular discontent. Don't they know that only the Catholic Church has any influence over the masses of the people? Protestants admit that the Catholic Church still holds the common people. They claim to possess the religion of the masses. In this great Republic of the United States the Catholic Church is the only power that makes for religion or morality among the common people. What Secretary Taft says of the Catholic Church in the Philippines can be said of her everywhere: and all good men everywhere echo his sentiments.—Western Watchman.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS "CATHOLIC TRUTH"?

In its issue of June 6, the London Academy comments upon the following sentence which occurs (very appropriately, says the Academy's editor,) in a review of some treatise on Modernism: "We hear occasionally of 'Catholic truth,' which requires the efforts and subscriptions of a society to make it true. Such a conception is absurd. Truth can not be sectarian. We might as well talk of Protestant Mathematics or Jewish Euclid." The idea expressed in this sentence has often been put forth in this country. We have seen it even from the pens of Catholic writers who considered, doubtless, that they were saying something very smart. Its use in the English treatise referred to by the Academy was apparently for the purpose of discrediting the Catholic Truth Society of England, an organization which since its inception has done splendid work for the Catholic cause. This is the way in which the Protestant Academy shows the fallacy of the Hippant sentence:

From this passage we gather, firstly, that the truth needs no defense, and in a secondly that the theory of the people of the Empire to know and like each other better. But the foregoing sentence is not of the empire-building class. The most difficult problem which imperial statesmen have at present to face is being raised by a Province which is neither French nor Catholic, has no "Double-Language drawback," and takes no orders from Italy. As to these orders, they are not really as frequent as Mr. Kipling imagines. We have a strong suspicion that Sir Percy Girouard never asked Leo XIII's permission to build railways for Lord Kitchener in the Sudan, and we even have a doubt as to whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier consulted the Pope's gands on the lawfulness of sending troops to South Africa. As to religious matters, that is another story. Would Mr. Kipling advise his countrymen to renounce Christianity because its Founder was not an Anglo-Saxon?—The Casquet.

It is rather amusing to find Catholic Englishmen debating in all seriousness whether the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would weaken the faith in the Irish people. They say that Englishmen have no sense or humor. We can well believe that some of them at least are wanting in the saving grace of knowing when they are ridiculous. The faith of Ireland could not be dimmed by centuries of persecution, as it likely that it will be obscured by prosperity?

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JULY 18, 1938. CHATS WI. We may be Out physical their duty as part of a final and the real machine may only partially the man's body is in it, but it is more. Here are separateness of mind. Of body may be self be asleep not have "life hardly has may be the playing with pleasures while him, and at may have react physical giant a deformed ap If one enl lower life and the reach of thoroughly all of his nature, at least door He is not wh while realm of action, into w He is not a aspirations w stars, but a m per set view abilities. A may do the b circumstances, t its mission as full blaze of e not the best i that life, for i life is a more. The differ and the man pell itself up; spot, and pro produce a per if he is dis search for a it. If he wi conclusion t than this w serves some seventy year mand the uni will climb t When the s its own digni to be disgust toward the rest at last. Our minds a souls insist o tries out fo the way th come togeth Bishop: In a m Spaulding la cess. He teo esser lies i never tiring in never cea in waiting, ving; in wa in falling ba turning the round and s acting again the law of gr to do now: This is the f that we loo for us in ter we look to surrounding, ment is not it is not po actual enw work where will? If y will you w us but here There is a human boin the beginni be born un cess in mal ing himself honest, sivoient, and no compen this. A ma and if he b man, he ha who has bu is akin to h What is i in doing? or get an ideal of su or get an c some day, greatest c world to d How are j Just as I learn lang I am talki be an exo may happ without la of the gr each m ception, that you h to get mo Sai "Unless of angels trumpet, t harm that elusive pe the false v lie faith, time are j any intent The Cath household is near at mately an nately an Church's, churches, charity, paper is e olio pub) though of the public Catholic duty is a case in a sufficient

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

When a Man Lives. We may be alive and yet not live. Our physical functions may perform their duty as perfectly as the various part of a finely constructed machine...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE DYING SOLDIER

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just like children, we want our way; we want to throw off paternal authority, and be free to think and act for our selves; as if we were not a thousand times wiser and better to have a firm counsellor and guide to lean upon and to direct us. We do obey the Church and respect our priests. Yes, but who knows? If we go on progressing and being independent, if we bring our free and easy talk and our light and flippant ways into Church with us, who knows where it will end?

Let us become attentive listeners, truly in earnest and eager to learn. Let us acquire a little first class information, directly and from the proper source. Let us be loyal and less critical. Let us in a word become more Catholic and less Protestant.—Newark Monitor.

SMASHING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Socialists of the United States have declared war on the Catholic Church. Because Catholic priests and editors have opposed Socialism, the Socialists have taken umbrage and have set out to do what the devil has failed to do, although he has been trying this nineteen hundred years, namely to smash the Catholic Church. A letter received by us asserts that for years the Socialists of this country have maintained a dignified silence in the face of attacks from Catholic priests; but that now silence will give place to action, or, if that is not possible, to a dignified silence is good. We had not noticed either the silence or the dignity. However, the war is now on so the Socialists say. Forbearance, they declare has ceased to be a virtue, and from this forward, it is war to the knife.

The first step taken by the Socialists in the work of crushing the Catholic Church is to resurrect some stale old stories which were set afloat about the Spanish friars by some head East puno Filipino, some seven or eight years ago, but instead of injuring the Catholic Church, instead of inducing any Catholics to leave the Church and become Socialists, this piece of dirty work on the part of the American Socialists will result only in driving out of the Socialistic ranks many who mistakenly believe that Socialism is an economic question simply—having nothing whatever to do with a man's religious affiliations. We prophesy that the filthy weapon of the Socialists will prove itself a boomerang, and will injure them and their cause more than the Catholic Church against which it is slung.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOLY WATER.

A FOUNTAIN OF RELIEF FOR THE POOR SOULS.

Holy water, used with faith and confidence, has always great effect for the good of soul and body, and affords marvellous assistance to the souls in purgatory. The priest blesses water in the name of the representative of the Church whose prayer our Saviour always receives willingly and always answers at once—no matter for whom Holy Church prays. Therefore when we take holy water and sprinkle it on ourselves or on others, present or absent, the prayer of the Church uttered by the priest in the blessing of holy water, ascends anew to heaven, drawing thence the graces and blessings for body and soul imposed by the Church in that blessing. For instance, such sprinkling dispels the power of evil spirits.

But what is the explanation of this power which we claim of sprinkling (so to speak) even distant persons and the poor souls, to their advantage? The explanation is contained in what has just been said. The prayer of the Church fastened, so to say, to the holy water, ascends to the Divine Heart placing under its protection the bodies and souls of those for whom the Church has prayed in her blessing of the holy water. The same thing takes place when one uses holy water for the Poor Souls. How much refreshment therefore can a suffering soul receive through but one drop of holy water, sprinkled for its sake by a member of the Church! Such a drop of holy water may have, and mostly has, much more efficacy than a long private prayer.

For the Church does not assume our private prayers as her own; moreover they are often tepid and distracted. But with the prayer of the Church linked on to the holy water the case is different. This prayer is pleasing to our Divine Lord at all times, and in all places, whensoever and wheresoever, and from whomsoever it may be offered to Him, for it always rises in the name of His spouse, the Church. On this account the Poor Souls long most intensely for holy water, and if we could see how they thirst for it, and the relief which it brings from the Church militant to them as the Church suffering, we should endeavor to give them this alleviation at least each morning and each night.

The Poor Souls are not ungrateful. In the same moment that we sprinkle for them the water blessed by the

He followed it with a statement of the terrific cost at which a Jew accepts Christianity in any form; the disruption of home ties and the loss of friends and means. He also reminded his hearers of the bitterness with which the Jews cherish the memory of persecution and proscription from Christians. Without entering on any judgment of Mr. Freuder, he has given food for thought to all who claim the Christian name, but especially to Catholics, says the Monitor (Catholic weekly) of New York. He is perfectly right in his description of the sacrifices at which the Jew gives up his ancestral faith for that which in the form of Catholicism is its logical completion. Yet during the nineteenth century full quarter of a million Jews became Christians, most of them Catholics. Among these latter are the great names of the Ratisbon brothers and Father Herman the Carmelite.

Christians, even Catholics, have much to reproach themselves for in their treatment of the Jews. Few of them have remembered the example of the great Pope St. Gregory, who compelled restitution to the despoiled Jews of Ferracina, and that Pope Sixtus who bade Christians remember it was of the Jewish family that Christ came. To day, a subtle but still odious antagonism is manifested by an repellant Christians to the Jews. What wonder that the latter reproach us with our unlikeliness to Christ!

A SPICY LETTER.

The new marriage regulations have sown a new crop of gossip for a certain class of light and stupid Catholics to split hairs over; and for the time being at least have turned their attention away from their own parish priest and church, to things in general.

"Isn't it perfectly silly," said one the other day, "about getting engaged in writing? The whole thing to be signed, sealed and delivered?" "I'd like to know," said another, "why I can't go where I like and have anybody I like to perform the ceremony when I am married."

In one family, the members, who had all listened to the same explanation of the new regulations the Sunday before, could not agree at all: each one held out for what he or she thought was said, and drew many wonderful conclusions; but all agreed that the thing was wrong. There is a spirit of critical levity about some Catholics nowadays in matters ecclesiastical that calls for a serious word of correction. It is unbecoming for it is unworthy of a good Catholic; it is an abuse; it is sometimes a scandal.

Every Sunday brings its special quota of idle talk; the sermon, the ceremonies, the choir, the people are discussed, sometimes before the young people; bringing ridicule upon the Church, its regulations, and its teachings.

Even the young folks have a say; and they can be disagreeable and slangy even when speaking of sacred persons and things. All this is perfectly natural; quite the mode of the times in which we live. Wealth, position have not brought with them respect. Education is not engendering reverence.

And these people wonder why the priest is not more sociable; why he does not call; he has been asked to dinner many times, but he always has some excuse. They cannot understand that the whole atmosphere in which they live is oppressive to a priest. Shop talk is all they think he cares to hear; "the Bishop," "pew rent," "the finances," "the school," and they are ready with all sorts of advice; after all the priest is not a financier; that is not his training; why doesn't he do this and that, I don't think that taking door money looks badly?

And so it goes. Is it any wonder most priests prefer to stay at home or to seek the company of their own kind as a recreation from the routine and the drudgery? They go out socially among lay people as little as possible. In their own parish particularly, they rarely if ever pay a social call, preferring that the people should know them only over the sanctuary railing. Once a year they call on all the people. There is no jealousy; the people soon understand and appreciate. Their priest is the father, the friend of all alike in his parish.

Change, movement, drift; we must go with the times, Catholics and all alike. Progress is called, shaking off the shackles. "No clerical interference," a young man said the other day, when the priest advised the association not to hold an evening affair in a particularly common if not disreputable place. Catholics are not priest-ridden. They wear no shackles. To shake off the authority and guidance of the priest, even in our clubs and associations, is to deprive ourselves of the one sure centre of unity and harmony in our centre of unity, is in some way or another eventually to run counter to the Church's ideas of right and wrong in our conduct, is to do something foolish, or worse! Every child that has ever disobeyed his mother, has learned to regret his mistake.

We are not so bad, I know; only naughty and rebellious at times, and

One hour later he was, after a short agony, called before his Maker. He died with the rosary grasped tightly in his cold hands: His last words were: "O, Mother Mary, thou hast saved me: in the other world I shall thank thee forever and ever!" Harry T. Comrade in The Christian Family.

Archbishop Ireland, in an address Monday night at the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence union of the archdiocese of St. Paul, said that drinking among women is on the increase. In speaking of the efforts of the brewers to make the retail saloon respectable, he said: "Unless the decent saloon come quickly, prohibition will come." As for the decent saloon, he doubted if there were such and said that a St. Paul man who had tried to run a decent saloon was compelled to close in two weeks.

If one is entirely satisfied with this lower life and the other life is beyond the reach of his vision, then he is thoroughly alive only on the lower side of his nature, and is possibly dead, or at least dormant, in the upper side. He is not wholly alive, for there is a wide realm of thought, of incentive, of action, into which he has not entered. He is not a well-rounded man, with aspirations which reach beyond the stars, but a man with a narrow and imperfect view of his duties and responsibilities. A flower bush in the dark may do the best it can under the circumstances, but it will never achieve its mission as it would if it were in the full blaze of sunshine. It has life, but not the best kind of life—not an abundant life, for it would have so much more life in a more favorable environment.

The difference between the flower and the man is that the bush cannot pull itself up and plant itself in a sunny spot, and so have every incentive to produce a perfect flower, while the man if he is dissatisfied with himself, can search for a larger faith until he finds it. If he will seriously come to the conclusion that he must have more than this world can afford, that he deserves something better than his seventy years can furnish, and so command the universe to give it to him, he will climb through his foggy doubts and reach the upland of a larger faith.

When the soul becomes conscious of its own dignity and worth it will grow to be disgusted with the husks which the swine do eat and travel toward the Father's house, to rest at last in the Father's embrace. Our minds are bound to find what our souls insist on having, and if the soul cries out for God the mind will clear the way that God and the soul may come together.—George H. Heyworth.

Success stands on Success. In a masterly discourse Bishop Spaulding laid down the laws of success. He told his audience that success lies in working at the thing in which you wish to succeed. It lies in never tiring of doing, in repeating and in never ceasing to repeat; in toiling, in waiting, in bearing, and in observing; in watching and experimenting; in falling back on oneself by reflection, turning the thought over and over, round and about, the mind and vision setting again and again upon it—this is the law of growth. The secret is to do, to do now: not to look away at all. This is the great illusion and delusion: that we look away to what life will be for us in ten years and in twenty years we look to other surroundings. The surroundings are nothing, the environment is nothing. Or, in other words, it is not possible to work except in the actual environment. If you do not work where you are, where will you work? If you do not work now, when will you work? There is nothing for us but here and now.

There is but one real success for any human being born in this world from the beginning until now, or that shall be born until the end, and that is success in making himself a man, in making himself Godlike, in making himself honest, sincere, truthful, just, benevolent, kind, polite, human, and in no compensation for whoever falls in this. A man may have millions of money and if he has failed in making himself a man, he has failed hopelessly. But he who has built up his character is kingly, is akin to his Master and his Saviour.

What is it that you want to succeed in doing? You all want to make money or get an office; that is the American ideal of success. It is to make money or get an office. We will outgrow that some day. Money is good; is the greatest of material powers in the world to day. It is a mighty power. How are you going to make money? Just as I told you that you were to learn language—by working, working. I am talking of the law. There may be an exception, sometimes an accident may happen, so that a man gets rich without labor; but right here is one of the great causes of failure: that each man looks upon himself as an exception. I tell you that this is the law; that you have got to labor if you want to get money, if you want to succeed.

Said by a Priest Editor. "Unless the clergy had the science of angels and the voice of the last trumpet, they could not overtake the harm that is done in homes by the exclusive pursuit of secular aims and by the false conceptions regarding Catholic faith and practice that from time to time are printed—not necessarily with any intent to mislead—in their columns. The Catholic paper is the priest in the household. And we trust that the day is near at hand when it will be as intimately and as formally a part of the Church's many-sided activities as her churches, schools and institutes of charity. Meantime, the true Catholic paper is doing a duty towards the Catholic public as real as any of these, though of a different kind. The Catholic public, too, have a duty towards the Catholic paper. The nature of that duty is sufficiently obvious. This is a case in which, to the wise, a word is sufficient."—New Zealand Tablet.

THE CHURCH IN NEWFOUNDLAND

St. John's, Nfld., June 29, 1908.

Dear Editor,—I have read your paper with deep interest many times, but have not yet noticed herein any items or comments from this Island Home of ours. I do not know whether there is any occasion or not, to have Newfoundland represented in your columns, but I suppose a few lines from here would not be inopportune. I notice that you sometimes take extracts from the sermons of great men, and enlarge upon them in your columns, pointing out their strong features and recommending them in general to your readers. I notice that you often quote the world renowned Father Vaughan, but I should like you to hear some of our orators, and read your remarks thereon. With all due respect to our beloved Archbishop and the other clergy, I am going to mention the name of one of our most dearly revered priests, as being our best soul stirring preacher, from my point of view. I refer now to the Rev. Father O'Callaghan. There are none, to my knowledge, who, having heard his voice, would not willingly listen to him for hours any time afterwards. His words seem to appeal not only to the ears but to the very hearts of his hearers. They carry with them that ring of sincerity, which forces conviction into the hearts of those whose great pleasure it is to listen to his able and eloquent discourse. From what I can gather, he was for many years a man of the world, and is probably on that account, in a better position to speak of the world's actions than most priests, who, from the day they leave their "Alma Mater" commenced to fit themselves for the duties of their sacred vocation. Words cannot picture his attitude sometimes in the pulpit. His whole being is thrown up to his Creator in supplication for sinners, and I honestly believe that the man so loses himself in the sincerity of his prayers, that for the while he is temporarily unconscious that he is in the pulpit—his actions, the observed of thousands of admiring hearts.

You should know, Mr. Editor, that it is a recent custom in our city, to have a ten minute discourse at each Mass, and it is most edifying, I assure you, to see the crowds thronging as near as possible, when our dear Father is seen going to the pulpit. That ten minutes at least, is a time amongst the congregation, when to use a well-worn expression "You could not hear a pin drop." Since does not permit, Mr. Editor, of my enlarging upon the powers of oratory of our other revered priests, but I was tempted to write the above, having just listened to a beautiful and most powerful discourse from his lips, on calumny, scandal giving, and lying in general. He brought us back to a few months ago, when the whole Catholic world, and indeed the world in general, was thrilled with horror at the dastardly act of an assassin who shot down one of God's own consecrated ministers, even at the altar of our divine Lord Himself. His words were most forcible and eloquent, but he compared with this, as being infinitely worse, those liars and calumniators who will not desist, for, as he truly said, the assassin could only take the life of the body, and send the immortal soul hurrying on to its eternal reward, but the liar, the scandal giver strikes at, and destroys the life of God's own image—the soul, wipes away all that is good and pure in a man, his honor, his character, his immortal being.

Everyone of the vast congregation was visibly affected, and he exhorted them all not to be of that class, but to speak the truth and at all times to be charitable. I could cite many such beautiful talks if your time and space permitted. As it is, I fear, I have already trespassing, and I would conclude by asking a divine blessing, that he may be spared to us for many years, to sow the good seed broadcast in our hearts.

Sincerely yours,  
J. J. LACEY.

Pope Joan.

Question.—Was there ever a female Pope?

Answer.—There was not. Of the anaposed female Pope Joan the American Encyclopaedia says: "A fictitious personage, who was long ago supposed to have succeeded Leo IV. in 850, and to have occupied the Papal chair over two years." The story "was completely disproved by David Blondel, a Protestant writer." "It is now admitted that no such person as Pope Joan ever existed."

The Britannica bears the same testimony: "Joan, the name given to a female Pope, now regarded as a fictitious personage."

Johnson's Universal Cyclopaedia speaks of her as "Joan, Pope, a fabulous personage."

The New International Encyclopaedia says: "Joan the name of a supposed female occupant of the Papal chair." Chambers' Encyclopaedia calls Joan "a fabulous personage."

Dr. D. Ringer, in "Papstfabeln des Mittelalters," declares that the myth originated in the thirteenth century.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Haydn's Rosary

The famous musician, Joseph Haydn, was the son of a poor wheelwright at Rohrau, Lower Austria. His father played on the harp, to the music of which his mother would often add that of her charming voice. This it was which first awoke the musical talents of the great composer. One day, when he was in company with several other distinguished musicians, the question arose as to the best way of refreshing the mind when one is wearied with mental labor. "For my part," said one, "I find nothing so effective as a glass of good wine." Another remarked: "When my ideas begin to flag, I quit my work and go into company." "And how is it with you, Haydn?" asked one of his companions. "I take it to my rosary, which I always carry about me," he answered modestly;—"After a few decades I am sure to feel refreshed both in body and mind."—Australian Messenger.

REV. DR. BURKE.

Father Burke, Charlottetown, P. E. I., as he is familiarly and widely known, has received from his Alma Mater, the venerable and noted University of Laval, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In Laval he matriculated in divinity, and there he graduated with high honors in 1885. He was then ordained to the priesthood of the Catholic Church by the late Cardinal Taschereau, and some two years later took parochial control at Alberton. The honor now won, is due to the learning, zeal and ability he has devoted to the service of his church, but in many other fields of useful activity he has also made a name for himself which extends far and wide. He has been most energetic and active in promoting the Tunnel and our transportation interests generally prominent in the local and Maritime Boards of Trade, has gone on repeated delegations to Ottawa in the interests of the Island, and has attained the highest positions among those promoting temperance, forestry, fruit growing, the C. M. B. A., the C. F. A. and other benevolent and fraternal organizations. Forceful and tireless energy in whatever he undertakes have ever been characteristic of Rev. Dr. Burke. A host of friends and admirers will join in congratulations on this latest and highest recognition of distinguished attainments and service.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Religion and Amusement.

Canadian Courier, June 17.  
In the Province of Quebec, the people must go to church on Sunday morning. If they have done so, they may go visiting or play baseball in the afternoon. The Cure decides that the weather looks threatening, he may advise the habitant to go straight home and bring in his hay or his grain. But whether it is playing baseball or harvesting wheat, the people go about with the religious sanction and supervision. The cure looks on and is a continuous protest against evil tendencies. This sort of conduct would not suit the Methodists of Ontario, but who will say that the habitants are less devout, less religious or even less righteous than the mechanics or farmers of Ontario? Can any one deny that the family life of the French-speaking Canadian of the Province of Quebec is more admirable from the social, religious and national standpoint, than the family life of Ontario? Have the childless women of the Protestant communities any reason to be exalted above the mothers of the Roman Catholic communities?

THE PONTIFF'S DECREE EXPLAINED.

CONSTITUTION AND REFORM OF PROPAGANDA.

Rome, July 7.—Besides reform in the propaganda the pontifical decree just issued introduces remarkable modifications in the other congregations. The document consists of three parts, the first being an apostolic constitution reorganizing the congregations through a more suitable division of subjects and eliminating the duplication of authority, and the second is a special law for the regulation of the labors of the alicia rota and secular tribunals. The most important part, the reform is that both civil and criminal litigations are removed from the jurisdiction of the congregations and entrusted to the tribunals of the rota and of the signatura, the congregations only retaining disciplinary powers. A new congregation regulating discipline and sacraments is created, its duties including also questions regarding marriages, while the dogmatic side of the sacraments remain under the jurisdiction of the congregation of the holy office which includes mixed marriages, namely, when either husband or wife is not a Catholic. The Pope remains prefect of the holy office.

The importance of which the Pope also is the prefect, is augmented by its undertaking the creation of Bishops and the surveillance and direction of the rules of diocese and seminaries, and also deciding questions of competence between the congregations.

The tribunal of the penitentiary remains only as an internal court for questions of conscience, all other questions going to the rota in the first instance and then to the signatura as a supreme court.

The rota works in sections of three, five and seven judges or as a whole body of judges. Its sentences must be insisted in detail under pain of nullity. The rota works also as a court of appeal both for sentences pronounced by other courts or sentences handed down by the rota itself in which case the appeal is judged by different judges.

The signatura works as a court of cassation in four cases, the first as an appeal court against an entire sentence of the rota, second alleged nullity; third, suspicion against a rota judge and fourth, to hear suits for damages against rota judges.

Anyone can appeal against the decisions of these courts with or without the assistance of lawyers and a special body of lawyers has been formed, the members pledging themselves to assist the poor gratuitously. The poor are also excepted from paying fees to the court. The decree will be followed by a new code comprising all of the canon law on which Cardinal Gasparri has been working for four years.

In addition to these already mentioned the geographical divisions removed from the jurisdiction of the propaganda include Newfoundland, Gibraltar and Luxembourg. The reforms will become operative next November. The rota will be an international court with ten judges and besides two Italian, French, Austrian, Spanish and Portuguese judges it will now have one English speaking judge. The signatura will be entirely composed of cardinals to what number, however, is as yet uncertain. The practical result of the

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new conditions is that the countries removed from the jurisdiction of the propaganda instead of applying to the propaganda, for all questions to be decided they must apply to a suitable congregation. The creation of new dioceses and the appointment of new Bishops will be dealt with by the secretary of state, after which they will be sent in trust to the congregation of the consistory to carry out the decision. While at present all questions are gratuitously dealt with by the propaganda as established for mission lands, after the reforms go into effect the payment of the usual fees will be exacted. At the Vatican, however, it is remarked that English-speaking prelates always gave as an offering a larger amount than the fee.

TOUR OF GREAT IRISH TENOR.

Ireland's greatest tenor, Joseph O'Mara, will make a tour of the United States next fall and winter under the direction of Messrs. Brooks and Dingwall. He will appear in the romantic Irish opera, "Peggy MacHree," the production which the late Denis O'Sullivan headed last year.

O'Mara is a Limerick boy. He was educated in the Jesuit college in that city, and when a lad sang alto in the cathedral choir of the Limerick Cathedral. He is the youngest son of James O'Mara, J. P., known as the Grand Old Man of the Irish national movement, and many important political questions were discussed in his Limerick home by Butt and Parnell and other leading Irishmen. His brother, Mr. Michael O'Mara, merchant, Market Lane, London, is a first cousin of the great singer. The O'Maras are one of the oldest and most practical Catholic families in Ireland.

Joseph O'Mara's voice developed into such a rare tenor it was deemed advisable to send him to Italy to study. After two years' work he went to London, where he sang the principal tenor role in Sullivan's opera, "Ivanhoe." His success was immediate.

At the termination of this engagement the late Sir Augustus Harris engaged Mr. Michael O'Mara at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and he remained with him until the death of the renowned impresario. During this time he appeared in "Lohengrin," "Carmen," "Faust," "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" and gained immensely in voice and style. This brings him up to the clever portrayal of the principal role in Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien." A year later he appeared in De Koven's "The Highwayman," which was written especially for him. He returned to England at the end of his American engagement and has been since the principal tenor in the Moody Manners English Grand Opera Company.

Notwithstanding Mr. O'Mara's great love for opera, he was not allowed to forsake the concert platform, where he has been equally successful. He has sung all the well known oratorios, including "The Messiah," "Elijah," "St. Paul," "Judas," "Samson and Delilah," "Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and "The Kingdom."

He has the unique distinction of being the first artist in England who sang before the King after his accession to the throne. He is considered to be the finest exponent of the tenor music in Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden" and has been chosen by her to create the tenor parts in her different works.

Mr. O'Mara has seldom, if ever, denied his services to a needy church or convent. A short time ago through his efforts he raised such a large sum that a wing in a hospital for sick children was built. Many a church in Ireland has been enhanced through him and there is scarcely a community of nuns to whom he has not sung.

Bad Popes.

Rev. W. S. Kress in the Catholic Universe, Question.—Do you blame the Protestants for leaving the Roman Catholic Church during periods when Popes that you admit were wicked were at the head of the Church?

Answer.—No Protestant could ever offer that excuse for his desertion, as there have been no wicked Popes since the advent of Protestantism. Even if there had been, that would not justify any one's apostasy from Christ's Church. Would a soldier be justified in deserting his colors because he heard his superior officer curse or knew him to commit some other sin?

THE SIN AND SHAME OF FRANCE.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

France is not doing so well in its spoliation of the Catholic Church in that country. The Pope stands firm. He could not do otherwise. The latest compromise proposed by M. Briand offering to transfer to committees whose composition he defined some \$12,000,000 in the aggregate, bequeathed for the maintenance of infirm and aged priests and for the saying of Masses for the repose of the dead has been rejected by the Holy Father. There was a disposition on the part of a good many representatives of the French Episcopate and priesthood to accept this proposal, but as the New York Sun expresses it, "the head of the Catholic Church has once more preferred poverty to dependence and integrity of faith to insurance of a patrimony."

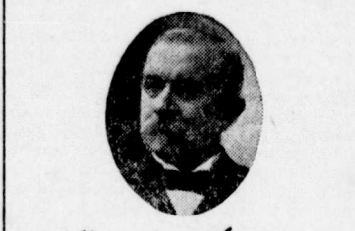
The Church stands undismayed by the assaults that have been made upon it. It has happened, as it has often happened before, that persecution has quickened the piety of the people, and that out of their own store they have provided the means of conducting the ordinances of religion. Where there has been any division of the stolen funds of the Church the division has been so long that the State has received little or no benefit from it. In the Commune of Lyons, for example, the spoils of the Church divided amongst its inhabitants amount to about a centime a head. In the Department of the Rhone the distribution of the moneys of the Church has been equivalent to about three cents a head, and it is estimated that upon the completion of the so called liquidation of the Church's property at the close of half a century, it will be found that each French citizen will have been benefited to the extent of just 15 cents. In the meantime the Government will find it necessary already, to greatly increase the taxes of the people for the support of educational institutions now required to take the place of the religious establishments in which formerly the people were educated.

We are very much gratified, as all other right thinking men must be gratified, at this result. France is finding out that "honesty is the best policy," that stealing will continue stealing whether it be done in the name of the State or by individuals. The question of Church and State in France is not alone a question between the Roman Catholic Church and France, but it is a question that affects all other religious communities whatsoever. The conditions would be the same, and our protest would be as vigorous against the infamy of the State, if the dominant religion of France were Presbyterian instead of Catholic. There may have been abuses in the administration of the affairs of the Catholic Church, there have been abuses in all the churches, but never before in these modern times, we believe, has that State prospered which has despoiled any religious establishment of its possessions.

C. M. B. A.—Mrs. Mary O'Leary, London, wishes to thank her many friends especially the trainmen and C. M. B. A., for their kindness and sympathy shown her during her recent affliction in the loss of her husband.

DIED.  
O'DONNELL.—At Arthur, Ont., on Friday, June 26; Mr. John O'Donnell, aged sixty-nine years. May his soul rest in peace!

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WANTED 4 QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR R. C. S. No. 22, Gloucester Terrace, Ont. One that can teach some French preferred. Duties to begin in August. Apply to Michael H. Kenny, Gloucester, Ont.

SECOND CLASS PROFESSIONAL TEACHER for separate school No. 4, Hilderton, Ontario. Apply to J. D. Hilderton, Sec. Treas., Hilderton, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED—CATHOLIC—FOR Public school section No. 1, Hilderton, Ontario to commence after vacation. Apply at once stating salary and qualifications to John M. Fischer, Secretary, Formosa, Ont.

WANTED FOR SEPARATE SCHOOL No. 2, Massey, Ontario, two female teachers holding 2nd and 3rd class professional certificates respectively and capable of speaking and teaching both French and English. To commence Sept. 1st. Address E. F. Fisher, M. D. St. Joseph's Hospital, Hilderton, Ontario, Ontario.

WANTED FOR ONE OF THE ROOMS of the Seaford 8 parable school, female class female professional teacher. Duties to commence September 1st. Apply to James M. Namara, Sec. Seaford, Ont.

WANTED FOR THE WILKINSON (Catholic) for the junior class in a separate school. Duties to commence on Aug. 1st. Salary \$600 per annum. Apply to Rev. Father Th. Couture, S. J., Wilkerson, Manitowish Island, Ont. State certificate, experience, etc.

WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FIRST or second class professional, for separate school, Hilderton, Ontario. Salary \$600 per annum. Duties to commence on Aug. 1st. Apply to one of L. L. Kramer, Box 27, Hilderton, Ontario.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. No. 2, Arthur. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Please state salary and qualifications. Applications not considered after the 1st day of July. Apply to E. J. Brown, Sec. Treas., Hilderton, Ont.

WANTED TEACHER FOR THE ST. COLMANS 8 parable school, female professional teacher to commence on the 2nd Monday in August. Please state salary and qualifications to Patrick Flannery, St. Colmans, Ont.

APPLICATIONS FOR PRINCIPAL OF ST. JOSEPH'S 8 parable school will be received up to the 15th of July; applicants will please send testimonials and state salary; duties to begin Sept. 1st. John Curran, Sec. St. S. B., Peterboro, Ont.

WANTED A COMPETENT TEACHER to take charge of the first room of the Almonte Separate School. Apply as soon as possible stating qualifications, salary, etc., to John Fay, Sec., St. Mary's Separate School, Almonte, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. SCHOOL No. 8, A. Malden. Duties to commence after summer holidays. Apply stating salary and qualifications to John Dufour, Sec. Treas., North Malden.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. No. 1, Gloucester. For third class professional or third class certificate, with good recommendation. Apply to T. Meagher or Martin Cahill, South Gloucester, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR UNION SEPARATE school, Section No. 3, Hilderton, Ontario, etc., holding a second or third class professional certificate. Duties to begin the 17th August of the present year. Address, enclosing testimonials to James T. Vasey, Sec. Treas., Doroch, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR JUNIOR room Separate School Section No. 5, M. Carmel, Ontario preferred. Duties to commence August 1st. Apply to Joseph Glavin, M. Carmel, Ont.

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MAID wanted for GENERAL HOUSEWORK; two in family. Apply evenings, 386 Waterloo st., city.

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