

The Catholic Record.

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

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A CHURCH TRUST.

A short time ago the President of the Endeavorers said that one trust is needed, and that is a church trust. He must be gratified now to know that the sects have combined in order to pervert the Filipino. The Methodists, etc., have partitioned out the islands assigning to each denomination a Missionary district. The Episcopalians are arm in arm with the Methodists, cheek by jowl are Baptist and Presbyterians, and they are going to wipe out Rome root and branch. It is about time for the unconventional Dr. Rainford to say something. Well, at any rate we shall ere long have a good many fairy tales. But we must say that this Evangelical Church Trust is really in some particulars the greatest thing on earth. It has a bewildering assortment of opinions, and they are all true! This little policy of implying that denominations professing contradictory creeds are all teachers of truth is, of course, degrading to reason, an insult to God, and a breeder of disbelief; but all that does not dampen the enthusiasm of those zealots who are out for blood.

STUDY OF THE FAITH.

It goes without saying that every Catholic should learn and know his faith. That, of course, has been always a duty, but in our age when so many theories and schemes are put forward and championed by individuals of some distinction, it demands even a greater fidelity that will not be withheld by the earnest Catholic. Some years ago the study of Christian doctrine was more in evidence than at present. We had controversies which whatsoever one may think of the good effected by them, were at least calculated to concentrate our attention on the points under discussion. The age of Controversy, however, has passed, and the arena is now occupied by the novelist and scientist who have each his own method of teaching for the new order of things. They are for the most part honest discussion, manliness; they talk mightily about following one's conscience, and allude compassionately to the old-fashioned disputes of the past. They believe in a kind of God—a shadowy twentieth century God—and with a condescension truly touching commend the Sermon on the Mount, and other parts of the New Testament. Their method of attack—for it is nothing else—on the Church, is more difficult to follow than that of the controversialist armed with bits and ends of texts. One hardly likes to dub a dulcet-tongued novelist with a penchant for home-made dogma an enemy, and to place a scientist with a taste for giving mysterious names to things he cannot understand in the same category. But they are, unconsciously if you like, warring against the faith, and the one way to meet and to conquer them is to give a prominent place among our studies and readings to the science of our Christian inheritance. And the more time we devote to that study, the more shall we discover that the bland and unctuous novelist and scientist who compound up-to-date capsules are dangerous humbugs. They believe in following one's conscience. So do we, but it must be an educated conscience and not distorted through our own fault. "Conscience," said Cardinal Newman, "has rights because it has duties; but in this age with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a law giver and judge, to be independent of unseem obligations. Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteenth centuries prior heard of, and could not have mistaken for it, if they had. It is the right of self-will."

But we must not take them too seriously. The conscience business plays an important role in the motive novel; but we are convinced that to those who use it, it has no meaning save that any pretext is good enough to justify blasphemy. They do not mean it, of course, but the pages of some much heralded publications bristle with state-

ments that show how well their authors despise St. Paul's "leading every understanding captive to the obedience of faith."

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

From a letter of Cardinal Vaughan on the Church and Catholic education we quote the following passages which may be of interest to many of our readers. Alluding to the excuses advanced by the parents in order to justify the confiding of their children to non-Catholic guidance he said:

"When parents send their children to non-Catholic schools they generally plead some excuse and try to justify their conduct. The poor say that the non-Catholic is a little nearer; a trifle cheaper; that the teaching is said to be better, etc. The rich say that the public schools of England have a national name; that they give a social prestige which Catholic schools do not; that wealth and fashion patronize them; that they hold out several advantages, social, political or economical; that parents must secure for their sons every possible advantage to enable them to compete successfully in the race of life, and to make a fortune; that in such a matter they must not take too seriously or too literally the Gospel or the Church."

Our Blessed Lord makes short work of all such excuses and calculations. Gentle, merciful and loving as He is, He hesitates not to pronounce a curse upon those who ruin the spiritual prospects of children, as He cursed the blind leaders of the blind, and the hypocritical Scribes and Pharisees. And as to the temporal advantages, sought at such cost to the children, rich or poor, He reminds them: "It is better for thee, having one eye, to enter into life, than having two to be cast into hell-fire."

The reasons mentioned by Cardinal Vaughan we have heard time and again. The one, perhaps, that is advanced oftener than others, is that Catholic institutions have, by some mysterious process, the power of giving the Catholics who frequent them a better chance of success in life than could be otherwise obtained from a Catholic college.

We do not know how this figment was evolved. It may date from the days when we were handicapped by poverty and prejudice, and it may have been invented by those who sought justification for their unflinching attitude towards ecclesiastical authority. But the fact is it exists, and exercises an influence upon the worldly minded fathers and mothers, who will not question themselves as to their paramount duty towards their children.

Again, our colleges are sufficiently well equipped to take care of the education of any Catholic body in Canada. They are progressive enough in all things that pertain to true education, and they are conservative enough to be wary of the blandishment of the strenuous technical education and to aim at, rather, the strengthening of mind and character.

Reminding his people of the dignity of children as outlined by Christ, and admonishing them that in spiritual and religious matters they are subject to the Church, the Cardinal asks: How do Catholic parents scandalize their little ones? and he answers:

"When they send them to non-Catholic schools without necessity; when they withdraw them from Catholic influences, and from Catholic training and discipline; when they expose them to the danger of growing up without a proper knowledge of their religion without love for the Mass, the sacraments, for the Mother of God and the saints; when they expose them to loss of faith and morality by companionship with those who are opposed to the doctrines and precepts of their religion."

THE RULE OF THE PASSIONS.

We say of a man who has no will-mastery: "He is ruled by his passions." They govern him, not he them. Certainly ago an Arab wrote: "Passion is a tyrant, which slays those whom it governs." It is like fire, which, once thoroughly kindled, can scarcely be quenched; or like the torrent, which, when it is swollen, can no longer be restrained by its banks. Call him not a prisoner who has been put in fetters by his enemy, but rather him whose own passions overpowered him to destruction.

One wearies of all but God who never wearies of those Who love Him.—Mon. De. Maintenance.

"HONEST BELIEF."

In his letter which we published in a late issue, and partly commented on, our Montreal Distast says, "Protestants are not willfully wrong in their beliefs."

The greatest Christian philosophers agree that error, false judgments and false beliefs, on all subjects, religious or otherwise, in the natural or supernatural order, have their origin in the will; and are therefore in a greater or less degree wilful. The charge of willfulness must therefore be made against all men who are error. How far this willfulness induces guilty responsibility we do not attempt to say. God alone, by reason of His infinite wisdom, has knowledge adequate to determine how far each rational being has sinned against the light he has, whether that light be of the natural or supernatural order.

The plea that one is not willfully wrong is a plea in mitigation, not in justification. No man intends by a conscious, direct and immediate act of volition to think error or believe the false for its own sake, as men desire to believe the true for its own sake. But, influenced by passion or interest, he may try to persuade himself that the false is the true and the true the false. In thus pandering to his passions and interests, he becomes the victim to invited delusion. Under such delusion it is possible for him to say that he is not willfully in the wrong, because he has bowed to the majesty of truth in trying to make himself believe he believes it.

"If God has spoken, who are not honest men convinced?" asks our correspondent. We will pair the question with the following: "If God has created the material world about us, our own bodies, the sun, moon and stars, why are not honest men convinced that they are?" The latter question is just as reasonable as the former. If there be honest men who deny revelation there are equally honest men who deny the creation of the external, material world about us. The former are called deists, the latter idealists, and Berkeley is their leading modern exponent.

Does the denial of the existence of the material world by this idealist philosopher and his followers make the world less real to our Montreal Distast and the rest of mankind? We venture to say that it affects his belief, and that of mankind in the reality of the material world, as little as a paper pellet shot from a toy pop-gun would affect a Harvardized steel clad man of war, or the rocks of Gibraltar; as little as it affected the every day life of the idealists themselves, whose non-belief in material things did not affect their appetites or prevent them from enjoying a juicy sirloin of roast beef. Their speculations did not dehumanize or derationalize them entirely and permanently, and as a consequence they came down from their altitudes still several times a day, and ate heartily, like honestly hungry men, of what they taught on their stilts had no existence.

Now, if the denial of matter by these idealists has and should have no effect on the belief of the Distast and the rest of mankind who believe in matter, why should the Distast's non-belief in revelation have any effect on the Christian and the rest of mankind who believe in the fact of revelation?

The Distast may say that the idealists, in their non-belief in matter, are exceptions to the belief of the human race, and that therefore their doctrine is contrary to nature, which never lies. To this the Christian replies: Your non-belief in revelation is contrary to the belief of the human race and the voice of the race is the voice of nature which never lies. The human race, as it pleads along, persists in its belief in the reality of the world as in the reality of revelation, heads the idealist and the Distast only momentarily, and as abnormalities.

Let us pair our Distast's question again with another. When he asked, "If God has spoken, why are not honest men convinced?" he implied two things. First, that honest men are not convinced that God has spoken, and that consequently those who are convinced that God has spoken are not honest. As we do not believe he intended this insult to the race, we suggest a slight change in the wording of his question. Instead of asking, "Why are honest men not convinced?" he should have asked, "Why are some honest men not convinced?" The second implication, thrown in, interrogatively, is that the fact that some honest men are not convinced that God has spoken, is proof that God has not spoken. With this explanation we now give the parallel question, which we may suppose to come from an atheist, who denies God, and is addressed to the Distast who believes in God and in creation: "If all nature proclaims and reveals the existence of God, why are not honest men convinced?"

What would our Distast say in reply? Would he yield the implied point in the question and admit that because some men are not convinced by the argument from creation therefore there is no God? Would he for a moment admit that the non conviction of these same men is a valid argument against the existence of God?

We credit him with too much intelligence to think he would. For if he were to admit the validity of such an argument, drawn from some men's inability to see what he himself clearly sees, he would have to give up his Deism and become an atheist; because denying revelation as he does, he has no proof of God except creation, and if he admits that creation does not prove to him the existence of God because some men do not see its convincing ground, he robs himself of all proof or ground for his Deism.

To maintain his present belief, therefore, he must reply to the atheist, who denies God, in the same manner that the Christian replies to himself who denies revelation. He should say: "Sir, your non-vision cannot stand in my mind against my positive and clear vision. Your inability to see is no argument against my ability to see. The absence of capacity in you to see is no proof of absence of capacity in me. The blind man's failure to see the sun at midday can never convince me that I do not see it. The fact that he cannot see it is no evidence that it is not visible. It is, however, evidence satisfactory to my mind that there is something defective in him. In the same way, sir, the fact that you cannot see God through nature, as I can clearly see Him, proves to me that there is a defect in your intellectual vision, and not that I see what is not, but that you do not see what is. I have no objection, sir, to your comparing your capacity to see, with mine; that is legitimate and proper. But I cannot consent to your making your incapacity to see the measure of my capacity to see, and I will not close my eyes because you cannot or will not open yours."

That is the way to answer those who exploit their incapacity as something to be proud of in the way of argument. This eternally sticking their incapacity under our noses looks at first sight like a nosegay of the flowers of humanity! But when we consider its real meaning its odor is anything but refreshing. It means, "What we cannot see cannot be," and then their mole eyes are made the criterion of all the possible and all the real. Everything that is must catch the eye of the speaker or remain in humble non-existence.

What we have made the Distast say to the atheist can be said with equal force to himself when he denies revelation. He cannot see that God has made a revelation. But the human race has always seen it and believed it. Which is the more probable, that the whole race sees what is not, or that a few Distasts see not what is? That the whole world's optic nerve is overstrung? or the Distast's just a little understrung?—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

OUR PRAYERS.

Reasons Why Some of Them Appear to Remain Unanswered.

"Unanswered Prayers" is made the subject of the following sensible discourse in the Angelus:

There are selfish prayers which go unanswered. Human lives are tied up together. It is not enough that any of us think only of himself and his own things. Thoughts of others must qualify all our requests for ourselves. Something which might be good for us, if we were the only person, it may not be wise to grant because it might not be for the comfort and good of others. It is possible to overlook this in our prayers and to press our interests and desires to the harm of our neighbor. God's eyes take in all His children, and He plans for the truest and best good of each one of them. Our selfish prayers which would work to the injury of others He will not answer. This limitation applies specially to prayers for earthly things.

There is yet another class of prayers which appear to be unanswered, but whose answer is only delayed for wise reasons. Perhaps we are not able at the time to receive the thing we ask for. A child in one of the lower grades of the school may go to a teacher of higher studies and ask to be taught this or that branch. The teacher may be willing to impart to the pupil this knowledge of higher studies, but the pupil cannot receive it until the rudiments have been mastered.

There are qualities for which we may pray, but which can be received only after certain discipline. A ripened character cannot be attained by a young person merely in answer to prayer. It can be reached only through long experience. There are blessings which we crave and which God would gladly give, but they come only through long and slow process. God delays to answer that in the end He may give better things than could have been given at the beginning. An immediate answering would have put green fruit into our hands. He waits until it is ripe.

Fiat Voluntas Tua.

"Thy will be done" is the sum of all true worship and right prayer. The rest is aside from the divine purpose, and could it be realized would make the world a chaos or a desert. We should not love the flowers if it were always spring; and our purest pleasures would pall did not pain and loss come to teach us their worth.—Bishop Spalding.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

God in His infinite mercy and wisdom had decreed from all eternity that without the shedding of blood there shall be no redemption, no remission of sins. It is, therefore, from the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ alone that our salvation comes. There is no redemption, no washing away of iniquity, except in the Precious Blood of our most dear Redeemer. We can never praise and glorify too much the price of our redemption.

It is through His Blood that Jesus communicates to us every blessing; all the graces we receive are laid up for us in His Blood as in a storehouse. The devotion to the most Precious Blood of Jesus therefore brings us in a closer union with Him. Through this devotion we come nearer to Him, and the virtues of faith, hope and charity are strengthened and renewed in our souls.

This spiritual union is of great importance to Christians, especially in our days, because the knowledge of Christ and His love is the centre of a virtuous life, and is at the same time the pledge of eternal happiness, as Christ Himself assured us. The spiritual misery of so many Christians is caused by the fact that the knowledge of Christ and His love is becoming more and more lost to them.

We belong to Jesus; His divine Blood was the predetermined price of our redemption. He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of the whole creation. He should be the aim and object of our life. But indeed how many are there who lose sight of Him, their God and Redeemer, their last end? They may as yet call themselves Christians, but they have no more left of Christ than the more name. And why does it happen that there is so much in our times? It comes from the fact that the world tries to expel Jesus from the family, from the schools, and from public life and public affairs. And without Jesus there is no blessing and no salvation. Devotion to the Precious Blood of Jesus strengthens our faith in Him, the Son of the living God, and the Redeemer of the world. Who can doubt this when he sees Him bleeding on the Cross, and thus shedding His Precious Blood as the ransom of our sins?

Every doctrine in theology is a call to the Precious Blood. Every ceremony in the Church tells of it. Every sermon that is preached is an exhortation to the use of it. Every sacrament is a communication of it. Everything holy on earth is a fruit of the Blood of Jesus." (Faber).

The Blood of Jesus is our only hope. It is the hope of our redemption and of the forgiveness of our sins.

What can excite in us a greater confidence in the mercy of God than the meditation of our redemption? To its fountain God calls the sinners; there they are washed and cleansed from their defilement; there the sinner is lightened of his burden, and a new life for God, and His Kingdom, is in stilled into his soul.

It is also the Blood of Jesus that kindles in us the self-sacrificing love. Man becomes a new nature, "renewed in Jesus Christ." By the Blood of Jesus the soul becomes more and more radiant and fit for any work or suffering that He may have destined for His loving follower.

Every drop of Jesus' Blood is an indisputable testimony that God does not want to condemn the sinner, but to save him for all eternity. Every drop of Our Lord's Blood is a voice that calls to man; God does not want the death of the sinner, but that he may return to life. Have you really any reason to fear and be troubled about the sins of your past life? Behold the devotion to the Precious Blood of Jesus, and the meditation on it, will fill you with hope and confidence. St. Mechthildis in a vision heard how our Lord Himself encouraged the most despairing sinners to the devout veneration of His most Precious Blood, so that they might have confidence in this ransom of their souls, and take their refuge to the price of their salvation. The devotion to the Precious Blood is also the inexhaustible fountain of all graces and blessings which we obtain from our Heavenly Father as often as we offer up to Him the most Precious Blood of His Only-begotten Son. Thereby we also restrain the power of the divine justice, so that God does not always punish us as we deserve for our sins. This Blood was the price and ransom paid to redeem us from the power of the devil and the slavery of Hell.—P. A. Gietl, in the Messenger of the Spiritual Benevolent Fraternity.

ACCESSORIES IN SIN.

At times the actions of some Catholic business men prompts one to believe they seriously deficient in some of the very vital doctrines of their faith. Men who would lash themselves into a white heat at a question of their honesty are often the offenders. If by some smart business turn they manage to substitute inferior goods upon an unsuspecting patron they shake hands with themselves for having driven a good bargain.

It may be that they are only employees and resort to such deceptions upon the positive instructions of their employers. If they were to express

an honest conviction they would tell you he was a robber. Yet it never seems to strike them that they are equally as guilty. They do not seem to understand that they are accessories in the moral as well as the criminal law, and they they are violators of both.

Nevertheless he is on every occasion a thief when he so robs a patron by the command, consent, contrivance, permission of his employer. One is as guilty as the other. Being an accessory to his superior's theft, by virtue of that fact he becomes himself a thief.

Yet we have seen many such men quite regular in their religious duties. There is but one inference: That they do not make their practices a matter of confession. And this forces the query, have they received the Sacraments worthily?

The fact, however, remains that they are thieves, no less than if they had purloined the patron's purse. And restitution is required of them. As much a thief as the man who participates in the profits of stolen goods. These things they learned in their catechism, but it seems that the rivalry of business and the desire for wealth have made it convenient for them to forget.—Church Progress.

THE VARIANCE BETWEEN THE LATIN AND GREEK CHURCHES.

During the first eight centuries there existed no variance between the Greek Church of the East and the Latin Church of the West. But differences and jealousies that gradually developed brought about a separation which finally became formal and fatal in the year 1054 when Pope Leo the Ninth excommunicated the patriarch Michael. The Church of Greece naturally did whatever the Church of the East did, being a part of it.

As a result of the crusades, various Western powers came into possession of Greece and held it for upwards of two hundred years, beginning at about the time of the fourth crusade, in 1204. But this sway of the Franks did not affect the religious belief of the inhabitants. They remained true to Constantinople.

During all these ages there had been growing amongst the theologians of the East a belief in the principle that the Church is a unit not in government, but merely in religious belief and practice, and that when other reasons demand it, the Church of each State or Nation may be entirely free from all jurisdiction coming from foreign authority. According to this principle, each national Church may be independent and autocephalous. Accordingly the Greek Church has gradually been subdivided. Russia and Greece and Roumania and Servia and other countries, whose religion is identical with that of the ancient Eastern Church, acknowledge no ecclesiastical authority of the patriarch of Constantinople.—Rev. Daniel Quinn, in Donahoe's for July.

THREE IMPORTANT RULES.

By Which Uncharitable Conversation May be Avoided.

The Right Rev. Francis Mostyn is Bishop of Merioneth and has jurisdiction over all Wales except the County of Glamorganshire. In a recent pastoral he has pointed out the obligation under which we are placed to practice the virtue of charity and to avoid the contrary vice. We quote the following from his letter:

"As there are many ways of practicing the holy virtue of charity, so there are many ways in which we can offend God by transgressing against His command. It is not our wish on this occasion to bring before your notice the various acts of charity which are incumbent upon us, but rather to warn you against the prevailing vice of uncharitable conversation—of speaking ill of our neighbor.

"If we would avoid speaking ill of our neighbor, if we would overcome the habit of publishing his faults, or of causing mischief by tale bearing, we shall do well to try and put in practice the three rules which are often given us by spiritual writers on this point. The first rule is: 'If you can not speak well of your neighbor do not speak of him at all.' This is a most excellent maxim, for if you talk ill of another, or if you are prejudiced against him, you may be sure that your conversation will be under the influence of this prejudice. The second rule is: 'Do not say in the absence of your neighbor what you would not say in his presence.' For it is certainly unfair to say hard things or to aim a blow at the good name of one who by his absence is unable to defend himself. The third rule is: 'Say not of another what you would not have another say of you.' Let us endeavor to act in conformity with these rules, and we shall find that they will often put a check on our speech and save us from many a sin against holy charity."

The rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep.—James Russell Lowell.

"DRUNK AND INCAPABLE"

BY REV. RICHARD KENNEY.

It was the November fair. The town of R... in one of the Manster counties, was noted, some twenty-five, or thirty years ago, and indeed still is, for the size and attendance of its cattle fairs. It was a bright, brisk, frosty day. The town had been filled, long before day broke in the eastern sky, with every variety of beast and man. Sheep lined the foot-paths of the town, huddled closely by the shop walls, and spent their time looking stolidly at the tweeds and fancy millinery of one shop and the porter barrels and whiskey of another, or the bull's eyes, tobacco rolls, and perhaps children's dolls, hair oil or perfume, in a third. The stronger cattle, stall-fed beef, cows, Kerry calves, held possession of the main street, all the approach of the streets and lanes of the town, thronging them to encirclement. On the fair hills were gathered horses and donkeys of every age, shape, blood or degree of activity and stupidity that four-footed beasts may fairly lay claim to.

In a quarter of their own, the vagrant tribe, yeelped and tinkered, and sold their donkeys or their damaged horses and emphasized their assertions by gesticulation or oath, or jargon, or technical slang, all their own. Watching them from a respectful distance, captivated by their strange habits and the number of their women and children congregated in carts, with all their household goods about them, but fearing to approach nearer, stood a lad of ten or twelve years of age, absorbed in the curious scene before him.

The boy had stolen away for a short while from beside his father, whom you will come with me. I will point out to you in the fair below, in the market square of the town, standing beside a cartload of young pigs he has for sale.

Dull and uninviting surroundings these, you will say; nevertheless we will go on a moment to picture still further. The square is full of carts, and each cart is full of squeaking young pigs.

Cast your eye around that vast throng of people from the smartly got-up gentlemen going into the hotel yonder, to the poor worn-out ballad-seller with his short foot, who leans on his crutch, and calls over his shoulder to make a penny for his evening meal; from that vendor of old clothes, who from his perch exhibits his wares, calls out their prices, and proves to the dullest intellect there that everything is dog cheap (thereby earning his title of Shan Shan, or cheap jack), to the brave burly farmer in his heavy overcoat of fritz, that has disposed of his score of soot-flecked bullocks. Look at that multitude of human beings. Each man there, I ween, has a history of his own. Where did all these sleep last night? Where did they eat their dinner yesterday? What did they do last week? What are they thinking now? Here is a man, small and slight and quiet, standing beside his rail of "slips" (i. e. young pigs); he is father to the little boy watching with curious eyes the motley crowd on the fair hill; that man smiles at those who come near, he puts questions or makes replies, likely and gaily; he seems as any other little to trouble his heart there is a tale. Oh!

The wintry sun has faded. Those who look up to the sky see signs of a thaw; clouds are gathering around the horizon, and the wind has veered to south. The lamps are just lighting along the streets, and through every avenue approach to the town below, gusty draughts, preasing rain.

"Are you going home now, father?" said the boy.

"We are, my child."

"And will it be long, father? I'm tired and sleepy."

be sure, prices are low, but things could be worse, and when she'll see all that, won't her heart brighten?—and she'll know we'll be able to pay all with the help of God, and then she'll see how God will give her back to me and the little ones again."

His wife was twelve or thirteen weeks in bed, hovering between life and death. He had no nurse to attend her, and he was unable to pay for one; but he attended her himself, and night after night for the length of time he neither changed his clothes nor stretched on a bed, but lay on a bag beside the turf fire that burned low on the hearth—the bag his couch, while an armful of turf supported his head.

These, friend, are but the simple annals of the poor sign of affection of frequent occurrence, thank God! although hidden and unknown.

She had been drawing nigh towards the time of an expected birth, when the first shock was given her by the arrival of a legal document. It gave notice that they were to be ready to quit their little home, and their humble home. Taken sick, unexpectedly, she lay in the pangs of child birth, when the bedding on which she lay was removed from her in the name of the law. Nay, friend, this pen knows whereof it writes. The few cattle followed; their lowing as they were driven from their accursed pasture fell on her ears and sounded to her distracted, unacquainted mind with sad foreboding, as might the ominous and dismal howling of a lonely dog at night. She turned on the straw which alone remained to her for bed, and with what pain, nervousness and fear, she lay there, her head on the pillow, and her hands clasped in prayer, and her eyes fixed on the wall, and now the time was up when this humble man—this man of lowly position, but sensitive, and of an affectionate nature—had promised that he would have the money.

His crop of oats was threshed. Did you see him threshing it? Before dawn a light was in the kitchen of that yellow wall; he had no outhouse, no barn, no office wherein to separate the grain from the straw. All day long, from early morning, he threshed, and threshed with the aid of his little boy, who sat on the high, pliable flail. His one rest was while he was preparing a drink for his wife or cooking his own meals. When the day was over he "tidied" the house, said his prayers—oh, so fervently!—saw his little children to bed, and after lingering long by the bedside of his wife, went to his rest on the coal bag filled with straw lying beside the kitchen fire, and laid his head on the armful of peat to snatch what broken and troubled rest he might on that rude couch.

Saturday night came; he was working late into the night, filling, with the aid of his little boy, the few sacks of corn that represented his week's toil. When the sack is about half filled, you know, a stout stick is thrust into it and plunged vigorously around on all sides, in order to make the corn rush into and swell out every portion of the bag; that is called "packing the bags"; it is done that the bags may carry as much as possible. He was not finished on Saturday night—and oh, tell it not where good Christians are—finished the packing after coming home from last Mass on Sunday. The months of these sacks were sewn by candle light.

And now when the peaceful inhabitants are all retiring to rest, he is harnessing his good mare, leading, to travel to the distant place, to dispose of his corn. It is after 10 o'clock at night; he looks out—the stars are glittering in the sky above, the multitudinous stars like pearls shining over the vault of heaven. He knows there will be frost. He goes in turns to the little font beside the bed of his wife, where the holy water is sprinkled; he tells himself it, takes an affectionate farewell of her that lies in bed, puts the mare to the cart, gets everything ready, goes back again to say good bye once more, pulls out on the road, draws his coarse threadbare sleeve across his eyes, blesses himself, and is away upon his journey. It is a lonely travel—the myriads of stars on high, the solitary man with his solitary cart, at the head of his beast; and after walking a few miles—his mind hovering while over the simple scenes in the little home he has left—he stops the horse and climbs on to the top of the laden cart. Then, "as he travels touches his heart."

Has it been your lot to be taken by fate away from the spot that even to this day you will still call home—unconsciously call home? Have you returned by slow approach, and all alone, to that sacred spot, the only spot in all the wide world earth, your heart has consecrated, the only spot that your heart will cherish with an unique love all the length of its days, and that it will love the more the farther distance separates you—the only spot whose fresh memory it will carry with gray hair down to the grave? Have you returned in the night time, or at least in the day, with a brooding spirit and brooding heart? That road led to the spot where for you, lone man, the years of childhood and young manhood had passed. Every turn on the way brought him nearer to it. The heights and hollows on the road, the thicket of wood or grassy mound, the fairy fort, or ancient church, the old Desmond castle now in ruins, or the blue lake, ever young, by the verge of the wood, the very trail of the roadside fence were familiar to him; they seemed to know him, hold communion with him, and recalled days and scenes and forms and friends that had faded—oh, good by to all he once had loved, now faded into the softened and tender past. Tears were gathering in that poor man's eyes, when all of a sudden the light of the rising moon awakened him from his reveries. He looked up; it stood, that rich shield of golden hue, glorifying the eastern horizon; it shone down upon an ancient family home going now, like the straggling world around it, to decay. It was there he was born; there he was nurtured; there he was married; there with his wife he ought to have been now, but that he had married her and she was penniless.

With a jerk of the reins he brought the mare to, jumped off the cart, and lest any tempting thoughts should occupy his mind he pulled out his beads and in haste began his rosary.

On the frozen roads and footways, through cold mantling fog the light of the winter morning struggled to appear, as he approached the outskirts of the city, after having travelled during the night some twenty miles and more. Far ahead he could not see; the fields on either hand were invisible; a thick hoar frost stood on the mane and ears of the poor beast, that for all its travelling still held high its head, as a mameleke ought, and

moved as jauntily as if it were beginning its journey. On the nap of the driver's forehead, on his hair eyebrows, beard, rested the hoar frost. He pushed to and fro, sometimes among the carts and bustle of the city, wholly engrossed in treading his way, sometimes unconsciously wandering back to the little home far away in the country. He sold his corn; and at the store where it was to be taken up, he had long to wait for the length of the number of carts, but that the foreman "starter" happened to be an old schoolfellow, who pushed the rest aside and made way for him. And for all that, the short winter day was wearing apace, while he went to buy some simple present for his wife, a cap for his little boy, some articles of dress for his little girl, and so on. The "animal" had a feed of oats, he himself a steak and a cup of tea, and with somewhat of a cheery heart—cheery because his face was turned towards home—he sat on the side ledge of his cart, and saw the good beast, in respect of his rise of the reins, take the road at a measured trot.

The lights were dim and infrequent in the windows of the neighbors' houses as he reached home. It was with joy that he saw the ruddy light of his own peat fire gleam in the window pane. It was more cheering, it spoke more comfort while he was there, than any lamp light could have done. Two or three lights, for instance, in the house would have been the cause of instant alarm; it would mean bustle or anxiety or unusual stir of some kind; and who would have been the object of that anxiety or stir but his poor wife, who, therefore, felt that the lights were of no candle, but instead the ruddy gleam of the happy peat fire. Hastily he took the horse from the cart, and giving it his accustomed feed, he removed its "tackling" with many a caressing pat and many a soothing word, and then entered cheerfully his humble home.

The little dog that lay dreaming in the angle corner was the first to give him a welcome. Immediately that the noise broke on its ears it recognized its master's steps, and whimpering with joy insisted on being let out, when it manifested its delight in all manner of yelp and grimace. The little boy, who had his cap and rain coat also; the little girl, ran into the woman's room and informed the sick mother that "father was home," as if the poor mother's ears were duller than the dog's or her child's.

The father came in at the door with the little boy swinging from his hand. He laid his hat carefully on the corner of the kitchen table, and turned into the sick woman's room. He did not put off his coat, he did not warm his hands, he did not ask for something to eat, but he went to the bedside of his wife. Softly he related how he had succeeded at the market, retelling as he went all the woe and pain, place and persons they both knew in earlier days. He was not hungry. His affection was keener than his appetite; and when at length he went to the kitchen, which was their dining room, drawing room and room-of-all-work, and sat to his meal consisting of potatoes, and some other food, he kept warm by the fire, and delicious sheep's milk that had been boiled and was now cool—the bedroom door of his wife stood open, and they continued the conversation.

That was Monday night; in an hour or two it would be Tuesday; but before that time the house grew silent, the homestead lay in a gloom, and the poor father, laying himself as usual on the bag of straw by the fire, with the armful of turf for a pillow, was soon rapt in sleep. Shortly after the witching midnight the cock, from the roost over the kitchen door, where all the feathered tribe was gathered, sent the haunting ghosts of his night to their proper abode. After the cock crows every peasant and peasant's child knows that there need no longer be any dread of ghosts. Some years back, and in remote localities to the present day, the cock is the poor man's alarm clock. Perched on the roost or hurdle above the door, he utters his warning note, and he crows, not punctually, that from time immemorial his crowing at night has been to the watchless peasant what the movement of the sun is in the day, "an indication of the passing hour."

At the call of the cock the man rose from his hard couch; he needed not to had retired to rest, and his first visit was to his wife. He then began to make preparations to carry the "big" pigs to market. The market town for pigs was some eight or ten miles distant, and the squeaking rest-payers were usually brought before the break of day. He went, made his mark, and saw him on the road by the light of waning moon, yet was it high noon, and after before it was paid, and night saw him once again approach his home. The same welcome awaited him as before, the same scenes repeated, but he got to his bed somewhat earlier than the previous night.

The next night, he did not see him on the road more. He was carrying the young pigs to market. We have seen him standing in the fair; we have seen him returning home with his little boy on the cart; sleep overtakes him as his journey on; at a cross roads his little boy calls him to know if he has not a start, mistake the way, draws the poor beast from her own road, falls back asleep again, and they wander aimlessly from road to road; the good beast not knowing whither she is driven, and the child perplexed and disheartened that they are not coming near home, or near some place that he knows, and the poor father fast asleep. Hour after hour passes; the child is seized with alarm and terror; the tears come from his eyes; he tries to awake his father, but the weariness of three heavy days and the sleeplessness of three nights is on the slumbering man, and he cannot be wakened. And so they wander, wander, aimlessly, from road to road, the hungry beast pining for something to eat, the child sobbing and in mortal terror, the father dead asleep, and the cold misty fog surrounding and enveloping all.

At length, as they round a belt of wood, a bright light grew up before them. A number of lights appear; the child does not know what to make of them; he counts them; there is one and another; and a third, and a fourth, and ten and twenty. In greater alarm than ever he tries to awake his father. Two dark figures, of giant proportions they seem in the dim light of the terrified eyes of the child—two dark figures come slowly out of the fog and stand before the cart, and lay hands on the beast and bring it to a standstill. The sudden ceasing of the movement, together with the repeated calls of the child, at last brings the father to consciousness. He wakes up with a

start, is dazed with all the lights around him, cannot recognize where he is, cannot recall the thread of his being; he is brought back to his senses, and in a moment of the wide earth he is—he recognizes, however, the officers of the law.

"Holy Mother!" he exclaims. "Gentlemen, where am I?"

At the moment a civilian stands on the pathway. He has a stop on his shoulder, a hat in his hand, and wears a heavy beard; the policemen touch their caps; evidently he is a magistrate. He once had a public house, is now a private money lender, got to be chairman of the town commissioners, and a justice of the peace for the time being, a man of airy mood, of enviable self-complacency. He has done "a good trade" during the day, has taken in a round sum of money, and "loaned" out just as much, if not more. At present he is evidently satisfied with the day's proceedings, has had a good dinner, and has temperately condescended to a short walk; it is the strict rule of his every night; it is hygienic; he has been thinking of his own good deeds, the tithes he has paid, the alms he has given. He raises his gold eye glass to his eye, and at a glance takes in the situation—may, do not condemn him, we all do it every day.

"Drunk and incapable," the verdict. "Police men, arrest the man!"

The constables touch their caps once more, as much as to say "All right, your honor." His honor gives one look behind to see that his behest is carried out, and seeing the beated peasant with his hands towards the lock-up or "black-hole" as it is commonly called, and the child was placed on a seat with his eyes staring after his father, his pent up feelings burst forth uncontrolled and he cried, while a flood of tears like a morning shower gushed from his eyes: "Oh, my mother! my mother! I want to go home to my mother!" and he trembled and sobbed, as if his little heart would break.

The policeman on duty kind-heartedly thought to soothe him; but the child could not repress his emotion, and hysterically cried, "Oh, my mother! Oh, my mother! I want to go home to my mother!" The father in the dark cell heard the child, and tears burst from his eyes; he wrung his hands and shook his head, as was his custom when deeply moved but said nothing.

"Oh, my mother, my mother! I want to go home to my mother!" sobbed the child.

"But you would not know your way," interposed the kind-hearted policeman.

"Oh, my mother, my mother! I want to go home to my mother!" persisted the child.

At that instant the wind moaned plaintively and a dash of rain rattled rather harshly on the window pane; it but added to the emotion of the child.

of his own strong keep in the distant west. With renewed strength and hopes better than she had first, he resumed his journey. There was no light in any house that he passed to encourage him, but he needed no encouragement now. There was not a wayfarer on the road, but he did not seem to notice that he was alone. The moon was there, God's sweet lamp at night, and nestling near the strong old tree, now not far away, was the home he loved.

At length, at length—how short the distance and yet how long it took to travel—at length he came within sight of the trees that sheltered his home; and before him on the road, half a mile away from home, rejoicing in the moonlight, and welcoming him with every manifestation of joy, was the faithful dog. As he approached the door the hens stirred on the roost and the cock crew. He entered quietly; by the clean swept hearth sat his little sister.

"Oh, mother! father! in the barrack!"

"There are moments when we think we are quite cool, and our hearts farthest removed from thoughts of sorrow, and at that very moment the least word, the slightest incident opens the sluices, and shows (for all our self-complacency) how charged the soul has been with grief."

"Oh, what kept ye? Where is my father?" she asked.

"In the barrack!" he stammered, and burst out crying.

The mother overheard and called him. "Oh, mother! father! in the barrack!"

The mother called the child once more. At that moment the sound of wheels was heard, and the vehicle stopped. The children ran out, and immediately returned clapping their hands.

"Father! father! it is father, mother!"

There are about 200,000 left now in the United States, and the great majority of those are left because they happen to be in the areas that the Spanish Government and the Catholic Church controlled until 1848. It is a proved fact that, take Spanish America all together, the Indian is as numerous there now as in 1520. A reason why these Indians are alive to day is that the missionaries who converted and educated them were Men, with a large heart, they were among them all the time, and came in contact with the whole people as well as with the children, and uplifted all of them together.

THE INDIANS' FRIEND.

A Non-Catholic Editor's Praise of the Catholic's Work for the Red Man.

Charles F. Lummis, the well known historian and editor of The Land of Sunshine, delivered a most interesting address on "Indian Education" recently before the Newman Club, of Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic.

"I have known a great many Indians of a great many tribes and countries," said Mr. Lummis. I have never known a Protestant Indian. I have known several that thought they were Protestants, but never knew one that really was. That Indian system which the Catholic Church and the Spanish Government administered over two-thirds of America for three and a half centuries the root of that Indian was a human being, born of woman and loved by his mother; that he had a father and tended to love him. I would like to be Czar for one week—just long enough to compel every American and every bigot to read the Spanish laws formulated for the treatment of the Indians—Las Leyes de Indios. No other nation in the world—and I am willing to stake my reputation on the statement—put into force laws so noble, so far sighted, so humane as those formulated by the Crown of Spain, with Church assistance, and carried out by the official and clerical administrators.

"Where are our millions of Indians? There are about 200,000 left now in the United States, and the great majority of those are left because they happen to be in the areas that the Spanish Government and the Catholic Church controlled until 1848. It is a proved fact that, take Spanish America all together, the Indian is as numerous there now as in 1520. A reason why these Indians are alive to day is that the missionaries who converted and educated them were Men, with a large heart, they were among them all the time, and came in contact with the whole people as well as with the children, and uplifted all of them together.

You doubtless know for something like a dozen years there has been a great cry raised in regard to "sectarian education" of Indians. In plain language, the fight has been to wipe out the Catholic contract Indian schools. If it is fair to leave out the Presbyterians and Methodists, it is also fair to leave out the Catholics; said the sly politicians. The simple fact that there are one or two Methodist schools and five or six Presbyterian, and fifty Catholic, does not cut any figure, of course! I am opposed to this campaign against Catholic schools, not because they are Catholic, but because they are good schools—the only ones I know of that are doing the Indians lasting good. I have not known a child from a Catholic school who had forgotten his parents or his language. I have not known any of the girls that have gone wrong in the Indian towns who have come from a Catholic school. Not one! But I have known many a girl from Carlisle and other government schools. If there is anything in the world, though not a Catholic, that I admire, it is a Sister of Charity. And it seems to me that any American, not to say any Catholic American, could not better employ part of his money than in aiding the support of the Indian schools conducted by these noble and unselfish women, now frowned upon and even actively antagonized by the partisan employees of the government Indian service."

It is claimed that four cures of the blind and the crippled were effected by miraculous intervention at St. Anne de Beaupre on Sunday last. Singularly enough that day reached about the high water mark of the numbers who worship at the shrine, on pilgrimage bent.

There were six distinct pilgrimages from the West and South, and the assembled multitude numbered not less than 11,000 people. One of the persons cured was a resident of St. Johns, one of Ottawa, and two of Quebec or neighborhood.

The pilgrimages who visited the shrine on this occasion were those of Rev. Father Decare, of St. Henry; Rev. Father Plante, of St. Edward de Naperville; Rev. Father Duhamel, of St. Hyacinthe; one from Ottawa and two from Quebec City and neighborhood.

The announcement of these cures was made immediately after the celebration of High Mass at 10 o'clock, and the persons cured walked in front of the procession both inside and outside the Church.—Montreal Herald, July 11.

Protestant Tribute to a Priest. A number of prominent citizens of Toledo, O., believing that Rev. Edward Hannin, a Catholic priest of that city, had overworked himself in the interests of his parish in the erection of a new Church, quietly collected among themselves over \$1,000, and tendered it to defray his expenses on a health trip abroad. Father Hannin declined the offer on the ground that he cannot this year sever himself from the parish interests.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness. With their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Polysol Nervine. Excellent to gargle with, and ten times better than a mustard plaster, more convenient for the outside. Nervine penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, always inflammation, and cures more than 99 per cent of cases. It is what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nervine is unexcelled as a household liniment. It cures everything.

THE MISTAKE OF PROTESTANTISM.

It may be doubted whether the emphasis which has been placed upon the right of private judgment expresses a sound principle. In no kind of social organization are rights or liberties the primary concern. A family in which it is the first business of every member to assert his own rights, or to magnify his liberty, will not be a united and happy family. In the organic relations of the family, love and duty are fundamental—not rights and liberties.

We may awake, by-and-by, to the fact that the same thing is true of the State. The attempt to base a commonwealth upon the doctrine of rights will probably result in social disintegration. A community in which it is the first business of every citizen to assert his own rights will not continue to be peaceful and prosperous. The social and political disorders which threaten the life of the nation all spring from the fact that the people have been trained to think more of rights than of duties.

By misplacing the emphasis in the same way, Protestantism has introduced into its own life a disintegrating element. Neither the right of private judgment, nor any other right, can be safely asserted as the foundation of the Christian Church. The foundation of the Church is loyalty to Christ, and His Kingdom, all rights to be held and interpreted under that obligation.

The failure to do this—the assertion of the individual will as against the common welfare—has rent the Church into fragments and multiplied creeds and organizations far beyond all the needs of varying tastes and intellects. This is the appropriation of Protestantism; its power is lessened and its life is marred by these needless divisions and by the unlovely competitions that spring from them.—Washington Gladden, D. D., in the North American Review.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A most pathetic occurrence took place here on Tuesday evening last, writes the Bathurst correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, of Sydney, N. S. W. Four little boys, named W. Davies fourteen, Morris twelve, W. Elliott thirteen, and Davies twelve, went out rabbit shooting with a pea rifle. The eldest of them, Willie Davies, fired at a rabbit and missed it. He reloaded and handed the rifle to the boy Elliott to hold while he got a few more bullets from his pocket. The boy Elliott, not knowing the rifle was loaded, pointed it at Davies and touched the trigger, with the result that the ball lodged in the chest of Davies and mortally wounded him. He ran about thirty yards with his hand on his heart, saying, "You've shot me." The boy Morris, twelve years of age, followed him and asked him to say an act of contrition, which poor Willie did, asking Morris to help him to pray. He then asked his brother to kiss him, and to kiss his father and mother for him, and expired in the arms of Morris.

How very sad and yet how beautiful to see these little boys in a skeptical age like this helping their little friend to meet his God! The religion of the Catholic Church was shown here in its true colors. When the case came before the Coroner, Mr. O'Neill, the gentleman was visibly affected at hearing the boys' story. During an experience of twenty-three years on the bench, never before, he said, did such a pathetic scene come before him. He highly praised the boy Morris for his Christian act in directing the dying boy's thoughts to the Almighty.

was a grand and consoling thing to find boys so young knowing their duty so well. The Christian education that must have received was highly to be commended.

When the account of the occurrence was seen in the papers many an eye was dimmed. It was a touching beyond description. The Rev. Father McKelvey spoke a few words about the sad event at the children's Mass on Sunday, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. He pointed out the beautiful teaching of the Catholic schools, and the necessity for everybody to be prepared to meet their Creator, and ways to be in good company, and asked the children to pray for the little boy who was so suddenly called away. The boys were pupils at the Patrick Brothers' schools. Davies and Morris were also altar boys. All the altar boys from the school attended a funeral, marching in procession to the grave.

THE CARE OF CHURCHES.

The Bishop of Fonce, Italy, has set out to the priests of his diocese the following circular: "1.—In all the Churches immediately after feast days on which there have been very large congregations, floors must be disinfected by means of wood sawdust soaked in one tenth per cent. solution of corrosive sublimate. On ordinary days they must be frequently swept, after sprinkling with water so as to rise no dust.

"2.—Every week, and even oftener the pews and confessionals must be cleaned with sponges and cloths moistened with pure water.

"3.—Every week and oftener, necessary, the grille of the confessionals are to be washed and polished. "4.—The holy water receptacles must be emptied every week, oftener, if necessary, and washed with hot water or a solution of corrosive sublimate. "5.—That the provisions of the circular may be carried out, the Bishop has entrusted a service of inspection, requires the payment of fines into

FIEND.

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diocesan treasury for transgression of any of these hygienic rules.

SONS OF LOYOLA

Companions of Jesus! The very words are brimful of meaning! Even as we write them, I in imagination see these black robed apostles working under tropic skies, agonising in dungeons, hungering, teaching, praying, dying at the stake!

this charming young girl in the sweet bloom of her youth?"

TO ABOLISH TREATING.

A suggestion was made at the K of C. banquet last Sunday afternoon which, if generally acted upon, is calculated to effect much good. The speaker, District Deputy Minahan, with fine sarcasm pointed out the rule which debarred liquor men from joining the order and asked, if this course is moral and reasonable—and he would not gainsay it—what about the man in front of the bar and what is he, if a Knight of Columbus, doing to promote the cause of sobriety?

THE CONFITEOR.

The Confiteor bids us look upon God and contemplate His character, and reflect how we have defaced His image within ourselves at the feet of His immaculate Mother, and see how unlike we are to her in purity of heart. Then we turn to the angels who are inflamed with the love of God, prompt in their obedience to the divine will; how does this contrast with our coldness and carelessness? Next we look upon S. John Baptist, the man of penance, the saint of purity and austerity; let his life rebuke ours. Afterwards he holds the Apostles Peter and Paul, who both fell—for the one denied, the other persecuted his Lord—their repentance, their subsequent zeal and devotion should be our example.

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Eruptions

Pimples, boils, tetter, eczema or salt rheum. Are signs of diseased blood. Their radical and permanent cure, therefore, consists in curing the blood.

You May Need

Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

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Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Head Office, LONDON, ONT. Authorized Capital, \$ 500,000

COVAN'S COCA & CHOCOLATE

And get the Choicest Quality PROFESSIONAL DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST HONOR Graduate Toronto University

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THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

The resurrection of the body at the last day, and its existence as the partner of the soul in its joys in heaven or torments in hell, is a cherished article of Catholic faith.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Archbishop Corrigan, at the commencement exercises of St. Francis Xavier's College, in Carnegie Hall, New York Monday night, made a brief address to the graduates in which he denounced Christian Science.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR LADY.

In Miss Susan B. Anthony's address delivered on the opening day of the third annual Convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association at Minneapolis is a passage which seems more than a little strange in view of the purpose of that association.

THE JESUIT'S REBUKE.

A famous Jesuit Missionary had just concluded a successful mission, and was walking up and down the platform of a European railway station, awaiting the arrival of a train to convey him home.

PLAIN SPEAKING AT A FUNERAL.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. In the little town of Palenzi in Saxony lives a very original clergyman, who is known all round the neighborhood for the eccentricity of his preaching which also abounds in personalities.

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"When I came to New York to sell my first invention," Mr. Edison said, "I was largely in doubt as to its value. I knew it was a useful contrivance, but it was with some diffidence that I entered the presence of the manufacturer with whom I opened negotiations for its disposal."

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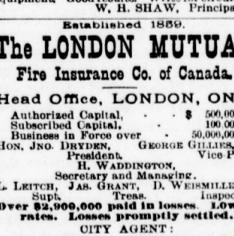
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Prevent Baldness

And Cleanse the Scalp of Crusts, Scales, and Dandruff by Shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP



Prevent Baldness

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.

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

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success, Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, F. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Latisana, Apud. Deleg.

London Saturday, July 27, 1901.

THE CALENDAR.

It was announced several times during the last few years that at last Russia had decided to adopt the Gregorian Calendar with the object to conform itself to the usage of all the Christian States, Protestant and Catholic.

The present year 1901 was also stated to be the time when the proposed change was to take effect; but it now appears from a telegraphic despatch from St. Petersburg that the matter has only advanced to the stage that the change is being seriously considered.

On July 16th a conference was held under the presidency of Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich, cousin to the Czar, to take the matter into consideration. The most distinguished scientists, philosophers, financiers, Churchmen and Government officials conferred, and it was resolved still to weigh well the consequences of a change in their business, religious and political aspects, before coming to a decision.

The matter will be discussed till the year 1903 when it is expected that a decision will be reached; and it is further announced as highly probable that the other states belonging to the Greek Church will follow Russia's lead, whether it be decided to adhere to their present mode of computation of time, or to adopt the Gregorian Calendar.

The Calendar used in the Greek countries is that of Julius Caesar, with certain trivial modifications introduced by Augustus Caesar through personal vanity, and not for any scientific reason.

According to this calendar every fourth year, that is every year exactly divisible by 4, without leaving a remainder, was a leap year consisting of 366 days. The three intermediate years consisted each of 365 days. Thus the average year was reckoned at 365 1/4 days.

The actual revolution of the earth about the sun is accomplished in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49 seconds and a fraction of a second. This is the solar or natural year, and after this period the equinoxes and solstices, and consequently the seasons make their cycle with the same intervals between them.

It is thus evident that between the Julian and the natural years there is a difference of 11 minutes, 10 seconds and a fraction which amounts to thirty-eight hundredths of a second, the Julian being longer than the solar year by so much.

It will be readily seen that by dropping the extra day of leap year three times in 400 years, the length of the average civil year would be very nearly equal to the solar year, inasmuch as the discrepancy would amount to 1 day only after the lapse of 3 866 years.

This was precisely the correction made to the Calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582. The feast of Easter was fixed by the Council of Nice in the year 325, being made to depend upon the vernal equinox. Thus Easter was from that year forward ordered to be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon occurring on or next after the day of the vernal equinox, the day of Christ's Resurrection having been precisely on that day, as is clear from the Jewish Calendar.

In the year 1582, starting with the date of the Council of Nice, the error had amounted to ten days, and Pope

Gregory, by ordering Oct. 5 to be called Oct. 15, and that henceforward the centennial years which are not exactly divisible by 400 should be common and not leap years, the correction of three days in 400 years was effected simply, and it would be 3 866 years before the error of the new Calendar would amount to one day. The Julian Calendar thus corrected is called the Gregorian Calendar and this is what the Russian Government appears to be about to adopt so as to conform with the rest of Europe.

It was through a foolish obstinacy arising from the fact that the corrected Calendar was made by a Pope, that Russia and the other Greek nations refused to adopt it, and the Protestant nations held out against it for the same cause.

The Catholic States of Europe adopted the Gregorian Calendar very soon after Gregory XIII. proclaimed it; but the Protestant nations were very loth to accept even a scientific fact which a Pope announced, and the Protestant States of Germany began to adopt it in 1700. It was not finally accepted by these States till 1774. England adopted it in 1752, the error then amounting to eleven days. By Act of Parliament the 3rd of September in that year was called the 14th, and in many localities the people, imagining that they had suffered a grievous loss by being robbed of so many days rose up in riot against the change, demanding that the eleven days of which they were robbed should be restored to them. After some time, however, they became reconciled to the change, especially as they found that their opposition to it was fruitless.

The error of the Julian Calendar now amounts to twelve days, and it is for this reason that the Epiphany is sometimes called old Christmas Day. The Russians celebrate Christmas on that feast.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT vs. SOLITARY IMPRISONMENT.

The incongruous results arising out of the abolition of capital punishment in Europe have been shown especially in the sentences inflicted on the two Anarchists, the murderers of King Humberto of Italy at Monza, and of the good and inoffensive Empress of Austria at Geneva, Switzerland.

Switzerland and Italy have both abolished capital punishment, and for this reason those two criminals, taken with their hands still red with the blood of their victims, were condemned, not to death, which they richly deserved, but to perpetual imprisonment, and in Italy this imprisonment inflicted upon murderers of the first degree has been made absolutely solitary since the last ten years.

It is now asserted, and generally believed, that this imprisonment is worse than death. It is, in fact, a living death, and Bresci, the murderer of Humberto, must have so felt it, as he watched his opportunity and committed suicide in his cell some weeks ago.

The murderer of the Empress of Austria is living, but is said to be broken down in health and spirit, though still defiant against the nobility, and especially against crowned heads, these being special objects of hatred with all anarchists.

We are ourselves not of the opinion that the death penalty should be abolished. This punishment is undoubtedly a deterrent against crime, though we admit that the thought of it has not abolished the crimes which are usually punished capitally. So differently are the minds of men constituted that there is no penalty which man could think of, which would deter certain criminals from the commission of horrible crimes; but these penalties have a general effect at least, and the fear of them has a beneficial effect in preventing the worst of crimes in many instances. Even the desperate efforts made by criminals to evade capture proves this to be the case. They would not make such efforts if they were not held in terror by the prospective punishment of their crimes. If there are still some who are not entirely turned from the commission of atrocious crimes by the fact that capital punishment may be inflicted upon them, it is because the human mind is so versatile and varied that the same facts have very different effects in the impressions they make upon different people. We are safe in saying, however, that the general effect of the death penalty is deterrent.

One of the arguments used by so-called humanitarians against the death penalty is that it is cruel and inhuman; but if the reports are true that the solitary confinement which has taken the place of capital punishment in Italy is more cruel than death itself,

we do not see that the humanitarians have much reason for self-gratulation that they have succeeded in a few countries in abolishing capital punishment, and we are not much surprised to learn that there is now a movement in Italy to abolish solitary confinement, and with this end in view, committees have been formed in the chief towns to bring about what is called "prison reform," which is to consist in the abolition of the solitary cell; and for this purpose the Prison Reform Association are about to send a petition to the King and Parliament of Italy.

But what new punishment will the petitioners devise to take the place of solitary confinement? Will they ask a repeal of the law abolishing capital punishment, and to restore the death penalty, or will they petition for the giving to the worst class of criminals an opportunity to hold communication with prisoners not so far sunken as themselves in the mire of criminality? It is to be feared that if the opportunity of communicating with their fellow-prisoners be given to the worst class of murderers, the criminals who have been incarcerated for lesser crimes will be made worse than they are now by being thrown into the company of condemned and unrepentant murderers. These criminals of some what lesser degree are surely already bad enough in regard to morals, without putting them into the temptation of becoming quite as vile as those who are so much worse than themselves. Among such classes of criminals, the bad which is likely to be learned from the companionship of the most hardened criminals, will far counterbalance the good which will be effected by throwing the worst class of criminals into the company of those who are to a small degree not so bad as themselves.

Thus the effect supposed to be aimed at by the humanitarians will surely not be attained. It would seem indeed that the only way to attain the end desired would be to return to the old legislation of inflicting the death penalty, at least on the most hardened criminals. There is no fear that under such legislation punishment would be excessively cruel; for it is established by statistics that even under it, only 22 per cent. of the murderers condemned were executed even before the abolition of capital punishment. We believe even that the percentage of those actually executed might advantageously be increased; but at all events, surely 22 is but a small percentage to represent those criminals who are deserving of the highest punishment which the law inflicts.

It is stated that so severe is solitary confinement, and so dreadful in its effects upon those subjected to it, that 17 per cent. of those so punished commit suicide as Bresci did, and 19 per cent. go mad.

WHY NOT MAKE THE EXPERIMENT?

Many cogent arguments have been adduced in favor of the Irish demand for Home Rule, but among them all it would appear that none should have more weight with the British public than the fact that it has been many times brought home to them that the government of so vast an Empire as that of Great Britain has become too gigantic an affair for the Government and Parliament of Great Britain to carry on satisfactorily in many of its details.

The Irish question has been frequently enough brought before Parliament, but this was done by Irish members for the most part, who were invariably regarded with distrust, and looked at askance by the majority composed of Englishmen and Scotchmen, partly because that majority has been too tired of the persistent claims of the Irish Nationalist party on their attention, to give ear to the Irish members when they brought measures before the House of Commons to satisfy those claims. Hence for years before the Irish party attained its present strength, it was enough that a measure emanated from an Irish member to ensure that it should be ignominiously rejected.

This was the case when Mr. Isaac Butt was recognized as the Irish leader, and the same thing occurred under the leadership of Mr. Charles Parnell. It was enough that it became known in Parliament that any measure brought forward was for the relief of Ireland and it was sure to be rejected; and it was not until Mr. Parnell discovered and used the remarkable plan known as the policy of obstruction that the majority of the members of Parliament at last discovered that there was an Irish question at all which was worthy of a moment's attention from them.

It made no difference what English party controlled the Government, whether Conservative or Reform, Tory or Whig, Irish questions were regarded as a bore, and no attention was given to them.

The policy of obstruction, as our readers will remember, laid it down as a principle that the attention of Parliament to Irish questions could not be secured, except by blocking all measures introduced for the general conduct of the affairs of the Empire, in order to force the Parliament to recognize that Ireland had some claim to its attention. In carrying out this policy Mr. Parnell used all the expedients with which a thorough knowledge of the rules of Parliament furnished him to prevent the passage of any legislation, and it was proclaimed openly that the ultimate purpose was to bring Parliament to its senses by making it aware that Ireland had grievances which ought to be redressed, and to which Parliament ought to give some attention.

This plan was an extraordinary device, and was regarded by the English people as a piece of malicious stupidity, and the very objectionable measure known as the closure was passed by Parliament to counteract it. Nevertheless, it ultimately succeeded in its main purpose, for from the date when it was employed must be dated also the salutary measures whereby the condition of the people of Ireland has been greatly ameliorated, though even as yet comparatively little has been done toward removing the real grievances of which Ireland complained.

As soon as the attention of the British Parliament was called to the consideration of Irish questions, it was discovered that the duties of Parliament are too onerous and multitudinous to allow proper attention to be paid to the subjects with which it ought to deal, and thus the way was paved towards giving Ireland some degree, at least, of local government, and the result has been that measure which even Lord Salisbury's Government felt it to be its duty to concede, whereby many Irish local matters which hitherto were supposed to have been attended to, and which could be attended only by the Imperial Government and Parliament, were handed over to the control of the Irish County Councils, elected by the Irish people.

The inability of Parliament to deal with matters of the greatest importance, simply because it is overburdened with work, has had recent illustration from the fate of the education bill which was brought for consideration before Parliament by the Government.

This bill was not intended to enforce uniformity on the schools, but it proposed to place the county boards under the general supervision of a central body in every county of England and Wales. It is supposed that by this supervision, the efficiency of the Board schools would be greatly increased without interfering with the local individuality of the counties. In fact, the proposed arrangement would assimilate very much the British school system to that of Ontario or Quebec, where there is direct Government supervision, which may be compared with the proposed British county supervision, as the Canadian provinces may be compared in population with large British counties.

There can be little doubt that this provision would improve the British board schools, yet the Government, though having now so decisive a majority in Parliament, could not secure sufficient support for its measure, chiefly owing to the fact that the Parliament had no time to consider so small a matter as the education of the three million children who are attending the Board schools of England and Wales; for this bill was not intended to affect the voluntary or denominational schools. It was announced last week that the measure will be withdrawn, as it has been found impossible to consider it in the present stress of parliamentary business; and this is the third withdrawal of similar bills.

Surely, if the Parliament is so overworked, it would be advisable to pass some of its work over to local bodies, such as an Irish Parliament would be; and if this were done, there would not be that constant friction which is complained of at present as existing between Ireland and England, and which arises from the consciousness that Ireland is not governed for the best interests of its people.

Archbishop Keane may be regarded as a disinterested observer, as he is not a resident either of England or Ireland, but of the United States. It cannot be supposed, therefore, that he would exaggerate the probability of a

future friendly feeling possibly arising out of changed conditions between the people of the two countries. He recently visited Ireland, and in relating the result of his observations he remarked a few days ago that the people of Ireland do not desire the disruption of the British Empire, but if they were only well governed in accordance with their wishes they would become truly attached to the Empire and would be loyal subjects. Would it not be to the interest of the people of England and Scotland to bring about this condition of affairs by granting to Ireland such a measure of Home Rule as is enjoyed by Canadians or Australians?

Surely it would be worth their while for British statesmen to make the experiment, now that they must be convinced that Parliament has too much to do. If Lord Salisbury will not do this, some future statesman will, and will so earn the gratitude of the whole Empire.

CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

The speech of the Hon. L. P. Brodeur, M. P. for Rouville, Que., and Speaker of the House of Commons, delivered in Toronto in the Queen's Park on the occasion of the celebration of Dominion Day was noteworthy, from the fact that Mr. Brodeur is a French-Canadian proud of his nationality and religion, and that as such he was invited by the Toronto Committee for the celebration of the day to deliver a speech, the purpose of which was to cement the union between the two Provinces which are widest apart in the Dominion, both as regards race and creed.

The people of Toronto showed the best possible will in selecting so able a representative of our French and Catholic Province to speak with such an object in view, and Speaker Brodeur made it manifest that he fully appreciated the object of the gathering, and it was quite equal to the occasion.

Lieut. Col. Mason, as Chairman of the Committee, introduced Mr. Brodeur, remarking that "the union of the Canadian Provinces, formed thirty-four years ago, had turned out well—better, in fact, than many Canadians had anticipated would be the case.

"Canadians of all the Provinces had become a unit working for the common benefit, prosperity and welfare of their own country, and of the great Empire of which they constitute an important part, and now we are approaching the time when Dominion Day will be celebrated with sentiments of unity and fraternity in all parts of the Dominion." Col. Mason was loudly applauded when he introduced the Hon. Mr. Brodeur to address the vast audience before him.

The Hon. Mr. Brodeur then arose to speak amid prolonged cheering. He urged strongly on the people of Ontario, and especially of Toronto, to exhibit a brotherly feeling toward those of the other Provinces of Canada, and stated that as a representative of the Province of Quebec he could declare how glad the people of Quebec are to work with their brethren in Ontario for the unity of the great British Empire. "We are proud," he said, "as French Canadians to take part in the celebration of Dominion Day, because as French Canadians we are the pioneers of civilization in this country, and we wish to join with you to make Canada a vast and great nation. It is of the highest importance to have in our own country, Canada, a national festival. Every country, every nation must have its national festival—not a festival written merely on the cold leaves of the statute book, but one which brings the people together on fete as you are here to day; and for this reason I came up to-day to shake hands with my friends of Toronto on this great national day."

Mr. Brodeur then urged upon all Canadians, whether Catholic or Protestant, to be tolerant, friendly and brotherly to one another to make of Canada a great nation, for we have great common interests to mention.

In conclusion he asked that differences of religion and race should not keep us asunder as Canadians. He continued: "Let us not forget that we are members of the great Christian family; that we are building up a nation under the protection of the British flag and the great British Empire, and let us write a page of history which our children will be glad to read and to learn.

This is the true keynote to the future prosperity of Canada, and while we should undoubtedly be firm and faithful to our religious convictions, we should not forget that our Lord defines our neighbors, whom we should

love, to be all men, even those who differ from us in race and creed. It were much to be desired that friendly interchanges of views, like Mr. Brodeur's address before a Toronto audience, were more frequent between the people of Quebec and Ontario, and then much of the distrust which has marred the relations of the two Provinces with each other would disappear.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

A respected correspondent calls our attention to the following extract from Mr. Gilbert Parker's dedication of his new book "The Lane that has no Turning," to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The author shows in these words a keen appreciation of the noble qualities to be found in the people of the Province of Quebec. Mr. Parker says:

"I have, as you know, traveled far and wide during the past seventeen years, and though I have seen people as frugal and industrious as the French Canadians; I have never seen frugality and industry associated with so much domestic virtue, so much education and intelligence, and so deep and simple a religious life; nor have I ever seen a priesthood at once so devoted and high-minded in all that concerns the home life of their people as in French Canada. A land without poverty, and yet without riches, French Canada stands alone, too well educated to have an aristocracy; as though in her the ancient prayer has been answered: 'Give neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me.' And it is of the habitant of Quebec, before all men else, I should say: 'Born with a golden spoon in his mouth.'"

"To you, sir, I come with this book, which contains the first things I ever wrote out of the life of the Province so dear to you, and the last things also, that I shall ever write about it. I beg to receive it as the loving recreation of one who sympathizes with a people from whom you come, and honors their virtue, and who has no fear for the unity, and not doubt as to the splendid achievements of the nation, whose fibre is got of the two great civilizing races of Europe."

Our correspondent comments on the above as follows:

"This outpouring of such a noble and generous heart is very convincing indeed, and more than compensates for all that venom and abuse that has been heaped upon the heads of the people of Quebec, and their beloved clergy, as well as, incidentally, upon a fair share of other Provinces, who, with the people of Quebec, form at least 43 per cent. of the people of the Dominion."

OUT OF PLACE.

A despatch from Montreal states that Anglican circles there are much excited over appeals made in England to Churchmen through the English Bishops by the Rev. Canon Dixon, Rector of St. Jude's Church. These appeals for help are based (according to English papers) upon the part Canada took so willingly in the South African war, from which fact it was expected that greater sympathy would be gained for St. Jude's church schools, and funds obtained to cancel the debt upon them. We are pleased to note that Montreal Churchmen disapprove of this mode of exciting sympathy, which trades upon the patriotism of Canadians. We are convinced that Canon Dixon himself would not have taken this method of collecting funds if he had reflected upon its incongruity and unsuitableness.

The Very Rev. H. A. Constantineau, Rector of the University of Ottawa, has been on a visit to Regina, N. W. T. We trust he will return to Ottawa with renewed strength to carry on successfully for another term the great work of that admirable institution of which he is the distinguished head.

A POSITIVE DUTY.

If we Catholics are no better than our neighbors—more truthful, more honest, more charitable, more merciful, more patient, more submissive to Providence, more pious, more holy—how will they be attracted to the Church? Oh, our judgment will be terrible if souls are lost through our bad example or our lack of good example!

SO LOVE HAS ORDAINED.

So I take my life as I find it, as a life full of grand advantages that are linked indissolubly to my noblest happiness and my everlasting safety. I believe that Infinite Love ordained it, and that if I bow willingly, tractably and gladly to its discipline, my Father will take care of it.—J. G. Holland.

Everything contributes to try you; but God who loves you will not permit you to be tempted beyond your strength. He will make use of the temptation for your advancement.—Fenelon.

A PROTESTANT

The Catholic Church is the Greatest Evil.

Catholicism is the worst of all evils.

On the occasion of Pope Pius IX., June 26th, 1878, a remarkable oration was made by Protestant gentleman, Baker, in the city Ala. The words are as elevated as though consecrated lips. We of the wonderful world of the Catholic Church among other things.

And yet in that day was yet in the morning and often many Church was forced to Peter himself had crossed. And he, who fore a servant maid Filate's palace, who even the companion Nazarene, craving to be being nailed to a head down, in token below his Master, mo His sake with that de of the martyr, which mandated of many sine of his successors, and unconquerable soul one who keeps watch at his tomb to-day.

The course of Christ is sometimes traced with darkness and confusion days of illiteracy and which it had to padirection of an army obscured by smoke a view from interven best observed by wate that is carried out is of Christianity, the steady columns of st fronting everywhere civilization, innocent most surely indicated ensign, flashing per history's thickest g been steadily borne a the ages, at the hea by the Holy Father Of that ensign, thou has never for a mom For eighteen hundr been conspicuously crisis of civilization.

We see it there b Alaric, when his Sen perior were helpless, from sack and pillag powerful barbarian, last invasion, had it through the Salarian and, by the light of had set on fire, turn loose to slaughter a see again that bani sacred vessels of th Peter and St. Paul, multitude of terror and children, who in rors crowd around th as by the order of A guard, mingling th with Christian hymn and the golden treas and fire, safely acro eter of Rome and tr trembling throug harmed within the fortress of the Vatic

Again we catch t the bold hands of Po as he goes out from to confront Attila, th who called himself God," and striking heart with those th unarmed justice and warns him away fro aside the whirlwind.

We hear people o age, judging all th ard, talk about th superstition of the C the dark ages. author of the ninete of the most renown the English tongue, terian of the strai Macaulay, takes a d in the commencement England, fit to ranc tured page," declar biance of the Chur spoken of by divi

Genesis was never during those evil da rode in darkness as deluge beneath w works of ancient e entombed, bearing feeble germ from w more glorious cit spring.

What, for instanc this so-called ignor tion upon that can derive our langua six hundred years, invasion by Julius mained under the Cæsars, and notw lightenment of the splendor that withstanding the ef to civilize and adva notwithstanding th cities and their bu that triple wall; w had remained in th chained by the relii was a dark as well sition. But the Ir by the spiritual po magic the change i first, justly called t Augustine with for channel, who lands no other weapon th were miraculously, verts the whole is faith. And that H almost disappeared the clouds of barba England, prosper 'England,' replene of that Catholic tru

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE.

The Catholic Church the World's Greatest Civilizing Power.

Catholic Columbia.

On the occasion of the jubilee of Pope Pius IX., June 8, 1877, a remarkable oration was delivered by a Protestant gentleman, Gen. Alphonse Baker, in the city of Montgomery, Ala. The words and sentiments are as elevated as though they came from consecrated lips. Gen. Baker spoke of the wonderful work and progress of the Catholic Church, and said, among other things:

And yet in that day, as in this, it was through contumelation and suffering and often martyrdom that the Church was forced to pass. For it St. Peter himself had to die upon the cross. And he, who had trembled before a servant maid in the porch of Pilate's palace, when charged with even the companionship of the meek Nazarene, craving the privilege of being nailed to His cross with his head down, in tokens of humiliation below his Master, met its tortures for His sake with that death-defying spirit of the martyr, which has been demanded of many since in the long line of his successors, and which fires the unconquerable soul of the illustrious one who keeps watch for the Church at his tomb to-day.

The course of Christianity, it is true, is sometimes traced with difficulty in the darkness and confusion of those early days of illiteracy and violence through which it had to pass. But, as the direction of an army, now and then obscured by smoke and dust, or lost to view from intervening obstacles, is best observed by watching the standard that is carried at its head, so the course of Christianity, the advance of its steady columns of eternal truth, confronting everywhere the enemies of civilization, innocence and society, is most surely indicated by that cheering ensign, flashing perpetually through history's thickest gloom, which has been steadily borne aloft throughout all the ages, at the head of the Church, by the Holy Father of the faithful.

Of that ensign, thus upheld, history has never for a moment lost the sight. For eighteen hundred years it has been conspicuously visible in every crisis of civilization. We see it there before the tent of Alaric, when its Senate and the Emperor were helpless, twice saved Rome from sack and pillage. And when that powerful barbarian, upon his third and last invasion, had in the night burst through the Salarian gate into the city and, by the light of palaces which he had set on fire, turned his wild hordes loose to slaughter and to rapine, we see again that banner defending the sacred vessels of the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, and with them a multitude of terror-stricken women and children, who in that night of horrors crowd around that only sanctuary, as by the order of Alaric, a barbarian guard, mingling their savage shouts with Christian hymns, escort the sacred and the golden treasure, through ruin and fire, safely across the wide diameter of Rome and place it, and the trembling throng that follows, unharmed within the heaven-defended fortress of the Vatican.

Again we catch the sight of it, in the bold hands of Pope Leo the Great, as he goes out from shuddering Rome to confront Attila, the Calmuck tiger, who called himself "the scourge of God," and striking terror to even his heart with those thunderbolts which unarméd justice and holiness can wield, warns him away from Rome and turns aside the whirlwind with a feather!

We hear people of this enlightened age, judging all things by its standard, talk about the ignorance and superstition of the Church of Rome in the dark ages. But an immortal author of the nineteenth century, one of the most renowned that ever spoke the English tongue, himself a Presbyterian of the straightest sect, the great Macaulay, takes a different view: and in the commencement of his history of England, fit to rank with "Livy's pictured page," declares that the resemblance of the Church of Rome, often spoken of by divines, to the Ark of God's was never more perfect than during those evil days when she alone rode in darkness and tempest on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.

What, for instance, was the effect of this so-called ignorance and superstition upon that country from which we derive our language and laws? For six hundred years, from the time of its invasion by Julius Cæsar, it had remained under the dominion of the Cæsar, and notwithstanding the enlightenment of the Augustan age and the splendor that succeeded it: notwithstanding the efforts of the Romans to civilize and advance that province; notwithstanding their founding of its cities and their building across it of that triple wall; without progress, it had remained in barbarism, and enshrouded by the religious power of what was a dark and bloody superstition. But the instant it is touched by the spiritual power of Rome, how magic the change! Pope Gregory the first, justly called the Great, sends St. Augustine with forty monks across the channel, who lands in Kent, and with no other weapon than the cross, as it were miraculously, in two years converts the whole island to the Catholic faith. And that Britain, which had almost disappeared from history behind the clouds of barbarism, reappears as "England," prosperous and "merrie England," resplendent with the light of that Catholic truth, which shone on

her unclouded for a thousand years, and prepared her for that glorious march which has placed her in the front of nations, and made her the most stable government in the world. Who that has taken the trouble to inquire, does not know that it was the influence of the Catholic Church and its hierarchy that softened the dire and mutual hostility of the Norman and the Saxon and at length united them, and that the aid of that hierarchy was signally efficient in extorting from King John at Runnemeade "the great charter" of English liberty to whose priceless blessings and protection we here to-day are heirs?

Well may England's greatest and Protestant historian admit that it is difficult to say whether she owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation.

And what does history tell us was the influence of this so-called ignorance and superstition upon another historic land? Once it was the *ultima thule* of the world—the barbarous island home of a race, untamable, of pagan warriors, pirates and marauders. But, about fourteen hundred years ago, Pope Sylvester sends there a Catholic missionary. I believe those of our Protestant friends who are skeptical about St. Peter's faith make no question at all upon St. Patrick's. Yes, a Catholic missionary, who had acquired the language of that country while he was a slave upon its coast, to which he had been carried in his youth by a band of pirates from his native Brittany.

And again, as if miraculously, those bloody savages and pirates all but simultaneously kneel before the cross of Jesus, and accept the faith which He established upon earth. And a hallowing grace descends from Heaven upon that land, to expel forever from it every poisonous influence, and to inspire those virtues which have made its manhood the synonym of valor, generosity and gentia, as is its womanhood of truth, tenderness and purity. That martyr people whom suffering for their faith has consecrated! In their native emerald isle of the sea, despoiled by confiscations, enthralled by injustice and tormented by temptation, they have, nevertheless, in cheerful poverty, showed the world how to live with honor, and to die with faith. And, when driven by oppression from the green fields of their fathers, they have also taught mankind the priceless lesson of their fidelity to the land of their adoption. For who does not know that wherever the fate of the exile may have cast them, there, in peace, civilization's grandest monuments bear witness to their mighty toils, and in war, freedom's holiest battle grounds are watered with their blood? My friends, I need not name that hallowed country. In the glowing words of Laocadire:—these lips are not pure and audacious enough to pronounce that name. But Heaven sees it, and the earth knows it, and every generous soul opens its heart to bid its children welcome. O Heaven, that sees! O earth that knows! Oh all of you, purer and worthier than I name that country for me—name it!—yes, say Ireland!

What darkening influence came there from that Church upon the spirit of the immortal Argonaut of 1492! Him whom Catholic monks and monasteries first assisted in his mighty scheme, furnishing him, in his poverty, even the means to purchase sufficiently decent apparel to appear in at the court of Ferdinand, the Catholic, whose aid he desired to invoke. Who reverently changed the name of his ship, in which he was to plow an unknown sea, in search of new world, from Isabella, his patron Queen on earth, to Santa Maria, his patron Queen in heaven. Whose glorious history, graven on those bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, accompanied in every matchless panel by the crucifix, seems the history rather of a saint than of a hero. Who, giving to the world a treasure far more priceless than the golden fleece, planted the cross upon the virgin shores of the New World which he had won—which he placed under the protection of the Queen of angels, and in honor of her, destined to name Maryland. A continent, which here where Liberty has built an asylum, for the oppressed of all the world, furnishes to-day a glorious proof that the highest prosperity of the Catholic Church is not inconsistent with Republican Government and the highest form of human liberty. And which, from many a river, bay and headland, from the St. Lawrence to the St. Marys, from San Francisco to St. Augustine, reminds us of what America owes to the heroism and the daring of Catholic discoverers and explorers, who revered the saints above all earthly potentates, and named these countries for them rather than for mortal Kings and Queens.

It would be easy but useless to swell the catalogue of benefactions which this Church, through every obstacle in every age, has showered upon mankind. My friends, that power which has wrought all these blessings in the world, and is constantly working them; whose priests, in trial and pestilence, whether on the Ganges or the Savannah, show that the spirit of the martyr still survives, whose holy Nuns and Sisters of Charity and Mercy, ignoring sect and nationality, go about, in the beautiful language of another, "stopping only where there is suffering and lingering only where it is intense," to pay their angel visits, neither few nor far between, to the lowly beds of sickness and suffering everywhere, providing shelter and education for the houseless and the orphan;—a power that, always doing good, had stood so

many shocks and survived so many storms, will outlive and triumph over those that now assail it.—Doubt it never.

If any human power could have overthrown the papacy, and with it, of course the Church that Christ had built upon it, it would have been that power which assailed it in the beginning of the present century, commencing with the murder of the priests and ending with the imprisonment of the Pope. A power wielded in the end by the supreme hand of him, who was a combination of the most gigantic faculties that were associated in one human character. Him, that incarnation of both the ancient divinites of war, who possessed the brain of Pallas and the heart of Mars; whose genius, spurning every obstacle, led the way to glory and dominion across the earth's wildest wastes, and over nature's direst battlements; whose adoring legions, following him to victory, started with their trumpets the Alpine avalanche upon its invaded throne, and rocked with their thunder-trump the storm's high cradle in its mountain solitudes. What the Eagle of Corsica could not accomplish, seventy years ago, the Sardinian crow need hardly now attempt.

No, my friends, the powers that oppress the Church, in the words of the prophet Daniel, will become like the chaff of the threshing floor, and the wind shall carry them away.—And the stone that smites the image shall become a great mountain and fill the whole earth. For God has set up a Kingdom which shall never be destroyed. It shall not be left to another people, and it shall stand forever.

In one of his otherwise incomparable essays, in which he vainly strives to establish human management as the secret of the miraculous duration of the Catholic Church, the same illustrious author from whom I have already quoted, says with all the eloquence of truth that thrills the heart. The Church of Rome joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon and tigers and camelpards bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday compared with the line of the supreme pontiffs. That line extends in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pagan in the eighth.

And far beyond the august dynasty extends till it is lost in what he chooses to call the twilight of fable. The Church of Rome, he says, saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world, and he feels no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. And his imagination seeks some inadequate measurement of the term of her long dominion, as it seats that traveler from New Zealand, in the midst of a vast solitude on a broken rock of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, while she shall exist in all the undiminished splendor of her youth and vigor.

At my friends, it is no human power that can do all this. It is that Power alone on High which planted the rock of her eternal foundation and promised the guidance of its eternal truth. God long preserve the Head of that Holy Church of Christ, delivered from evil and sanctified in truth, to bless and purify the world! Holy Father, we, your loving children in this distant land, offer to you this day the humble tribute of our fidelity and affection. We share in all the griefs and humiliations which our holy Church is suffering in the persecutions inflicted upon you. Remember, Holy Father, us your faithful, loving children here. "May your prayers obtain for our beloved country the Divine protection, and the union of all our people of whatever sect or section in the bonds of love. May the hand which you stretch forth to-day over the city of the world extend over us, and may which, according to the promise of our Saviour, there shall be but one fold and one Shepherd."

DO NOT WORRY.

Resignation and Peace are the Sacri- Res that God asks of us. Let your soul never be disturbed; ignore what worry is. If an affair does not succeed as you expected, you must rejoice before God at everything that He is pleased to do. The things that appear most important to nature are only trifles in the estimation of a Christian, because nothing has any importance for him except what God wishes. Trouble and worry are for hell; the children of God ought not to know them. Work in all peace and tranquility; do your utmost according to the nature of the things by which you are surrounded, and to the circumstances in which you find yourselves; leave the rest to the care of God's Providence. If He is pleased to crown your labors with success, rejoice before Him and give Him most humble thanks; if, on the other hand, everything goes wrong, bless Him still with your whole soul. A Christian who acts thus always passes his life in peace, in joy and happiness. At the end of this miserable life, which is of little account, there will come a happiness of which I shall not undertake to speak to you for fear of not doing so worthily.—Ven. Fr. Libermann.

The salvation of one soul is of more value than the conquest of an empire.—Samuel De Champlain.

PRIESTS' HIDING-PLACES.

Remarkable Work by a Protestant Writer.

In these days of peace and tolerance none but he who has committed a crime against life or the pocket need hide himself from justice. But there was a time when the Englishman's house was a veritable castle, in which he might defend himself against his enemies, or in case of need find a secure concealment. So it came about that the old houses of England were furnished with secret chambers and furtive hiding places, in which the supporters of the weaker side in politics or religion must take refuge. The novelist long since discovered the romantic value of sliding panels and undiscoverable pits. Everybody remembers the cunning "properties" employed by Sir Walter Scott, and no reader of "Esmond" can forget the retreat of Father Holt. But secret chambers are no invention of the novelist, as is shown by Mr. Fea's interesting book, wherein the general use and purpose of hiding-places are incidentally and historically explained.

When creeds and dynasties changed as a butterfly or at the death of a King, secret lurking places were a general necessity, and probably no great house was planned without them. But it was to Elizabeth's punishment of the Catholics, and the ingenuity of the Jesuits, to which we owe the most cunning devices of concealment. For a "priests' hole" was then contrived in every Catholic mansion, a hole big enough to contain a Jesuit, if need be, but always large enough to hide vestments, books, and sacred vessels. The refuges which already existed were made perfect by modern skill, and if no refuge were there Nicholas Owen, the famous Jesuit and the friend of Garnet, was ready to invent such a lurking place as would elude the vigilance of the cleverest spy. The history of the Catholic plots shows us no more interesting figure than Nicholas Owen. He devoted his life to the task of contriving places of concealment, and he brought to the work an apt talent, which might have been useless in any other career. As there was no building which Jack Sheppard could not easily pierce, so there was no house into which Nicholas Owen could not bring an unobtrusiveness. Though he was but a small man—"Little John" they called him—he could move the heaviest blocks of masonry, and his own hands carried out the curious plans evolved by his active brain.

"With incomparable skill," we are told, "he knew how to conduct priests to a place of safety along subterranean passages, to hide them between walls and bury them in impenetrable recesses, and to entangle them in labyrinths and thousand windings. But what was much more difficult of accomplishment, he so disguised the entrances to these as to make them most unlike what they really were. Moreover, he kept these places so close a secret with himself that he would never disclose to another the place of concealment of any Catholic. He alone was both their architect and their builder, working at them with inexhaustible industry and labor, for generally the thickest walls had to be broken into and large stones excavated, requiring stronger arms than were attached to a body so diminutive."

However he easily triumphed over such small obstacles as lack of strength. Whatever there was of force or intelligence in him, he turned to the one object of his life. In other words, he was an artist perfect in the command of his materials; an artist, moreover, who loved his art for its own sake. To sink a hole beneath the fireplace, to make a huge stone turn on an unseen pivot at the mere touch of a spring, to cover a door so naturally with plaster that the keenest eye could not tell the difference between the solid wall and Owen's opening—these were his triumphs, and few architects have ever enjoyed his unbroken success. However, his hour came after Gunpowder Plot. He was found as Handlip Hall in a hole of his own contriving. Cecil was jubilant at his capture; he was resolved that Owen should yield up all the secrets of his art, and that there would result "great booty to priests." But no secret was wrung from him. "The man is dead—he died in our hands," thus runs the record, and it is far more eloquent than the common details of torture and suffering.

The method of discovering the famous hiding-places was systematic, if not always successful. The attacking party would measure every wall and note every chimney. If the measurements did not tally, then, of course, there was a priests' hole; or if a chimney sent forth no smoke, then it was evident that the chimney was no chimney at all, but a shaft of light and air. Nor were the secret chambers pleasant to inhabit. The unhappy priests were often condemned to live upon marmalade and a few cakes, unless, indeed, a hidden pipper-down into a well stocked kitchen. Such are the receptacles with which the mansions of England, were, and are still, provided. Harrington, Upton, Ingatestone, have all in their day hidden the law-breaking priest from a rough and ready justice. The dismantled Harrington, for instance, despite neglect and decay, still shows beneath the stairs a secure retreat. "One particular step of a short flight running from the landing into a garret is, upon close inspection, indeed movable"—so says Mr. Fea—"and beneath gaps of dark cavity about five feet square, on the floor of which still remains the piece of sedge matter whereon a certain Father Wall rested his aching limbs a few days before his capture and execution in 1679."

To the cleverness and resource of those who contrived these hospitable pits there seem to have been no limits. Here, for instance, is the description of a hiding-place to be seen at Oxburgh Hall near Stokes Ferry. "Up in one of the turret of the entrance gateway"—again we quote Mr. Fea—"is a tiny closet, the floor of which is composed of brickwork fixed into a wooden frame. Upon pressure being applied to one side of this floor the opposite side heaves up with a groan at its own weight. Beneath lies a hollow, seven feet square, where a priest might lie concealed, with the gratifying knowledge that however the ponderous trap door be hammered from above there would be no tell-tale hollowness as a response." That, indeed was the supreme test of good artistry: that when the enemy rapped the trap should not sound as hollow as it was. And many an ancient mansion had not only its priests' hole, but its chapel. At Wellas Hall, for instance, near Ashford, it was the custom to spread linen upon the hedges as a sign to the village that Mass was to be celebrated; then if the Mass was disturbed, the secret chamber was near, by the chapel; nor did the priest shiver in the cold, since his hiding place was curious in being fitted with a fireplace. But by degrees the religious persecution declined, and the hiding places remained ready for the reception of fugitive kings or pursued cavaliers. The story which Mr. Fea tells of Charles II.'s flight is intensely interesting. Besobel and Moseley Hall, Trent and Heal House, all hid him for a while, and there is no doubt that he did not bear his imprisonment with one-half the patience which sustained the priests. James II.'s escapes were less ingenious, and as we come down to modern times the ancient hiding places lose their significance. Here and there, to be sure, there is a mansion the secret of whose closed room has never been penetrated. Mr. Fea makes no attempt to fathom the mystery of Glamis Castle. The closed room in Forfarshire is no more intelligible to-day than it was when Sir Walter Scott stayed at the Castle. But the head of the family of Senhouse has at least acknowledged to Mr. Fea that in his house a mystery exists. "It may be romantic," he writes to Mr. Fea, "but still it is true that the secret has survived frequent searches of visitors. There is no one alive who has been in the secret chamber that I am aware of, except myself." But the Lord of Senhouse is almost as reticent as the Lord of Glamis, and if a mystery does exist in either case, the probability is that it will never be fathomed.—London Spectator.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE HOPE OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

"Dum spiro spero" would seem to be the motto suitable to the movement for Christian Unity. While there's life there's hope, let the pulse of that life beat ever so faintly. Untoward as the auspices presently seem, hope of an ultimate coalescence of the scattered members of the Church is by no means abandoned. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the course of an impressive treatise in the North American Review for this month, sets forth the grounds why lovers of Christianity should never give way to despair of such a reunion. It speaks well for the spirit in which the Review is now conducted that it should invite men of such standing as this great representative Catholic to express their views on the higher concerns of life in its pages amidst matters of secular import. We may discern in such an attitude the germ of a future condition when the present unnatural order of mundane thought shall be reversed, and we shall ask for our daily bread and give thanks for what has been already vouchsafed us before proceeding to eat it. To devour it, like the savage, and then rush out to hunt for more is practically what we do now; we have no time for prayer or petition. The new god, Commerce, is a most exacting deity; he allows no time for any other devotion than his own. It is in prayer that the Cardinal sees the faint streak of morning gray which he hopes in as the precursor of a brighter day. And truly no surer base could be sought for the beginning of a bridge of hope. Prayer, as the Scripture tells us, may move mountains.—nay, move the will of God Himself, as we know from many marvelous proofs. Why did our Divine Lord say "Ask, and you shall receive" if there was no efficacy in the prayer of the creature? When a gloomy Calvinism pervades the minds of men—when they say to themselves, "It matters not what I do, pray or say nought, my fate is settled beforehand," then grace dies out and worldly things are sought for as the outlet for the activities of the human mind and soul. When men believe not in any future state, when there is no higher incentive to good than the human need of orderly living for the preservation of modern arrangements, the revolt against heaven is complete. What can avert the Divine displeasure against insurgent man but the piteous, persistent, heartfelt petitions of those who cling to His law despite all inducements to join the crowd of devotees of the strange deity, or the other crowd who laugh at the idea of any deity whatsoever? It is the spirit of earnestness which seems to the Cardinal's mind to be wanted on the part of those who adhere to God in order to attain the great purpose of uniting all men once again in one fold, under the one good Shepherd. Here we are confronted with some phenomena in the moral order which seem to baffl human specula-

tion. Our most illustrious teacher, Leo XIII., in his beautiful Encyclical recalling the world to the claims of our Divine Redeemer on the love of mankind, pointed out in solemn words of warning the dangers which menace all human society because of the rejection of the spirit of Christ by States and peoples. This rejection gives rise to wars between States and to wars between the classes and the masses. These two things are the main obstacles to the unity of Christendom, in the belief of Cardinal Gibbons. By reason of Christ's Vicegerent being deposed from his old rightful place as arbiter between nations and as the Supreme Moral Judge, all human passions are let loose and questions are now decided by force and the power of corrupting gold that erstwhile were decided solely by the weight of equity. Militarism, together with a godless money-getting industrialism, as Cardinal Gibbons points out, menace the peace of Europe. He might have added the peace of America. "An era of force," he says, "looked but poorly by a coarse luxury and license dawn upon the Continental nations with all its sure subversion of hardily conquered popular rights and liberties and the equally sure retaliation of the oppressed."

Now, nothing is clearer than that the conditions here described exist in full vigor on our own continent just now. If the only hope for the regeneration of mankind lie in prayer, as surely seems to be the case, we may well begin a process of heart-searching. If men whose chief as spiritual teachers hesitate not to glorify in the gods of Militarism and Commerce, under the veil of progress and liberty-extension, where are we to look for that regeneration which our great Pontiff, Leo, touchingly pleads for before heaven and man? If the blessings of God are asked for wars of sordid conquest and aggression by great priests of the Catholic Church, in order that the State may be placated, wherein lies the hope of any favorable response to the petitions of the humbler millions?

Such questions as these are naturally suggested by the course of the distinguished Cardinal's plea for Christian Unity. They raise the high question of the ultimate morality of war when waged under conditions that were not compulsory. As long as the world rejects the principle of the Supreme Moral Judge, as international arbiter, one may quiet his conscience with the just reflection that in the absence of any such decisive tribunal men are free to act on their own interpretation of the moral law as applied to particular nations and circumstances, and are free from the responsibility that would be theirs were the mundane arrangement on the ideal plan that it ought rightly to occupy.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

HUMBUGGING THAT PAYS.

There is a man out in Chicago by the name of John Alexander Dowie. Last Sunday, addressing a vast assemblage in the Auditorium, he said: "I am the messenger of the covenant. I am the forerunner of Christ. I am he who will smite the enemies of the Lord of Hosts. I am he who will subjugate all government. I am Elijah." There is no significance in the fact that there is a lunatic in Chicago. There are many of them roaming about the country, harmless and otherwise. There is, then, no significance in this Dowie's being abroad. The significant fact is that he had a large and applauding audience, and has thousands of followers, and that their contributions for the last few years have made him a millionaire. Barnum was an adept in the follies of mankind, and he meant more than a joke when he said, "The people like dearly to be humbugged."

There is an old woman up in New Hampshire who announces to the world that there is no such thing as sickness or disease. She is the inventor of the Christian Church Scientist, and has, it is claimed, over a million followers, and the adepts among them undertake, for a consideration, to cure diseases whose very existence they deny. This inventor like Dowie, has accumulated a fortune. The age of incredulity is the most credulous age. This may look like a contradiction, but it is an idea of Pascal.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

MEANING OF I. H. S.

The question is frequently asked by Catholics, what is the meaning of the monogrammic sign, "I. H. S." Many persons believe that the letters I. H. S. mean "I have suffered." Such is not the case. The letters represent the three ancient languages, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Therefore, as the letters I. H. S. make up, as it were, and essentially so, the monograms of Jesus, it follows that in them we find the origin of all monograms. In Latin the first letter in the monogram, "I," stands for the Holy Name Jesus, the second person of the Blessed Trinity "Jesus Hominum Salvador." It will be remembered that in the liturgy of the church in ancient times there were no 'J's; in its stead the letter I was used. The little bar which crosses at the center of the uprights and gives the letter H its character and value as the eighth letter in our alphabet, was evidently placed there to signify the sign of the cross and to remind us of the death of Jesus upon that instrument of suffering; hence the significance of the little cross bar.

The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellect but religion in character.

men, even those who race and creed. It desired that friendly views, like Mr. Bro-

before a Toronto audi- frequent between the ec and Ontario, and the distrust which has relations of the two each other would dis-

CH CANADIANS. correspondent calls our following extract from cer's dedication of the ne Lane that has no Sir Wilfred Laurier. ws in these words a on of the noble quali- in the people of the uebec. Mr. Parker

ou know, traveled far the past seventeen I have seen people as astrous as the French have never seen fr- stry associated with a virtue, so much educa- ous life; nor have I eathed at once so de- minded in all that me life of their peo- A land without rich, French alone, too well educa- ntry, too poor to have as though in her the has been answered: poverty nor riches, but e convenient for me. e habitant of Quebec, else, I should say: golden spoon in his

I come with this book, the first things I ever e life of the Province a, and the last things, ll ever write about it e it as the loving re who sympathizes with whom y'n come, and irtue, and who has no ty, and not doubt as to bleivements of the na- rces of Europe."

ndent comments on the s: uring of such a noble heart is very consoling more than compensates om and abuse that has ead of the Province, ec, and their believe- s, incidentally, upon a other Provinces, wha- le of Quebec, form a nt, of the people of the n."

OF PLACE.

rom Montreal states that es there are much ex- als made in England to hrough the English he Rev. Canon Dixon. Jude's Church. These ship are based (accord- sh papers) upon the took so willingly a African war, from as expected that great- ould be gained ch school, and to cancel the debt upon e pleased to note that chmen disapprove of otting sympathy, which the patriotism of Cana- e convinced that Canon would not have taken collecting funds if he pon its incongruity and

v. H. A. Constantineau, University of Ottawa, has t to Regina, N. W. T. ll return to Ottawa with th to carry on success- term the great work ble institution of which gushed head.

BITIVE DUTY.

llos are no better than - more truthful, more charitable, more merciful, more submissive to more pious, more holy- igh are attracted to the is are lost through our or lack of good ex-

HAS OBTAINED.

y life as I find it, as a d advantages that are ibly my noblest hap- e everlasting safety. I infinite Love ordained it bow willingly, tractably s discipline, my Father of it.—J. G. Holland.

contributes to try you: oves you will not permit tempted beyond your will make use of your advancement—

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CXLVIII.

Professor Faulkner's careful statements supply the other side of the Methodist case, and are therefore very valuable.

It will be observed in defence that I have been in attack. This simply means that he is the better Christian, as everybody knows who is acquainted with us both.

It is to be hoped that the Professor will favor the Review with further communications, on other aspects of the great controversy.

Still more infelicitous are the convulsive attempts to trace back Protestantism, by an external succession, to the beginning, through such extraordinarily heterogeneous links as Nestorism, Wycliffism, Waldensianism, Petrobrusanism, Albigensianism.

These Protestants do much better who, not troubling themselves about the name, simply call themselves Christians, and enter into those privileges which they conceived the Redeemer to have granted to His people.

Careful observation and reflection have persuaded me that we can not, in the sixteenth century, put the number of Waldenses and Protestants massacred in Italy at more than 5,000, the number of Catholics murdered by the Huguenots.

In Spain the number of Protestants and Protestants put to death was very small, although the victims were of considerable social note.

Protestantism, therefore, being in the sixteenth century a thing of yesterday, and being, moreover, divided into two irreconcilable halves (not to speak of Anabaptists and Socinians), ought to have been modest towards the elder Church.

Mr. Hallam's deep disgust with the intolerance of the Reformation seems therefore to be perfectly explicable.

that among the Latins, Calvinists and Catholics were about equally ferocious, and that in the Teutonic countries of the continent, while both parties shrank from bloodshedding on account of religion alone, the Protestants, favored by the bent of the time, were incomparably more inclined to rob and banish.

This explains and justifies Hallam's disgust over the intolerance of the Reformation. Protestantism was a thing of yesterday. It is ridiculous to identify it with apostolic Christianity.

We do not prejudice the question whether it may not have strong hold on the Pauline gospel, which, be it observed, though the true gospel, is not the whole gospel. In itself, however, it is not even the Pauline gospel, much less the universal gospel.

Estimating the number of French Protestants in 1590 at one-seventh of the people (which is twice as much as Dean Hodges allows), and learning from Guizot that they had massacred 5,000 Catholics, and from Guizot and Fisher that the Catholics in all had massacred 35,000 Protestants, I say that had the Huguenots been equal in number to the Catholics, they would have murdered seven times 5,000, that is, 35,000, just the same number as the Catholics had killed.

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THE MAN THAT PRAYS realizes the relation of God to himself as a father, and the personal relation of Jesus Christ to him as a kinsman, and a brother and a friend.

This does not mean that he is outwardly transformed; nor that there come rays out of his hands or his sides, or that there is any resplendent light upon his countenance; but that there is a gentleness, a sweetness, a kindness, a lowliness, an attraction about life which makes everybody at peace with him.

As our Divine Master said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things unto Me." So He communicates to His servants, who are like Him, the same power of attracting others.

However, returning from this digression to the comparative statistics of persecution, and setting aside for the present the complicated example of the Netherlands, where four religions were striving, Catholicism, Calvinism, Lutheranism and Anabaptism; and three races, Dutch, Walloons and Spaniards; and three politics, oligarchy, democracy and absolutism, we may say

stead. And there is a special strength and calm and sweetness in such characters, a sweetness which everybody feels—not simply in their charity, but in the finer influences of their charity, of charity carried into the least things, into the delicate consideration of what is due to others; not only of what is just to them, but what is equitable; not only what ought to be done in such a case, but what would be the best, the highest, the most generous and the noblest thing to do.

FIVE-MINUTE BERNON

Ninth Sunday After Pentecost.

RICHES ARE GOD'S.

Brethren, a rich man is entitled to the ownership of his wealth. Every civilized nation rightfully guarantees to each of its citizens the possession and use of lawfully acquired property.

But let us ask a question: Why is it that the event, in the irresistible providence of God makes some men rich and many men poor? Why is it God's will that there should be such a painful inequality of the goods of this world? Why are some men ready to perish of want, and others overflowing with superfluities? It is true to say, and ought often to be said, that a good government will hinder the rich from getting richer, and the poor from growing poorer.

So much for the principle. We only wish to apply it against the rich man's extravagance, reminding him that by the law of God the poor have a claim upon what he wastes. Be it remembered, brethren, that the rich man is only the steward of the Lord. Let him live fairly up to his state of life. But let him beware of reckless expense, princely state in a republic, the aping of lords and nabobs where such conditions of life are plainly antagonistic to the providence of God.

Brethren, after so many words that may sound harsh, listen to a few that are pleasant. Thank God our rich Catholic people are so often exceedingly charitable, and that they so often present to their fellow-citizens the good example of wealth combined with simplicity of life and manners. And how often do we find men and women whose wealth would, as the world goes, put them at ease and luxury, devoting not only their money but their time and their personal attention to the noblest works of charity! Still, where there is wealth we know that there is a tendency to luxury, to sloth, to selfishness of the most extreme type, and not only to forgetfulness but utter contempt for the poor of Christ. Against these tendencies it has been our purpose to protest in giving you this sermon.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Love of Jesus Above All Things.

Blessed is he who knoweth what it is to love Jesus, and to despise himself for the sake of Jesus.

We must quit what we love for this Beloved, because Jesus will be loved alone above all things.

The love of things created is deceitful and inconstant; the love of Jesus is faithful and enduring.

He who cleaveth to creatures shall fall with them.

He who embraceth Jesus shall stand firm for ever.

Love him and keep him for thy friend, Who, when all go away, will not leave thee nor suffer thee to perish in the end.

Thou must at last be separated from all things else, whether thou wilt or not.

Keep thyself with Jesus both in life and death, and commit thyself to His care, who alone can help thee when all others fail.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR AND DRUGS.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks.

A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally.

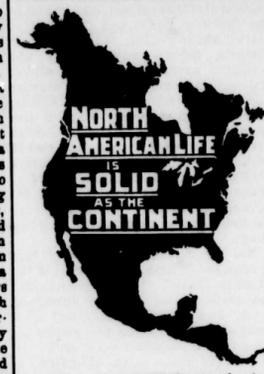
Price 25.

Simply marvelous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor, morphine, and other drug habits. It is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.

Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, Room 17, James Building, corner King and Yonge streets Toronto.

Labatt's (LONDON) TELL YOUR DEALER YOU WANT

The best, and see that you get Labatt's, the best Domestic Ale and Porter on the market. As good as imported and will cost you less.



Not To-Day SOME OTHER DAY

How often this is the reply to the Life Insurance Agent. Probably when that "Some other Day" comes you will not be an insurable risk, or you may not be here at all.

The policy to suit you is the Compound Investment plan, as issued by that sterling Company, the North American Life. See one of its Agents, or write the Home Office, 112-118 King Street West.

North American Life, TORONTO, ONT.

L. GOLDMAN, Secretary. WM. McCABE, Managing Director.

BRISTOL'S Pills. For Torpid Liver, Flatulence, Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache. TAKE. Safe, Mild, Quick-acting. Painless, do not weaken, and always give satisfaction.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA. Theological, Philosophical, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Fully equipped Laboratories. A Practical Business Department. Board, tuition, etc., per session of five months, \$80. Calendar sent on application. 1182-10

PURE GOLD JELLY POWDER. Joyfully Quick and Healthy too.

SACRED HEART CONVENT. The Religious of the Sacred Heart offer to their pupils every facility for a refined and thorough education.

Western Fair LONDON, Sept. 5 to 14, 1901. Entries Close September 4th.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL. An English Classical College, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

A DEPOSITORY FOR SAVINGS. where the most cautious may leave their money with implicit confidence that it is not subject to risk of any kind is provided by the Savings department of THE CANADA PERMANENT AND WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION.

CANADA'S PREMIER COMPANY. Liberal rates of interest paid or compounded half-yearly. It is recognized as

OUR BOOK LIST.

On Receipt of Prices named Below we will send to any address any of the following works: Address Theobald Coffey, London, Ont.

THE NEW TESTAMENT - CLOTH LIMP cover—45 cents.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE, by Rev. F. X. LASSARD, P. M. S. GOLDEN BOOK OF THE COMMANDMENTS and Sacraments, by St. Alphonsus Liguori. (Paper) 25 cents.

CATHOLIC BELIEF - A SHORT AND SIMPLE explanation of Christian Doctrine, by Rev. J. J. COFFEY, P. M. S.

COBBETT'S REFORMATION - REVISED Edition of the Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain and France, by Wm. Cobbett, D. D., O. S. A. Price 50c.

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, by Rev. A. A. LAMMING, L.L.D. Price, paper, 25 cents.

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, BY CARDINAL GIBBONS. Price (paper) 50 cents and (cloth) \$1.00.

CLEARING THE WAY - BY REV. J. J. COFFEY, P. M. S. The Catholic doctrine explained and objections to it answered in clear and simple language. Price 10 cents.

MY NEW CURATE - A STORY GATHERED FROM THE STRAY LEAVES OF AN OLD DIARY, BY REV. A. A. LAMMING, L.L.D. (Dedicated to the Rev. J. J. Coffey, P. M. S., of Clonfert, Ireland. Price, \$1.50.

COFFEY'S INSTRUCTIONS ON THE SACRAMENTS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH, by Rev. J. J. COFFEY, P. M. S. (cloth binding) \$1.00. Postage 12 cents extra.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS - THIS has a larger sale than any book of the kind now on the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of the Catholic faith. The author is Rev. George M. Scarle, P. M. S. Price 15 cents.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND EXPLANATION OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR, by Rev. J. J. COFFEY, P. M. S. Price (paper) 30 cents.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED Autographs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Sacred Heart of Mary, and the Holy Family, can be procured at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, 25 cents each. Larger size of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, 50 cents each.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS, price 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 50 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents, cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents.

LECTURES OF FATHER DAMEN (S. J.) "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God," "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church." Price 15c. Per dozen, \$1.00.

IRELAND IN PICTURES - A YEAR'S subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD and this beautiful work of art for \$5.00. It contains four hundred photographs, charges of everything of interest in the four provinces, with written sketches by Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago.

PRAYER BOOKS FOR SALE - WE HAVE new stock of Catholic Prayer Books ranging in price from 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75, 80, 90, 1.00, 1.25, and 1.50. Subscribers wishing to procure one or more of these prayer books, will please remit whatever amount they intend to devote for the purchase. We will make a good selection for them and forward their order by return mail.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS and the CATHOLIC RECORD for one year for \$5. It contains the lives of all the Saints for every day in the year. The book is compiled from Butler's Lives and other approved sources, edited by John G. Gorman, P. M. S. It is a beautiful work of art, and contains the lives of the Holy Family and nearly 400 other illustrations, elegantly bound in extra cloth.

SACRED PICTURES - COLORED CRYSTALS OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size 1 1/2 x 1 1/2. 50 cents each. Sacred Pictures—50 cents each. Extra large size, (engraving), \$1.50 each. Smaller size colored, The Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Sacred Heart of Mary, 25 cents; The Holy Family colored, 25 cents. Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua—size, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2—25 cents.

ST. BASIL'S HYMNAL, FOURTH EDITION with Appendix, containing MUSIC and papers for all the Services and Festivals of the year. Three Masses and over Two Hundred Hymns, together with Litanies, Daily Prayers, Prayers of Preparation and Prayers for Confession and Communion, and the Office and Rules of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Compiled from approved sources. Price, 75 cents.

The same book without the music, 25 cents.

FAMILY BIBLE - FOR THE SUM OF 15 WE will mail to you a Family Bible (large size) 1901, bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated throughout—and also give credit for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

FAMILY BIBLE - THE HOLY BIBLE containing the entire canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate, and is equally complete with the Sacred Scriptures, and other editions in diverse languages. For THE SUM OF \$15.00 we will mail to you a Family Bible (large size) 1901, bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated throughout—and also give credit for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

A Great Picture of the Pope. The magnificent painting of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., is the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, J. A. Mollie, who, in painting this picture, has had the advantage of the constant criticisms and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect as anything that has been brought out. Those who have been favored by His Holiness's likeness in this painting, "It is, indeed, a portrait absolutely true to life."

The work has been gotten out at an expense of over \$5,000. The lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, a man has been treated in a very artistic manner. So faithful a likeness and so magnificent a work of art as the present picture is, therefore, of incalculable value to everyone.

Size 22 x 27. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record, London, Ont. Liberal commission allowed to agents.

CARLING. When Ale is thoroughly malted it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is a ways fully aged in wood and in bottling is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the consumer.

People who wish to use the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's.

It is easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ale and Porter.

CARLING LONDON. W. J. SMITH & SON, Undertakers and Embalmers 115 Dundas Street, Telephone 666. Open Day and Night.

OUR BOYS AND THE QUEEN OF T

Business was very "World-famed Mammoth Mr. Biesmann, the once sat in his caravan, puzzled for a sensation power draw the fickle public caravan, smaller and Strong, the lion-tamer like a child.

It was a curious, interesting, spectacle. The throngs of Samson, the Rough of speech and of man being might and puny, and the fiercest menagerie quailed with his stern grey hearing of his mighty house on wheels.

As may be imagined, eight things which he had just been informed he could send his six-year-old son, the child to die. She was then to showman's rough life. He was withering plant kept without Strong had no money which could be turned Biesmann could not show was stranded at a horse after another he provide the wild beast till all were gone, and man could not afford to move the cages and more hopeful neighbor.

The lion-tamer's lion in a tiny cot behind the which divided the haired, blue-eyed, she in miniature of the man who knelt beside her with a strained I to witness.

The poor mother rose approaching her husband cate hand on his "Don't, Carl - you "You break my heart. He did not speak, n Had he looked into h would have seen an quite foreign to them termination.

"I'm going out," s see if anything can look after Nell?"

"Yes," he answered head. "But it's no of man to sell any of couldn't if he want There's nobody here much as a pet monkey come to this dead-all been all right." And lowford and all its inhabitants with a vigor that would have shooed any listener such outbreaks.

Mrs. Strong had r She turned back.

"Oh, Carl! Don't Nell will hear you. will happen if I her, and the hear you when—when she's an She'd try to blot out tears. Think of her in heaven, Carl— The lion tamer t started face towards "I'll never swear a an awed tone.

The little woman went out.

Sometimes when th acquaintances express that he should have so opposite to him small, delicate, fair laugh, and say:

"She's only a little enough. But when mind, something's gone up her mind s I had to give in."

Mrs. Strong was fragile looking. He hand could hook his waist belt and swing six-penny doll. He not in the caravan, would have played crockery.

She was absent ne "Well?" said he she came in.

"I have seen Mr has got a sensation fo has some new billa public patronize the us what money he c

Mrs. Strong hea "What sort of a length.

"Menageries are rejoined the lion "I've a good mind None tonight. If Hollowford would tomorrow. That wo like a sensation. I send Nell away he paid the funeral exp

"Daddy!" interr little voice; "Daddy Carl Strong took caravan.

"What is it, Nell "I'd like an orang "Then you shall b my last penny."

It was a good ten the common for th The lion-tamer cove half that time. Bu ing the shop he sto damp from the prin in the window:

Una, the Child Qu Tonight,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE QUEEN OF THE LIONS.

Business was very bad with the "World-famed Mammoth Menagerie." Mr. Riemann, the once fat proprietor, sat in his caravan, puzzling his brains for a sensation powerful enough to draw the fickle public. In another caravan, smaller and less ornate, Carl Strong, the lion-tamer, was sobbing like a child.

Come and See Una Perform with Three Untamed Lions of the Desert! Riemann's World-famed Mammoth Menagerie. Carl passed his hand over his eyes, and stared again. "A child!" he muttered. "Why it's as much as I dare do, now they're only half fed. Nero'll eat her! Riemann must be mad!"

The familiar voice cry, "de Shild-Queen of der Lions will now appear." The word struck a chill to the lion-tamer's heart. "Will now appear!" and scarce a minute had passed since he had lashed Nero to fury!

The social intercourse and practical helpfulness so widely adopted by the members of non-Catholic churches have long been, especially in small communities, the chief means of their growth and attractiveness to young people. Shall we lag behind in so important a matter?

Christian Scientists not wholly averse to profiting by suggestions have an excellent one offered them in the following: Last Sunday, about noon, says the New York Sun, the Broadway cars were filled with homeward-bound churchgoers.

SURPRISE SOAP POINTS. A pure hard soap which is economical in wearing qualities. Entirely harmless to the hands.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. "THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME" For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath.

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

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes! Pond's Extract. Reduced one-half with pure soft water.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS. High-class Church and Cathedral Windows. Equal to any English or American work.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. If you do not enjoy your meals and do not sleep well, you need O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION. Can be seen at our Warehouses, DUNDAS STREET.

It was a good ten minutes' walk from the common to the nearest fruit-shop. The lion-tamer covered the distance in half that time. But instead of entering the shop he stood staring at a bill, damp from the printer's, which hung in the window: Una, the Child-Queen of the Lions! Tonight, at Eight.

Una, the Child-Queen of the Lions! Tonight, at Eight. "Latee and shentlemens," he heard the audience nearest the cage surged backwards in alarm.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. One who has devoted his energy and talents to the fostering of young men's societies has this to say about the organization of Catholic Young Men in Towns and Villages.

An Important Decision. A decision which will interest Catholics benevolent societies throughout the country was that made recently by the Supreme Court of Missouri.

There is no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of killing them. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you that health, if anything will.

PREJUDICES DYING.

The Old Anti-Catholic Lies Disappearing.

There is no doubt that the old lies, that we Catholics are diabolical; that we teach that the end justifies the means; that we favor intellectual darkness rather than light, etc., etc., are still strong against us in many quarters. This I know, but I think such traditions are getting weaker and weaker year by year.

We'll give the Pope a penny loaf, A piece of cheese to choke him, A pint of beer to wash him down, And a good old fire to burn him.

In this, the first year of the twentieth century, such ribaldry is impossible anywhere in England.

I remember too, when I was but a little fellow in knickerbockers, being often told that one could always detect Papists—Roman Diddies, as they were called in my birthplace—by their downy cheeks, dejected air. This was of course, because they were "priest-ridden." I do not think even Mr. Johnson of Ballykilbeg, or the Rev. Mr. Jacob Primmer of Dunfermline would now maintain such a preposterous opinion.

They know, moreover, that Catholics who go to Mass regularly and frequent the sacraments, i. e., who are thorough-going Romanists, do not become of necessity gloomy, morose individuals, pining to wear hair shirts, or to put tin backs in their boots, or to scourge their backs until the blood flows. They see them extracting a good deal of honey out of life, and this wholesome sort of honey too, and this without having to ask express permission from their "Father Confessors" every time they wish to do so.

The old-fashioned Protestant idea of the priest has changed very much. The past generation of Protestants thought a Catholic priest was a being who always appeared to have his head very close to the ground, to wear a long black cassock, to sit in his sacristy like an upstart in his web, seeming to deprecate some Protestant therein, so as to divert him from Evangelical Truth to Popish Error. The bicycle has had a great deal to do in relegating this class of fiction to limbo.

No. Popery lecturing does not pay like it did. Protestant ministers of any repute are generally conspicuously absent from the Murphy, Slattery, Rutheven type of lectures. The late Mr. Newdigate's crusades for convent inspection flaked out. Mr. Kensit is not taken seriously by a title of the nations and the so-called Wickliff preacher, have covered their cause with ridicule, and are even held in small repute in Lutetia, the quiet Leicestershire town, which John Wickliff made headquarters of his unbiest propaganda.

The past has been dead against us, the present is in our hands; the future will be, well, largely what we make it ourselves.—Rev. Anselm Poock in the Manchester Herald.

THE CONVERSION OF HENRY OF NAVARRE.

By Susan L. Emery, in Donahoe's for July. In the biography of Cardinal Morone by the Archbishop of Spoleto, mention is made that St. Philip often said: "Be sure of this, that God will make use of the King Henry as the instrument of the purpose of His Eternal Providence for the advantage of France and of the Catholic Church." The same writer declares that among the principal motives that led the Pope to accept King Henry's abjuration as sincere was the great influence of St. Philip. He, with marked prudence and tact, treated of this urgent question with three very prominent persons who were striving to obtain Henry's abjuration from Pope Clement—Cardinal Gondy and the Duke of Nevers, who frequently discussed the matter with him in the pontiff's presence, and Cardinal Morosini, a Venetian, who had been legate in France in the pontificate of Sixtus V, and understood the character of the French court and nation.

Yet some of Philip's most intimate and devoted friends were opposed to the abjuration: in fact, it is said that no question had ever more divided the Sacred College. So, at last, St. Philip began to ask himself if he had not better keep silence, and simply plead in prayer with Almighty God to order all things well. But, at this juncture, the great Oratorian Father, Baronio and Bezin, both deeply versed in theology and in the history of the Church, earnestly besought him to heed the words of no man, but to speak out boldly what his conscience bade him speak in favor of Henry of Navarre.

The one secret of life and development is not to desire and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work, to do every moment's duty aright.—George MacDonald.

ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

The whole community was shocked when the news arrived in the city of the sudden death in Toronto of Rev. John Brennan, Chaplain of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, well known in Kingston and the Archdiocese.

There is no doubt that the old lies, that we Catholics are diabolical; that we teach that the end justifies the means; that we favor intellectual darkness rather than light, etc., etc., are still strong against us in many quarters. This I know, but I think such traditions are getting weaker and weaker year by year.

We'll give the Pope a penny loaf, A piece of cheese to choke him, A pint of beer to wash him down, And a good old fire to burn him.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

NIAGARA FALLS.

The annual celebration of the Spargular feast was kept this year—July 27—with the same ceremony and was attended by the same enthusiastic congregation. The ceremonies were held in the open air. Rev. Philip A. Krohn, Director of the Niagara Falls, presided at the celebration of the Spargular feast, assisted by Rev. T. Sullivan, Provincial, and Rev. J. M. Mayer, the ex-Provincial, presided at the Mass.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE.

THEIRRENE, MAN.

On Wednesday, July 25, a very successful Jubilee Retreat was held in our pretty little church of the Sacred Heart. The Rev. Father Grenier, S. J., our pastor, presided at the retreat, and the Rev. Father Lacasse, O. M. I., our vicar, presided at the Mass.

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DIocese of London.

LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE.

On Sunday, July 22, His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. McCarty will bless and lay the corner stone of the new church to be erected on Lay street, this city, which will be the first of the new columns some time ago. The solemn ceremony will begin at 3:30, the psalms proper to the occasion and the Litany of the Saints will be chanted by a combined choir of the two churches.

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OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary Theresa Donahue, St. Thomas.

The following account of the sudden taking of Mrs. Donahue is taken from the St. Thomas Times and is well known in Kingston and the Archdiocese. It is also from the same paper of the 15th inst. The public notice of her decease, which is also from the same paper of the 15th inst. The following account of the sudden taking of Mrs. Donahue is taken from the St. Thomas Times and is well known in Kingston and the Archdiocese.

Mrs. Donahue was a woman of noble qualities, a devoted wife and mother, and a deeply religious person. She was of a gentle nature, kind-hearted and devotedly attached to her family and friends. She was prominent in affairs connected with the Church of the Holy Angels and was always ready to assist in any good work.

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REGINA NOTES.

The Very Rev. Father Tatin, O. M. I., Visitor General of the Oblate Provinces of Canada and the United States, accompanied by Rev. Father Constantineau, O. M. I., Rector of Ottawa University, spent Sunday in Regina.

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