Department

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The Catholic Record LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 27, 1907.

AN ABOMINABLE NUISANCE. Our readers know that the Hon. M. Lemieux said recently that "the law barred from the mails the 'news' which ministers to prurient curiosity." - Another matter that needs attention is the picture and post card nuisance. We refer to the kind designated as "high art," "chie," by the critics, and as indecent by those, who, however they may regard themselves as judges of art, have not lost their moral We know not whence these pictures come, but that they are in the ession of children is indisputable. The publishers of this impure trash tell us that these pictures are copies of celebrated works of art. This they repeat unctuously and with much iteration as if it justified the dissemination of menaces to the purity of the home. They may be "celebrated" but they neither exhaust the resources of art nor represent the work which is a source of holy inspiration. If they are interested in art it is not necessary to exploit the nude. Nor are

part, are of the gutter and brothel type of art. STRANGE INDEED.

It is strange, by the way, to find in

they obliged to prefer studies of the

"human form divine" to those which

are smirched by no stain of lubricity.

We should pay no attention to the

platitude "to the pure all things are pure" and should stamp out the pictures and post-cards which have no

educational value, and for the most

some Catholic homes no sign of the faith of their occupants. They might be pagan or anti-Christian or indifferentist, but, so far as pictures go, they are not Catholics. Instead of representatives of God and His saints, we have mythological scenes, smirking, half-draped women-art, in short, that His promise, will remain forever. is burdened with temptation and that blights and destroys the whiteness of children's souls. One must needs wonder at the ignorance and criminal carelessness of these parents. They do not seem to know that there is art that has caught and put on canvas, visions of the good and beautiful. They are ignorant of the fact that a picture wrought by a pure heart can open to us vistas of holiness, and can exercise upon the child's soul a very salutary influence. But they are proud of their ignorance; and glad, seemingly, to proclaim themselves as supporters of the art that is the source of moral of expressions of sensuous beauty and lustful passion would it not be better to have figures of Christ and His Holy Mother. Ruskin says "that there has probably not been an innocent cottage house throughout the length and breadth of Europe in which the imaged presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humbles duties, and comfort to the screet trials of the lives of woman." Would not a picture of the Madonna, "veiled glory of the lampless universe," have some meaning for a Catholic.

A GOOD CITIZEN.

In New York lives a gentleman named Anthony Comstock who is the target for the cheap wittleisms of those whose fad is the art of the dissecting table. Mr. Comstock believes that art should minister to our instruction: his opponents, that it should cater to morbid curiosity and lustful passion. The former stands for purity: the latter for pictorical eroticism as a means to make money. For art they care not: but they look kindly upon the dollar and seek it from the young and old of befouled imagination. We should like to believe that we have not such as these among our citizens. Certain facts, however, warrant us in saying that we also are cursed by those who pander to vice, and whose trade is to make the members of Christ the members of an harlot. Not openly of course. But some "drummers" can and do carry into quiet towns the pictorial abominations that get into the hands of children and of their elders who have muddled ideas as to gentlemen. what purity consists in, and, who, judging their fellows by themselves, place this holy virtue among the im-

moves on to the eternal gates under the direction of the Pontiffs who seek not their own but the things of Jesus

TRUE TO HER COLORS.

Whenever the civil power has tried to tamper with the constitution of the Church ecclesiastical authority has never used the language of compromise or expediency. When, for instance, the Emperor Constantius wished his authority to prevail in certain religious matters, the legate who presided at the

Council of Nice, wrote to him as follows:
"Do not meddle with ecclesiastical precepts lest you prescribe precepts to those from whom you should rather learn: to you hath God given empire, to us He hath entrusted the things of the Church. It is neither lawful for us to govern the earth, nor for you to touch the censer."

Said Gregory VII. in reference to Henry IV. " Never, by any prayers or manifestations of friendship or of enmity, could he obtain from us the consent to say or think anything for his sake, contrary to justice." In this course, by the help of God, we will constantly persist so long as we shall live not daunted by any peril of life or death. Clemenceau and his allies will pass, but the holy Church with its chiefs under Christ and according to

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD TIME.

Some Canadians neglect no opportunity for amusement and recreation. They believe in a "good time," and to have it spare neither time nor energy. It seems to us, also, that in some quarters of this country Catholic young men are the sprinsters and rowers-the chief contributors to the out-door pleasures of their fellowcitizens. The local prints record their prowess on turf and water but they have no chronicle of their achievements in any line of serious work. the art that is the source of moral leprosy. They care not so long as they have upon the walls of their homes any old thing recommended by the critics who journey to the pocket of the public by the way of sensuality. Instead of expressions of sensuality and the source of sensu fade quickly, but the labor devoted to the study of our principles of current issues strengthens us morally and mentally, and enables us to give the community in which we live something far better than athletic feats. Speaking some years ago to young men, Archbishop Ireland told them "that their principles lent a dignity to those who defended them, who lived by them. I want to hear from you," he said, when there is a gathering of citizens for the correcting of some abuse. Do not allow any good movement to be lost because of your indifference : send in your name and promise your co-

operation." This is good advice from one who mows, and might, if given attention, dissipate many a prejudice against us.

HURRY UP GENTLEMEN. Did we not hear some time ago that prominent laymen were hard at work on a scheme for the federation of Catholic societies. It seems to us that we were told of an interchange of thought and inspiration : of a chain of sympathy and love that would bind us the more closely together, and enable us thereby to concentrate our strength and activity on the things worth while, and to fashion leaders to bear our standards. But where is the scheme? The skies were blue when we heard of it, and now the skies are gray and it comes not within our range of vision. Has the enthusiasm whose praises they hymned so gracefully died out? We know not: but we are certain that Federation will not be without support. Hurry up.

A REMINISCENCE.

Do our readers remember that when

dation and witness to our own filth. But men do account it as of little consequence and lend themselves to the dissemination of the wares of hell. These human buzzards are a menace to the purity of the household.

A FACT OFT SEEN.

"Without doubt," says John of Salisbury, "whoever oppresses ecclesiastical liberty is punished either in himself or in his offspring."

The grasses of many years are on the grave of John but his words live. History points to the tombs of men, who in their time played the role of the enemy of religion. Of them remains but a memory—and the Church moves on to the eternal gates under the discretion of the Paptiffs who seel to the scorn of his public, and cried to the cathodic out: "Behold the fruits of the Cathodic out of cowardice and treated us to a dazz. But the Anglo-Saxon had verbal jewels strewn over him. Fed on the "open Bible," swathed in bonds of honor, opposed to clericalism, he could, and wile, discard her and marry another. She has nothing but his word, and against that she is required to pledge her virtue, her honor and her existence for life. We ask is that fair? And why should a Catholic girl expose herself to such dangers by entering upon such a one-sided contract?

"Is it that she might procure a home and support and be no longer obliged to make her own living? But kind of craft? But we suppose that the editor is too much interested in the "extreme but reasonable measures" of French atheists to dilate on things nautical.

> THE DANGERS OF MIXED MARRIAGES.

ONE OF THE WORST DRAINS UPON THE BISHOP MATZ.

In a pastoral read in all the churches of the diocese of Denver, Bishop Matz lays down the most stringent rules governing the marriages of Catholics and non-Catholics. He ordains that in future no Catholic man may marry a Protestant woman in that diocese. No dispensation will be granted for such a union. The Bishop bases his action upon the fact that the children of such marriages are, with practically no ex-ceptions, invariably lost to the faith, as shown by statistics in possession of the Church. The Protestant mother has the raising of the children, argues Bishop Matz, and the father seldom in-sists on their being brought up in the

In the case of a Catholic woman marrying a Protestant man, the man must submit to a course of instructions must submit to a course of instructions before the priest will be permitted to unite them in matrimony. The idea of this is that the father may understand what is expected of him and comprehend the tenets of the Church in which

nend the tenets of the Church in which his children are to be raised.

"Mixed marriages—marriages, name-ly, of Catholies with persons not baptized or baptized Protestants, constitute one of the worst drains upon the Church in the United States," says the Bishop in his pastoral. "Our numerical strength in this country would be much greater only for these unfortunate mixed maronly for these unfortunate mixed mar-riages. The United States census re-ports are authority for the statement that 65 per cent. of these marriages are lost to the Church. We know that 80 per cent. is nearer the truth. The reason for these losses will be found in the want of Catholic education in mixed the want of Ostnoite education in mixed families. It requires the combined efforts of father and mother to raise a Christian family, and the education here implied must be conveyed by example and precept; of these two, example and precept; of these two, example and precept; ample is by far the most powerful. But Catholic faith-in other words, noninterference. Now it turns out that this policy of non-interference is a practical denial of Christianity.

"The mother, for instance, teaches the children their prayers, takes them to church on Sundays and tell them they cannot eat meat on Fridays, etc. The children never see the father say a prayer, he never goes to Mass with them on Sundays and eats meat on Fridays as on any other day of the week, etc. Now if it is true that words teach, but example draws, when these children come to the age of under standing they will notice these differences and ask for an explanation.
"Why must I go to Mass, instruction, confession? Papa doesn't do any of these things. Can't I have a piece of meat to-day, the same as my papa?"
And when once these children may
assert their independence, which teaching, think you, will they follow?
Moreover, as a rule, these children are
not sent to the Catholic schools for their education. The Protestant father does not believe in parochial schools; he says the Public schools are good enough, and he does not intend paying double for the education of his chil dren. You see, the Christian Catholic education of mixed families is vitiated at home by the non-Catholic parent, and positively banished from the school, where it ought to be most positively and formally inculcated in the tender minds and plastic hearts of the children. So much for non-interfer-

WHAT THE CATHOLIC RISKS. "There is one thing which no doubt struck you as something very remarkable — namely, the singular preference shown our Catholic girls by Protestant suitors who are pleading for their hands. The reason is a very simple one; a man contemplating marriage naturally will look for the best woman he can find. He knows that for virtue and purity a good Catholic girl has no superior; her piety, modesty and deep sense of religion make her appear as a model mother for his children. Then possibilities. When we jest at what is the brightest ornament of either man the crew behaved as do the most of men gripped by the fear of death. But to him against all odds. He knows,

to get this home and support she must jeopardize her eternal salvation and that of her family, is it worth the bargain? Then is she very sure of that home and support? Certain it is that she will have to work just as hard after as before her marriage. And if one day she finds herself abandoned, east off and left with a household of little ones clamping for bread and oh. east off and left with a household of little ones clamoring for bread, and ob-liged to make a living for her family, What then? Are these cases so rare that they may be passed over as mere accidents? Go into our orphanages, asylums and homes for dependent chil-dren, our reformatories and houses of the Good Shepherd and find out how many of their impates came there just many of their inmates came there just from such homes, ruined by heaven's curse following upon such marriages contracted in defiance of the laws of God and of His Church.

STRINGENT REGULATIONS. "Considering the baneful effect of mixed marriages and the constantly increasing number of calls for dispensations, we believe that the time has come for the application of stringent regulations calculated to check this evil, save the Cauch from the enor-mous losses incurred through mixed marriages and protect our Catholic men and women from such a galling yoke as that of an indissoluble union with one who is not of the faith and who for this reason can never be one mind and one heart in that bond, of all the most holy and most intimate— union with God in the one true faith * * *

"The powers for dispensing in mixed marriages vested in a Bishop are delegated faculties and can only be used according to the mind of the Church. Now the Church grants these Church. Now the Church grants these dispensations only after safeguarding all the rights of the Catholic party—namely, perfect liberty to practice his religion; freedom to raise the family in the Catholic faith and a solemn pledge on the part of the non-Catholic to provide a Catholic education for the children should the Catholic parent come to die. These promises in printed form are to be signed by the non-Catholic and will be kept in the archives by the priest for reference in case of need. Catho-lies contemplating a mixed marriage should in time procure from their pas-tor a copy of these promises to be presented to their Protestant suitors in the very beginning of their courtship. When all preparations for the marriage have been made and the day for the ceremony has been selected, there is no time any more for adjusting these points; nor is it fair to present the promises at this juncture.

"No Bishop can grant a dispensa-

tion unless promises are secured and we possess the assurance that they will be carried out. It is clear from what we have said before that a simple non-interference on the part of the non-Catholic cannot secure the raising of the family in the Catholic faith; for this will require a positive co-operation with the Catholic father or mother, which co-operation in the event of death shall have to be carried alone by the Protestant. But how can he assume such a responsibility unless he knows what the Catholic Church teaches? Therefore, we demand that every Pro-testant wishing to marry a Catholic submit to a course of instructions to prepare himself for the discharge of his duties in helping to raise a Catholic family. We shall grant no dispensation unless this request is complied with, and we warn Catholics to take up this

matter in time with their non Catholic " The raising of a Catholic family in mixed marriage where the father is Protestant is a most difficult task, but if the mother happens to be the Protestant, then it becomes an impos-sible task. The mother has by far the largest share in the raising and educa-ting of the children. The children are a more intimate part of the mother, since they are kneaded in her own flesh and blood. Wherefore if she is not Catholic she will never he able to raise Catholic family. Therefore, we positively shall refuse to grant a dispensaion in a mixed marriage where the woman is a non-Catholic, and we warn all Catholic young men against forming such acquaintances with a view to contracting marriage." — Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

The Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings deliv great inspirer and patron of art, of the debt genius and world owes to the munificence of the Popes and of faith as the strongest impulse to artistic achievement. Great art, he said, was achievement. Great are, he sain, was produced only by great Christians, and Catholicity alone had inspired it because it was the only vital religious system. The address bristled with good points, and was heard by a large and appreciative audience. WHAT THE POPE SAYS.

OCIALISM IS CHRISTIANITY'S BITTEREST

The Holy Father has addressed the following letter to the leading members of the Italian Economic Social Union: For the first general assembly called to elect the President and Directive Council of the Economic Social Union for Italian Catholics, you, to whose care the constitution of that Union is en trusted, recently asked for the Aposto-lic Benediction in a letter which was a real consolation. Indeed we are well aware of your complete devotion and absolute obedience to the Roman Pontiff. Yet your new and warm profession of them comes opportunely to mitigate the disastisfaction we feel at the conduct of other sons not in such harmony with our wishes and directions. All the more is this the case because in your words we can recognize not only your sentiments alone, but those of many whom the common bond of beneficent action united with you. We refer to those associations in the economic and social order which we see grouped round this centre in good number from every part of Italy.

We also learn with pleasure that you have undertaken the publication of a review which serves to instruct Catho absolute obedience to the Roman Pon

review which serves to instruct Catho-lics and initiate them practically in the action which it is in the province of your union to take. It is a proof, in addition to so many others that you have given, of your intelligent activity. Nevertheless, grateful for the comfort you afforded us by the homage of your

sympathy and your reads zeal, we pray the Lord to grant you His lights abundantly and not to cease seconding your works with His grace. Assuredly, considering of what kind and how great your activity has been so far in the field of labor assigned to you, we have much reason to rejoice with you.

But beloved ease if your desire as But, beloved sons, if you desire, as we ardently do, that beginnings so we ardently do, that beginnings so auspicious should have a still more

prosperous development, it is necessary that the spirit of religion should always, that the spirit of religion should always, in increasing measure, penetrate and invigorate and animate your work in all branches. Although this is directed to the promotion of the temporal welfare of the people, it is not confined within the narrow circle of economic interests, but is devoted, with noble purpose, to social restoration, aiming at the right ordering of human society.

Now, religion being a jealous guardian of the moral law, which is the natural foundation of the order of society, it follows, that to bring disordered society back to order nothing

ordered society back to order nothing is more needful than that religious principles should be made to thrive. Wherefore the better to accomplish your responsible task and to meet our expectation, they being instructed and qualified by you will constantly strive more and more to mark the impress of Christianity on the movement you direct. And in doing this you will have in view not merely the common good, but also that of your members; and particularly, in attending to their material advantages you will seek to safeguard their spiritual interests. It is of the highest importance that in the light of the doctrine of Christ they should justly estimate human things and see how far beyond the defective goods of this transient life should be placed those of the life eternal. Thus and not otherwise can you effi-

cacionaly oppose the progress of Social tianity, advances with ruin in its train -blotting out the hopes of Heaven from the hearts of the people-to de stroy the fabric of society, already shaken. Your active charity will suggest to you the institutions that should by preference be promoted within the Union. To us those called professional societies seem most suitable, and again and in a special manner we recommend you to be solicitious as to how you proseed in establishing and conducting ceed in establishing and conducting them. You will, therefore, take care that those who are to become members undergo a fitting preparation; that is, persons on the nature and scope of the association, on the duties and rights of Christian workers, and on the teachings of the Church and the Pontifical documents that are most closely concerned with the labor question. In this con-nection good fruit will be borne by the work of the clergy, who in their turn will find here fresh help for rendering the sacred ministry more efficacious amongst the people. Hence, the workamongst the people. Hence, the work-ers so prepared will become not only nseful members of the professional so cieties, but also energetic co-operators in extending and defending the practice of the Christian doctrines. also because we look to them for material and moral aid for those workers whom necessity compels to seek work for some time, in foreign regions with out having protective assistance. The zeal of the pastors of souls will bring forth precious fruit in the field where it is aided by the provincial, diocesan and district associations for the protection of the emigrants which we hope to see springing up in all the centres of temporary emigration. For the rest, it will be your care to derive the adered a splendid talk on the relation of art to religion at the Cleveland Art vantage of moral improvement not only from this peculiar form of association, but likewise from others, which appear to have an exclusively econ character, raising them beyond their immediate purpose to the more exalted objects of education and culture.

Finally, beloved sons, as to your general arrangements, we have already, by the rules for the establishment of diocesan committees, given life and impulse to a disciplined movement, which, under the surveillance of the Bishops, ought to develop the social memory. the rules for the establishment

action of Catholics in the different

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dioceses according to local needs and the requirements of the time. We have desired then, as was fitting, to harmonize the careful autonomy of local institutions with the episcopal government of the Church. The effortive assistance and favor of our vener tive assistance and favor of our venerable brethern are not wanting to this work of common utility, and judging by their zeal, will not, we are certain, be wanting in the future. To make Catholic action, especially the social side of it, stronger and more complete, We wish that the diocesan committees should concentrate their efforts upon this Social Economic Union. Thus the forces of all will receive an increase of energy from unity of direction. And forces of all will receive an increase of energy from unity of direction. And accept, beloved sons, with great courage, the weighty charge we impose on you. Many are the difficulties you have already passed through. You will perhaps meet with others. But to keep up your spirits it will be sufficient to remember that you will never lose the support of good citizens, the help of our authority and the assistance of God. Meanwhile, as a pledge of divine favors, we grant the Apostolic Benediction with particular affection to you and to all your families.

diction with particular and to all your families.

Given, at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 20th of January, 1907, the fourth year postificate.

Prus, Pope.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Cardinal Luigi Macchi, secretary of

apostolic briefs, died March 29, after a sickness of only twelve hours, of apop-

Miss Alice Laurent, daughter of the Chief of the Abenaquis Indians at Pierreville, Canada, took the veil in Ottawa a short time ago. She is the first Abenaqui Indian to become a nun.

The problem of supporting the French priests and Bishops is becoming a serious one for the Holy See, for six dioceses are reported to be absolutely without funds to carry on religious worship.

The Tablet announces that the Rev. Alexander R. Goldie, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly Vicar of Elvaston, Derby, and rector of Roma, Gawsworth, Macclesfield, was received into the Catholic Church on March 8,

German Catholics have done a most gracious act of international charity. A news note from Rome says that much gratification was expressed at the Vatican when it was learned that a few days ago the Catholics of Berlin had sent to Cardinal Richard 28,000 marks to help the French Church in its present financial distress.

The Bishops of Switzerland have published a collective letter to their flocks urging them to support Catholic newspapers. They said: 'Whoever takes a journal hostile to the Church participates by so doing in its bad deeds. Subscribe to Catholic newspapers and when you have read them pass them on to others to read."

Much interest is manifested in Dr. P. Hartmann's sacred oratorio "St. Peter," which was performed for the first time at Carnegie Hall, New York, last Wednesday, under the direction of the author. Dr. Hartmann ranks amongst the very first of Catholic writers of oratorios and has been honored by the Holy Fathers and Emperors Francis Joseph of Austria and

At Goldfield, Nev., one of the new but rapidly growing towns of the west, the sum of \$7,000 was subscribed the other Sunday for the purpose of erecting a larger church. A fine site has been secured, and a handsome stone church to cost \$30,000 will soon be under course of erection. A new rectory, also of stone, will be built in

The lives of sixty infants, all less than one year old, were saved recently by the heroism of the Sisters of Providence at the burning of Bethlehem, the Brightside Nursery, Springfield, Mass. The big frame structure was wrapped in flames almost before the fire was dis-covered. Several of the Sisters are nearly prostrated by the nervous ten-sion incident to the fire.

Alexander Beaubien, the first white child born in Chicago, who arrived thirteen years ahead of Fernando Jones, the oldest living citizen, died at his home, in that city last week. A widow. two sons, two daughters, eleven grand-children and three great grand-children survive him. Not only did Mr. Beaufirst white child born in Chicago, but he was the first to be baptized by a Catholic priest, which baptism did not take place until he was six years old.

The Rev. Henry Gibson, rector of Bolton le Sands, in the Diocese of Liverpool, England, who died the other day at the age of eighty years, was sprung from a family remarkable for devotion to the Church. Three sons became priests, a fourth child became a nun, and she is still living, at the age of eighty-six years, in the Benedictine priory of Colwich, Stafford, under the name of Mother Mary Gabriel.

A memorial meeting in honor of the late Count Creighton was held recently in the Auditorium, Omaha. The principal speaker was the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who paid a warm tribute to his dead friend. "John A. Creighton," said Mr. Bryan, "had tribute to his dead friend. "John A. Creighton," said Mr. Bryan, "had learned the meaning of the word others. He rever for a moment thought that his wealth was for himself, but for others. The man of whom this can be said has truly fulfilled the law." Initial steps were taken to erect a monument to Count Creighton's

GIENANAAR

A STORY OF IRISH LIFE

BY VERY REV. CANON P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D. AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "LUKE DELMEGE," "UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS," "LOST ANGEL OF A RUINED PARADISE," ETC. CHAPTER IX.

Ohristmas morning came round; and the snow was still heavy in cleft and hollow; whilst on the open roads it had been beaten by many feet of men and horses into a sheet of yellow ice that made walking very troublesome and dangerous. The great white sheet was yet drawn across the landscape to the horizon; and on distant mountains it shone clear as amber in the light of the wintry sun. The eyes of men were yearning for the more soothing green rolor of field and copee; for in this field and copse; for in this color of field and copse; for in this country, where we are so unaccustomed to snow, the eyes soon begin to ache at the dazzling whiteness, and seek relief in little spots or nooks of ver-dure under the shade of trees, or in hid den places where the great crystal flakes could not penetrate.

The family had gone to early Mass, some to Ardpatrick or Ballyorgan, some down to their own parish church; for, despite the inclement weather, there was some pleasure in meeting friends on such a day, and exchanging Christmas greetings. The boys who had been home early from Mass went out their sticks to hunt the wren and Hy, Droleen! echoed from copse and thicket, as the young lads shouted and thicket, as the young lads shoulded the hunting cry far away across the mountains. The rest of the family got back early from Mass also, and the deep hush of a Christmas Sabbath fell swiftly down over the entire land, for it was a matter of honor in Ireland that each family should be swiftly gathered each family should be swittly gathered together, and have their fireside con-secrated against all intrusion on that day. So far is this rigid tradition maintained that it is most rare to find any one sitting down to the Christman dinner who is not an immediate member of the family circle; and the happy-go-easy intimacy of other days, when a neighbor might freely cross the threshold with a "God bless the threshold with a "God bless the work!" is sternly interdicted on that day. The strict privacy of each house hold is rigidly maintained.

hold is rigidly maintained.

When night fell, all gathered together around the table, where smoked the Christmas dinner. This, too, was invariable in every Irish household. The roast goose, stuffed with potatoes and onions, the pig's head, garlanded with curly cabbage, a piece of salt beef, and an abundance of potatoes was, and is, the never-changing menu in these humble, Christian households. In places where there is a little more pretension, a rice pudding, plentifully sprinkled with currants, or a plum prinkled with currants, or a plum pudding, is in much request. And pudding, is in much to the then the decks are cleared for action; and the great Christmas cake, black with raisins, is surrounded and steamed with raisins, and all oking tumblers of punch ; and al lax for a cosy, comfortable evening innocent mirth and enjoyment aroun the glowing fire of turf and logs, on the sacred hearths of Ireland. And there are songs and dances galore, and absolute fraternity and equality, for servant boys and girls mix freely with the family on this great holiday of Christian communism; and many a quaint story is told and many a quain egend is unearthed, as the memory o old travels back into the past, and the hopes of the young leap forward to the future. And all then was limited between the four seas of Ireland. America had not yet been discovered; and the imagination never travelled beyond the circle of the seas. And so there was nothing but Ireland to talk about, nothing but Ireland interesting; the Ireland of the past so dark, so traical; the Ireland of the future so un certain and problematical.

Late in the evening, or rather night, in this little home of Glenanaar, the thoughts of the family took a melan choly turn. The song had been sung, the story told; the girls and boys ed after jig and reel, and th whole family circle were gathered around the fire now smouldering down in hot cinders and white ashes. The ditation and even gloom, as the huge giant shadows were cast on the walls and upwards where the blackened rafters glistened under the dark, smoked-begrimed thatch. After a long silence, the vanithee, Mrs. Con-nors, with her hands folded upon her said, looking intently at the fire "I hope we'll all be well and happy, this time twelvementh! Sure 'tis

know what's before Who'd ever think last Christmas that we'd see what we saw this harvest "There's no use in dhrawin' it up to-night, Bess," said the old man.

"The comin' year, and every year of our lives, is in the hands of God!"

"Thrue for you," said the vanithee.
"But sure, how can we help talkin"
about what our hearts are full of?"

'Tis all over now." said her hus band, spreading his hands before the embers. "At laste, we may hope so As long as the Counseller is to the fore, the people are safe."

You never know," said her wife whose feminine instincts inclined to despondency. "It's clear as nondespondency. day, that there's thim in the country swear black wos whit and night wos day.'

"Ontil they're made sich an example f," said a deep voice from the settle, that no wan of their seed, breed, or gineration shall be left to swear away

honest lives agin.' "They say," added another of the oys, "that Cloumper Daly ('Cloumper Daly is the name by which the added another of the famous informer is still spoken of in the parish,) is sperrited away already; the other ruffian is under thrainin agin be the police in Dublin to swear

harder the nixt time.' They're to be pitied, the poor. misfortunate crachures," said Edmond Connors. "It must be hard times that diruv them to such a trade."

Wisha, thin, father," said one of girls, who could make bolder on her parents than her brothers, "I wish

you'd keep your pity for them that desarve it better. Hard times, indeed! As if anything could excuse wholesale perjury and murdher!"

"You have your feelings. Kate."

"You have your feelings, Kate, said the old man, "and sure I don' blame you. 'Twould be a lonesome Shrove for you, if Willy Burke hadn't done what he done.'

aone what he done."
This allusion to Kate's approaching marriage with John Burke only exasperated her the more.
"Yes, father," she said, "but as Done! here were the said, but as

Donal here sez, what purtection have anny of ye, so long as anny of that dirty spawn of informers is left in the

s a brave ride, surely," said Twas a prave rice, surely, said the old man, not heeding. "I hard Dr. O'Brien say from the altar, that in a hunder' or two hunder' years' time, there'll be ballads and songs about

"You hard him say, too," said Kate "You hard him say, too," said Rate, flushed and excited with the dance, and the thought of her lover's peril thus brought back to her mind, "that he hoped every approver and informer would clear out of his parish, and lave to trace behind them in wife or child."

"Go out, Donal," said the old man not relishing this turn the conversa tion was taking, "an bring in a cree of dhry turf and fagots for the fire Sure we have some hours yet before bed-time, and the sight of the fire in good. "And," he continued, turning round, as Donal promptly obeyed take a look at the cows in the stall and see they're all right agin the night. It is as cowld for thim crachures as it is for ourselves.

Donal, a "boy" of thirty five forty, went out into the keen frosty air; and first approached the outhouse where the wood was kept. Having where the wood was kept. Having collected a goodly bundle, he went over to the great long rick of black turf, now blanketed under a heap of frozen snow. He could not find the usual creel; so, lighting a stable lantern, he went over to the byre where the cattle were stalled for the night. Three of the beasts were comfortably asleep in their stalls; the remaining three bent down their wet nozzles, and breathed on something that lay on the floor. Surprised beyond measure, Donal went over, and stooping down saw his turf-creel, and lying therein, warmed and saved by the breath of the dumb oxen, was the sweetest and prettiest child he ever saw. The little creature opened its blue eyes at the lantern light, and stared and smiled at its discoverer. The cows drew back. collected a goodly bundle, he went ove its discoverer. The cows drew back Their services were no longer wanted But one came back from the stalls and, as if loath to leave its little charge, put down its wet nose again, and breathed the warm vapor of breath

The pig Donal was so surprised that The big Donal was so surprised that, as he said, you could knock him down with a feather. But, leaving the lantern on the floor, he came over leisurely to the house, smiling at the surprise he was going to give the family. Then he stopped a moment, debating with himself what would be debating with himself what would be the most dramatic form in which he could make the revelation. Like a good artist he finally decided that the simplest way would be the most effective; so he pushed open the kitchen door, and said:

on the infant.

Come here, Kate, I want you minit." "Wisha, thin," said Kate, reluctant

enough to leave the warm house and go out into the frosty air, "'tis you're always wantin' somethin'. What is it When they were in the yard, Donal

said to her : Keep yer sinses about you, Kate. for you'll see the quarest thing you

ever saw now!"
"Yerra, what is it," said Kate, now quite excited, "is it a ghost or wan of

he 'good people?' "
"Tis a fairy whatever," said Donal

going over and letting the light fall down on the smiling face of the child. "Did ye ever see the likes before? what'll they say inside?" Kate uttered a little scream of sur-

prise, and clasped her hands.

"Glory be to God! Did any wan
ever see the likes before? I wandher
is it something good, or—"

The dumb beast rebuked her super stition, for again she bent down her wet mouth over the child and breathed softly over her. And the infant, as if appealing against the incredulity the girl, twisted and puckered i little face, as if about to cry. "Here," said Donal, "ketch

"Here," said Donal, "ketch sgrip of the creel, and let us take the rachure into the fire. And I suppose she's starving.'

The brother and sister lifted the basket gently, and, leaving the lantern behind them, took the infant across the snow-covered yard, and pushed n the kitchen door. Here's a Christmas box for ye that

we found in the stable," said Donal, with great delight. "Begobs, whoiver with great delight. sint it made no mistake about it. She's

a rale little jewel.'

The whole family rose, except Edmond Connors, who kept his place by the fire. He was always proof against sudden emotions of all kinds. They gathered around the basket which Donal and Kate brought over to the fire; and there was a mingled chorns of wonder, surprise, anger, pity, as the little creature lay there efore them, so pretty, so helpless, so abandoned.

"Glory be to God this blessed and holy night, did any wan ever hear the like before?"
"T'will be the talk of the three

parishes before Sunday !" "Wisha, who could it be at all, at all? Sure that child is six months

" Sweet bad luck to the mother that abandoned ye, ye poor little angel from heaven! Sure she must have a heart

of stone to put ye from her breast this cowld, bitter night!"
"Wisha, I wandher who is she? Did ye hear of anny child about the neighborhood belonging to anny poor, misforthunate crachure?"

The only member of the family who did not evince the least surprise was Edmond Connors himself. He con-tinued staring at the little waif that here he stooped down and took the

lay at his feet, blinking up at him with clear, blue eyes, as the ruddy leaped up merrily again. He at once recognized the child whom he had seen recognized the child whom he had seen in the arms of the half-demented creature who had accosted him on the bridge; and he remembered, and smiled at the remembrance, how earnestly he had implored her to commit that child to the care of so we Christian the child on the large of God. household, who, for the love of God, would preserve the little life and

The vanithee, at last, impatient at

The vanithee, at last, impatient at his silence, said:

"Wisha, thin, Edmond Connors, wan would think ye warn't in yer own house, ye're so silent, sittin' there and twirlin' yer thumbs, and with yere 'Well! well! Can't you say somethin' to relieve our feelin's?"

"I think," said the old man, deliberately, and with a little chuckle of amusement, "that it ad be no harrum if ye warmed a little sup of milk and gave it to the orachure—"

gave it to the crachure—"
"Thrue for you, faith," said his wife. "You always sez the right thing, Edmond Connors, if you don't say much!"
The milk was warmed; and the little

creature drank it eagerly, and bright-ened up after its simple supper. And then began an eager search in its clothes for some sign or token of its birth or parentage. This was unavailing. The little garments were clean, and sound, and warm; but no scrap of paper nor sign of needle afforded the least indication of who the child was, least indication of who the child was, or whence it had come. And the uncertainty gave rise to a warmer debate—about the religion of the child, and whether she had been christened, and

whether she had been christened, and what might be her name.

"Av coorse, she's christened," said one of the girls. "Av she was the blackest Prodestan' in Ireland, she'd have her child baptized."

Begor, that's true," said as An' faith, it might be some fine lady that's tired of her little baby—"
"Nonsense!" broke in Mrs. Connors

There's not a dacent woman in the " Take my word for it," said one o

the servant girls, "the mother that carried that child is no great things. Perhaps 'twas that mad 'uman who was around here a couple of weeks ago." "The mad 'uman!" said Edmond Connors, for the first time turning around. "What mad 'uman?" "Some poor angashore of a crachure,

that kem round here a couple of week ago ; and asked wos this where Edm Connors lived," said his wife. " tried to be civil to her; but she curse and melted us all, yourself in the bar

gain."
"And had she a child wid her?" asked the old man innocently.
"We don't know. She had some bundle in her arms whatever. But we thought she wos getherin' up for the Christmas time. But whoever she wos, she wos no great things. We wor glad

then she took her face off av us. "But what are we to do with the child, at all, at all ?" asked one of the girls. "And why did her misfortunate mother pick us out to lave her with

us ?"
"I suppose she thought we'd keep her," said her mother.
"And won't you? said the old man, looking at the child and the fire.

"Won't we? Did any wan hear sich question?" said Mrs. Connors. Faith, I'm sure we won't. Nice busi. ess we'd have rearing a child that might be ill got. We've enough to do faith, these times to keep ourselves everythin' threatenin around us We'll take her down, next Sunday, plaze God, to the priest, and let him

see afther her."
"And why should the priest do what man. "Why should he have the bur den of rearin' her?"

den of rearin' her?"
"He can put her in somewhere,"
said his wife. "An' perhaps, there
may be some lone cracture who'd take
her off his hands for a thrifle."

"Thin you won't throw her out amongst the cows to night?" said the

old man, sarcastically.

"That's a quare question," said his wife. "Yerra, what's comin' over you at all? Sure you used to be as fond of childre' as their mother, But we'll keep her a few days; and thin—"

"What night is this, Bess?" asked

the old man, rising up, and speaking solemnly, his back to the fire and his

hands clasped tightly behind him.

There was something in the tone assumed by the old man that hushed the whole place instantly into silence. He so seldom manifested any sign of temper, or even assumed a tone of authority that, when he spoke as he now did, his words came weighted with all the earnestness of a power that was seldom asserted. His wife, who, in ordinary every-day life, was supreme mistress and ruler of the establishment, bore her momentary dethronement badly. She shuffled about uneasily. and affected to be very busy about

and allected to household affairs.
"I suppose 'tis a Christmas," she and it "I suppose 'tis a Christmas," sne replied without turning round, and in "And do you remember what happened on this blessed night?" he

said, now removing his hat and placing it on the sugan chair where he had been sitting. I suppose I do," she answered. "The Infant Jaysus was borned in the stable of Bethlehem. Have ye anny

more of the Catechism in yer head?"
"And I suppose," said the old man,
"that if that poor woman and her husband (God forgive me for speaking of the Blessed Vargin and holy St. Jos in that way) kem to the dure with their

Child a few nights after, and asked Bess Connors to take the baby from them for a while, Bess Con nors would say: 'Next dure, hones uman!

" You know very well, Edmond Conors," said his wife, now thoroughly angry, "that Bess Connors," would do nothing of the kind."

"I know you long enough, Bess,"

said the old man, " to know that. But

smiling child up in his great arms, "do you think He sint it as a sign and token of nothin'? And whin the same all-merciful God saved me from the gallows and a grave in Cork gaol, where I might be rotting tc-night, instid of bein' here amongst ye, wouldn't it be a nice return to throw out this little orphan into the could, hard warrald orphan into the cowld, hard wurruld outside? No!" he said with empha-sis. "If God has been good to us let us be tindher wid wan another."

us be tindher wid wan another."
There was no reply to this. The young men would have liked to side with their father, but they were afraid of their mother's keen tongue. The girls were bolder; and the elder, Joan or Joanna, a very gentle, spiritual being, said meekly:

"I think father is right, mother.

"I think father is right, mother, we must't fly in the face of God."

"Here," said the mother, completely conquered, "let ye nurse her betune ye. I wash me hands out of the business intirely."

"Take the child, Joan," said the child when in the child.

father, handing the infant over to his eldest daughter. "So long as there's bit, bite and sup in the house, she shall not want, until thim that owns her, alone her." claims her. "Do so, and nurse her betune ye,

and may she bring a blessing on yer house, Edmond Connors," said his wife. "But av it be the other way, "" What will we call her?" said Joan, taking the infant from her father's arms. "We must christen her agin

be some name or anuther."
"We'll call her Bessie for the pres honor we can pay yer mother—"

"Be this and be that ye wont," said his wife in a furious temper. had always a dacent name, an' before me wor dacent, an' family brought shame or blame on

"Here, here," said Donal, to end the discussion "annything will do. Call her Nodlag, (Pronounced Nulug—Irish for Christmas,) afther this blessed

night. And Nodlag remained the child's

CHAPTER X. THE MIDNIGHT OATH.

The defeat of the Crown in the The defeat of the Crown in these half-political, half-social trials had been so utter and complete, that it was generally regarded as the merest formality that the prisoners, let out on ball, should be again summoned before the Judges. Besides, the belief in O'Connell's great forensic abilities, so well manifested before the Special Commission exceed the hone that Commission, created the hope that amounted to certainty in the public mind, that no matter what pressure was brought to bear by the Crown, no was brought to bear by the Crown, no jury could convict on what had already been proved to be the perjured and suborned evidence of approvers. In fact, it was fully believed by the general public, that the Crown would not renew the prosecution. Hence, during the months of January and February, great contentment reigned in the tue months of January and February, great contentment reigned in the humble cottage at Glenanaar. The early spring work went on as usual, and no apprehensions darkened the brightness that always shone around that peaceful Christian hearth. Nodlag, too, was a ray of sunshine across the earthen floor. Gradually she grew into all hearts, and even the vanithee, struggling a long time against her pride of power so rudely shattered on Christmas night, yielded to the spell of enchantment cast by the foundling over all else. The men of the houseover all else. The men of the house-hold never went out to work, or re-turned from it, without a word or caress for Nodlag; the girls went clean mad about the child; and often, when no one was looking, the vanithee would remain a long time by the child's cradle, talking motherly nonsense to it and always winding up with the

"'Twas a quare mother that put you among the bastes a Christmas night, Edmond Connors, too, was

pletely fascinated by her childish charms. He would often go in and charms. He would often go in and out of the room where her cradle lay to caress her, and when she was brought near the fire, and he could look at her, long and leisurely, he would plunge into a deep meditation on things in general, and wind up with a "Well, well, it is a quare wurruld sure enough!" But the secret of her abandonment and her parentage was isalenough: Dut the secret of her aban-donment and her parentage was jeal-ously guarded by him. He knew well that if he so much as hinted that that winsome child was the daughter of the perjured ruffian, Daly, who had tried to wear away his life and who had sent decent men to transportation, not even his supreme authority would avail to save the child from instant and peremptory dismissal from that house When he found the secret safe, for al the inquiries made in the neighboring parishes failed to elicit any informa tion about the child or its parents although it was still the common of the people, he often chuckled to himself at the grim joke he was play nimself at the grim joke he was play ing, and he could hardly help saying in his own mind, as he saw his daughters fondling the child, and his som ki-sing her—"If ye only knew!" Then, sometimes, there would come sinking of heart as he thought of th possibilities that might eventuate from his approaching trial, and the significant hint from the wretched woman :-" An' isn't the rope swinging for ye

a-vet ? At last, the Spring Assizes came around; and the three men, Connors, Wallis, and Lynch, were ordered to Cork for trial. It was a surprise ; but still regarded as a mere matter of form.
The Solicitor General, Doherty, was again to prosecute; and he came flushed from the triumph over O'Connell in the House of Commons, and determined to prove by the conviction of his prisoners that the famous Conspiracy was as deadly, and as deeply spread as he had represented. Public interest was not so keen as on the first trials at the Special Commission; and therefore, that secret and undefined pressure of public opinion did not lean so heavily on judges and jury. The prisoners were not aware of this; but came into court with hope high in their

arts that this was but a more forms ity to be gone through to comply with the law. They would be acquitted by the Solicitor General himself in his As they passed

the Solicitor General himself in his opening speech.

As they passed into the dock to surronder to their balls, Edmond Connors was aware of the dark figure of a woman, clad in black, and with a black shawl tightly drawn about her head, as she stood so close to the door that her dress touched him lightly. The yeoman on guard apparently did not notice her, or made no attempt to remove her from a place usually occupied by officials. As her dress touched the old man, he looked down; and she, opening her black shawl, revealed the pallid face and the great wild eyes of the woman he had accested on the bridge. At first he shuddered at the contact. Then, some strange influence bridge. At first he shuddered at the contact. Then, some strange influence told him that it was with no evil intention she was there. Yet, his thoughts began to wander wildly, as his nerves sank under the fierce words of the indictment, charging him with intent and conspiracy to murder; and the words of the woman would come back: "Au' is'nt the rope swinging for yearest?"

To their utter dismay and consterna tion, too, O'Connell, their champion, their deliverer, did not appear; but there was the arch enemy, Doherty, "six feet three in height, and with a manner decidedly aristocratic." On went the dreadful litary of their imwent the dreadful litary of their in-puted crimes; on went the appeals to prejudice, sectarian and political; on went the smooth, studied language, all the more terrible for the passionless tones in which it was uttered, and alas! there was no stern friend here to cry, "Stop! That is not law!" cry, "Stop! That is r Counsel exchanged notes, hesitated; but it needed looked up nesitated; but it needed the fearless and masculine tribune to block that stream of deadly eloquence. Overawed by the position and personality of the Crown Prosecutor, and afraid to get into close contact with him, they were silent. And then the approvers

ame on the table.

It would seem to ordinary minds in credible that the evidence of these ruffians, completely disproved on the score of self-contradiction, and rejected by the mixed jury at the Special Commission, should ever be demanded again. But it was. The scene in the tent at Rathelare, the document of assassination duly signed, the supplementary evidence that was furnished to support and buttress a tottering cause, were all again paraded, unco-Daly, turning around to identify the prisoners, surprised the court by affirming that he could not swear to Edmond Connors; that to the best of his belief he was not there. Nowlan succeeded Daly, corroborated every word sworn to by that worthy, and wound up his evidence by the solemn declaration:

"But there's wan pris'ner there, has been been as the state of the solemn and the state of the st

that shouldn't be there; and that's as innocent as the babe unborned; and that is Edmond Connors. He had nayther hand, act, or part in the Doneraile Conspiracy !'

There clearly then was but course. Jury consults; and hands down a paper to the Judge. And Edmond Conners is dismissed from the dock—a free man. As he passed out with a courteous, but dignified :—

"I thank ye, gintlemin!"

He felt a cold hand touch his own He pressed it tightly, as much as to

say:
"Yes, I understand. I owe my life to you, for having protected your little Such is the strange magnetism that

lashes from soul to soul in this world when the mighty current is directed by kind thoughts, helpful deeds, and divinely human sympathies.

He whiled away the day in hand-shakings from friends, and weeping con gratulations from those who were dear to him. For the friends of all the other prisoners were there; and where there was a common cause, there was a common triumph. He lingered around the city, though anxious to get home to his little paradise beneath the black hills. He felt himself bound in honor to wait and share the certain triumphant acquittal of the men whose shoulders touched his in the dock. But, as the evening shades closed in, and no news came from the courthouse, he decided to get out the common cart, with its bed of straw and the quilt, in which the peasantry then, and now, used to travel from place to place, and he made all his proparations for his night journey homewards. Donal, his eldest son, was just turning his horse's head from the city, when a wild shout arrested them. "We might as well wait and be he

with thim," said the old man.

A few of the crowd came up. There was, alas! no triumph on their faces, but the pallor of great fear.

"What is it? how did it turn?" asked the old man. "Wallis acquitted, Lynch, convicted and sentenced to be hanged,"

was the reply. was the reply.

"God preserve us!" said the old
man. "'tis only the turn of a hand
between life and the grave."

The crowd melted away; and the two man.

nen, father and son, passed out beneath

After a good many exclamations of fear, anger, pride, joy, they both sank into silence, as the horse jogged on swiftly enough, for his head was turned to home. A thousand wild thoughts chased one another through the old man's brain—the thought of his narrow escape from death, of the loyalty of that poor woman, of the strange in-stinct that had made him adopt her child—a deed of charity now requited a hundredfold. Then he looked forward and began to calculate the chances against the child. If the least whisper of the truth were known - and why should it not transpire at any moment -he felt he could not retain and this would be a breach of faith not only with the woman, but with all his own most cherished principles. He felt he needed an ally, and that ally should be his son, who had first discovered Nodlag, and who, when his father died, should succeed to the duty of her pro tector and father. But how could he break the terrible revelation? and

how would Donal take it? Would he have manliness enough to rise above the traditions of his class and do wha would be most noble and generous?

Or would the inborn instincts of the Or would the inporn instincts of the Celt revolt at the thought that the child of such blood should be harbored as one of their family? It was really a cast of the die, how Donal would take it; but it was absolutely necessary to make the revelation, and, with a silent prayer to Him Who sits above the stars, the old man coughed, and said:

"Are you awake, Donal?"

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"Yerra, why wouldn't I be awake?"
said Donal, rubbing his eyes; for he
had been dozing. "Where are we?"
"I knew you were dozing," said his
father; "and sure small blame to you,
We're between the half-way house and

allow."
"The night is so dark," said Donal,
ogically, "I didn't know where we illogically, "I didn't know house?" were. Did we pass the half-way house?" said his father "An hour ago," said his father.
Don't you see the owld castle of "Sure enough," said Donal. "We'll be in Mallow in an hour. I wandher

Betune three and four in the morn', I think." said his father.

the light soon. the light soon."
"Tis wortial cowld," said his son,
whipping up the horse. "Why didn't
you stop at the half-way house? Sure
any wan would want a dhrink to night."
The old man was silent. The occasion was not auspicious. Then he solved it must be done.

Donal ?

"Donal?"
"Yes, sir!"
"I have somethin' to say to you that's on me mind. Did you notice annythin' in the Court to-day?"
"Nothin' but the west and a limit of the court to-day?"

"Nothin' but the usual blagardin' and rufflanism," said Donal. "I'm glad we're done with judges, juries, and informers forever."

This staggered the old man; but he knit his brows and went on.

"Thin you didn't remark the evidence of Daly and Nowlan?"
"I did," said Donal, drily. "May-

be the grace of God is tetching the ruffians; or, begobs, maybe they got a bribe. "That's it," said the old man, gleefully. "They did. Daly was b

ing, half resting. "An' it must take a big bribe to get thim ruffians to spake the truth." "No, thin," said his father. "It was a little, weeshy bribe enough; and 'twas God sint it."

"I didn't think you used to do much in that way, sir," said Donal, half jok-

'twas God sint it.''
"I'm glad you're left to us, sir,'
said his son; "but, be all that's holy,
I'd rather swing than tetch the palm of
these thraitors to creed and counthry."

The omens were growing more inauspicious: but the old man was deermined.
"Donal," said he, "can you keep a

saycret?"
"Did you ever know me to blab anything you ever tould me?" said his

"No!" was the reply. "An' that's the raison why I'm goin' to tell you somethin' that I wouldn't tell to any wan livin', excep' the priest and your-

"It must be a grate saycret out an' out," said his son. "F would want to sware me?"

"Yes, I do," said his father, "although the word of sich a son as you have been, Donal, is as good to me as if you kissed the Book! Pull up the

Donal drew the reins; and they can to a standstill on the hump of a little bridge that crossed a brawling river "Where are you?" said the old man

feeling for his son's hand, like the blind patriarch of old. "Here, sir!" said Donal, placing his strong, rough hand in the palm of his father's hand, which instantly closed

I want you to swear by the Gospels which we haven't wid us, and by Him Who wrote thim Gospels, that you'll never breathe to morchial bein' what I am tellin' ye now; do your swear?"
"I do," said the young man, rather frightened at the solemnity of the

place and scene.
"Will you also swear that when I am dead and gone, you will be a father to that child you found in the cowhouse a Christmas night?"
"Nodlag!" said Donal, utterly am-

azed.
"Yes, Nodlag," replied his father grasping the son's hand more tightly"Av coorse, if you wish it," said the son, reluctantly. "Whatever is there

son, reluctantly. "Whatever is there is yours; and will be mine only because you giv' it to me."
"An' I do give it to you, Donal, my son, "said the old man, affectionately." For never did man rear a better boy than you. An' now go on, an' I'll tell you all. 'Twas little Nodlag whom you brought in from the cows that cowled, the said of the sa

bitter night, that saved me from the gallows to-day."
Wondering, fearful, not knowing what to think, Donal wh pped on the horse, and his father, sitting by him, com-

"Do you remimber the women talking that night about the mad crachure who wos carryin' about a bundle wid her at "I do well. I saw her meself; and

menced his dramatic tale.

the divi's own bad tongue she had, especially for yerself," said Donal.
"Did you see her in Coort to-day?" "No!" said Donal. "I can't say

"She was there thin," said the old man. "She bribed Daly and Nowlan in my favour; and Nodlag was the

bribe "Thin she is Nodlag's mother?" cried Donal in amazement.
"She is," said his father, trying to suppress his excitement. "And now remember your oath, Donal. She-is-

Daly's wife!' The young man was so stunned by the information that he remained speechless for some minutes, trying to piece things together. He was dazed by the information. Then, suddenly, the horror of the thing seemed to smite him and he said in a suppressed but him, and he said, in a suppressed but

terrible way:
"Thin, be all that's holy this blessed

night, out she'll go or minit I crass the thrish "Is that the way oath?" said the father, "I'll say nothin' to plied his son. "But or may the divil fly away belongin' to her." "There's more ways

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oath than by shpakin', "You can't do what yo but which," he added you won't do without "Thin, who's to pre

his son, sullenly.
"I'll prevint you, a vint you," said the ol vint you," said the ol
"Glenanaar is mine t
no wan will tetch that
my name is Edmond C
Donal knew well the
tion of his father when
his mind to a part

action; so he dropped manner, and pleaded v another side. The Connors of never disgraced till no never thought I'd see father would bring sh

"Dhrop that, I say man, "or maybe only your mother to-night." "To think," said sullenly, "that the tered a dacent family enllenly. tions should cover the shtand it?"

shtand it?"

"By houlding your ing your oath," said h
"And do you mane that this won't be known." I tell you 'twill be week's out; for there a graye that could ke enough from thim we thin they'll burn ac fore our eyes." "The saycret is in yours," said his fa won't tell it."

won't tell it."
There was a long father and son, for breaking beyond the the dark shoulder They soon entered the Mallow Bridge. No ring. Dogs barked hind stable gates, as the cart rumbled ov but these sounds soon quiet, as the wooden bridge river, and heard the the waters beneath. thought seemed to st

thought seemed to st suddenly reined in the fronted his father. "Father," said h voice, "forgive me for you just now. Sur-that you were to bis yon know more than sint me to the co ought to know knew that night were bringin' in to have towld me to th pit. Father," said noticing the silence "say you never kn informer's child you I knew it well,"

solemnly. "Twas I Donald said not a up his horse. In th day he made up his had gone mad. The It was all a pure demented mind. As now keep the secret now keep the socrete reveal everything, watch and note all And—Donal felt a re as the thought occ could keep Nodlag

big heart. Edmond Connors when, as they jogged wards. Donal mani concern about him; whistled softly to deas Cruidhte nam-TO BE CO

SOME FACTS CONCER

SECULARISTS.

GIORDAN

Here are some fa he new weekly put he Eternal Cit; patron saint " of ecularists:
"Bruno's writing clearness the kind oscillated—in turn pantheism, skeptici the fashion of his m oved freedom of the he pronounced of differed from his wa worthy of persecut tion, less to be bears or serpents. of tyranny that

language to express miserable Henry Elizabeth of Engla Amphitrite, a div worthy to rule n other worlds. Hi so foul and revolti bear quoting; his masses, or the 'pro a long string of ab he exhorts the no to crush those f peasants.' His co so reeks with filth would not be tolers

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"The simple fa
Ave Maria, "the
Bruno, erected in l ing but a symbol o of the Papacy s laud the apostate century as a m thought is to avor his life, his work he may be though

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the women talkin' mad crachure who bundle wid her at

her meself; and

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'' said Donal.
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d. "I can't say

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Donal. She—is—

as so stunned by nat he remained

minutes, trying to er. He was dazed Then, suddenly,

ng seemed to smite a suppressed but 's holy this blessed

; and they ca

are we? ag," said his latter at once silenced them, and turning to the official said, "It's all right, Mr. Sheriff. Jim Pranty's wife has

died, and he thought I was to blame. We've had a fair fight over it, three

shots each. There are my three marks

"First time I ever knew Greaser to need more than one mark," said the sheriff "but for him to miss three

times is almost more than I can be-lieve. However, I take your word for

his surgery for comfortable treatment,

and the sheriff lingered long enough to

than he would have had from the real

Then one day Greaser himself, after nightfall, like Nicodemus, came and

said:
"Parson, if you can forget what has
"Parson if you can forget what has

CARDINALS PLEADED FOR "CHIC

WHY THE WORD WAS ADMITTED INTO

The reception of Cardinal Mathieu,

on Feb. 8, by the Academie Française led M. Jules Claretie to write in Le

Temps a few reminiscences of Cardinal

Perraud, whose seat among the Immortals has fallen to Cardinal

Cardinal Perraud was thin, ascetic

looking and, as his successor said in the oration he made last week, like a saint of the thirteenth century, one

of those often seen on a stained glass

smile," M. Claretie writes, "It so hap-pened that he often arrived at a meet-

ing of the academy when the members were at work on the dictionary, and fate would have it that at that moment

on many occasions certain words no longer used in society, but often met with in Moliere were under discussion.

"But it did not trouble the Cardinal

he didn't seem even to hear. He was

his thoughts.
"One day we had reached the letter

C. and the word 'chic' was being dis

may have chic."
"It comes from the German schick."

'And with much humor and fancy

quite unexpected he defended the word whose fate had almost been settled.

whose fate had almost been settled.

"Let me tell you why," he said.

"When the centenary of the Normal
School was being celebrated the pupils
composed a little play for which they
built a theatre. It so happened that
I found myself obliged to cross the
stage to get to my seat.

stage to get to my seat.
When the scholars saw one who
had been one of themselves and had
become a Cardinal making his appear-

become a Cardinal making his appear-ance on the boards, although only for a moment and by chance, their aston-ishment was great. Then they clapped their hands and began calling out "Chic! Chic! Chic!" and I'm sure

that a word current in the Normal

chool has a right to be quoted by the

Academie Francaise.'

"Or rather, the Spanish chico."

word.

not heedless, but 'remote.'

"I don't believe I ever saw him

THE DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH.

Catholic.

South Africa.

night, out she'll go on the road the minit I crass the thrishol."
"Is that the way you keep your oath?" said the father, pleadingly.
"I'll say nothin' to no wan," re-

"I'll say nothin' to no wan, " re-ied his son. "But out she'll go; and

plied his son. "But out she'll go; and may the divil fly away wid her an' all belongin' to her."

"There's more ways of breakin' an oath than by shpakin'," said his father. "You can't do what you say you'll do, but which," he added, determinedly, "you won't do without tellin' what you know."

'Thin, who's to prevint me ?" said

"Thin, who's to prevint me?" said his son, sullenly.
"I'll prevint you, and God will prevint you," said the old man, solemnly.
"Glenanaar is mine till I dhrop; and no wan will tetch that child so long as my name is Edmond Connors."

Donal knew well the iron determination of his father when he had made up his mind to a particular course of action; so he dropped his threatening manner, and pleaded with his father on another side.

another side.
"The Connors of Glenanaar were
never disgraced till now," said he. "I
never thought I'd see the day whin me
father would bring shame and sorrow

man, "or maybe only wan of us 'ud see your mother to-night."

your mother to-night."
"To think," said the young man, sullenly, "that the house that sheltered a dacent family for four ginerations should cover the child of an in-former—oh, my God! how can we ever

"By houlding your tongue, and keeping your oath," said his father.

"And do you mane to say, or think,
that this won't be known?" said Donal.

"I tell you 'twill be known before a week's out; for there never yet was dug a graye that could keep a saycret deep enough from thim we know. And thin —thin they'll burn down the house before our eyes.'

"The saycret is in God's keepin' and ours," said his father. "And He on't tell it."

There was a long silence between There was a long silence between father and son, for now the day was breaking beyond the hills; and very soon the sun would be peoping above the dark shoulder of Kneckroura. They soon entered the suburb beyond Mallow Bridge. Not a soul was stired at them from he ring. Dogs barked at them from behind stable gates, as the deep wheels of the cart rumbled over rough stones; but these sounds of life were soon quiet, as they rolled over the wooden bridge that spanned the deep warmen of river, and heard the deep murmur of the waters beneath. Here, a sudden thought seemed to strike Donal; for he suddenly reined in the horse, and con-

fronted his father.
"Father," said he, in a trembling voice, "forgive me for what I said agen you just now. Sure I never thought that you were to blame. What could you know more than me that night you sint me to the cowhouse? Sure, I ought to know that if you knew that night who it was we were bringin' in to our house, you'd have towld me to thrun her out in the pit. Father," said he, dublously, noticing the silence of the old man, say you never knew that it was an

informer's child you were bringin' in upon a dacent flure that night; an' I'll forget all."
"I knew it well," said the old man,

"I knew it well," said the old man, solemnly. ""Twas I asked the mother to lave her child wid us."

Donald said not a word, but whipped up his horse. In the afternoon of that day he made up his mind that his father had gone mad. The terrors of death and disgrace had unhinged his mind. It was all a pure fabrication of a demented mind. And he felt he could now keep the secret well. Time would reveal everything, if there was anything to reveal. Meanwhile he would watch and note all things carefully. And-Donal felt a real glow of pleasure as the thought occurred to him—they could keep Nodlag, who, unknown to himself, had really grown into his great,

big heart. Edmond Connors felt a sensible relief when, as they jogged along the road home wards. Donal manifested the greatest concern about him; and, once or twice, whistled softly to himself the Cailin deas Cruidhte nam-bo.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING THE " PATEON OF MODERN INFIDELS AND SECULARISTS.

Here are some facts given by Rome, the new weekly published in English in the Eternal City, concerning the "patron saint" of modern infidels and

secularists:
"Bruno's writings show with horrible clearness the kind of man he was. He oscillated—in turns between atheism, pantheism, skepticism, very much after the fashion of his modern admirers. He loved freedom of thought so much that he pronounced other heretics who differed from his way of thinking to be worthy of persecution, murder, extincworthy of persecution, murder, extinc-tion, less to be pitied than wolves, bears or serpents. He was such a hater of tyranny that he could hardly find language to express his adulation of the miserable Henry III. of Valois, or of Elizabeth of England, who was for him Elizabeth of England, who was for him 'a nymph of heavenly essences, a grand Amphitrite, a divinity of the earth, worthy to rule not only this but all other worlds.' His ideas of woman are so foul and revolting that they will not bear quoting; his description of the masses, or the 'proletariat,' consists of a long string of abusive adjectives, and he exhorts the nobles of Wittenberg 'to crush those ferocious beasts, the peasants.' His comedy, 'Il Candelaio,' so reeks with filth and obscenity that it would not be tolerated bythe lowest audience in any English-speaking country."

ence in any English-speaking country."

"The simple fact is," remarks the
Ave Maria, "that the monument to
Bruno, erected in Rome, in 1889 is nothing but a symbol of anti-clerical hatred of the Papacy and the Church. To laud the apostate friar of the sixteenth contury as a martyr to freedom of thought is to avow one's ignorance of his life, his work and such influence as he may be thought to have exerted."

"Uall him in now, Father, and don't was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, your husband all the loving messages when the same in the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. Was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff an door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. Give me the last blessing if sheriff and door. For unarmed, was a runch flower me. For unarmed,

THE ROMAN PARSON.

People often wondered how Greaser

This is the story.
It was in the Wild West, where sixshooters are commoner than fountain-pens, and their use far better under-stood. It may not be obvious, but it was from his practical mastery of the six-shooter that Greaser derived his name. The principal secret is that your own weapon must be the first out. Greaser had developed a quite abnor-mal sleight-of-hand in this direction. him a substantial salary or even part nership, if he would devote his talent to more mystic purposes, but Greaser was content with being first of his own

line. Now in America even lightning is not quick enough for their vivid imagination when a speed simile is wanted. There they have an auto-matic lubricator in the skies to bring thunderbolts up to the American stan-dard. Hence Jim Pranty's first operation with the revolver was duly pronounced "quicker'n greased light-ning," and the operator himself was henceforward naturally known simply

as Greaser.
Tough as he was towards outsiders and rivals, Jim was a faithful "pard-ner" to his friends and his domestic life was above reproach. His wife was a quiet little woman who adored him, and on his side nothing that his pick or his revolver could command was half good enough for her.

There was a log-hut at the camp which served for a Catholic church, and here with open joy came the women and children, and with grave steadi-ness some of the older men who had learned by stormy experience that grace is an even more effective instrument in this world than a gun. Thither also with shamefaced semi-reluctance came some of the "boys," much better in reality than they wanted the world to think and wearing an air of giving God notice not to expect too much from them. Father Ambleford, as God's ambassador, took the notice with due diplomatic reservation, and was known elsewhere to dilate with enthusiasm on the good-heartedness of these same "boys." None of Greaser's household were ever seen inside the sacred log hut. Indeed, Mrs. Pranty was observed to give it a wide berth in her daily walks—a fact which, curiously enough, gave Father Ambleford con-siderable satisfaction. He suspected she had once been a Catholic, and if she had ceased to care she would not be afraid of passing near the light. It was like Jonah trying to get around by Tarshish, yet turning out a good prophet at the end. The end for poor Mrs. Pranty came

sooner than anybody expected, and one night there was a call at the log-hut. On opening the door, Father Ambleford found with surprise that the messenger was no other than Greaser himself. But it was in a defant rather than effected med be had come than softened mood he had come.

"Are you the Roman parson?" he asked, somewhat unnecessarily for a place where everybody knew everybody else.
"Yes, I suppose I am the man you

"My wife is dying and says she

wants to see you."
"Certainly, I will come at once."
"One moment, parson, I want you to understand that you come at your peril."

"I don't know what you mean. It is enough for me that I am summoned. No priest refuses a sick-call. But I didn't know her illness was a danger-

"' No more it isn't—except to her self. But when my little woman first came to me, I swore I would have no parsons over my doorstep. And she agreed. I swore I would shoot them if

"The poor girl loved you very much, I suppose, and she was young, and didn't measure the value of eternity. Now she is on the brink of it, things look different. You've been a good husband to her, Jim, except for that; and you needn't keep your word about that shooting."

"The Greaser always keeps his word, parson, and don't you forget it. But I'll give you one chance. I don't hold with this religion of yours, and if she must die, I want her to die in peace. must die, I want her to die in peace. You'll come there and worry her, and ahe's fretting already. Now I tell you this: You may come, because I can refuse her nothing. And if you come and go, and leave her calm and peaceful, I'll say no more about it; but if she dies while you are there, I'll shoot you like a dog."
"Well Jim, her dying or not is in God's hands. But you can't shoot me like a dog."

"Why can't I?"
"Because I'm not a dog. If there is any shooting you'll have to shoot me like a man, and don't you forget that."
"You'll come then?"

"Come? With a heart and half."
"Remember I never go back or my word."

"Never mind that. By the way, have you had any one to help you nurse her?"

nurse her?"
"No; done it all myself."
"Good man. Well, just hustle around and freshen up the room a bit and make the little woman look as nice as you can. You know even a dying woman takes account of such little woman takes account of such little things. I'll be there five minutes after

"Gosh! you're a cool hand. But I never go back on my word."

A few minutes later Father Amble ford with holy oils and Viatioum, crossed the Pranty threshold. He heard the long story of faith repressed and conscience irrepressible, spoke the soothing words and lifted up her prostrate soul, anointed the poor erring body and sanctified it with the Word Incarnate. Her strength was now fast ebbing and with brightened face, all cious of her husband's threat.

"Call him in now, Father, and don't

you can. I'll watch and do for you all that the Church can give."

So he flung open the door and beckepted Jim in. The latter saw at once trying to kill the priest." But the the fruits of peace of sou, by a light in the eyes, that had not been there since the days of their courting. Half-re-lenting, he paused on seeing the priest making no move towards departure, and whispered to him, "Why don't you

scoot, you fool?"

Father Ambleford bowed at the courlist over where Jim's head was, and
his three marks are on me." resy-for such it really was - and motioned him toward the bed; then stood apart and watched, but heard none of the sacred messages of gratitude, affection and farewell that passed

between those two strangely assorted souls. Yes, sacred they were. The human soul has plenty of room for such inconsistencies, and this affection was the one thing which God had left as a leaven to prevent the heart of Jim Pranty from ever becoming utterly bental.

Sheriff, he didn't miss: that bullet in the ritual. "You see, Mr. brutal.

At last the poor energies quite failed; even a whisper became impossible, and a last glance as the head sank wearily back told the priest that his turn had come again. There was the final absolution and the last blessing, and then on his knees he began, "Go forth, O Christian soul." The hand that Jim held went cold in death, and he stole from the room leaving the priest to finish the litany. The prayers said, Father Ambleford closed the ers said, rather Ambielord closed the eyes, crossed the arms and put his crucifix beneath them; then leaving the room and shutting the door reverently behind him, he found himself face to face with Jim, stony as to his expression and grimly fingering his revolver.

Whatever expectation of relenting Jim's moment of rough coursesy had raised, had now to be put aside and with a rapid silent prayer the priest braced himself for the encounter.

revolver.

"I see you mean to shoot, Jim Pranty, but if you are not a coward you will listen to what I say first."
"I ain't afeard of your tongue; you can jaw if you like; you'll not jaw me off my point."

off my point. "No. But I tell you you won't be able to do it. You loved that little woman in there; you will go on loving her; as long as you live you will never be able to forget that I was God's messenger to her in her last moments, that I brought her peace of heart and enabled her to go happy into the presence of her Judge. I am to you a necessary part of her last loving farewell to yourself. You simply cannot look me in the eyes and fire straight. You haven't the nerve."

The pistol gave the only answer. But the priest was right. The hand shook and the muzzle swerved, and the bullet merely grazed his cheek and imsenger to her in her last moments, that

bullet merely grazed his cheek and imbedded itself in the wall.

"I told you so," went on the quiet voice; "your conscience takes away your aim. And if you fire again, remember this, that if I am found dead here, you will have the sheriff and the whole countryside to deal with. you don't mind but it means that you won't be here to see your wife buried. You daren't even come back to see her grave. You cut yourself off from all visible memorial of her. You fling her at this sacred moment on the hands of

strangers."
Aim was levelled again, but Jim shrank from those eyes that looked him through and through. It was the heart he pointed to, and once more the nistol spat forth its murderous little puff. But once more the tremor had come with the pull of the trigger, and the bullet only broke the left collar-

"You can hurt me. Jim Pranty, but you can hart me, Jim Franty, but you can't kill me. If you did, for the rest of your life your wife's voice would call you a murderer. Those sweet messages which she gave you just now would be wiped out and over-laid with the constant whisper, 'murderer, murderer.' In your dreams she would denounce you, and your love would be-come your hell on earth. The shadow is already on you; your hell has be-

gun."
"To hell yourself," said Jim lash ing himself into a rage. Clenching his teeth and mastering his nerves, he aimed again at the heart. This time there was no tremor; the bullet came

straight to its mark.

But Father Ambleford had forgotten and the Greaser never knew that in the pocket over the heart there lay silver vessel that had brought the Viaticum, and behind that the ritual from which the prayers for the dying had been said. The bullet crashed through the pyx and ploughed its way into the ritual, and there stopped.

Once more the level voice aros Father Ambleford, much astonished at being still alive, pulled the pyx and

being still alive, pulled the pyx and book from his pocket and showed them to his assailant.

"There, Jim Pranty," he said, "this box brought your wife her last and dearest consolation on earth; your bullet has smashed it. This book contains the last place to the property in the midst of tains the last prayers in the midst of which she went to eternity; your bullet has ruined it. And now, man if you are a man—haven't you done
enough? Aren't three shots enough
for Greaser Pranty? Get off this murderous frame of mind and let it be fair play. There are three shots left in that revolver, hand it over to me and take your turn of standing it like a

"You're right, parson !" cried Jim, with an oath!" "It's your turn. Fire away! If you hit me bury both of us."

The priest raised the revolver and placed three bullets in rapid success sion on a little horizontal line just above Jim's head. Then in shame the latter buried his head in his arms on

the table and groaned.

Meanwhile the alarm had been raised. Meanwhile the alarm had been raised.
The first couple of shots had been explained as just Greaser keeping his eye in with a bit of practice. But then people remembered that his wife was dying. The third shot, followed by the three quick ones, made it certain that there was trouble. There was a rush and among others the sheriff and the doctor came to the sheriff and the doctor came to the door. For once Greaser was found

When the "boys" saw the blood on

THE CASE OF DR. CRAPSEY

It is hard to determine the exact status of the Mr. Shepherd, who is acting as counsel for Dr. (Rev.) Algernon Crapsey, in his appeal to the ecclesiastical court from the ruling which convicted him of heresy. He takes the peculiar ground of agreeing with all the theories advanced by his client, and at the same time urging that he should be acquitted. We do not see how he can in any way reconcile his statement with his plea. Indeed, the only logical result is that he lays himself open to the same charges and liabilities which confront Dr. Crapsey, and instead of clearing, drives his client still deeper, becoming himself involved in the maze of contradiction, which, if followed to the inevitable end, can lead only to the total aban asked the doctor, preparing for his share in the fray.
Father Ambleford produced the bullet in the ritual. "You see, Mr. Sheriff, he didn't miss; that bullet should be in my heart."
""Tis the hand of God," said one of the "boys," and lifting their hats reverently they went out.
The doctor took Father Ambleford to his surgery for comfortable treatment, donment of Christianity as recognized by th: Christian world, and the adop-tion of a new faith which bears about the same relation to Christ as Dowieism bears to "Elijah the Third," of unla-

mented memory.

Following is part of Mr. Shepherd's argument, which shows with clearness of a remarkable degree, how inconsistent must become the religious belief of a man who casts loose from the moorings of Faith.

say, "Greaser, you're well out of this. The hand that put those three bullets "I need hardly deal with the accusa in that neat little row could just as easily have put them in your brain. I have my doubts about this little fight, tion against Dr. Crapsey so far as it concerns the doctrine of the resurrec-tion of our Lord. Doubtless had his but I take the parson's word. There was a fight, but it wasn't with the parson. And I tell you, Greaser, you are a doggoned fool when you take to playing duels with God Almighty." heresy been limited to this, if he had not dealt with the virgin birth, the presentment would never have been made. For the intellectual and moral difficulties in the interpretation of that item of our faith so that it should mean Of course there was a bit of scandal when it was rumored that a priest had that the physical body of our Lord rose been fighting a duel, and explanations had to be made to the Bishop in con-fidence. But the scandal did Father and ascended into heaven and sits on the right hand of God are so great that many among the pious and faithful.

"Whether the Saviour's body of Ambleford no harm. In fact, among the "boys" he gained more influence from the official version of the facts

flesh came or did not come into being under a special or miraculous intervention of divine power, it is clear that the all - essential thing to the precious and fundamental doctrine of Christian ity is that the body of our Saviour, he ing the body of a man, was the tenement of a soul and spirit, both God and man. Apart from the disputed introductions to the Gospel of St. Mat-"Parson, it you can forget what has passed between us, I have an idea that it would do me no sort of harm to learn my wife's religion."

"So people wonder how Greaser could ever have thought of becoming a thew and St. Luke, there is not in the New Testament any reference to the virgin birth — certainly none that is That's how .- Catholic Magazine for

plain and clear.' It is an easy thing to deny the bodily, the physical resurrection of the Lord. It is just as easy to deny his Virginal birth. In fact it is easy to deny any thing — that Columbus found America, that Rome at one time ruled the civilized world, that Christ ever lived at all. Of course it is easy. The difficulty really is, once you deny this, that and the other, to admit anything. How much stronger than its weakest link is any chain? If Mr. Crapsey (or is it Doctor?) and Mr. Shepherd deny the resurrection and the pure birth, why, in heaven's name, do they admit the existence of Christ, or of the Apostles; why not deny the validity of the Bible in toto; why, in fact, believe anything? Will the same intelligence that finds it impossible to believe the Bodily Resur-rection, admit for an instant that Christ received His commission from a divine source? There is no substantial reason why it should. The gentle men are so utterly inconsistent. men are so utterly inconsistent. They swallow a mountain when they take for granted their own literal existence, and strain themselves black in the face over a gnat. For surely the comparison is justified in the mysteries of the human soul, and the mysteries of human soul, and the Biblical story of the Christ. The trouble with them is not heedless, but 'remote.'
"One mi-careme he arrived at the institute with his hat full of confetti and his shoulders covered. He was quite unaware of it. He was busy with that they have been suffering with men-tal indigestion and are become finnicky. Perhaps, too, they are simply trying to create a ripple in their own particular

puddle. Mr. Shepherd, in the further course of his argument made a statement, advanced an opinion, which causes one to wonder if he really meant it. He says, "'It's slang,' said some.
"'Look it up in Littre,' said others.
"You'll see that as a familiar term it has been in use a long time."
"It means," said a learned member,
"It means," said a learned member,
"Catholic or universal, it must be tolerant. Well, we are advancing no opin. a man who understands chicanery."
"It's an artist's word. A picture ion as to the Catholicity of the Episco-palian Church, but it does seem to us parian Church, but it does seem to us that if it is to fulfill the honorable counsel's implied definition of that somewhat ambiguous word, it has a large order upon its hands. If it should be tolerant enough to admit such anti-"So the discussion raged, until the point had almost been reached of treat-Christian doctrines, could it reasonably refuse to accept Moslemism, Confucian-ism, Buddism and all the other little ing it as a word of the boulevards and leaving it to slang dictionaries, when Cardinal Perraud broke in 'Allow me sms? We do not think so.

Anyway, why does Dr. Crapsey go to all this trouble about the matter? He'd save himself and his followers many a weary intellectual step, by jumping to the inevitable conclusion of their argument-atheism, instead of following its devious windings. Of course, we un-derstand that such action is really too easy, and, besides, the notoriety would not be worth mentioning. — Baltimore Mirror.

The Christian who neglects prayer is like a being without a soul, without in-telligence, sentiment, or affection; while, on the contrary, it is admirable to see how strongly great and noble souls are drawn instinctively towards prayer. Character is more than intellect, love "Thanks to this little speech, the word took its place in the dictionary.
"It was the only time," adds M. Claretie, "that the Cardinal ever threw off his seriousness."

is more than knowledge, religion is more than morality, and a great heart brings us closer to God, nearer to all goodness, than a bright mind.—Bishop Spalding.

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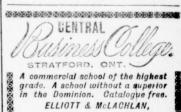
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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.

Apostolic Delegation
Othawa, June 18th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have
been a reader of your paper. I have noted
with satisfaction that it indirected with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbuned with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights,
and stands firmly by the teachings and author,
and stands firmly by the teachings and author,
and teacher that the same time promotting
tab best interests of the country. Following
these lines it has done a great deal of good for
the welfare of religion and country, and
will do more and more, as its wholesome
influence reaches more Catholic homes. I
therefore, earnestly recommend to Catho
lic families. With my blessing on your work.
Apostolic Ordinary, Bonatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Lumpher of OttaWA.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Mr. Thomas Coffey : Mr. Thomas Colf. 7:

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

Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR 27, 1907.

ALCOHOLISM.

The stand which medical science takes with regard to alcohol is a scandal. Scarcely ever is the subject discussed without the most contradictory opinions being advocated, first on one side and then on the other. One scientist will maintain that alcohol is a food, and another deny it. Some say it is a stimulant, others maintain with equal force that it is a sedative. The doctors quarrel and the patient dies. If he does not actually suffer death his state becomes worse than that of death. Not only does medicine owe it to itself, as a science, to come to a more definite and unanimous conclusion concerning the use and dangers of alcohol, it owes it to society, of which, physically, it is the guardian. According to recent investigations some specialists would have us believe that alcoholism or the thirst for intoxicants is not due to alcohol. Whatever may be the cause, the evils are so dreadful that science cannot be better employed than in finding a means to combat it. No field will afford timelier cultivation by both religion and science than the social ground of temperance. Both are interested in it. Religion cannot be apathetic. Nor should science be undecided. Scientists-at least, some of them-admit that after the condition exists, it is, as a rule, permanent. Pre vention, therefore, is the most important factor in the minimizing of the evil. The seed may be sown very early in life. Indeed, it is often sown in infancy by weary mothers giving their babes soothing medicine, or by their own self-indulgence transfused into the blood of the offspring they nurse. Then the crusade for total abstinence should only begin at the time of the recep tion of first Communion or confirmation. It should continue longer. The pledge, instead of being given till the age of twenty-one, should be extended to the age of twenty-five or thirty. If a boy continues sober until the responsibili ties of life are upon him he will be less apt afterwards to acquire the habit of drinking. Physically he is more immune, and morally he is stronger against the seductions and sneers of evil compan ions. When scientists claim that certain physical conditions dependent upon the state of the nerves are the cause of what they euphemistically term drinkstorms they are confusing cause and condition. In fact it is only one example of modern errors in approaching questions in which the soul is concerned. Let the physical conditions be materially improved, the environment changed, and circumstances made as favorable as possible, much more remains to be done. If the cause is to be found in the nerves then temperance is vice. This consequence would be most serious if it were generally admitted in practics. The cause of the evil, even from the point of reform, is very widespread. Society in all its ramifications has trifled with the temptation until the vice of intoxication threatens nations and the race itself. Let the cause be farther and farther removed. The results will surely follow. Let the beginning be made much earlier in life. Let early associations be more carefully watched. Let the leaders of society take to heart the grave responsibility

may point to one cause or nervous con : but morality and religion will powerfully plead with all classes to drive the demon from the hearts he has only too successfully corrupted, and from the homes he has too fre quently made desolate. Science must stay with the crusade. It must, more over, in examining the physical element of the case, not lose sight of the noral injury the vice inflicts upon its rictim. Physicians know it too well in their daily practice.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

II. The second question which our corre spondent sent us, refers to the baptism

of Christ by St. John. He asks : "Why should Jesus, the Messias, be baptized by St. John?"

The account given by St. Matthew is s follows :

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. But John forbade Him, saying, I have need of Thee, and comest Ti to me?' And Jesus answering said unto him, 'Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all right. Then he suffered Him. (St. Mat. iii. 13-15)

St. Jerome gives three reasons why Christ wished to be baptized by John. That because He was born a man. He might fulfil all the righteousness and humility of the law. Secondly, that He might give a sanction to John's baptism. Thirdly, that sanctifying the waters of Jordan by the descent of the Dove, He might show the coming of the Holy Ghost to the laver of the faithful. A fourth reason was that by the Holy Spirit's descent upon Christ in the form of a dove, and by the Father thundering from heaven, He might afford Himself an irrefragable testimony. Again, Christ took our sin upon Himself. Therefore, He stood before John as a penitent, that He might wash away and cleanse our sins in Himself. Many of the Fathers, St. Augustine and others, assert that Christ by His baptism sanctified all water, and by His corporeal contact with it, endued it with regenerating power, since by this very act Christ designed water for the sanctification of men by washing them in the sacra ment of baptism. Our Lord Himself gives a reason: "It becometh us, i. e., Me, to receive and you to confer baptism." It was a grand lesson of obedience and humility. "This is r'ghteousness," says St. Ambrose, that what you wish another to do, you should yourself first begin, and encourage others by your example.' The reason assigned by Our Lord is a general reason, and does not exclude any particular reason which the Holy Fathers advanced, viz., our Lord's de sire to show His approbation of John's baptism-to meet an objection which the Pharisees might a'terwards allege, that He Himself did not receive John's baptism-to give an example of humility. In order to cure those who were patients He wished to become like them. To conclude with St. Chrysos-

"Justice is the fulfilment of all God's commandments. But some one will ask, what justice is this, to be baptized? It was justice to obev the prophet, as, therefore, He was circum cised, offered sacrifice, observed the remaining one, to obey the baptizing prophet, whom God sent to baptize the people. For no other cause was that laver (John's baptism) instituted except to prepare the way for all to embrace the faith of Christ. Hence he "I came to baptize therefore that He might be manifested in Israel.' But, I ask, might he not preach and attract the people without baptism? Not so easily. If there were preaching without baptism all would not have readily come together; nor could they have so readily learned by comparison, the pre eminence of Christ; because the multitude went out to hear what He said. Why then? That confessing their sins, they might be baptized. But coming, they were taught what related to Christ."

> -CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

A lengthy mandment was read in the churches of the Archdiocese of Quebec instant, in regard to the formation of two new and important organizations, one L'Action Sociale Catholique, and not a virtue and intemperance not a in particular L'Oeuvre de la Presse. The object of L'Action Sociale Catho lique is to unite in a common effort for the realization of social Catholic progress. It will group all existing Catholic societies and encourage all works of propaganda, studies, lectures, congresses, etc., which may appear to b helpful in developing the sentiment of Catholic life. To support the Action Sociale and supply it with a means of spreading its influence, L'Oeuvre de la Presse will be brought into requisition. It will provide the propagation of good, healthy literature by publication of rethey are under. It has been said that views, newspapers and tracts. A per men are becoming more temperate, and manent committee of priests and laythe women less. We hope not. It men appointed by the Archbishop and such be the case it is the abomination under his authority will attend to the of desolation. What is to become of working of the latter undertaking. An homes which mothers have ruined or annual collection is to be taken up in are raining with dissipation? Science the churches in aid of the work.

MEDIATE AND IMMEDIATE OPERATION.

When the Rev. Mr. Mackay, to whose riews on confession we made refer lately, announced positively that he did not believe in an institution which stood between God and man he was merely reasserting his belief in Calvin ism. In this statement he was laying down one of the fundamental errors of Protestantism, one of the radical differences between Catholic truth and the innovations of the sixteenth century These innovators either fell in with rationalists and rejected all distinction between grace and nature, or mistool the means by which we are translated from the order of nature to that of grace. Calvin and his followers in maintaining the latter view, held that we are transferred by the direct, im mediate, irresistible operation of the Holy Ghost. If this be the full truth, then not only is there no need of s Church, there was no need of the Incarnation. If we can be, and are, immediately, directly regenerated by the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity in His divine nature, what valid reason can be given why the Word was made Flesh? We under stand, indeed, that sanctification is especially attributed to the Holy Ghost "The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us." "Whosoever are led by the spirit of God they are the sons of God. For you have not received the spirit of bondage again in fear; but you have received the spirit of adoption of sons whereby we cry: Abba (Father). For the spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God. And if sons, heirs also: heirs indeed of God and joint heirs with Christ." These are the royal prerogatives of the regenerated, sanctified soul - the tremendous quickening of the spirit unto new life. But this is not done without a medium. Not a single ray of light ever fell upon darkened soul that is not due to the one Mediator. "There is one God and one Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus." It was the Man Who came as Mediator. The Spirit of the Lord rested upon Him in all His fulness. He was anointed far bove His fellows. Of His plenitude we have all received. And no matter what we do receive, either now in grace, or hereafter in glory, is His gift. He is the consubstantial Son of God, from Whom and through Whom and in Whom we have the adoption of Sons. Were He not our elder brother we could not be joint heirs with Him. He is the High Priest Eternal Who has offered the gift of Himself for sins. He is the one Victim Whose blood speaketh for mercy with a stronger cry than did the blood of Abel for vengeance. In all this there is mediation. But, according to Calvinistic theology, the mediatorial work was completed when Christ died on the Cross, or, at any rate, when He ascended into heaven. The work of sanctification is carried on by the Holy Ghost without any medium. Not so. If there was lone thing around which the public ministry of Christ centred, it was the selection and due appoint ment of media through which His great work would be continued, and His gifts in Him and who would come to His fountains. He chose certain men : He sent them on public missions during His ownlife. He was sent only to the lost house of Israel : but they were to be sent to the whole world. Notwithstanding the hatred of the world and His death and a certain withdrawal from them, they need have no fear. He would be with them to the end of time. and the gates of hell would never prevail against them. Though no longer with them in the flesh He would send them a Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth Who would teach them all things and abide with them forever. Up to that time they had not asked, and they were commanded to ask. Farthermore, they ware to commemorate His death by offering the sacrifice He offered. He gave them His power : As the Father from Archbishop Begin on Sunday, 14th hath sent Me so I send you. The Father had sent Him as Mediator : so He sends them as mediators. They were to baptize and to pardon sins. They were to teach and to govern. In fact, nothing is so frequently emphasized in gospel and epistle as this idea of a mystic body of Christ, and the various ministries all betokening a system, durable, easy, efficacions, by which souls might be regenerated, the repentant sinner be pardoned and they that hunger after justice might filled with the Bread of Life. We see Christ breathing upon His Apostles and imparting His powers to them. The Apostles do the same

with their successors. It was the only way. System there had to be, else all

had been in vain. The substitutes

which the heterodox teachers intro-

duced have split up Christianity into

kindling wood. In rejecting the sacra-

ments they have separated the indlyid-

ual soul from communion with Christ.

clear the way for modern rationalism which has emptied their churches and stripped them of what little supernatural character they ever had.

A GRATUITOUS INSULT.

An episode occurred the other day in the Parliament at Ottawa, which will not be quickly forgotten by the principal actor, Col. Sam. Hughes. The following extract from the Hansard contains the uncalled-for remark which roused considerable feeling. Mr. W. Roche speaking about immigrants who had come from France started this brief dialogue.

Mr. W. Roche. What profession did the French speaking immigrants follow? Mr. A. Lavergne. I think most of them were farm laborers. Mr. Sam. Hughes. Were any of then

expelled clergymen? Mr. A. Lavergne. No, but I hope a great many of them will come to

Canada. Mr. Sam. Hughes. Clergymen who were driven out of France by order of

the French Government! Mr. A. Lavergne. I hope we will get more of them because they are the very best class of immigrants we can

Mr. Sam Hughes. A curse to the

country. This interjected remark called for a

have in this country. trong protest from the member for L'Islet, in the name of his fellow French Canadians and his co-religionists throughout the whole country. The gallant colonel had reckoned with out his host. True he had spoken from the abundance of his heart. His soli loguy, or whatever else it might be salled, could not go unchallenged. He must have imagined he was in the Chamber at Paris, or on an Orange platform - not on the floor of the Dominion House within hearing of men who love their priests, and in presence of others who, though not Catholics, respect the clergy. The ineen them sulting remark, the explanation brist ling with historical ignorance, and the cold reception both received from all quarters must have impressed Col. Hughes with the necessity of thinking twice before speaking once. If the remark was coarse the explanation was doubly unsatisfactory. Not having much sense of control Col. Hughes let the remark escape him, and not having much honor, gave no explanation and made no retraction, whilst protesting that he was too closely allied to France by blood, and that he would not offer a word of offence to anyone's religion. The most he acknowledged was that he was no worse than Daniel Defoe. He maintained that these gentlemen had left France because they chose to observe the laws of Rome rather than the laws of France. There is little use in following a man who will speak thus, or who will commend the French Government for its action in the Separation Law. Colonel Hughes had no apology to offer. He was followed by Mr. Bourassa who dealt with him with consummate tact and severity. In his mind, it would have been just as well to let the words pass into the oblivion into which Colonel Hughes himself and his military as be imparted to those who would believe well as political deeds will go. So far as more as an Irishman against this insult. Canadian history, British history and French history are concerned it had been entirely ignored by the memfor Victoria and Haliburton. But this ignorance is no excuse for Mr. Hughes' remark or the attitude of the French Government to the French clergy. It must not be forgotten that it is due to these same clergymen that the British flag floats over this country, and that British institutions are our inheritance from those whom Colonel Hurhes describes as a curse to the country. The leader of the opposition, Mr. R. L. Borden, repudiated firmly and clearly the remark which had

> whose lash he was writhing. Ample opportunity was given him in the subsequent discussion. Mr. Talbot, The Postmaster General, Mr. Bergeron and Mr. Charles Devlin, all took part. They were all equally emphatic in con- little poetic value. It is, however, in demning the redoubtable Colonel. In his final word Mr. Hughes drew a herring across the trail by claiming for himself, in regard to the Boer war, a stand of loyalty in contrast with that taken Laramie," "The Snowbird," or "Little" by Mr. Bourassa. Commentary is almost unnecessary. The debate is to be found in the Hansard and is an imperishable testimony to the prejudice, the ignorance and the pride of one man as and conservative in the Dominion

called forth the discussion. He did

not in any way concur in his friend's

views or expressions. And in dis-

senting from this view he spoke as

leader of the opposition. He claimed

that no gentleman on the left hand

onel Hughes' hasty remark. Hereupon

wished to reply to Mr. Bourassa under

groad lands of Canada, such men Colonel Hughes should be controlled or mpt. Howtreated with perfect conte ever, it is just as well that he should understand that his coarse remark will never be allowed to go unchallenged by true lovers of their country, whatever may be their ancestral origin, their religious creed or their political opin-

THE MEMBER FOR NICOLET. One of the ablest debaters in the Canadian Parliament is Mr. Charles R. Devlin, member for Nicolet. Indeed his record as a speaker extends beyond the Dominion. As a member for Galway in the Imperial bouse be established a reputation which placed him in the front rank as a public speaker. His speech in the Canadian Commons, dealing with Mr. Sam Hughes' statement that " the French priests were s curse," was remarkable for its pungent criticism of the wild and untame able Orangeistic brain - storms of the member for Victoria and Haliburton Referring to Mr. Hughes, he asked:

" Does he know the great and glorious deeds performed in the early part of the history of Canada by French priests? Does he know what they have suffered, carry on their mission? Does he know that they have faced every danger and have suffered death in martyrdom, in a worse form, perhaps, than martyrdom and ever before been inflicted? Has he read the history of Canada? If he has read the history of Canada, he must know that these glorious deeds were accomplished by priests who came here, not for worldly gain, but order to fulfil the duties of their sacred calling. With respect to the priests of France, I may say something; I am better posted wit espect to them than the honorable gentleman, because I have lived in France for two years, and I know exactly what they are doing there. know precisely why they are to-day falling under the law; I know their daily work and their deeds, which are making them revered, if not by all the French nation, at all events, by the Catholic portion of France. I have in their colleges teaching the have fallen away from the Catholic Church without entering any other Church without entering any other church, to send their children to be educated by those French priests, of whom the honorable member (Mr. Sam. of whom the honorable member (Mr. Sam.
Hughes) thinks and speaks so fiercely in this house. Has he read the
history of France? Does he know the great deeds performed by the priests of France? Does he know that in every country, in literature as well as in ar and in theological science, no greater lights have ever appeared in the world than the same priests of France whom is decrying. Sir, there is not a Catholic in this country, there is not a Catholic in any province in Canada who words which have fallen from the lips of the honorable gentleman, which he has refused to take back, which he stands by in this House, and we know the reason why. He hopes that in his county these words may secure for him additional votes at the next election-he is appealing to the very worst possible form of prejudice and pas-

" I rose to protest against this language as a Canadian, as a representa-tive of a French-Canadian and Cathocounty, and even if I were not Catholic, even if I were a Protestant would protest, and I would protest a a Catholic, against any insults that should be offered to the Protestant ministers of this country with just a much warmth as I do against the insult protest further hurled against us. I Remember, that when our forefathers were denied those advantages which happily we have to day, they had to go to France to get their education, and they came back thoroughly trained Those French priests knew how to

educate.
"In my humble capacity, therefore, as the representative of a French and actuated by the sentiments sentative of a French county should fill the heart of every Canadian I protest against such outrageous lan-guage as that which fell from the hon orable member (Mr. Sam. Hughes).'

A GREAT LOSS. The death of Dr. Drummond is a loss, not only to Canadian literature, but to Canadian manhood. He was a roet and more than a poet. He was one of nature's gentlemen. Kind, and as ap proachable as a child, he was never so much at home as in the company of children or the simple country folk, side of the Speaker concurred in Col- from whom he gleaned the material for many of his characters and legends. Mr. Borden directed the attention of Those who have listened to his public the House to other matters. But Col- readings have been delighted, but they onel Hughes had not had enough; he did not hear him at his best. It was when you met him in an informal way, with a few congenial spirits, that his brilliant wit and conversational powers were revealed. At present his name seems to be associated in the popular mind with some of his comic poems of such selections as " Memories." " The Bell of St. Michael," "The Little Red Canoe," "The Cure of Calumette," "Poleon Doré," "The Family Lac Grenier." that he manifests poetic genius that will ensure for him a lasting place in Canadian literature.

He was thoroughly Canadian in his sympathy and sentiments. The spirit against all the members, both liberal of freshness and of freedom that pervades our Canadian lakes and rivers,

and of our autumn woods, breathe through his poetry, and proclaim, better than any avowal of his, how much he loved the land of his adoption.

An Irishman by birth, there is no doubt that much of his humor and pathos, love for nature, and sympathy for everything human, may be traced to his Irish parentage, and to the impressions made upon him when as a boy, he mingled with the simple fisher folk of Donegal, or wandering over the heather-clad hills of his native county, he listened to

The thrush's song, the blackbird's note, The wren within the hawthorn hedge, The robin's swelling vibrant throat, The linnet crouching in the sedge.

The predominant characteristic of his poetry is its simplicity and naivete. There is no attempt at the sublime, no grand metaphors, no brilliant flights of fancy. On the other hand, there is no straining after effect, no far-fetched sentiment, no vague nuances of thought that perplex the reader. Everything is clear and luminous, and if you read a line twice, it is not to understand its meaning, but to more fully appreciate the beauty of the poetic thought.

Hls subjects, too, are in keeping with his style. He writes not of kings and princes, but of the simple country people, who are the nearest to nature's heart, and the best exponents of a nation's traditions. He was thorough. ly familiar with the history, the popular legends, the religious sentiments, the very nature of the habitant. With a sympathetic hand he has painted him as he is, simple yet intelligent, religious and patriotic, fond of his home and family, with a heart full of native poetry, a lover of the old time of long ago. He has described him to us in every phase of his life. "The little Baptiste," with "the double joint in his body," the daring lumberman with his "ceinture fleché" and "bottes san vages," the Canadian-errant, the voyageur, the well to do farmer, proud of his lands and marriageable daughters, and last of all, the old habitant sitting in the chimney corner, smoking his pipe, and dreaming of the days of his youthful manhood.

Canada, indeed, owes a debt of gratitude to the memory of the man who in his own charming style revealed to us the wealth of homely virtues, true poetic sentiment and keen apprecia tion of the beautiful, whether in nature or in art, that is enshrined in those little white washed cottages on the banks of the St. Lawrence. To all who knew him, either personally or through his poems, his untimely death will come as a personal loss. Though not a Catholic, he numbered among his most intimate friends many of the clergy and laity of that Church, who loved him for his many noble qualities of mind and heart, and honored him for the truthful and reverent manner in which he always wrote of the faith and the religious customs that were dear to them. God rest his noble soul! May Canada ever keep green the memory of him, whose writings made for a better appreciation of the character of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens-whose human nature, after all, is very like our own-and for a more kindly feeling between the two races that are destined to live and prosper, side by side, in this fair land of ours F. O'S.

THE CHURCH IN TORONTO.

The dedication of the new St. Peter's church marks the advancement of religion under the zealous care of its pastor, the Rev. Father L. Minehan. It is gratifying that if the number of Catholics does not increase in proportion yet they are increasing. What is greatly to their credit and that of Toronto's chief pastor, is that more and more the number of new churches gives provision for the spiritual wants of the people. St. Peter's is the second new church which His Grace Archbishop O'Connor has dedicated since this year began. Two more are in contempla tion, one in the North-East of the city and the other in the North West. In and around Toronto there are sixteen churches. St. Peter's parish was the first to be cut off from St. Mary's, the mother now of four parishes. Up to the Sunday of dedication, April 11th, Mass was said in the frame building, which in earlier years served as a school house during the week and a church on Sunday. Then a fine commodious school was built and the old building devoted entirely to religious services. There were other plans in view-and a laudable desire for a temple worthier of the parish. Tais has been realized in a fine red brick building with stone setting and a tower on the west side. A strenuous worker, Fother Mineban has the happiness of seeing his efforts crowned and his people worshipping in a beautiful church. The Rev. Father Roche, Superior of St. Michael's college, preached at the dedication, the celebrant of the Mass being Rev. Father They have dissolved Christ, and made | House. If liberty is to flourish in these | the very odor of our pine and hemlock | Staley of St. Michael's college. At

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the old habitant sitting y corner, smoking his ming of the days of his ood. eed, owes a debt of gratimory of the man who in ing style revealed to us I homely virtues, true ent and keen apprecia utiful, whether in nature at is enshrined in those

ashed cottages on the St. Lawrence. To all m, either personally or ems, his untimely death personal loss. Though he numbered among his e friends many of the ity of that Church, who his many noble qualities heart, and honored him ful and reverent manner always wrote of the faith gious customs that were . God rest his noble nada ever keep green the im, whose writings made ppreciation of the characench Canadian fellow-citihuman nature, after all, our own-and for a more g between the two races

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st. Michael's college. At

Vespers the celebrant was the pastor, Rev. Father Minehan. The Very Rev. Father J. J. McCann, V. G., pres upon the text : " Thou art Christ the Son of the living God."

THE DANGERS OF YELLOW LITERATURE.

The London Advertiser of the 15th contained the following synopsis of a sermon delivered on the previous day by Rev. Father Tobin, of St. Mary's church. We hope every parent who reads his words will give them the most serious thought. In this, our day. much of the literature coming from the printing press is of the most vicious character, produced because there is a market for it. It is high time the commodity were given an unmarket-able value. All who love religion, country and home should keep this literary small-pox out of the hands of their children, and parents should show them a good example by denying it entry to the household :

Rev. Father Tobin, assistant rector of St. Mary's church, in his sermon yesterday morning said, that while there are many classes of literature which should be debarred from the e, the worst and most insidious that pastors and parents have to guard against is the so called funny page of

the Sunday paper.

The Government of Canada had realized this, and had passed a law which practically shuts out of Canada the cheap and demoralizing Sunday paper, which ruins the respect of chil-dren for their parents, and blights all attempts at the exercise of parental

Unfortunately, some Canadian papers have seen fit to attempt to undo the good effects of this law of Canada and have begun to supply their readers with yellow and so-called funny pages which all thinking people agree are a curse to the home and the children.

Catering especially as they do to the young, such pictures do incalculable young, such pictures do incatculable barm by teaching the children disre-spect for parental authority. This is the first downward step of the child. Once the father and mother become no guide to the child, the rest is easy. Some of the illustrations in thes

funny sheets are positively indecent,' Father Tobin said, "and not infre quently the pictures are accompanied with reading matter the tenor of which is absolutely opposed to the most sacred doctrines of Christianity." Father Tobin then read an extract

from a daily paper, in which the people were advised to do their own thinking, and to not allow the Church or anyone else to think for them. This is the teaching of the free thinker, and a very dangerous doctrine for the people to follow, he said. He also read another extract from the same paper which he declared to be a sample of rank infidel-

It is the duty of parents, who are held responsible by God for the guid-ance of their children to see that such a paper as this is not allowed to enter the home," Father Tobin continued. "And if parents are so neglectful as to allow the demoralizing Sunday papers and funny sheets to get into the ome, it is the duty of the children to refuse to read them. Such literature is an insult to the Christian faith."

In conclusion, Father Tobin advised his hearers to read good books—first the New Testament, which should be read by all; then good Christian works, and finally, good, wholesome books for

A NEW IDIOCY.

Toronto. We are told that "only Protestants of the staunchest type are admitted into membership. It will be a political organization, giving allegiance to no political party, and will endorse and support only those who approve of the Protestant succession." Furthermore we are told that " several public men in high position in Toronto have allied themselves with the organization, and are among its most energetic workers, one public man being authority for the statement, that the society will have 10,000 members inside of year, and will wield a powerful influence at the next Provincial and Federa

elections." The purpose which inspired the organization of the new society has only been hinted, but it is said that " the appointments to office made by the Whitney Government have not satisfied those who are at the back of the new movement. It is claimed that the completion of the Ontario Cabinet is too pronouncedly Roman Catholic, and that too much consideration is being given to those of that religious faith by the present Conservative ad-

ministration." The existence of the P. P. A. gave our non-Catholic friends in Ontario such an experience that we were inclined to the belief that such another enterprise would not be put on the market by the political mediocrities for at least a generation. If this new anti-Catholie and anti Canadian cabal is given life, we would strongly advise the rank and fyle to profit by the experience of those who were members of the P. P. A., and see to it that their contributions are placed in a very strong safe, and that an able-bodied bull dog be chained thereto.

THE LATE DR. DRUMMOND.

We have much pleasure in reproduc ing the following gem from the pen of Dr. Fischer, on the death of the late Dr. Drummond, the poet of the habit-

THE PORT OF THE HABITANT. (Dr. William Henry Drummond, died April 6,

The singer's voice is hushed forevermore, Glad, bird-like voice that sang of humbi of binings—
of binings—
of binings—
of life that stole through Quebec's open door,
His strong, clear voice grew louder more and

more; e nations loved him. The bright golden of his sweet lyre now walt his touch, while

kings
Of thought sad turn his living pages o'er
His was the poet's soul, white as the morn
That moves across Lac Grenier's bosom wide
He sang of home and hope and that strong
tide of lasting love which should men's hearts and the string love which should men's hearts in hadorn garden, God was at his side.

No wonder then his roses had no thorn.

— DR WILLIAM J. FISCHER,
Waterloo, Ont.

LAST WEEK we made reference to the great success of Miss Gibbs, as a vocal ist, in London, England. We omitted to

state that part of this young lady's musical education was obtained at the Rideau street convent. Ottawa. Her mother had also received her musical education at the same institution.

A MOMENT OF GRACE.

The first snow had just fallen in a town of Scotland, an event that somehow gladdens the heart of young and old. Especially are the street urchins elated when the first snow comes. Boys are ever boys and they will throw snow

Thus it bappened in this Scotch town. A Catholic priest crossed the market place on his way to a sick person. When the boys noticed the priest they chose him as a target, continuing their morning's sport. Snow balls came from all sides, descending on the bowed head of this comforter of the sick and afflicted. He passed on quietly as though obliv ious of what was going on around him. A storekeeper—an infidel and priest hater accidentally witnessed the whole affair.

Months passed and the priest had for gotten that winter morning.

Again, one spring day, the same priest hastened across the commons to visit a Catholic servant girl to whom he was called because she was very sick.
The priest stepped into a store and respectfully asked of the aged proprietor:
"Sir, can you tell me if a servant girl in your house attends the Catholic

'What do you wish of her?" inquired the man.

"Ihave to speak to her," replied the priest, "I heard she is very sick and wishes to receive the holy Sacraments."
"The girl does not live in my house, said the storekeeper, "but you are the very man I wish to see: take a seat, for I have something important to say

to you."
"I am at your service," the Father answered and both withdrew to the room

adjoining the store.
"Do you remember last winter, reverend sir, when a lot of snow balls thrown at you by mischievous

Yes; I have an indistinct recollection of the sport the lads had at my expense, though indeed I had forgotten Il about that occurrence.

"Not so I," rejoined the storekeeper That occurrence lingers in my mind yet, for it made me think: 'What might be the reason that men are persecuted simply because they happen to be Catholic priests, while no one bothers about our ministers? What is it that gives the persecuted ones that wonderful calmness under provocation prayed for light and am ready now to become a Catholic myself. Will you accept me Father? and give me instructions. I long to be made a member of that Church which has been persecuted ever since its establishment and flourishes in spite of all persecu-

The good priest was overjoyed and be gan his instructions there and then The merchant was a very apt pupil and had the happiness to be received into the Church by the man, whom he had seen ridiculed for his Divine Master's sake. God's ways are wonderful. Here the mischief of children who knew not what they did, and the noble mildness of the object of their pranks, brought to the bosom of Mother Church an acceptable son.—The Christian Family, by a Narrator.

METHODIST TRIBUTE TO THE LITTLE SISTERS.

The Central Catholic of Winnipeg Manitoba reproduces from a daily paper of that city an item relative to a sermon recently delivered there by the Rev. S. P. Rose, a Methodist reacher, who was formerly in Montreal. Dr. Rose's theme was self-sacrifice, and after citing a case of self-sacrifice as shown by one who died for his country, he passed on to the grander example of those heroes and heroines who were never heard of but who lived for their country, laying down their lives daily and in this con-nection he spoke of the Sisters of Mercy who has entreated to be sent to the leper colony. This was a living death beside which death on the battle death beside which death on the battle death beside which death on the battle field was easy. Then came this tribute to the Sister: "Criticize the priests of the Bome if you will, object to the doctors of that Church as you have a "I know the scholars and the doctors of that Church as you have a "I know the scholars and the preachers are Rome if you will, object to the trines of that Church as you have a perfect right to do, but let no man in the professors and the preachers are to-day very much wrought up about Sisters of the Poor in Montreal are doing more work and better work for

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP GLENNON. The Bible, the dignity and meaning of its eternal truths and its significance and place in Christianity was yesterday discussed by Archbishop Glennon in his sermon at the New Cathedral Chapel. He said, in part:

"I speak to you to day concerning the book I hold in my hands; from which I have read the gospel, appropri-ate to the Sunday; a book dear to the Catholic heart, the most wonderful book in the world — I mean the Holy Scriptures. I have not time to tell you how many editions it has gone through; how many languages it has been printed in, how many storms it has been the innocent cause of, how many creeds have been extracted out of it, or how many calumnies have been uttered in its name.

"Itself the greatest literary production in the world, there has in turn arisen the most voluminous literature dedicated to its criticism, history and explanation. Its subject matter ranges expination. Its subject matter ranges all the way from earth to heaven, from divinity's highest concept to humanity's lowest condition. It covers the vast field of duty, destiny, faith and hope; it sweeps the ages from the first evidences of recorded time, until that latest day where St. John, in apo2a lyptic vision, sees that time shall be

"Some regard it as a poorly constructed collection of myths; others have made it the only and absolute rule of their faith- the only thing left on earth to bind them to their God. Where would we place it? My breth ren, in answer I would direct your ren, in answer I would direct your attention to the words of the gospel I have just read for you. St. John says, (chapter xx, verses 20-31;) 'Many other signs also did Jesus in the sight of His disciples that are not recorded n this book. But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God;' in other words, St. John's special purpose appears to be to prove the divinity of

"So, then, in these matters, we place Christ, the Teacher, first, and after Him the apostles, John and the others, who were the pupils, the witnesses and, in turn, the teachers. "And then, thirdly, these same apos-

tles, John and the others, substantia-ting particular tenets of the Christian revelation and facts of our blessed Lord's life, by writing those books and letters that go to make up the New Testament.

"Now, the Church, already established by Christ, gradually gathered together these precious documents, set the seal of her approval on them and established called their canon. But what is this work was slow, and it was not completed for three hundred years after the death of our blessed Lord.

"Thus you can see, my brethren, mpossibility of a book ever becoming court of conscience, and at the same on their way to God, how, for three hundred years at least, (the canon of Scripture not being in existence) it could not possibly be the guide for the people of those centuries, the norm of their faith or the law of their spiritual

"I know that exception may be taken to such supposed minimizing of the Holy Scripture, placing it, as it were, in a second place, and making it suffer while we would exalt the Church ; but, my friends, that is not my purpose. only want you to have correct views in regard to these sacred volumes, how they originated and how they are to be placed, as history, right reason and sane religion would place them. No purpose have I of minimizing, for when we understand the close association be tween the Church and the Scriptures statement that a Protestant Secret Society, somewhat on the lines of the defunct P. P. A., of unhallowed memory, is about to be formed in books were gathered together; it was in the blood of her devoted children that the Church reproduced them. When other manuscripts were lost, through time's decay or the seizure by the invader, the Church's loyal sons monks and hermits in their convents. stood guard over the precious treasure ready to give in its defense their heart's blood, while others within the cloister wore their lives away that verse after verse might be set in more

splendid illumination.
"And that which the Church through all these centuries, has so faithfully guarded, which she has woven into her theology, set in her liturgy, read into the hearts of her people, which her priesthood recounts in their sevenfold daily prayer and her propole with every chiming hell and people with every chiming bell and every passing hour, has still for your beholding, her seal of approval on tie holy book and her earnest wish that all her people should take it to their hearts, as the Church has taken it to

Nor is it because of its mere histor ical or literary excellence that the Church would commend it. Though all modes of music have been set in its adorning, and all true poetry found in it a standard; though the orator may seek there an inspiration, the teache a guide, the literature a master, and the saint a benediction, yet it is not for these things the Church would specially commend it; but primarily and above all, because it is the in-spired word of God. Herein lies for us the great value of the sacred Scriptures, that, though the writers of the various books were human, yet what they have written is in some manuer guided and guarded, so that it expresses the truth, and the truths expressed

periest right to do, but let he had in the to-day very much wrought up about Sisterhoods of that Church. The these questions. From the exaltation of worship they have fallen, many of them, to the pitiful conditions of carpthe relief of the poor and distressed in that city than any other organization,"

ling critics, so that toat which was their idol has now become their victim.

But, in spite of these deplorable con-

ditions, and perhaps also because of m, the duty becomes more pressing us to rally to the support of the on us to rally to the support of the Holy Scriptures, and to proclaim, with the faith of those was first read them, that they are indeed the good tidings, the gospel of truth, coming from the Lord our God."—Western Watchman.

THE HOLY SEE AND CHRISTIAN

DEMOCRACY. Few questions, writes Lucien Roure n Etudes Franciscaines (Paris), have much divided Catholics in France, Belgium and Italy during the pas' few years as that spoken of as Christian Democracy. Many and ferce have been the polemies that have raged round the signification and the application of the expression in its barest form, some objectors finding it impossible to dis ern any difference between Christian emocracy and "Christian Socialism, it is alleged, being equivocal and dangerous. Are we, then, on account of accidental meanings with which the expression may be clothed to ondemn and discard the term? Accordg to the advice of the late Pope, w nay accept it, providing we refrain rom clothing it with any political sig-ification. A study of the meaning of ne term Christian Democracy is of he last Congress of Malines, where the erm "Catholic Democracy" was also heard for the first time. A little later, rench publicists began to use the erm, and about the same period Italy ecame familiar with the expression. its etymological and traditional inse, Democracy means government y the people, as Monarcty signifies y the people, as Monarcty signifies yvernment by one, and Oligarchy, yvernment by several. Pope Leo XIII. escribed Christian Democracy as " a mocracy devoid of all political sense. nd meaning only organized Christian nevolence in favor of the people. in Belgium and in Italy, nevertheless, was found almost impossible to dis-ciate the idea Christian from the idea political, in as much as certain Christian democrats included social reforms their Christian Democracy. In France there arose a party which claimed to see in Shristian Democracy, as they understood and accepted the term, a Christian doctrine more in sympathy with a republican form of govern ment than any other, holding that the establishment of popular government was the natural aim of the Gospel of Christ. Nothing, be it here said, in the history of the Church, nor anything in its teachings, has ever given cause for such an idea. According to the teaching of the Church at all times, all overnment to be in accordance with he true Christian idea, must be exercised, not in favor of the governors. but in favor of the governed. So long as States accomplish this, the Church s indifferent as to what constitutions

hey may be endowed with. It is for ime and circumstances to decide. In keeping out of its programme the levelling of social conditions, the abolition of private property, Christian Democracy takes its place at the pole opposite to Socialism. As the late Pope expressed it, says Roure: The Socialists will have it that power belongs to what is known as the working classes alone; that equality of fortunes can only be brought about by the levelling of fortunes; that the right to own prop erty be abolished, and that the struments of production and all kind of patrimony become common property. Christian Democracy is founded, on the contrary, on the principles of true justice. It will permit no attack upon private property, nor upon the right to possess and to acquire. It will retain the hierarchy of the classes, and consequently, there is nothing in on between it and Social Democracy. And in order to indicate the nature of Christian Democracy, His

Holiness goes on to sketch the compre-hensive nature of its functions. Here, for example, are some of these suggested functions: Credit banks for rural districts; employment bureaus and benevolent organizations; professional and labor unions; schools of practical agriculture; Catholic co operative banks; promotion of emigra-tion; insurance against accidents and old age. These functions are to be considered as under the surveillance, not only of the laity, but also of the clergy, although "in rder not to incur canonical difficulties or civil responsi-bilities which are unbecoming to the clerical state, the placing of priests at the head of institutions is to

Nevertheless, it is not to be suppose that the clergy of a country which should confine its zeal to the adminisshould comme its zear to the adminis-tration of the sacraments, to religious teaching, or to works of devotion, would be doing for the people all that might well be expected of it. The clergy has no right to withhold its interest from those matters which con-cern the well-being of the people. That the French clergy have abstained from mixing with the people during the past quarter of a century in France, and that a consequent lack of sympathy between priest and parishioner has arisen are facts which will not admit of controversy. Unity of action among all those who are interested, and no Catholic worthy of the name can with hold his interest, is the first paramount need. A hierarchic co-ordination the whole social life of Catholics, with full autonomy and liberty is the great essential. This cannot be accomplished without an authoritative press, as the lamentable crisis in France at the present time, clearly shows us. And be-fore our publicists shall be allowed to teach and guide the community, it is essential that a ripe experience be theirs. Ardor and enthusiasm without experience are apt to overleap themselves: and the over confidence of young men has great dangers not only for themselves, but for those they pre tend to instruct. Age must co-operate with the young, the expert with the untried, in order that the best results may be obtained from the fusion of maturity and enthusiastic youth.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

Solitude is the audience chamber of

COULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

The following questions were dropped into the question box at a mission to non-Catholics in Virginia: Don't the conscience of priests al-ways condemn them for teaching what

Christ disapproves or have they smothered their conscience, by committing themselves to be priests?

Don't the devil sometimes get priests off the earth before they die? Or do you yet know?

Do you claim that all Catholic people will go to heaven? Do you also teach that no other than the Catholic

will go to heaven? Christ says I will build My Church and that it will stand as steadfast to-day as ever. We are waiting for Christ's second coming for His Church to be established, and of Christians, but not of Catholics. What are you

expecting?

Has the priest any more power to person)?

You priests claim that you can an swer any question scripturally and prove it by the Bible itself; if so, why then are not the members of the Church allowed to read the Bible?

Why (if you Catholics are right) don't you priests and church members go out among the Protestants, even into their churches, and teach them? Why haven't priests got the suitable horns in plain view of their people?

These questions bear the undoubted stamp of sincerity. They have been all asked in good faith. While they bear just a little tinge of acrimony, which the missionary is quite accus-tomed to, and wisely ignores, still 90 per cent. of the questions is a strong desire to know.

strong desire to know.

The question next to the last has the most wisdom in it. Why, if you Catholies are right, don't you priests and church members go out among Protestants, even into their churches, and teach them?

teach them?
Some one who knows the people of this country well recently said that "there are a hundred thousand people who are knocking at the Church door who are knocking at the Church door for entrance. They only need the for entrance. They only need the helping hand of the sympathetic priest to lead them to the altar."—Church Progress.

DONE ?

On every side we hear the people saying: "Had Leo XIII lived this French trouble would have been prevented." Not a few Catholics are half convinced that it is so. But that is an illusion originating in lack of knowledge. Pius X. did not provoke this fight. It was raging long before he mounted the Pontifical throne. As far back as 1880, Waldeck-Rousseau framed a law which made it a penal offense to be a member of a Religious Congregation, and only the troubles arising from Gambetta's death, Bou langi-m, the Wilson decorations, the Panama scandals and the like prevented its enforcement. On April 2nd of the same year, Clemenceau unfolded the entire plan to the Grand Orient, saying: "It, after the suppression and dispersal of the Religious Congregations, the ab ogation of the Concordat, and the general secularizing of the schools and other public institu ions, the Catholic preserve any influence in the country, it will be easy to extir pate them entirely in the name of the ommon law by rendering the services of religion impossible, by the applica tion of some article or other con-tained in the Penal Code. Therefore, whilst merely asking for the separation of the Church from the State—an ex of the Church from the State—an ex-cellent formula, since it can be so agreeably presented to the people— the Republican purty must in reality pursue its ultimate object, that of sup-pressing the Church in the State." This programme of twenty-six years ago has been carried out to the letter, and Leo noted every step in its destructive development. It was while he was still living, that Waldeck-Rousseau resuscitated his malignant law of 1880 in his declaration of November 14, 1899, that if he could suppress the Congregations he could secure a billion francs for workingmen's pen-sions. He passed the law and then handed its execution to Combes, who hurried it on without the slightest regard to justice or even decency. Leo XIII. saw all that. He knew, as Vivi-ani had declared in the Chambres, that it was only one of the steps in the plan which they proposed to carry out to the bitter end, jusqu'au bout. The aged Pontiff witnessed all this ruin which he had vainly endeavored to avert by every conceivable concession. even imposing on French Catholies the severest possible test of their loyalty to the Holy See. He saw that all his indulgence, all his kindness, all his concessions had been absolutely futile, and it is thought that the calamity which he had utterly failed to prevent hastened his end. This heritage of woe he handed down to his successor

It is idle to say that the diplomatic tact of Leo XIII. would have prevented the crash. Leo XIII. would have resented the visit of President Louber or he would have renounced the prin ciple upon which his quarter of a cen-tury of seclusion in the Vatican was based. He exacted a diplomatic courtesy of which Pius X. has never dreamed, and, indeed, is almost incapable of. Leo XIII. would have demanded the resignation of the two un-happy Bishops who were used as instruments by the French Government to precipitate the crisis, or he would have proclaimed himself a partisan of vice and rebellion. He could not have accepted a radical alteration in the constitution of the Church or promote schism in abolishing the dependence of priests and Bishops on the Pope, especially as what was conceded to France would have been demanded elsewhere he could not possibly have approved of a measure which every man who has any regard to the rights of property must pronounce to be spoliation; he long been openly proclaimed by its abettors to be the extinction of all 197 Mill St., LONDOH, CANADA religion in France; nor could he have

Safest Medicine for Women's Complaints

Women certainly do neglect themselves. They work too hard-over-tax their strength -and then wonder why they suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex.

Most cases of female trouble start when the bowels become inactive-the kidneys strained -and the skin not cared for. Poisons, which should leave the system by these organs, are taken up by the blood and inflame the delicate female organs.

OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

remove the CAUSE of these " Fruit-a-tives diseases. sweeten the stomach-make the bowels move regularly every day - strengthen the kidneys-improve the action of the skin-and thus purify

sented to the final insult which the assented to the man insult which the last phase of the law could have pre-sented to him, of letting his clergy be merely occupiers of their own churches, and dependent on the decree of a minister who may change it to-morrow, and who, while cynically granting this leave, is turning the priests and Bishops out of their homes and send-ing the seminarians into barracks, All the diplomacy of the world would not have forestalled the execution of a programme which was formulated in 1870, was actively begun in 1879, by Grevy's Ministry, whose eleven members counted four Protest-WHAT WOULD LEO XIII. HAVE two of foreign or schismatic origin, and which is new manipulated in its final which is now manipulated in its mass stages by a Minister of Worship who says "we must have done with this idea of Christianity;" a Minister of Labor who boasts of "having extin-guished the light of heaven with a magnificent gesture;" and a Prime Minister who, with indecent ribaldry, boasts that he is "a son of the devil." Anyone who fancies that such people can be mollified by concessions is welcome to his opinion.

come to his opinion.

Pius X. will no doubt be defeated in
this battle which is not of his making;
which has been deliberately provoked
but which would never have been undertaken against a stronger power. Wreck may be piled upon wreck before it is ended; but after the anarchists of France have wrought their own destruct tion, and perhaps that of their country, the principles of justice and liberty will have to be reasserted, a society on the passion of the political plunderer who has seized the reins of Govern-ment, a regenerated society will have to be organized, and in that rehabilitation the Church will be called to assist.

—The Messenger.

IRELAND AND FRANCE.

"Those protests against the persecu-tion of the Catholics in France did not miscarry—n Rome at least," says the Catholic Transcript. "The Vatican shows its appreciation of them by publishing the documents in book form.
The volume will give evidence of the feelings entertained by English-speaking Catholics respecting the action of the French Government. Only the other day the faithful of Dublin, as-sembled in Phoenix Park, had something to say about the closing of the Irish College in Paris. Rome sets a high value on these expressions of sympathy coming from a people who have tasted the bitter chalice of per-secution. O'Connell told Montalembert that the French and the Irish were 'first cousins by blood and brothers by the adoption of battle. But that was when France retained something of the splendor of the ancient faith. There are few Montalemberts to be found in the France of the twentieth century. The Lib faith still lives, vigorous and militant, among his countrymen. Witness the demonstration made by the Catholics of Dublin."-Sacred Heart Review.

The great St. Augustine exclaims: "O God, Thou hast made us for Thyself, that we might live with Thee eternally, in perpetual Communion." In heaven charity, and torrents of delight; on earth, it partakes of the nature of hree, and we call it prayer. - Abbe



Interior Church and House Decorating

> in distemper and oil colors.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

could not have assented to what had could not have assented to what had Fred W. Richardson

Fourth Sunday After Easter. KINDNESS

"For the anger of man worketh not the stice of God." (8b. James i. 20)

Brethren, these words are an echo of the Wise Man of old. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Turning away wrath, and indeed every other sin, is God's work of justice or righteousness, and man's auger is not fitted to do it. Wrath does not destroy wrath, nor is it calculated to destroy any other evil, unless it be divine. The fear of the it calculated to destroy any other evaluates it be divine. The fear of the wrath of God is good, but the fear of the wrath of man is the mean vice we call human respect. I say this because there are many persons, fathers and mothers of families in particular, who would make souls better by inspir-We know that a kindly manner is a better means of correction than a harsh

one, because it is God's way. God employs ear in converting sinners, to be sure, but not so much as love; nor does His fear hold out so well as His love when there is question of persever ance, and, finally, as love on our part is necessary to forgiveness, so God's hove is the supreme and essential in-strument in saving sinners' souls.

You may object that God punishes sinners in hell, and that, certainly, is the prison of the divine wrath. True. But more men are saved from hell by the loving patience of God than by the terrors of His justice. Take an example from our Lord: throughout hole course of His life He showed anger only towards those who themselves lacked kindness. The Pharisees, hypo-erites as they were, were lashed by our Lord, because they were hard, pitiless and censorious. The rich glutten, Dives, is buried in hell because he shut his heart against the dying beggar at his door. But the harlot Magdalen is converted and saved by our Savikind looks and encouraging words. Even Judas himself would have had full pardon if he had not neglected the patient, gentle reproach of the most loving of Masters. Our Lord's way with sinners is the best. Me may have said severe things to sinners, but before He dismissed them He gave them honey to eat, to take off the bitter taste of His reproaches. But it is not enough to say that "the

anger of man worketh not the justice of God;" it worketh the malice of satan and of hell. "Provoke not your children to wrath." says the Apostle. Angry words make men angry, and inproducing virtue breed vice. stead of producing virtue breed vice. I know of hardly anything more miserable than the fate of a boy or girl doomed to grow up in the home of a scolding mother or a bad-tempered Take an example from the body. Children fed on nuwholesome food have defestive digestion; that is to say, bad food in early life hinders the good effect of good food in later So with the human soul; as bad food makes a weak stomach, in like manner scolding and threatening and quarrelling make a weak character— timid and sly and hypocritical, or just as bad-violent, abusive, profane.

metimes hear a scolding parent We sometimes hear a scotting parent say of wayward children. "They make me curse." Take care; if they make you curse now it is your own fault, and the chances are that they will make

u burn hereafter. In conclusion, brethren, let us all, whether we exercise authority or live in intercourse with our equals, be kindly in our manner, mild and considin our language, patient with others' faults trusting more to persua-sion and to affection than to authority, bearing in mind that "the anger of man worketh not the justice of God."

GOOD EXAMPLE SAVES SOULS.

We hear much nowadays of the power of the press. It is immense, no doubt. Great also is the power of the effective speaker and orator. But there is another power that wields incalculable influence in society to-day, and of that we hear very little. It is the power of good example. The press and the oratory may become impolitic in their utterances, or through other circum stances lose their popularity, and thereby to a large extent their force for good; but the power of good example is ever an unvarying quantity. We is ever an unvarying quantity. We read lately of two striking instances, through each of which a conversion resulted. The first relates the story of a Catholic commercial traveler whose saying his beads one night before going to bed was the means of converting a fallen away fellow Catholic. The conclusion of the narrative runs:

'A few months afterward the priest of the village wrote to me about as follows: 'Your Irish friend was genuinely repentant and transformed. He died the other day a holy death.'
Fervently did I thank God that He had made me in this case the humble instrument of His boundless mercy, and that my rosary was the means of a soul's salvation. How we should be careful of our conduct. How we should give good example and shun bad com Good example saves souls ; bad example may damn them.'

This force of good example is at work hen we least expect it. The second instance illustrates this very strikingly. Cardinal Mermillod, the eminent Swiss prelate who died in 1892, was astonished while leaving the sanctuary of his cathedral late one night at being accosted by a non Catholic lady who had concealed herself in the edifice in order, as she informed the prelate, to discover as she informed the prelate, to discover whether he actually believed in the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Observing him when he supposed himself to be alone in the church, and seeing the revergence and devotion with which he granded and prayed when passing in front of the tabernacle, she was front of the tabernacle, she was convinced of the genuineness of his faith -and her conversion follow d.-Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J.

CHURCHLESS CHRISTIANITY.

No one who has kept abreast of the times can have failed to remark the great change that has come over the teeming millions of our country in the matter of religious belief. We were, not many years ago, a reverential, church going people; at present, the great majority of those who are not Catholics are classed among the "churchless" multitudes. Writers of various shades of belief, misbelief and unbelief, have not failed to notice this fact, and not wishing to brand the people of the United States as alto-gether irreligious, have sought out different loopholes in their efforts to avoid or eyade what would seem to be necessary deduction from conceded premises. "Religion," it is said, "is be-ing more and more differentiated from church-going; our people have ceased in great measure to be church goers, but religion is as deep as ever in their

Following on the heels of this state

Following on the heels of this state-ment, to the startling and oft-repeated question, "Is Christianity dying in our midst?" the answer is glibly and un-hesitatingly thrown back, "Dogmatic Christianity, yes; real Christianity, no." Now what are we to think about this churchless undogmatic Christian no." Now what are we to think about this churchless, undogmatic Christian-ity? It cannot be denied that relig-ious questions do arouse a certain amount of interest, and many at hand some ready-made opinion or such topics. But as the great mass of our people must toil for a living and have no time to think out their religious holdings for themselves, they turn in many cases to the daily newspapers. Travelers in our fast express trains—flyers they are called—are much interested in our method of filling the watertank of the locomotive without the in-convenience of stopping the train. By an ingenious device the water along track splashes up the incline plane into the reservoir. A somewhat piane into the reservoir. A somewhat similar process, along mental lines, we see going on every day, morning and evening, in the subway. Live men and women are being hurled to their places of business and back; but not wishing to waste time they are anxious to se-cure a so called thought-supply for the occasional chat of the morning and the longer talks of the night. Hence they do their best to have a few ideas splash in upon them from several watery jour-nals. No one, however, will dignify this process by the name of thinking; this process by the name of thinking; and yet it is precisely such an unsatisfactory mode of procedure that gives rise to the many superficial views concerning churchless and undogmatic Christianity of which we hear the echoes on all sides of us.

This absence of real thinking also explains how it comes to pass that the

explains how it comes to pass that the moment a man denies some article of Christian belief, he is proclaimed by writers of a certain stripe to be highly intellectual, and how it is continually insinuated that if some of us still hold to the faith once delivered to the saints it is only because our reason has become partially or entirely atrophied. Now we consider it high time to call a halt on all such shallow talk and writing, and to ask the men and women of our day to demand proof of what they hear and read and not to be satis fied with mere assertion. Before forming a serious and thoughtful judgment on the connection between a Church and Christianity, we must have a clear idea of what is meant by Christianity, and of the function which a Church is called upon to fulfil in such an organization. If Christianity is only another name for humanitarianism, and if a Church differs from a lecture hall ture, then the whole question is easily settled. If men and women frequent their churches only in order to have transferred from pulpit or platform to the occupants of the pews somebody's comments on the passing events of the day, then, indeed, have the churches outlived their destiny and hereafter the great cathedral of nature may do away with all elaborate and more expensive ecclesiastical edifices that if the Church is the real house of God, if it is the hallowed spot where God's life-giving sacraments are dispensed to His loving children; if it is the school of divine truth where, not man's views, but the unchangeable Word of God, is pro claimed with authority, then indeed Christianity must not be churchless. — Rev. Wm. O'B. Pardow, S. J., in Parish

THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Monthly.

The socialists in Rome have recently made one hundred and sixty-two frames and some centesimi out of a miracle, but it is probable that they now wish they hadn't. Twice a year for a great many centuries and down to the present day Naples is stirred to its depths by the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of its Patron, St Januarius. The miracle takes place under the eyes of thousands; men of science have examined it criti cally time and again and have always remained puzzled - when they are not Catholics. But a few weeks ago the socialists of Rome announced that they would publicly repeat the miracle. On the appointed day a few hundred persons gathered in their Casa del Popolo. They saw a phial containing some coagulated matter which they were told was blood placed between four lighted candles, and they were told that in a few minutes the thing would liquefy. But even this simple trick was so badly arranged by the organizers, that the liquefaction did not take place until the stage manager, alarmed at the growing impatience of his audience, held the phial ever one of the candles and shook it violently several times. Thereupon two Cath-olic chemists who were present publicly challenged the socialist-miracle workers to perform the experiment under scientific examination, and agreed to forfeit a thousand francs if it God wills that we should implore His could be shown that the conditions of the paragraph is then more generously bestow on us His benefits and help, so that we may be could be repeated. The socialists accould be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be shown that the conditions of the real miracle of St. Januarius could be repeated. The socialists accould be repeated.

disappeared without leaving any address. When they turned up again they announced that they could not accept the conditions made by the Catholics and suggested others. The Catholics accepted even these—but the socialists disappeared from public view a second time and now their organ, the Avantil has called the challenge off. The net result of the incident has off. The net result of the incident has been to convince many who know nothing of the Miracle of St Januarius that it must be genuine .- Rome.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

WHAT REV. MADISON C. PETERS THOUGHT OF NUNS AND CONVENTS TWELVE YEARS AGO AND WHAT HE THINKS From the Monitor, Newark,

Some few years ago when the editor of the Monitor was conducting a little Catholic magazine, Good Tidings, he received the following letter from Rev.

Madison C. Peters:

"Coleman House,

"Asbury Park, N. J., Aug. 13, 1894.

"Your article on 'Convents and Calumnies' has been handed to me. Permit me to say that Mr. Condert made the offer to the Times to get me a permit to visit a convent or nunnery at midnight. But I have written to the city editor of the Times) perhaps two months ago) and asked what has become of Mr. Coudert's offer.' You must surely know that he could not get me such a permit. Yet your papers have published again and again Condert's offer, but they are not honest enough to say that he could not deliver the offer. I dely him now, or you, to let me go through any nunnery or con vent in this country. I to name the conditions. The money shall be yours if Condert will walk up. Will you tell me and your readers why Catholic countries have suppressed these dens of slavery, iniquity and treason?

Yours truly, Madison C. Peters." It is with no bitterness nor any desire to revive an incident upon which Madison C. Peters must look back with the blush of shame, that we republish now this letter. On the contrary, it is with a sentiment of charity which seeks to show the advance in right thinking and just judgment in a neighbor. How Mr. Peters' views have changed in the twelve years since this letter was penned! Protestantism has failed to satisfy

either his intellect or his heart. He has become a free lance. His pulpit is now the stage of a theatre; his relig ion, whatever his mind suggests. Of course, he will not be long satisfied with his present religious position. Stranger things have happened in this strange world of ours than the conversion of Rev. Madison C. Peters to the Catholic Church.

But as regards the Sisters, we take

pleasure in quoting from a recent ser-mon of Rev. Mr. Peters. He no longer wishes to prowl in the darkness of midnight; he sees in the full light of day the lives of the Sisters and their manifold good deeds. He says:
"The Catholic Church has been charg

ed with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme and not put stress enough upon good works. Good works won't save, good works. Good works won a save, but faith without works is dead. Our religion is too much talk. We have too many women's meetings and not enough Sisters of Charity. Kindly, generous loving acts—people believe in that kind of religion.

"The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suf fering, put Protestants to shame. One orphanage is worth a whole ton of tall talk. Christianity is not only a recipe for getting to heaven; it is rather a powerful incentive to make this world better for our being in it."—Catholic

THE "CHEAP" CATHOLIC.

The older a priest grows the less patience he has with that class of Catholics known in the common par lance of the country as bad pays, or by the more significant and more oppro brious title "dead beats." They as a rule, the most censorious and the most exacting. They are the first to insist that everything in connection with the Church be kept in the best possible shape; that it be well lighted, heated and ventilated, and that it be an eminently respectable place of wor-ship. They insist, at the same time that a priest be a gentleman, a scholar and a saint, and especially the latter for saints have acquired a reputation for living on meager annual allowances. It is this more or less intangible element known as "gall" which confronts the priest at every step in his dealings with this common brand of cheap Christianity, and which makes him lose patience and occasionally give utterance to unpalatable truths.

All that the Church asks and ex pects is that people contribute according to their means; no more, no less Yet, if it ever becomes a question be-tween the soul of a penurious person and his money, she solemnly adjures him to keep his money and save his soul, i. e., if such a soul can be saved, which is, to say the least, very doubtful.— Rev. J. T. Roche in The Oughtto-Be's.

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.—Ruskin.

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IMMORALITY AND FAITH.

There can be no question that Matthew Arnold put his finger on the real plague-spot of France in pointing to the worship of the goddess Lubric ity there. Decadence of morals has ity there. Decadence of morals has led by inexorable sequence of cause and effect, to decadence of fath. But the immorality that has sapped the faith of France is not a thing of yesterday. Nemo repente fuit turpissimus, is as true of nations as of individuals—no one falls all of a sudden to the

lowest depth of moral degradation.
Here is the condition of things Here is the condition of things in that country about the middle of the seventeenth century pictured for us in a letter to Anne of Austria by the Venerable Father Eudes, founder of the Eudists and of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, who laboured there no less zealously during that century than Pere Olier or St. Vincent de Paul to restore all things in Christ:

"The unclean spirit wages relent-

"The unclean spirit wages relent-less war against chastity, that virtue which is so dear to Our Lord and his Blessed Mother, and without which no one shall see God. He makes every no one shall see God. He makes every effort in this corrupt age, to supplant this virtue in France by the opposite vice. He employs many divers means for this purpose, among others these six, which France herself furnishes him with. The first is balls and dances, which are the occasion of numberless sins—a fact that makes St. Chrysostom declare that the dance is a Chrysostom declare that the dance is : whirlpool of perdition which engulfs a great number of miserable souls; St. Ephren and other Fathers, that it is the invention, the work, and the convocation of the devil; and a council of the Church, that it is worse to go to dances than to servile work on Sun-day. The second is lascivious theatrical plays which are more dangerous than dances and cause the damnation of more souls. The third is the lascivious novel, which is the devil's own book, and which he makes use of to entice people to commit no end of sin. This is why the learned and pious Gerson declared and most justly in speaking of a novel of this kind which appeared in his time that if he had not known the author to have repented before his death of

having written it, he would no more have prayed for him than he would for Judas. And yet all France is poisoned with such literature, which enjoys the sanction even of His Most Christian Majesty the King. The fourth is the lascivious song, which is printed, sold, and sung in the public streets, a thing which plays have with the morals of the young. If songs were printed or sung that dishonered the King, who would endure it? The fifth is the luxury, vanity and frivolity of women in the matter of dress, about which all the holy Doctors of the Church say such terrible things, calling dress the ornament and pomp of the devil which Christians promise

to renounce in Baptism — a solemn promise to God which those who slight can not hope to have part with him The sixth is lascivious statues and pic sures which are the occasions of more sins than one can imagine. But one can hardly see anything else today in can hardly see anything else today in the homes of many Christians where one ought to see rather pictures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles and other Saints."

This is a table of scandals and sine which it is timely for Christians everywhere to examine their con sciences upon. Meanwhile thing sciences upon. Meanwhile thing have gone from bad to worse in France Since that time, as Cardinal New man says of another evil tendency "Phaethon has got into the chariot of the sun; we, alas! can only look on, and watch him down the steep of To mention but one of the prolific sources of immorality catalogued by Father Eudes, so rotten is the light literature of France to-day that one may with some show of reason

for young people not to know. In the same letter the Venerable Eudes inveighs against duelling, and speaks with not less justice than wit. of those who lose their lives in the duel as "the devil's martyrs." — Antigonish Casket.

set down French as a good language

THE DYING WORDS OF A HOLY PRELATE.

BISHOP STANG TO HIS FRIEND, MGR. DORAN OF PROVIDENCE, R. I. The last words in writing of the lamented Bishop Stang of Fall River, Mass., were in a letter to his friend, Mgr Thomas F. Doran, LL. D., V. G. It is impossible to add anything to the beauty of holiness expressed in them, except perhaps to note in their supreme thankfulness for the gift of faith their suggestion of the dying words of St. Teresa: "Thank God that I die a shild of the Catholic Church!' The Bishop's message reads.

"Before the throne of God I will plead for your temporal and eternal welfare. I desire that my funeral be weitare. I desire that my luneral to as simple as possible; no costly coffic and worldly show of pomp. I die poor sinner craving for God's mercy I forgive with a cheerful heart all who think that they offended me, and I humbly ask pardon of all whom I have grieved without real need. "I thank the priests of my own dear diocese for all their kindness, respect

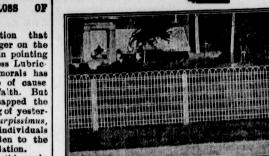
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'The !religious communities which have been my joy and consolation will deavor to repay them.

'This year's pastoral letter (on 'Christian Education') will be my last

approaches.
"For all eternity will I thank God

for the gift of the true faith. Time would not suffice to give adequate thanks for the Catholic faith. I will bless this mercy in heaven forever.
"I intended to preach the Catholic truth for many a year yet. God has

willed it otherwise. If our non-Catho-lic friends only knew what we do believe and worship, how anxiously they would seek admission to Mother Church."—The Pilot.

THE POPE AND THE POOR.

One of the first things the Pope did after his election was to order a dis-tribution of relief to the poor and dis-tressed of Rome. Cardinal Mocenni(he has since gone to his reward) was summoned from his apartment in the Vatican to see the Pope. At that time His Eminenence knew much more about the finances of the Holy See than did Pius X. for he had almost the sole care of them. He knew too that they were

CONSTRUCTING FIREPROOF OUTBUILDINGS.

Serious efforts have recently been made, to reduce the frightful loss from lightning and fire on Canadian farms. they have been wholly success-tot only in securing a thoroughly ning and fireproof construction, but also in bringing the price down to, and even below, that of the old-time board and shingle barn.

The new plan is to use corrugated galvanized sheets for roofing and siding barns and all outbuildings. These sheets are very rigid, and make a perfectly strong construction when used over very light framework. No sheeting boards are used at all—only light prelimetries being reconstruction. light purlin strips being necessary.

Such buildings are now becoming very common, and users everywhere affirm that "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, manufactured by the Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont., is the most satisfactory material known for the purpose. They are so heavily galvanized that they easily outlast a generation and never need repairs. The firm above mentioned will gladly send to inquirers their interesting litera-The firm above mentioned win gladry send to inquirers their interesting literature about "Acorn Quality" Corrugated Galvanized Sheets, and give names of users in all parts of Canada. 46

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD LONDON, CANADA MANAGEMENT STATES OF THE STATE

and loyalty to me. I hope they will be true and devoted priests to their standing the stories in the newspapers, that several tons of gold coin had that several tons of gold coin had been found in the apartment of the late Pontiff. He was therefore continue to remember me, though removed from them. Their prayers have Pius X. told him that he wanted one moved from them. Their prayers have been my strength in life; they will be my relief in the next world. As soon as I reach the vision of God I will enasked the Holy Father to change the sum to fifty thousand. "No," said Pius "Christian Education") will be my last X., "but I will change it to one nunwill and testament to my people. May it sink deeply into the Catholic hearts of my beloved children. They will be grateful for it when their own end X., "but I will change it to one hun

Courtesy.

"Know, dear brother," says St. Francis, "that courtesy is one of the qualities of God Himself. Who of His courtesy giveth His sun and His rain to the just and the unjust; and courtesy is the sister of charity, the which quencheth hate and keepeth love

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Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

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but not more than one out of a hundred men is ever truly successful. A man may be able to write a masterpiece of literature and still not be able to keep his own life pure, or beauty on canvas and not be able to make his own life beautiful. He may be dissipated, and he may not be able to tell the truth and, therefore, he is not successful.

he may not be able to tell the truth and, therefore, he is not successful, even though he has painted the prize picture of the year or written the most successful book of the season. A man who has many friends is successful in one sense because no one can have a large friendship unless he possesses many good qualities. I think the faculty of making friends is one of the most valuable gifts of man, and when a good man has it he is usually a very

good man has it he is usually a very successful personage. Of course if a bad man has that faculty he uses it to his own advantage and to the detriment of his friends, who soon desort him

under such circumstances. And as a

man to have friend must "show himself friendly" I think it a good sign for a

man to be always companionable. I do not think money means success; far from it. There are thousands of men

who have accumulated large fortunes and are still unhappy and dissatisfied with themselves. They have done

with themselves. They have done nothing else but make money and have sacrificed everything to that one end.

They have in many cases sold their honor, and hence they are poor, while the world calls them rich. It should

not be hard for young people to choose what wealth they most desire — wealth of character or wealth of money. They

ought to know which will bring them the most happiness from mere observa-

tion. Many wealthy men are known to commit suicide, while a man of strong

commits success, while a man to state of character was never known to put an end to his life. The pleasure of living is too great for a successful man to end it.—Joseph Jefferson.

You Cannot Win the Race Without

Were you to decide to risk your reputation, your material welfare, your whole future upon some great physical or mental contest which is to extend

over a considerable period of time, you would begin long beforehand to train or

Now, at the beginning of the new year, every person who is ambitious to make his life count, to do what is worth

while, is entering upon just such a con-

When making so great, so decisive an effort, which affects the whole future,

the first thing to do is to get absolute

the first thing to do is to get absolute freedom from everything which strangles ambition, discourages effort, and hinders progress; freedom from everything which saps vitality, enslaves

not cut the cords which bind us, or try to get rid of the entanglements and ob

structions that hinder us. We trust

sibly retard us, to get into as harmoni-ous an environment as possible, is the

first preparation for a successful career.

There are tens of thousands of people who have ability and inclination to rise

nature, that we cannot get free, cannot gain liberty to do the larger thing pos-sible to us. We go through life doing the

principal factor in life's successes, whether they be in their nature material or spiritual. Looking around, we can see this readily enough so far as material things are concerned. It is not always the ten-talent men who fill the chief positions, nor is it always the one-talent men who are in obscure places. In Church and State men very alended, and it is a succession of the control of the con

slenderly equipped by natural gifts are oftentimes seen standing higher than their fellows. And it is sometimes a source of wonder to us how they attained pre-eminence. So, too,

when it came. I know we claim oppor-tunity comes to every man. Aye, truly, but surely, in different ways.

Coming to one man he is gone before he is recognized; to another this stranger insists upon taking him by the

stranger insists upon taking him by the hand, whether he will or no, and lead ing him to honor. Being nothing in these days unless learned, we must needs talk about the psychological moment in men's lives. But that is only our old friend opportunity in a new garment; the same and not another; that which Shakespeare called, "The tide in the affairs of men which

other; that which Shakespeare called,
"The tide in the affairs of men which
taken at the flood leads on to fortune."
Well, truly in spiritual affairs there
is a tide which taken at the flood leads
on to fortune, and seeing it, never
need we be ignorant that it is the tide
on which God wills that we shall
launch ourselves for nobler work and
nurer lives than heretofore we have

they cannot break the chains that bind their movements. Most of us are so bound, in some part of our

To eliminate everything that can pos-

capped, if possible to avoid it.

line yourself for the decisive con-You would not go into it handi-

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flourishing, notwith-ries in the newspapers,

the apartment of
He was therefore beyond words when that he wanted one francs to be at once ig the poor of Rome. Father to change the and. "No," said Pius change it to one hu housand if you like, minence, the poor will corer." And the Carescape.-Rome.

brother," says St. Himself. Who of His

the unjust; and court-of charity, the which and keepeth love OD INSURES HEALTH

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you can do but little. Be it your wisdom to watch for it and, if need be, to wait for it till it comes. Then God give you space and power to make the fullest use of it. — Catholic Columbian. CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Wherein Many Men Fail of Success. Success is attained by few in its best and most valuable form. Many men become rich and many become famous, but not more than one out of a hundred

Cheerfulness. We compare our circumstances with those of others who are more fortunate and brood over "the slings and arrows and brood over "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." The tendency to dwell upon our ills grows with time. In the beginning it can be checked easily, but in time it becomes like a torrent gaining impetus with its descent, until it is beyond control. Now and then we receive the sad news that one whom we esteemed as upright and godly has allowed this morbid tendency to obtain such beadway that it unsets

gody has allowed this morbid tendency to obtain such headway that it unsaets the reason and with it the sense of moral responsibility. Then we learn of the self-destruction of such a one and we are not surprised. It was al-

most the inevitable consequence of a false, one sided view of life that is supported by neither common sense with reference to the character of

the mind men be divided into the matter of fact and the exaggerative. While the former are liable to be unsettled and discontented occasionally because their minds, being imaginative create for themselves ideals which they seldom, if ever, attain. Nevertheless, the normal condition of life is one of cheerfulness. God teaches us this in nature, which, as a rule, is bright with sunshine, gay with color and filled with joyous sounds. Laughter and song, harmony and beauty are the radiant figures of that living picture whereby our Heavenly Father points out to each the road to happiness. It is the desire of every earnest man to please God. There is no better way to do so than by showing ourselves satis-fied with what He gives us. A preacher once said: "We do not please God once said: "We do not please God more by eating bitter aloes than by eating honey." A cloudy, foggy, rainy day is not more heavenly than a day of sunshine. A funeral march is not so much like the music of angels as the songs of birds.—Rev. James B. Nies.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. RALPH'S VICTORY.

"How I hate babies!" And the speaker squeezed the pes-pod he held with a force which sent the peas scat tering over the porch floor.
"There goes Archie down the road,

fishing; and here I am, shelling peas just like a girl!" Poor Ralph! He thought his fate a hard one. He had been the only one until a few months ago, when Baby Bess, came, somewhat to Ralph's disgust.

Since then he had been called on to do many things which he disliked.

Ralph was not at all a bad boy, only just a little selfish, and fond of having

everything which saps vitality, ensiaves faculties, and wastes energy, to get every obstruction out of the way and have a clear path to one's goal.

No matter how ambitious a runner is to win, if he does not train off his surplus fat, or if he insists upon wearing an overcoat, or is hampered with other extra clothing, or runs with cramped or sore feet, his race is lust. his own way.

This morning he and Archie had planned to go down to the creek fishing, planned to go down to the creek fishing, and, of course, baby had to have an ache, somewhere, and cried so hard that mamma had to take her, and ask Raiph to shell the peas. The pan was full, and it would take a long time, he knew, and there was Archie just gone by; it was just too bad! or sore feet, his race is lost.

The trouble with most of us is that, while ambitious to succeed, we do not put ourselves in a condition to win, we do

was just too bad!

He set the pan down, and after a moment of irresolution, he slid off the stoop quietly, and started across the meadows for the spot where he knew Archie was this minute, dangling hook and line trying to tenut the wary fish

and line, trying to tempt the wary fish with a big, fat cricket.

He knew just how big and fat they were for didn't he and Archie hunt for them under all the old boards and stones they could find and put them in an old

worth while in the world, but never do calico shirt. The sun was very hot, and the drowsy hum of insects was quieting in its effect.

A fleeting vision of a cool back porch, with morning glories of every hue dancing and nodding at him, caused him to think of the little room where mamma sat and rocked the freeful baby. smaller, the meaner, when the larger, the grander would be possible to us could we get rid of the things that handicap us.—O. S. M., in Success. mamma sat and rocked the fretful baby. His step became a little slower, right and wrong were having a little argument. Meanwhile, Mrs. Denton having lulled little Bess to sleep, came to the door, calling gently:

"Ralph, dear, I wish you would go to the barn for me, I need some eggs and Speckle has been cackling; I feel sure she has laid her egg."

There was no response from Ralph, so she came through the doorway, and seeing the pan of unshelled peas, sighed What Contributes to Success.

By Rev. C. E. Smith.

Opportunity! Are you making the best of yours! Remember, it is the principal factor in life's successes,

so she came through the doorway, and seeing the pan of unshelled peas, sighed heavily. Ralph had played truant again, for this was not the first time. She went indoors, thinking she must do something to break him of this bad habit; he had promised faithfully the last time that he would not do so again. Ralph was not having a very happy

than their fellows. And it is some times a source of wonder to us how they attained pre-eminence. So, too, we think it strange that possessors of many gifts are among those who all their lives remain unknown and unappreciated.

It is some time that he would not do so again. We said; he would not do so again. We will be the sold to make himself out a martyr; it was so mean, he said; he always had to stay home while the rest of the fellows had a good time; but the he thought of the chubyl little will be the sold of the said of the appreciated.

But explanation of the seeming injustice is not far to seek. Opportunity came to this man and he had sense to use it. The other man never knew sister, whom he didn't really hate, after all, and the sweet faced mother, who was always thinking up nice things for him.

He remembered how tired she looked, and he had left all those peas to be shelled. And, oh, dear! Didn't Miss Irwin, his pretty Sunday school teacher, talk to them about that verse only yesterday, "Bear ye one another's burdens?"

burdens?"
And maybe Bess was sicker, and what if she should die, and he wouldn't have any little sister any more! Something just then seemed to come right up in his throat, and the sun was so bright he could not see for a moment. He hesitated no longer, but, squaring his sturdy shoulders, he marched home

ward with one longing glance toward the creek.
"What's a fellow good for, anyway?"
he soliloquized, "if he can't give up
something for his mother and I promised,

As he came up the driveway, he saw his mother sitting on the steps with "that everlasting pan of peas" in her

purer lives than heretofore we have either done or known. In our life an opportune day will come—a day which will be to you more than any day you have ever known, and apart from it

him, for he knew he was the cause of it. And how glad he was to think he had come back!

Then you still leave me the care of souls," was Burnard's retort.

Stealing up behind her, he clasped his arms around her, saying in a rather

his arms around her, saying in a rather husky voice:
"I didn't go way there, mamma; I only went part way, and here I am ready to shell the peas—and—mamma. I won't hate baby any more."
"Bless my little man!" said his mother, kissing the top of his tousled head.

head.
"It's all right, mamsy," said Ralph.
"What's a fellow good for, if he can't
give up something once in a while?"
And he and mamma had a long talk

tell me quicker if I don't ask him any-thing about it."

After tea, paps said, "Ralph, come for a little walk with me." Now Ralph liked those walks with papa very much; papa knew so much about the birds and trees, and told such funny stories about when he was a boy. So he started gladly and never noticed that papa had the long bundle

till they were on the road.
"Would you like to know what I have here?" asked papa.
"Guess I would!" said Ralph eager-

ly.
"Well, my son," said papa, gravely,
"early this spring your uncle Ralph
wrote me a letter, and said he wanted
to give his name-sake something he to give his name-sake something he could keep. He presumed you were like all boys, sometimes good and sometimes naughty; with plenty of good traits, and not a few faults, so he wrote: 'When Ralph has won a victory over some grievous fault give him what I send, with my love.'

"Your mother and I talked it over this near when you were playing and

this noon, when you were playing, and we decided that the first real victory we decided that the first real victory over your bad habit of playing truant, was to-day, when you had the courage to come back, after going half way. Mamma and I are so glad, for we have been waiting all summer for this, and you know how many times we have been disappointed in you."

Ralph's faced flushed; he knew just how many times he had promised, and how many times he had broken that

how many times he had broken that

"Well, my boy, I'm not going to lecture you any more; you know right from wrong, and having made the turn to the right, keep on that road, and some day you will be a man to be proud of. Here is Uncle Ralph's gift, and may you have a great deal of pleasure with it."

Ralph undid the package with rather rain that the package who have a shaky fingers, and gave a howl of delight when he brought to light a beautiful three-joint fishing rod, and a reel; too. Not one of the boys had a reel! Ralph's heart was full, but the only expression he gave to it was the very boyish one:

"Bully for Uncle Ralph!" and, a moment later, "Oh, but I'm glad I came back!" -- Francis Littlefield Sherrill.

TOO FUNNY FOR A PRIEST.

F. C. Burnard, the editor of Punch when he joined the Catholic Church, leaving Cambridge University, Eng-land, had some thought of becoming a land, had some thought of becoming a priest. He went to a community at Bayswater, over which Dr. Manning ruled before he was Archbishop or Cardinal. Another Cardinal of the future was also an inmate—Father Herbert Vaughan. But the humorist was not to be bound down by rule and law. The novices were kept perpetually lengthing.

ually laughing.
One day Burnard compiled a rather controversial letter to a relative in the world, and handed it, as he supposed, to the father superior, but he gave by mistake a good humored skit on the father superior himself. That most grave and reverend master read it with care, handing it back to the unconscious writer with the dry remark, "I think I should not send that."

think I should not send that."

When Burnard was one day ordered outside an upper window to clean it, the novice master, at his request, got outside first to show him the way, and the window was at once closed by Burnard from the inside. There the master stood, admired by a crowd in the street below, until rescued by Dr. Manning, who addressed the culprit in tones of studied severity. "You be a

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

FEAST, APRIL 30. Catherine was born at Siena in 1347. Her father, by trade a dyer, was a virtuous man, and especially solicitous to leave to his children a solid inheritance of virtue. Her mother had a particular affection for this daughter above her other children; and the accomplish-ments of mind and body with which she what's a fellow good for, if he can't give up something once in a while?"
And he and mamma had a long talk together, while they were shelling the peas.

At supper that night, papa came in with a long mysterious bundle, and put it in the corner; Ralph eyed it curiously, but held his peace, for papa was smilling at mamma in a knowing sort of way, and Ralph thought, "He'll tell me quicker if I don't ask him any."

ments of mind and body with which she was adorned, made her the darling and delight of all who knew her. When to seven years of age, she made a vow of virginity, and afterwards endured bitter persecution for refusing to marry. Our Lord gave her His Heart in exchange for her own and stamped on her body the print of His wounds. At the age of eighteen years she re elived the habit of the Third Order of St. Dominic, in a punner, continued.

to the Dominican's convent. From that time on, her little cell became her paradise, prayer her element, and her mortifications had no longer any re-straint. For three years she never spoke to any but God and her confessor. Her days and nights were employed in the delightful exercises of contempla tion, the fruits whereof were super-natural lights, a most ardent love of God, and zeal for the conversion of sinners, offering for that end continual ners, offering for that end continual tears, prayers, fasts and other austeritie. All her discourses, actions, and her very silence, powerfully indused men to the love of virtue, so that no one, according to Pope Pius II., over approached her but who went away better.

better. In a vision, our Saviour is said one and the day to have presented her with two crowns, one of gold and the other of thorns, bidding her choose which of the two she pleased. She answered: "I desire, O Lord, to live here always conformed to Thy passion, and to find pain and suffering my repose and delight." Then eagerly taking up the crown of thorns, she forcibly presses it upon her head. The earnest desire and love of humiliations and crosses were nourished in her soul by assiduous meditation on the sufferings of our divine Redeemer. After many arduous labors in behalf of the Holy Church and the Apostolic See, St. Catherine died a holy death at Rome on the 29th of April, 1380, being only thirty-three years old. She was buried thirty-three years old. She was buried in the church of the Minerva, where her body is still kept under an altar. She was canonized by Pope Pius II., in 1461, and Urban VIII. transferred her festival to April 30th.

A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

There died last week in Rome Mrs. There died last week in Rome Mrs. Morgan Morgan, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Morgan, Episcopalian clergyman at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire. The deceased lady, says the Monitor and New Era, belonged to the distinguished family of the Scottish Leslies, and on one side traced her decease from Ouen Margaret of Scott. descent from Queen Margaret of Scotland. She became a convert during the lifetime of her husband, wrote many popular stories, and contributed a bright interesting life of her saintly ancestress, Queen Margaret, to the publications of the Catholic Truth

She was an exceedingly interesting person, of old-world courtesies, and



being a brilliant conversationalist, gathered round her, wherever she went quite a salon of the local talent. She ten years; latterly being a great sufferer in many ways, but was cheered and helped by a few friends, who tried to make some amends for the neglect of her own immediate connections, who had remained Protestant.

She was a soldier's daughter, her ancestors for seven generations un-interruptedly being officers or generals in the army; and she bravely took the step that conscience prompted, and was received into the Catholic Church by the late Msgr. Campbell, in the Chapel of the Scots College, Rome. Through sunshine and sorrow, she continued ever the same bright, benevo lent, and charming lady, until death brought the final summons, but not before she had received the last sacraments from the Dominican Father Mackey. Being a Tertiary of St. Francis, she was laid to rest, clad in the Franciscan habit, in the Campo Santo of her beloved Rome.—Catholic

Live each day the true life of a man Live each day the true life of a man to-day. Not yesterday's life only, lest you become a murmurer, nor to-mor-row's lest you become a vissionary; but the life of to-day, with happy yesterdays and confident to-morro





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(In a series of letters)

THE SIN OF SCANDAL.

A grave responsibility rests upon us Catholics. Many outside of the Church, although they are unprepared to accept the tenets of our holy faith, expect from us such exemplary corduct that, when they find a Catholic publicly trangressing any commandment of God, they exclaim in horror "And he is a Catholic!" They look to us as models of Christian perfection and if we fall grievously in any par-ticular instance, they take offence and are scandalized. This is what our Lord calls the scandal of the Pharisees, who severely criticized the most triv-ial violation of the law in their fellow-

who severely criticized the has subset with a violation of the law in their fellowmen, whilst they felt no pang of remorae for the grossest crimes of which they themselves were guilty.

In truth the greatest perfection must be looked for among Catholics; for we, above all others, have ample and sufficient means for our sanctification, since with us, according to the promise of the Redeemer, abides forever the Spirit of holiness and truth. Yet we are sorry to admit that many Catholics so conduct themselves that they become a stumbling block and a stone of scandal to those outside of the pale of mother Church. Non-Catholics are but too apt to judge the Church by the actions of those Catholics with whom actions of those Catholics with whom they come into immediate contact, and hence when a Catholic does not live up to the teachings of his Church, his sins are attributed to the faith which he

professes.

Such, however, should not be the case. Our Lord foretold that of mecessity there would be scandal; that there would be such as would lead others from the path of morality and rectitude, because of the weakness and frailty of the human mature swayed by disordinate passions; and although He pronounced an eternal woe against the man by whom scandal woe against the man by whom scandal cometh, yet He emphatically declared that such should not be adduced as an argument against the religion which He established.

He established.

In fact, did not Judas, one of the twelve chosen Apostles, betray his Divine Master? Did not Peter, the prince of the Apostles, deny the Saviour and swear that he knew Him not? And all schism and heresies. that have devasted the Church from its incipiency to our present day; were they not fomented by priests and even Bishops of the Catholic Church? Do these events in the history of the past,

these events in the history of the past, prove that the Church, as Christ founded it, was inefficient to lead men to holiness and eternal salvation?

No, on the contrary, they establish, most convincingly, the indefectibility of the Church; one of the attributes with which Christ en dowed His Church, when He said:

"And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." They prove that, in spite of the fiercest persecutions which have raged against the Church ever since the earliest dawn of Christianity; in spite of the schisms and tianity; in spite of the schisms and heresies that, from time to time, have torn away from her communion, many and different nations, in spite of the deplorable defection of thousands of her members the Church has unceas ingly continued to preach to the world the saving doctrine handed over to her by Jesus Christ and His Apostles, and will continue to teach this doctrine

until the end of time.

No human institution could have survived such obstacles as those with which the Church had to contend without relent. At no time of her history has she been free from persecutions, calumny, schisms and heresies. Still she continues as vigorous as ever, to perform her mission and to lead men en to eternal salvation. Therefore, let us not be disheartened if others fail in the solemn obligations which their calling as Catholics demands; let us persevere, doing good without ceasing ever mindful of the awful words of cest insult ever offered a woman. Christ: "Woe to the man by whom scandal cometh;" and of those other words of the Saviour: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, Who is in heaven."—British Columbia Orphan's Friend.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

The most pertinent comment that we have seen on the murder trial which for weeks past has been the leading feature of secular jurnals all over the country, is the concluding paragraph of an editorial in the Times Democrat of New

Orleans. We quote it entire:

"This whole case, when considered in its broad and impersonal aspects, teaches that religious education is the one firm basis of character. The one firm basis of character. The learning of the schools and the triumphs of science are but the glittering superstructure, which will fall of its own weight, if built upon sand. Nero drank deep of art and philosophy, had Seneca for his tutor, and died with a line of the greatest of Greek bards when his line but this science of Greek bards when his line but this science of Greek bards. upon his lips; but this scion of Rome's noblesse was a monster of iniquity, and stained the purple with every crime in the Decalogue. We must have a rev-erent care for the old ideals and old types, if our Republic is to endure. It will not matter if we hold the primacy in agriculture, commerce and invention if we evolve a civilization in which wealth accumulates and men decay. The problems of the time—political, social and economic—are not to be solved by keeping our eyes fixed on the leger. No: we must go back to first principles, and emulate the founders in their thirst for righteousness, their belief in the dignity of labor, and their intimate hold of the unseen universe. In this process of repent ance, reconciliation and atonement, the American mother must lead, as she led american moder must lead, as she led in our days of poverty and struggle; for her, the poignant and redemption passion of the Stabat Mater can not die; with her rests the shaping of a mation's fate, the fulfilment of a na-

If the trial to which we have referred has the effect of bringing the lesson of these earnest lines home to American parents, a great deal of good will have resulted from a great deal of evil.—Ave

A MONUMENT TO CURE LABELLE.

L'Avenir du Nord, Apr. 5, 1907.

L'Avenir du Nord, Apr. 5, 1907.

If the lamented Cure Labelle is soon to have a monument at St. Jerome, we owe it in great part, to the devotedness of our Director of l'Avenir du Nord. In each number of his paper Mr. Prevost makes a stirring and hearty appeal to all those patriotic citizens who beheld the work done by that great apostle of colonization in the Laurentian region.

It is expected that the council of St. Jerome will vote the sum of \$5,000 and that the rest will be raised by the popular subscription.

Care Labelle did not belong to the Northern region alone. He belonged to the entire province. Why should not the Quebec Government contribute generously to the erection of the proposed monument? For over sixteen years, the mortal remains of the greatest Apostle of Colonization that this country has ever had, repose in the cemetery of St. Jerome. Over the sod that rests upon him there is not the smallest stone, nor is there any form of epitaph to recall his name and his memory to the rising generation.

The French Canadian people, if they desire to possess national strength, should prove their gratitude towards for them and who have contributed to

those who have sacrificed themselves for them and who have contributed to their prosperity.

Gratitude springs from noble hearts.

It is a guarantee of strength in a

people.

An Admirer of His Grace Mgr. A.
Labelle, and Apostle of Colonisation of

FIVE WORDS.

A STORY THAT CARRIES A STRONG TEM-PERANCE LESSON.

Five spoken words from the lips of a drunken man cost one of the biggest breweries of America millions of dol-

The story of those five words is one that should be a warning to every worker to keep his lips closed and to abstain from that which causes them to abstain from that which causes them to open unwisely. Also it is a lesson which teaches that, despite the alleged lack of religion of this day, no person can offer an insult to religion and escape. Here is how the Chicago Pribune tells; the story: Seven years ago there was a beer manufactured in a nearby city, which

enjoyed a popularity never attained by any other beer sold in Chicago. It had been we'l advertised and promoted by the best saloons and restaurants in the

Suddenly and mysteriously saloons quit handling that beer; restaurants ceased to put it on their cards; persons who had learned to like the flavor of who had learned to like the havor of the beer found that it was not on sale. Many persons wondered about this. Some charged that the saloon men were boycotting the beer merely because the wery asked a trifle more for its pro duct than rivals asked. This was not

true. The real story is this:
The agent for the brewery was a famous "mixer." He knew every barkeeper and saloon man in town. Be sides, he was popular with most of the men about town. He added to the popularity of his beer, which, almost beyond doub, was the best sold in the city. One night he was drunk. He was in a Dearborn street saloon which handled his wares almost exclusively, nancied his wares almost exclusively, when a Sister of Charity entered, asking alms. The bartender was a Protestant. The owner of the place was a Protestant. The agent himself had been born a Catholic. With bowed head the Sister walked along, stopping as she reached each man. The agent was druck. He turned toward the Sister and, digging into his pocket,

The Sister, bowing her head, passed at. The Protestant bartender flushed, and with violent language rebuked the agent. The assistant bartender, a Catholic, threatened murder. The porter, a Negro Baptist, stood ready to throw the man out of the place.

There was no complaint. There was no organized action. There was no motion in the bartenders' union against the agent or his beer. The story of the five words was passed from lip to lip hrough the city, and a week later it practically was impossible to find that beer in Chicago. It a man asked for a bottle of it, he was told: "We are just out of that," or, "We don't handle that beer." Bartenders, Catholic, Protestant

and atheist, refused to serve the beer.
The company was startled. It conducted an investigation. The agent was "fired." But still the beer remained under the ban. The five words had destroyed a business which cost tens of thousands of dollars to build up.

The agent who was "fired" found work as agent for a wine house. He had been popular and successful, and experienced no trouble in gettting the job. As soon as he began representing the wine deas he began representing one where as mand for it fell off. Saloons refused to handle it. Saloons that always had sold it declined to serve it. The agent was discharged again.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

The True Catholic. It is unfortunate that with many of our people there appears to be an absolute selfishness in their religion. They are interested in that which immediate ly concerns them, and feel that outside their own narrow circle of religious life there is nothing of particular interest to them in church work. The true Catholic should always feel the touch Catholic should always feel the touch of interest in everything Catholic the world over. "The zeal of the house of God" should consume him. The development of foreign missions, the struggles of the Church in certain sections of our country, the attempt to uplift, broaden and develop the educational and charitable world. tional and charitable work, the up-building of public sentiment in favor of the Church, the maintenance and support of the literary bureaus by which Church dootrine is published and circulated—all these should interest the Catholic layman who understands his duty to religion.—Bishop Conaty.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

His Lordship Right Rev. Hishop McEvay was present on Sunday evening last at St. Mary's church, in this city, and confirmed a large class of acidis who had been instructed it had been been been seen to weath the had been instructed it had been to be the weath was a sunday of the had been instructed it had been been seen to call the property of the twenty six were converts from other denominations. His Lordship delivered a very instructive sermon on the occasion. He began by complimenting the good people of St. Mary's parish for their noble efforts and generous sacrifices for the good of religion. They had been seen in the seen of the good people of St. Mary's parish for their noble efforts and generous sacrifices for the good of religion. They had been seen to any city. With the sid of the Separabe School Board they had erected and equipped two excellent schools which were doing splendid work in the cause of Catholic education. One thing more was needed to make St. Mary's a model parish namely, a new house for the priests. Thanks to their spirit of zeal this necessary work had already begun, the foundation of a new house was being jaid. The house must needs be a large one on account of the amount of parish business to be done in it. It was a house for the people as well as for the priests. In fact, so quickly had the parish grown, that soon three priests would be needed to do the work and provision must be made for such an emergency. Turning to the object of his visit, the Bishop reminded his hearers of the digity and importance of the sacrament of confirmation which he was about to confer, in which the Holy Ghost descended into the souls of the worthy recipients. If we wish to understand the stupendous effects of that holy sacrament we have only to remember what took place on the first Pentecot Sunday, when the Spirit of God came, according to provision present of the soul ca

His Sermon on the Mount, whilst plety and fear of the Lord, shine forth in the lives of all good Catholics.

Yes, the Holy Ghost is with the Church and always has been and, if further proof were needed, we might appeal to the miracles that never cease to be performed by her at St. Anne de Beaupré in our own fair land of Canada, at Lourdes in France, and more particularly in Pagan lands where they are most needed, to prove the divine mission of the Church. In fact, the preservation of the Church during niesteen hundred years and more, though ever suffering from the persecution of bitter and never-sleeping enemies is a standing and astounding miracle. Yes, the Oatholic Church is imperishable. Behold, said her Divine Founder I am with you all days until the consummation of the world.

Look back at her noble record adown the centuries. She it was who Christianized all the nations of the caran. She ent St. Patrick to Ireland, St. the was who Christianized all the nations of the dearn. She ent St. Patrick to Ireland, St. the was who Christianized all the nations of the caran. She ent St. Patrick to Ireland, St. the was who Christian lands with churches, schools, hospitals for the sick, asylums for the insane, homes for neglected children and for the aged and the infirm. These are here glorious/deeds and the enfirm. These are here glorious/deeds and the enfirm. These are here glorious/deeds and the infirm. These are here glorious/deeds and the vidences of the presence within her of the Holy Spift. True, she has had children who have brought the blush of shame to her cheek, but she is no more responsible for their evil deeds than her Divine Master was for the treachery of Judas or the triple denial of Peter.

Be not then ashamed of your mother, the Catholic Church, for she is a glorious Church without spot or winkle or any such thing. She is the bride of Christ and the spouse of the Holy Shoot. Live up to her teaching and she will lead you infallibly to the eternal embrace of Father, Son and Holy Ghost in the realms of

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

EVANGELICAL PARTY SEES IN HIS MEN-TAL ATTITUDE A STRONG APPROACH TO THE OLD FAITH.
London Catholic Times.

The well-known Catholic Proclivities of the Emperor William appear to be exciting the alarm of the Evangelical party in Germany. The Berlin correspondent of Le Temps telegraphs as follows to his paper:

"The National Liberals and also the Evangelical Union compared with his

Evangelical Union compared with bit-terness the reply of William II. to the note of felicitation sent by their Con-gress with the telegram addressed by the Emperor to the Catholic Congress of Essen. To the latter William II. himself despatched his warm thanks, but to the National Liberals and the Evangelicals he simply transmitted his thanks through his Chef du Cabinet, M thanks through his Chef du Cabinet, M
de Lucanus. This has irritated the
Leipziger Tageblatt profoundly. It
says: "There is nothing more distressing or significant to Evangelicals than
the hope entertained by the members of
the Catholic Church that they will one
day count the Emperor William
mounts the faithful War profess or day count the Emperor William amongst the faithful. We profess ourselves ignorant of the private religious sentiments of the Emperor, but nobody who has eyes to see and ears to hear can deny that the imperial attitude denotes a strong bias towards Catholicism. We do not forget the warm protestations of adherence to the Evangelitestations of adherence to the Evangen-cal faith proclaimed on the heights of Wartburg, but we cannot fail to see that the Catholic clergy are treated with more consideration by the Emwith more consideration by the Emperor than the Protestant clergy. His predilections are for monasteries, and those who occupy them The imperial desire is to revive the ideal of the Middle Ages, and we see in this mental at-titude a strong approach to Catholic-ism. The Emperor perhaps aims at a practical end, and hopes that the Cath-olic and mediaeval ideal will aid him in realizing his own romantic ideal but this personal ideal of the Emperor but this personal ideal of the Emperor has much of analogy with the Catholic ideal. The proclamation of the principle of the divine right of Kings, condemnation of pessimists, crusades and love of the monastic orders, where shall we find their equivalent at our epoch except in the mysticism of the Catholic Church?"

We should stand together for com mon principles and common action.

SEVEN NEW CARDINALS.

A despatch from Rome, dated the 15th, states that Pope Pius X. held a secret consistory on that day in the Vatican and created seven new Cardinals as follows: Mgr. Cavallari, Patriarch of Venice; Mgr. Rinaldini, Papal Nuncio to Spain; Mgr. Lorenzelli, Ex-Papal Nuncio at Paris; Mgr. Lualdi, Archbishop of Patermo; Mgr. Mercier, Archbishop of Pisa; Mgr. Aguirre Y. Garcia, Bishop of Burgos, Spain.

Aguirre Y. Garcia, Bishop of Burgos, Spain.

The event was awaited with great interest as it was the first function of the kind in which the present Pontifi had created a considerable number of Cardinals, and also, because up to the last moment hopes had been entertained that another prince of the Church might be added to the five Italians, the one Belgian and the one Spaniard announced since March 23. The ceremony took place in the hall which takes its name from the consistory and was performed with the usual which takes its name from the consistory and was performed with the usual
gorgeousness and impressive pomp.
First, all the Cardinals met there,
headed by their octogenarian dean,
Oreglia Di Santo Stefano, the only
surviving Cardinal oreated by Plus IX.
They divided into three groups according to their orders, that of the Bishops
including besides Oreglia, the two Van
Nutelli brothers; Agliardi Satolli and
Cossetta; that of the priests, the most
numerous, headed by Rampolli, and
that of the deacons just deprived by
death of their dean.

Were Sure to Meet Again.

An omnibus full of young Parisian students was rolling down the street when a quiet looking old gentleman in priest's attire got in. The students, angry at the interruption, began using bad language in the hope of driving him outside. But the priest took no more notice than if the bus had been perfectly empty. At last he rose to perfectly empty. At last he rose to get out. Then he turned and very politely said: "Till we meet again, gen-

"Good .by, old chap, shouted one.
"We don't want to see you again."
"Pardon me," replied the priest, "we are sure to meet again, I am the chaplain of Mazas Prison."—True Voice.

Since our lips quickly tire of prayer, and our words fall short, how then can we "pray without ceasing?" The saints have given us an easy and simple means: they tell us to cultivate in our souls the remembrance of God's pres-

Murtagh.—A[†] Matbawa hospital. Good Friday, March 29, 1907. Mr. Francis Murtagh, lumber merchant of Aylmer, Que., aged sixty-four years. May his soul rest in peace!

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VOLUME XX

The Catholic

LONDON, SATURDAY, M SENSIBLE REA

We have pointed out in that some non-Catholic upon the French atheist fenders of democratic is do they call Viviani's bla very sensible remark" n to drive Christ out extreme but reasonal The fact that they are does not prompt them to cause of the enemies and to ignore fair play where the Church is c Kuyper, ex-Premier of Protestant, gives an emp of the policy of Pius X the French Protestant associations of worship law, have suffered an in The struggle, says M. trying one, but it must that the Catholic Churc the superiority of sp Much to our regret, from ourselves the fact olic Church has taken stand than that occup Protestants who accom selves to every situatio which may be more pac cal, but which is not a The command is: bow d State as before a God

eternal honor of Rome t refuses to obey. THE FUTURE OF We are told that in th refashioning of the wor will disappear as no lo or useful. New ideas w old, and new systems p wants of mind and her see signs of a new era h blurred by figments of ing, or mistake the gleam of corruption for of the new day. The t for the men who believe the Church and Catheda ing aside the cross as a the way and the truth. conjecture as to the fi Men will continue to stituted teachers and theory because it is nov any ism or ology for t can satisfy the soul. B cannot fail to notice t the household recogn Church is the only power speaks authoritatively God, and that wherever hold the forces that thr society are beaten bac ians, not partisans, ar chronicles of the past, that the ghosts which dreams of some of brethren are flitting search-light of criticis show any weakness in t Church. Her dogmas

and the ancient charge the way to advance ridiculous by Catholic are in letters of ligh which record the vici Let the transformation may-what can they Christianity as taught It is not a system of another system can over it a scientific theory the of the scientist of to-r gate to oblivion. Her a fact. For centuries gauntlet of the sword of human passion, and Rays one, always fro the respect and oftimes of her enemies. The tube and of the politic aproot history. Their not kill the soul. Ar principle of the transfe can find in the Churc its ills, light for its d for its development. THE SAME PR

De Maistre, we min French Revolution of which he designated a pierre with his spe priesthood; the infuri with their kness be "Goddess of Reaso fingers on the throat the guillotine recking this is out of the ordi orime. To-day, they principles of 1789, use power of the State ins the guillotine. They pricets but they hare