who was closer to the Pope than any other person.

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The Catholic

Record.

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

VOLUME XXV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1903

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Aug. 15, 1903.

THE TRUE CRITERION. Says Rev. Dr. Smith, of Toronto, on

the career of Jno. Wesley: "Not dogma nor creed, but experience and life, are the true touchston our fellowship with the Father and the Son, Jesus Christ."

We suppose the words of a panegyric must not be weighed too accurately. Very often indeed the music of a wellturned phrase beguiles its fashioner from the path of reason and whirles the hearer into an atmosphere of sentimentality. But the words of the gentleman are not unfamiliar. We hear them from individuals who yield for them either scorn or ridicule.

sign in all this of a war against re- Christians and act like pagans. Do vealed truth. The average man is too they ever think how they are regarded tired or too indifferent to attempt by others? The earnest and devout this. It is merely a cry as old as the marvel at them and pray that their world—the cry of the undisciplined eyes be opened: the non-Catholic de-

the armour of God that we may Not only do they incur unending malebe able to resist in the evil diction, but they make easy the downday and to stand in all things per- ward path for their children. These feet-to girt our loins with truth and are the fathers and mothers who sacrito take the shield of faith wherewith fice their sons and daughters to devils. we may be able to extinguish all the And long after they are in their graves fiery darts of the most wicked one." And Scripture tells us also that neither negligence and perchance rise up at Judgment to invoke vengeance upon good deeds nor anything which may be reputed highly by the world will bridge them. over the abyss between earth and heaven when it says: "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved : but he that believeth not shall be condemned." What we are commanded to believe is the truth revealed by the Son of God. Now what is a dogma but his wisdom and prudence, his versatility truth expressed accurately, and what a and depth of knowledge, and his untircreed but a summary statement of ing and beneficent labors for the weltruths? If, therefore, the Lord bids fare of humanity. And not only they us believe or be condemned there can of the household and every man who be no possible fellowship with Him un- has any reverence for grandeur of inless we obey Him in that respect. Christianity, then, without dogma is Christianity without truth and without authority-a thing unheard of by past generations and conceivable by those only who mind not that every understanding is to be brought into captivity unto the obedience of Christ. We frankly avow that we do not know what the gentleman understands by experience and life. But supposing they convey many meanings, may we assert that they will over disprove the words of the Son of God. If He legislated for men for all time, shall we dare to say that in some epoch of the world, conditions may arise as to necessitate a charge in that legislation. Has revealed truth no entity save what is given it by the individual mind? Or does it matter little what a man believes provided he is a decent kind of human being? We scarcely think that St. Paul would grant this, and we have an idea that the hardhitting Christians of early times would find their vocabulary inadequate to that will last while there is a man on deal with that contention. If experience and life are the true touchstones of fellowship with God, then welcome Dowie and his adherents, Christian Scientists and their vagaries-all the charlatans who unload their wares on a can talk of experience and life. But what does the phrase mean? Does it mean that truths which were good

arbiter of revelation. a dingy tenement whose life is made where but where they should be—that God than he who dwells in a palace and sways perchance the destinies of nations. The former, with experience and apathy in this respect.

Now, the ones to blame for this are different in spirit and character from pocharge and commodious residence by the dark in the parents. It is incredible their commodious residence by the dark increase and commodious residence by the da

sorry signs to go by.

SUMMER CATHOLICS.

Will some one tell us why some Catholic families part company with their religion when they go on a vacation? received some sizzling letters from certain reverend pastors. One of them says he would rather have a company no allegiance to any creed and who of unwashed Huns in his parish than profess contempt for those who are these Catholics who give scandal and eramped within orthodox lines. We bad example. Rarely, if ever, do they meet them in the novel which depicts assist at Holy Mass on Sunday. During tion to the Christians who are de- version, but the flimsiest pretext scribed in such a manner as to gain suffices to keep them from the Adorable We do not believe there is any de- time—these people who call themselves want any creed or dogma to menace him with punishment. And so he believes what he likes and adopts a complacent attitude towards opinions of any hue, forgetful of the stern language of the gentle Apostle: "If any man bring not this doctrine receive him not, nor say to him, God speed you."

But to return. The gentleman says that not dogma nor creed, but experited to be a good prace thin not dogma nor creed, but experited to be a good prace to faith it is impossible to please God." St. Paul encourages us to "put on the armour of God that we may the armour of God that we may the sum of the conduct which smacks more of the world than the world the world the world than the worl these children will perpetuate their

PETER STILL LIVES.

It is interesting to read the various tributes that have been paid to the late Leo XIII. From every quarter of the globe we have heard voices extolling tellect and nobility of heart, for kindness and simplicity, mourned the extinguishing of the mental and spiritual flame which has illuminated the places of the world for so long a time.

We are gratified at being able to note the kindly tone of the appreciations of the career of the departed Pontiff. They show at least some prejudice has been cleared away and that a Pope can be in the van of the world's forward march and the heart of the Vatican in sympathy with all that can redound to the true progress and development of

mankind. But some writers seem to think that with another Pope the Church may begin to retrograde. We may not, perchance, have the privilege of seeing another such statesman and Churchman as Leo XIII. on the Papal throne, but that will be no cause for dismay. How. soever gifted the present Pontiff, he will be Peter. Mastai and Pecci are but names of earth-Peter is the name of eternity, as of the ruler of a Power the planet.

THE PARENTS RESPONSIBLE.

May we again invite our readers to do something towards the education of humbug-ridden public since they all the boy. We do so because it must strike any observer that there is a horde of young Catholics in these parts who are without training and who have enough for boyhood must be dropped as the remotest chance of getting a grip the years bring us a larger measure of on the world. We meet them in lawexperience or that human reason is the yers' offices, as elevator boys—on the streets getting initiated into the We know, however, that a dweller in mysteries of blackguardom-every-

limited and life as the world sees it, We have heard our spiritual chiefs for the use of himself and his wife. So limited and life as the world sees it, stunted and sordid, will if he have an active faith be happy and burdened with good deeds; while the latter, though he may touch every phase of action and see life in all its most glorious aspects will, because he has not faith, stand with empty hands. But in any walk of life experience and life and his wife. So the old priest was told to move out, and he still occupied a neighboring and very dilapidated casa. Although the soldiers had now been withdrawn, and for what? For practically nothing. The youngster may earn a \$1.50 per week, but it will take that at least to keep shoes on his feet. We wine and tobacco. But in any walk of life experience and life are, as far as eternity is concerned, know that poverty is alleged as an excuse, but there are few households in this community that cannot exist without the pittance mentioned above, and we go further and say that many families Latin on his desk and on his shelves cuse, but there are few households in against whom this crime-we call it boy murder-is marked, waste more than \$1.50 for show, in the saloon, for gewgaws, etc. These parents give their children food and clothing for a number of years and then kick them shows the saloon, living as heat. than \$1.50 for show, in the saloon, In connection with this matter we have for gewgaws, etc. These parents give

this, but listen. Every parent, in the words of Bishop Hedley, is bound to meet them in the novel which are decreedless here as endowed with the week they have energy enough, the week they have energy enough, and to spare, for every species of dicharacter by word, by action and by the pity of a merciful God Who hears the pity of a merciful God suffices to keep them from the Adorable
Sacrifice. And so they have their good

| Version, but the limitest pretext example. This responsibility no one tank take off the parent's shoulders. The prayer, with the type of American fatalism—and heathenism—which in similiar tanks of the parent's shoulders. The prayer, with the type of American fatalism—and heathenism—which in similiar cases trusts wholly in disinfectants. It example. This responsibility no one many of you are poor, uneducated people. This brings us to what is perhaps the root of the matter.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

world—the cry of the undescribing development of the control of the many who are so utterly unfit to have the pride and passion, for the man who steps off the path of rectitude does not steps off the p want any creed or dogma to menace and making the way ready for the have learning or plenty of time or have learning or plenty of time or money in abundance. But no man or I do not know the meaning of the word.

a future issue. Meanwhile we ask sensible parents if it be not worth while to keep their boys from work a little longer or to give them the benefit of a collegiate training even if by so doing they have to cut out the music lessons of the girls and to forego the pleasure of seeing them within the precincts of a convent school.

A PROTESTANT MISSIONARY

PRAISES THE FILIPINOS FOR THEIR

CHRISTIANITY. Rev. John A. Staunton, jr., an Epis-copal missionary in the Philippines, writes trankly and truthfully of a native writes trankly and truthully of a native people, in the Living Church, of July 25. He does not suggest the obvious conclusion, from his own observation, that it is hardly worth while for any denomination to continue a futile attempt at "converting" these people from good Catholics into indifferent backets by his hopesty in stating Protestants, but his honesty in stating the truth is as commendable as it is,

unhappily, rare:
I have never heard a sermon on the Passion which appealed so forcibly to the imagination or roused the mind so actively to a sense of the physical reality of the events of Holy Week as the procession I witnessed during the solemnities of last Good Friday. And I cannot conceive any more effective method of teaching Christian truths among ignorant people than has been adopted by that branch of the Christian Church which has taught these people in the past. The scenes are terrible in their realism, but enduring in their effect. I wish to express my deliberate conviction that the Filipino people as a whole have a more intimate wledge of the facts of our Saviour' knowledge of the facts of our saviour's life to-day than they will have fifty years hence, when religious processions have been practically prohibited by law or abandoned through the influence of American Protestantism. The Epis copal Church can be in these islands copal Church can be in these islands for no higher purpose than to save souls from the shipwreck of faith which is bound to result. For many different sects have already started campaigns elytism with teachings varying of proselytism with teaching individual as widely as the tenets of individual

I notice in the printed report of Secretary of a prominent American Board of Missions (not our own) the statement that of the inhabitants of these islands "nearly all are heathen with a thin veneer of Romanism of the

mediaeval-Spanish type."

Of course all depends upon the view point: but from our point of view, is the statement correct? There is but one way of telling: one must live, at

least for a time, among the people.

On a recent trip to the west coast of
Cebu I visited the native priest, who Cebu I visited the native priest, who has been cura at Balamban for a great many years. I went to his house in company with the school teacher, now the only American in the place. The old man had been turned out of his large and commodious residence by the American soldiers who had until lately.

We chatted for some minutes with when the sound of music drew us to the window to witness a passing procession. Long double lines of men, women and into the street to earn a living as best than can.

We know what you have to say to will be good Lord has said the old priest, the good spared us. Perhaps He will hear our prayers and will turn away the evil. I could not help contrasting the dependseeks to inculcate in its collects, its litany, and its penitential offices.

Would it not be a just retort to the above mentioned Secretary of Missions,

We hope to return to this subject in the done; but let us not think it be done; but let us not think it possiole to benefit the inhabitants of possiole to benefit the inhabitants of the doctorying or ignorthese islands by destroying, or ignoring that which is the best feature of their life—their common Christianity.

THE LABOR OF A POPE.

The passing of a great Pope from the splendid scene of his earthly labors brings the mind, as with a sudden shock, to the contemplation of the vast work which it falls to a Pope to do. Spread throughout the world, stronger here,

tion, civil marriage, educational arrangements, labor programmes, with the endless matters of ecclesiastical rule. France, once the firmest supporter of the Papacy, is now in rebeling agrants it attack contemptation of lion against it, utterly contemptuous of every wish that the Pope may express. His Catholic children turn to him for guidance, and, receiving it, as likely as not suffer it to remain neglected! Germany, terrified by the spectre of a Social Democracy which has risen upor it like a dread visitant from the shades, demands his earnest and far-seeing counsel. He must consider the personality of its impulsive emperor, the prospects of its powerful Centre party. a programme which may bar further Socialistic successes. These three countries, one would think, are of themselves enough to occupy any human

But Austria is in difficulties, and the Church there, politically and socially disturbed, looks to him for direction and advice. Nay, not even in Spain can he escape anxiety; that Catholic land sees its old traditional feudalism nand sees its old traditional feudalism passing rapidly away under the pressure of modern ideas. The apathy of Portugal alone keeps her quiet; but problems of moment are not absent even there. England with her educational troubles and the evident leakage from the Church demands his attention. com the Church demands his attention too; Ireland, Scotland, the Eastern Churches, foreign missions in every quarter of the globe, China, India, Japan, the island of the seas, where has not a Pope's eye to gaze? And then the great Catholic churches of them to the vacant chair." oo; Ireland, Scotland, the Eastern Australia—the mind grows mazed as it numbers, one after another, the parts f that vast organism which take their course from the august occupant of St. Peter's Chair. Who, indeed, is sufficent for all these things?

And yet this enumeration gives not a titee of the burdens which weigh upon the minp of a modern Pope. He has troubles which far transcend any that

maxims and methods cannot fail to affect him. He must face new problems bewildering in their complexity. The passage from the old to the modern has swept away marks and monuments which once seemed a natural feature of the once seemed a natural feature of the very landscape. What has not been questioned? What is not denied? What first principles, either of reasoning or of belief, does our modern world accept? In theology, in philosophy, in literature, in Biblical criticism, in science, in history—one finds no end to the list of problems to the solutions of which a Pope connot be indifferent. He, the infallible teacher, must be ever ready to provide an answer for troubled mind. He cannot afford to let things slide, for so great let things slide, for so great is the momentum of modern times that it sweeps even the unsuspecting Faithful along the stream of accepted fashions of thought. An accurate observer, ions of thought. An accurate observer, indeed, will have cause for thinking that, so fast is the progress of modern mental activities, only by superhuman effort can a man escape being affected by it. If he moves he is in danger of being carried off his feet: if he stands still he is left behind, high and dry on the shores. Whoever rests, the world the shores. Whoever rests, the world does not. Its mind is ceaselessly active, and the products of its busy brain are scattered abroad by the printing press with even greater security and rapidity than the products of its busy hands by ocean steamship or railway train. And to meet and match this never-ceasing production of waterial most of which seemed to me, too, that the native temper of mind was very much in accord with that which our Prayer Book cord with that which our Prayer Book in seemed to meet and match this never-ceasing production of material, most of which is adverse to his own sublime teachings, what Pope can manage to achieve in 188 ings, what Pope can manage to achieve success in provinces of labor as difficult as they are varied? Contrast the duties of a modern Pope with those which came before one of his medieval

> who is sufficient? And how shall he who has set on his shoulder this burden of rule and guidance amid the whirl of modern confusion direct himself to the task? Men are ready with advice, as they always are. Break boldly with the past, throw yourself headleng, into the past, throw yourself headlong into the current; swim with the stream, not even deigning to cast one glance at the current. deigning to cast one glance at the objects on the banks—this counsel some hasten to give. And the voice of their Don't loosen a single strand or the whole rope is a ravel; keep firm to the past; change neither methods nor men; do nothing or everything is undone. So men always, in the matters of this world and of the next, hurry to give counsel whether it be invited or not. Every past Pope has experienced it. counsel is hardly stilled when, in words of serious warning, others cry out: Don't loosen a single strand or the whole counsel whether it be invited or not. Every past Pope has experienced it, every future Pope will. And probably every future Pope will do as every past Pope did—listen, think, follow his own mind, strong in his personal sense of what is right and fitting, and comforted by the assurance that strength will not be withheld him from above.

weaker there, the management of exclesiastical affairs for the whole Church seems a burden too great for one man to bear. And when those affairs are not simply ecclesiastical but political, who is sufficient for such a task? A giant would be enfeebled under it. Yet all the interests of the Faithful in all the cerners of the earth must be the daily solicitude of every Pope.

Look at Europe alone; there in Italy itself he has to face problems that, so far from sleeping, are now more insistent than in 1870 even; his own position, civil marriage, educational arrangements, labor programmes, with the endless matters of ecclesiastical than a summer of ecclesiastical than the conditions of modern intellectual movements, to the august to court etiquette, the Cardinals of the Roman Church have the rank of Princes; make yourself a Cardinal, and I will be happy to give you the place in preference to Cardinal Vaughan."

For several years now a flourishing Foreign Missionary Society has existed in England. It already possesses a large Seminary and a number of preparatory colleges. It was in one of these colleges, that of St. Joseph's, Mill Hill, that the illustrious founder of the Society, the late Cardinal Vaughan, breathed his last. In the cardinal variance of the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Cardinals of the Roman Church have the rank of Princes; the Cardinal variant in the archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to courted the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to courted the Archbishop, "Your Grace storms before, and he has brought them safely through. It is this feeling of se-curity, this loyalty of behavior, which soothes the weary cares of him who is called to bear the burden of a rule which reaches to the farthest end of the earth, those "fammantia moenia mundi," as Lucretius called them. And, like the Greek of whom Lucre-And, like the Greek of whom Lucretius wrote, confident in his cause, the Pope "divulges of things the hidden mysteries, laying quite bare what can and cannot be." It is ever thus. One Pope passes away, another comes. Each does his work in his time and to each the Faithful render that hearty obedience and assured rever-ence which is not more his consolation than their own safety. The children of the household of the Faith, because of their Faith, trust even where they can not see. They know that God in the future, as in the past, will protect His Church, and, let the world and the worldings charm never so wisely, shut their minds and hearts to the fascinations of novelty and stand firm on the delivered to the saints. -London Caholic Times.

Yellow Journalism.

"The Struggle for the Papacy" is the way one London paper heads a paragraph in which it proceeds to observe: "No sooner has a Pope taken to his bed and

There is not a single fact that could be cited as a verification of these statements. No multiplication or addition of intriguers has taken place, for the simintriguers has taken piace, for the sim-ple reason that there are no intriguers in the business. There has been no springing up of claimants, for the rea-son that there are no claimants. The election of Pope is something very dif1295

THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND.

Catholicity has made giant strides in England during the last century. Our readers are doubtless well aware that it was only in 1850 that the Catholic Hierarchy was restored in England.

In the Bull re-establishing the Hierarchy in England, Pope Pius IX. re-calls to mind, that in 1623, Pope Gregory XV. established only one Vicariate-Apostolic for the whole of England and Scotland. In 1685 or 1688, Pope Innocent XI. established four Vicariates-Apostolic for England alone, and the Church in England remained in this condition until 1840, when Pope Gregory XVI. increased the

number to eight.

Then in 1850, on the demand of many of the clergy and of many of the most of the clergy and of many of the most distinguished Catholies of England, and on the expressed desire of the great majority of English Catholies, Pope Pius IX. erected an Ecclesiastical Province in the Kingdom of England—ence the "Dower of Mary," and the "Isle of Saints." This Ecclesiastical Province at five consisted of a Metro. Province at first consisted of a Metropolitan Archdiocese and twelve dio politan Archdiocese and twelve dio-ceses. The Archepiscopal See being-placed at Westminster, in order to avoid any confusion with the Archepis-copal See of Canterbury, which was, for so many centuries before the Reformation, the Metropolitan See of England, but which is now, the See of the Ecclesiastical Head of the Anglican Church.

In 1896, there were already in existence, an archdiocese and fourteen dioceses in England, with 2611 priests, and 1423 churches, or public chapels, not counting the many private chapels

which came before one of his medieval predecessors, and the comparison shows at a glance how greatly the burdens have increased, in our days, for him who rules in Peter's place. The old world, and, we may add, its ideas, are breaking up, and out of their turmoil and confusion a new world, to which the Pope must attend, is being formed under his eyes.

Who is sufficient? And how shall he who has set on his shoulder this burden who has set on his shoulder this burden. their numbers had increased in 1821, to 500,000. In 1842, there were between 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 in the two king-

The Catholic Religion has made great progress, not only in the numbers of its adherents, etc., but also in the minds of the English people. A typical incident will serve to show the great difference

In 1899 the late Cardinal Vaugnan was invited to an official dinner at the Court, and was placed in the seat of honor, at the right of Queen Victoria. The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, who calls himself Primate of England, protested against the preference shown to the Cardinal and claimed the place of honor as his, in virtue of his place of honor as his, in virtue of his place of honor as his, in virtue of his office of ecclesiastical head of the Anglican Church. The then Prince of Wales—now Edward VII.—replied to the Archbishop, "Your Grace will observe that according to court etiquette, the Cardinals of the Roman Church have the rank of Princes; make yourself a Cardinal, and I will be happy to give you the place in preference to Cardinal Vaughan."

For several years now a flourishing

of the Society, the late Cardina's Vaughan, breathed his last. In the early days of the Society, His Eminence, then Father Vaughan, was one of the first party of missionaries sent out by the Society.

It is estimated that there are annual-

ly over 6,000 conversions to the Faith of our Fathers, in England alone. BROTHER EDWARD.

PALESTRINA'S MUSIC.

PRIDE OF THE CHURCH AND WONDER OF MEDIAEVAL GENIUS.

The contrapuntal chorus music of the Middle Ages—the most refined as well as the most distinctive of those artistic products with which the Catholic Church has adorned herself as a bride worthy of the Heavenly King—reached its maturity in the middle of the sixteenth century. For 500 years this art had been growing, constantly putting forth new tendrils, which interlaced in luxuriant and ever-extending forms unluxuriant and ever-extending forms until they overspread all Western Christendom. It was now given to one man, Giovanni Pierlnigi Sante, called Palestrina from the place of his birth, to put the finishing touches upon this wonder of medieval genius, and to impart to it all of which its negaliar nature was canall of which its peculiar nature was capable in respect to technical complete ness tonal purity and majesty, and devotional expression.

Palestrina was more than a flawless art-

st, more than an Andrea del Sarto; ist, more than an Andrea del Sarto; news so representative of that inner spirit which has uttered itself in the most sincere work of Catholic art the very heart of the institution to which he devoted his life may be said to find a voice in his music. His is therefore no factitious or accidental renown; he was one of those master minds who absorb and formulate guiding principles and charac-teristic traits of the age in which they live, and one who knows his works has obtained an insight into one phase which must be reckoned with in the spirit which produced the phenomena which appeared on the side of Catholicism in the stormy period of ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "M
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X. FABIAN'S GOLDEN SANDS-SHE KNOWS

It had been a sultry day, but twilight now tempered the heated atmosphere; and when the stars began to glimmer through the purple shadows, a soft breath of air from the Tiber whispered breath of air from the Tiber winspered among the leaves. The flowers lifted their drooping heads, and offered incense; grylli shrilled their peans under the violets, among the grass; glowworms, like pale, lustrous emeralds, gleamed out of the darkness in fantastic generallations; and the nightingales. constellations; and the nightingales, among the roses and orange blos or perched high on the feathery palms, poured out upon the night the songs which thirlled their hearts.

And now a tremulous radiance wavered through the shadowy spaces growing brighter and brighter, unti-the stars paled in its increasing effalgand the full moon rose the Aventine in such a glory of silvery whiteness, that the fountains, transfigured by its splendor, looked like showers of diamonds, and the marble statues appeared indeed like dicties elected in reservoir collection. clothed in vesture of celestial light.

"Come, my dear one, we will go out into the beautiful night. Throw a light into the beautiful night. Throw a light cloak about her, Zilla; we will go and find a place under the old trees to rest, and talk, and grow cool," said Nemesius, who had seized the opportunity of an hour or two with his child. An oppres ive heat still pervaded the interior of the villa, and he longed for the open air-for air that had no taint of blood, and which the echoes of barbarous shouts and dying groans from the arena could not reach.

how sweet!—I smell roses. orange flowers, carnations, lilacs; now one, now another, now all together!
And listen, my father, to the nightingales! And to have thee, with all this!
Oh, I am too happy!" said the child, kissing the hand to which clung, and programs her check upon it. pressing her cheek upon it.

"It is indeed refreshing to be here,

and to have thee so near, my dearest one; it rests me. Here I breathe and and-forget. It has been very hot in Rome to-day, and, what with the crowds, and ill odors, and things more unen-durable still, I was rejoiced to find I could escape it all, to spend a little while with thee. Here is our restingplace, where the ilex and palm trees make a roof above us, so close that the moonbeams can scarcely steal through. Sit thou here, my sweet. Gods, now delicious!" he sighed, as he stretched himself on the moss-covered bank at her

feet, his head upon her lap.
Claudia passed her soft hands tender ly over his still throbbing temples, and, with soothing words of endearment, promised, with all the strong faith of a child, to make him well, and that he should never, never be so tired and hot acreis. He listaned, her voice falling again. He listened, her voice falling like dews of refreshment upon his heart, until his mind regained its usual calm, and he could enter into her little world of fancies, and discuss them with her as usual. He also had something to say to her, which he had good reason to fear would distress her, the very thought of it having added no little to the extreme discomfort of the day. But it was for her good, which must not be sacrificed to avoid giving her moment-

ary pain.

After the little ripple recently made in her daily life, Claudia had imagined that, as soon as her young guests had taken their departure, everything would For a brief his expectation seemed to be realized; but now she was to hear that which would foreshadow changes she had never dreamed of, and which would fill her mind with distress, and a vague sense

Wouldst thou like to know how some of my time is spent down there in the great city, my child?" he asked, after she had told him all the little

events of the day.

"Oh, so much! I have told thee everything that I have been doing, and all that has happened since thy last visit. It is but fair thou shouldst tell wisit. It is but tair thou subdust me, in turn, some of the things that keep thee away so much from me. Now, my father, I wait," she answered, with a

"I have had the old palace openedthe home where thy mother was born, and spent her early youth, until she

left it with me, my wife—'
Nemesius paused an instant, wrung
the thought of al a bitter pang at the thought of all

at his words recalled.
"Zilla has often told me of it," was the quiet answer; "such a stately, beautiful palace it was, she said. I am glad, my father, that it is open to the warm sunshine and air. Some day thou wilt take me there."

"It is to be repaired and made beautiful for thee, my pretty one."

"For me!" she exclaimed, breath-

For thee, yes. Listen, my child. We are going to live in Rome a month or so. There thou wilt meet again thy young friends, and know many of thy mother's and mine, who will love thee for her sweet sake; then we will go away to the sea, perhaps as far as Cap-

reæ, until October-'
"And then?" she asked, low-voiced

like a sob. "Then, daughter mine, a month here, Then, daughter mine, a month here, after which we shall live in the old relace in Rome until Spring—"
"I cannot! I can not!" she sobbed, threwing herself upon his breast; "the

thought of it stifles me!"
"Will not I be with thee?" he said,

tenderly. "Thou! Oh, that would be enough; but strangers frighten me. Oh, I never, mever wish to go away from my sweet, quiet life here!"

But, my sweet one, such a quiet life is not good for thee; it will be best for thee to know people, and get used to them, now that thou art growing out of

thy childhood. Believe me, thou wilt rn to understand and enjoy life in learn to understand and enjoy life in this way more than thou dreamest; and is it nothing to know that I will be often with thee—more often than now?" he asked, his hand laid lightly on her

"It is all-all!" she said, after a silence of several minutes; "I care nothing for the rest. If it is thy wish, let it be so; thou shalt find, my father, that thou hast not a little coward for thy daughter. I am a silly child, but I believe thy words, although I do not understand all that they mean; and, leaving that I leave thee, and that they knowing that I love thee, and that thou lovest me, it is enough. But thou hast said nothing of Zilla," she added, in quick, questioning tones.
"Zilla shall never be separated from

thee; and thou shalt have flowers and thee; and thou snat have lowers and fruits from thy own gardens up here, and nothing shall be spared for thy happiness," he said, pressing her head to his breast, and kissing her golden hair, proud of her brave spirit hair, proud of her brave spirit even while deeply touched by her pain. Then he began to talk of other things, and told her pretty myths of mortals who had been transformed by the gods into flowers and plants,—the very ones in whose fragrance she most delighted,—until, full of beautiful fancies, her sorrow was for a moment forgotten, and she was her blithe self again. When Nemesius, after a farewell em-

left her, to return to Rome brace, left her, to return to Rome, Claudia stood on the portico, listening to the echo of his horse's feet, until the sound was lost in the distance; then, placing her hand in Zilla's, she told her that she was sleepy and tired, and wished to retire to her couch. She was very quiet while preparing for the night's rest,—a few gentle words and a kiss were all; then, laying her head upon her pillow, she closed her eyes. Zilla stole quietly from the room, but

Zilla stole quietly from the room, but close a window. eturned later to hrough which a strong breeze entered; and as she paused an instant, to see it her movements had disturbed the child's slumbers, she heard her weeping softly; she flew to her, and with words of en dearment sought to ascertain the cause of her tears, that she might better know how to comfort her. Gathered in Zilla arms, her head reposing on her kind breast, Claudia at last confided her grief to her. The woman saw at once how vain all efforts would be, at that noment, to reconcile the child to dreaded change: for had not every fibre of her heart taken root in this her home striking deeper and growing stronger year by year? and was it not natural that sudden strain should hurt and wound Time only, and the influence of parental love, could reconcile Claudia to the

ordeal that awaited her.

Zilla wisely refrained from ill-advised words of sympathy, but soothed with endearing tones and tender caresses, knowing that in some cases these avail where words of consolation are useless patiently and tenderly she waited, until the stress of the child's grief bbbed away in sighs,—until tears ceased flowing from the blind eyes,—until the eating heart lapsed into ge tions, and a soft slumber stole over wearied senses. Fearing to awaken her, the kind nurse still held her in her arms, the golden head upon her bosom, and the warm, fragrant breath fanning her own white cheeck, now drenched with tears which her darling's grief had wrung from her heart.

"Oh, gentle heart!" she thought "why must they take thee from this little world of thine, which so fills thy life with innocent enjoyments? art not as other children; what them may not be best for thee. What it that whispers, without words, warning of unspeakable sorrow, while my flesh shivers as if the shadow of an my desh shivers as it the shadow of an awful presence were passing over me? Keep guard, oh, ye gods! who defend the weak, over this helpless one? suffer no adverse power to darken her life, as it has darkened her eyes, and I will not

Then Zilla, after the mysterious shadow had passed from her spirit, chid herself: she had been unnerved. The night air, sweeping up from the Tiber, was chilly, and had made a low, mourn ful whispering among the leaves of the old trees. She must not, for the dear child's sake, give way to dismal fancies child's sake, give way to dismai fancies and presentiments. No! she would gird up her courage, and spare no efforts to make the trial more easy and pleasant to her. This was the resolve that crowned her self-communings.

Claudia had also made a vow, in the midst of how stormy grind to the order.

midst of her stormy grief, to the end midst of her stormy grief, to the end that she would, without a murmur of discontent, and, as cheerfully as she might, acquiesce in her father's wishes, knowing that whatever he proposed was the wind read another could over for her best good—nothing could ever shake her belief in that. And, having so determined, the struggle ended as described, when she fell asleep in Zilla's arms, resting there until a faint, rosy glow illumined the room; then the fond watcher laid her upon her pillow, waiting a moment to see if the movement had disturbed her; but her slumber was uninterrupted, and she retired ber was uninterrupted, and sne retired to her own couch, not to sleep—her mind was too anxious for that—but to wonder in what manner the coming change would affect Claudia; and she dreaded the moment, which now seemed to be inevitably approaching, when she would discover that her eyes, unlike the eyes of others, were darkened and

sightless.
The contemplated change in the life o the little recluse on the Aventine met the high approval of Fabian, by whose advice it had been urgued. Had not the Jew healer, Ben Asa, given him the soundest reasons why, for her own good, it should not be delayed? And had not he himself sworn by the mother of the gods to devote himself to the pur the gods to devote nimself to the pur-pose of making up to her, in every con-ceivable way, the loss inflicted on her by Fate? He knew also that some one of judgment and taste must supervise the renovations which were to be made in the old palace up there in the neighborhood, of the Forum Trajano, it had so long been given over to dark-ness, mildew, and dust; and, as his kinsman could not spare time from his military duties to apply himself to that object, he blandly offered to take the matter into his own hands. Nemesius was grateful, but, hesitated to take

advantage of his generous offer, until Fabian with friendly insistence gained

his point.
Fabian Cæcilius was a rare compound of qualities both admirable and eccentric. He set precious value on Time's golden sands, life, he declared, being too short to waste a single grain, an opinion which his constitutions described and ity of mind and body had warmed and fostered until it ripened into the governing principle of his existence. He classified his pleasures as duties, and enjoyed them all the same, and enjoyed them all the same, was ready either to plunge philosophy or unravelling an deep questions of expend his ingenuity in intrigue. Above all things, he abhors a vacuum, and an opportunity, great or small, by which he could avoid them, was welcome. He glassed it tested interregnums as much as nature them, was welcome. He gleaned all that was brightest and best in his intercourse with the world, leaving the im-pression on some that he was wise, on others that he was foolish—and he laughed at both. He was not by any means a pessimist, although, with rare exceptions, he despised human nature cause he thought he had fathomed al its weakness and all its meanness; it amused him to experiment with it by assuming, like a chameleon, the color of leaf he fed upon, knowing what would follow when his victims compared

otes. Fabian was eminently good-natured, loved luxury in its place, and was always as generous with his gold as with his advice; by which it must not be understood that he was officious with the latter, for, with all his peculiarities he was in govern sonse a Roman gentlehe was in every sense a Roman gentle man. His movements were so erration man. His movements were so erratte that his acquaintances were never sure of finding him; one day he would be seen north of the Tiber, perhaps in the neighborhood of Tarquinii, at the unearthing of an ancient Etruscan tomb, in search of intaglios of pietra-dura, or a fine fragrament of alti relievi; later he was visiting his farms and vineyards on the Alban slopes, inspecting his imported bullocks, introducing improved ine-presses, and giving personal in spection to his olive and orange groves from that to Salerno, to examine so from that to Salerno, to examine rare conception of Hellenic genius wrought in deathless marble, which, lately discovered under a

temple, had just been landed. He believed that true friendship wa rare, its attainment being so environed by difficulties that few persons had courage or constancy sufficient to overcome hem; and considered that a man who could count two friends in a lifetime was singularly favored by the gods was singularly lavored by the gous—a fact verified by the ages. Yet he repulsed none; it was the easiest way, and also gave him wider scope for the study of mankind. He was generally liked for his good-natured, pleasant ways, and, as his satirical wit often left a deserved sting none cared ways, and, as his satirical wit often left a deserved sting, none cared to offend him. His courage no man questioned; he was distinguished for his handsome person, his graceful manners, and was so enormously rich that Valerian Imperator, with a covetous eye to his possessions, secretl hoped that he would some day become a Christian. But under the sparkling shallows of this man's life were depths which he held too sacred for the common gaze-where, like pearls of great price, lay many a tender, noble resolve, and a capacity for friendship whose rare quality was to be crucially tested in the

Fabian entered with zest on his voluntary and congenial task, and his methetic soul was more than repaid by the rare and ancient treasures of art which he discovered in the old palace of Serventus Cresius. The rooms were spacious, and separated by pillars, some I which were of rose tinted marble, there of malachits, others again of Carrara. The vaulted ceilings, fres-coed by Grecian artists in graceful delineations of mythological fable, looked dawn in colors as givid as if the delineations of mythological fable, looked down in colors as vivid as if the fingers which wrought them—gone to dust long ago—had just completed their task. Cornices of alti relievi, full of graceful, poetic fancies, with festoons graceful, poetic fancies, with festoons with the selection of Mary conceived without sin as patroness of this country is given by the late celebrated Indian missionary, Father De Smet, S. J., in a letter to the editor of the Precis Him, the Princess learned the object of him, the Princess learned the object of him the selection of Mary conceived without sin as patroness of this country is given by the late celebrated Indian missionary, Father De Smet, S. J., his visit both from himself and from the distribution of the princess learned the object of him the prin task. Cornices of alli relievi, full of graceful, poetic fancies, with festoons f flowers carved in alabaster apparently of Howers carved in alabaster apparently depending from them, enriched the walls; the great casements were set in deep, wide embrasures, and shaded by heavy draperies of Oriental silk, stiff heavy draperes were were with gold embroidery; there were tables of carved citrean wood of lapislazuli, of rmber; there were couches

and chairs of ivory and of finely-wrought Groups of statuary gleamed here and there through the shadows, full of deathless beauty. "Leda and the Swan" stood between two rose-tinted illars; in another of the silent rooms, near a window, and apart from all else, The Parting of Achilles and s;" farther on, standing pale and eautiful, was "Eurydice and the erpent;" while the white carven forms of "Prometheus and the Nymphs shone dimly in the distance. The shone dimiy in the distance. There were ornaments of gold carved with cunning skill, vases older than Tarquin, and wonderful crystal urns from an Egyptian temple—all and everything covered with fine dust of years.

Enhan found a corresponding magni-

Fabian found a corresponding magni-leence throughout the old palace, only modified to an appropriate fitness in various parts. was tarnished; some of the rooms leaked and were mildewed; draperies hung and were influence, supports, and an insufferable damp, mouldy smell pervaded the air. There was much to be vaded the air. done, much to be re-arranged, and it may be imagined that he allowed no waste of time to delay the work of

renovation.

Nemesius sometimes dropped in, and ogether they made choice of Claudia rooms, which fronted south, overlooked the fountain in the court, admitted plenty of sunshine; they were soon transformed into a very bower of loveliness. Conspicuously placed were three marble statues, of Joy, Prosperity and Happiness—the father's gifts— which he fondly hoped would preside over her existence. Fabian remem-bered that she could not see all this harmony of color, this beauty of design, or the golden sunbeams that danced over the mosaic floor; the thought was never absent from his mind, or the impression that she, like some precious

jewel, should have the most exquisite jewel, should have the most exquisite setting that the skill of man could devise; and upon this idea he expended the riches of his poetic fancy and his conception of the ideal, until, when all was finished, even his fastidious taste was satisfied.

was satisfied. With all its ancient splendors newed, the palace was now ready occupation—not the least thing seer have been forgottenit occurred to Fabian that it would be proper a matron should preside over the establishment during Claudia's residence. Zilla was well enough at the villa on the Aventine; but here it would be a different thing, and the proprieties must be observed. Prolife resources as he generally was, on the resent occasion however he was lightly bewildered as to how the diffishould be met, and rushed off to find Nemesius, and explain the dilemma.

"I have already thought of that, my Fabian. Hast thou forgotten our re-lative, the Princess Vivia Caetani, who has secluded herself from the world ever since she became a widow?" he asked, with his grave smile. Yes, yes; but I have heard such

travagant stories of her grief, I ought she had followed Cætani to the extravagant hought she had followed the charge ago. What of her?"
"I have written a letter, inviting her, for the sake of my child, and as a her, for the sake of my child, and as a her. I am in favor to me, to visit us; but I am in

oubt of her acceptance."
"Hast thou dispatched the letter, Nemesius?" asked Fabian, quickly.
"Not yet; I will send a messenger with it to morrow at day-dawn."
"Give it to me. I will go myself."

with it to morrow at day-dawn.

"Give it to me; I will go myself;
but where shall I find her?"

"Can it be possible thou hast forgotten the old gray villa on the Alban opes, and, towering high above it the nnacle of rock on which Juno stood to Hast thou forgotten dark Soracte looming in the distance, and the far-off white line where the sea beats along the Latian shore? We saw all that and ore when we were boys up there for a oliday, and used to spend the time which only goats could reach," said farewell Nemesius, his eyes brightening with parted.

the long-ago pleasant memories. "Yes, yes: I recollect perfectly, since thou hast recalled it. She was a since thou hast recalled it. She was a kind soul, though sharp about her grapes and melons, said Fabian, laughing. "But what a folly to bury one's self alive! If I am ever mad enough self alive! If I am ever man thousand to do so, may Apollo speed one of his swiftest arrows through my heart! I will take the letter, and if I have not forgotten the art of beguiling a woman's senses away by soft speeches and agree-like detroips, we shall have our Prinable flatteries, we shall have our Prin cess here without unnecessary delay."
"May the gods speed thy mission, my

Fabian, for it is one of love! Here is the letter. How soon wilt thou leave ! "Within the hour. Farewell!"

plied Fabian, gayly, charmed by the sparkle of a new bubble in his experi-Nothing could have been more suitable than the arrangement decided on, if the Princess Vivia could be prevailed upon to accept the invitation so cordially offered; for this noble lady, now

past middle-age, was a widow of great wealth, who ever since the loss of her usband had lived in the deepest seclusion up there in her old gray villa on a slope of the Alban hills, with huge, towering rocks and forests above it; with orange and olive groves, vine yards and cornfields (in Europe wheat and other cereals are spoken o around it; and a vista across the Cam pagna to the sea, in front. Occupied with the cares of her little world, and keeping in order her peasants, who adored even while they feared her, the monotonous years had dragged on, shadowed by her grief, until there were

letter of Nemesius, she gently recalled to his mind the sad bereavement she had suffered, and her long seclusion; saying that she had grown old in her solitude, and forgotten the ways of the world, and that—as was to be expected every one had forgotten her. It may be imagined with what suave denials Fabian met her objections, and all the compliments, pleasant assurances, and earnest arguments he made use of to convince her of her mistake; and how at last, with ready tact, he invented so many charming things to prove she was under a delusion that she showed signs of giving up, and asked a night to con-

Her hesitation was, however, partly assumed, as he suspected; for just about the time of his visit she was weary almost to death of the monotony of her existence, and had been secretly pining to revisit Rome and take a peep pining to revisit Rome and take a peep—only a peep—at what was going on in the gay patrician circles of which she was once a conspicuous ornament. But she had been posing so long as a dispatch of the property and had alread here. consolate widow, and had closed her door so resolutely against the world, that she could not exactly see how she would be able to dismount gracefully from her pedestal, until this invitation, which certainly involved a family duty, offered the wished for opportunity.
"It would not do," she reasoned,

for the daughter of Nemesius, considering her blindness, to live in that great, rambling palace with only the servants; I should be blamed to permit it; therefore"—with a sigh—"I will sacrifice myself to the family dignity. Yes, I will leave the solitude which has been made sacred by my sighs and tears and sorrowful memories and where my bereaved heart has found a sad repose, to go and act a mother's part towards the unfortunate child of my kinsman.

child of my kinsman."
With the help of this salve to her self-love, and Fabian's silvery tongue, the disconsolate Princess dismounted her pedestal without in the least compromising her dignity, taking credit to herself for a noble disinterestedness, while all the time she was subserving her own object. She talked it over with Fabian in the morning, and gave

him a letter to Nemesius, the substance of which was that, after mature consideration, she accepted his invitation. She required a week for her preparations; there were so many business affairs to be looked after, and things to be planned to prevent idleness and con-fusion during her absence, she informed Fabian that she could not possibly fix s now ready for st thing seemed on an earlier date; then they parted, on an earlier date; then they parted, and he went away, believing in her almost as much as she believed in her-

self.
"She is coming, Nemesius; here is her letter," said Fabian, as soon as they met at the old palace, where the former changed to be when the latter former chanced to be when the latter called to inquire where it was likely he should find him. He threw himself on a couch with his usual easy grace, and when Nemesius finished reading the missive, he said:

"Vivia is a discreet woman, and it is highly satisfactory to know that she is coming; but, if I am not mistaken, she will quite enjoy a nearer view of the pomps and splendors of life in Rome. However, one will be wise to take no notice; for she will prefer it to be beotice; for she will prefer it to be lieved that she has not lost sight of her sorrow, but is making a sacrifice of her self. That is the way I read it."

sorrow, but is maxing the saft. That is the way I read it."

"I leave her to thee, my Fabian; I am only a rough soldier, who does not understand all the delicate intricacies of the feminine character," said Nemesits, with a grave smile. "If she is good to my little daughter, I shall ask no more; meantime she must receive no more; meantime she must receive all honor as the head of my house and

our kinswoman."
"Yes, yes, by all means! I am willing to get up a private apotheosis of her defunct prince, if it will contribute to her happiness, and shall place my-self submissively at her disposal. Pour me a cup of that old coecuban wine, then I must be off to the Baths of Salperial palace to-night?"

perhal parace to-night?

"No," was the quiet answer; then said farewells were exchanged, and they

That evening, Fabian, faultlessly attired, his manner full of that irresistable charm which is too subtle to be exactly defined, appeared in the imperial circle. After making the customary obeisance to Valerian, who tossed few coarse words, which made men laugh and women blush-words to which Fabian returned so witty a rejoinder that he not only parried their coarseness, but made the tyrant roar with laughter—he slipped through the crowd of courtiers, and noble, richlyattired women, who were pressing around, and went in search of Laodice.

After passing through two of the imnense rooms, gayest and best of the patrician society, ne caught sight of her as he entered the third, and in time reached her, as cool and unruffled by the impedimenta which had opposed his progress as if he had just stepped from his dressing-room.

Laodice was, as usual, arrayed with plendor—in rich foreign silks broidered vith gold, and Syrian gauzes spangled with pearls—darkly, superbly ful; such a vision as Cleopatra must have presented to Cæsar, when, coming to conquer, he was vanquished by the wonderful charms of the "sorceress of She was surrounded by flatterers and adorers, but her eye lighted up with additional brilliancy when she saw Fabian, for she felt sure that now she should hear something of deep interest; nor was she deceived.

A glad greeting to the long-al she said, laughing; "when didst thou return to Rome? TO BE CONTINUED.

Peace Through Mary's Help. A remarkable circumstance connected with the selection of Mary conceived without sin as patroness of this country is given by the late celebrated Inspecting the Trappist r Historiques, brussels, dated when the May 16, 1857, on the life and labors of the Rev. Theodore De Theux. The letter is little known, but furnishes an interesting chapter in the ecclesiastical history of the United States, especially to the Catholics of Cincinnati. Father De Smet says: "In 1844 Bishop John De Smet says: "In 1844 Bishop J B. Purcell of Cincinnatti found him frequently menaced, as well as the Catholies of his diocese, by tumultuous mobs composed of the enemies of the catholic faith. He asked counsel of the cages, and their occupants. Father De Theux. After some mo-ments of reflection the Father answered that he should obtain peace and securty in those difficult times if he would have recourse to the Pope, and would Purcell received the advice with respect, and the request was soon after made at Rome and crowned with suc-

A GODLESS CIVILIZATION-STRIK-ING. NON-CATHOLIC TESTI-MONY.

What doth it profit a nation that it What doth it profit a nation that it be rich and nursed in comforts and lux-ury, that trade be free, revenues large, that it have ships sailing over every sea and bringing home delicacies from every port, that merchant princes ac-cumulate large fortunes, if a whole people is eaten up with sins of usury, of fraud, of mad speculation; if adulteration of food is the rule, not the exception; if avarice has eaten into the very vitals of the population; if truth, goodness, and the beautiful are forgotten and sacrified to a mad greed for old? Such a nation may be rich and prosperous, and its people nay be sav-ing and thrifty, but in God's sight it presents one vast, hideous ulcer. This result has come about because the spirit of Christianity is dying out of

Let me quote the words of the non-Catholic Froude the historian. Protestant world has accepted a code of action from which morality has been banished, and the clergy have for the

most part sat silent and occupy themselves in carving and polishing into completeness their scheme of doctrinal salvation. They shrink from offending They shrink from offending the wealthy members of their congregation. They withdraw into the affairs of the other world and leave the ent world to the men of business and the devil. For the working pur-poses of life they have allowed the Gospel to be superseded by the new formulas of political economy. This o-called science is the most barefaced attempt that has ever yet been openly made on this earth human society without God cognition of the moral law. The e moral law. The clergy have allowed it to grow up, to take no session of the air, and colleges, to control the action of legislators, without even so much as opening their lips in remonstrance." Ruskin has contended for years against this same political economy and the commercialism bred of it, and characterized the clergy of the Established Church as an order of men who dined with the rich and preached to the poor. As the Catholic Church stands forth pre-eminently for the interests of the world, never allow material interests to overshadow the preaching the doctrine of Our Lord "What doth it profit a man if he gai the whole world, and suffer the lo his own soul." So ought she to speak forth boldly and unflinchingly ever the need demands upon and shortcomings of the present industrial system. This has Pope Lec XIII. done in his Encyclical on Labor -(Rev. T. Donnelly, S. J., Liverpool, Eng.)

A CONTRAST.

It was not in a great city, but on a sunny island, "a summer isle of Eden, which, by some tasteless ingenuity, had been made a penal settlement. mission was being conducted there Regulars from the city; and we had been invited over to hear the convicts confessions. It was pretty late we finished, and on our way to dinner we had to pass through the or sleeping apartments of the pris It was just 5 o'clock, and the summer sun was streaming across the lighting up the headlands all around and the deep hulls of the ships, and casting great long shadows of buildings, and masts, and wooded promontories across the darkening sea. All was sunshine and life, and sweetness without; all was darkness and desolation here. For we saw but strong cages, tier over tier, walls and partitions of corrugated iron, and a net of strong wire or iron in front of each wire or iron in front of each cage, through which alone the little air, and the little light from the outer hall penetrated. Each cell was eight feet by four, and each, even at that early hour, that sweet summer evening, had its human occupant. Some were in bed others sat drearily on the wretched wooden stool and stared like wild beasts at us. All were locked in. It was a human menagerie. I have often seen prisoners since then, even under worse prisoners since then, even under worse circumstances. But, somehow, those wire cages haunted my imagination. And then we stepped, free and unembarrassed, and honored by the very warders, who held in their hands the keys of these human cages. er sun was oppressive in its heat and light. A pleasure steamer, well filled with all the fashion and style of a great city, panted by. A band was playing. No one gave a thought to the entomb-ment of their fellow mortals just a few

Some evenings later, I, too, was locked in at a comparatively early hour in some such solemn twilight as It was at a Cistercian m The bells had ceased their inter tery. The bells had ceased their interminable tolling; the rumbling of the organ was husbed; the pattering of feet, where the pattering of feet is the pattering of feet. birds, as if respecting the Trappist rule, were silent. ing twilight at the white statues glim mering against the deep background of pines and laurels. If there be any spot on earth where there is peace, and rest, surely it is here. Some day, a tired world will demand monasticism as a luxury, or necessity. But that was not my thought as I sat there, and put my hand on some such work of Catholic philosophy. philosophy, as the Imitation, or Soliloquia of St Augustine. My thoughts swiftly reverted to the penal an enormous gulf separated one condi-tion from the other! There the one feeling uppermost was the degradation of humanity; here you experienced elevation. It was the nadir and zer encourage the other Bishops of the United States to follow his example, so as to ask the favor by adding, in the preface of the Mass, to the word 'conception' the prefix 'immaculate.' Bishop Purcell received the advice with remuch coarser and more meagre fare, work harder, keep perpetual sleep on harder couches, submit to greater humiliations. And yet, there is the whole width of the horizon of heaven between them. There you pitied, or compassionated; here you are reverent and envious. Despair seemed to hover over the prison; but it is the wings of angels that lift the fringes of the pines that sentinel the mountain

abbey. But there is something more curious even than this. I should not like to say that those poor, squalid prisoners would gladly exchange their lot with the monks. That is doubtful. But there can be no doubt that the monks, the monks. That is doubtful. But there can be no doubt that the monks, if called upon, would assume the garb and chains of the felon, and in the terrible transmutation experience only the greater joy.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, in The Dolphin.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

IGNORANCE IS A CURSE—"Know thyself is a good admonition. whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habitudes one's physical condition or moral habitudes it know how to see when any disarrangement in know how to see when any disarrangement in Science in the condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas Relectric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

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for years against conomy and the of it, and char-f the Established of men who dined preached to the ic Church stands for the spiritual d, never allowing overshadow them, inc of Our Lord, t a man if he gain t a man if he gain suffer the loss of ught she to speak inchingly who ds upon the v gs of the present This has Pope Leo cyclical on Labor. , S. J., Liverpool

TRAST.

great city, but on a mmer isle of Eden, asteless ingenuity, enal settlement. A conducted there by city; and we had o hear the convicts' is pretty late when our way to dinner ough the dormitory puts of the prisoners. ck, and the summer g across the bay, neadlands all around lls of the ships, and shadows of buildings, wooded promontories ning sea. All was and sweetness with kness and desolation w but strong cages, alls and partitions o and a net of strong front of each cage, one the little air, and om the outer hall penell was eight feet ven at that early hour, mmer evening, had its Some were in bed; rily on the wretched stared like wild beasts Some were in bed e. I have often seen hen, even under wors nted my imagin stepped, free and unen honored by the very eld in their hands the uman cages. The sumpressive in its heat and are steamer, well filled hion and style of a great . A band was playing. thought to the entomb.

ellow mortals just a few

ngs later, I, too, was a comparatively early such solemn twilight as I at a Cistercian ls had ceased their interg; the rumbling of the ned; the pattering of feet, he very birds, as if rerappist rule, were silent. t the white statues glimt the deep background of cels. If there be any spot e there is peace, and rest, here. Some day, a tired lemand monasticism as a cessity. But that was not s I sat there, and put my ne such work of Catholic as the Imitation, or the St Augustine. f St Augus n the "isle of Eden" and their occupants. What gulf separated one condine other! There the one rmost was the degradation ; here you experienced its It was the nadir and zenith And yet, the conditions differ so much. Nay, so And yet, the content of differ so much. Nay, so cal comfort or enjoyment, are much better off than The latter rise earlier, have er and more meagre fare, r, keep perpetual silence, r, keep perpetual steines, arder couches, submit to miliations. And yet, there le width of the horizon of tween them. There you ompassionated; here you are not envious. Despair seemed envious. Despair seemed envious. rer the prison; but it is the igels that lift the fringes of that sentinel the mountain

e is something more curious this. I should not like to hose poor, squalid prisoners dly exchange their lot with s. That is doubtful. But he re deput that the monks. be no doubt that the monks, pon, would assume the garb s of the felon, and in the tersmutation experience only the by.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, in hin.

of Mother Graves' Worm Exter-il convince you that it has no equal medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if please you,

please you,

CE IS A CURSE — "Know thyself
admonition, whether referring to
ical condition or moral habitudes
into is acquisited with himself, will
to acc when any disarrangement in
manifests itself. Dr. Thoms
ill is a cheap and simple remedy for
ill is a cheap and simple remedy for
action of pain from the system and
to of all broachial troubles.

A TRAVELING SCHOLAR.

g-flying. The old city was famed all the world

who outshone his companions in a given competition, and Paul Sablot felt

oined in none of the amusements that

his companions enjoyed. Art was his friend, his joy, his life, his all.

had chosen for the competition, a subject drawn from ancient mythology, one

met with the examiners' approval, then

It was this alternative that now,

when the moments were so precious, rose up a hideous spectre before him, that stayed his hand, that held him like

some dreadful nightmare. Up to this

he had been obliged to turn for help

to that little country home where every penny was so sorely needed. Instead of aiding his father to bear the burden of poverty that weighed him down, he

young, strong, active, was only another weight on those shoulders already

bowed and bent beyond their years. But

such a state of things could not go on; unless by means of this scholarship he

became independent, self-supporting, he must turn his back on his beloved, he

ist renounce art and take to some

in the all-absorbing interest of the

An hour flew by, every passing mo

canvas.

Gradually, however, a change crept over the absorbed expression of the painter's features; his brush no longer moved with the force and decision that at first had characterized it; he hesi-

tated, paused and finally flung down his palette, and an exclamation of irri-

thin planks that separated it from

through the reassuring sentence.

"Please, please don't," cried the irl. "It's only that I was getting on

so beautifully with my sketch, and now I don't know what has happened, whatever I do only seems to spoil it."

"Are you working on a canvas or on block?" asked Paul.

"Very well. Do you see the crack

feeling of interest. Like himself, this

the sight of her companions awaiting or being waited for by some one chosen friend. Her pencil was more to her than all the world beside.

For all her eighteen years, she had

been a child when she first came to the

art school, ambitious for success, for

fame, perhaps, but looking on love with

careless, unknowing eyes.

Her easel had been placed in the long

ceased abruptly.

the custodian. I can't yourself ill like this."

'On a block.'

counterpart next door the sound of

present.

he was indeed an artist; if not-

ambitious subject that h

for the little flush, the tiny dimple that her answering smile would bring.

Months passed before their acquaintance grew. Then one day in a back street that was a short cut to the art In one of the small box-like studios of the arts school of a town in Southern France a young man stood before an easel on which a fair, unstained canchool he had found her surrounded by a rough noisy crowd that had come upon her unawares, and she, frightened and powerless, was hustled here and there amongst the excited, jostling mob.

walls.

The light was fading, only a line of gold upon the horizon showed where once the sun had been. The market place was deserted, there were no onrough noisy crowd that had come vas rested. His box of colors lay open beside him, his strong, nervous fingers were closed firmly on his brushes, and his eyes appeared to be absorbed in the study of the neighboring chimney tops, but his bent brows, the spasmodic The glad light that had sprung into

movements of his lips showed that they were unseeing, or rather that a her eyes when she saw him forcing his way toward her [would have told a vainer man her secret, but if Paul noticed it, he thought of it merely as picture conjured up by his own imag-ination possessed them, to the exclusion noticed it, he thought of it merely as joy at finding a protector. Yet as she shrank against him he felt a hitherto unknown pride in the strength of the arm that shielded the slender form.

Afterwards the incident Yet it was on the filling of this canvas that the whole of his future career depended, and the moments were pass-

Afterwards the incident had almost faded from his mind, but to her it was faded from his mind, but to her it was an ever present reality. In the chill darkness of her attic home, she had lived through those brief moments again and again. Once, if never to be more, she had crept into his arms, her cheek had pressed the rough shoulder of his coat, her hair had touched, had linggred on his check, it was a memory over for her artist sons, and to keep up the traditions of older times the au-thorities every three years offered a traveling scholarship to the student the power within him of reaching this lingered on his check, it was a men For three years he had lived for his could not forget, and when he she could not lorget, and when her artist soul was called on to produce its best, its very self, almost without knowing it her pencil had traced that scene, the scene that in one brief moment had closed and sealed the doors art alone, morning and night had he worked, climbing rung after rung of the ladder which was to lead him to fame; he had made no friends, he had

of her childhood to her.

What would he think when he saw the subject of her picture? Could she —could she let him see it? For a moment only she hesitated: a second demand from that imperious voice was not to be withstood. With trembling which he had pondered over many an hour and which he felt would show out his talent to the full. If this picture fingers she obeyed, waiting with beat-

neart to hear his verdict. And he? If love is blind, surely some hearts where love has never been are blinder

At a glance he recognized the group; his own figure, tall, commanding, the embodiment of young strength, with the shrinking girl hiding her face upon his shoulder, and all around them the eager, pushing, angry crowd. Every detail of the picture was drawn in with delicate precision; the expression of each evil, brutish countenance was

shown as in a miniature.

From the cursory glance that now and again he had thrown on the easel that stood beside his own Paul knew that color was Madeline's weak point. Often he had wondered that the masters had not told the girl to give up painting and confine herself to the less ambitious plane of black and white, profession, some trade, in which he could earn enough to keep himself and where her talent could not but excel.

"You have wasted your time over all this drawing," he said at last, in business-like tones. "You must just wash in the background and then work help to educate the younger brothers and sisters at home. With an effort at last he thrust this thought aside. He must, he would, succeed. Seizing his pencil with feverish energy, he began in the central figures as much as you to sketch in his subject, and as it grew beneath his touch all apprehension faded away; the future was forgotten

"But-but its just the coloring that I don't know how to start on," came back the little piteous voice, trembling now and filled with a longing fear to know what he thought of her choice. ment brought fresh power, new life to the figures that were growing on the

"See," resumed Paul, oblivious of the wooden wall that divided them, put in the warm colors so-and darken

The moments were still flying. A new meaning sprang into the street scene under the rapid brush. The background filled in, the girl's figure grew more and more lifelike, his own stood out firm and distinct. tation escaped his lips. The studio was bare, more like a huge wooden chest than a room, and through the

At last he pushed the block from him with a short laugh.
"I was forgetting you, Miss Made-

line," he said, "in my interest in your picture. Take it now and work hard. I think I've made a good beginning for

low sobbing came sadly. "
What is the matter?" cried Paul, knocking softly on the partition. "Who is there? Are you ill?" Carefully widening the crevice as before, Paul passed the now glowing picture back to its owner and then At the sound of his voice the weeping turned to resume his own work. But "It is nothing," the answer came, so low that he could hardly catch the words. "Please don't mind; it's—it's all right now," but a stilled sob broke the spell was broken: the vivid mental conception that had upheld him before was gone; he no longer lived and breathed as he had seemed to do, sur-"'Miss Madeline," said Paul, who had completed the relation of the studio stared blankly

recognized the voice, "there is something wrong with you, and if you don't tell me what it is I shall have to call the custodian. I can't have you making to scrape it off impatiently again; Here and there he tried a color, only to scrape it off impatiently again; nearer and nearer came the hour when the task must be completed, and yet he stood there motionless, helpless, not daring to touch the work which, all unfinished as it was, was so full of power and of possibilities.

At last the clock struck its long, slow sentence. A general movement was heard throughout the silent corridor; there was a rustling of papers, a creak-ing of easels. In two studios alone the that runs along the partition close to the outside wall? See, here, where my knife is," and the blunt palette knife silence was unbroken. Paul, his dark head bowed, was fighting the demon of despair which told him that by his own knife is," and the blunt palette knife was thrust through the slip in the shrunken, loosened board, widening it to nearly half an inch.

"Now, pass me in your block and let me see if I can help you."

It was against the rules; no competitor was allowed to help another, but neither thought of that now. Paul could not bear to hear a woman in disact he had shut the door which was to have led to life, that of his own will he had turned his back on art forever, and in the other Madeline stood lost in adniration of the work of his hands.

For two days the art world of _____ lived in a state of breathless excitelived in a state of preathless excitement. The classes had broken up, yet the students had not yet dispersed to their homes; all were waiting to know their fate; each one was trying to picture his or her name appearing in large, the black of the major walls. could not bear to hear a woman in distress, and it was with a view to comforting the girl, the only student out of the three score who attended the classes who had roused in him the slightest feeling of interest. Like himself, this distinct characters on the mairie walls.

One alone of all who had followed the seeing of interest. Like himself, this girl had kept apart from the others. She was a pale, slight little thing, with strangely wistful eyes. Art was, Paul thought, the love of his life, yet he felt One alone of all who had followed the classes was missing from the group of competitors who were gathered together in the market place waiting for the stroke of noon to learn the judges decision. Paul Sablot had turned his back on city life; why should he tarry to hear of another's triumph? Paul thought, the love of the idea curiously uncomfortable at the idea that those sweet soft eyes should be shedding tears. And Madeline! Poor to hear of another's triumph? Paul the artist was dead; he had taken his shedding tears. And Madeline! Poor little foolish Madeline would have passed her right hand through that life with his own hands; the Paul who crevice had her silent, masterful neightrudged along the sandy country roads bor wished it. She, too, had once thought that art could fill her life. No heedless of where they led him, was feeling of envy had ever touched her at

only a machine.

He had left his soul behind him; left it forever in that bare, narrow cell, and it was better so; it would be wanton waste to wear a soul away in breaking stones, in ploughing, reaping, shearing; no, a machine was all that was wanted to fill those hungry mouths

And so his mind rambled on in dis-And so his mind rambled on in disconnected wanderings, whilst his feet carried him away, away, far from all who could know or understand his failstudio next to Paul's, and day after day as she crept quietly to her place he had welcomed her with a quick nod or understand his failure. But when the second morning had welcomed her with a quick nod or understand his failure. But when the second morning her perhaps a short word of greeting. Then without realizing it, he learnt to look midday all the world would know who shelter of his arms and he kissed.

had gained the prize that so many had striven for, he turned, reluctantly, yet surely, on his footsteps, traversing once again the path that only yesterday he had vowed to tread no evening found him back within the city

lookers there to see the road-stained by the increased death rate among then traveller drag his weary frame close, closer to the fatal placard. In thick black characters two words stood out distinctly, yet in a flash the familiar letters of his own name were first im-

printed on his brain.

Besides the prize winner three others were mentioned in order of merit, and there it stood heading this little triple

Unfinished, half completed, his sketch had been adjudged the best but one, and that one—he did not need a second to tell him who had won the glance to tell him who had we see scholarship—he knew. Oh, the mock-ery of it! His work, his skill had earned the prize, yet the name that was on every lip to-night was not his own—Madeline de la Mothe! Yes, he own—Madenne de la Motne! Yes, he had guessed aright; his little neigh-bor's street scene had been singled out, had been thought the best of all those sixty efforts that had passed before the indexes.

before the judges.
Yet it was not all bitterness now. A flerce pride raised him from his despondency. Though none would ever know it, he was the winner, and the "never more" that for two days had sounded like a death knell in his ears had changed now to "perhaps, some

day."
A few years must pass in toil for those at home; then, perhaps — per-

No feeling of bitterness towards the

No feeling of bitterness towards the girl who, unknowingly, had done him such an injury entered his mind. After the despair that he had passed through, the knowledge, the certainty of his power brought him a throb of hope, a flush of pride that was almost hope, a flush of pride that was almost joy. The long, steep stairs that led to the little room beneath the roof which for three years had been his home and which he had thought never to see again seemed longer, steeper than ever again seemed longer, steeper than ever before to the worn-out limbs. Higher and higher he climbed. A curious feeling of peace now filled his heart. Each step rang out in comforting reiterance, "Some day, some day."

The other occupants of the house were still abroad. He met no one as he peaced on his unward way, but on

he passed on his upward way, but on the dark, narrow landing outside the dark, harrow own door he paused, an instinct told him that he was not alone. "At last!" a little gasping sigh fell

upon his ears. "Who is there?" he asked. "Who

"It is I, Madeline; and, oh! I thought you would never come."
"You Mademoiselle Madeline! and cried Paul, forgetting his fatigue in his astonishment.

She had come to him before when in trouble, but what had brought her now

in the rush of her triumph!
"Yes, M. Paul, it is I. Have you heard? Has any one told you." The eager tones seemed to ring exultingly in his ears. " No one has told me, but I have seen

for myself, mademoiselle. I give you joy." There was a moment's pause. joy." There was a moment's pause.
"Do you mean, do you think, then,
that I have claimed the prize?" The
girl's voice was cool now, a touch of
scorn sounding through its repressed

"I," Paul hesitated, a sudden wild leap of his heart choking his utterance.

leap of his heart choking his utterance.
"I read your name—"
"And you thought me mean, base, deceitful enough to profit by—by what you had done?" The passionate question brought the blood tingling to his cheeks.

"And yet it was early when I went to the examiners and told them that the winning sketch was not in reality my work. I confessed to having broken the rules of the competition, so the next name on the list is now the first."

The mean that is the daylowing sky

The moon that in the darkening sky shore bright and clear seemed to sail out from behind a cloud, and her rays falling through the skylight showed with alarming distinctness the change that suddenly came over Paul's pale from. He staggard forward and would face. He staggered forward and would have fallen, but in an instant the girl was at his side. "Paul, Paul, what have I done? Oh,

Paul, forgive me," she cried. "thought you knew, that you despised

She clung to his arm, raising a face

She clung to his arm, raising a face towards him scarcely less white and weary than his own.

"Then," he said, unsteadily and slowly, "then I am the traveling scholar." He passed his hands over his eyes. "It is no dream. No, I am awaka and chillic life, how sweet it. nis eyes. It is no dream. No, I am awake, and oh! life, life, how sweet it will be now." He threw back his head and laughed aloud as the glory of the future dawned upon him, utterly forgetful of his companion: then the remembrance of how his good fortune had come smote him, and he turned

Even in his dull ears her despairing cry had struck a note which no fear, no regret, no remorse could reach. He stretched out his arms, and as he drew her to him he felt her trembling, and something in heart awakening told

and sometimes in the solution of the solution " This is love."

is as life to a condemned prisoner, but now that I have it I find there is some-Dear heart, will you teach me to lil it? love?"

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

WHY IT IS A DANGEROUS TIME FOR THE LITTLE ONE.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every in-fant because of the disturbance to the fant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them terest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont.,

writes as follows:—
"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothaid her any good until I gave her tablets. Now her food digests erly, her breath is sweet, ongue clean and she is quiet and good. can strongly recommend the tablets ther mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all

dealers in medicine or will be sent post-paid at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brock-

ON MATERIAL PROGRESS - THE SECRET OF THE PROBLEM.

ope Leo XIII. Encyclical March 19, 1902.) After alluding to the indefinable prrow which, notwithstanding all sorrow which, notwithstanding all modern material progress, everywhere weighs upon souls, and to the immense void which is in all human hearts, the Holy Father thus continues:

Man may subject nature to his sway Man may subject nature to his sway, but matter cannot give him what it has not, and to the questions which most deeply affect our gravest interests human science gives no reply. The thirst for truth, for good, for the interests have not hear to the contract of the contr which devours us, has not been slaked, nor have the joys and riches of earth, nor the increase of the comforts f life ever soothed the anguish which ortures the heart. Are we then to lespise and fling aside the advantages despise and ling aside the advantages which accrue from the study of science, rom civilization and the wise and sweet use of our liberty? Assuredly not. On the contrary, we must hold them in the highest esteem, guard them and make m grow as a treasure of great price. or they are means which of their nature re good designed by God Himself, and re good designed by Got Himself, and rdained by the infinite goodness and visdom for the use and advantage of he human race. But we must subordinte the use of them to the intentions of the Creator, and so employ them as never to eliminate the religious element in which their real advantage resides, for it is that which bestows on them a special value and renders them really fruitful. Such is the secret of the

KIND WORDS.

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes. There is hardly a power on earth equal to them. It seems as if they could almost do what in reality God alone can do, namely, soften the hard and angry hearts of men. Even quarrels give way to kind words, for an unforgiving heart is a rare mounter. Words have a heart is a rare monster. Words have a power of their own for good or evil. Hence it is that an unkind word rankles longer in the heart than an angry ges ture, nay, oftener than a blow.

Kind words are like revelations from

heaven unravelling complicated mis-understandings and softening the hard-

ened convictions of years.
Why, then, are we ever else but kind? Kind in words? There are some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words. He has a cheeks.

"No; I swear to you Inever thought of it so; tell me, tell me all; I know nothing. I saw your name—" some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words? There are some difficulties. It is hard for a clever man to be kind in his words. He has a temptation—a temptation bordering on the irresistible—to say elever things, and, somehow, elever things are hardly ever kind things. There is a drop ever the day of the way and somehow and somehow of the property of the way and somehow and somehow of the property of the way and somehow of the way and somehow of the property of the way and somehow of the property of the way and somehow of the way and way and way ever kind things. There is a drop ever of acid or bitter in them. And so on the whole, to say clever things of others is backley or the same of the sa is hardly ever without sin. There is something in genius which is analogous to a sting. Its sharpness, its delicacy, to a sting. Its sharpness, its delicacy, its pain, its poison — genius has all these things as well as the sting. A man who lays himself out to amuse is never a safe man to have for a friend and the stings of the or even an acquaintance. man whom any one really loves or re-No one was ever known nearer spects. No one was over known nearer to God by a sarcasm. Our Lord's words in the gospel should be our model.—Father Faber.

STRENGTH OF SIMPLICITY.

INHERENT POWER OF HUMBLE, EFFACING NATURES. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.

Say what we like, the vast majority of mankind worship brute force. "We like strong men," is the cry of every one. But it is the cry of a low nature, still akin to the brute and the serpent or it is the worn and standard demand of an advanced and perfected civilizaof an advanced and perfected civiliza-tion. On the other hand, gentle, re-fined natures love simple and lowly lives, and humble and pleading actions. That sentence in the Sentimental Jour-nal, in which Sterne depicts his own feelings when the shamed Franciscan feelings when the shamed Franciscan monk turned away and looked down at his brown, threadbare sleeve, finds a responsive echo in all human hearts.

The characters in the novels of that great dramatist, Dickens, which appeal great dramatist, Diekens, which appeal most to our sympathy and love, are such humble beings as Tom Pinch and Little Nell, and Little Dorrit and Florence Dombey, and Peggotty, etc. Ah, yes! but that is fiction. Precisely. But if we met these gentle, pleading beings in real life, would we feel similarly towards them? Yes, if we were

like them, not otherwise.

If we were simple and lowly, and gentle, we would love them in flesh and blood as well as we love their spectral form in literature. But if we were have and ignoble, if we worshipped base and ignoble, if we worshipped strength and distinction, we would de-spise them heartily as beneath us.

Why? Because in the solitude of our rooms we have no eye of public opinion upon us to rebuke us for our weakness in loving the weak. But, with the Argus eye of society upon us, it would be a grave test of our integrity to walk a crowded street with the ragged com-panion of our school days; or to stand up in a heated ball-room with a homely

rustic, and face a hundred eyes of criticism and contempt. But the really humble can rule, and can rule with firmness and success, i unaggessive. There is a world of dif forence between strength and aggresion, between power and the pride of power. It is the sheathed strength that underlies all real humility which we worship. And it will invariably be found that those meek, yielding char acters who never assert themselves who willingly efface themselves, exhibit the fortitude of endurance and the swiftness of strong resource, when in crises of life and death great personal

or state emergencies, such qualities of mind and soul are demanded by the exigencies of the weak, or the panic of the pretentious and the boastful.

And, if raised to power by the suffrages of subjects, or the command of some higher authority, they invariably develop unsuspected resources of spiritual strength and agility whilst their sense of humility and self-nothingness sense of humility and self-nothingness prevents them from infringing on the rights of the weak. They can be im-perative without being suggestive. perative without being suggestive. They can guide without hurting. They can stretch forth the shepherd's crook and lead into line the vagrant and self-willed without pluking one wisp of wool or forcing one pitiful bleat. And they are content to govern and guide their own without throwing coyetous eyes on own without throwing covetous eyes on alien property; or seeking in some re-flex axiom, which is generally an unacknowledged sophism, an exconquest or aggression .- The Dolphin.

BAD CATHOLICS ARE WORSE THAN BAD BOOKS.

From the Ave Maria. It is an error to suppose that anti-Catholic books of the violent sort do any great harm nowadays; they have run their course. Nothing could be more useless than for any enemy of the Church to denounce it now in this country, except where the lives of its members are at variance with their profession. The day of "No Popery" literature has passed, and this fact is recognized even where bigotry still lurks. The truth cannot be too force fully or frequently stated that Catholies who fail to live up to their religion do more injury to it and keep more people from embracing it than anti-Catholic books that could possibly

be produced.

It has come to pass that non-Catholies, when interested in the subject of religion, are willing to listen to authoritative explanations of Catholic principles; they recognize the unfairness of accepting the testimony of the enemies of the Church rather than that of its adherents. But the vast majority of non-Catholics, although less prejudiced non-Catholics, although less prejudiced than formerly, are utterly indifferent to the claims of the Church; and they generally remain so, unless their curiosity is excited or their interest is roused by the example of some Catholic who is keeping himself unspotted from the world and thereby unconsciously rendering himself conspicuous. There is not a power on earth to be compared to the simple preaching of the Gospel, and it is eloquently preached by all who practice its precepts. who practice its precepts.

Beauty Makers.

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Editor of The CATHOLIC RECORD, ndon, Ont.

Bir: For some time past I have real stimable paper, The Catholic Record, magnetiste you upon the manner in magnetiste you upon the manner in

and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good: and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefars, with pleasure, I can recommend to the fathful.

Blessing you and esing you, and wishing you success. Bolleve me, to remain g you, and wishing jeve me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, † D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larisse, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, Aug. 15, 1903.

POPE PIUS X.

We already announced in our last issue that a successor has been elected to the late Pope Leo XIII., the new Pope being Cardinal Sarto, the venerated and much beloved Patriarch, of Venice, Italy, and now, the last testimonies of respect and affection to Leo XIII. having been completed, we may again exclaim "Long live our Holy Father the Pope. May God grant him many years of life and a prosperous reign over the Church of God." new Pope takes the name of Pius X.

The Papacy is an institution of God Himself, and cannot die, though the personage who fills it for a time is mortal, and thus the plenitude of St. Peter's authority, which for so long a period dwelt in Leo, now rests in his successor, Pius X.

The Conclave, by which name the assembly of Cardinals for the purpose of electing a Pope is called, met on Saturday, July 25th. There are at present 64 Cardinals, of whom two were unable to be present owing to illness. There were, therefore, 62 Cardinals in Conclave, which is a larger number than were ever before assembled for the purpose of electing a Pope.

Two ballotings were made on the first day, neither of which resulted in an election, as a two-thirds vote exclusive of the vote of the Cardinal chosen is necessary for a choice. The statement has been made that on the first ballot 20 votes were given to Cardinal Rampolla, 12 to Cardinal Vannutelli, 7 to Cardinal Gotti, 5 to Cardinal Oreglia, 4 each to Cardinals Sarto, Di Pietro, and Capecolatro, 3 to Cardinal Agliardi, while the other three votes were scattering. This statement is said to be

Sunday and Monday, without a choice, but on Tuesday morning when the seventh ballot was taken, it is said that the vote was unanimous for Cardinal Sarto. Cardinal Casetta as scrutineer was reading out the vote as it was given, and when the number 42 was reached his zuchetto or small cap saying Pope," but the other Cardinals called read, after which according to the usual form the Pope-elect was asked if he would accept the Pontificate. He trembled so that he could hardly articulate, but after an effort which was plainly visible he began to reply : "If this cup cannot pass from me-, whereupon the Cardinals asked for a positive answer "yes or no." He then answered more firmly: "I accept." From that moment he became the Supreme Pontiff of the Church. He selected the name Pius X whereby he should be known, and while the official record of the election was being made out with its acceptance, the Holy Father was attired in his pontifical white robes, after which he was conducted to the throne where he received the first homage or "obedience" of the whole body of the Cardinals. Then a solemn Te Deum was sung by all with such touching effect that there was no dry eye among those present at the scene.

Holy Father "bore himself with becoming dignity, and gave no sign of exultation in this the supreme moment of his life." When Mgr. Merry del Val as secretary of the Conclave presented to the Holy Father the Papal white cap, he placed it calmly on his head, and dropped his red cap lightly on the Secretary's head. This is understood lishman who has a drop and a good drop religion.

to be an indication that the Secretary. Monsignore Merry del Val, will soon be raised to the Cardinalate. Mgr. del Val is well known to Canadians, having Irishmen of opposite parties, Unionists spent some time in this country on a special mission entrusted to him by the tenants and of landlords." late Holy Father Leo XIII., and his elevation will give great satisfaction and pleasure to the many friends and addignified and affable manner while he remained in this country.

Pope Pius X. late Guiseppe (Joseph) Sarto, was born in the Riesi, Province of Venice, on June 2nd, 1835, and is therefore sixty-eight years old. He was ordained priest at the age of twentythree years, or in his twenty-fourth year, and from the beginning of his priesthood he was distinguished for humility, and for his solicitous care of the poor. In 1875 he was made chancellor of the Bishop of Treviso, later he became director of the Seminary, judge of the ecclesiastical tribunal, and finally Vicar-General. In 1884 he was appointed by Pope Leo, Bishop of Mantua, and in 1893 he was made Cardinal, and Patriarch of Venice, which is a dignity higher than that of an Archbishop, though its duties are very much the same. His Cathedral in Venice, the celebrated St. Mark's, was built in 977, and is one of the most beautiful edifices of mediæval times.

The new Pope is regarded as the greatest preacher in the Church, and s a noted theologian and general scholar. He did not mix himself much with the political problems with which the Holy See was troubled in late years, and it was said at first that he would scarcely be able to grapple with them success fully, though he is admitted to be a most able administrator; but when on Thursday, the 6th inst., he was waited on by the diplomatic body who came to pay him homage, the diplomats were surprised to find that he had a very intimate knowledge of the politics of their respective countries. He also spoke to them in excellent French, which was another surprise.

The coronation of the Holy Father took place on Sunday, August 9th, in presence of a vast multitude.

The government of all the nations seem to be highly pleased at the election of Pope Pius X., as his well known character for piety, his benevolence, and his graciousness give promise of an era of international cordiality with the Vatican.

The Holy Father is greatly beloved by the people of Venice, and we are confident that he will also have the love as well as the respect of Catholics throughout the world. The CATHOLIC RECORD wishes him a long and happy

THE IRISH LAND LAW.

No time has been lost, in the House Lords in passing the Irish Land Bill through its various stages, for we learn by the cable despatches that it has already passed its second reading in that House, though it went through its final stage of a third reading in the House of Commons only on July 21st. On behalf of the Government the Earl reliable, but we believe that it is mere of Devonshire explained to the House that the bill should pass without serious the three parties, the Government, the between it and the Catholic Church, Six ballots were taken on Saturday, therefore any serious change might our point of view. imperil the whole agreement, and delay Our respected correspondent, the indefinitely the solution of a problem Rev. Mr. Starbuck, will see from this which had been in the past a most statement of the Catholic position that troublesome question. The lords evil his argument, which is based upon a and when the number 12 was reached dently assented to the Duke's view of supposed parity of claims of Catholic the matter as the Bill has passed so and Protestant faith, falls to the "Habemus pontificem," "We have a far without change. This may be taken as an indication that the day of peace solid rights of truth, and man cannot out "continue," and the full vote was between Ireland and England has come at last.

It was feared that the consummation the Church of Christ. would be marred by amendments to the Bill while it was before the House of Lords, but these prognostications of evil have not been realized, and according to usage they are not likely to be realized before the Bill passes its third reading, as it is before the second reading that serious discussion on important points usually takes place.

Mr. John Redmond did not, from the beginning, entertain the thought that mutilating it, inasmuch as that House has many Irish landlords among its members, and he felt confident that in their interest the peers would assent to the compromise to which the landlords had willingly, and even gladly as-

There is one feature of the debates upon the Land Bill to which Mr. Redmond called attention, and which is well worthy of special notice. " Dur-"the English, Scotch, and Welsh members had absented themselves from the shown that they could get on very sence. Mr. Wyndham, in fact, was part in the debates-and he is an Eng-

of Irish blood in his veins. The intricacies of this Irish Land Law had been debated in perfect amity by and Nationalists, representatives of

Surely this is an evidence satisfactory enough that under Home Rule, Irishmen will be as able as people of mirers whom he made in Canada by his any other nationality to pass good laws or their own prosperity.

Later reports state that notwithstandng the Duke of Devenshire's strong appeal to the Lords to accept the Land Bill as being a treaty of peace between the Empire and Ireland, it has been endangered in Committee of the Lords, and some amendments have been made to it against the express wish of the Government. It is still probable, however, that the Bill will not be so greatly mutilated as to cause its rejection.

THE CORONATION OATH AND THE ACT OF SUCCESSION.

To the Elitor of the CATHOLIC RECORD : Sir-You say that Catholics regard as an insult not only the Accession De-claration, which certainly is insulting enough, but the very fact that English law excludes Catholics from the succession. I cannot see how. The King of England is by law Supreme Governor of the Church of England. Then, as Lord Macaulay remarks, it is not un-reasonable that the law should require him to be a person who does not regard that body at the head of which he stands as being an heretical society.

The King of Spain is not the hea the Church of Spain, but is it an insult to Protestantism to require him to be a Roman Catholie? Would it become an insult if one fifth of the Spaniards were Protestants? Surely not.

Is it an insult to Calvinism that the law requires the King of Lutheran Sweden to be a Lutheran? Is it a joint insult to Catholics and Protestants together that the Czar of Russia must be of the Greek Church? Is an insult to Christianity that the Sultan of Turkey must be a Mohammedon of Certainly not. Wherever, in any Certainly not. Wherever, in any Kingdom, there is an established religion, surely it is not a grievance to sentients that the Sovereign should be required to be an adherent of that CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass., U. S. A.

Our esteemed and respected corres pondent is surprised at our statement that we consider it an insult to Catholies that English law excludes Catholics from succession to the throne. We are not greatly surprised that, being himself a Protestant, he should take an opposite view of the matter, but we regard it from a Catholc standpoint, and from our point of view there is one true Church of Christ, and one only. It is emonstrable that the Catholic Church is that one Church which Christ instituted, and which has continued to exist ever since its institution. Even tinuity while maintaining that she fell the Church of Christ; but we maintain that the power of Christ and the guidance of the Holy Ghost make it impossible that His Church should cease to teach the truth.

This being the case, Catholics must hold that all antagonistic organizations are erroneous, being either heretical or schismatical, and we cannot admit that any other Church, so-called, which is of numan origin, can possess the rights of the Educational Bill, and he has been the truth, or that there is any parity to the Educational Bill, and he has been count for the larger attendance at the of 50 native sharp-shooters who were human origin, can possess the rights of landlords, and the tenants, and that whose origin is in God, at least from

ground. Error can never have the give to a Church which he has organized the rights which belong only to

For these reasons we hold that the implication contained in the act of exclusion of Catholics from the throne of Great Britain is implicitly an assertion that the profession of the true religion is sufficient to render a person unfit to fulfil the duties of a king.

We are perfectly justified in maintaining that this is essentially an insult to Catholics, altogether independently of what may be law in other countries. the Lords would spoil the bill by Hence we no not deem it necessary to our purpose here to reconcile the position we have taken with the laws of Spain, Sweden, Russia, Turkey, etc. The Rev. Mr. Starbuck in appealing to these laws assumes what a Catholic can never grant, that the true Church should be in the same relative position to a state which false churches take. Nevertheless we shall add that there is this difference between Spain and England, that Spain has maintained the It is noted in the despatches that the ing the debates," says Mr. Redmond, faith which she had for fifteen centuries, and her people are to this day almost all Catholic. In the British Empire the House of Commons, and Irishmen had case is entirely different. The people of England were Catholics, and became well with Irish legislation in their ab- Protestants only through persecution of the Catholic Church, and the excluthe only Englishman who had taken sion act was itself part and parcel of a persecuting code against the ancient slightly from the eulogium he had just that the whole people would have re-

It is true, as the reverend gentleman suggests, that Catholics are but a small minority in the British Isles, but before the depopulation of Ireland by repressive legislation, and before the persecuting laws in the three kingdoms, the disproportion was not so very great between Catholics and Protestants, so that that the insult was offered to a large percentage of the population of the country. Besides, the thirteen million of Catholics in the whole British Empire do not fall very far behind the number of members of the Established Church, of which alone the King is the Supreme Head. Why, then, unless for persecution's sake, should Catholics be singled out from among all manner of Christians to be not only excluded from the throne, but that their doctrines should be specially stigmatized in the Cornation Oath as idolatrous and superstitious, while the teachings and rites of Judaism, Buddhism and Mahometanism, and even of Agapemonism and Swedenborgianism, are treated with the greatest reverence under the law?

The Coronation Oath and the Act of Succession or exclusion from the throne form together an inseparable and insulting whole, and the Succession Act itself was passed only by a majority of one under terror of the Hessian troops of King William III. We consider, therefore, that we are thoroughly justified in regarding it as an insult, notwithstanding Rev. Mr. Starbuck's opinion to the contrary.

Nevertheless, as we stated in our article on this subject to which that rev. gentleman objects, we are not specially anxious that the insult implied in the exclusion act should be repealed. There is no Catholic in view whom we wish to see placed on the throne, and thus this grievance is rather a sentimental than a practical one. We confess that we should be pleased to see it removed, but we can endure it. But what we do earnestly desire as something practical is that the insult given in denouncing the Catholic doctrines every time a new Sovereign is enthroned, should be repealed. This will undoubtedly be done in the near future, in which case the sentimental grievance can be endured. Still we do not conceal our opinion that it is a real grievance all the same.

THE ENGLISH EDUCATION BILL.

A somewhat amusing debate is being carried on in some of the Montrea papers regarding the status of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who is the successor of the Rev. Dr. Parker in the well known "City Temple" of London, England, the subject in debate being whether or Protestants in general admit this con- not Mr. Campbell is to be regarded as occupying the position of "England's into error which made her cease to be greatest preacher," the title which is given him by those who have interested themselves in introducing him to the Canadian public. The Rev. Mr. Campbell preached or

lectured recently in Montreal and Toronto against the London Educational Bill which is at present under consideration of the British House of Commons. He was heralded by advance notices of fulsome enthusiasm as the leader of the non-Conformist opposition compared by some of his admireres with several of the noted preachers of Eng- It imposed on the supporters of the re- There was a brisk fight and the Beralish non-Conformity in the past to the ligious schools the burden of one half bers lost heavily, but for a civilized disadvantage to them all. In fact one of the expense of maintaining the force armed with the best modern weaof the debaters in the present contro- schools in which they educated their pons fighting against a barbarous tribe versy declares that the Rev. Mr. children, while they contributed their Campbell "fills Dr. Parker's pulpit full share to the education of the nonmore adequately than ever, and the Conformist children, in schools from ideal of a Spurgeon, Beecher, Punshon, which they derived no benefit whatand Parker, rolled into one (all being ever. We hold that this was a non-Anglicans) is practically realized directness of Spurgeon, the intense to have the volumnary schools placed moral emphasis of Beecher, the power of popular appeal of Punshon, combine with Parker's superiority to the pomp

leader of the London pulpit." The Rev. Dyson Hague objects most to enlighten the Canadians on the Campbell is held.

an Catholics are deeply interested.

King Edward VII., whom he would not dent on earth, yet he feared that what pronounced on British institutions."

the various denominations of England had almost a monopoly of teaching the youth of the kingdom; but in that year 'Mr. Gladstone's Elementary Education Act revolutionized the educational system of the country by the establishment of undenominational schools to supplant the Church schools."

We are next told that the schools of the British and Foreign School Society, the only undenominational educational body in England, left the field to the Board schools, but the Sectarian schools remained and extended their influence. Premier Balfour in introducing the new the Church schools were attended by 3,000,000 children, while the Board schools had only 2,600,000 scholars showed that the people favored the former. It is easy, continues the Rev. Anglican schools already existed. In that the law is just. rural districts, too, the Vicar or Rector was absolute master in educational affairs, and the Nonconformist laboring classes were in no position to object.

Campbell does not state the case quite fairly. It was, as we understand the In one case, a farmer's cart worth £20 matter, made quite free to the people had been sold for £3. The non-Conto establish Board schools wherever the formists mean to make a possive resist-Anglicans did not or would not agree ance by putting the Government to the that non-Comformist children should be trouble of collecting the rate by force. exempt from the religious teaching They do not object to paying the whole given in the Anglican schools. Any rate, but keep back that portion of one in Mr. Gladstone's place might have supposed that this provision inational schools. would have been a sufficient guarantee against any interference with the religion of the non-Conformist children; for have we not been told over and over again that Protestantism is but one faith amid allits diversities? And of the general public whose views this being the case there could be no of duty differ from their own. It is great hardship-in fact, no hardship at all, nor violence to conscientious convictions so long as the children were well protected against any special teaching which might be construed as peculiar to Anglicanism, or to the High Church forms of Anglicanism, which we are told is the only form of Anglicanism which is objectionable to non-Conformists.

The case is quite different with Catholics, who wish for special religious teaching in the doctrines of the Catholie Church ; but the desire of the non-Conformists appears to be now that they should have no religious teaching at all. It would seem that their desire was fully met by exempting their children from the religious teaching given in the school whenever they expressed their wish that this should be the case.

But to understand the case fully, it is necessary also to remember that the attempting practically to close their religious schools were to have, under schools. This was as ungrateful an act Mr. Gladstone's law, only one half the sum necessary for their maintenance, while the Board schools were maintained entirely at the cost of the ratepayers in general. This is admitted by Rev. Mr. Campbell, who states this fact in his address, and that the other half of their maintenance was to be met by voluntary subscription.

Such an arrangement does not ac- tribe recently attacked a French force voluntary or denominational schools. guarding 160 camels at Side El Jady. great injustice, and it accounts in Mr. Campbell. The evangelical fully for the efforts they made on the same footing in regard to Government aid as the Board schools. We contend that laboring under such a the Rev. Mr. Campbell maintains, in increasing the number of pupils in the dicidedly to such a description of the voluntary schools. Its tendency would abuse for his attempt to belittle the to swell the number of their pupils. estimation in which the Rev. Mr. If, therefore it is a fact, as it undoubtedly is, that the voluntary schools side in this dispute, but as the rev. than the Board Schools, it was because gentleman is regarded by so many as the a large majority of the people were in mouthpiece of English Dissenters, we favor of giving a religious education to interest to our readers, especially as the were thus treated; but it is almost matters in dispute regard the question inconceivable how Mr. Gladstone, with The Rev. Mr. Campbell set out in his so grievous a wrong upon a decisive nation. Toronto lecture by declaring his loyalty majority of his countrymen. We feel to the British throne, and especially "to assured that he did not foresee the results which would follow from such exchange for any Sovereign or Presi- legislation. He made a mistake by fathering such a law, and the only way we he would have to say might detract can account for it is that he thought joiced to send their children to schools draw us nearer to Him.

He admitted that previously to 1870 in which no religion should be specifically taught, when once these schools could be established.

As Rev. Mr. Campbell states, the efforts of the Voluntarists by the year 1899, brought it about that five sixths of the cost of education in the Voluntary schools was borne by the Government. But even this was not sufficient to satisfy justice. It is to remedy this, and to place the voluntary or religious schools on an equal footing with the Board schools, that the present Educational Bill was passed under the ana pices of Mr. Balfour's Government, and not for the purpose of inflicting any Educational Bill said that the fact that injustice on the non-Conformists. Still less should he hold that Catholics have supported the Bill for the purpose of inflicting any injustice. The Catholics of England are in favor of the new law because they are included speaker, " to understand the disparity in the benefits conferred by it upon the when it is remembered that the Board large majority of the people of Engschools could not be established where land, and because they are convinced

Rev. Mr. Campbell speaks of the heroism of the non-Conformists who have resolved to refuse payment of school rates under the recent law. He Here we must say that the Rev. Mr. says that "thousands will refuse payment, and their goods will be seized. it which will go to support the denom-

That is to say, they are willing that the general public shall contribute towards maintaining their schools, but they do not wish to contribute a halfpenny for the education of the children not such a disposition of injustice that constitutes a real martyr, but even the martyrdom these non-Conformists have decided to endure is a very cheap martyrdom. We have no doubt that the farmer who had his cart sold at a loss of £17, if he is a real person, bought it in himself at the bailiff's auction, so that he would only have the costs to pay in reality. At least this is what he would have done if he were thrifty, as we presume he was from his having property of such value. He will now have the glory of martyrdom in the estimation of his brethren, at very little expense to himself. The early Christians endured a martyrdom of a very different kind from this.

To these considerations we must add that Mr. Gladstone's law treated very scurvily the religious denominations which had been, as Rev. Mr. Campbell admits, the pioneers of education, in as the French Government has been guilty of in closing by violent means the schools and benevolent institutions conducted by the religious orders.

A CASE OF RETRIBUTION.

A telegram from Algiers states that a body of 500 Moors of the Beraber with poor weapons, the French loss was remarkably large, 10 of the sharpshooters and 2 French corporals having been killed. The Berabers carried off

all the camels. This defeat has the appearance of being a retribution sent by Providence in punishment of the French soldiery for the share they had in suppressing the religious orders. And, further, the soldiers would not have been so readily of ecclesiasticism in the recognized disadvantage, it would not result as overpowered were it not for the incompetency of the Government or in its officers leaving so weak a force exposed to an attack by a powerful force of rev. gentlemen who came from England be to make the Board Schools more Moriscoes. This a parallel case to efficient, and better supplied with the defeat of the Italians some years dangers to be feared from the passing school furniture and apparatus. This ago by the army of King Meneof the English Educational Act, and he fact would naturally make the Board lik. These are not the only has brought upon himself a storm of Schools more desirable, and would help occasions on which the two anti-Catholic Governments have shown their incapacity to rule their respective countries. The French particular-We are not disposed to take either | flourished, and had a larger attendance | ly have lost their ablest army officers by their want of religion, for many of their best and bravest officers resigned their commissions on account of the consider that what he has to say on the their children. The injustice would uncongenial work in which they were English educational struggle will be of have been great if even a minority asked to participate, namely, the closing of the religious schools, and the driving away into exile of unarmed monks and of religious education, in which Canadi- all his wisdom and desire to do justice nuns who were engaged in the manageto all classes, should have inflicted ment of the benevolent works of the

Essence of Worship.

Thanksgiving is of the very essence of Catholic worship. We thank God because we love Him, because His love of us touches us, suprises us, melts us, wins us. We must thank Him, too, that He gives us pains and crosses to THE THEATRE The Rev. Cyrus

AUGUST 1

the Protestant E York City, was pr the Women's Pres the assertion was that the theatre already taken the as the teacher o that more people in the theatres o the churches of t who is himself ar ence that the th way of educating churches.

The Rev. Mr. termined to test education which giving, and for twenty-one pla leaving aside vaudeville whi very objectiona and in most i moral. The results investigations

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THE THEATRE AS A TEACHER.

the Protestant Episcopal Church, New

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady of

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the churches of the city. Mr. Conried,

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15, 1903.

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churches. The Rev. Mr. Brady thereupon determined to test for himself the kind of education which the theatres are giving, and for this purpose attended y injustice. The twenty-one plays during the winter; d are in favor of leaving aside the comic opera and they are included vaudeville which are nearly always red by it upon the very objectionable and low in morality, ne people of Engand in most instances absolutely imey are convinced moral. ell speaks of the

The results of the rev. gentleman's investigations are given in Harper's Bazaar, for July, and are briefly the following :

These twenty-one plays were of the best class exhibited in New York theatres, and from a moral point of view, eight were unobjectionable; but of these eight, four, which is 50 per cent., are described as being "dead dull." Two of these we "twaddle" of the most disgusting character, " having neither originality of plot, brilliancy of dialogue, nor human interest of any sort, save for a few cynical wittieisms and some beautiful stage settings, gowns and scenery."

The acting in these was good, but even good acting could not bring them within the catalogue of useful or interesting drama, yet they were popular plays, and were attended by large crowds of people.

Of the dull quartet, the remaining two were melodramas founded upon historical novels of repute. The novels are in themselves good, but their dramatization was so poor as to be " bemeath contempt."

Four plays were interesting and unexceptionable and were worthy of being seen and heard. But even in these instances they were certainly not of the kind which would instruct their audiences in the way they should go morally, however instructive they may be in the matter of profane history and human character. One was Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, a noble play, no doubt; two had reference to the American Civil war from the Northern and Southern points of view respectively, and the fourth was a drama of Rome in the

Middle Ages, described as "charming." It thus appears that the theatres afford a minimum of instructions, even when the most popular plays are taken in: a minimum of profane instruction, and an infinitismal fraction if we regard them from the point of view of pure

But the other thirteen plays were simply abominable in various degrees. Eleven had episodes of unlawful affection, and were of a character which could not be talked over in decent society, and divorces were as common a feature of them as they are in real life

in the United States. Among these plays were two "grand operas," and these were bad like the rest. The only redeeming feature was that they were in a foreign language which most of the people could not understand-and the critic states that even if they had been sung in English, scarcely any one would understand them. But their action could be understood, and that action was evil. But if they had been understood, the lesson was so bad that it could not be worse. The stories told were absolutely

wicked. And this is the intellectual and moral pabulum which Mr. Conried declares to be the instruction which the majority of the people of New York are receiving in the theatres. If the statistics furnished by this gentleman are true, it is not to be wondered at that faith and morals have been brought to a low ebb, not only in that city, but elsewhere throughout the United States where the story would be the same if there were some equally observant critic to make the round of the theatres as Rev.

Mr. Brady has done. "There was a time when the drama was used for the purpose of strengthening the faith of the public. This was during the very much abused middle ages, when passion and miracle plays and faith plays were almost entirely the kind in which the people delighted. The obscene dramas of paganism were banished by a purified public sentiment, and only plays which were harmless, or which conveyed some religious or moral lesson were represented on the stage; but nowadays for the most part only the worst passions of the multitude of theatre-frequenters are pandered to because they are found to pay best. Mercenary theatrical managers have discovered what will best secure to them | ners.

large audiences, and that is what they furnish. They think only of the gain they can procure, and to this end are York City, was present at a meeting of willing to sacrifice whatever of good the theatre might effect if it were the Women's Press Club last year when managed in the interest of morality the assertion was made by Mr. Conried The abominations of Pagan times are that the theatre may now, if it has not for this reason restored. already taken the place of the Church

It has been well known that in the past the theatre has been conducted in a way to attack the Catholic Church. Theatrical managers do not so often indulge their audiences in this way at the present day, but it cannot be said that there is any improvement in the fact that now Christian morality is ignored, and the fundamental dogmas of the Christian religion are frequently held up to ridicule. It needs no small amount of brazen-facedness to suggest that such an institution should be installed as a moral teacher of mankind to take the place of the Church which Christ Himself has established on earth to point out the way of salvation. The fact that the theatre has so deteriorated is one of many evidences to which we might appeal to show that Christ was wise in instituting a sacred order of teachers of His truth who should devote themselves to the work of propagating His own gospel, instead of leaving it to every individual to strike out his own path for the regeneration of mankind, and to teach the human race the way of salvation.

GAMBLING AT EXCURSIONS.

The Newsboys' Union of Montreal had recently a very successful excursion down the river on the steamer St. Lawrence, whereby a balance of \$245 was added to the treasury of the Union after all expenses were paid. The boys complained, at a meeting which took place subsequently, that gambling devices had been brought into use durfortune and similar schemes for pocketing the spare cash of the youthful excursionists.

Mr. Murphy, the President of the Union, explained that when the steamer was hired, the committee had no idea that gambling schemes would be permitted on the boat, otherwise they would have made it a condition of the agreement that the like should not be tolerated. But when the boat had started, the owners claimed that they always held the right to let out privileges of this kind to outsiders during excursions, without regard to the wishes of the excursionists. Thus the committee had no control in the matter.

schemes, especially when they were forced upon a company of boys. He was loudly cheered by the boys as he thus expressed his views, and one of

the boys remarked: "we earn our gathering.

The use of gambling devices among a growd of boys who are so industriously inclined as the newsboys of Montreal is to be strongly condemned, and it is a pleasure to notice that the boys were vincent de Paul societies, seemed so strong in the same conviction. The particularly to interest him. so strong in the same conviction. The occurrence, however, will make their committees more thoughtful in the future so that they may make provision that the like shall not be allowed on their eventual to be held becomes. their excursions to be held hereafter. Such gambling devices are bad enough when used for the swindling of grown up people, but they are worse when boys who have earned their little wealth so laborously are made the victims, the more so as there is greater danger that they ought to be trained in the way they should go hereafter, instead of becoming experts in gambling schemes

VISITING OUR LORD.

Do you live near a church where our Blessed Lord waits for each of you to call upon Him? He seems to hold out His hand toward you, and His face is so full of love that surely you will enter the church and go up to the altar rail

and speak to Him.

Do you ask what

Have you any trouble? Tell Him about it. Have you any temptation? Confide in Him and ask Him to help you overcome them. Have you some plans of the future. Consult Him; ask His advice; tell Him you want to do only

advice; tell Him you want to do only
what will please Him.
Remember, dear reader, that He died
to save your soul. He dwells in our
churches waiting for us to come to Him
Other friends may be kind and loving for a while, but He is always our Friend,

for a while, but He is always our Friend, ready and willing and anxious to give us graces and blessings.

During this season, when we are trying to live close to His dear Heart, let us go to Him often. Perhaps you live a long distance from the church, or you are in the employ of some one who needs your service many hours in the day, and you are not free to visit our Lord in the tabernacle at any time. Then when your feet cannot take you to Him, let your head, and commune with Him in your heart.

Have you read about St. Gertrude's "Good night, Jesus"? She would bow low and lovingly say, "Good night."

One's own good breeding is the best security against other peoples ill man-



POPE PIUS X.

NEW PONTIFF.

bishop (then Bishop) Farley, of New tary. Tellin Cassidy said:

"We visited the Cardinal Patriarch ing the excursion by professional on Wednesday, November 20, 1901, and gamblers in the form of wheels of I think I can best describe to you my

Father Cassidy then read this extract: "The Bishop and myself having visited the Church in Santa Maria Della Salute, it being the eve of the feast of the Presentation, lingered to look-upon the gray crowd chanting the litany. From vendors at the door we bought two candles, one for myself and one for the Bishop, to burn before the shrine of Our Lady of Health for those we love best of all at home.

"Then crossing the canal in our gondolas, we landed at the Lion of St. Marks and crossed the Piezzetto to visit the living Doge of Venice, Cardinal Sarto. "We had heard much of the Patri-

mittee had no control in the matter.

Mr. Murphy declared that he was entirely opposed to these gambling find him all that we in our imaginations and him all that we in our imaginations had pictured, a real Prince of the Church, stately and gracious, and, withal, most kindly. He impressed us as a most lovable man of fascinating personality.

"He received the Bishop and myself money too hard to have it fooled out of us," and this expression of opinion was also fully acquiesced in by the whole gathering.

"He received the Bishop and myself most graciously, and was most interested in us as coming from the United States—visitors from the new Republic to visit the living Prince of one of the chlort Parables." oldest Republics. His grasp of detail and his knowledge of his diocese and his people first impressed us. All his charitable institutions, the number of inmates and their special work or needs, and particularly the work of the St.

so pleasantly because of its great de-mocracy and the progress of the Church mocracy and the progress of the Catter here. After a most satisfactory visit we bade him goodbye, kissing his ring and receiving his blessing. He kissed the Bishop as they parted. "Later," Father Cassidy continued

" we saw him in the great procession, in company with the Mayor and other

PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY BELIEVE.

It is no longer easy—if it ever was—to tell from sectarian creeds what sectarian ministers believe. Every sect has a creed or formula of faith, but belief in the touch lief in its truth appears to be no longer birding; intellectual assent to it no longer obligatory. Dr. Parkhurst, in a recent sermon, affords an illustration of this fact. The Doctor is a Presbyterian minister. As such he was required to subscribe to the Westminster Confession of Faith, which teaches the Confession of Faith, which teaches the Divinity of Christ. Yet, in his sermon, speaking of our Divine Lord, he said:

Whether when He had reached final and matured decision, and com menced His work of bringing God close to men's hearts and lives, whether then He could forsee how His life's his-tory was to work itself out in all its details, no one can tell; perhaps He did not know at the outset that His mission of bringing God close to men in that way would lead Him over so thorny a path as the one He later followed, but before He commenced work He knew perfectly well what He was going to do and in general how He to do and in general how He was going to do it. The inquisitive and experimental stage was passed. The carpenter shop had done His father and mother, something. His father and mother, of course, the old Hebrew Scriptures, His silent communings out among the hills and in the night, and even that weird experience of His in the wilderness of temptation; these had all contributed temptation; these has an observed in their several ways, and the fruit was finally ripened and mellowed. His mission was to bring God close to men's hearts and lives, and He was going to do that by telling men all that He Himself knew of God, and in the very simplest manner possible of personal inter-

GRAPHIC PEN-PICTURE OF THE officials of the city, all of whom seemed to love the man."
"How did he personally impress

A most graphic and interesting penpicture of the new Pope is given by Rev. Charles Cassidy, rector of St. Peter's Church, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y. Father Cassidy visited Cardinal Sarto in Venice in 1901, at which time he was traveling with Archively after that. He had the same gentle manner. He also put me in mind of St. Vincent de Paul, having that same pasteral look, the real bear cardinal Saro in Venico in which time he was traveling with Arch-bishop (then Bishop) Farley, of New ing of the father with the child, al-York, for whom he was acting as secretary. Telling of his visit, Father his life had been passed as a parish priest

"He is not a large man, as depicted in his pictures, but rather spare, about medium size, with a pleasing but strong voice and the kindliest steady impressions of the man by reading an extract from my diary as I wrote it that night after coming from his house." talks with, but without anything like harsh rebuke. He impresses you as a man of great strength, but gentle. The moment we came in his presence he made us feel at home, although we could not help realizing that we were in the presence of a very strong man. Everything about him, his dress, his home surroundings were simple, like

himself.
"I notice by the papers that he is reported as showing some nervousness when he first appeared before the great throng in Rome, but I don't think that is to be wondered at. On March 4, 1902, when I saw Pope Leo come out before that great multitude, adjust his glasses and sing his 'Deus in Adjutor-ium,' it was deeply impressed upon me what a solemn occasion it was, and I do not wonder that this modest priest, suddenly exalted to so high a position, should feel to the extent of consider able nervousness the great weight of the occasion." Speaking of his general appearance

Speaking of his general appearance Father Cassidy said he reminded him considerably of Archbishop Farley. "His face at that time was very like Bishop Farley's," he said. "It was a little sharper, but had the same kindly expression in the eyes and the same facely manner and as seen as the mon frank manner, and as soon as the men met there seemed at once to spring up ost congenial feeling between them He and the Bishop talked as if they had been acquainted for many years.

"Much of their conversation that day was about this country, the con-dition of the Church here and the wonderful freedom and liberty it was given here. At that time I felt convinced that he was the coming Pope, and Bishop Farley and I talked about it frequently after that. We were three months in Rome and Italy, and during that time we met all the Cardinals, and I do not recall that Sarto was ever e met all the Cardinals, and spoken of as a possible candidate for Pope Leo's successor by any one save the Bishop and myself. Almost every other Card nal was spoken of in that

course and sympathetic touch."

Now in all this it will be noted that there is not the slightest bint that the Being the preacher refers to was and is the true God, the Second Person of the Trinity, incarnate. The very contrary of this is implied. For instance:

"Whether then He could foresee how His life history was to work itself out in all its details, no one can tell." Certainly all those of average intelli-gence who believe that Christ is God and that God is omniscient, can see and must see that He foresaw or knew how history, in all its details, was to be worked out.

Again: " Perhaps He did not know at the outset that His mission of bring ing God close to men in that way would lead Him over so thorny a path as the ne He later followed."

Here again the supposed ignorance of the future is incompatible with the be-lief that Christ is God. In like manner through the whole piece there is an im-plied disbelief in the Divinity of Christ.

We once met on a train a minister, a strenuous prohibitionst. In the course of conversation on his favorite subject the "faith that worketh by charity" he said in a tone of pious conviction:

(Gal. 5:6), for though its light is white
in itself, like the light of faith in the liquor has caused I think He would not have made wine one of the elements of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.'

We asked: "Do you believe in the Divinity of our Lord; that is, that He is God?"

Oh, certainly !" he said. We said no more, gave no indication of our opinion of his intellect. He got off at a little station, and we suppose to this day—if he still lives—he thinks he believes in the Divinity of our Lord. And doubtless so does Dr. Parkhurst in regard to his belief. — New York Free-

THE QUESTION - BOX ANSWERS.

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS RECEIVED ON MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

By Rev. Bertrand L. Conway of the Paulist Fathers. In his preface to this book Cardinal Gibbons states that it "answers in a brief and popular manner the most imbrief and popular manner the most important questions actually received by the author during the past five years of missionary activity in all parts of the United States from Boston to Denver." These words of praise are weighty, coming as they do from one who has himself prepared a work of the same nature, long since become one of the most popular books of the nineteenth century. Father Conway gathers under more than sixty titles a multitude of objections received by the Diostions actually received by tude of objections received by the Diocesan Missionaries on their apostolic tours here and there in the United States. Not all of them affect immediately the special tenets of Catholicism. The rule of faith, the "notes" of the true Church, politico-ecclesiastical matters, peculiar institutions of Catholicism like celibacy, abstinence, fasting and indulgences, come in for a large meed of explanation. The Mass, the Sacraments, the Blessed Virgin and the life to come, are other sources of ignorance or misunderstanding. It is remarkable to what an exing. It is remarkable to what an extent these average objections of the non-Catholic mind square with the original polemics of Protestantism in the sixteenth century, or when they are new, are nearly all drawn from erroneous views of the great lines of the Church. It needs no profound the Church. It needs no profound work like Moehler's Symbolism to grapple with this material—one would think after reading the book that the average American mind had been little

average American mind had been little touched by the advanced Protestant theological literature of the last two centuries. If these objections really represent the elements of religious doubt and hesitation in the American mind as regards Catholicism, there is reason for believing the assertion of Mr. Henry Sidgwick in a late issue of the Atlantic Monthly, viz., that there is no longer any insurmountable doctrinal obstacle to the reunion of the Protestant churches with the Roman Protestant churches with the Roman Church on the basis of her actual teach-ing. There are other instructive thoughts suggested by the examination of these curious statistics.

This little catechism may rightly hope to become a popular vade mecum. Its place is already marked in the average of the company besides the

age Catholic home library besides the Faith of Our Fathers and the Catholic Doctrine of Faa di Bruno, not to speak of older works like Hay's Sincere Christian and Milner's End of Controversy. The style is quite suitable to the scope of the work—direct, clear, and simple. There is a sustained effort to make known frankly and sufficiently the elements of Catholic truth and disthe elements of Catholic truth and dis-cipline in a diction that avoids theolog-ical phraseology without losing fullness and precision. The writer does not try to say all that might be said, but only what is needed to make clear the im-mediate vision of his opponent or dismediate vision of his opponent or disciple. Such a book is equipped to take care of itself, to be its own tongue, its own commentary. Its circulation should therefore be an unlimited one. Improvements will no doubt be suggested. Thus, the titles of all books Improvements will no doubt be suggested. Thus, the titles of all books cited are indeed printed in a special bibliography, but they might be again grouped with others in a logical order, to furnish a course of regular and progressive reading in Catholic theology and history. The titles of chapters ought to be numbered both in the text and in the table of contents, and with this might be combined a progressive numbering of all the paragraphs. Where an index-subject includes several references, it might be well to ineral references, it might be well to in-troduce the practice of indicating in heavier type the page or pages where an objection is most efficiently dealt with. Finally, we cannot help suggesting that a companion volume of "Select Readings" be issued, drawn, when possible, from eloquent non-Catholic writers, and by cross-references made to act as a companion or key to certain important lines of objection. We wish Father Conway and his co-laborers an eyer-growing measure of success in the ever-growing measure of success in the immense vineyard that has been allotted to them. Here grow brambles, it is true, and here are the ruins of a rich true, and here are the ruins of a rich cultivation—but here also are fertile soil, abundant sap, racy if wild fruit, the traces of former success and comfort, consoling and inspiriting evidences of former unity and communion. Only the persistent and ingenious husbandry of charity may hope to reclaim these lost provinces from the moral desolation that has fallen or is impenddesolation that has tallen or is impending over them—but it is precisely as Catholicism that the Almighty has planted the inexhaustible reservoir of charity, as wide as the world and humanity, and as inexhaustible as the divine love itself.—Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan in Catholic University Rulletin Shahan in Catholic University Bulletin. For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD

Red Altar Lamps.

It is no danger signal, that red light which burns before the Tabernaele, but a loving invitation to us to draw near to Him Who, for our sakes, is always living and loving in the Blessed Sacrament. How like a throbbing human heart it seems, as the little flame now rises and now falls, "in its untired un rest," as if joy or sorrow really ruled its feebly fluttering pulse. In that red human intellect, yet to the bystander and to Him whose hidden presence it is the outward sign, it appears through its colored medium, just as our faith is manifested by the love of our ruddy human heart. At times it is suggestive human heart. At times it is suggestive also of the Passion of our Blessed Lord, as it seems to burn with an oil racy of the reddened soil beneath one olive of the Garden of Gethsemane. So may the Garden of Gethsemane. So may my poor heart burn faithfully with love for my dear Redeemer, whenever He deigns to take up His abode within the living tabernacle of my breast!—Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I.

HAVE YOU GOT A PEW?

Not infrequently does one hear complaints against pastors because of cer-tain regulations which they have been compelled to adopt with regard to the pews in their churches. It is made to appear that charges are levied for the privilege and duty of hearing Mass, that pastors seek to make a show of poverty by setting aside seats for those who cannot pay for them and similar unwarranted criticisms, but all are

without foundation.

It is true that all Catholics have a common interest in their parisichurches, providing, however, they con tribute to their support. It is also true that they have the right to worship therein, although they do not com ply with this imperative duty. This by no means, however, implies that their use and privilege are without limitations. The rights of others are likewise involved, and in order that all may be properly respected certain reg-ulations must be complied with. Their right and duty to attend serv-

ice does not extend to the occupation of places for which others pay. When an individual rents and pays for a pew or a portion thereof, that becomes his ex clusive property, and he is entitled to its enjoyment whensoever he wishes. It is the intruder's business to vacate if such becomes necessary, and this he

than that, it is the duty of the pastor to protect the pew-holder in the enjoyment of his rights.

The difficulty, however, could be removed if every family and every single person were to own a pew or a portion of one. There would then be no necessity for the enforcement of rigid regulations. Notither would there be complaints. for the enforcement of rigid regulations. Neither would there be complaints. But there are many other potent reasons why every member of a parish should be a pew-owner. To the younger members of the family it gives a fixed place in the house of God. It impresses upon them an independence and encourages them in the habit of regularity. It keeps them from getting close to the them in the habit of regulary. It is keeps them from getting close to the door and often from getting entirely outside the church. But above all, it will teach them their duty to their fellow-worshippers.—Church Progress.

THE "YELLOW" PAPERS RE-BUKED.

London, Aug. 7.—The Times' correspondent at Rome says: There is no basis for the old "misconception," fostered chiefly by the continental press, concerning the conduct of the Sacred College before and during the deliberations. He recalls that the strange tales of intrigues and counter-intrigues, the private rancors and petty feuds told at the time of the conclave which elected the time of the conclave which the Leo XIII. were afterwards disproved when the true history of the conclave was written, and says that much the same process has been taking place during the conclave just closed. One seemed to be witnessing the reproduction of the language of the conclave in the language of the conclave in the language of the langu tion of an old play wherein all the antiquated stage properties were again brought to sight. Stage Cardinals acted as stage Cardinals should—bickacted as stage Cardinals should—bick-ered, quarrelled, intrigued and entered upon dark conspiracies for the con-fusion of their enemies, while in the background stalked mysterious figures, background stated mysterious agreements of kings, emperors and potentates. It would be useless, probably, to protest that this was not a true picture, and it must be confessed that the reality was decorous; in fact, rather dull beside the stirring sensations of the melodrama. Yet behind the scenes, where one could witness the actual manufacture of the puppets who were placed on the stage, one was sometimes amazed at the gulli one was sometimes analysed at the bility of a world which believed in their reality. As it is useless to protest, one must be content to state the firm conviction, based on the closest and most careful observation of recent

No one who realizes and heartily accepts the unique position of the Catholic Church, founded on the Rock, Peter; no one who bears in mind the promise made by the Divine and venerable lips of God Incarnate, that the gates of hell should never prevail against it, can have any misgiving as to the sufficiency of her authority in all that concerns the composition, integrity, inspiration, authenticity and trustworthiness, etc., of the Holy Bible, of which she has ever been the zealous and devoted custodian and the infallible expositor. - Mgr. Vaughan.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF POPE LEO XIII.



This magnificent painting of this Rolliness Pope Leo XIII. is the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, J. A. Mohlbe, who, in painting this picture, has had the advantage of the constant criticism and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Cabholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect, as anything that has been brought out. It is, indeed, a portrait true to life, Size 22x27. The work has been gotten out at an expense of over \$5,000, the lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. Post paid, 50c. Address Catholic Record Office London, Ont.

ence of Worship. ing is of the very essence worship. We thank God ove Him, because His leve es us, suprises us, melts us, we must thank Him, too, es us pains and crosses to arer to Him.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHO-OLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCLXIII.

We have been considering the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill, as the main illustration of the possible variation between the immutable substance of a moral commandment and the different limitations beyond which the letter of it does not bind in different

ages or countries.

It is plain that the commandment forbids the taking of innocent human life, or of guilty, except for public ends, and by public authority. The sense of the guiltiness of murder naturally first expresses itself in the deep resentment of the kindred of the murdered man. This long antedates that completeness of social organization which assigns the punishment of the murderer to designated public functionaries. Therefore the "avenger of blood," although originally the organ of family anger, becomes, by tacit social convention, becomes, by tacit social convention, the organ of society itself in the pun-ishment of the guilty. Therefore the act which in other men would be mur-der, in him becomes the warranted pun-

is ment of murder. We knew that early Israel had not We knew that early Israel had not advanced beyond this incompleteness of social organization. Accordingly the Law does not as yet undertake to supersede the "avenger of blood." It contents itself with appointing the six cities of refuge, which, if the slayer and greath he was in safety until it. could reach, he was in safety until it could be ascertained whether he were really guilty, or whether his act was an nt accident. If the latter appeared, he dwelt tranquilly in his ne abode until the death of the high-priest

abode until the death of the migraphose and then returned unmolested home. This rude but not ineffective execu-tion of public justice, has long survived, even in various Christian land and various Christian ages. We see Dante in the Inferno un easy in conscience at the disdainful anger of a kinsman whose murder he had not avenged. As late as his time, primitive society is seen contend-

ing with its more advanced form.

Accordingly Christians generally and
the Roman Church in particular are not to be censured if they vary widely in their moral judgments of this primitive form of society in its various stages. They would be censurable if they did not vary, if they put the same mark upon an act of private veng-eance and upon the same act when meant, and received, as the sentence of society, or upon the same act when there is no public executor of justice, or when there is one, but his function is still struggling with the earlier order, or when he has come to be fully recognized as the only agent who has the right and duty to decree

the supreme punishment.
Protestant societies, from their new ness, are under one great disadvantage in their moral judgments. They are more inclined to strictness than to breadth. This is a fault on the right but a fault it is nevertheless. side, but a fault it is nevertheless. Breadth is perfectly compatible with strictness, but a dull and monotonous strictness may be hopelessly incompatible with breadth. Protestantism, having inherited, and in part helped to create, the completer social order, is tempted to confine itself within its own traditions, and to use a pharisaical pride towards earlier ages and alien

Countries.

Rome certainly has one great advan tage in her antiquity, and in her wide spiritual control. These give her the opportunity of using a broad consider-ateness of charity, while they in no way impede the utmost strictness of moral judgment in each question of the pres-

ent, or in each region.

Protestants must not be too much put out if they find Rome rather amused influenced by their flings, than greatly influenced by their flings, sometimes at her casuistic looseness, sometimes at her sullen rigor. She can hardly be expected to forget that she has been revolving all these questions for eighteen centuries to their three, and over a very much wider extent of the planet. Therefore much which they upbraid as laxity she has a right to presume likely to turn out a wise elasticity in the application of immutable principles, and much which they denounce as rigor to be in fact a needed strictness in the control of intractable disciples.

A great part, much the greater part, A great part, much the greater part, indeed, of the strictures of Protestant controversy on points of moral teaching, does not apply to the Holy See itself, but simply to particular theologians. The embodiment of laxity, we know, is commonly found in the Jesuits, yet so determined an enemy of Jesuitism yet so determined an enemy of Jesuitism and of Catholicism as the Catholic and Jesuit Count von Hoensbroech has be come, takes pains none the less to extol the beautiful purity of Jesuitmoral teach ing, which, he declares, is also exemp-lified in Jesuit conduct. The latter eulogy, indeed, is passed upon the Jesuits by Pascal himself. Therefore Jesuits by Fascai maseli.
it hardly seems fair to attack the Holy
See because it favors the Jesuits, if
their teaching and lives are so exemplary as their renegade enemy Coun von Hoensbroech declares.

Von Hoensbroech does not deny that

there are many untenable ethical posi-tions found in Jesuit writers. Out of near 30,000 books turning on such matters, how could it possibly be otherwise? how could it possibly be otherwise? Should I have recourse only to such Reformed writers as have the supreme rank in the Protestant world, I could easily prove that Protestantism teaches polygamy; the duty of obeying the Government rather than God; the duty of loving the King as much as God; the holiness of assassination, and of the holiness of assassination, and of religious slander, if used against Papthe obligation, so far as possible, of putting all Catholics to the sword, or of burning them alive, with their wives, their children, and their cattle; the obligation of reducing the common people throughout the world to slavery, and meanwhile of subduing their spirits by unintermitting cruelties, and by semi-starvation; and the triviality of sensual sin, in every natural form; in every one who keeps up a confidence of his own justification.

All these propositions I can easily and if increasing prove out of Luther, Melanchthon, in eternity.

Bucer, Beza, Cranmer. Calvin is only answerable for the injunction to put the Papists to the sword. Here then all this horrible concatenation of horrible

this horrible concatenation of horrible tenets can be proved out of six Heads of the Reformation. Now almost all the obnoxious propositions gleaned out of the 30,000 Jesuit books, put together, are from writers whose relative rank in their Order and in their Chesch is invisible companed with the rank in their Order and in their Church, is invisible compared with the rank of the six Reformers among us. Moreover, a large proportion of these objectionable tenets of Jesuit writers have been condemned from 70 to 100-have been condemned

by the Holy See and rejected by the Society. When has one of the Pro-testant abominations cited above been condemned by any Protestant author-ity? Yet is it true that Protestantism, as such, teaches one of these things? Assuredly not. No one has ever been sworn to maintain them. A ever been sworn to maintain them. A deep and ineffaceable disgrace rests in the state of the teachings especially of Luther, Melanethon, Bucer, Beza and Cranmer, but no Protestant creed has received these detestable things, and the Protestantism of the present abhors them all. It says: "Give them a fleeting glance and pass them

Yet how can we, for very shame, talk about rejected and Papally condemned propositions of forgotten theologians, when such fearful things stare us in the face out of the works of our own canonized leaders? To be sure the greater part of this inexpressible impudence is owing to our profound ignorance. There never has been greater cunning than in the selection of things that Protestants have been permitted to know.

I may remark that some time ago I informed a Congregational clergyman of Luther's permission of divorce—if the husband had scruples about polygamy in case the life were leprous, or incurably insane. His only remark was: "What inhumanity!" What other remark can be made? Yot the great Doctor Hase does not hesitate to vindicate Luther. I verily believe that if Luther had excused the abominations of the Plain, there are men who would say he was right.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

TEMPERANCE IN SCHOOLS.

A great deal of attention is paid now a days in the schools to the study of physiology and hygiene. The subject of alcohol on the human system is genor alcohol on the human system is generally ignored. It is reserved for the adult period, and when, in many instances, the knowledge imparted is summed up, it consists of goody-goody talk, and the "awful example." How far all this goes with the alcoholic vic tim, or the one not so much gone, but accustomed to a "nip," let those who have made statistics of reformation give the figures. Childern should be taught the disastrous results of intemperance. They are taught intelligence in many things, teach them intelligent sobriety. Good citzenship, if no other motive, should require this study. The high-est standard of civic virtue can never be reached by an intemperate people. We mean scientific temperance, and it should be taught in the schools of the entire nation. The text books now used, in which children are taught what used, in which enligher are taught what are foods and what are poisons, the dangers which arise from bad air, etc., could well embrace temperance study in a form adapted to their capacity.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"The time was, and not by any eans remote either," of Halifax, N. S., when parents generally were earnest in the work of imparting moral and religious instruction to their childern. Their duties in other matters, nor their pleasures, did not obstruct or hinder the performance of that task: they regarded it, and rightly too, as a sacred fobligation for the discharge of which they would be strictly held accountable, and realizing the ly held accountable; and realizing the grave responsibilities it cast upon them, they, for the most part, earnestly and assiduously endeavored to meet and satisfy these with a true Christian very different condition prespirit. A very different condition pre vailes to-day in a great many homes This great work referred to is, for the most part, left to the teacher, to the most part, left to the teacher, to the Sunday school, and to the pulpit. These are, and should only be, regard-ed as aids to the parent in the matter of moral and religious instruction. Neither the daily nor the Sunday-school teacher can do this work as efficiently as it should be done. The services as it should be done. The set are of the parent, to the same end, are of the parent, all important. ever-necessary and all important.

Doing it for Love of God.

A nun relates this anecdote: "A carpenter was fixing some presses in our sacristy and the Sister who overlocked the work asked him if he was attentive to his religious duties. He replied, 'I have not time to do much, but I have never forgotten one little but I have never forgotten one little practice taught me long ago by one of the holy priests who was a saint— Father Furniss was his name. During the mission of Ann's street he told us we need not go on our knees to pray, but we should from time to time raise our hearts to God during our work and our hearts to God during our work and say: "My Jesus, I do this for love of Thee." I can never forget the impression the sermon of that holy Father made upon me, and very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught

"This simple avowal explained some thing which had often surprised us— we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reaon, but we were far from suspecting that he was breathing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago

from the zealous Redemptorist."
That intention would turn into heavenly gold the labors, meals, amusements and sufferings of every day. It It would make them precious in the eye of God. It would lay up treasures that would make a competence for eternity.

Throughout the whole of our life our charity ought to be on the increase; and if increased, so will be our bliss

FIVE-MINUTES SERMON.

Eleventh Sunday After Pentecost.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST. hath done all things well." (St. Mark vii. 31, 37.)

This was the verdict of those who knew our Lord Jesus Christ in the flesh, of those who heard His words and witnessed His deeds. And this too has been the words of the similar or has been the verdict of the civilized world for eighteen hundred years. For that Jesus Christ "hath done all things well" is admitted even by those who refuse to accept His doctrines or subrefuse to accept His doctrines or sub-mit to His law. And Jesus Christ is the only being that ever lived on this earth in whose character men have not been able to discover some flaw, in whose actions they have not been able to find some fault.

And this fact is in itself a sufficient

proof of the Christian religion. For it is universally recognized that error, in a greater or less degree, is an essential characteristic of everything human; that there is nothing mortal that is not by the very necessity of things more or less imperfect, so that we are accus-tomed to associate imperfection in some tomed to associate imperfection in some tomed to associate imperiection in some shape or other with every man and with every work of man. We certainly know of nothing human that is absolutely perfect, and we have yet to hear of any mere man in the whole history of the race of whom it can be said with absolute truth, "He hath done all things well." The noblest in intellect we read of were astray on a thousand points, the noblest hearts had a thousand failings, men of the most exalted natures have always had their little weaknesses, and men of the high-est sanctity their little imperfections. There is only one Character that stands out on the vast and shifting cene of human life that is faultless, and concerning Whom it can be said with absolute truth "He hath done all things well "-Jesus Christ!

And as it is simply impossible for human nature ever to transcend itself or escape the consequences of its innate imperfection, that unique and solitary being, the sum of all perfec-tion, Jesus Christ, must be more than human and hence divine. The Son of God is equal to the Father no less

in the pages of human history than in the Gospel of St. John.

No man or work of man has ever stood the supreme test of perfection, but Jesus of Nazareth has stood this test. His own immediate disciples and followers, who were with Him day by day, and the multitudes that constantly day, and the multitudes that constantly gathered round Him, could detect no weakness in Him; His very enemies, who dogged His steps and tried to ensnare Him in His speech and action, could find in Him no shadow of contradiction. Perfect candor, perfect consistency, divine strength and harmony, marked every phase of His life and conduct. The civilized and ad-vanced races of mankind have for eighteen centuries made Jesus Christ the subject of their profoundest thoughts and investigations, and they thoughts and investigations, and they have found nothing but perfection in Him. Infidelity itself pays homage to His perfection; for while it refuses to submit to His yoke, it acknowledges with Pontius Pilate that it can find nothing to condemn in Him, and even the lips of unbelievers hesitate not to proclaim Him the perfect sage, perfect moralist, who "hath

all things well."

In view of all this, what guilty pride, what blind perversity can lead men to reject Christ and His teachings?
Does the world present any other such model and guide? Can human life have any higher aim than the imitation of Jesus of Nazareth? On the basis of pure reason alone, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the only Being worthy of our rational confidence and worthy of our rational confidence and and adoration and love.

OUR RELIGION.

Unity of doctrine we have said is one of the principal m established by our Lord. established by our Lord. The leasts we have likewise hinted at in the preceding article. This we find briefly but cogently set forth by St. Paul when addressing himself to the Ephesians: "One processing himself to the Ephesians." dressing nimsel to the Epitesian. One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism. One God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in usall." Further we claim this unity is found nowhere else but in the Catholic Church.

Those who would have confirmation of he claim need only make comparisons with and observations of other Christian systems. Some of these bodies we note by their very name carrying the distincby their very name carrying the distinc-tion of sectionalism. Others we find pro-fessing opposite views upon the same points of doctrine. Others we find at war upon ceremonials, while others have no definite doctrine whatever. All assume the Bible, no word of which our Lord Himself wrote, as the sole depository of salvation. Yet the members of each recognize no authority for its interpretation but their own individual conception of its meaning. Confusion of doctrine, therefore, they have in place of unity of faith. Theirs, therefore, cannot be the Church of God.

How different we discover conditions in the Catholic Church, claiming the sole custody of the doctrines of Christ. Here we note a common creed in every quarter of the world. No matter what quarter of the world. No matter what the country, what the custom or what the tongue, the Catholics, wherever they be, are at home in their worship. You will find them under various flags, differing in temperaments and temporal interests, and with divergent views on

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all matters but the question of faith. all matters but the question of father. In this they are one, confessing allegiance and obedience in spirituals to the successor of St. Peter, the Pope of Rome. Such is the unity of the Catholic Church, which professes the same faith, the same sacraments, the same received. In a word, the one Lord, the faith, the same sacraments, the same sacrifice. In a word, the one Lord, the one faith and the one baptism of St. Paul.—Church Progress.

USELESS WORRY.

We worry and fret about many things the things of the world; and our daily necessities may cause us anxieties, but if we are in the grace of God, says a Paulist, we are free from our princi-pal worry, the weight of the displeasure, of God. We enjoy, after all, a solid peace which we can fall back upon. We can pray to God and get consola-tian for all our other troubles. All things work together for good to those who love God. All things—there is no exception. We must suffer, but this consideration takes off the sharp edges a Paulist, we are free from our princiconsideration takes off the sharp edges of our suffering. It is this which enables us to endure our pains. which reconciles us to death when it approaches. If we would be in peace as far as it is possible in this life, we must practice this conformity of our will to the will of God. The events of life will furnish us with plenty of occasions. When we are inclined to murmur let us make an act of resignation Let these acts be made in our prayers constantly until it becomes a second nature with us, and then the peace of God, which the world cannot give, God will give us-a peace which will endure for all eternity.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT SELF-LOVE CHIEFLY KEEPS A PER SON BACK FROM THE SOVEREIGN GOOD.

Why dost thou pine away with vain grief. Why dost thou suffer thyself to be overwhelmed with useless cares?

Be resigned to My good pleasure,

and thou shalt suffer no loss.

If thou seekest this or that, or ouldst be here or there, for the sake of thy own interest or the pleasing of thy own will, thou wilt never be at rest

nor free from solicitude; for every thing thou wilt find some defect, and in every place there will be some one who will cross thee.

It is not therefore the obtaining or multiplying things exteriorly that avails thee, but rather the despising of

avails thee, but rather the despising of them and the cutting them up by the root out of thy heart; and this I would not have thee to understand only with regard to money and riches, but also with regard to the ambition of honour and the desire of empty praise, all which things pass away with the world.

The place avails little, if the spirit of fervour be wanting; neither will that peace stand long which is sought from abroad, it the state of thy heart wants the true foundation, that is, if thou stand not in me: thou mayest thou stand not in me: thou mayest

change, but not better thyself. For when occasion happens, thou wilt find that which thou didst fly from and even more.

For a Better Life.

Look back on your life and see what blessed influences have come to you to form your character, to ennoble your aims, to inspire you with a true spirit.

KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Cured By Dr. William's Pink Pills For Pale People.

SUFFERERS FROM THIS DISEASE ARE IN GREAT PERIL AND SHOULD NOT EX-PERIMENT WITH OTHER MEDICINES. From The Sun Seaforth, Ont.

The kidneys are the most important organ. They must filter every drop of blood in the body. If the blood is weak the kidneys cannot do their work, so the blood is left unfiltered and foul, and the kidneys are left clogged with poison-ous impurities. Then come the back-aches that mean fatal kidney disease Don't neglect that backache for a moment. Strike at the root of the very first symptoms of kidney trouble by en-riching the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills — the only medicine that maker the blood rich, red and health-

Mr. Wm. Holland, of Seaforth, Ont. has proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure the most obstinate case of kidney trouble. To a reporter of the Sun he freely gave the particulars of his case: "I have suffered from kidney trouble for about two years," said Mr. Holland. "Sometimes the backache which accompanied the trouble would which accompanied the trouble would be so severe that I would be unable to work, and I have often suffered severely for weeks at a time. I tried a number of medicines said to be a cure for kid-ney trouble, but I found nothing to help me until on the advice of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills soon began to make their good work felt, and after using them for about a month every vestige of the trouble had disappeared, and I have proved a great blessing to me and I am always glad to say a good word in their favor.

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in a short time.

Mary Grenier, Brighton.

"I am more than pleased

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"The Bombardment of Alexandria,"

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J. A. Nelles,

Think of Heaven. What can be better than to meditate on the place to which Jesus Christ has ascended? As those who every day think of our Lord, if only for one

moment, become each day more like Him in mind, ways of acting, and intentions, so each time we think of Heaven we become more fit for it.

God's wiser ways demand our faith, were it only for our own sake. If all were revealed, all would be commonplace. It is better to believe and hope than to see.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D. Even in those who enjoy friendship it

Even in those who enjoy friendship it is limited; our poor weak senses separate us in many ways from those we love best, and it is only in Heaven that our embrace will be everlasting.—Lacor-You cannot be happy while you have corns, Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Hollo-way's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is un-known.

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of the darkest sho upon any soul in shadow of the thin

to our hand, lot way again. Let sleep any night that omitted that day,

service of love. L

AUGUST 15, 1

CHATS WITH

The only way to n nothing undone at day's work in its postpone or defer a to our hand, for we

R. Miller. Glimpses of Little by little truth. The more kind and the advadividual depend of perfection spring any mind, but life come to us the when each one see his own heart and acter, how he may justice and help for him to disce clouds, to let no he has made it h

only, but also in his conceptions of pand and his cha You can see a of any city men, too, of good started out in lit started out in Intions; once it w bright, promisi looked happily i whose daily br their purity and some of them is away to confid wonder what ca change—the co ows-that is con

Going to the companionship and use mone the stealthy, vance of the ap the treachero gaming table; terest in busing build a man up all noble purp ness; the rec against fate : ever breaking What victorie what harvest D Whenever desert, we ar

admiration; clusters of th n the beau pleasure, ta course. It lives. Unles ers of kindne vice blossom we so admire ful beauty. adopt them, advance. every chan old proverb is much mor Don't be as served, wil

> man. The with the h raw apprendoes not so but sees e measure. stack, but ordered deliberate understar science some heathem. The are rare selves an intellige staleness not unde opening panses a The plea his life l the last Th

man of for

young nare all s outline whatev and int of relig practic craft, and the especi to dir

The 1

eratu ments instru and a furnis in th know good healt

esting, especially if he has risen from the table a quarter ahead. At another meet-

able a quarter allead. It is the friends resume their game, this

time with two companions. They play

longer as the two new friends are 'old-timers' at the game. One is winning and secretly congratulates himself, while another who is losing does not smile so cheerfully as he did at first.

game, more determined to meet again. The winners find gambling more profit-

the work the proprietors neglect, busi-

ness may succeed but success in business

is oftener the result of constant atten-

the loss at a single game, but the los

is the destruction of energy, mental,

is the destruction of the style moral and physical.

Peace of mind, honesty, self-reliance, friends, principle—these, and similar blessings and virtues are sacrificed to the sampler's appetite for the

appease the gambler's appetite for th

I have not said anything which every

youth of common sense does not know. I cannot do more now than say that my purpose in writing the above is to warn young men against gambling.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DOROTHY'S NEW FRIEND. Once upon a time—that time was last

year—there was a small girl named Dor-

There were two girls in the private

said one day to Laura. "She knows more games than any of us, and I think Florence is perfectly piggy not to let her come in to play with us."

"But, oh, Dorothy," Laura said very solemnly. "Don't you know Florence's father is a greatlawyer, and Nore's father is a ianitor?"

When May came, Dorothy's mothe

Nora's father is a janitor?"

ewards of chance.

longer as the two new friends are

3., Secretary.

is hig, handsome Doll, comy dressed, for selling only
tures at Loc. each. The
of His Holiness has created a
demand for his pictures, and
tre so large, so beautiful and so,
that you have only to show
to sell them. We also gives
bertificate free with each pic.
Write to-day and this beauDolly will be your very own
short time.
Ty Grenier, Brighton, Ont., said
am more than pleased with my
It is a perfect beauty. Every
hinks it is a sweet dollie."
zite Sproat, Newdale, Man., said
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00 pages. Price 20c., post paid.
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The only way to make sure of leaving The only way to make sure of leaving nothing undone at last is to do each day's work in its day. Let us never pestpone or defer any duty that comes to our hand, for we shall not pass this Let us know before we way again. way again. Let us anothing has been sleep any night that nothing has been omitted that day, no little task, no omitted to too sacred to service of love. Life is too sacred to be marred by blanks and breaks. One be marred by blanks and that can fall of the darkest shadows that can fall upon any soul in its last days is the shadow of the things left undone.—J. R. Miller.

Glimpses of a Better Life. Little by little must we receive the truth. The moral progress of mankind and the advancement of each individual depend upon this. No ideal dividual depend upon this. No ideal of perfection springs up ready formed in any mind, but glimpses of a better life come to us all. There are times when each one sees how he may purify his own heart and elevate his own characters have he may further the course of acter, how he may further the cause of justice and help his fellow-men. It is him to discern these rifts in the clouds, to let not one pass away until he has made it his own, not in thought ne has made it his own, not in thought only, but also in life. Thus alone will his conceptions of moral goodness ex-

pand and his character improve.

You can see any day in the streets of any city men who look damaged. Men, too, of good original material, who Men, too, of good original material, who started out in life with generous aspirations; once it was said that they were bright, promising lads; once they looked happily into the faces of mothers, whose daily breath was a prayer for their purity and peace. Ah! what if some of them have vowed their souls away to confiding wives who silently wonder what can be the meaning of this change—the cold, slow-creeping shadchange-the cold, slow-creeping shad--that is coming over the house and

Going to the bad; the spell of evil Going to the bad; the spell of evil companionship; the willingness to hold and use money not honestly gained; the stealthy, seductive, plausible ad-vance of the appetite for strong drink; vance of the appetite for strong drink; the treacherous fascination of the gaming table; the gradual loss of in-terest in business, and in doings which build a man up; the rapid weakening of all noble purposes; the decay of manli-ness; the recklessness and blasphemy against fate; the sullen despair of ever breaking the chains of evil habits. What victories of shame and contempt, what harvest of hell, have grown from such seed as this!

Don't Be Asleep.

Whenever we find a flower in the desert, we are startled into unbounded admiration; when we behold whole clusters of them in a garden, we gaze on the beautiful spectacle with calm pleasure, taking it as a matter of course. It is the same in our own lives. Unless we are wide awake for every chance; unless, we see the flowevery chance; unless we see the flowers of kindness, of culture and of advice blossoming around us, and unless we so admire and appreciate their useful beauty, that we are induced to ful beauty, that we are induced to adopt them, for ourselves—we cannot advance. Be ready always to use every chance offered you. Men of business are accustomed to quote the old proverb—"Time is money," but it is much more. It is self-culture, self-imprograment and growth of character.

is much more. It is self-culture, self-improvement and growth of character. Don't be asleep! In the life you lead you will find many lives, which, if observed, will lead you to another self whom, in after years, you will know as 'your better self.'

Life After' Forty.

The best half of life is in front of a man of forty, if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master, and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack, but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world so new, and the future so fresh, as to him who has spent the earlier years of his manhood in striving to Since the famous day when King Since the famous day when King Since the famous day when King ier years of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science and life, and who has made some headway toward comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves and as a part of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing a staleness in life and its duties he cannot understand. Knowledge is always not understand. Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses and more commanding heights. The pleasure of growing knowledge and increasing power makes every year of his life happier and more hopeful than

Things We Should All Know.

The things which every Catholic young man ought to know thoroughly are all summed up under four heads:

1. The truths of faith, the principal public offices of the Church, the general outline of Biblical and Church history, the lives of his patron spints; in short.

the lives of his patron saints; in short, whatever is necessary to a thorough and intelligent knowledge and practice

of religion.

2. The theory, principles, rules and practical details of his chosen handi-

craft, trade or profession.

3. The constitution of this country and the general outlines of its history, as well as of universal history; and especially the true Christian solution of the social and economic problems with which, as an elector, he is called upon to directly or indirectly deal.

4. A few of the masterpieces of lit-

erature and art, and a few accomplisherature and art, and a lew accomplishments like singing, playing on musical instruments, swimming, rowing, etc., and a few bright games; for these will furnish him with innocent, healthy and

durnish him with innocent, healthy and cheering diversions for mind and body in the intervals of his labor.

He who possesses these four kinds of knowledge is thoroughly equipped for good citizenship in the Christian commonwealth and is prepared to lead a healthful and happy life that will benefit the present world and prepare him

pretending to knowledge which he does not possess. Determination is Greater than Achieve.

ment.

It was thirst for knowledge — this hunger for achievement,—which gives to Governor Brooks the courage to carry his trunk on his back a long dis-tance to the city when he started out to study law.

suggest five cents a "corner," and the other, though he prefers not to gamble, feels that he would appear cowardly if he did not yield readily to the proposition. The evening wears on, and while neither gains or loses much the five cent corner afforded considerable mirth and the novice admits to himself that a little stake made the game interesting, especially if he has risen from the It was this hunger which induced Henry Wilson, once vice-President of the United States, to read a thousand borrowed books during his odd mo

ments on a farm.

Professor Peabody of Harvard used to tell the students that a firm decision to be an educated man is in itself half

an education.
When I see a youth who seizes every spare moment as if it were gold, for self-improvement; when I see him grasping upon every bit of knowledge found in a book or a newspaper, or obtained in conversation or by observation, and storing it up for future use; when I see him anxious to do every-thing that he touches to a finish, ex-erting all his energy to make the most possible of himself, and making every possible of nimself, and making every occasion a great occasion because he never can tell when fate will measure him for a higher place, and bid him to step up higher—then I say that boy has a genius for achievement, the kind of genius that brings things things to pass, and succeeds in the world.

The boy who does not have this thirst for knowledge, this determination to get on, and a taste for drudgery, may be sure that, whatever else he has,

he does not have genius.

A determination to accomplish something and a firm resolution to make a way if no way is open indicate ability to succeed. But the desire, the determination, and the ambition must come first. It is the thing that we long for, strive for, and are determined to have, at all hazards, no matter what may stand in the way, which indicates the line of our possibilities. In other words, "the thing we long for, that we are." No achievement can rise higher than the longing and the determination.—Success.

Duties of The Laity: Their Relations to the Church.

Addressing the students of St. Mary's College at Oakland, Cal., recently, Mr. Frank J. Pierce, Supreme Preside nt of the Y. M. I., made the following interthe Y. M. I., made the following interesting remarks: The very atmosphere of a Catholic College is redolent of faith, integrity, self-sacrifice and firm determination to be as our forefathers—men of rectitude and of endeavor. Gentlemen, it is expected that you become not only able men, but men that will bring into effect the results of years of study and learning. Not, indeed, that after quitting college, you years of study and learning. Not, indeed, that after quitting college, you shall have nothing further to learn. The opposite is true. The man forking hay knows more about practical life than you do, and many are the lessons to be gained from his struggles and experiences. Indeed, you cannot yet appreciate the amount of good that Catholic layman have to accomplish. You must be the assistants of the Reverend Clergy, seconding them in the work of their parishes. Your voices must ever be raised in the defense of the Church. For this end you must know and do. Consider what the Catholic laity have done for Catholic lights and Catholic liberty.

Since the famous day when King George signed Catholic emancipa O'Connell has taken rank among the

greatest of the great.

Be practical Catholics. Do not live such lives as might cause you to slink away at the sight of priests or religious. Always stand up for truth and justice. Persons will frequently attack your belief, but such onslaughts serve to strengthen us in practical religion.

The Dangers of Gambling. Of the many evil habits which young men contract none is more dangerous than gambling. The extent, too, to which it is practiced at the present day by all elegance of two and the present day by all classes of men and the appar-ently innocent pastime it affords to the beginner lead me to wara young men against this evil.

against this evil.

Gambling assumes various forms, from the wheel of fortune to the giant speculations of a stock exchange. While the latter are, however, recognized business deals in which the factors are usually excellent business men staking their fortunes judiciously rather than on mad chance; whereas the gamblers at a card table are derather than on mad chance; whereas the gamblers at a card table are dependent upon chance which they cannot honestly control or foresee and hence stake their fortunes and prospects in life on caprices which their God-given talents cannot govern; it is therefore easy to draw a line between the gambling which fosters indolence and vice and that which comes within the realm of legitimate business enterprise. At any rate I shall be understood by my common-sense readers when I draw a rough line between these classes of gamblers before setting about my remarks.

classes of gamblers before setting about my remarks.

The gambling which I wish to condemn strongly and which I urge young men not to practice is that ordinarily indulged in when card playirg, throwing dice and the like. There are many reasons I could advance in support of my position. Gambling is most dangerous. It begins for fun and with small stakes. It usually ends after it has outhealthful and happy life that will benefit the present world and prepare him for that which is to come.

Such a man is well educated, if he sadapted his studies in these fields to the needs of his own special state of life, and if he carefully abstains from lived the and moral wrecks cut of promising to the needs of his own special state of life, and if he carefully abstains from lived the world and prepare him they pleasures derived from lived the early pleasures derived from lived the country house in Linton; and the country house in Linton; always enjoyed the springtime there. Dorothy's mother could nover rest until she had opened the country house in Linton; always enjoyed the springtime family always enjoyed the country house in Linton; always enjoyed the country house in Linton; always enjoyed the country house in Linton; always enjoyed the springtime family always enjoyed the springtime family always enjoyed the springtime family always enjoyed the country house in Linton; al

One morning Laura and Priscilla Well, for pastime two friends sit down Talbot, the two girls I just spoke about, to spend the evening at cards. One suggest five cents a "corner," and the

Talbot, the two girls I just spoke about, met her with a piece of news.

"You are in luck, Dorothy," said Laura. "The Dinsmores, Governor Dinsmore, you know, have taken a house out at Linton, and you will surely meet Genevieve there. I am just crazy to see her, for she has been in Europe two years, and she is exactly the sort of girl we ought to know. I just envy you.

just envy you.
"Yes," chimed in Priscilla, "you can get to know her ever so well out there; and then, when they come to city next winter, we'll know her through

you. See?"
"Now, Dorothy," said Laura, warningly, "don't you go picking up any queer friends there who will spoil you for Genevieve. Of course, she's particular whom she associates with."

Dorothy did'nt like that. "I guess

smile so cheerfully as he did at first. The game breaks up and the winner is fascinated by the plezsure of making profits so easily. The losers are anxious for another game in which to repair their losses. Another game is arranged. This time earnest faces denote that nerves are at high tension. Fortune flits about the table, the players sit longer, rest is lost and the gamblers rise more fascinated by the game, more determined to meet again. Miss Genevieve needn't associate with me if she doesn't like. I've a friend out there now, she's worth a dozen of

r Genevieves."
Who is she?" asked Laura, curiyour

ously.
"She isn't anybody in particular, I doubtfully. guess." said Dorothy, doubtfully.
Her first name is Jennie, and I guess her last name is Jennie, and I guess her last name is Graham, for she lives on the old Graham place. Her hair is curly and rather red, and she wears it in a big, thick braid. I never saw her able than work; hence, work is often neglected and bright prospects are blighted. The losers, drained of their honest earnings, default board bills and then borrow from friends in order to, at they say to themselves. in a big, thick braid. I never saw her dressed up, and she most always has on brown gingham aprons. She lives over the hill from us, and she can run and climb, and she isn't afraid of cows or as they say to themselves, "get even with the table."

The lives of both winners and losers are already wrecked. They will go to both extremes of fortune and back again, but henceforth, even if they anything, and—"
"Oh, a regular farmer girl," said

Priscilla, scornfully, "Brown ging-ham aprons! She's somebody who lives there all the year round, of course."
"Don't expect us to be nice to her,

again, but henceforth, even if they may pursue some line of business, they will be incapable of getting the best out of their lives. They are now gamblers, and as such, are spoiled for energetic, persevering, independent effort. If circumstances favor their occupation or the faithful employes do the work the proprietors persect business. that's all," said Laura with a laugh.
"I hope to meet Genevieve when we go out there next Saturday."
"Oh, I'm looking forward to it,

too," said Dorothy, eagerly. "I want to show you the barn and the brook and every thing. It seems five years since we were out there last summer, and I think it's lovelier than ever."

is oftener the result of constant attention on the part of proprietors than of favoring circumstances or devoted employes. If business goes badly with the gambler, instead of seeing the cause of failure, he is inclined to turn for aid to the fatal card table. Here, as a pule, he consummates the wreek of Before Saturday came, Dorothy and the new friend had become much better the new friend had become much better acquainted. They played at house-keeping in the clump of fir trees behind the barn, and had the most wonderful tea parties there. They climbed the oak tree to hang up bags of nuts for the birds; and they built harbors in the brook, quite regardless of the fact that the water was so cold it made their fingers ache. Jennie came every afternoon to play with Dorothy, because that saved so much time. When Dorothy had finished her luncheon after coming out from the city, the a rule, he consummates the wreck of himself and his business.

This picture may appear overdrawn and no doubt cannot be applied to any of my readers. Yet, there are many cases in actual life similar to that described. Lam not so such however. scribed. I am not so sure, however, that my remarks do not apply, in some measure, to many young men whose eyes fall on these words, for the praceyes and the praceyes are the praceyes are the praceyes and the praceyes are eyes fall on these words, for the practice of gambling in one way or another is very widespread. One youth addicted to it can always find partners for a game. It is not the individual game that is dangerous, not the loss at a single game that is irreparable, but this companion addicted to gambling is Dorothy had finished her luncheon after coming out from the city, the afternoon was half gone, but if Jennie met her at the turn of the road, or better still, at the little station, they could begin playing at once and make the most of the daylight. this companion addicted to gambling is

dangerous. His life is wrecked. There is nothing to reclaim him from his evil habits. He will always suggest Saturday came, and Laura and Priscilla with it. Dorothy met them when the 11 o'clock train came in, and they had a jolly time before luncheon exnis evil habits. He will always suggest a time and place for his game of chance and if you do not absolutely refuse, under any circumstances, to join him, he and his game will so fascinate you that you, too, will be wrecked. It is not the loss at a single game, but the losses ploring the grove, trying the new tennis court, and admiring Dorothy's contrivances for making the trees near the house attractive to the birds. As they were eating their luncheon, Laura besustained in endeavoring to repair losses that ruin the gambler. Even more pitiable than the material losses

gan:
"Oh, Dorothy! I forgot to tell you something very important. Mamma met Mrs. Dinsmore yesterday, and she said they were quite settled in their house here now, and that they should call on your mother soon."
"Yes, mamma called there last "Yes, mamma called there last

week," said Dorothy.
"Well," Laura went on, "mother told her we girls were to be here today, and asked if Genevieve mightn't

day, and asked if Genevieve mightn't come over while we were here, and she said she thought would be very pleasant. So, perhaps they will come this afternoon."

Dorothy didn't care much about Genevieve Dinsmore, for she had formed rather a disagreeable idea of the young lady, and she did not even know where they lived. She thought that it would be much jollier if Jennie would come, but hadn't dared to ask her, fearing she might come in her brown apron and arouse Laura's amusement.

After a game of croquet, the girls in the Christian Register.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID EXERGIES—Mach. THEY WAKE THE TORPID EXERGIES AND THEY SHOW THEY ARE THE year—there was a smail girl named Dor-othy. She was really a very good girl indeed. She never had grumpy fits, which are so disagreeable in small girls— or in anybody else, for that matter; she almost always wished to play the year thing the other girls chose; and

she might come in her brown apron har arouse Laura's amusement.

After a game of crequet, the girls sat down on the stone wall half way up the hill. "Let's watch for Genevieve Dinsmore," said Laura. "I can imagine just how she looks. She is probably tall and slender like her mother, and I shouldn't wonder if she wore a lace boa like those big girls have, all fluffy, you know."

"Oh," said Dorothy, giggling.
"And don't you think she'll wear kid gloves and have her hair done up?"

"Why, yes, she might," answered Laura, quite seriously. "Of course, she'll come in a carriage; for the Dinsmore's have three horses, you know." she almost always wished to play the very thing the other girls chose; and she was not a bit snubby to her brother when he could not find his cap. She even said once that she didn't blame him for wearing it in the house, for then he knew where it was, and had it hands, which shows just what sort of a handy—which shows just what sort of a girl she was. Of course everybody liked her, and she always had good

There were two girls in the private school where Dorothy went who were not one bit like her. They had the queerest notions you ever heard of—that is, they thought the things they did were the only things worth doing, and the people they knew were the only people worth knowing; and they tried to make Dorothy feel the same way. She didn't, however. She couldn't help liking bright little Nora Hennessey, for instance, whose father

more's have three horses, you know."

Dorothy was about to say she didn't know and didn't care, when a plump, bright-faced little girl came running bright-faced little girl came running along the stone wall over the brow of the hill, swinging her brown straw hat carelessly on her arm. When she saw Dorothy, she uttered a clear, shrill, bird-note, stopped for a moment to pick up the ribbon that had dropped from her thick braid, and then came somewhat more sedately toward the group. "This is my friend Jennie," said Dorothy politely. Jenny seemed a Hennessey, for instance, whose father was a janitor in a big apartment house, much better than she did Florence Harris, who lived on the first floor of the same building.

"I think Nora is just lovely," she said one day to Laura. "She knows

Drothy politely. Jenny seemed a little shy at first with the strangers, which was not to be wondered at, considering the extreme coolness of their

greeting.

It is not a nice thing to say, but the truth is that Laura and Priscilla were resitively disagreeable to Jennie. Dortruth is that Laura and Priscilla were positively disagreeable to Jennie. Dorothy tried her best to make things pleasant, but they put on their stiffest company matters, and assumed a dignity quite oppressive to the other two. Poor Dorothy felt quite ashamed of them, and after a little while she proposed a walk to the bubbling spring, which she considered one of the sights of the neighborhood. She and Jennie Nora's father is a janitor?"

Then Dorothy came as near being cross as she ever did; and she replied rather sharply: "Well, I don't want to play with their fathers, anyway, do I? And if it comes to that, I'd rather have jolly, kind Mr. Hennessey for my father than that nervous Mr. Harris, who never has a minute to spare for Florence, and always pokes by himself."

posed a walk to the bubbling spring, which she considered one of the sights of the neighborhood. She and Jennie took the lead, while the other two dragged on behind.

"What's the matter with your fine friends?" asked Jennie, laughingly, when the others could not hear. "I am afraid they don't like me, and guess I had better go home."

Dorothy did not answer immediately, and Jennie, looking at her, saw that

Aparehard Seap SURPRISE MAKES CHILD'S PLAY

see what makes them so queer," she said, hurriedly. "They are nice enough most of the time."
"Don't mind—oh, please don't," said Jennie, comfortingly. "Truly, I don't care a bit. I think it is simply tunny. They are your company, ny. funny. They are your company, anyway, and you have just got to be polite and I will come again when they have

gone."
Things brightened up after that, however. Laura and Priscilla felt a little ashamed of themselves, of course. "I'd just as soon play with her all day," said Laura, complainingly, as day," said Laura, complainingly, as she walked toward the spring with Pris-cilla, "if it wouldn't spoil things when Genevieve Dinsmore comes. She is a countrified-looking little thing, and she hasn't a bit of style; but she might

she hasn't a bit of style; but she might be good fun."

When they saw that Dorothy was really troubled, they exerted themselves to make things pleasanter, and for half an hour the girls stayed together, and even Laura melted honestly in the sunshine of Jennie's fun and Dorothy's hospitable endeavors. However, when Jennie snoke of going home ever, when Jennie spoke of going home they made no effort to detain her, and Dorothy reluctantly said goodbye to the friend whom this trying afternoon

the friend whom this trying afternoon had somehow helped to bring nearer and make dearer.

"You weren't very nice to my friend at first," she said reproachfully, when Jennie was out of sight.

Laura laughed. "Well, I was afraid Generican Diagnore might come and

Genevieve Dinsmore might come, and think us a lot of country girls to-

gether."
"Yes, we had a good time afterward; but I think Jenny understood," said Dorothy, rather sadly. "She told me she meant to ask you girls to her home, but she supposed you wouldn't care to come." As the girls approached the house Dorothy's mother came down the steps

Dorothy's mother came down the steps with another lady.

"Here are the girls, Mrs. Dinsmore," she said; and she introduced all three to the lady, who spoke kindly to them, telling Laura that she had seen her mother only the day before.

"But where is Jenny?" she went on.

"She told me she was coming over here to spend the afternoon with Dorothy. I have heard of Dorothy morning, noon and night for the last week, and Jenny has been very impatient for me to see her new friend."

Dorothy was a quick-witted little

Dorothy was a quick-witted little girl, and she managed to explain that Jennie had started for home. Poor Laura and Priscilla had not much to To find that Jennie and Genevi eve were one and the same person, and that they had been rude and indifferent that they had been rude and indifferent to the very girl they wished most to know, was a hard lesson at the time; but it did them good, for they could not help seeing that, after all, a girl is good for just what she is herself, and not for what she has.—Clara Sherman in the Christian Register.

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DEALERS IN WALL PAPER,

IN OTHER PLACES.

The unseemly rivalry, which is really a scramble, among the various religious denominations, for the souls of the poorer classes in London, is vivilly proplained by Charles Parks ifly proclaimed by Charles Booth, in the seventh volume, recently pub-lished, of his book, "Life and Labor of the People of London." He shows the thousand and one forms of sectarianism, each working strenuously not only to save the poor of London, but to save them away from all the other bodies. Yet, despite the energy put into at-tracting the so-called lower classes, indifference to religion is the prevailindifference to religion is the prevail-ing note. He says of the religious bedies in one district, "they try by this means and that to reach the people, but mostly in vain;" of an-other, "all have empty churches, and the general attitude of the people is that of complete indifference; "of still another. "of the other churches some are light and some are low, but all are are High and some are Low, but all are equally inoperative; " of another, the people have ceased to reckon "the people have ceased with anything but the material side of life," of another "all tell the same the work is hopeless:" of an story, the work is hopeless:" of another, "those of the poor who attend religious services are mostly bought."

Mr. Booth finds ample evidence of the evil of a fierce competition between one denomination and another for the soul of the poor Londoner. The whole population he finds to be visibly tainted by the corrupt influence of competitive charity. He quotes one minister as

Irreligion is the result of all this bribery; we are all in it; church and chapel are equally bad. It begins with the children: buns to come to Sunday school, and so on, so that they grow up with the idea that the church is simply a milch cow for tracts and charity.'

A mission to combat another mission of a rival denomination always receives staunch support from its adherents.

Mr. Booth says:

"The record of the Evangelical mis-

"The record of the Evangelical mission is simply a struggle with the High Church for the souls and bodies of the children. It is dole versus dole, and treat versus treat, and the contest openly admitted on both sides, while people taking the gifts with either hand explain how careful they must be, when attending service, that the other side knows nothing about it." side knows nothing about it."

The result of all this is that the poor

of London are indifferent to the purely spiritual appeal of the churches. one exception is among the Catholic poor, who seem, as the London Athenoum expresses it, "to retain devotion to that one among all the churches which possesses the secret of transcend-ing the limits of class divisions." This phrase admirably shows what a striking constrast there is between the weakness of Protestantism, with all its gifts, and the strength of the Church which has

by Mr. Booth as prevailing among the Protestant denominations in London, is not unknown among them in Boston;

THE "SOUPER" IN LONDON AND what insults from the rabble! Broker benches, dead cats, and pots of water bear witness! Was he then the trumpeter of persecution? Was his pulpit changed into Hudibras's 'drum eccles-iastic?' Did he abet banishment and

> science?"
>
> In the early part of his career, when he and his followers were the victims of popular prejudice, when, in his own words, "they carried their lives in their hands—that both the great vulgar and the small looked upon them as mad dogs and treated them as such; some-times saying in terms: Will nobody knock that mad dog on the head?

persecution on the score of con-

John Wesley was an advocate of toler-ation. In a letter dated Dublin, July 18, 1749, he thus wrote to a Catholic: "Now can nothing be done, even al-lowing us on both sides to retain our own opinions, for the softening of our hearts toward each other, the giving a check to this flood of unkindness and restoring at least some small degree of love among our neighbors and countrynen? Do not you wish for this? Are you not fully convinced that malice, hatred, revenge, bitterness, whether in us or in you, in our hearts or yours, are an abomination to the Lord? Be our opinions right or be they wrong, these tempers are undeniably wrong. They are the broad road that leads to de They struction, to the nethermost hell. I do not suppese all the bitterness is on your side. I know there is too much on our side also; so much that I fear many Protestants (so-called) will be angry at me, too, for writing to you in this man-ner, and will say: 'It is showing you too much favor; you deserve no such treatment at our hands.' But I think you do. I think you deserve the tenderyou do. I think you deserve the tender-est regard I can show, were it only be-cause the same God hath raised you and me from the dust of the earth and has made us both capable of loving and enjoying Him to eternity; were it only because the Son of God has bought you and me with His own blood. How much more, if you are a person fearing God (as without question many of you are) and studying to have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward

But thirty years after, when his followers and other non-Conformists were numerous and influential, and when the numerous and influential, and when the more liberal minded people of England proposed to bury out of sight the yet smouldering embers of persecution by removing political disability from their Catholic fellow subjects, John Wesley suddenly forgot the tolerance he had preached when pleading to be tolerated, and took a leading part in the acitation to oppose the law removthe agitation to oppose the law remov-ing Catholic disabilities; and, according to Dr. Milner, became the "chief author of the riots of 1780." It was in agitating the movement that ended in those riots that in his letter of Jan. 12, 1780, he wrote the infamous sentence that Catholics "ought not to be tolerated. the strength of the Country in the strength of the Country in the Interest and the Interest and Interest and

tains numerous Indian missions in Oklahema Territory. At her own expense Miss Drexel sent the young II dian to the Carlisle Indian school. He was later transferred to the Catholic college in Washington, D. C., to be educated for the principles.

college in Washington, D. C., to be educated for the priesthood. He was the honor man of his class, and was sent to Rome, where he studied philosophy and theology for the four years in the and theology for the four year in the Propaganda college, being one year in the college of the Pope. Father Albert received the blessing of Pope Leo XIII. shortly before the High Pontifi was stricken with his last illness.

Set Apart.

Our soul is like the young dove which, belonging to a great king, was allowed to roam through the forest at large, hav-ing around its neck a circlet with an inscription, which set it apart and bro-tected him from death. Our Lord's fre-quent coming to us, sets His mark upon us, and the demons fear to lay hand upon when they read our inscription: "I belong to God; touch me not." Nonna Bright.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH DEDICATED BY BISHOR

(The Globe.)

Wallacetown, Aug. 9.— The new Catholic church here was dedicated to day by Bishop McEvay of London, assisted by a large number of clergy. A special train was run by the M. C. R. to Dutton and thence passengers were conveyed by carriages to Wallacetown. About one hundred and fifty people came from St Thomas. The church, of which Father Quinlan is parish priest, is a brick and stone structure 35x69 feet, and will seat four hundred people.

The Rev. Faiher McCabe, P. P. of La Salette, preached an elequent and appropriate sermon on the occasion. (The Globe.)

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

LEO XIII. FONTIFEX MAXIMUS PULVIS EST.

The Sault Star, July 30, 1953.

Special services in memory of Pope Leo XIII. were held in the Church of the Sacred Heart last Sunday evening. The musical service by the choir, assisted by some singers from the Michigan Sault, was very effective.

An eloquent discourse, suitable to the occasion, was delivered by Rey. Father Hazelton. In the Lateran Basilica may be seen, he said, a tomb of white Carara marble, On the top is a sarcophagus in which reposes a lion (Leo) list forepaws resting on the pacal tiara; to the right a statue of Faith holding a torch in one hand and the open Scriptures in the other; to the left a figure of Truth, the hand resting on the Pecci coat of arms. The workmanship is of the celebrated sculptor Macagnani; the design was Leo's own, whose humble epitaph is contained in the simple in scripture it leo XIII. Pontifex Maximus Pulvis est, Is this, then, all that remains of the greatest of our Popes? It as the great of our spiritual firmament at last become extinct? The speaker cast a rapid glance over the eventful career of the dead Pontiff. His birth takes us back before the days of Eloa and St. Helema. Remarkable for piety at home and brilliaccy in all the schools he frequented at Carpineto, Viterbo, Rome, we find him as Papal Nunclo in Brussels, where he met the then glorious Queen Victoria. Ordained priest in 1837, then made Bishop, Archishop and Cardinal, he was elected in 1878 Pope on the death of Pius IX In the past few years his jubilees and anniversaries would have been almost too numerous, had it not been for the ever increasing splendor with which they were recognized by the menaries made who througed around his throme. We are to-day the living witnesses of a world-wide tribus- to Leo XIII. from princes and people, statesman and press which some over lip, in over heart throughout the universe; let us ratio and the head of our recognition of the world greated and affection. I have the world greated made of the surface of the mader. Here we see LEO XIII. PONTIFEX MAXIMUS PULVIS EST The Sault Star, July 30, 1903.

Socialism and Nihilism. Others followed, But on! what would not have been the appreciation of Leo's last masterly production on the same vexing question wherein he not only points out the remedy for the present seci. I distemper, but shows how it is to be applied? Yet this masterpiece is but one of many on various subjects, all tending to elevate our kind. For instance, his perfect treatise on the "Christian Idea of the State," its rights and duties, the family, government, etc.

Passing over in slence his almost countless letters to the Catholic Bishop of every country, ict us consider the ones which have endeaved him to the Christian community at large. These were, besides his application of enlightened ethics to the all-absorbing Labor Question, his noble plus for the saucity of the marriage to the his passionate defense of Hely Writ

An event of pleasing importance took place at 3t Mary's church, Toronto, on Wednesday, Aug. 5, when Mr. M. Purtill, of London, and Miss Emma Moore, of Toronto, were united in the holy bonds of marrimony, by Ray. Father McCann. The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Chas. Moore, and was met at the altar by the groom. The bride was assisted by Miss Ella Purtill of La Saiette, sister of the groom; while Mr. C. Moore, brother of the bride, ably assisted the groom. The bride looked the picture of love liness, attired in a dress of white organder richly trimmed with insection and lace of the white like. She wore a dainty white child hat with large drooping plumes, and carried in her hand e shower bouquet of white oses. The bridesmaid was chamingly attitude in a suit of blue broadcloth over a dairty white slik bloose, and wore a white had carried a shower bouquet of pink roses.

After the marriage ceremony the bridal party left the church to the strains of Mercelssohn Weddirg March and drove to the home of the bride's parents. Se Givens street, Toronto, whedirg March and drove to the home of the bride's parents. Se Givens street, Toronto, whedirg March and drove to the home of the bride's parents. Se Givens street, Toronto, where the marriage parents se Givens street, their many friends. The popularity of the bride and groom was quite evident by the many u-eful and costly presents which they received.

Mr. sad Mrs. Purtill will be at home to their friends at No. 1 McGarver Tracac. PURTILL-MOORE.

many hertin received.

Mr. and Mrs. Purtill will be at home to their friends at No. 1 McGarvey Terrace, York street, London, after Aug. 17th.

Successful Pupils.

At the recent Eutrance Examinations held in Lucan, all the children who wrote from Biddulph Separate schools were successful. The following are the names St. Patrick's No. 6-Loretto O Sea, Bend cite Quigley. St. Mary So. 4-Fay Blake, Kathleen Jackson, Litzzie Harrigan, Helens Powe, and Delia McLoughlin, St. Joseph's No. 3-John McGee.

NO POLITICS IN THE ELECTION OF

REV. FATHER STALEY OF TORONTO, SPEAKS OF CHOOSING OF THE CHURCH'S NEW

London Free Press, Aug. 10.

NEV. FATHER STALEY OF TORONTO, SPEAKS OF CHOOSING OF THE CHURCH'S NEW HEAD.

London Free Press, Aug. 10.

Special references was made in St. Peter's Cathedral yesterday forenoon to the election of Pope Pius X as head of the Roman Catholic Church, and at the close of the service the "Te Deum" was sung in thanksgiving to God for the appointment of a worthy successor to Leo XIII.

High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Egan, who is in charge at the Cathedral in the absence of the rector, Rev. Father Aylward. There was a large congregation, and appropriate music was artistically rendered by the choir. The congregation stood during the "To Deum" which was powerfully and impressively sung.

ON THE NEW POPE'S ELECTION.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Staley, from St. Basil's, Toronto, who in a few preliminary sentences spoke of the choosing of anow Supreme Pontii, The election of Cardinal Sarto to St. Peter's chair had come as a great was announced, each mewspaper seem to many people. Before the result was announced, each mewspaper seem to have its own as a children was taking piece at all. The Cardinals cleding was taking piece at all. The Cardinals which have been people Plus X. were guided entirely by the Holy Spirit, and to day every Catholic rejoiced that God, in His fulfillment of His promise, had given them a new spiritual ruler here on earth. At the same time Catholics ought to pray for the new Pope that he might be sustained through every trial, and that he might have the accomplish as much good as did his great per decessor.

THE SIN OF DETRACTION.

Father Staley then proceeded with his sermon, which was on the sin of detraction, his text being St. Luke, 11, 15, "He caseth out devils by Beelzsbub, the prince of devils". In the course of an elequent and pointed address, Father Staley then proceeded with his sermon, which was on the sin of detraction, his text being St. Luke, 11, 15, "He caseth out devils by Beelzsbub, the prince of devils". In the course of the here of detraction, and graphically dep

OBITUARY.

and the mothed described by Mr. Booth as prevailing among the in Booth as most and the second of the process of the p "In the midst of Life we are in Death."

ALPHONSUS HISHEN, NIAGARA FALLS.

ALPHONSUS HISHEN, NIAGARA FALLS.
An occurrance of an exceptionally sad character took place on Sunday morning, when Alphonsus Hishen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hishen of Niagara Falls, N. Y., died at the residence of his grandmother (Mrs. James Kenny) of pneumonia of the lungs after a few days liness.

Mrs Hishen, who is a daughter of Mrs. Kenny's of this place, came home with her two cnildren to spend a few weeks with her mother when her eldest child, a bright little boy of three years, contrasted pneumonia of the lungs, and in spite of all that medical aid and kind friends could do, he passed away Sunday morning at 80 ciock.

In the funeral, which took place Monday from the residence of his grand-mother, to the Catholic cemetery, Albion, was largely affended. Mr. and Mrs. Hishen have sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Mass For Leo XIII. "Have pity on me at least my triends and we shall then receive as we gave upon earth."

At 10.30 Thursday last a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Rev. Father L. J. Danis, parish priest of Macleod. assisted by the Rev. Father Severn, O. M. I. Supr. Blood Reserve, as Deacon, and the Rev. Father Doucet, O. M. I., Supr. Pelgan Reserve, as subdeacon. The Rev. Brother Pesiddemange was acting as master of ceremonies.

The funeral was a very large and representative one, testifying to some extent the esteem and veneration in which His Holiness is held by the Catholics of Macleod.

The church was beautifully decorated, and a splendid catafalque has been given to the church by a lady of Macleod for the circumstances. Appropriate music was rendered by the choir.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, Aug. 13 — Grain, per cental—Waean. new (good) \$1.20 to \$1.25; oats, per cental 80 to 85; corn. \$1.10 to \$1.20; oats, per cental 80 to 85; corn. \$1.10 to \$1.20; barley, 92 to \$1.00; peas, \$1.40 to \$1.50, rpc, 95 to \$1.00; heackwheat. \$1.10 to \$1.20.

Meat. — Pork, per cwt., \$8,00; pork. by the lb. 9 to 10c; beef, by the quarter, \$5,50 to \$7; lamb, per pound, 9 to 10c.

Poultry—Spring chickens, per par, 45 to 75c; spring ducks, per pair, 70c to \$1.00.

Live Stock — Live hogs, per 110 lbs., \$6.00 to \$6.25; pigs, pair, \$6,00 to \$6.0; fat cattle, \$4.25 to \$6.25; pigs, pair, \$6,00 to \$6.0; fat cattle, \$4.25 to \$6.25; pigs, pair, \$6,00 to \$6.0; fat cattle, \$4.25 to \$6.25; pigs, pair, \$6,00 to \$5.0; to \$2.12½; sows, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Farm Produce. — Hay. \$7.90 to \$8.00; straw, per ton, \$5,00 to \$5.50.

Dairy Produce. — Siggs per dozen, 12½ to 165.; butter, best roll, 17 to 183; butter best crocks, 16 to 17c; butter, creamery, 20 to 22c; honey, strained, per 1b. 9 to 10c.; honey, in comb, 11c. to 12½c.

noney, strained, per 1b. 9 to 10c.; honey, in comb, 11c. to 12½c.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Aug. 13. — Wheat — The market is steedy. Wheat, red and white at 74c. to 75c.; No. 1 spring nominal at 72½c. east, and goose steady at 66c middle freights; Manitoba wheat No. 1 hard is quoted at 92c and No. 1 northern at 90½c at Georgian Bay points. No. 2 northern 8½c. track, Georgian Bay points. Oats—Trade is quiet, with nothing doing; No. 1 white quoted at 30c east, and No. 2 white at 29½c middle. Buckwheat—Market dull at 3½c. middle. C. P. R. for No. 2, and 40c. east. Flour 90 per centpatents \$2.75 to \$2.80, middle freights in buyers' sacks, for export; straight rollers, of special brands for domestic trade, quoted at \$3.35 to \$3.50 in barrels; Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, \$3.10 to \$4.40, and seconds, \$3.9c; strong bakers. \$3.70 to \$3.50 bags included Toronto. Milfreed—Bran. \$13.50 and shorts. \$17: at outside boints bran. \$13.50 and storts. \$17: at outside boints bran. \$2.1 to \$2.0 Oatmeal steady at \$3.75 for cars of bags and \$3.90 for barrels, on the track, Toronto, and 25c Montreal.

Montreal, Aug 13 — The local markets are fairly active, with prices steady. Cheese market was in better condition to-day than it has been for some time past, and prices were from \$\frac{1}{2}\text{to}\text{ g}\$ chipper. There is said to be a fair demand for the English market; the amount of cheese received in the city to-day was 10,483 boxes. The market was inactive to-day; there some demand from the English market, but the prices offered are not sufficiently high to allow of selling at a profit. Eggs are steady, but not active. Grain — Peas, 63c high freights, 72c afloat here, rye, 53c, east, 58]c afloat here; buckwheat, 48 to 49c; No. 2, oats, 57\$c to 37\$c in store here; flaxeed, \$4.15 on track here; feed barley, 59c; No. 3 barley, \$f2\frac{1}{2}\times\$c}; 20cn, 60c for No. 3, yellow American.

Live Stock Markets. EAST BUFFALO.

■ East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 13 — Cattle— Receipts, four cars market slow. Hogs—Re-ceipts, 20 cars: market strong; medium, \$5.90 to \$5.95. heavy, \$5.90: Yorkers, \$6.10 to \$6.20, pigs, \$6.25; roughs, \$4.75 to \$4.99; stags, \$4 to \$4.25. Sheep—Receipts light; market strong at yesterday's prices; all sold.

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TEACHER WANTED - FRMALE FOR R. C. Separate school, No. I, Hay, Huron Cototake charge of Junior Department, Duties to commence Aug. 18th. State salary and qualifications. Apply John Laporte, Sec., brysdale P. O, Ont.

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duties after holidays in the R. C. S. S.
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Apply to trustees and the wall Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR STAFFGRD
Separate school holding a 3rd class certificate to trach French and English. To enter on duty August 17th. Salary \$250. Applicants to furnish testimonials, and address Armand Lair, Secretary, Pembroke, Ont.

1291-tf

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& III of North Bay Separate School, Three

f male teachers holding second class Ontario

or illustes and canable of teaching French and

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tays inculsis not later than August 21st, to Rev.

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Immaculate Conception.
The Holy Night.
Christ in the Temple.
Christ on Galvary.

Christ in the Temple.
Christ on Calvary.
Immaculate Conception.
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Mater Dolorosa.
Madonna di San Sisto (detail square),
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Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,
Christ Preaching by the Sea.
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