

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, November 25, 1899.

A NARROW MINDED BIGOT.

A rafter of the lowest type named Rev. H. Steacy has loomed up at Ottawa. On October 6 he addressed the Orangemen at Billing's Bridge, on the war and several other things, and remarked incidentally that the Jesuits, the "hell hounds of Rome," were a drawback to the advancement of Canada. He may be bidding for a "call" to some ultra Protestant charge, but we do not imagine that any self-respecting parish will engage the services of such a foul-mouthed and ignorant humbug. It must be rather trying on the nerves of those who believe in the superiority of our picturesque civilization to have such individuals running loose in the community. He may be a very estimable gentleman in private life, but he should not be allowed on a public platform without a guardian. The Jesuits will, as in the past, continue still to do good work despite the graceful utterances of Mr. Steacy.

EUROPEAN INTERMEDDLERS.

"Love the little trade which thou hast learned and be content therewith," is very good advice. Judging by it there must have been individuals even in the days of Marcus Aurelius who were not content with their little trades. It is not a sin unpardonable to dabble in other people's business, if the dabbler contents himself with mere dabbling, but when he essays to give advice and to rebuke and criticize he must, not to say the least, be taken seriously.

Over in England just now there are a few gentlemen who have a miscellaneous assortment of schemes for the reformation and re-organization of everything in sight. The Roman Curia is their *bête noir*. They would like to have it constructed according to plans approved of by themselves and their admirers. They may not mean it, but it is believed in by impressionable souls who imagine that the Italians, wedded to antiquated methods, cannot possibly keep the Church up to the times.

Now if the deft fingers of the Anglo-Saxon were permitted to readjust the machinery things would be different, and the Anglo-Saxon intellect would render invaluable assistance in the solving of intricate problems, and would awaken the Italians to the fact that they are living in the nineteenth century, and not in the fourteenth. All this creates a furor—making the unskillful laugh and the judicious grieve. The members of the Roman Curia are generally practised theologians—men of acknowledged prowess and followers of a system which, whilst it conduces to clearness and grasp, can claim also the traditions and prestige of years of success. The Anglo-Saxon may be a theologian, but so far as he has not, owing, doubtless, to much novel-writing and other business, attained expert proficiency in that line.

So long as we keep the source clean and clear we shall have fresh water. Whilst waiting for the adoption of their schemes, they might devote their attention to remedying the evils at their doors, and spare us expressions of disrespect for methods stamped with the seal of authority's approval. Better be a henchman than a watchman on the towers of Israel with no better message than schemes begotten of vanity and presumption.

St. George Mivart, the very distinguished writer, has made recently an onslaught on the Pope for his "deplorable silence throughout the Dreyfus affair." He calls it an "appalling blunder." Perchance the condemnation of his brochure on "Happiness in Hell" is still ranking in his heart, or with the characteristic modesty of the Anglo-Saxon, he felt it a duty to put the Holy Father right. At all events Dr. Mivart has manifested an incalculable lack of filial respect. What should the Pope have said about the Dreyfus affair? Did Dr. Mivart expect an Apostolic letter enjoining silence upon the Catholics who happened to be opposed to Dreyfus? Were they not within their rights in talking and criticizing, or were they to remain passive and to pick up gratefully the chunks of wisdom flung them across the channel. It is another case of a man not being content with his own trade. Ordinary

Catholics of the right sort believe in allowing the Pope to transact his own business in his own way, and Dr. Mivart may, with profit to himself and edification to the faithful, follow their example.

DREYFUS.

The Protestant historian J. E. Bodley, has, in the *Times* of a recent date, a very interesting letter on Catholics and the Dreyfus case. He tells us that "French anti-Semitism is a disorder resulting from the morbid condition of a nation which needs governing and which has had to endure a quarter of a century of anarchy." It is widespread because of the unhealthy state of the body politic, but clericalism is not even the chief agency for its dissemination. By an anomaly not unprecedented there are even Jews who aid the movement, and the bitterest clerical prints have been rivalled in their anti-Dreyfusism by the "Gaulois" of Arthur Meyer and the "Sotr" of M. Polonais, who are both Israelites.

He goes on to say that even Manning could not have moved, as the English critics say the French Bishops ought to have moved, in the Dreyfus affair. If several of them had joined in a manifesto in his favor they would have been summoned before the Council d'Etat for defying the Consecratory prohibition of a collective action by French Bishops. Some of our good friends may say they should have come out for the right no matter what consequences might follow. But where is the right? Is Dreyfus guilty or innocent? That is the conundrum of the century. Persons inclined to explosive sentimentality have quite made up their minds as to the innocence of the Captain, but others, like Mr. Steevs, are not so sure.

Mr. Bodley eulogizes the French parochial clergy as the most virtuous and disinterested body of men he has ever known, and declares their attitude is less offensive to the Jews than that of English clergymen was fifty years ago to English Dissenters. He scolds the idea that the anti-Semitic press is in the hands of the Episcopacy. The clerical editors are first violent French journalists and then churchmen. Such journalists are unfortunately not confined to France.

THE WAR.

Our heart goes out in sympathy to the brave fellows in South Africa—to the Englishmen who are obeying orders and to the Dutchmen who are making their last stand for home and country. The Transvaal burghers may be unprogressive and intolerant, not so much however as current report would have it, and yet there are few even amongst their bitterest enemies who do not admire their stubborn pluck and unquestionable courage.

War bulletins chronicling this and that brilliant courage are read with avidity. "Soldiers dead" and "soldiers wounded" are phrases devoid of meaning to the ordinary citizen. What matters it that Captain— or Private— is still in death on the mountain-sides of South Africa? But what a burden of misery those bulletins bring into many households, to the wives and mothers who mourn for dear ones and who understand that war is hell.

Englishmen are too busy at the present time to arraign the individual responsible for the slaughter of their kin and kind, and of Boer farmers, but sooner or later they will have something strong to say to that Empire-builder who is watching the fight from Downing street.

We do not imagine for one moment that Chamberlain contemplated war. He was simply playing a game of international poker with Kruger, and trusted to skilful manipulation of the cards to win out. But Kruger called the game—and the rest we know. Mr. Chamberlain, we are told, is a man of "masterful personality," etc., etc. We admit he is a clever debater and past-master in the tricks of the politician, but that these qualifications are going to give him a niche in Westminster Abbey we are inclined to doubt. He is the proud possessor of a collection of orchids, but any idiot with money can be that. Then he is pious, quite unlike the infidel statesmen of France, for did he not appeal to the God of battles to give him victory in his war?

"To what God did he appeal?" asks Labouchere. "Surely not to the God of Christians worship! Would He interfere to give us victory in order to give the money-changers occasion to swindle fools out of more money, to enable grubbers after gold to crimp more blacks to do their work, to secure to Uitlanders in the Transvaal a vote after five years' residence on that land to make the Anglo-Saxon race paramount over men of Dutch origin in South Africa, and substitute slaughter for a more peaceful mode of settling a dispute? A vast number of our own countrymen have solemnly affirmed that right is not on our side, and that the war is a result either of Chamberlain's personal ambition or of his abysmal folly."

HIS WIFE'S RELIGION.

England has an Established Church, supported more or less cheerfully by the majority of the English people. The King or Queen of England, is by virtue of the office, head of the Church of England. Therefore the law that none but a Protestant shall occupy the throne can hardly be called unreasonable.

Almost all other offices of honor and emolument are open to Catholics throughout the British Empire; and not a few of the highest have actually been filled by Catholics.

In the United States there is no Established Church. Nay, even, the Fathers of our country, the framers of our Federal Constitution, have enacted that there never can be one, and that all religions are equally under the protection of the law.

No one, in our free land, is supposed to suffer anything through the action of Federal or State law, in lack of emolument or honors, for conscience' sake.

For no Federal office, for no State office, is there a religious test. The generous and simple hearts of youth, in the humbler of our village schools, for generation after generation have swelled with pride, as they read and believed the statement in their school books, that the son of the poorest farm laborer or artisan could make himself eligible for the highest office in the land.

No question of lofty lineage; no property qualification; no religious test!

But, to-day, after over a hundred years of American freedom, a born American, the foremost of American soldiers, the hero of one of the greatest naval achievements of modern times, comes back from his victories, to triumphal processions, and all the honors, and gifts of a grateful people. He is hailed as our future Soldier President, as Washington, or Jackson, or Grant was; and all is well, until it becomes known that he is about to take unto himself a Catholic wife.

Mind! There is no question of Admiral Dewey's own religion. He is an Episcopalian, as Washington was; yet he might be a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Unitarian, nay, a Theosophist or a quiet atheist, and it would not in the least impair his prospects.

But in this free land, with no established Church, with all religions professedly equal before the law, there is one Church, the Catholic, under the ban of the Presidency not belong to that Church, but good bye to his chances if wife or child or brother or parent is a member of it. All his soldier-record, all his statesman record, were they greater than Washington's or Jackson's or Lincoln's, or Grant's or Dewey's, are, is taken for granted, wiped out at once.

Henry McFarland, Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, puts the popular prejudice on its feet in this fashion:

Admiral Dewey has finally turned his back on the Presidency, in the judgment of practical politicians, more completely than he could have done in any other way, by engaging to marry Mrs. Hazen, for she is a Roman Catholic, and, rightly or wrongly, all politicians believe that no man who has a Roman Catholic wife can be President. They point to General Sherman, General Sheridan, Richard P. Bland and others mentioned for the Presidency, who could not be nominated because their wives were members of the Roman Catholic Church, under the prejudice, unreasonable as it may be, which they simply recognize as a practical fact to be dealt with in a practical manner.

Is this monstrous thing true? For our part, we doubt it, and we believe that if the Democratic party were to nominate Dewey for President, he would win in 1900 with as big a majority as honest Grover Cleveland had in 1892, were his wife the devout sister of the Pope himself.

But if through fear of that bug-a-boo, that "prejudice with the force of a law," as Daniel Dougherty called it, no political party should have the courage to nominate the one man who to-day could unite all parties, it is high time that the Catholics of the United States began a determined agitation against the political proscription to which they are subjected.

The Catholics of England number much less than two millions. Yet they have inaugurated a campaign against the Coronation Oath; and are not pained when it is pointed out to them that one of their number fills the office of Lord Chief Justice, that another is Postmaster General, and that still another has been Viceroy of India.

Shall the co-religionists of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, of Commodore Barry and General Sheridan—who number at least twelve millions—endure without protest a proscription that sacrifices the political prospects of the country's foremost man not to his own conscience, but to his wife's conscience?—Boston Pilot.

THE WORSHIP OF THE VIRGIN.

A Succinct but Complete Exposure of a Controversial Trick.

From the New Zealand Tablet.

It was "old Hobbes" who said, in his "Leviathan," that "words are wise men's counters; they do but reckon by them, but they are the money of fools." Logicians tell us that most disputes and misunderstandings arise out of an abuse or misuse of words. Two centuries ago Bossuet pointed out that the dispute between Catholics and Protestants on the subject of the "worship" of images and the Blessed Virgin and the saints is to some extent a dispute rather about words than things. This is true even at the present day. The very word "worship" itself is one that readily lends itself to verbal jugglery and controversial legendary. Reference to any standard dictionary will show that it includes two such hopelessly and generically different meanings as (1) the mere respect or honor which a man may show to his fellow-man, and (2) the supreme adoration which is due to God alone. A class of callow pulpiterers and small controversialist pamphleteers avail themselves of this ambiguity of meaning to fix the tradition of an odious charge upon the Catholic body. The rank and file of their hearers and readers have no practical acquaintance with any but one—namely, the divine—form of religious worship. We have, of course, been frequently charged in coarse and more direct fashion with the monstrous crime of giving divine honor to our Lady. But the great tradition of the Protestant masses has been fixed in no small degree (1) by the ambiguity of the term "worship," (2) by the limitation of its meaning, as stated above, and (3) by the deadly dogmatism, persistency with which this limitation of its meaning has been for some centuries associated, in their minds, with the legitimate honor shown by Catholics to her whom God's angel found "full of grace."

It is only within comparatively recent times that the word "worship" has come to acquire the meaning of supreme adoration, as of the Godhead. The scholarly Protestant writer, Archbishop Trench, in his "English Past and Present" (6th ed., p. 245), shows that the word was originally written "worthship," and that it meant "honor" only. It retained that meaning exclusively for centuries. It retains it still, though not exclusively. We recommend to the notice of a certain Devonport preacher a number of old English reprints which were issued in London and Birmingham in 1808 and 1809. Notable among them is "Revelation of the Monk of Evesham," written in 1196 and first typed by William de Machlinia in 1482. Throughout the whole of this curious work—which is an English forerunner of Dante's "Divina Commedia"—the word "worship" is used exclusively in the sense of "honor." Thus, a certain abbot is described as a man of "worthshipful" (i. e., honorable) conversation; a monk is represented as being punished in purgatory for having unduly sought "worthship" (or honor) at the hands of the people; and the writer describes how "our Lord did worscheippe (i. e., honor) his servants"—a holy bishop—by bestowing upon him the gift of miracles. And so on and on in a score of other passages throughout the work.

The Bible improperly attributed to Wyclif and dating from about the year 1382—translates Matthew xix., 9, as follows: "Worscheippe (i. e., honor) thil fadir and thil modir; and our Saviour's words in John xii., 26, thus: "If any man serve me, my fadir schal worscheippe (i. e., honor) him." A precisely similar meaning is given to the word in "The Babes' Book" (p. 37) published by the Early English Text Society; and to Langland's "Piers Plowman" and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The two last-named works were written in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and are easily procurable by the general reader. We have counted no fewer than nine different places in which Shakespeare uses the word "worship" in the sense of mere honor and without any reference whatever to that supreme worship or adoration which is due to God alone. The authorized version of the Protestant Bible thus translates our divine Lord's words in Luke xiv., 10:

"But when thou art bidden, go and sit down in the lowest room; that when he that bade thee cometh, he may say unto thee: Friend, go up higher; then shalt thou have 'worship' in the presence of them that sit at meat with thee."

In the Church of England marriage

services the bridegroom says to the bride: "With my body I thee worship" (meaning, of course, to "honor") in Cardwell's "History of the Conferences" (p. 200) exception is stated to have been made to these words by Dr. Reynolds. Thereupon "His Majesty looked upon the place 'I was made believe (saith he) that the phrase did impart no lesse than divine worship and adoration, but by the examination I find that it is an usual English term, as 'a gentleman of worship,' etc., and the sense agreeable unto Scriptures, 'giving honor to the wife,' etc. But turning to Dr. Reynolds, with smiling said His Majesty: 'If you had a good wife yourself you would think all the honor and worship you could do to her well be served.'"

Nobody misunderstands Tennyson which he urges a young man to "worship her (a maiden) with years of noble deeds;" nor Carlyle when he writes of the "hero-worship" offered to Mirabeau, Cromwell, Napoleon, Johnson, Rousseau, Madame de Staël and Robbe Burns. Here in the very midst of this Protestant land. Mayors and Magistrates are still addressed as "your Worship;" the master of an Orange lodge is styled by the brethren "Worship;" and the grand master the "Right Worshipful." A glance at Webster's or any good dictionary will show that "worship" still retains its original meaning of simple honor or respect. But it has also in the course of time acquired the later and far different signification of supreme divine adoration. It is needless to say that the merely relative "worship" or honor paid to a creature—even to the spotless Virgin Mother—differs not only in degree, but in kind, from the supreme "worship" of adoration which must be given to God alone. With Catholics the meaning of the word "worship" is defined and safeguarded by the terms of the Church's known teachings. It is quite another matter when the term is used of us with hostile or controversial intent and in the sense already indicated by Protestant preachers or writers. Without due explanation and definition the word as applied to our veneration of the Blessed Virgin, etc., is tolerably certain to mislead. It insinuates a gross and monstrous charge of idolatry. In the circumstances an honest man's plain duty is either to explain his meaning of the term or to seek a better one. Those who knowingly decline both alternatives ought to revise their moral code. Those who are ignorant of the slippery character of the term would do well to go to school again.

The teaching of the Catholic Church in the so called "worship of the Virgin Mary" is well and tersely expressed in the following words of one of our great divines:

"The Church condemns the least expression which oversteps that clear line, never to be crossed, dividing supreme worship of God from the highest honor paid to His highest saint." We accord the Blessed Virgin peculiar veneration, just because God crowned her with peculiar honors. Huss, Wyclif and the early Reformers—Luther, the authors of the Bohemian, Tetrapolitan and Basle Confessions of Faith, of the Declaration of Thorn and of the Leipzig Colloquy (1631)—all agreed in a lesser and legitimate form of worship of the Virgin Mary." In his preface to "The Story that Transformed the world" (1890), Mr. W. T. Stead says of the veneration of Catholics for Mary:

"Protestantism will have much leeway to make up before it can find any influence so potent for softening the hearts and inspiring the imagination of men as that of the true ideal of the womanhood of the world [Mary]."

One of the hopeful signs of the past fifty years is the steady advance of respect and veneration for the Blessed Virgin among our Protestant brethren. It is not to be stopped by abusive or begging question epithets nor by appeals to the feelings of ignorant hearers. As for the Catholic Church, her divine Founder prophesied that she should ever be the butt of the persecutor's hand and of the calumniator's tongue. We are the heirs of the blessings as of the trials of those who, when the Church was in the catacombs, were accused of worshipping the head of an ass. Foolish charges and covert insinuations of rank idolatry may and do cause local irritation and effect some local harm. It is our duty to repel them as far as we may. But if they form part of the Church's cross, they will all form part of her crown. "They shall persecute and calumniate you." So in substance ran the prophecy. But "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her (the Church)." So ran the promise. An army of sons of Ananias can no more shake the rock foundations of God's Church than volleys of Pink Pills could shift the Rock of Gibraltar. And it is a bad cause that must needs support itself by falsehood.

A Hail Hit.

William J. Bryan has detected the keynote of the missionaries eager for government protection to their evangel in the Philippines, when he says, "One minister bears a command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the word and scatter the blessings of civilization through the bursting of dynamite bombs.'"

PLAIN STATEMENTS.

Protestant View of Religion in the United States.—Amasa Thornton's Interesting Letter to the New York Sun.

In an interesting article in the New York Sun on "Civilization and Religion," Amasa Thornton thus writes of the churches in the United States: "What is the coincident state of religious faith in the United States?"

"The Christian Church is divided into three branches—the Protestant, the Catholic and the Greek. With the Greek we have so little association that I will not discuss it. The Catholic Church teaches and insists upon a religion which accepts the doctrine of reward and punishment in the next world. There is no equivocation about it and the result is that the training and education of the average Catholic in the United States makes him a respecter of property rights, keeps the lives of his wife and daughters pure, and is making the young American Catholic among the best of our citizens. That Church permits no divorce, and I am compelled to admit that it is very wise in that position. I do not say that the Catholic Church is the ideal one, but I am compelled to say that the result of its firm religious principle and uniformity of doctrine and teaching is tremendously in its favor.

"The Protestant Church has, in many of its large and strange denominations, gone practically away from the Bible and the old faith upon which Protestantism was built up and made strong. The Congregational Church is so far away from the religious faith of its New England ancestry that if any of the Puritan fathers could return to earth and see it they would repudiate all connection with it—and justly, too, for as a denomination it has no doctrine that is fixed, and a Congregationalist need now hardly believe anything that includes faith in the Bible. The great Presbyterian Church, which, under the teachings of Calvin and Knox, grew to be such a power for civilization, permits men who openly repudiate the Bible to teach in its great theological seminaries and preach in its pulpits. The Episcopal Church has grown to be an eleemosynary institution, to which resort men with broken religious backbones who are either forced or retired from the other denominations because of spiritual advisability. The Methodist church in the city of New York permits a young man to stand up in the clergyman's meeting and denounce the faith of the fathers and tear whole books out of the Bible.

There has been a great question in this city in the last few years whether the Presbyterian Church would not be swept entirely off its feet, and the danger is not yet passed.

"Most of the Protestant denominations have been more or less affected by the so called 'higher criticism,' and have permitted their religious teachers to deny the authenticity of the Bible on the ground that scholarship demanded the surrender; but would not the best scholarship be a better and wiser work if it set itself to find out what had been the result of loss of faith in the Bible on the human race? If they did this, they would hesitate long before they would undertake to teach the masses to substitute fine-spun philosophy for that substantial faith, for in studying the history of society, they would find, as I have said, that with the decay of religious belief always came the decay of civilization. Then let them be thankful themselves if the prevailing loose opinions in regard to marriage and divorce, the appearance of the socialist agnosticism and its theories of the marital relation, the depraved teachings of the anarchist on the relation of the sexes and the sexual perversion of the times are not palpable evidences of the effect of the disappearing faith of our fathers. As for myself, when I look at the old civilizations and the point at which their disappearance began and find ours at the same point, I am compelled to the conclusion which will carry us to moral ruin if we do not get out of it. If history teaches aright, our civilization, in order to endure, like every other which has continued vigorous, must be based on a religion of strong faith, one that does not substitute a human philosophy for faith in a Being who cannot be comprehended but who shapes our lives.

I have heard Dr. Briggs quoted in an East Side saloon by a socialist over a glass of beer as evidence that even professors of theological seminaries no longer believe in the Bible. The average socialist propagandist feels that if he can shake the faith of hearer in his religion he has already got him more than half-way into the stockist ranks, therefore, his stock argument is that religious faith is dead and the Christian Church no longer believes in the Bible. If the learned divines and teachers of the Protestant Churches who are pushing the 'higher criticism,' should study the situation closely, they would find that they are potent influences in making socialists and anarchists.

"Will the great body of the Protestant Church bring the old ship back to its moorings, or will it leave the field entirely to the Catholic Church? I ask the question as a Protestant."

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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMATEUR DETECTIVES. It was broad daylight when I awoke next morning, and I jumped up at once, eager to see something more of "No. 7." There is no alcohol in this other intoxicant contained in "Golden Medical Discovery."

"I am on the look-out for my jarvey," he grumbled. "The car should have been ready by this. If only the fellow was here, I'd start off at once, and breakfast somewhere on the road."

As he was speaking, Dan came hurrying up out of breath to say that breakfast was ready, and led the way to the library where at hand, the coffee-room being still disordered to be used. "No. 7" sat down and began to eat rapidly. I asked whether he was off so soon.

"Yes, I have no time to lose. I am bound for Lisheen, and that it takes four hours to get there."

"It does by the road, which is hilly and crooked. If you are in a hurry it would be better to take a boat; you can go then straight as the crow flies, across the lake in an hour and a half. If it were not for the inward bend of the bay out there, we could see Lisheen town from where we are."

He was too busy eating to make any answer, but presently he flung down his knife and fork. "Do you know," he said, "I feel more hopeful this morning and eager to be moving; and chiefly, I think, on account of my having knocked up against you so unexpectedly. It encourages a man to believe that he is not so large, but that the most unlikely meetings may take place in it. What an out-of-the-way corner for you to have got into!"

"It is an old haunt of mine. I like it—perhaps for the reason that it is so out of the way."

"But is there any contact with the outer world? Do you ever get such a thing as a letter or a newspaper?"

"I don't know about newspapers. I believe something of the kind comes by post, but I don't know, really—I never look at a thing. Letters! Oh yes, I find one for me lying on the hall table sometimes, when I come in to luncheon."

"Indeed! Have you one of your letters about you? I should like to look at the envelope."

"Certainly, here is one."

"Thanks! Ha! It is stamped Lisheen, and—what's this? Glen-coon-oge?"

"Yes, Glencoonoige; that's the name of this district. We are so far modernized as to have a post-office at Glencoonoige, you see, but it is not a large one, and Lisheen being there on the way give their letters or their post-bags to the driver of the mail, and he carries them to Lisheen. Rather a primitive method of postage, perhaps, but sure in the character of the place, it always seems to me."

"Post-bags! Are there many country gentlemen living in these wilds?"

"Not many. Some half a dozen families, perhaps, have seats in this district, and Lisheen is the only one in the district. The houses are picturesque enough, seen from that ruin at the top of the high rock on the island yonder; they are objects of the landscape, but that is about the only use they serve as a rule. Their owners rarely come near them."

"No. 7" looked towards where I had pointed. "Is that a ruin? I should have said it was a marvellous one. I never saw a ruin like that, and something more. It was a small, military depot once, built after an attempted French invasion, somewhere about a hundred years ago. A garrison led an idle life in it for several years, but the place has long ago been deserted. There is a capital view from the top."

"I should like to go there; will you come with me after breakfast?"

"Certainly, if you are not going to start all at once for Lisheen. I am at your service, heartily."

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THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Sproule. The price is exceedingly low, only 10c. Free by mail to any address. The book contains 360 pages. Ad dress: THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record office, London, Ont.

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longings, willing that they should think me dead, I little thought of the sufferings I was inflicting, or of the punishment I was preparing for myself. I told you, did I not, that at last, partly successful and partly not, I sought my home and found it empty?"

"Yes, and how you learned from the clergyman of your parish that your parents were dead, and your sister had disappeared, no one knew whither. I was thinking last night of our meeting at Rathkeel, and bit by bit your story came back to me. You thought at that time you had a clue to your sister."

"It was another Will-o'-the-Wisp, and not the last that I followed in that journey. At length I went back to London; and the first thing I did was to call on Miss Walsingham to see if she had any news for me. She had been hourly expecting me, she said, for many weeks past. My first visit had probably taken her by surprise; in the meantime she had been thinking matters over, and preparing herself for my return. She inquired eagerly as to what I had done in the interval, and then launched with gusto into an account of the later history of my family, furnishing me with fuller details than before, and quoting at length her own comments at every stage of its development. In spite of this tendency, and of her repeated insinuations that all the trouble arose out of the persistent way in which her father had been attached to my people after her fashion. She spoke with respect of her former standing, and represented herself as having been of great use, after my mother's death, to my sister, and she had a high opinion of her own qualities, but too proud. Miss Walsingham had for many years been trying to suit herself with a companion, always unsuccessfully, and she flared the post to poverty at once accepted it. Of course, said Miss Walsingham, it was difficult for a girl who had hitherto had so much of her own way, to accommodate herself to her new position. I could see, notwithstanding all my kindness, that she was not happy; and I said, 'Janet, is there one on whom you could call and take tea with? because such and such a one is coming to spend the evening with me, and I don't know otherwise what you are to do, unless you had some one to call on. I would find her at one time poring over the advertisement-sheet of the newspaper; at another, locked up in her room writing letters; and at a third, speaking very shyly, and knocking five doors before she would open the door. I believe she used to have her letters sent to a post office; none ever came here for her. On that point, that dreadful pride that would not let her friend be acquainted with her, she was very obstinate and her affection. She gave me notice that she was about to leave me, and asked for a written testimonial as to her respectability and capacity. I could speak in the highest terms of both, and she would not believe me. But she would not tell me what her plans were, nor have I ever been applied to respecting her. However, as I told you when you were here last, a little more than a year ago I received a letter from her. I could not heartily say that she was a very good friend, but she was a very good one. I was glad to get it, for I felt hurt at the way in which I had been treated; and though she is too proud to own as fully as she ought, she had behaved badly, the letters showed, I think, that she was a very good one. I shall be wary, in questioning, to place her at no disadvantage. And that can only be done by silence regarding our history. And you, will you consider all that I have said, and that letter too, as strictly confidential?"

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the only one. Was it that I might make a good match? I hate to be forced to see, as I do see plainly now, that no other way was there an escape from our difficulties. What a position! I pray God I never marry a man it may be because I love him, and not because he has no other means of livelihood. Thoughts of those days recur to me constantly. I long to be free of them, and feel as if they and only my fate may be laid to rest when once this letter is despatched. My life is otherwise tranquil. It is so much easier to submit oneself among strangers, nor do I find that subordination has left me without the spirit to exercise control. Never surely did a penniless girl bow before authority that galls so little as that which I acknowledge never was obedience rendered with more docility than it is to me.

This letter will reach your hands I know; for in a London paper, only a few days old, I have seen your (to me) well known name and address, as secretary to a newly started charity. I beg you to accept these lines in the spirit which they are written, and not to misinterpret them. I write with no ulterior motive—therefore you find no address upon this letter—therefore I do not tell you the assumed name of the charity. I have raised anxiety and want, I begin to know what contentment is; and every day brings with it an increase of calm happiness of which I will not be easy for a while to deprive me by looks, or words, or letters, in which there was anything of coldness, or pity, or patronage. The fact is, something tells me will be more assured, now that I renounce the resentment towards you which from time to time has troubled my breast, by subscribing myself once more,

Your affectionate friend, Janet Chalmers.

As the writer had said, there was no address in the letter, but the envelope bore a particularly clear imprint of the Lisheen post-mark.

"Have you seen this?" I asked my companion, who had turned his back upon Glencoonoige Castle and now had his eyes fixed on the letter in his hand.

"That," he cried. "What else do you think is taking me to Lisheen? That mark has been the beacon towards which train and boat and car have hurried me over the hundreds of miles that lay between me and this place. What do you think of it? It is not much perhaps, but does not that letter warrant the belief that within little more than twelve months my sister was not many miles away from this spot where we are standing?"

"He looked around as he spoke, and his eyes rested on more of the Castle. Mine followed his. I felt that the same thought was in both our minds, and the exclamation escaped me unawares:

"The governess?"

"Aye," he said, "tell me about her again."

I told him all I knew, and as I spoke grew more certain every minute that the governess and the writer of the letter were one and the same person. Freskian naturally was the assumed name referred to in the letter. Letters from the Castle are sent by post-bag to Lisheen, and would bear only the Lisheen post-mark. We agreed, too, that the "control" spoken of referred unmistakably to the children under her charge, whose hearts she had won, and that the allusion to "authority" had in it a mingled reverence and affection.

"And well it may," said I, "for the O'Doherty, though no longer young, and somewhat choleric, is, by the most hearted generosity, man to win the love of a girl smarting from unkindness."

"What can tell me something more about her?"

"No one probably as much as the housekeeper at the Castle. Only remember, her account may be biased, for she is not pleased at the marriage. From the death of her former mistress till now, she has exercised a mild rule there in household matters. I like a sensible old lady like that, and her reign is over; but a new wife, young, clever, and with ideas of her own will rule the roost."

"Whatever her feelings may be, she is likely to be possessed of the information I want."

"And will give you, no doubt, if you tip her handsomely."

"Exactly. Let us go," and he led the way downwards to the boat where Jan, grown hungry, was impatiently awaiting us, as it was past his dinner-time.

We were descending the last slope when my companion, who had not broken silence once all the way down, stood still and said, "We must be careful not to set gossip at work. I may have struck oil here. If this girl is really my sister, it may not please her to have her family history known. It might make her position difficult with those people I shall be wary, in questioning, to place her at no disadvantage. And that can only be done by silence regarding our history. And you, will you consider all that I have said, and that letter too, as strictly confidential?"

I assured him he might consider his story as private with me as if he had never told it. And I may be remarking over all that, in saying this I made no little promise, and that by the most diligent hint not even by the mention of his name, did any but one ever receive enlightenment on the subject from my lips.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

One of the "religious" orators who visited Boston Common on Sundays appeared to a sympathetic anti-Catholic crowd a few days ago, asking them to choose "salvation or damnation—the King James Bible, or the Duay Bible."

He was somewhat disappointed when his intelligent audience, not knowing one from the other, shouted "Hooray for the Dawey Bible!" So there is one unconscious prophet! Without honor in his own country.—Boston Pilot.

Dare to be true; nothing can ever need a lie.—George Herbert.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF GOD LIVER OIL will build you up, will make you fat and healthy. Especially beneficial to those who are "run down" and languid by the D. & L. Emulsion of God Liver Oil, manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

SIX OILS.—The most conclusive testimony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the Daily News, prove that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—an absolute pure combination of six of the finest medicinal oils in existence—remedies rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and all the throat and lungs, and cure piles, wounds, sores, lameness, tumors, burrs, and injuries of horses and cattle.

THE EXPERT STATEMENT THAT THE D. & L. MOUTH PLASTER IS DOING A GREAT DEAL TO ALLEVIATE NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM IS BASED UPON FACTS. THE

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London not later than Tuesday morning.

Articles must be paid in full before the paper can be stopped.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, November 25, 1899.

HON. FRANK LATCHFORD.

We are glad to be able to state that the Hon. Frank Latchford, Minister of Public Works, has been returned as member of the Ontario Legislature for the South Riding of Renfrew.

Some weeks ago we expressed the hope that the Opposition management would allow the honorable gentleman to be elected by acclamation. They permitted Hon. Mr. Stratton, member for Peterborough, to take his seat without a contest.

The Montreal True Witness makes the following complimentary and well-deserved reference to the new Minister of Public Works: "We have ever desired to encourage every movement to advance the interests of the Irish Catholic people of Canada, and when a young man of our faith and our nationality is about to enter upon an honorable and public career, we applaud with enthusiasm every act done to facilitate for him the road to success."

ANCIENT DOCUMENTS. The Syrian Patriarch of Antioch has brought with him to Paris two manuscripts which are said to be of the second century, and which were discovered in the metropolitan library at Mossoul.

Another instance of the gross inaccuracies of the newspaper correspondents who write or send telegraphic despatches from Rome regarding the Church or the Pope, occurred last week when it was cable that the Osservatore Romano, under orders from the Pope, had published a violent attack on Great Britain in regard to the war with the Transvaal.

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at creating an anti Catholic sentiment in England, but his falsehood must fall flat when the truth is known.

An article in the Osservatore Romano of the 15th inst., states that it is the official organ of the Vatican only in regard to facts relating to Church matters. Its editorial comments are not inspired by the Holy Father or the Vatican authorities.

WITCHCRAFT.

Three Italians, husband, wife, and son, who recently arrived in Toronto from New York, and immediately began business as fortune-tellers, were arrested last week at the order of police Inspector Archibald.

MORE DISAGREEABLE RESULTS OF THE PRACTICE OF HAZING. We have already several times spoken in our columns of the barbarous practice kept up in many colleges and universities under the name of hazing.

LATITUDINARIANISM. The well known Scottish novelist Ian Maclaren, who is Rev. Dr. John Watson, a Presbyterian minister of London, Eng., is about to publish a life of Christ in serial form.

REV. B. F. DE COSTA'S STAND FOR ORTHODOXY.

The resignation of the Rev. B. F. De Costa from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been very extensively discussed by the Press of all denominations, and the comments thereupon are of widely divergent character.

THE CHURCH DEFENSE, A HIGH CHURCH ORGAN.

The Church Defense, a High Church organ, states that the Rev. Mr. De Costa "has stood so bravely for many years against the Broad Church movement that it is to be regretted that he has allowed the enemy to discourage him."

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standing may be arrived at between Senate, Faculty, and Students, whereby the students may promise on their honor that the objectionable practices shall not be repeated.

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We have frequently called the attention of our readers to the malignant and vile anti-Catholic, anti-Irish, and anti-French Canadian sentiments expressed by the Mail and Empire of Toronto almost every Saturday on the page of that journal edited by Flaneur.

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THE THUGS WERE REVIVED. A recent issue of the Shanghai Daily Press gives an account of the trial of three Hindu Thugs at Rangoon.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE SACRISTAN.

Sacred Heart Revival. PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LX.

I have remarked in my last that, after the examples which I have produced from the Champion, of malice, violence, falsehood, intolerance, voluntary ignorance, my readers might well ask how the proselytes of this denomination in Spanish and Portuguese America can be any more the children of hell, in their treatment of the Catholic Church, than the editors themselves, and their American associates.

As we all know, Saint Augustine, as a teacher, has among Christians, especially in the Western Church, perhaps the most exalted place of all inspired doctors. At the Reformation the Protestants were so far from putting him lower, that they put him higher. By scornfully rejecting most of the later Western teachers, and pouring out unbounded vituperations on the schoolmen, but above all on Saint Thomas Aquinas, they left the Bishop of Hippo in a solitary prominence which he does not possess among the Catholics, great as he is.

It is true, the Protestants have mostly rejected, or slightly, or practically suppressed, the one-half of his teachings. Saint Augustine dwells with intense fervor on God's election and grace. Yet he insists not less strenuously that the Church and her sacraments are the revealed and covenanted means whereby God carries out His election and dispenses His grace. The Protestants, but above all the Calvinists, reduced this part of the great Doctor's system almost to nothing, and left the sterner aspects of his teaching overhanging the way in a dangerous grimace, which certainly does not reproduce the full impression of the "Flaming Heart."

Yet Augustine, thus made over, was exalted to the very summit of the Reformation, and thenceforward he was treated by the Protestants as their peculiar, indeed, exclusive possession. Now it is competent for us, if we can sustain it by proof, to contend that the central principles of this Father sway to our side rather than to the other, that we have the larger inheritance in him. Yet it does seem a little over-reaching to deny to the Catholics their portion of the great teacher who has said: "I would not believe the Gospel itself did not the authority of the Catholic Church move me thereto."

At all events Saint Augustine was put in the forefront by the Reformers, and Luther and Calvin were regarded as being, each in his way, a sort of reincarnation of the great Father. Now as St. Hilary saith (I quote him at second hand): "Veritas, a quocunque dicitur, est Spiritus Sancto est." ("Truth, by whomsoever uttered, is of the Holy Ghost.") Luther was a very great religious genius, and, as Jansen says, when he rests on a sound authority he brings out the principles of the spiritual life with very great depth and perfection. He has assimilated a great deal of St. Augustine, and reproduced it with a pungent force which scarcely the saint would not disown. Yet not to speak irreverently, I think the Bishop of Hippo would make some very queer faces, after having explored Luther's whole record to life, teaching, and fruits of teaching, as set forth by the reformer himself, to be told that the Saxon friar was regarded by a great part of Christendom as a later avatar of himself.

However, so great has been and still is the reputation of St. Augustine throughout the Protestant world that, although the editors of the Champion represent a singularly shallow theology, a sort of diaphanous theology, very little indebted to the saint, they would not venture to vilify him themselves. At least in all the many numbers of the Champion which I have looked through, I have never seen any editorial disparagement of the great Bishop. Yet they have published without a word of remark a long article from one of their Spanish-American converts, which from beginning to end is simply a sullen attack on the Catholic Church for showing herself unworthy of the Christian name her saints. And what may be said? Nothing is said of bringing him down from his place of immemorial honor, but to break up the credit of the whole Catholic Church of all ages? Is it his youthful immoralities or his youthful heresies? Not at all. No reference is made to them, besides that they were long since put away with abhorrence. Is it that he was provoked by the wasting disorders of the Donatist obstinacy into language afterwards used to cover forms of intolerance which he would have abhorred? Not at all. Nothing is said of this. What the editor of Hippo, and who is him the whole Catholic world? Simply this one thing. In spiritualizing the Old Testament, after the manner of his age, Saint Augustine applies an evil action of David, purified of its evil, typically to Christ!

Now the editors themselves have not done this, would not have done it. Yet so indulgent are they to the newborn zeal of their proselytes, that when these, on such inconceivably trivial grounds, attack one of the very greatest names of universal and of Christian history, in assailing and insulting every branch of the Christian world alike, these editors quietly allow them to go on, and publish their foul diatribes for them, without once attempting to show them the supreme folly and

wickedness of their behavior, not to speak of its reckless imprudence. If only they will prove their sound conversion to one of the most vulgar forms of Protestantism by attacking the Catholic Church, it is no matter what names of greatness and goodness they trail in its dust. The Saviour, we know, is as far as possible from anxious parism of simile. He compares Himself to a burglar. His Father to an unjust judge. His people to the unjust steward. Now if this man, cleverly disguising his intent, had attacked the Saviour Himself, adroitly turning the assault then upon the Catholic Church, I almost question whether the editors would have refused to admit his mission to their columns. I have in his blind zeal for totalitarianism, to blaspheme Christ without losing his standing. Why then should not this Spaniard be allowed to blaspheme Christ likewise if only he can turn his blasphemy to profitable account against his original Church?

Saint Francis of Assisi is one of the purest, sweetest and holiest of created names. The Congregationalists of England have not, I see from the Ave Maria, thought it consistent with their reverence for canonical Scripture to give three Sundays of the year to teaching their children the facts of his life, as they and the other non-conformists have not found it inconsistent with their Protestantism to head their children's school of Sunday school heroes with the name of Saint Charles Borromeo. The editors of the Champion have so far conformed to universal Christian feeling, that in all their multitudinous and reckless attacks on Roman Catholicism, I do not think they have ever had a word of dishonor to St. Francis. Yet they have published a long essay from one of their converts, in which Francis is portrayed as one of the special and choicest members of anti-Christ. Here again we have the proselyte twofold more the child of hell than the proselyter.

The Champion may have occasionally flung out against the sign of the cross as superstitious. Indeed, I remember their once attacking Episcopalian baptism on this ground. That is about all, however. But they have lately published a paper from one of their proselytes, who in all form undertakes to prove that the sign of the cross of universal use among Christians from the earliest ages, as we see in Tertullian is nothing more than the mark of the beast, and that whoever uses it becomes thereby a member of anti-Christ, a follower of the beast. All this, he assures us, is taught as plainly as day in the Book of Revelation! Here we have the disciple not twofold, but thefold fourfold, fivefold, as much the child of hell as the teacher.

I have already spoken of the article in the Champion jeering at the belief that Christian marriage is a spiritual union, calling it, in Luther's words, "an outward bodily thing," and speaking contemptuously of those who maintain its inherent indissolubility. This, too, I need hardly say, was written by a proselyte. Our Saviour, then, is speaking from the life when He declares that where partisanship, and not the love of God, is the principle of such efforts, the converts are twofold more the children of hell than those who win them. I do not, by any means, intend this of all the Protestant laborers in Spanish lands, as I shall show.

Charles C. Starbuck, 12 Meacham street, North Cambridge, Mass.

NATIONAL DECAY NOT CAUSED BY RELIGIOUS CREED.

We are constantly being told that Catholicism is the cause of the decay of the Latin countries, says the Newcastle, England, Daily Chronicle, Protestant Journal. Priests, it is said, have been their ruin. But what is the cause? Germany is, of course, not a Latin country; but it is a Catholic country to a far greater degree than is commonly supposed. The majority of the population of Germany are Catholics; the Catholic party is the strongest party in the Reichstag; and as one of its leaders remarked some time ago, the Catholic party is the governing party. But nobody will contend that Germany is a decadent nation. It is objected that the German Government is not a Catholic Government, the answer is that neither is the French Government. Further, if Paris is France, as for administrative purposes it undoubtedly is, then France is not a Catholic country. Belgium is not a Catholic country, and, although there is great political discontent in Belgium, there has also been great economic progress. The most priest-ridden country in the world, Christian or non-Christian, is Russia. In Russia it is almost impossible to move hand or foot without the intervention of the priest. But, while it is difficult to foresee the future of Russia, her progress from the time of Peter the Great up to the present is incontrovertible; and most people are agreed that she has a great future before her. The causes of national decay are obscure, and must be sought elsewhere than in religious creed.

"He Mistakes the Effect for the Cause." That is what the person does who tries to cure rheumatism or any other disease by removing the symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks the cause of these diseases. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and thus permanently cures rheumatism. It tones and strengthens the stomach, restores its natural digesting fluids and permanently cures dyspepsia.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. Price 25 cents.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened.

This may seem a very strange comparison, if, instead of letting it in at one ear, as the saying is, and out at the other, we stop to think of it a moment. For what sort of likeness is there between that glorious kingdom of heaven, which we hope some day to enter, and a little leaven or yeast put into flour to raise it and make it into bread? Surely, we should say, none at all. What could our Lord have meant when He said that the two were alike?

But let us think a little more about the matter. Is the kingdom of heaven of which He was speaking that to see, or is there not some other meaning which we may give to the words?

There is another meaning, and it is the true one in this place and in many others in the Gospel. It is the kingdom of God or of heaven, not in heaven, but on earth, of which our Saviour is here speaking. When He says the kingdom of heaven, He means the kingdom which He came to establish. His holy Catholic Church.

But how is this leaven, or yeast? Well, it is not so very hard to see. It is because, being put into the world in the beginning, in the form of a few weak, poor, and unlearned men and women, like the little spoonful of yeast put into a great mass of flour, it soon spread through the whole known world, and is even now spreading in the same way, changing and influencing in many ways all whom it meets with, even if it does not fully convert them; just as the yeast is spread through the whole of the dough, raising it and making it into good and healthy food.

Yes, this was the way that the Church spread through the world and made its converts, especially in the early times. It was not by preaching. The apostles and their successors did not have much chance to preach to the world in general. Christianity was not learned in the pagan Roman empire so much by preaching as by private instruction joined with good example. One person caught it from another, as the particles of dough get raised by those next to them. Masters and mistresses, for instance, caught it from their servants, others from their friends and acquaintances—first, from noticing their virtues, so different from those which the pagans had. They saw how gentle and affectionate, and still how courageous, they were; how they bore suffering without a murmur; how they shrank from one to another in ways which these idols represented; how little they cared for pleasure; how each sacrificed himself for his neighbor.

"See," said the word, "how these Christians love one another!" Things are somewhat changed now. It is true. The Catholic faith can now be preached and taught openly; still, it is almost the same as if it could not, for people outside the Church will seldom come and hear it, or even read books explaining it. The discipline of the secret still prevails, not because we wish it, but because the world does. So now, as before, from the vices which catch and spread from one to another if it is not held in check, progress in such countries is of our. Protestants run away from the priest, and will have nothing to say to him; so it will not do to say that making converts is the priest's business and does not concern you. No, making converts is your business, as things stand, perhaps even more than his. But how are they to be made? Not by cursing, lying, and drunkenness—sins too common, alas! among many who call themselves Catholics, and specially liable to be noticed by others. It was not by these that the first Christians converted the world. Not by quarrelling and slanders; it is not by these that you will convince people who are Christians love one another.

Turn, then, from the vices which repel, and practice instead virtues which will attract unbelievers, and lead them to inquire why you are so good instead of wondering that you are so bad. Then they will come to you, as they did of old to your ancestors in the faith, to learn the doctrine which has taught you these virtues; and you will be, as you should be, the leaven which is to leaven the world.

AN ENORMOUS SUM. Announcement is made of the sale of the New York Catholic Orphan Asylum property, Fifth and Madison avenues. Fifty first and fifty second streets. The price was between \$2,500,000 and \$2,600,000, the largest price ever paid for a single piece of property in New York. According to the present arrangement the orphan asylum will not move to its new home, in West Chester, for a year, and it will therefore be about the end of 1900 when the syndicate enters into actual possession. Soon after that date it is reasonable to expect that there will be an imposing colony of fine dwellings opposite the Cathedral, on the block now occupied by buildings of the institution.

To Cure Catarrh and Stay Cured You must use the most up to date and most approved method of treatment. This can only be had in Catarrhazone which cures by inhalation and is sure to reach the right spot. Treatments requiring the use of sprays, douches, snuffs, ointments, are a thing of the past, and the medicated air treatment supercedes them all. There is no danger or risk in using Catarrhazone. It is both pleasant and effective to employ in any case of Irritable Throat, Croup, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. For sale at all drug-gists or by mail, price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 568, Kingston, N. C.

CATHOLICITY IN WALES.

The work of the Catholic Mission in Wales is proceeding apace, and its latest effort shows that it recognizes the significance of Welsh genius and nationality. For the first time in its history, a complete Catholic Ritual and Prayer Book in the Welsh language has just been published. This work has been undertaken at the suggestion of Cardinal Vaughan, and carries a special commendatory note from the two Welsh Catholic Bishops, Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, and Bishop Hedley, of Newport. The work of translation was entrusted to Father Jones, the Welsh B. man Catholic Incumbent of Carnarvon, who was assisted in the compilation by the Very Rev. Father Hayes of Cardiff, Mr. Hobson Mathews the Cardiff Archivist, and others. Moreover, Father Jones is at the present time seeing through the press an original Welsh edition of the Gospels and the Epistles intended for popular use, this too, with the approval of Cardinal Vaughan.

A TRYING EXPERIENCE.

A Nova Scotia Farmer Suffered for Fifteen Years.

CONSULTED FOUR DOCTORS, BUT THE ONLY RELIEF THEY GAVE HIM WAS THROUGH INJECTIONS OF MORPHINE—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED HIM TO HEALTH AND ACTIVITY.

From the News, Truro, N. S. Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Cochester Co., N. S., is now one of the hardest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said: "I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intense, severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphia. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"Doing nothing is doing ill." Impure blood neglected will become a serious matter. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and avoid the ill.

CROUPS, COUGHS and COLDS are all quickly cured by Eucalyptol. It loosens the cough almost instantly, and cures readily the most obstinate cold. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

A PLEASANT MEDICINE.—There are some pills which have no other purpose except to get rid of the bowels, and are not only unpalatable to the patient, but add to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parnele's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They often place to the dyspeptic.

EVERY DRUGGIST in the land sells Pain-Killer. The best liniment for sprains and bruises. The best remedy for cramps and colic. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

WE NEVER PART. A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY BENZIGER BROS. 75 CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE. POSTAGE PAID. TAKEN FOR SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS. PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS. SEND NO MONEY. SPECIMEN NUMBERS AND PREMIUMS MAILED FREE TO YOUR FRIENDS IF YOU SEND THEIR ADDRESSES. BENZIGER BROTHERS 36 BARCLAY ST. N. Y.

Make the Hair Grow. With warm shampoo of CERRITA SOAP and light dressings of CERRITA, purest of emollients, the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow when all else fails.

SURPRISE SOAP. A pure hard Soap which has peculiar qualities for Laundry Uses. 5 cents a cake.

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INDIAN MISSIONS. ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. BONIFACE MAN. IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly at our command have been exhausted, and the necessity of a vigorous policy imposes itself at the present moment.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. "The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

THE WILL & BAUMER COY. Bleachers and Refiners of Beeswax, and Manufacturers of CHURCH CANDLES. The Celebrated Parissima and Altar Brand. and Baumer's Patent Finish Beeswax Candles.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN. 75 cents in advance for a year's subscription. The easiest way to pay for a year's subscription.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN. WE NEVER PART. A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY BENZIGER BROS. 75 CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE. POSTAGE PAID. TAKEN FOR SINGLE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

RAIN-KILLER. ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND. THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACME, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT RAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT. AUTUMN WINE A SPECIALTY. Our Autumn Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Clergy will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

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JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 140 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day.

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"Remember, Phil, be home before dark." "All right, mother; I'll be back by 8 o'clock at the latest." Then with a hasty farewell the youth sprang on his bicycle and rode swiftly down the street under the shady maples, through whose leaves, already tinged with the beauties of approaching autumn, streamed down the brilliant midday sunlight.

Phil Seton was the only child of a widowed mother, and had spent all his fourteen summers in the pleasant little village of Exeter. A mighty bond of affection united mother and son. To her maternal care and solicitude he responded with a truly filial devotion. He was a sturdy, active lad, inclined to a manner of sport, and, indeed, his proficiency in this line was greater than in his studies, though Phil was nevertheless a diligent student. Being the son of a pious Catholic mother, he was intimately connected with all concerning the little parish Church. He had lately been appointed assistant sacristan, and he took much pride in the performance of his duties.

"Oh! a goody goody sort of a boy, this!" some of my readers will perhaps be tempted to exclaim. But no, Phil had his little faults; who has not? This, however, is not the place for enumerating them. We have another tale to tell.

Phil wheeled out to "Elmgrove"—Harry White's home—and the two boys enjoyed, as only boys can, the delights of a day's tramp through the woods and fields. The day was drawing to a close as Phil remounted his wheel for the journey home, for, though earnestly pressed by his friends to remain and spend the evening with them, the memory of his promise would not allow him to accept the kind invitation. The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming through the tree tops, barring the long white road with the shadows of long great alms that skirted its borders. He had scarcely proceeded a mile, when suddenly he felt the rear tire give way. What was his dismay to find that it was punctured.

"Whew! this is a pretty fix, and I haven't my repair kit with me. It's a long walk back to Elmgrove—I have it! I'll just step into Mr. Cherry's house, which cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from here, and leave my wheel there until I can come and fetch it home, while I myself—"

Phil stopped. He was going to add that he could walk back to Exeter. But now it was dark and it would be a long, lonely tramp, while Mr. Cherry's hospitable family would be only too glad to retain him. Inclination pointed one way, filial affection and obedience the other. The struggle was short, for the thought of his mother's anxiety if he should not return effectually banished any lurking desire he may have had to evade the dreary white home.

All this time Phil was proceeding towards the Cherry homestead, and at the time he had made up his mind to go home he was almost at Cherry gate. Mr. Cherry, an old friend of Phil's father, welcomed him heartily and was loath to let him depart. But after Phil had gone he remarked emphatically to his wife:

"Sarah, mark my words! That boy's got the makings of a good man in him. It's not often nowadays you see boys so obedient to their parents. Seems to me children ain't as doctored as when I was young."

In which opinion, minus the characteristic grumble that accompanied it, Mrs. Cherry heartily concurred.

When our hero turned his back on the Cherry homestead the journey seemed far drearier than before. The long road stretching out before him in the increasing darkness, formed most dismal contrast to the bright cheerful fireside he had just left. The nights were growing colder and a keener breeze whistling through the trees swept down on the lad as he began his long walk. But, summoning up all his natural courage and buoyancy spirits Phil resolutely faced towards home.

By way of short cut the boy turned down an old disused road leading to the left. He had gone scarcely a hundred yards when a surprising sight met his view as he descended a small hill. Behind a clump of cedar bushes was a camp fire, around which three or four men were seated. Tramps! ejaculated Phil.

During the past summer Exeter had been tormented with the usual number of the tramping fraternity. The business and inexperience of these Wandering Willies had grown intolerable, and they were strictly forbidden their under pain of imprisonment. Recent burglaries had become numerous in the village and surrounding country, and it was thought that the perpetrators probably had a rendezvous in the secluded part of the neighborhood. All efforts to track them hitherto, however, had been in vain.

"Well, what matter ever if they tramps. They won't hurt a fellow; they would hardly hold me up. I'm not going to go back for fear them. I'll just walk right past them and as likely as not they won't see me."

Still screened by the bushes he advanced. The men were talking in low tones, and when Phil was but a few yards from the fire one of the group, raising his voice, said: "Well, that settles it. Jack pick the lock and stand guard, and

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

The reverend Father Mory, Capelin, has been named as the new pastor of the parish of St. Mary's, Ottawa.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP MCKAY'S FIRST VISIT TO HIS PARISH OF ST. CHARLES.

The opening number of a chorus by the whole school, was executed with a fine and expressive tone.

After this Miss Ruby MacIntyre, with the unanimous consent of all at the Feast, sang in a beautiful voice.

The address, which was written on parchment, was superbly mounted in white satin and was an ample evidence of the skill of the artist.

Right Rev. Francis Patrick McKay, D. D., Bishop of London, presided at the ceremony.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the chorists sang a most thrilling hymn, "The Lord is my strength and my shield."

At the platform there were also the Sisters of the Holy Family, who were present in a very large number.

After the ceremony an adjournment was made to the school of the Holy Family, where a most eloquent lecture was delivered by Rev. Father McKay.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHATHAM DAILIES.

His Lordship visits the Separate School, Chatham, N.S., on Monday, Nov. 6.

On Monday, Nov. 6, His Lordship's Separate School was honored by a visit from His Lordship, Bishop McKay.

The members of the A.M. Society of St. Alphonsus visited the school on Monday, Nov. 6.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the chorists sang a most thrilling hymn.

At the platform there were also the Sisters of the Holy Family, who were present in a very large number.

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MARKETS WHERE THE ENGLISH MANUFACTURER

finds his products, Canada is a self-sufficing country and its own grain and stock raising industry is well advanced.

On Thursday, November 10, the new Victoria hospital, which is erected as a communitarian building, was opened as a communitarian building.

At the platform there were also the Sisters of the Holy Family, who were present in a very large number.

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CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

Causes Impure Blood. Poor Circulation. YOU TAKE COLD EASILY.

Chronic Constipation comes from a diseased liver, which cannot produce the necessary bile.

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ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

Miss Ella Dalton, who taught the Separate School of La Salette for the last seven years, has been presented to the school.

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LECTURES ON CANADA.

An illustrated lecture on Canada was delivered in the town hall, Mitchellton, on Friday evening, Nov. 10.

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MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. Daily Produce - Eggs, fresh laid, per dozen, 20 to 25; cream, basket, 19 to 20.

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MARRIAGES.

Mr. R. J. Devlin, ex-M.P., of Canadian birth, married Miss Josephine O'Connell, of London, Ireland, on Thursday, Nov. 10.