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VOL. X. No. 27

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902

PRICE FIVE CENTS

REMARKABLE ACCOUNTS OF MONT PELEE

Atheist Politicians had made the Air of St. Pierre Hides with Blasphemy—Was Morne Rouge Saved by a Miracle.

Further and remarkable accounts of the volcanic disaster at Martinique have been sent to Paris by missionaries of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who escaped from the fate which overtook several of their brethren.

In a thrilling account of the eruption of Mont Pelee and the destruction of St. Pierre, Pere Bruno, one of the very few survivors of the community of Holy Ghost Fathers, gives partial confirmation of the alleged miraculous occurrence in the church at Morne Rouge.

"The date of Pere Bruno's letter is May 21. He writes: 'I send you some details concerning the last hours of our dear fathers who met their deaths in the fearful catastrophe of May 8. On the morning of Saturday, April 26, Fathers Demareel, Ackermann and Chausse acceded Mont Pelee to endeavor to discover the exact position of the crater, which on the previous day had begun to smoke.'

"On the night of May 3 there was a rain of cinders, and study at the college became an impossibility, for the ashes penetrated everywhere, and the atmosphere was thick and heavy; the pupils, therefore, had permission to leave. On Monday, May 5, Pere le Gallo, the superior, desired to send the fathers to the south to the parishes of Francois, Riviere-Pilote, Marius, etc., but, as the spectacle became every moment more

and more grandiose, everybody wished to watch the course of events. It was believed there was nothing to fear.

"On the Monday, however, at noon the volcano vomited an immense quantity of boiling mud, which travelled at a rapidly estimated at 200 kilometres an hour, and overwhelmed a distillery on the seashore. The water rushed in, the boats broke from their moorings, and it was believed that it was a tidal wave. It was, however, simply the movement of the sea produced by the shock of the liquid avalanche which had filled the bed of the River Blanche and engulfed the Guern factory. At the college the mules were attached to the brakes and ten or twelve of us started at once for the scene of the disaster.

Orgies of the Refugees

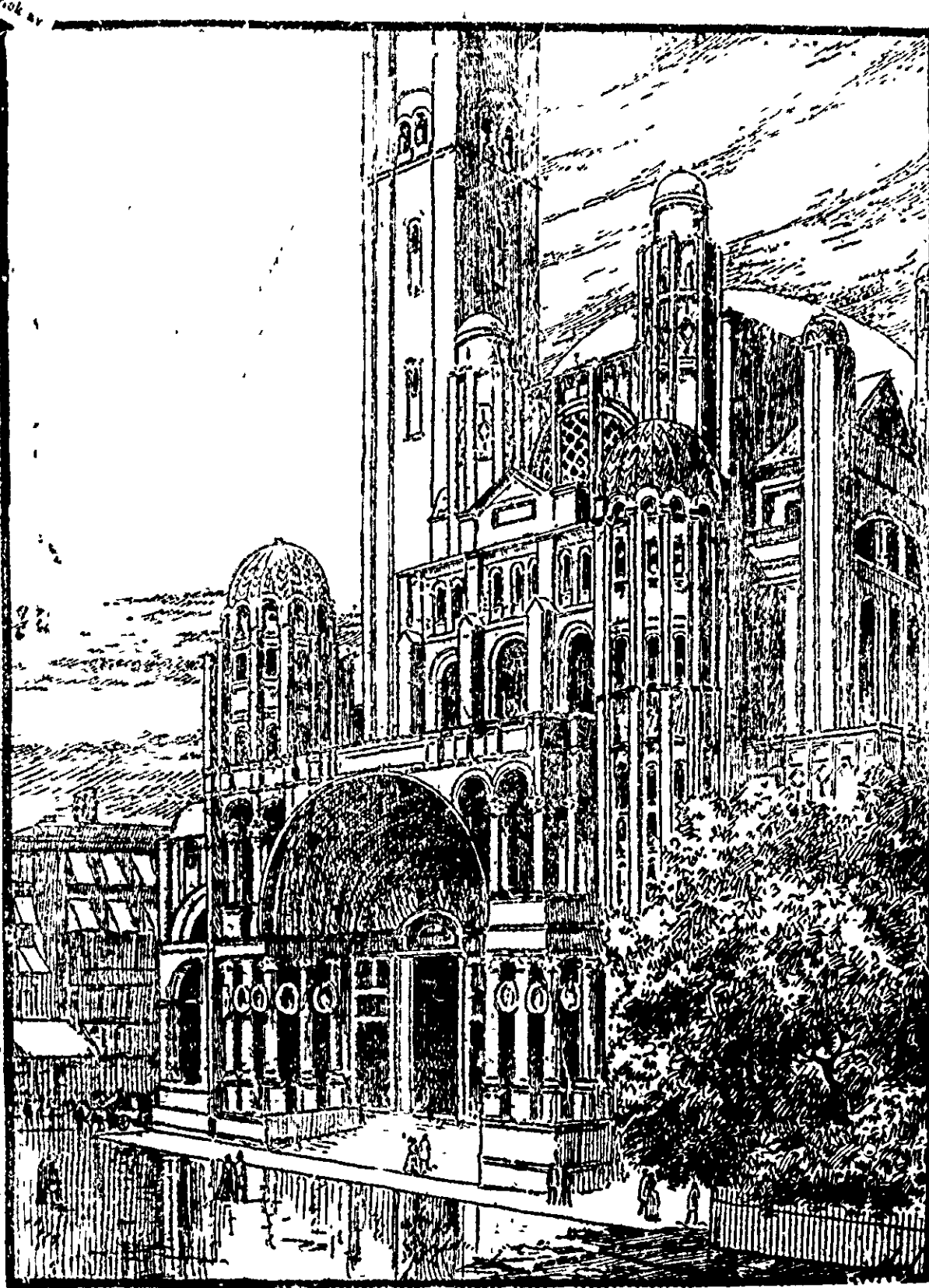
"At the college no alarm was yet felt, as the inmates had seen the effects of the last eruption. St. Pierre, they declared, had nothing to fear. The volcano had still to fill up the beds of two rivers, and we were at a distance of five or six kilometres from the crater, as the crowd lies. Some present declared that they could distinguish a red light, but they were told they were mistaken, as all scientific works averred that a mud volcano cannot emit flames. During this time the refugees from Ste. Philomene and du precheur lodging in the town passed the nights in orgies and continued to sing in the streets, 'La Vierge a l'ecurie! Le Christ a la voirie!' (The Virgin to the stables, Christ to the sewers.) And the cure of the cathedral caused to be torn down from the doors of the church obscene placards against the Holy Virgin. The administrator of the diocese passed the night of Tuesday at the college, and stated that there were flames. Brother Gerard and I left for Riviere-Pilote, but we missed the boat and had to wait till Friday. However, Father Mary at Morne Rouge asked for a priest to assist him in the confessional, and I offered my services, all the rest preferring to remain at the college. In the afternoon we all witnessed from our post of observation the streams of lava which appeared to come to an abrupt standstill without continuing their descent to the sea. We surmised that they were accumulating in an immense sort of funnel, and that the overflow of these millions of cubic feet of lava would annihilate the country, and perhaps even Fond Core, a suburb of St. Pierre, but that it should destroy the town itself we believed to be impossible. At Morne Rouge a fearful night reigned, and at St. Pierre the rumbling of the three mouths of the crater could be distinctly heard. The soil itself trembled, and all was gloom and horror unspeakable.

"Then on the morning of the Ascension, at ten minutes past 8 o'clock, an indescribable explosion was heard, like the noise of a thousand pieces of artillery going off at the same moment, and amidst sinister whistlings the lava flow took the direct line for St. Pierre at an incredible speed. It appeared that the end of the island had come. There was a rain of small stones all over the country and the smoke rose to a prodigious height, the darkness being almost complete.

An Alleged Miracle.

"The terror-stricken inhabitants of Morne Rouge threw themselves en masse into the sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Deliverance, and the Pere Mary gave them general absolution and the Communion, by way of viaticum. The confessionals were besieged. At 10 o'clock I celebrated Holy Mass before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. At the lavabo I was conscious of a pressure of the crowd towards the altar, and seeing all eyes raised towards the monstrance with an expression of ecstasy I believed that some miracle was taking place amongst the crowd itself. I continued the Mass, and was afterwards told that the Sacred Host had manifested itself in the monstrance. All affirmed that they were not mistaken, and the matter is going to be inquired into.

"Confessions were heard throughout the whole day and night, and prayers and supplications were offered up unceasingly at the altar of Mary. The little children slept peacefully, stretched out on the carpet of the sanctuary. Next morning all the inhabitants of Morne Rouge left. Pere Mary remained courageously at his post when we departed, carrying all our worldly goods on our shoulders. We went from presbytery to presbytery, and when we spoke of St. Pierre everyone cried, 'The fire from heaven has consumed Sodom.'



WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

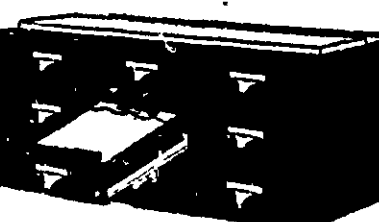
(The above illustration gives a fairly good view of the new Westminster Cathedral, London, now well nigh completed. Cardinal Vaughan has set his heart upon the completion of the structure with all speed. When opened for Divine Service it will represent to the Catholics of the British Empire to-day what Westminster Abbey represented to Catholic England of yore.)

The Patrick Boyle Testimonial

Mr Eugene O'Keefe, treasurer of the Patrick Boyle testimonial fund, announces the following receipts up to date. The list is not a satisfactory one and the secretary will next week send out circular letters to the members of the committee and others asking them to communicate with the treasurer before the closing of the list.

- J. G. Hodgins \$ 5 00
J. J. Foy, K. C., M.P.P. 100 00
D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa 10 00
E. O'Keefe 100 00
Joseph Fahy, Winnipeg 10 00
P. F. Cronin 10 00
Robt. Jaffray 5 00
D. D. Bourke, New Westminster 2 00
J. L. Troy 3 00
James J. Kehoe, Sault Ste Marie 5 00
L. Cosgrave 100 00
Rev. M. Jeffcott, Stayner 5 00
Neil Harkin, Stayner 5 00
Geo. J. Foy 10 00
Rev. L. Brennan 10 00
Rev. Father Murray 2 00
W. T. Kernahan 5 00
Arthur Anglin 5 00
M. P. Davis, Ottawa 10 00
Peter Ryan 25 00
Rev. E. Murray, St. Michael's College 4 00
J. D. Warde 2 00
Frank P. Lee 10 00
Dr. McKeown 10 00
D'Arcy Hinds, Jordan St 2 00

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J. J. Phelan 7 00
Rev. John Connolly, Ingersoll 4 00
Robt. Bell, Custom House, Toronto 20 00
Hibernian Society, per A. T. Hernon 25 00
P. F. Cronin, from Thos. Williamson 1 25
Total \$562 25
Interest \$1 60

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DEATH OF FATHER NEVILLE.

Kingston, July 8.—The death took place here to-night from paralysis of Rev. Fr. Neville, aged 38 years. The deceased was born in Youghal, County Cork, Ireland, and was educated in St. Coleman's College, Fermoy, finishing his education in Rome, where he was ordained in 1889. In that year he came to Canada, as secretary to the late Archbishop Cleary, a relative. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the incumbency of the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth. He was made a beneficiary under the will of the late Archbishop Cleary, and resigned his charge at Portsmouth to go home to Ireland, where he is a physician in Brooklyn, N. Y. For the past year he had been doing missionary work in the diocese, with headquarters at Gananoque. A brother-in-law priest was a finished scholar Broad-middled and one beloved by all with whom he came in contact. May his soul rest in peace.

PERSONAL

Mr E. A. Fannon, a St. Michael's College boy, well known in St. Helen's parish, has opened an optician's office at 219 Lansdowne avenue. Mr Fannon got the degree of O. D. from Empire College of Ophthalmology of Toronto.

THE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO.

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A PASSING REFLECTION

(Written for the Register)

Whenever I find myself in a crowd I find myself immediately asking myself the strange question: How many of these people ever think of God or of their salvation? You might say that I would be much better occupied in minding my own business, and leave others alone, but after all that does not explain my conduct. Take the crowds of people that daily confront you on the busy thoroughfares of the great city, and as far as you can judge from their external actions their thoughts are all of this world. They talk business, they look business and they act as if business and money-making constituted the supreme reason of their existence on this earth. They live in a whirlpool of pleasure and search for money, and these two purposes absorb their time and occupy the faculties which God bestowed for holier and higher purposes. The majority of the people one meets in everyday life are not criminally bad, nor hopelessly irreligious, but I do maintain that by far the greater number seem at least to make every thing subservient and subordinate to worldly things.

If we are to judge men by their conversation, by the topics which interest them, then it were scarce false to aver that the majority of those with whom we are brought into contact are of the earth earthly. Perhaps it is true, as some state, that men are, curiously enough, reluctant to speak about religion or about God, but still, taking into account this strange unwillingness to have religion in their conversation, we cannot understand, except for the reasons given above, why we can talk of politics, of the theatre, of agriculture and kindred subjects and never once mention things that more nearly concern us. If a man thinks deeply on any subject he will speak of it occasionally and strive to communicate his ideas to others. This is natural. We can not be in the company of a politician for five minutes without knowing it. A medical doctor will betray his identity and profession in the course of a short conversation. The man of law will reveal the bent of his mind and characteristic training in legal matters when the usual remarks of the weather are over.

Why, then, are we so silent about the matter of religion? Why does the Christian not speak on the affairs of his soul, of God, of our Lady and of kindred topics? The only possible answer is that we do not feel as deeply in religious matters as the lawyer does in matters of law, as the politician feels on political questions. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and if we speak not, if we do not show by our words, by our actions and in our lives the religion of Christ, it is because it has a small hold on our affections, and but little influence on our intelligence. I know that the good monk Sampson, so well portrayed by Carlyle, was a man of deep religious convictions and very sparing in words, but yet though he did not show his character in language he did in his actions. With the men of our world it is different. How many of the thousands who flock to the Woodbine, who throng the benches at Diamond Park, who people our seaside resorts in summer, ever think seriously of the great problems of eternity? No doubt there are some; the old women, the young girls and the aged granddaughters, but what of the great majority of those not included in our category? What are they thinking of? What are they doing to save their souls?

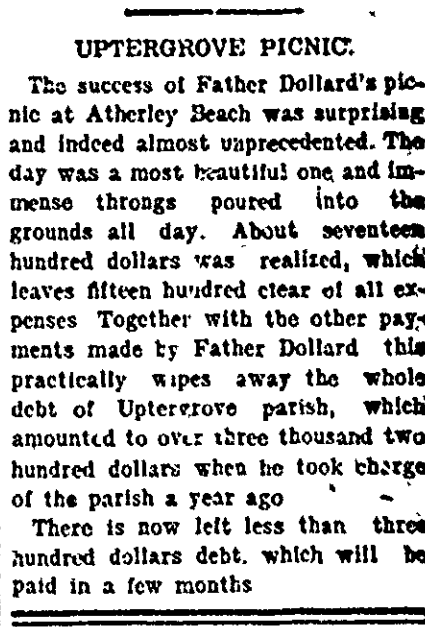
The waters of Time are rushing onwards with uncontrolled rapidity to the ocean of eternity, and many are the barques that are shipwrecked, many a comely ship is split upon the rocks ere the shores are reached, ere the haven is won. What an awful position to stand before the throne of the Judge and realize when Time is over and grace is of the past that life has been a failure. "Master, we have labored all night and we have caught nothing." The words of St. Peter are in our ears. We have put our hands to many things; we have been busy with the affairs of the world; we have labored hard to outstrip our fellow-men in the race of life; we have acquired a goodly share of the world's goods, of its honors, of its pleasures; we have been poets, sculptors, painters; we have circumnavigated the earth and discovered the treasures of the ocean; by the cunning of our right arm and the strength of our brain we have built for ourselves in the memories of our people monuments that will be more lasting than bronze. But alas, we have forgotten the one thing necessary, the salvation of our souls. Now, stand-

REVIEWS.

We have been reading a new novel lately called 'A Blighted Rose,' by Joseph Wynne, published by that excellent firm, The Angelus Publishing Company, Detroit, and on sale at Blake's West side Catholic Book Store, Toronto. It is not a religious novel, but it is a good love story, with abundant religion in it. Too often the so-called religious novel is nothing but a series of descriptions of suns and moonlights, tacked on to a controversial catechism as a modern writer puts it, but 'A Blighted Rose' proves to be an exception. From cover to cover of the 425 pages it is interesting, instructive and inspiring, and while far from moralizing, yet it conveys a lesson which cannot fail to strike home, more especially to readers of the gentler sex. Here and there are scattered little gems of sentiment and thought, which one would like to remember. The worldly mother, the affectionate but weak father, the religious girl, the busy father-confessor, the wooden callotte, are all well depicted, and we look from out the pages of this book to the look of the world, and see these reflected in our own lives. Philip Moreland is a grand character, strong yet withal gentle as a woman. The plot is well drawn out, and the characters of the numerous personages are well and consistently sustained. When finally the danger is past and light comes from behind the dark clouds of sorrow we are glad that the blighted rose blooms again. The book is well bound in cloth, and is sold for \$1.50.

UTTERGROVE PICNIC.

The success of Father Dollard's picnic at Atherley Beach was surprising and indeed almost unprecedented. The day was a most beautiful one and immense throngs poured into the grounds all day. About seventeen hundred dollars was realized, which leaves fifteen hundred clear of all expenses. Together with the other payments made by Father Dollard this practically wipes away the whole debt of Uttergrove parish, which amounted to over three thousand two hundred dollars when he took charge of the parish a year ago. There is now left less than three hundred dollars debt, which will be paid in a few months.



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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ROME A GREAT DOMINICAN

The Irish Dominican Fathers of San Clemente at Rome, with the Prior Father Dowling at their head, fulfilled the sad ceremony of transferring the mortal remains of Father Joseph Mullooly, for many years Prior of San Clemente, from the public cemetery of Campo Verano to the subterranean church discovered by the former Prior. From the date of death, June, 1880, the remains of Father Mullooly remained in one of the "loculi" or catacomb-like graves of the Chapel of the Dominicans in the cemetery of Campo Verano. As it did not seem fitting, however, that the remains of him who had for so many years dedicated his labors, and with such great success, to the excavations of the ancient Basilica of San Clemente, should rest within the church which he brought to light, the present Rector, Father Dowling, O.P., having obtained the necessary permissions from the Prefecture and the Municipality, had the remains conveyed to the church. When the remains were brought here, after the Office of the Dead and the Requiem Mass had been celebrated, they were brought in procession, while the "Libera" was chanted, and other prayers were said according to the Dominican rite, to the subterranean Basilica. There they were placed in a tomb specially prepared for them in the narthex of the north aisle, the first part of the Basilica, by the illustrious deceased about forty-five years ago.

In his important work on "Saint Clement, Pope and Martyr, and his Basilica in Rome," the second edition of which was published 30 years ago, Father Mullooly relates that a particular study of the topography of this part of the city, as well as a minute inspection of the marbles in the choir (of the Upper Church), induced him to suspect, so far back as 1848, that the church spoken of by St. Jerome, Pope Leo the Great, Symmachus and Gregory the Great, could not be described by Ugolini, Panciroli, Rosinanti, Nibby and others; and, therefore, that the former must be either beneath, or somewhere near the latter. Just as these conjectures were about to be tested, Rome became the theatre of an unprovoked and sacrilegious revolution, which caused unheard of abominations within, and the most shocking desolation without, its walls. The contemplated researches were, therefore, deferred, but not abandoned. In progress of time, what had been but conjectures ripened into convictions, and in 1857 the researches were commenced by opening a passage through a chamber containing some remains of ancient walls, and thence through another, quadrangular and vaulted. Here, having made an aperture in the wall, and removed a quantity of rubbish to the depth of fourteen feet, three columns were discovered standing erect, in situ, and some fragments of frescoes and the martyrdom of St. Catherine of Alexandria, and a group of nineteen heads with an equally poised balance, and the inscription, written vertically: "Stateram augeat modum justum." These discoveries removed all doubts as to the site and existence of the primitive Basilica.

Father Mullooly continued the excavations for years, removing from this buried Basilica an immense mass of compacted rubbish with which the abandoned basilica had been purposely filled up to make a foundation for the church above, without damaging the walls and whole structure of that church. In fact some parts of the upper church, as he wrote, "had no foundation but that rubbish, more than one hundred and fifty thousand carloads of which had to be carried up the same way that Maximian made the martyrs, Trajano and Saturninus, carry gravel from the arena to build Diocletian's Baths—that is, in baskets on the shoulders. Suffice it to say that the architect, Cavaliere Fontana, succeeded admirably, and without a single accident, in supporting the upper church on brick vaults and arches, and that the lower Basilica is made easy of access in its whole extent. From what was hitherto the sanctity of the modern church, a wide and admirably constructed staircase, of twenty-three steps of Alban peperino, made in 1868, ascends at once to the floor of the subterranean Basilica.

It is fitting that Father Mullooly, who discovered and brought to light this ancient and long-forgotten Basilica, which cast such light on the ancient arts of Rome during the Middle Ages, and which illustrated that the belief of the Church in the 4th century was the same as that of the Church in the 20th century, should have here his monument. There was, perhaps, no spot on earth he loved so dearly as this early Basilica; and now he is at rest in the place he loved so well.

THIRTY SAINTS OF IRELAND.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites, in its meeting of June 17, considered, beside other points mentioned below, the question of the cult of some Irish servants of God, known as saints from old, or, to speak more precisely, the question as to the fact of there having been rendered to these holy persons an immemorial cult, of the honors of sainthood having been offered to them since some now forgotten date in English law that is immemorial which reaches beyond the reign of Edward the Second, in Scotland, forty years cover the extent of the memory of men, in Rome, no span of time is sufficient, but a double condition The cause must not be later than the time of Pope Urban VII (1073-1084), whose decree makes invalid cases where honors have been rendered thereafter without ecclesiastical authority. The cause must really be immemorial. Pope Urban's decree is thus a marking-line of two very different conditions. On both sides of it are many Irish causes, several of which lie on the tables of the Congregation of Rites, and several others of which will be transmitted to this Roman tribunal. In 1898, then quite lately, and now again, the oldest Irish causes, those which are immemorial, have been considered by the Congregation, next, the cause of the venerable Oliver Plunket, which is being pushed to consummation, is but the forerunner in Rome of the causes of the holy ones of Ireland in modern times. Of these saints whose immemorial cult has been recognized at the request of the Scottish hierarchy, only one, it is claimed, is more than Irish, they are Saints Adamnan, Bean, Blane, Colman, Corrigan, Constantine, Donnan, with his companions, Droatan, Duthao, Fergus, Finnan, Fillan, Moluog, Machar, Magnus, Malrubius, Nathalan, Palladius and Talanjan.

ENGLAND

OUTDOOR PROCESSION IN LONDON

A monster Catholic outdoor procession took place through the streets of Westminster district, London, last week, in connection with the Church of St. Mary, Horseferry road, and in honor of St. Aloysius. Fully three thousand children and adults took part in the ceremonial, which was of a most imposing character, the greatest interest being shown not only by those taking part in the ceremony but by the crowds who lined the route. Guards of the League of the Cross led the way, being followed by a magnificently arranged canopy of flowers, behind which walked a cross-bearer and acolytes, accompanied by a priest, fully vested. Various religious societies, each bearing a distinctive banner, came next, with bands playing sacred music, and other clergy (including Mr. Poyer, of Archbishop's House), brought up the rear. When passing through Carlyle place the march past was witnessed by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, standing on the steps of the Convent of St. Vincent de Paul. On reaching the church a short sermon was delivered by a boy preacher, Master Harry Mullins, who in a full, clear voice dwelt upon the life of St. Aloysius, whose example he exhorted his hearers to follow. This is believed to be the first occasion in a London Catholic church of such a task being assigned to a boy.

FRANCE

A REMARKABLE PAPAL RECEPTION.

Jules Bois, the Paris spiritualist and occultist, has had the honor of being received by the Sovereign Pontiff, who made such a deep impression on the man that he will probably give up his spirit business and become a devout Catholic Bois, in the account of the audience which he has written for The Gaulois, affirms that when he referred to the liberal tendencies and open-mindedness of the Sovereign Pontiff His Holiness said: "Yes, you are right, the Church is very broad with respect to discipline, politics and external acts. She imposes no progress, she is the friend of science. She has been able to adapt herself to all countries and to all heresies, but that which constitutes her strength is her immovable foundation, which must not be touched." His Holiness also expressed his anxiety about the future of France and the persecution of religion. He asked Bois about India, where the Paris spiritualist has been travelling. The answers of Bois are noteworthy. He told the Holy Father that he went out to India in order to see for himself the social results and the religious efficacy of Brahminism and Buddhism. "What was the result of your inquiry?" said the Pope. "I found," answered Bois, "that the inclination towards sacrifice and love for the feeble, which are the highest sentiments of humanity and the special sign of Christianity, do not exist among the people out there. They are degenerate and selfish, their religions lead them to the deepest superstition, and their philosophy to nothingness and despair." "That is natural," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "They are idolaters, and have not received the truth we have had behind us twenty centuries of Christianity."

The remarks of the Sovereign Pontiff about the future of France are important. They represent the general feeling of Catholics about the new Cabinet M. Combes, the ex-theological student and once pious Catholic, as much to be feared as M. Brisson himself. There is an idea abroad that M. Combes is full of venom for the Church which he left, and that he will do his best to carry out schemes of vengeance, and to prove his zeal in the cause of the Masons and Atheists, who are backing him. His son, who is his political and general secretary, is even a more bitter opponent of the Church than his father. It is believed that M. Combes, in his life, will try to do away with all religious teaching, and that even the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine will not escape. It is also thought that, in order to retrench, he will cut down the Public Worship Budget to the lowest figure, and even refuse subsidies to the French Catholic establishments in the East of Europe. It is not likely, however, that the nation will go with any such rabid anti-clerical as the new President of the Council is supposed to be. He must be seen at work before any opinion can be formed as to his intentions, sinister or otherwise.

SLEEPLESSNESS — When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

CATHOLIC HAPPENINGS.

A curious discovery has been made in connection with the veterans of the Italian war of independence. Instead of dying off gradually, as might be expected, they are actually increasing! Forty-two years ago Garibaldi sailed with 1,000 men from Quarto. Of this band there are today 1,200 survivors. Again, Italy is paying \$60,000 a year to 18,421 pensioners of the 1848 campaign. According to the average rates of mortality, four-fifths of them ought to be dead.

The letters of St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, have just been published in Spain in addition to the 842 letters in the collection, 252 important documents are included.

At Barcelona, Spain, a grand memorial altar is being planned to Blessed Joseph Oriol, the Spanish wonderworker. Twenty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety pesetas already have been collected for the purpose.

A recent note from Jerusalem brings the statement that notwithstanding the unprovoked murder of the Catholic monks by the Greeks at that city a few months ago, no one has been punished. As a matter of fact the Turkish Government promoted the Greek governor of the city.

The Tablet infers that Scotch Protestantism is approaching its dissolution rapidly. Recently a Free Church minister was acquitted of heresy although he had stated in a sermon that the Bible was "more fallible than most ancient books." The miracles of the New Testament were "unhistorical" in his opinion. A minister writing in The Glasgow Herald, however, declares the decision a shame to the Church of Scotland and asserts that such ancient fables are "primarily responsible for the growth of infidelity and consequent crime now shown by current prison reports."

Bishop Murray, of Maitland, Australia, recently celebrated his episcopal jubilee. Although the oldest in the service of the Australian hierarchy, he still has fewer episcopal years than has the venerable Archbishop Murphy, of Hobart. The latter was twenty years Bishop of Hyderabad, India, before he was transferred to Tasmania.

Bishop Mostyn, of Wales, last year, invited two priests from Brittany, France, to establish a mission in the neighborhood of Llanwst. The priests took charge and have improved the time acquiring the language of the people, to which Breton bears a marked resemblance. Since their coming a small church has been erected and the prospects of success is brightening.

A notable story of episcopal sacrifice comes from Austria. The charity of Dr. Theodor Kohn, the prince-bishop of the diocese of Olmutz, is already known. Now, however, it is stated that he has sold his golden carriage and eight horses and given the money to the poor of his diocese. The carriage has been the property of the diocese for several hundred years, yet Bishop Kohn believes that faithful souls are nobler things in the sight of God than the gold carriage of bishops. The vehicle bought 150,000 florins and the trappings 10,000 more.

American Catholic journals are misinformed when stating that Sir Mich-

ael Henry Herbert, the newly appointed English ambassador is a Catholic. Although the son of the distinguished Catholic novelist, Lady Herbert of Lea, he is not of our faith. It is quite true, however, that nearly all of his relatives are King Edward, however, recently appointed a Catholic to represent England at Lisbon, Portugal. In the person of Sir Martin Goselin Other Catholics representing England abroad are Sir Nicholas O'Connor, Sir Francis Plunkett and Sir Henry Howard.

The archaeologists of Great Britain are again busy over the birthplace of St. Patrick. The Saint was born in France and he was born in Ireland. In his day the Bretons were Irish and Brittany was a part of Ireland. They spoke the same language, and in preaching the gospel to the Irish in Ireland St. Patrick spoke to the people of the same race and tongue with himself—Western Watchman.

Some years ago Rev. George L. McNeill abandoned the Presbyterian pulpit in New York and became a mechanic, in order that he might learn the reason why the American man is so indifferent to Protestantism. Well, he has returned to his pulpit, and tells his co-religionists that the Catholic Church is the only church for the workingman, that she is the greatest democratic force on earth.—Western Watchman.

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-places of pain and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain and Dr. Thomas' Euclyptic Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

Chats With Young Men

In the excellent June number of The Bee, the College magazine of St. Jerome's, Berlin, H. B. Hennessy delivers the following message to the Catholic young people of Canada: Canada's past and present proclaim in strongest tones the certainty of its future greatness.

It only remains for us to sustain and exalt its prestige by honest and zealous endeavors to perform our duty to the land of our birth. If we do this, we may be reasonably assured that, with its splendid incalculable resources, its salubrious climate so favorable to agriculture and manufacturing pursuits, its magnificent waterways and facilities, its dense unlimited and valuable forests, its fertile soil, beautiful scenery and unsurpassed opportunities for development and with its glorious history ever present to inspire its statesmen to lofty efforts, Canada, regardless of its political destiny, can never be anything but great. And I think, ladies and gentlemen, you will agree with me when I say we will have every reason to feel satisfied, if Canada's future proves to be as glorious, as happy, as prosperous and as honorable as her past has been and her present is.

"Land of the forest and the lake, Land of the rushing river, We pray to God for thy dear sake, Forever and forever!"

THE TRULY INDEPENDENT MAN.

His income is more a dependable one than that of the urban wage-earner, for trade may stagnate and the bottom drop out of business, yet his crops do not know it, and grow on into the harvest time. If money, by one of the sudden fluctuations of business, rependable frequently upon the political status, actual or probable of the country, is withdrawn from circulation so that the times become stringent, when business houses go to wall, and not even the banks are immune against the general uneasiness, our farmer pursues the even tenor of his way, content, indifferent, and possibly ignorant of the commercial disturbance. Nature is his banker, and she never repudiates or dishonors her contracts. All this may mean a lower market, and lower prices, but his crops are just as good as the money, deduct shrinkage and cost of moving. So, it is easy to be seen that independence, as the tiller of the soil knows it, has no equivalent among the urban wage-earning population. The farmer employs himself, pays himself, is never discharged, bosses himself, works, or goes a-fishing, suits himself, and plies every body in general and particular whose lot is not as fortunate as his own—nor is my farmer apt to be an optimist—rather the opposite. He is generous where he wishes to be, but ordinarily if you get anything out of him without paying what he thinks it is worth, you are likely to be smarter than I have ever been, for no man knows the value of a thing better than he whose energies have produced it. When he buys, it is with the same shrewdness, whether law or groceries. He invariably counts his change—in fact, he is very independent.—Herbert M. Sylvester, in Donahoe's

FOR BUSINESS SUCCESS.

President Foran, of the First National Bank of Chicago, says that every body who wishes to succeed should be master of three educational qualifications: First—To be able to write a legible

OUR ARGUMENT NO OBJECT in your buying a poor wheel —after you've paid the repair bill it will prove the dearest. A good wheel means comfort. The difference in cost from the other kind isn't worth considering. Perfect is a good wheel—it's made right—looks right—sells at the right price. Wheels from \$25 to \$80, according to the model. 34 KING STREET WEST CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO. LIMITED TORONTO

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School of Practical Science Toronto. Attiliated to the University of Toronto. This School is equipped and supported entirely by the Province of Ontario, and gives instruction in the following departments: 1—Civil Engineering, 2—Mining Engineering, 3—Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, 4—Architectural, 5—Agricultural and Applied Chemistry. Special attention is directed to the facilities possessed by the School for giving instructions in Mining Engineering. Practical instruction is given in Drawing and Surveying, and in the following Laboratories: 1—Chemical, 2—Analytical, 3—Mining, 4—Steam, 5—Metallurgical, 6—Electrical, 7—Testing. The School has good collections of Minerals, Rocks and Fossils. Special Studies will be received, as well as those taking regular courses. For full information see Calendar. L. B. STEWART, Sec'y.

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THIRTY issued forth a double flow, The sin atoning it, The streams of water and of blood From that dear side - *Brooks*

SEVENTH MONTH July THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Table with columns for Day of Month, Name of Feast, and Moon's Phases. Includes dates for July 1st to 31st and corresponding liturgical events.

Indulged Prayer "My God and my all" An indulgence of 30 days granted to the faithful as often as they recite this ejaculation.

The HOME CIRCLE advertisement with decorative border and logo.

"I AM SO SORRY." A child came to her father yesterday, Wet-eyed and trembling-lipped, yet afraid, And pardon for some wrong deed sweetly prayed...

"Women, more especially educated woman, must remember this, and in the cloister of her home and of her heart seek to perfect this law of sacrifice; though often it will be at the expense of her heart's best longings and affections. But just here comes in the need of that great help, religion - religion that sanctifies all suffering, that heals all wounds, and that makes her life truly worth the living."

WOMAN'S HEART. Its Dedication An Act of Sacrifice. Father J. F. Quirk, S. J., president of Loyla College, Baltimore, Md., deliver an address on the first day of the Annas week at Notre Dame College, near Gowanstown.

TENDER-HEARTED BESS She wouldn't beat the carpets, She wouldn't whip the cream, She wouldn't pound the beefsteak, Too cruel it did seem.

guarding the porch leading to the altar. But what of that altar itself? What is to be offered on its sacred table, offered to the God of Hosts? I answer, that heart itself in its dedication to its solemn duties of its state in life. And in each and every case, whether of mother or daughter, sister or wife, this solemn dedication can be made only at the cost of sacrifice. For men, action; for women, retirement and suffering; for man, direct waging of the conflict; for woman, submission, and meek acceptance of her lot at the hearth; such is the law of existence in either case.

SEASONABLE RECIPES. Raspberry Shrub - Two cupsful of sugar and one-half cup of elder vinegar to every cupful of fruit juice. Put juice, sugar and vinegar on to boil, stir until the sugar is melted, boil to a thick syrup. Strain, strain and bottle. A spoonful of raspberry shrub makes a wholesome and delicious drink added to a glassful of food water.

Place the pan containing the sauce in another of boiling water and stir for three minutes; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, strain and serve.

KNOW YOUR AUTHORS How many are there who, when they read a book, simply skip along through it, and, having finished, know no more concerning the lessons taught and the moral attached than they did before the book was published? If you wish to gain knowledge and benefit by the experience of others you must read a book in a much different manner than that. The first thing to do when you pick up a book, or contemplate reading a story in a magazine or other thing worth reading, is to ascertain who wrote it. An author talks to us in his books. And just as we like to know the friends we talk with, we should like to know the name of the man or woman whose published thoughts are entering into our daily lives.

IN ANY GARB. In olden times when a girl grew up, They tied her with ropes of gems, They shackled her ankles and wrists with ore, And crowned her with diadems

CHILDREN'S CORNER A POOR RULE Said Mary to Johnny, "Oh, dear, This play is too poky and slow; There's only one bubble-pipe here - O Johnny, please, I want to blow!" "No, I'll blow them for you," said he. "Just watch, and you'll see" every one, That leaves all the labor to me, While you will have only the fun

CHILDREN'S CORNER THE BOY WITH THE HOE The man with the hoe has been the subject of varied criticism during the past two years, and it seems to us that the boy with the hoe is deserving of a word on his own account. We have caught several glimpses of him this summer and the more we have seen of him the better we have liked him. His cheeks are as brown as a nut, his eyes bright, his manner full of energy.

CHILDREN'S CORNER THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED - Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be no relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

CHILDREN'S CORNER A WASHINGTON STORY. At the time, now some years ago, when subscriptions were being solicited for the erection of a statue in New York City to President Washington, says a contributor to Short Stories, a gentleman called to secure a contribution from an old resident who, although wealthy, was a little "near."

CHILDREN'S CORNER THE BOY WITH THE HOE (Continued) The boy with the hoe generally has plans which he will tell to no one who takes a little pains to win his confidence. Sometimes he intends to be a farmer, but he does not fancy that in such a case brains and study and cultivation are of no consequence. Instead, he has an idea that the more of a man he makes of himself, the more he learns, the better he keeps abreast of modern ideas, the more successful he will be in his chosen calling. And while he wields the hoe he is planning how he can take the agricultural course at the State University and so get the benefit of the latest scientific investigations.

that farm life, bringing him into a nearness to nature which he is unlikely to find anywhere else, is the very best preparatory school a boy can ask for. He hoes away as patiently and perseveringly as if he meant to spend his life at that occupation, and his laborious work is filling him with successful work in another field.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY A body to keep clean and healthy, as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul. A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself. A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation, or sin. A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough. A pair of ears to hear the music of birds and tree and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonors God or His mother. The pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true - God's finger print in the flower and field and snowflake; but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure. A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for chaff and rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit. A soul as fair as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

CHILDREN'S CORNER THE BOY WITH THE HOE (Continued) The man with the hoe has been the subject of varied criticism during the past two years, and it seems to us that the boy with the hoe is deserving of a word on his own account. We have caught several glimpses of him this summer and the more we have seen of him the better we have liked him. His cheeks are as brown as a nut, his eyes bright, his manner full of energy.

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THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1902

OUR GREAT POPE

As the passing days lengthen out the record of Leo's pontificate the personality of the aged prisoner of the Vatican impresses the whole world with increasingly beneficial force. A year ago how many there were who thought he might not attain the hour of solemn proclamation of his Jubilee which the cable this week records looking back over the year, no one can deny that the activities of the Holy Father have actually increased day by day. Rome is filled with pilgrims from the ends of the earth, and an almost unbroken series of audiences are held at the Vatican. Most remarkable, too are Pope Leo's choices for this honor. Yesterday it was an American journalist, last week a French pretender to the gift of prophecy. A reigning sovereign follows an ex-Queen to the privileged interview, and to all words of wisdom are spoken which a world-wide public dwell upon. But how feeling are these individual messages compared to the sublime letter upon the Holy Eucharist, a translation of which we publish to-day. So tender an interpretation of the Divine Love it must surely become the privilege of all earnest living Catholics to meditate upon and cherish. This Encyclical has been translated in every modern language and will be read perhaps even more widely and reverently than any other of the present Pope's former letters which have incalculably strengthened the Christian life of the faithful and aided their battle against the many evils that assail our age.

POISONING THE WELLS.

The publishers of Appleton's "Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas" make but a lame defence against their impeachment by the editor of The Messenger, New York, recently reviewed in these columns. The very able paper which appeared in The Messenger was immediately taken up by the Catholic press of the continent, and prompt response came from the Catholic reading public. Appleton and Company say there was a Catholic associate editor employed upon the work, and that the Catholic Church articles bear the signature of Archbishop Keane.

The editor of The Messenger replies that those Catholic articles were written whilst Dr Keane was still rector of the Catholic University, that is prior to September, 1896.

The publishers have taken refuge in the evasion that it would be impossible to produce an ideal history by bringing together all the authorities on a controverted subject. That, however, was not demanded of them. What Catholic opinion expects in a work of general reference is that matters of controversy be handled impartially. This could have been managed either by insisting that the Protestant associate editors be as impartial as the Catholic associate editor, or that given controverted subjects be submitted to the latter. The editor of The Messenger makes this point clearly when he says with authority: "In point of fact the Catholic associate editor has not contributed or revised all the articles that tell the story of his religion. Had he been permitted to contribute or revise all the Catholic Church articles, to use the words of the publishers, or to put it more correctly, all the articles in which Catholics are as much interested as non-Catholics, we should have no fault to find with the editors of the Cyclopaedia. But we are justified in complaining that their policy of rigorous impartiality in treating matters of religious belief and church polity has been abandoned in too many instances, as

we have proved in our pamphlet, by permitting unscrupulous writers not to tell the story of their denominations, but also to go out of their way to misrepresent and vilify the Catholic Church. Indeed it would seem as if the Catholic editor alone has carefully refrained from saying anything offensive to the members of other denominations and has uniformly given a fair statement of their tenets, whenever it was necessary to do so in order to set forth clearly the Catholic view."

It is impossible for the publishers to escape the facts, and it is equally impossible for Catholics to be satisfied with the Cyclopaedia. This, however is not all the good that the editor of The Messenger has accomplished. So widespread an interest has been aroused by the discussion of the subject that other publishers will be upon their guard about giving like offence to Catholics.

BRavo SIR WILFRID!

The tone of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech before the Constitutional Club in London cannot fail to please all Canadians who must have grown very tired of the swash-bucklers during the last few years. The Telegram reports the speech as follows:

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and those of his Ministers who are in London were entertained at a complimentary banquet at the Constitutional Club last night. They were given a grand reception, and the applause which followed Sir Wilfrid's utterances was most pronounced. He said nothing about the Imperial conference. He observed that while some thought the British Empire must be preserved by measures of war, he believed it could be well defended by arts and peace. Britain, Sir Wilfrid declared, is the one nation in Europe which can never be carried away by the spirit of militarism.

HON CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

The name of Hon Charles Fitzpatrick, Canadian Minister of Justice, heads the list of public men upon whom the degree of D. C. L. was conferred during the recent Jubilee celebration of Laval University. Laval may well honor her worthy sons, and in a special way Mr. Fitzpatrick, who brings to the office of Minister of Justice the highest professional reputation not only at the bar of the Province of Quebec, but among the lawyers of Canada. The present Minister of Justice is admittedly the greatest lawyer in Canada, for we have grown accustomed to looking upon Hon Edward Blake as domiciled in England. To the late Sir John Thompson the same pre-eminence was conceded in his day. Mr. Fitzpatrick has attained the sceptre at an earlier age, and seems destined to command the highest honors that his country can afford.

A CATHOLIC INSURANCE CO.

Our Irish exchanges publish a prospectus of an "Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Co. Limited," to carry on all kinds of insurance, but specially to insure property used for Catholic purposes. While such a company is still an experiment, it is not hard to see a field promising wide development before it; but as a business venture it can only be judged in one way—by results.

EDITORIAL NOTES

That most commendable and excellent publication, The Gael, New York in its latest issue publishes a short folk story on Ireland, from the pen of Father Dollard (Slav-na-moon). This is a new departure in Father Dollard's literary activities. The prominence given the tale by The Gael is the best evidence of its merit. We were about to write, but the word is too commonplace to apply to the contributions in prose or verse of Father Dollard to modern Irish literature.

Malta continues to show dissatisfaction with Mr Chamberlain's administration. The Malta Times dwells with bitterness on the fact that the Boers, arms in hands, have secured the untrammelled use of their own tongue, while Malta, because she is poor and small and too peacefully given, is to be forced to talk Cock-

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's distinction in England is commented upon from the religious standpoint as much as from the political. The Daily Express, a paper inclined to render nothing more than scanty justice to Catholicity, says of him: "The most remarkable characteristic of Canada's Premier as an orator is his innate love of truth. Thoroughly equipped on all sides quick at repartee with prudence and presence of mind above the ordinary, he is an exceptional leader and powerful opponent. When any important question is in debate he is at his best. His resonant and vibrating voice, with its wonderful modulation, carries conviction. Eloquent, graceful, and dignified, he charms the listener, and one is seized with the conviction that an honest man is speaking. His aims are pure and lofty having regard to the good of his country in view." Of what other public man in the British service could these words be spoken? Part might apply to several, but there is none other than Sir Wilfrid Laurier of whom they could be truly stated. Sir Wilfrid is a Catholic, and of a race other than English, adds The Universe.

In exactly the same way that Mr Chamberlain made Cecil Rhodes the scapegoat of the Jameson Raid, he has now served Lord Milner in regard to the agitation for the suspension of the Cape Constitution. Lord Milner was head and front of the agitation at the bidding of Mr Chamberlain, his master. The way in which government in Cape Colony has been conducted in late years is the greatest scandal that has befallen British institutions in a hundred years. The majority of the elected representatives of the people were "locked out" by Lord Milner and told that it was treason to protest. Mr Chamberlain hoped to lump Cape Colony with the Dutch states and put the whole of South Africa under Crown colony administration. In order to make the pretence that public opinion in the Cape favored such an arrangement, Lord Milner sent forth paid canvassers with petitions, which any one, white, black, minor, adult, man or woman, might sign. The Liberalism of England had still enough of the old life left in it to catch the glow of Mr Morley's indignation, and the Chamberlain backdown, with Lord Milner in the role of scapegoat, is the result.

Canadians who are stranded in Cape Town threaten violence and disorder unless something is done to send them home. We thought South Africa was to boom after the war. As a matter of fact capitalists only are desired. Malay workmen supply cheap labor.

An interesting chapter in the history of Colonial journalism is recalled by the death of Mr W. H. Traill in Australia. He was, to all intents and purposes, the man who made The Sydney Bulletin, although not its actual founder. That peculiar paper was born in the office of The Express, a Sydney Catholic weekly journal established by the late Archbishop R. B. Vaughan, brother of the present Cardinal of Westminster. But it did not become generally known until Mr. Traill wrote in its columns a startling exposure of certain orgies prevalent in the Sydney of the seventies, known as "dow-the-harbor picnics." The Zolaesque realism of the article led to a run upon the paper, and also the incarceration of its conductors for a considerable period, during which Mr Traill acted as editor. He was subsequently elected member for South Sydney. Later he had been editor of The Queenslander, the leading weekly of the State.

The sincerity of Irish sympathy with King Edward pervades every class of the people. The Dublin Freeman's Journal, which voices the sentiment of the great bulk of the Nationalists, well expresses the popular mind when it says:

"With Edward the VII., as a man, Ireland has no cause of quarrel. It was known that it was under protest and with obvious reluctance, that he went through the statutory form of the Blasphemous Oath, from which his Ministers could, if they chose, have relieved him. He had thrown his personal influence into the cause of peace, and constrained the Jingoes, Chamberlain and Milner, to end the war in the Transvaal on terms most honorable to the gallant and unconquered Boers. He had planned a visit to Ireland almost immediately on his accession, and it was not on his own initiative, but on the advice of his

Ministers, that the project was abandoned. Above all the belief is current in Ireland, and not without reason, that the King was friendly to a treaty of peace between the two nations, conceived and almost accomplished by the great British statesman, for whom he always manifested a profound respect and admiration—never more plainly manifested than when Gladstone was engaged in his heroic struggle for Home Rule. Ireland denied homage to the mighty King in the hour of his glory. She will not deny her sympathy to the suffering man in the hour of his helplessness and danger. Perhaps, for the first time in her history, and not in the blatant and insulting spirit in which the words are so often spoken in this island she breathes the prayer to-day: "God Save the King!"

Such words come from the heart of a democratic people. The Catholicity of the nation seeks a more grave expression. On the 27th of June, the day following that which had been set for the Coronation, the Mayo Union assembled in annual session and gathered the hierarchy and clergy from the ends of the island. Cardinal Logue, addressing the gathering said:

"This was to have been a day of great rejoicing throughout the whole British Empire but it is a lesson to us of how little man can calculate on the accomplishment of his own designs. It has pleased Providence to give us a lesson in the illness of the great Monarch in whose honor the rejoicings were to have taken place to-day. He was stricken down suddenly—at least the disease from which he suffers developed suddenly—and the result has been the celebrations of the day had to be put aside, and he lies in a very critical state on a sick bed. I think I am expressing the opinions of your Lordships here and of this assembly in saying that we have the greatest sympathy with him and the greatest sympathy with the members of his family, apart altogether from any political considerations. It is a matter of humanity that we should give expression to our sympathy (applause), with the monarch who is suffering, and that we should express a hope and very earnest prayer that it may please God to restore him to health, and to the leadership of the State which he promised to govern so wisely. I have had an opportunity—everyone has had who read the public papers—of observing his career as Prince of Wales. Owing to the advanced age of the late Queen he had to take up her position on occasions, and I cannot call to mind one single instance on which he ever said a word to give offence to any of the Queen's subjects. Since he became King he showed the same genial spirit, and the same deep interest in the affairs of the country, and, in fact, I fear that if his illness takes a bad turn it is due to his own anxiety to consult for the welfare of the people. He bore with terrible pain for days, past, in the hope that he might be able to go through with the Coronation ceremony, and very likely, but for his disinterested zeal in the welfare of the country, and if he had submitted to an operation earlier it might have given him a greater chance of life. For all these reasons, and though we have often had cause in this country, and certainly real cause, to find fault with the King's Government, I don't think we have any cause to find fault with the King himself (applause). I believe I merely give expression to the feeling of this large meeting, when I repeat again that we have the deepest sympathy with His Majesty, and with the Queen, and all dear to them, and that we offer our earnest prayer that His Majesty may soon be restored to health again (applause)."

Cardinal Moran on The Church in Australia

At the annual meeting of the Irish Catholic Truth Society the principal address was delivered by Cardinal Moran of Australia. His Eminence said:

I am deeply interested for many reasons in the success of your Catholic Truth Society. We need such a society in Australia, and it is precisely to your Society here in Ireland that we must look to receive that support and aid of which we stand in need. The publications in other societies are not so suited for our Australian public as those which you publish here, and looking over the list of your publications I must sincerely congratulate your executive committee on the admirable choice they have made, and I must congratulate the writers of those papers on the admirable manner in which they have treated the various subjects which have been allotted to them. The whole series reflects the greatest possible credit on all who have been connected with them, on the executive committee, on the secretaries, and above all on the president, whose guidance it is, I suppose, controls all these publications (hear, hear). We need these publications in Australia, not only for our Catholics, but we need them, perhaps still more for those who are not of the Catholic Church. One of the greatest difficulties we have to contend against in dealing with our non-Catholic friends is that amount of prejudice in which their minds are steeped in regard to the Catholic Church (hear, hear). Many of them are full of hatred, they give expression to their hatred of Catholic

truth, but yet it is not Catholic truth they hate, it is not the Catholic Church that they assail, but it is that travesty of Catholic truth which has been presented to them from their youth (applause). We have an influx of non-Catholic emigrants week after week in Australia. I am sorry to say that of the emigrants that come to us very few of them are from Ireland and very few are Catholics, but on the other hand they are from the great commercial establishments in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, all through the empire. We have every week hundreds coming amongst us developing the great commercial institutions of Australia, connecting them with home countries in many ways and they all serve to renew that kind of bigotry and ignorance in regard to Catholic truth, which predominates too often among our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. Well, I am confident in the good faith of Australians that if they had Catholic truth presented to them, that they would be the first to regret the attacks which they make upon the Catholic Church, and they would be the very first to welcome and to receive that Catholic Church which hitherto they had impugned (hear, hear). For my part, every day of my life it is my prayer that every blessing that heaven can bestow may be the heritage of every homestead of Australia. That prayer is not limited to Catholics, it extends to all (applause), and I do not know that any greater blessing can be bestowed upon these homesteads throughout the length and breadth of Australia than the light of Catholic truth to the mind and fire of Catholic charity to the heart. And hence it is I say that I look to your Society as a most important aid in bringing home to those who are not in the fold, bringing Catholic truth in its own fair features, and setting the Catholic Church in its own stately majesty before their minds (hear, hear), and I am confident that when your publications are perused by them they will not fail to recognize the hand of the Divine founder of that wonderful institution which we call the Catholic Church. But it is not only for those who are not of the fold we need your publications, but for our own Catholic people. In Australia we have very few publishers, I might say we have no Catholic publishers, we have very few even who take an interest in disseminating Catholic publications of the home countries. We have some excellent Catholic papers, and they do an incalculable amount of good, they bring almost the only Catholic instruction which, in many of the scattered homesteads of Australia, the fathers of the families can impart to their children. But I trust that through your Society those publications which are so admirable in their arrangement and so admirable in their choice of subjects, that they will give a new life to our Catholic homes and bring new light to the parents and children alike, make them love the native land from which their fathers came, and love the sacred truths, which are the heritage of the children of that dear land (applause). But our good people in Australia merit the aid which you can give them. Thanks be to God the Catholic Church in Australia is flourishing to-day (applause). And if you ask me how it is that the various institutions have attained that singular perfection which now crowns them, how it is that we have Catholic schools, Catholic institutions, institutions of charity and benevolence on every side, that our religious communities are so multiplied, and that in every way the Catholic Church stands prominently before Australia as the one Church in the whole land, I would say we are indebted to the pioneers of the faith, who, without any reward or aid to sustain them, resolved to maintain the heritage of piety which they brought from their motherland, and resolved that no matter what the sacrifice might be required they would be true to the traditions of their fathers and true to the faith which they professed (applause). For many years no priest was allowed to land in Australia, and I remember when some years ago I visited the town of Albany, which is one of the ports of call on our homeward steamers, I met there one of the pioneers to whom I refer, and he told me how he spent the Sunday in those days. There is a beautiful hill overlooking the harbor, called Mount Clarence, about 1,000 feet high, and this pioneer, Mr. Mooney, said every Sunday he made a pilgrimage to the summit of that mountain, reciting Rosary and shedding bitter tears every step he took. When he ascended that hill he looked towards the sea, and then he knelt down and prayed God that their country might be left for ever unprovided with a priest. I am confident that the same pioneers—which were and are—active but real—centred to

Right Rev. Dr. Howley, Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland, has been received in audience by the Holy Father.

The Colonial Premiers have failed to countenance any scheme of Imperial defence, the cost of which would be borne out of the operation of a preferential tariff within the Empire. This puts a fearful responsibility upon our strenuous friend Col. Denison in his recent article in The Nineteenth Century, he said it was the Imperial Federation League that had prevented the annexation of Canada to the United States some few years ago, and that if the preferential defence fund should now fail it would make things still harder to keep the disloyal element in Canada in check. Seriously, it is nearly time for some one to relieve Col. Denison of his public responsibilities.

The curiosity of The Montreal Star has been aroused by a Congregational minister of that city, Rev. Mr. Harvey, who on Sunday last, instead of the customary sermon, read from his pulpit the first chapter of a novel he had written and justified the departure by a text from the Scriptures. The Star thinks "the glory of the Church" is likely to depart if novel reading and recitations become very popular. Perhaps our contemporary is right; but a great deal depends upon the character of the romance favored and also upon the popular idea of "glory." Take for example the romance in which an Ottawa minister, Rev. Mr. Jones, dealt upon the same day, when preaching to a certain society. His was the old, threadbare fiction of the Catholic Church being "the grave of progress and moral rectitude." It was the "glory" of the special congregation to listen to that sort of thing; and we have yet to learn that it excited the slightest disposition to protest in any editorial sanctum in Ottawa or Montreal.

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Pgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre

The annual Ontario Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre (Lower Quebec) will take place, this year, on Tuesday, July 22nd. It will be under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston, and the direction of the Rev. D. A. Twomey, P.P., Tweed, Ont., to whom all communications as to rates and time limits may be addressed. Further particulars in a later issue of The Catholic Register.

tions of the Church in Australia, and over the foundation thus cemented we saw the stately edifice arise which now crowns the Catholic Church in Australia (applause). Another instance of the earnestness of those pioneers of the Faith. The first priest who landed in Australia, at least who entered on the sacred ministry in Australia, Father Flynn, was seized and thrown on board a ship, and sent home a convict and a slave. The Blessed Sacrament which was enshrined in his retreat was preserved there for the sick, and for three years, until further priests arrived, these poor convicts, day by day and night by night, kept a light burning before silent tabernacle, and in their turn they came and offered fervent prayers during these three years there was no silence around that tabernacle. It might have been silent in its own way, but the fervent prayers were offered up untrillingly, and at length those prayers were heard, and when the priest came he found that the Sacred species were as fresh and just as if they had been consecrated the very day before. It is such heroism of piety that marked the pioneers of the faith in Australia, and when I am asked to-day: "How is it that the Church in Australia is resplendent in its vigor, purity and fruitfulness?" I say we are indebted, first of all, to that heroism and devotedness shown by the pioneers of the Faith. They came from Ireland, proud of the heritage of the piety of Ireland, determined, come what may, that they would be true to the traditions of their fathers and true to that Faith which they professed.

I hope we will be receiving a very vast number of your publications in Australia. As was announced by your Secretary, one of the last commissions was 17,000 copies forwarded to Melbourne, and I think that before very long it is by the hundred thousand those publications will be forwarded (applause). It is proposed to have two centres, one in Sydney and one in Melbourne, and I fear that the advertisements would be only an incumbrance on the publications (applause). On the other hand, I would suggest that your list of publications would be kept up to date. I must say that I was mortified some time ago when a list was given to me, and I was told that the Catholic Truth Society was a complete failure, "it is doing nothing," and I was handed a list which was the list of two years ago (laughter), and it only gave thirteen or fourteen one penny publications as published, and the person said to me: "That is all that has been done in Ireland by a society going on now for one and a half or two years, but when I received the true list from your secretary the other day I saw that the whole matter was reversed. Instead of a very contemptible list of publications you had a series of which your society might be proud, and hence I would say it is really necessary to publish month after month perhaps the most complete list of your publications and to destroy the old lists (laughter), for it sometimes happens that in the little books that are forwarded the old lists are put in, and a person takes them as an authentic statement regarding the publications of your Society.

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AN IRISH LOVE STORY

Spring came into the world of Margy, and the leaves uncurled. On the twisted bows of the oak and the elm, and through the silvery bark of the beechen trunks, they burst and spread. They shut out the sky, and the rain from the darkling cloud, and the hot sunbeam of the noon that stole the color from the violets growing by wayside banks in the open. In this green shadow the long stalks of the harebells grew fat with moisture, and the inky buds opened and shook out their beautiful petals, and made a glow in every brake and hollow. The cranesbill spread its odorous plumes by bubbling fens, and streams, bright-eyed rabbits leaped across the moss, and woodpeckers cooed in upper branches, hard by to which the busy crows were repairing their nests after the winter storms had wrought their will upon them.

In the green woods of Margy, Kathleen Holohan was gathering twigs and brambles for the kindling of the morning fire, when she heard the first call of the cuckoo. It came to her, as it were, from over the broad fields of Martin Keogh's farm, out beyond the fringe of the wood. Great as was the hurry upon Kathleen to kindle the fire, and to set to the milking of her father's one lean cow she laid her bundle of brushwood down upon the ground, and slipping off her foot the unheeded brogue, turned her sole upward to see what she might catch to find beneath. If it were that she would be wed, then a hair of the same color as that of her future husband would be found sticking to the sole of the shoe. Kathleen's dewy eyes looked with care from heel to toe. After much search she came upon a wavy dark hair. She laughed, and put the shoe back upon her foot, and took up her bundle of firewood from beside the blue-bells. The tint of red roses was in Kathleen's cheeks, but it was not fast like the color of a rose, it brightened and dimmed, like a flame in the wind. She put her foot forward to go on her journey.

"More luck to you, a-hagur!" said a cracked old voice close to her ear. The young girl turned and saw Moll Devereux, the match-maker of the country, watching her closely. "Is it seeking the shade of your true love's locks, you be?" said Moll, shrewdly for she was never very long about guessing at the truth of things. Moreover, she too had heard the cuckoo only a minute before.

Kathleen laughed, and bit her soft red lip.

"There's no use tellin' you a lie!" said she. "For 'tis you that could see through the same, just like as if you were looking through glass. I was seeking to know the color of my true love's hair, and, what's more, I found it!"

"As fiery as the sun rising in a fog, I'll warrant you," said Moll Devereux, for she knew of a decent, though red-haired, young boy that was looking after Kathleen Holohan. And a good match he would be, moreover, for he had cows and comfort, and not a one in the house with him, but a soft young sister that would be easily managed while she was waiting to be invited into a house of her own. Moll Devereux was ready to put in a good word for the red-haired boy. But she soon found that her good words would avail nothing.

"Indeed, then, it was of no such color!" said Kathleen, and her eyes flashed just as the green dew might flash with the sun upon it. "It was as black as the ace of spades!" Unknown to herself, she turned her gaze towards a gap in the wood. Through the opening you could see the green meadow-grass, and the daisies bordered with rosy red, and far off rose the thatch of Martin Keogh's roof, and his stacks of corn and ricks of hay, that were scarcely diminished by the usage of harsh winter.

"Oh, that, indeed!" remarked Moll Devereux, seeing the direction of Kathleen's looks. "Well, not a mile away from here, lives a boy with hair just of the shade you mention. Musha, tell us in what ear did you hear the cuckoo?"

Kathleen leant her golden head sideways, and put her hand to her left ear. "This one," she said. Now the left ear was towards Martin Keogh's fields.

"Why, then, you may take it for Gospel that you'll be residing in that direction by this time next year," said Moll Devereux. "But in troth, 'tis not that I tell you so, but the cuckoo, when you hear her in the left ear. No, liar is the cuckoo, Kathleen a-hagur!"

"Musha, God send it!" cried Kathleen, with a laugh like the ringing of silver bells. And then she made haste to her father's cabin on the right side of the woods of Margy, and she milked the lean cow, and cadled the breakfast with a light heart in all her work, for the cuckoo had announced good news to her and the same was no liar.

Meantime, Moll Devereux took her way over Martin Keogh's fields, and in by the haggard to his door. The

smoke was rising from the morning fire, and the mother of Martin had swept the kitchen clean, and was setting the breakfast things on the table. Moll Devereux bid her the time of day.

"Then now, is that yourself. Step in ma'am!" said Mrs. Keogh, hospitably. "It is early that you are afoot this morning."

"Bad news is brought abroad before the crowing of the cocks," said Moll Devereux. "Where is your son, Martin?" She sat down upon the stool Mrs. Keogh drew out from a corner, and set before the fire. She spread her two withered hands upon her knees.

"Martin is still in lavender," said his mother. "He was one-weary after the market of yesterday, and I forced him to lie a while. He has business before him to-day, and needs to be rested."

"What may his business be, ma'am?" asked Moll Devereux, with her gaze bent upon the hissing greenwood that the flame was slowly consuming on the open hearth. The kettle, hanging from the iron bar set across the mouth of the chimney, began to hum like a bee.

"Well, since you ask it, I'll tell you, and no lie. He's going down to the priest in Ballinacree—that's where he's going," said the mother of Martin Keogh. She did not tell why he was going to the priest, for that was the business of the young man—and no other. It had no concern with Moll Devereux.

"You can give him my word to stay at home, then," said the old woman by the fire. "For I come to tell you that Margaret Barrett has run away before daybreak, with her father's cow, and left written word that she would be wed with him before the sun was above the hill."

Martin Keogh's mother sat down upon a stool and rocked her body to and fro, and wrung her hands together.

"God look down upon my boy!" said she. "And where did you hear it?"

She sat there bewailing herself, while the kettle boiled over on the pale flames of the greenwood on the hearth, and quenched the fire. A little rannel of the water ran to the feet of Moll Devereux, then she became aware that the breakfast was in danger, and she lifted down the great kettle, though it was far beyond her strength, for she was very old. She let the vessel down heavily upon the ground, and turned to answer the poor woman who was wringing her hands.

"It happened that the girl's mother got a sudden turn of sickness in the night, a weakness, and her man ran to my door and waked me up. I rose from my bed and went to the woman—sure, there wasn't a thing upon her, but just a little weakness, but she's a fearsome creature, and full-up of fancies. I sat a while with her, until she was herself again, and I asked where was the daughter, being surprised that I had not seen her about. 'O, she's the lazy creature!' made answer the father. I called her to rise, and I running out for you, Mrs. Devereux, but sorry the sound I heard from her room since then myself. I thought it more than strange that a daughter should be lying in bed, and her mother sending round for the neighbors, with the fear of dyin' upon her, and I went into the colleen's bedchamber. But not a living soul was to be seen there, and I wasn't long before I laid my hand upon a letter, left upon the window-stool, and what was in it I've told you already. Well, the house was in an ourway all in a minute, but when I got the chance I slipped away, and I up through the wood of Margy to bring the word to you. Let you tell Martin 'Tis the tongue of a mother can best speak of such things to a young boy so disgraced!'"

Then she bade the mother of the young farmer get ready the breakfast, and wake her son from his sleep and let him eat his good comfortable meal before he heard the bad news. And she gave a hand in the preparations, and tried the rashers of thick white bacon, and wet the tea in the big black pot, and put a smile upon her face when Martin came down the ladder-stairs that was set in a corner of the wide, comfortable kitchen.

"Morrow to you," she said briskly. "It was a pretty girl I met this morning, and she picking coal-black hair from under her brogue, after hearing the cuckoo. A pretty girl I'll warrant you, with a head of yellow curls upon her, and two eyes that you might light a candle at! My word! Many a young boy's heart that girl will be breaking."

They sat to the table, and Mrs. Keogh got out the fried bacon and the tea and bread-and-butter.

"'Tis Kathleen Holohan you're talking of now," said Martin Keogh, fixing his blue eyes on the old woman. "And right enough is she in the country is handsomer than herself—but only one." He let his eyes droop, and smile to himself. But Moll Devereux did not let the matter go with him.

"In troth, you need make no exceptions at all!" said she, turning the cup round and round in her saucer. "'Tis a partial eye you have at present. Maybe, you'll find out, by-and-by, who is the better woman, in heart as well as face."

"But the young man only laughed at her foolishness, for who had heart to his proud fair Margaret Barrett, with whom he was to be wed before a fortnight was out. When they had made an end of their meal, Moll Devereux departed to her home. Then the mother of Martin Keogh made

him sit down by her side, and she took his hand within hers, and she told him all, crying over him.

He spoke no word, either of sorrow or complaint. He got from up beside his mother, and he went back upstairs by the broad ladder in the corner of the kitchen. The poor woman sat as he left her, listening for a long time, forbearing to follow him, lest she might only torment him the more, and yet fearful lest he should do ill upon himself. At last she crept up after him, and found him lying stretched upon his bed under the eaves, with his face turned to the wall. He lay there after that fashion for days and nights, and his misery was very great, and the heaviness of death was upon him.

It was one evening when the red sun sent a long beam through the window in the gable, that he turned his face about and opened his eyes. His mother and Kathleen Holohan were standing together near him, and the room was full of a sound of weeping.

The young man looked from the girl to his mother.

"Why is she crying mother?" he said. "It hurt him somehow, to see her tears."

"Lanna machree, it's for your sake—to see you lying so low and lost in your trouble. A kindly heart the colleen has, indeed!"

Martin Keogh let the lids fall down over his eyes.

"The world is too full of tears," he said bitterly. "Why don't people let their children go with the Rath-people?—for God's truth! this world is too full of tears!" They went away then, these two sad women, thinking he had no desire for them. But he felt the loneliness when they had gone.

Upon the next morning he rose early, and went about his farm work as he had been wont to do before his grief came upon him. He ploughed his fields, and after that he walked up and down the furrows, with a linen sheet bound upon his shoulders, and making a great penitential apron for him, and he scattered the handfuls of seed oats upon the wind. One day, as he was thus, Kathleen Holohan came into Margy woods to gather the kindling, and she saw the young man in the ploughed field, that was next to the green meadow with the haisies. She went out to him, by a gap in the ditch where, under the daisies, she went out to him by a grow among the moss. Martin Keogh came up to her, along the fresh, brown furrow.

"God save you, sir!" said the girl. "It's myself that is glad to see you up and about again!" And she stole a look into his sad blue eyes.

"'Tis to please you that I am so," said the young farmer. Then he left her there, standing with her gold head drooping, and a reddening cheek. He said to himself that she was angry, and no wonder. "For what girl was going to take up with the leavings of Margaret Barrett, who had run away with a cow?"

The oats had sprung up, and were covering the red soil thinly with pale

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green shreds and blades, when Martin next met Kathleen Holohan. It was in the boren that led to Keogh's house, and the day was over, and the twilight was as blue-and-grey as Kathleen's eyes.

"My mother does be lonely of an evening," said Martin. "Maybe, you'd turn in and keep her company?"

"Does her son never want company?" asked Kathleen, and caught her red lip under the little white teeth.

"In troth, it's want would be his master, if so," said the young farmer. "For who'd take up with other people's leavings?" He turned round and faced her, of a sudden. "I'm thinking of going to America," said he. "What would you advise me to do?"

At first the blood went back upon Kathleen's heart. Then she set her gaze upon him, and read in his countenance something which she thought it very good to see.

"Let me tell you a story before I advise you," she said. "There was a colleen in Margy woods one April morning, and she heard the cuckoo in her left ear, that was a-towards the farm of Martin Keogh. And she looked under her shoe to find the color of her true love's hair, and it was very way and coal-black—like—like Martin Keogh's!"

The young man caught her hand and held it against his bosom.

"What was the name of the girl?" said he.

"Kathleen Holohan!" said the girl, with her face hidden.

"And what does Kathleen Holohan advise me to do about going to America?" asked Martin Keogh, holding that little hand, close and kind.

"Kathleen Holohan advises you to stay at home, and not make a liar of the cuckoo!" said she, and let her true love take her to his heart—Alice Furlong, in "M A P."

FROM PORT HURON.

The Michigan Catholic records the death of Mr. Francis Kelly on June 4 at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Hugh O'Connor, of 2312 Cherry street, Port Huron, after an illness of two months, aged 84 years. Deceased was the third son of Owen Kelly of Ballyangaro, County Leitrim, Ireland. He came to America in 1850, and settled in the township of Scarborough, County of York, and was married in 1857 to Jane McGurran, daughter of Hugh McGurran, who died in 1892. He leaves a family of five sons and three daughters—Mrs. Hugh O'Connor, Mr. Joe Stewart, Mr. John Kelly, James, Frank, Thomas, William and Miss Alice Kelly.

The funeral was held from St. Stephen's Church, Very Rev. J. P. McManus officiating, and was largely attended.

STATU. NOT ACCEPTED.

The fact that no formal acceptance of the statue of Pere Marquette, which was presented to congress by Wisconsin, has ever been made is occasionally brought to the attention of the people of Washington and the members of the house of representatives. About the time the statue was unveiled the senate passed a resolution of thanks to the State, but the house has never concurred in the action. The matter is again brought up here by a strong article printed in one of the Washington papers last Friday over the signature of Representative Henry F. Naphen of Massachusetts. After calling attention to the character of the statues in the statutory hall of the capitol, including that of Marquette, which Wisconsin gave, he speaks of the recent unveiling of the Rochambeau statue and Mr. Naphen adds:

"But no son of France rendered greater service to the United States than this illustrious Marquette. His work cannot be denied him unless the pages of history be rewritten. It should be none the less worthy because he was prompted by his zeal for Christianity. To the courage and ardor of this missionary and explorer we owe the first map of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He labored day and night, exposing himself to every danger and hardship, for the sons of the Northern wilds in whose untutored minds the seeds of civilization and Christian virtues were planted by him, thereby paving the way for the state builders, whose work has been crowned by the magnificent growth of the states of the great west as they exist to-day. Congress should not delay longer to do even tardy justice to the memory of Marquette. Could the marble lips of Washington, Adams, Winthrop, Benton, Jackson, Jefferson, Lincoln and Garfield speak, would one of them endorse the action of congress or request the removal of the statue? No, not one! Can congress, then, afford to be less generous than they would be? It should not withhold its seal of approval any longer. Now is an opportune time to act. To hesitate will justify a conclusion in the public mind that no patriotic motive prevents favorable action."—Catholic Citizen

LIGHTING A GAS STOVE

It will pay you if you are putting in a gas stove to have the plumber help you to thoroughly familiarize yourself with its working ways. There is a right and wrong way for something as simple even as lighting a burner. The wrong way is to stand with a match right over it before you turn on the gas. If you follow that method you are pretty sure to have a roaring red flame which is all air and no heat. You can heat gas burning in all parts of the stove, but it is very easy to distinguish between the noise of a flame which is giving sufficient heat for cooking and a flame which burns red and does little but blacken the kettle above it. The right way to light a burner is to turn on the flow of gas for a moment, then touch the match to it. This will give you a clear, blue flame, almost noiseless, intensely hot, and with no smoke to blacken the cooking utensils. Every well-arranged gas stove has a torch under the oven in the centre, between the two burners. Turn this on for a moment before lighting, touch a match to it, then slowly turn one burner, next the other one. When both have been lighted turn the torch out. It is never needed except as its name implies, for lighting purposes, it supplies no heat. If you only wish to light one burner at first and later the second one, turn on the torch to light it. If you light it from the first burner there is a small escape of gas before it ignites. The very best method is to study the make-up of a stove before beginning to use it. Light the oven burners two or three times together and separately, turning them out slowly to learn how little gas can be burned to simply keep the oven hot. In a week you ought to have as complete mastery of a gas stove as if you had used it for a year, its working routine is so simple that a child can manage it—Good Housekeeping.

WHY GOOD NATURE PAYS

From purely selfish reasons, it is better not to be impatient. The man who keeps sweet himself will keep or make others sweet around him. The man who speaks his mind freely when things go wrong is taking a sure way to make things go still more wrong. To be sure, the self-controlled, sweet-tempered man, whose presence clears the atmosphere and is itself a benediction, usually is such from a higher motive than a merely selfish one. But his refusal to lose his temper reacts in his favor as surely as flowers unfold in the rays of the sun.—Sunday School Times.

COMING GARDEN PARTY AT OAKVILLE

Father Frank O'Reilly, of Oakville, is holding a garden party in aid of his parish church, St. Andrew's, on Wednesday afternoon, the 16th. The garden party will be held in the Presbytery grounds and will be attended by large numbers from Hamilton and Toronto. Among the musical celebrities announced for the occasion is Mrs. Martin Murphy, of Hamilton, and Mr. L. V. Cote.

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Death of Lord Acton

We regret to announce that Lord Acton passed away at Tegernsee, Bavaria, on Thursday, June 19. During the previous few days it was known that his condition was critical, and the news that he had received the last Sacraments of the Church made it clear that the end could not be far off. John Emerich Edward Dalberg-Acton, 8th Baronet and 1st Baron Acton, of Aidenham, County Salop, was born at Naples on January 10, 1834. Sir Richard Acton, Lord Acton's father, died in 1836, and Lady Acton, his mother, subsequently married the second Earl Granville. In the year 1843 Sir John Acton, as he was then called, was sent to school at Oscott near Birmingham. He remained there until 1848, and went through the school. Doctor, afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, was at that time President of Oscott. It was then a great religious centre. The most distinguished of the Oxford men who joined the Catholic Church went there—among them no less a personage than John Henry Newman. Lord Acton always used to speak of his old school with affection. After leaving Oscott he spent some time at Edinburgh in the house of Dr. Logan, an old Cambridge man, who had become a Catholic priest. The late Cardinal Howard and the late Lord Stourton were his companions. When reading with Dr. Logan at Edinburgh he ardently desired to go to Cambridge. Application was made on his behalf to three colleges, but he was refused by all. He then went to reside in a house of Dollinger at Munich, and this circumstance shaped the whole course of his life. When Cardinal Newman withdrew from "Rambler" it was taken by Lord Acton, and after a short time transformed into the "Home and Foreign Review." This was beyond question one of the most learned and most interesting periodicals of the nineteenth century. Its notices of the current literature of Europe were most complete. Some of its contributors were men of the highest distinction in various countries. Lord Acton stopped the issue of The Home and Foreign Review in consequence of the attitude of the Church towards it, but he continued to pursue the same policy, and his activity in Rome during the council of 1870 is well known. He was mainly responsible for the letters from the council which appeared in The Allgemeine Zeitung at Munich, and which were subsequently published under the name of "Quirinus." Perhaps the chief work of Lord Acton's life was the collection at Aidenham of an enormous accumulation of 60,000 volumes, for which he built some thirty years ago, a special library. He sat in Parliament for Carlisle from 1859 to 1865. At the general election of 1865 he was returned for Bridgnorth, but was unseated on a scrutiny. He made no mark in the House of Commons, nor in the House of Lords after his elevation to the peerage in 1869. He acquired, however, great influence over Mr. Gladstone. It spoke and wrote German, French and Italian with ease, but he was seen at his best in general conversation. In brilliancy and learning his talk equaled that of Macaulay. He greatly impressed and had some influence with Her Majesty Queen Victoria when she got to know him well after he had become Lord-in-Waiting, which office he filled from 1893 to 1895. He was appointed in the latter year Regius Professor of History at Cambridge. Lord Acton married in 1865 Countess Marie Arco, daughter of Count Arco Valley, and leaves a son and three daughters. His son, Richard Maximilian, now Lord Acton, born in 1870, is in the diplomatic service.

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Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII

To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, and Other Ordinaries, in Peace and Communion With the Apostolic See. On the Blessed Eucharist.

(Authorized Translation.)

LEO XIII, POPE.

To the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, and other Ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Apostolic See

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction—The wonderful zeal for the salvation of men of which Jesus Christ has given us so bright an example, We, in accordance with the sanctity of Our Office strive to study and imitate unceasingly, and with His help We shall continue to follow the same Divine model as long as life remains in Us. As it is Our lot to live in times bitterly hostile to truth and justice, We have endeavored to supply abundantly as far as lay in Our power, by teaching, admonishing, and working, whatsoever might seem likely to avert the contagion of error in its various forms, or strengthen the energies of Christian life. In this connection there are two things within the memory of the faithful, intimately connecting one with the other, the accomplishment of which fills Us with consolation in the midst of so many sorrows. One is, that we declared it most desirable that the whole human race should be consecrated in a special manner to the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer; the other, that We most earnestly exhorted all bearing the Christian name to adhere steadfastly to Him Who by divine authority is for all men the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

And now, in truth, watching with vigilance over the fortunes of the Church in these evil days, We are impelled by the same Apostolic love to add something which will crown and finish the project We had in mind, namely, to reconsecrate to the Christian world by a special act of Our authority the Most Holy Eucharist.

The Blessed Eucharist is the most divine gift given to us nearly from the inmost heart of the Redeemer, singular union with man and institution of the fruits of His Redemption. In this matter We have hitherto manifested by Our authority and seal not a little solicitude. And it is pleasant to remember, among other things, that We, by legitimate approval and privileges, largely increased the number of altitudes and votives devoted to the perpetual adoration of the Divine Host; that We also took care to have Eucharistic Congresses held with suitable splendor and corresponding solemnities; and that We made Patron of the Sacred Heart, who stood out in His day as a most devout worshipper of the Eucharistic mystery.

Therefore, Venerable Brethren, it is well to fix our minds on certain features of this mystery in defending and illustrating which the zeal of the Church has constantly been manifested, and not unrightly crowned by the palm of martyrdom, whilst the doctrine itself has called forth the learning and eloquence of the greatest men and the most noble masterpieces in various arts. Here it will be Our duty to point out clearly and expressly the power that is in this mystery to cure the evils and meet the necessities of the present age. And surely, as Christ, at the close of His mortal life, left this Sacrament as the great monument of His love for men, as the greatest support for the life of the world (Joann vi, 52), so We, who are likewise bound to depart, can desire nothing more eagerly than to excite and nourish in the minds of all men feelings of grateful love and religious devotion towards this most wonderful Sacrament in which, We believe, are to be found the hope and assurance of salvation and peace.

It may be a cause of surprise to some that we should think this age so universally disturbed and groaning under so great a burden should be best aided by such remedies and helps, and persons shall not be wanting, perhaps, who will treat our utterances with disdainful indifference. This comes chiefly from pride, and pride is a vice which weakens Christian faith and produces such a terrible darkness about divine things that many it is said "Whatever things they know not, they blaspheme" (Judae 10). But so far are We from being averted from the purpose We have in view, that We believe more firmly than ever that it will bring light to those who are well disposed, and obtain, by the brotherly intercession of the devout, pardon from God, for those who revile holy things. To know with full and perfect faith what is the virtue of the Most Holy Eucharist, is to know what God, in His Man, accomplished for the salvation of the human race in His infinite mercy. For, as it is a duty to true faith to proclaim our belief in Christ and worship the Supreme Author of our salvation, Who by His wisdom, laws, example, and the shedding of His blood renewed all things, it is a duty of equal obligation to worship

Him Who is really present in the Eucharist, that so He may abide among men to the end of the world, and by the perennial communication of Himself make them sharers in the blessings of His Redemption.

Now, he who studiously and religiously considers the blessings flowing from the Holy Eucharist sees at once that in it are contained in the most eminent degree all other blessings of every kind for from it that life flows which is truly life. "The bread which I will give is My flesh for the life of the world" (Joann vi, 52). Not in one way alone is Christ the Life Christ Who assigned as the cause of His coming among men that He might bring them a surefulness of life, that was more than human. "I am come that they may have life, and have it more abundantly" (Joann x, 10). For as soon as "the goodness and compassion of God our Saviour" (Tit iii, 4) appeared upon earth, a power at once came forth that almost created a new order of things and influenced every department of civil and domestic society. Thence new relations between man and man, new rights, public and private; new duties; a new direction given to institutions, laws, arts, and sciences. The thoughts and studies of men were drawn towards the truth of religion and the sanctity of morals; and hence a life given to men truly heavenly and divine. All this is frequently commemorated in the sacred writings, the tree of life, the crown of life, the book of life, the crown of life, and expressly, the bread of life.

But this life about which we are speaking bears an express resemblance to the natural life of man, and so, just as the one is nourished by food, and grows strong, so does the other likewise require to be supported and strengthened by food. And here it is well to recall the time and manner in which Christ moved the minds of men and excited them to receive the suitably and righteously the living Bread which he was about to give them. For where the fame had spread abroad of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves which He had wrought on the shores of Tiberias, many people followed Him so that their hunger, too, might be appeased. Then Jesus, seeing the opportunity, just as when He infused into the Samaritan woman at the well a thirst for the water "springing up into life everlasting" (Joann vi, 27). But this bread, as Jesus continues to show, is not that heavenly manna given to their fathers wandering through the desert, nor is it that which they themselves had lately received from Him in astonishment, but He Himself is the true bread which He gives "I am the bread of life" (Joann vi, 48). He inculcates still further this same lesson both by counsel and precept: "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever, and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world" (Joann vi, 52). And the gravity of the command He thus shows clearly: "Amen, amen, I say unto you. Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you" (Joann vi, 54). Away, therefore, with that common and most pernicious error of those who believe that the Holy Eucharist is only for those who, free from business and troubled in mind, resolve to seek repose in some design of a more religious life. For the Holy Eucharist, than which there is nothing more excellent or salutary, is for all, whatsoever their employment or dignity, who wish (and there is no one who should not wish) to nourish in themselves the life of Divine Grace, of which the ultimate end is the attainment of life eternal.

Would that those whose genius or industry or authority could do so much to guide the men and affairs of the age, would think rightly of eternal life, and impart the knowledge of it to others. But alas, we see with regret that most of these arrogantly believe that they have given to the world a life prosperous and almost new, because they urge it forward to strive in its excited course for utilitarian objects and the mere gratification of curiosity. Look where you will, human society, alien though it is from God, far from enjoying that tranquility of affairs which it seeks, labors in great anguish and "repitation like one tossing in a fire," it strives vainly to obtain that prosperity in which alone it puts its trust, ever vainly pursuing it and clinging desperately to what is slipping from its grasp. For men and states come necessarily from God and, therefore, in no other can they live or move or do good but in God through Jesus Christ, from Whom men have received, and still receive, the best and choicest gifts. But the chief source and fountain-head of all these gifts is the Holy Eucharist, which, while it nourishes and supports that life for which we strive so ardently, exalts in the highest degree that dignity of human nature which seems to be so highly valued in these days. For what can be greater or more desirable than to be made as far as possible participators and

partners in the Divine nature? But this is what Christ does in the Eucharist, raising man up to Divine things by the aid of grace, and uniting Himself to him by bonds so close. For there is this difference between the food of the body and the food of the soul, that the former is converted into us, but the latter converts us into itself, and it is to this that Augustine refers when he puts the words into the mouth of Christ: "You shall not change Me into thee as food of thy flesh, but thou shalt be changed into Me" (Cont. I, vii, c. x).

But this most excellent Sacrament, which renders men participators of the Divine nature, also enables the soul of man to advance in every class of the higher virtues. And first is faith. At all times faith has had its assailants, for although it exalts the minds of men with knowledge of the most lofty things, yet while it has revealed that there exist things above nature, it conceals their precise character, and so seems to depress the human mind. Formerly only this or that article of faith was attacked, afterwards war was waged much more widely, until it finally came to be affirmed that there was nothing at all above nature. Now, for renewing in the mind the vigor and fervor of faith there is nothing more suitable than the mystery of the Eucharist, which is properly called the mystery of faith, for truly in this one mystery by reason of its wonderful abundance and variety of miracles is contained the whole supernatural order. "His wonderful works, being a merciful and gracious Lord. He hath given food to them that fear Him" (Ps. ex. 4-5). For if God acknowledged what He wrought above nature as due to the Incarnation of the Word, through Whom the salvation of the human race was restored, according to that word of the Apostle "He hath purposed . . . to re-establish all things in Christ, that are in heaven and earth, in Him" (Eph. i, 9, 10), the Eucharist, according to the testimony of the Holy Fathers is a continuation and an expansion of the Incarnation. For by it the substance of the Incarnate Word is united to men, and the supreme sacrifice of Cavalry is renewed in a manner that is full of mystery. This the prophet Malachi signified in the words: "In every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation" (Eph. i, 11). And this miracle, the greatest of all, is accompanied by innumerable others, for here all the laws of nature are suspended, the whole substance of the bread and wine is changed into the Body and Blood of Christ, the species of bread and wine are sustained without a subject by Divine power, the Body of Christ dwells at the same time in as many places as the Sacrament is consecrated. But human reason is enabled the better to reverence so great a mystery by the prodigies which have been performed in its glory in passages and in our own days, of which, indeed, there still exist renowned and public proofs, and that not in one place merely. We see, therefore, that by this Sacrament faith is fostered, the soul nourished, the falsehoods of rationalists dissipated, and the whole order of the supernatural made clear to our eyes.

But it is not pride alone, but depravity of mind as well, that makes faith in Divine things grow weak. For if it happens that the better the morals the clearer the intelligence, if even the prudence of the Gentiles perceived that the mind is blunted by the pleasures of the body, as Divine wisdom has already borne testimony (Sap. i, 4); then so much more in Divine things do the pleasures of the body obscure the light of faith, and even extinguish it altogether in God's just punishment. And for these pleasures there is burning in those days an insatiable cupidity, a cupidity which, like the contagion of disease, widely infects all even from their first tender years. There is a remedy for this terrible evil in the Divine Eucharist. For, first of all, by increasing charity, it checks voluptuous desire, as Augustine says: "The nourishment (of charity) is the lessening of lust, perfection, no lust" (De diversis questionibus, lxxxiii, c. xxxvi.). Besides the most chaste flesh of Jesus restrains the luxury of our flesh, as Cyril of Alexandria has said: "For Christ existing in us calms the law of the flesh raging in our members" (Lib. i, c. 2, in Joann. vi, 57). But even more the peculiar and most precious fruit of the Eucharist is that signified in the saying of the prophet: "What is the good thing of Him (Christ), and what is His beautiful thing but the corn of the elect, and wine springing forth virgins" (Zach. ix, 17) namely, the strong and constant resolves of sacred virginity, which, while the age slips away in pleasures flourishes in the Catholic Church more widely and more fruitfully from day to day, and, indeed, what a great advantage and ornament this is everywhere to religion and even to ordinary human intercourse is well known. Moreover, this Sacrament strengthens beyond conception the hope of immortal blessings and the confidence of Divine aid. For the desire of happiness, which is in the minds of all, is more and more sharpened and strengthened by the emptiness of all earthly goods, by the unjust violence of wicked men and by all the other troubles of mind and body.

Now the august sacrament of the Eucharist is at once the cause and pledge of happiness and glory not only for the soul, but also for the body. For while it enriches the soul with an abundance of heavenly gifts,

it also fills it with joys so sweet that they far surpass every thought and hope of man, in adversity it sustains, in the strife of virtue it confirms, it leads to everlasting life as by an open pathway. But to the frail and perishable body that Divine Host gives a future resurrection for the immortal Body of Christ implants the seed of immortality which is something to bud forth. This advantage, both to soul and body, the Church has at all times taught, following Christ who said: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day" (Joann. vi, 55). And here it is of great importance to consider that the Eucharist, being instituted by Christ as a "perennial memorial of His passion" (St. Thomas Aquin., opus. viii. Offic. de festo Corp. Christi), declares to all Christian men the necessity of mortifying themselves. For Jesus said to His first priests: "Do this for a commemoration of Me" (Luc. xxii, 19), that is, do this to commemorate My sorrows, griefs, tortures, and death on the cross. Hence this Sacrament, which is also a Sacrifice, is a ceaseless exhortation for all time to penance and every spiritual effort, it is also a solemn and severe reproof of those pleasures which shameless men praise and exalt so highly. "As often as you shall eat this bread, and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come" (1 Cor. xi, 26).

Moreover, if we diligently examine into the causes of the present evils, we will find that they arise from the fact that the charity of men towards one another has grown faint according as the love of God grew cold. They have forgotten that they were sons of God and brethren in Jesus Christ, they think of nothing but themselves, the rights of others they not only disregard, but attack and invade. Hence the frequent quarrels and contentions among the various classes of citizens, the arrogance, harshness, dishonesty, envy, and spirit of revolt among the weaker. For these evils it is vain to seek a remedy from the enactments of law, the fear of punishment, or the plans of human prudence. What must be aimed at as we ourselves have more than once recommended, is to reconcile the various orders of citizens by a mutual union of duties, a union which would come from God and give birth to works stamped with the true spirit and charity of Christ. This union Christ brought upon earth, by it He wished all things to be inspired, as being the one thing that could bring some happiness, even in the present, not only to the soul, but also to the body, restraining as it does man's immoderate love of himself, and suppressing the passion for riches, which is "the root of all evils" (Tim. vi, 10).

But although it is necessary that all just rights should be well protected, it is nevertheless lawful to establish and preserve in society that salutary "equality" (2 Cor., viii, 14) which St. Paul recommended. This, therefore, is what Christ wished in instituting this august Sacrament—to excite love towards God and to foster charity among men. For the one flows, as is evident, of its very nature and almost spontaneously, without the other, nor can men live without it at all, nay, it must even burn and flourish in their hearts, if they consider the charity of Christ towards them in this Sacrament, in which He has maintained His marvellous power and wisdom, and also "poured forth the riches of His divine love for men" (Cont. Trid. Sess. xiii., De Euchar. c. ii.) And as Christ has given us such an example of love, how we should love and help each other, bound together as we are still more closely by the needs of our common brotherhood! Moreover, the outward symbols of the Sacrament are in a special manner calculated to incite us to union. For St. Cyprian says: "The very sacrifices of redemption themselves proclaim the necessity of Christian concord, to the firm and inseparable bonds of charity. For when the Lord calls His body bread which is made up of the union of many grains, He indicates the union of that people whose sins He bore, and whom He calls His blood wine, which is drawn from many ripe grapes, again He signifies a flock made one by the union of the multitude." Ep. 69, ad Magnum n. 5 (al. 6). Similarly the Angelic Doctor following St. Augustine says: "Our Lord commended His body and blood in those things which are moulded in unity for the first, the bread, namely, is made one from many grains, and the other, the wine, also becomes one from many grapes, and therefore Augustine elsewhere says—O Sacrament of piety, O sign of unity, O bond of charity. (Summa Theol. iii. p. q. lxxix, a. 1.)


All this is confirmed by the declaration of the Council of Trent, that Christ left the Eucharist to the Church "as a symbol of that union and love with which He wished all Christians to be bound together—a symbol of that body of which He is head, and to which He wished us to be united as members by the most firm bonds of faith and hope and charity" (Sess. xiii., De Euchar. ch. ii.). And this St. Paul himself had declared: "For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread" (1 Cor. x, 17). Truly, here is a most beautiful example of Christian brotherhood and of social equality, that all should approach the same altars without distinction, the nobility and the people, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, are equally sharers

in the same heavenly banquet. And if it has been the glory of the Church that, in the first ages, "the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul" (Act. iv, 32), it cannot be doubted that such a wonderful blessing was due to the custom of approaching the Holy Table, for they were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread" (Act. ii, 42). Moreover, the grace of mutual charity among the living, so much strengthened and increased as it is by the Sacrament of the Eucharist, flows out into all who are in the communion of Saints particularly through the power of the Holy Sacrifice. For the communion of Saints, as all know, is nothing else than the mutual communication of aid, explanation, prayer, and benefits among the faithful, whether in heaven, or enduring the expiatory fires of purgatory, or still abiding upon earth, but all forming one state, whose head is Christ, and whose life-giving principle is love. It is also a matter of faith that while to God alone the Holy Sacrifice may be offered, yet it can also be celebrated in honor of Saints reigning in heaven with God. "Who crowned them," to obtain their patronage and protection, and also to blot out the stains of the brethren who had died in the Lord, but who had not yet made full atonement. That true charity, therefore, which is wont to do and endure all things for the salvation and utility of all, leaps and burns into life from the Most Holy Eucharist, in which Christ is really present, in which He gives way to His love for us in the highest form, and, under the impulse of His divine love, perpetually renews His sacrifice. It is from this that the arduous labors of Apostolic men, as well as the various institutions that have had their origin among Catholics and deserve so well of the human race, derive their influence, strength, constancy, and successful results.

These few things written by Us on a great subject will, We doubt not, produce much fruit if you, venerable brethren, seasonably expound and commend them to the faithful.

At the same time, this Sacrament is so great and so abounding a virtue that no one has ever yet adequately praised it by his eloquence or worshipped it by his adoration. Whether you meditate upon it or rightly worship it, or, better still, purely and worthily receive it, it is to be regarded as the great centre round which turns the whole Christian life, to it all other forms of piety lead, in it they end. In the self-same mystery that gracious invitation and still more gracious promise of Christ "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matth. xi, 28), are renewed and daily fulfilled. Lastly, it is, as it were, the soul of the Church, towards which is directed the fulness of sacerdotal grace through the various grades of orders. From the very same source does the Church draw all her power and glory, all the ornaments of her divine ritual, and all the efficacy of her blessings. Therefore, she takes the greatest care to instruct the faithful and lead them to this intimate union with Christ by the Sacrament of His Body and Blood, and for the same reason, she adorns it and makes it more worthy of reverence by means of the most sacred ceremonies. The constant care of our holy mother, the Church, in this matter is summed up in the exhortation of the Council of Trent, an exhortation breathing forth wonderful charity and piety, and worthy of being entirely recalled again by Us to the Christian world: "With paternal affection the Holy Synod admonishes, exhorts, entreats all, without exception, who are called Christians, to sometimes meet and find peace in this sign of unity, in this bond of charity, in this symbol of concord to be mindful of that immense majesty and of that wonderful love of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Who gave His life as price of our salvation, and His flesh to be our food, to believe and venerate those sacred mysteries of His Body and Blood with such consistency and firmness of faith, such devotion of mind and piety and zeal, that they may be able to frequently receive that superabundant bread, so that He may be truly to them the life of their soul and the perpetual health of their mind, and thus, that strengthened by its vigor they may be able, after the journey of this miserable exile, to reach their heavenly country and eat without any veil upon their eyes the very same bread of angels which they now eat concealed under the sacred species" (Sess. xiii., de Euchar. ch. viii.).

Now, history bears witness that Christian life flourished better in the times when the reception of the Blessed Eucharist was more frequent. On the other hand, it is not less certain that when men began to neglect and almost despise this heavenly bread the vigor of the Christian profession sensibly diminished. Lest it should some time pass away altogether, in a recent III., in the Council of Lateran, imposed the most solemn precept that, at the very least, no Christian should abstain at Paschal time from receiving the Body of the Lord. This precept, however, was imposed with reluctance, and it is clear, only as the last remedy, for it has been always the wish of the Church that the faithful should approach the holy table at every sacrifice. "The most holy Synod would wish the faithful attending every Mass to communicate not even spiritually but even sacramentally, so that they might receive more abundantly the fruits of the Sacri-



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Sec.—(1 Con. Trid. Sess. xii., c. vi.)

And this most sacred mystery contains, as a sacrifice, the plentitude of salvation not only for individuals, but for all men, hence the Church is accustomed to offer it unceasingly "for the salvation of the whole world." It is fitting, therefore, that by the common zeal of the devout there should be greater love and esteem for this sacrifice, in this age particularly there, no more pressing necessity. Accordingly, We desire that its efficacy and power should be remembered more widely and even more diligently proclaimed. Principles evident from the very light of reason tell us that God, the Creator and preserver of all things, has a supreme and absolute dominion over men, both privately and publicly, that all that we have and are in every sphere has come from His bounty, and that we, in turn, are bound to give Him the highest reverence as our Master and the greater gratitude as our most generous benefactor. And yet how few are there to-day who fulfil those duties with suitable piety!

This age, it may, surely manifest the spirit of rebellion against God, in that impious cry against Christ again grows strong: "We will not have this man to reign over us" — Luc. xix, 14)—and that impious resolve, "Let us cut Him off" (Jer. xi, 19)—nor, indeed, is anything urged more vehemently by very many than this, that they should banish and separate God from all intercourse with men. This criminal madness is not universal, We joyfully admit, yet it is lamentable how many have forgotten the divine Majesty and His benefits, and the salvation that was obtained chiefly through Christ. Now, this wickedness and folly must be resisted by an increase of general devotion and zeal in the worship of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Nothing would of itself be more full of sweetness and consolation to the Christian soul for the Victim that is immolated is Divine, and, accordingly, the honor that we render through it to the Holy Trinity is in proportion to its infinite dignity, we offer also to the Father His only begotten Son—an offering that is infinite in value and infinitely acceptable, hence it is that we not only give Him thanks for His goodness, but even make Him a return. There is also another twofold and wonderful fruit which may and ought to be derived from this great Sacrifice. The mind grows sad when it reflects on the fearful multitude of crime which abound on all sides, God, as We have said, being neglected and the divine Majesty despised. The human race, in great part, seems to call upon the divine anger, although, indeed, that harvest of evil which has been reaped contains in itself the ripeness of a just punishment. The zeal of the faithful should, therefore, be aroused to appease God, the avenging Judge of crime, and obtain from Him the reform of a sinful age. This is to be done chiefly by the aid of this holy sacrifice. For it is by virtue alone of Christ's death that men can fully satisfy the demands of divine justice, and abundantly obtain pardon and mercy. But this power of expiation or of atonement Christ wished to remain wholly in the Eucharist, which is not a mere commemoration of His death, but a real and wonderful, although unbloody and mystic, renewal of it.

At the same time let Us confess We have not a little joy in knowing that in those last years the minds of the faithful seem to have been renewed in love and reverence for the Sacrament of the Eucharist, and this gives us a better hope for the future. For, as We said in the beginning, ingenious piety has done much in this direction, especially in sodalities, either by increasing the splendor of the Eucharistic rites, or worshipping the Holy Sacrament constantly by day and night, and making atonement for the insults and injuries it receives. But, Venerable Brethren, it is not lawful for Us or for you to stop here, for yet many more things remain to be done or undertaken, so that this, the most divine work of all, may be put in a clearer light and held in greater honor among those who practice

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that so great a mystery may be honored in a manner worthy of its greatness. Hence the works that have been undertaken are to be urged on more vigorously from day to day: old institutions, where they have disappeared, are to be renewed, as, for example, the Sodalties of the Eucharist, the supplications poured forth to the Holy Sacrament exposed for adoration, all the solemnity of pomp with which it was surrounded, the pious duties of the Christian religion, salutations before the tabernacles, and other holy and most profitable practices of the same nature, in fine, everything is to be done that prudence and piety could dictate. But, above all, endeavor should be made to revive widely again among Catholic nations the frequent use of the Holy Eucharist. To this the example of the early Church, the decrees of Councils, the authority of the Fathers and of the holy men in every age exhorts us, for as the body needs its own food so does the soul, and the most life-giving nourishment is given by the Holy Eucharist. Therefore, condemn beforehand the opinions of those who oppose such frequent communions. Banish the idle fears of many and the spacious excuses or reasons for abstaining from the Body of the Lord; for nothing could be more effective in rescuing the world from its anxiety about perishable things, and in bringing back and perpetually preserving the Christian spirit. Here the exhortations and examples of the higher orders, and still more the zeal and industry of the clergy, will be of great value. For priests to whom Christ, the Redeemer, has given the office of consecrating and administering the mysteries of His Body and Blood, can surely make no greater return for the high honor they have received than to do all in their power to promote His glory in the Eucharist, and by following the desire of His most Sacred Heart to invite and draw the souls of all to the saving fountains of so great a Sacrament and Sacrifice.

Thus may the surpassing fruits of the Eucharist become, as We ardently desire, more fruitful from day to day, with abundant growth, also, in faith, hope, charity, and in every virtue, may this revival of piety tend to the peace and advantage of the State, and may the designs of God's most provident love in instituting such a perpetual mystery for the life of the world be made manifest to all men.

Buoyed up with such a hope, Venerable Brethren, and as a pledge of divine gifts as well as of our affection, We lovingly impart to each one of you, and to your clergy and people, our Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's, on this 22nd day, on the approach of the Solemnity of Corpus Christi, in the year 1902, the twentyfifth of Our Pontificate.

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THE OBSCURE ONE'S CONSOLATION. Of me the great world ne'er has heard, Yet I in this am somewhat blessed, My lowly state has never stirred Envy in any human breast.

And if I do not feel inclined To strive some mighty part to play In this I consolation find—I stand not in another's way.

If I ne'er seek wealth's lofty height, One thing at least I feel and know— Rivals do not scheme day and night To bring about my overthrow.

And if I am of lowly birth And a retiring life have led I doubt if there is on the earth One soul that wishes I were dead.

To make this great earth theirs alone Men have their days in scheming passed, But we the stubborn fact must own— Old Mother Earth gets all at last!

THE ANNUNCIATION OF BROTHER FRANCIS (By Gabriel Francis Powers) In the year of grace, 1645 A town built upon a height—an immense height it seems when you look down from it. The town is picturesque, with a pure Gothic gateway, and turrets, and turrets of green peeping over the ramparts.

Two monks are pacing the chequer-board, and their brown frocks pass alternately in and out of sun and shade. One is aged and feeble—evidently blinded by the way he depends upon his companion's guidance, the other is in the flower of manhood.

They reach a rude stone bench—the end of their walk—and the young monk leads the old one to a seat. For two minutes, while he speaks, his face is beautiful, then he moves back, and gloom settles upon his features again. In vain does his eyes rest upon the rolling hills, the shifting purple browns, the blended heather-tones of the immense panorama, the beauty of the view, to-day, is lost upon him.

The wind blows cool and restful into his face, he does not feel it. "O, my God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have sad dreams!"

The dreams of this man, who was a poet and an artist under the poor robe of St. Francis, were not all sad. He had never striven for honors, never sought renown but the fact remained that in the world beyond that low, glowing Umbrian horizon he had borne that proudest of boasts—a name. Men spoke of him as a great master's favorite, and whatever "St. Francis" may have been in the ugly hours of a gambler's life, to the whole world, indisputably, he was an artist. The monk now, the pupil then, had worshipped him.

color and form which the poor hands of man can fashion. Kneeling among his earths and fluids, compasses and studies—all the paraphernalia of his daily toil—he joined his hands, that attitude so beautiful in its repose when it is the worker who clasps the strong hands to pray.

Before his associates could recover from their surprise and wear him from his folly he left the city and went to knock at the door of a monastery he remembered from his childhood—a solitary gray fortress on a height. He would have laughed in the face of any one reproving him for the future thrown away, being in that frame of mind in which the prospect of success seems less than dirt.

Yet he hoped they would let him paint still—array the blank cloister walls in the pale, delicate frescoes Guido loved; make Christs and virgins and saints for the humble Franciscan altars, and perhaps even unfold about the starting dome a series of pictures from some holy life. The great Angelico, Bartolomeo, and a host of others, had they not preceded him, coward artists and rule-loving monks?

But the novices, poor lads!—and he was one of them—had other tasks to perform. Some of them wanted to be missionaries, some of them had their hands full of the abstract casuistries of high philosophy, a great orator was among them, and Guido's pupil they had to dust the church ornaments, mend, darn, sweep; the meanest occupations at which men can be set, and, not infrequently, labors completely useless.

Not one of them murmured, and least all Guido's Giotto. But as the weeks and the months lengthened he grew tired, sick in body and mind of what he saw. This empty, objectless life—the routine, the monotony, the struggle, the effort where all effort seemed vain? Whither was he going and to what end? He would be done with it! Never was a drudgery more bootless, more hopeless, more empty than this. He would away back to the free, good world that he had left; back to the place where all his happy youthful years were spent in idealistic, not inglorious, work.

How he loved the vast, hushed room with its beautiful light! There he had learned all he knew of the great master's secret. Outside the window, garlands of roses were tapping softly at the panes until he opened and let in their fresh sweetness—the fragrance of their pure depths warmed in the sun. That was life, that peace! There his nature had unfolded its whole strength and beauty, here he was cramped and fettered and constrained. Who had ever put the silly thing into his head? He a monk? He would go back and tell them he had been a fool once. He was coming back to live among them; was coming back (Guido's pupil drew the shuddering breath through his teeth) to paint—"Brother!"

Brother Francis started and turned blankly to the bench. "Did you speak Father?" "Of no consequence, my son I have finished Our Lady's Office—which, thank God! I know by heart—and was about to ask you what the day was like."

"A fair, sweet day, Father, the sunlight pouring down upon the hills. You can feel the wind—can't you?—and hear the sycamores rustling their high leaves. There are flecks of gold upon your habit, the road is of patch-ed gold and gray, and wonder, across it, lies the shadow of the cross."

"My poet! Since you came I have not wanted eyes nor regretted vision. But your voice rings sad to-day." "I should, I think, ring glad. Father, I am going away!" "Away! Whither?" "Home."

It was the sound of simple comprehension—nothing more. And silence followed. Then the voice broke again, hoarse and eager. "It has been one huge mistake from first to last. I was never made to be a monk. Thank Heaven, there is yet time to mend!"

To The... Readers of The Register

WE HAVE ON HAND a few hundred copies of "THE CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO," 1902, which we have been giving away as a PREIUM to paid-up subscribers of our paper.

- The Catholic Almanac bears the endorsement of: † D. FALCONIO, Archbishop Apost. Deleg. † DENIS O'CONNOR, Archbishop of Toronto † J. THOS. DUBHAMEL, Archbishop of Ottawa. † THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING, Bishop of Hamilton † R. A. O'CONNOR, Bishop of Peterborough. † ALEXANDER MACDONELL, Bishop of Alexandria † F. P. McEVAY, Bishop of London † N. Z. LORRAIN, Bishop of Pembroke.

It contains list of The Holy Clergy, The Parishes of Ontario, The Liturgical Calendar prepared by The Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto. A list of The Holy Days of Obligation, Fasting Days of Obligation, the Abstinence Days, the Rules of the Church regarding Marriages, Masses of the Dead, and Indulgences.

It is pronounced to be a complete, handy and useful work by competent judges. Our readers should avail of this opportunity to procure a copy.

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self to address the silent presence at his side. "Do you think I obeyed him? Not I! He was near ninety, I nineteen, I must know better. I took my clothes and went... A storm drove me back that very night—one of those terrific storms breaking out like all the dumb powers of the abyss, unchained, over yonder mountains. You have seen them, you know what a boy wandering amid those frightful peaks at night could do. I came back. I have not yet done thanking God that I had the courage—I mean that he gave me the grace. To my dying day I shall thank Him still. That is why I say to you, my son. Leave not in haste, lest perchance you repent at leisure—and be not called a second time!"

"I cannot wait and I shall never repent. I have repented too fully that I came." "Will you not grant me one month at least—six weeks of time for thought before you go?" "Not one week—not one day or one hour, if I could help it. Pardon me! You have been so kind! But my life is my own, and I was born free."

"No doubt, but am I pleading my own cause? You are looking toward your future, so am I. Your present now, will some day be your past. And let me tell you there are no locked doors in the history of a man's life; all the doors behind him are swing doors, through which remorse may come."

"Desist, I pray you!" "Can I not move you?" "No man can move me, Father. What I have resolved shall be." "Grant me one boon, then. You came to us from the school of a great master, Guido his name, I think?" "Ayo, Guido."

"Your hand cannot have lost its cunning. Paint for us ere you go one picture for our church—a picture of the Virgin Mother." A smile crept into the artist's face—a tremulous, pure smile, half joy, half love. "I have never yet, Father, in all my life refused to paint a picture of the Madonna." This voice sang over each letter of the holy name, and the voice of the older man rang out in answer: "God's best blessing upon you for that, my son!"

should break in upon his work then he forgot himself, forgot his surroundings. Farther and farther he wandered into that strange country, borderland or unexplored realm of spirit, where the soul of man so often loses its privacy. No rattle at his door, no whispering will reach him now. They do not come, and through the long, late afternoon he labors on. There is not a sound in the intensely still room, nor breath nor pen-scratch nor least sign of life.

Outside the blue mist rises from a hundred valleys, and the monarch sun shining transparently through it, sinks gloriously to his rest. Warmly he lights the little white room with its crucifix above the lowly bed, and the blessed Mary's face.

To the draughtsman from far away, vaguely comes a perception as of Guido standing behind him and of roses nodding at the window. He does not lift his eyes, he is growing to evening and his work is almost done. The light is fading, he hurries the last swift stroke, then leans back, sighing. The afternoon, that splendid pageant of Italian sunset, cloud, all space with its tremulous glory. The horizon is limpid clear and bright as the heart of some Eastern flower.

The round, fifteenth-century panes and the deep lattice are bathed in gold. Once more the artist bows over his work. It is finished and well finished. They who know, perhaps, will say that it is good. His picture will be painted now. And afterward, afterward—shall he go? He has taken up his quill and is writing, slowly, dreamily, beneath the first draughts of his "Annunciation." "Fr. Franciscus Maria, called the..." Ay, let him say of himself thus at least, that he has done it! After the struggle and the agony, the hoping and the waiting, it is done!

The bells break out, swiving, clashing, storming. It is Annunciation Eve, and up in the stone belfry the bronze tongues seem to have gone mad for joy. Along the broad corridor the doors are all opening and shutting as the monks go forth to choir. One footfall alone dwells unresponsive that has hitherto, at all times obeyed. Later a rap—the tap he dreaded—comes lightly at the panel. It comes unanswered. Perhaps the inmate is away. The lay-brother pushes open the door and so finds him. He has finished his drawing; his arm and his bowed head rest upon it. Above, the early stars are piercing into the warm-thatched, radiant sky. The window—a little window without roses—stands wide open. It will be a pure, translucent night.

The drawing now is in the town museum. In the whole heterogeneous, curiously composite collection it is the only thing worth looking at; a sheet of paper, glossy and of beautiful texture, but slightly ragged at the edges; a few ascetics' streamer over it in tiny mellow dots, the ink somewhat yellowed, but each finely-penned line intact. Beneath it reads the inscription, patently in its completeness; for the space where the gifted hand faltered no nearer had filled up.

The composition is not uncommon, and not wholly unlike Guido's treatment of the same subject, save that in the sketch the figures are three-length figures. The Virgin kneels, and Gabriel has the traditional lily—a singularly beautiful one in this case—in his hand. But there is no meagerness in the drawing, no slurring of outline, none of the fickleness of a lesser artist; it is all true, harmonious and perfect. The model of art, as though the monk would have used a chisel as deftly as a brush. The face lifted to greet the Virgin is such as might indeed smile upon a poet's slumber, so full of tenderness, so deeply reverent so human in its emotion, however angelic in expression. The lips seemed to murmur almost audibly the words "Hail Mary, full of grace!"

And the Woman's face!—incarnate holiness, purity typified of the very essence of humility and some sort of serene joy, laughter that is not laughter but radiance only—live-light, beauty that Christ not Adam, might have dreamed. The youthful novice must have been in the cope among the violets—because he loved Her—because he loved Her—that was all—Ave Maria.

IT IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE.—There is not a city town or hamlet in Canada where Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is not known—wherever introduced it made a path for itself and maintained it. Some merchants may suggest some other remedy as equally beneficial. Such recommendations should be received with doubt. There is only one Electric Oil, and that is Dr. Thomas'. Take nothing else.

In Sidney Louis' Recollections of Cecil Rhodes in the May number of "The Nineteenth Century," he states that one of Cecil Rhodes' cardinal doctrines was "that the British Constitution was an absurd anachronism, and that it should be remodelled on the lines of the American Union, with federal self-governing Colonies as the constituent States."

What made your linens coarse? Common soap! Sunlight Soap saves linen.

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Ask for the Octagon Mark.

Golden Jubilee of Laval University

Quebec, June 25.—The banquet yesterday afternoon at the skating rink in honor of Laval's golden jubilee was a great success, 1,500 being in attendance. At 1 15 p. m., the papal delegate, the bishops, Lieut.-Governor Jette, Rev. Mr. Mathieu, rector of the university, Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, and other dignitaries arrived and were received with loud applause. The chair was taken by Sir Alphonse Pelletier. A splendid orchestra supplied music, and a choir of male voices led in French Canadian patriotic songs.

The first toast honored was that of the King, which was received with the National Anthem, and three hearty cheers and a tiger. The second was to the Pope and in receiving it the diners sang "Le Pape Nous Regarde." Mgr. Begin, replying, informed his hearers that on his last visit to Rome he had spoken to the Pope concerning Laval and its coming jubilee, while just recently he had received in answer to a message of greeting, which he read, the following telegram of blessing: "The Holy Father from the bottom of his heart blesses the archbishops, bishops, clergy, professors and scholars of Laval, an institution which has so well deserved the blessings of the Holy See." His Grace paid an eloquent tribute to Rev. Mr. Mathieu, and Rev. L. A. Paquet, and said that both had been raised to the dignity of apostolical protonotaries by the Pope.

The last toast was that of Sister Universities, which Judge Langelier proposed. Judge Dechery, one of the professors of McGill University, replied in the French language to the toast. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon at Laval University, the former students of that institution presented to their alma mater the sum of \$100,000 as a memento of the golden jubilee of the institution. The degree of D. C. L. was conferred on Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Hon. J. J. Tarte, Hon. S. N. Parent, Hon. L. Gouin, Hon. H. T. Duffy, Hon. H. G. Carroll, Hon. W. W. Larue, Hon. Chas. Langelier, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Dr. Belleau and Mr. J. D. Delage.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

His Holiness Acclaimed by Multitudes — Doves Let Loose.

Rome, July 6.—The Pope's Jubilee in honor of the 25th anniversary of his coronation was celebrated to-night by fetes at the Vatican. The entire papal court and thousands of members of all the Catholic societies represented in Rome assembled at 6 o'clock this evening in the great Bevilacqua court of the Vatican and paid homage to His Holiness.

The fetes were brought to a close by the Pope pronouncing the Pontifical blessing, after which he was again acclaimed. A great flock of pigeons sent to Rome from all the chief towns of Italy was then released and flew off to their homes, each one bearing an announcement that the ceremonies had taken place.

This Little Girl Cured of Eczema

The Burning, Itching Sensations Taken Away and the Raw Flesh Healed by Dr. Chasc's Ointment

It is not at all unusual for children to suffer greatly from eczema, a form of itching skin disease, but it frequently happens that relief is very hard to obtain, and neglect is likely to leave the subject, a life-long victim of this skin trouble. Dr. Chasc's Ointment has proven itself a quick relief and permanent cure for this ailment. Take, for example, the following case: Mr. C. Wiley, who is employed as copier by the Kennedy & Davis Milling Company, Lindsay, Ont., states: "I used Dr. Chasc's Ointment for eczema on my little girl some few years ago, and soon brought about a thorough and permanent cure. She had suffered for considerable time and though we tried a great many remedies, Dr. Chasc's Ointment was the only preparation to prove effective. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chasc's Ointment, as it certainly effected a prompt and permanent cure in this case."

Dr. Chasc's Ointment is, we believe, the most effective and most thoroughly satisfactory treatment that was ever used for eczema, salt rheum and itching skin diseases and eruptions. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Protestantism's Homeward Trend

(From The New York Sun)

A ceremony significant of the great changes in religious sentiment which have taken place in this country during the last generation was the laying, on Thursday, of the corner-stone of a new convent to be erected at Peekskill for the Sisterhood of St. Mary of the Episcopal Church. Bishop Seymour of Illinois officiated at the ceremony, and among those present were "another u- perior" and many other Sisters of the order. The cost of the new structure is to be \$75,000, and it will be one of five convents of the Sisterhood, which is the oldest of the American Episcopal orders. Here is a list of the Episcopal religious orders in this country, nearly all of which have been founded or established here within the last 25 years, and most of them during the last ten years:—

For Men.

Society of St. John the Evangelist (the "Cowley Fathers").
Order of the Holy Cross.
Congregation of the Most Holy Sav-
four.
Brothers of Nazareth.

For Women.

Sisterhood of St. Mary.
Sisterhood of St. John the Baptist.
All Saints Sisters of the Poor.
Sisters of St. Mary and All Saints.
Sisterhood of St. Margaret.
Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity.
Sisterhood of St. John the Evangelist.
Sisterhood of the Holy Child Jesus.
Diaconal Community of St. Martha.
Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd.
Sisters of Bethany.
Community of All Angels.
Sisters of the Order of Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Order of the Holy Resurrection.
Sisters of the Resurrection.
Society of Epiphany.
Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd.
Sisters of the Annunciation B. V. M. St. Monica Sisters.
Community of the Transfiguration.
Sisters of the Church.
Sisterhood of St. Joseph of Nazareth.
Order of Deaconesses, Alabama.
Sisterhood of the Holy Communion.
This is a large number of religious orders to have grown up in the Episcopal Church in so short a time, and more especially when we remember that the movement for such establishments in its beginning encountered earnest resistance as a "Romish innovation." The growing tendency of that church toward extreme ecclesiasticism, ritualism, sacerdotalism and sacramentalism is also indicated by other institutions of comparatively recent establishment in it. Here are some of these fraternities which are most representative of the increasing "Catholic" party:—

Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ; an American branch of an English society with these declared objects: "(1) The honor due to the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood; (2) mutual and special intercession at the time of and in union with the Eucharist sacrifice; (3) to promote the observance of the Catholic and primitive practice of receiving the Holy Communion fasting."

The Guild of All Souls. Objects: "Intercessory prayer for the dying, for the repose of the souls of deceased members and to set forth the two great doctrines of the 'communion of saints' and the resurrection of the body."

Society of King Charles the Martyr. Objects: Celebration of "the day of the martyrdom of the Blessed King Charles" (Charles I. of England), and "intercessory prayer for defence of the Anglo-Catholic Church against the attacks of her enemies."

Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom: "to unite members, both clerical and lay, of the Roman, Greek and Anglican communions in a bond of intercessory prayer for the reunion of Christendom."

It will be seen how near to the Roman Catholic Church the doctrines and practices of these societies are. The only very considerable separation is made by the Papal supremacy, and even upon that some of the most extreme ritualists are disposed to look not unfavorably. They are very polite to the Pope, but they have a serious grievance against him because he refuses to recognize the validity of the orders of the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

The confessional, as it is well known, is now a regular feature of the advanced ritualistic churches. The doctrine of the Real Presence is taught by them, and the seven sacraments of Rome are accepted. When the wife of a Ritualistic clergyman of New York died recently prayers for the repose of her soul were asked. An Episcopal monk, preaching in the same church last Good Friday, admonished the congregation of the necessity of receiving absolution and the viaticum when about to die.

In other churches a tendency to Ritualistic practices is also observable, and it is the more remarkable because in their whole past history they have been distinguished by resolute and even bitter opposition to any such suggestions of ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism. Surplised choirs have been introduced into Baptist and Methodist churches, and

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Among these are very significant facts. Meantime the Rev. Dr. McJunkin, a Presbyterian of Pennsylvania, look for the speedy coming of a "great awakening" like that of 1857, but other observers of present religious tendencies Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Goldwin Smith, for example, look with misgivings on an apparent tendency, both here and in Europe, toward mediæval ecclesiasticism and Ritualism. The late Christian Science convention was satisfied that the world is coming all its way, and the cognate "New Thought" people are not less confident that they are the heirs of the ages, so far as religion goes.

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It was the "Steamship Roddam," Full-manned and steered with care. One leafless day in the month of May Drove in to St. Pierre.

Framed in the green hill's bosom The town was fair to see, And towering high against the sky Stood guardian Mount Pelée.

I tell a tale of the present— No fearful dream of the past— The Roddam lay in that peaceful bay, Her harbor anchor cast.

Right glad the bustling seamen To see the wharves and ships; But the captain looked to the mountain— The laugh was dead on his lips

Bold is your heart, O Captain, And courage you need to-day, When the terrors of God are loosened And a city swept away.

Red fire fell from the heavens, The torn sea boiled beneath, As out through the sulphurous tempest The Roddam raced with death.

Her dead lay thick upon her deck, Her living were scorched and maimed, But she broke away through the blistering spray By gaping seas unclaimed.

The dead lay on her deck-floor, A woeeful sight to view, And round the smoking scoriae Lay thick and hot the blue.

Full many a wreck sea-battered Drifts in to land I wis, But ne'er such grisly phantom Rode in to quay as this.

Through rain of the molten lava, Through blast of the nether fire, With shrouds of flame the Roddam came To the port of her desire —Rev James B Dollard, in The Boston Pilot.

It says Something

for a new article when it becomes immediately popular. There must be a reason for it. Only twelve weeks after the first box of

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left the factory in New England they were selling in every State and Territory except Alaska, Delaware and Indian Territory.

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DEATH OF MR. L. CARPENTER, FORMERLY OF BARRIE

The death of Mr. L. Carpenter, one of the old citizens of Barrie, occurred in Vancouver, B. C., on June 13th last. The remains were sent to Barrie for burial. Speaking of his death The Vancouver World says: "Death came with suddenness to L. Carpenter, the well-known timber cruiser who represented the Toronto Lumber Company in this province. Several days ago Mr. Carpenter entered St. Paul's Hospital suffering from a minor complaint. Yesterday morning he was feeling very much improved and dressed himself to go for a short stroll. He had scarcely reached the door when he was stricken with heart failure and fell to the floor. He was placed in bed again, and every effort made to save his life but without success, and he passed quietly away early this morning. Deceased came from Barrie a number of years ago and was a gentleman highly respected and esteemed by all who knew him. R. G. Macpherson, the Cordova street chemist, was an old friend of Mr. Carpenter, and to-day wired the sad news to Mrs. Carpenter, who is at present in Barrie."

The remains reached Barrie June 20th, and the funeral on the following Sunday was largely attended. The pall-bearers were Messrs. John Olyver, A. Urquhart, Michael Stritch, John Kennedy, E. Seigniv and Geo. Byrnes. The deceased was born in Paris, France, 66 years ago. A widow, six sons and three daughters are left to mourn his loss. The children of the deceased who were present were Charles, of Chicago, and Harry, of Winnipeg, besides Mrs. A. J. Rogers, Miss Julia, Miss Marie and Frank, of Barrie. Those unable to reach home were Thomas, of Seattle, Joseph, of Chicago, and Edward of New York. Among the beautiful floral tributes were some from Mrs. and Miss Littleton, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burton, Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. John McDonald, Mr. A. J. Rogers, Mrs. A. J. Rogers, and also a family wreath.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHOIR IN BARRIE.

Barrie, July 7.—The members of St. Michael's Choir, Toronto, journeyed to Barrie on Saturday last, at the invitation of Very Rev. Dean Egan. On arrival of the train at Barrie the visitors were met at the station by the Dean, Rev. Father McEchren and the members of the local choir, headed by Mr. O'Meara, their leader. They were at once taken to the Deanery, where supper was partaken of. On Sunday morning at High Mass the visiting musicians occupied the choir. Haydn's Second Mass in C was splendidly rendered, the principal solos being by Mrs. Small, Misses Maude MacEvey, Teresa Tymon, Alice McCarron, and Messrs Arthur Leightensner and Harris Halle. The Offertory number was the "Jesu Dei Vivi." The Benedictus was Gounod's. The Dean preached a most touching sermon on the Gospel of the day. In the evening the choir rendered Le Jeal's Vespers in magnificent style, the rendition of the quartette by Misses McEvey, McCarron, Messrs. Halle and Leightensner, as well as Miss McEvey's "Quia Resurxit" in the Magnificat being especially lovely. Madame Telgmann rendered Millard's "Ave Maria" during the Benediction. Among other numbers were Weigand's "Ave Verum" and "To Preps," (trio). Prof. J. L. R. Richardson wielded the baton and is to be congratulated on the results of his work. Dr. Roberts presided at the organ morning and evening.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER MURRAY.

Woodstock, N. B., July 7. — Rev. Father Murray, parish priest of Johnville, died early this morning. For fifteen years the deceased was parish priest of Woodstock. He was a native of St. John and was regarded as one of the most eloquent preachers in the diocese.

THE MARKET REPORTS.

Wheat—Chicago Corn Advance—The Live Stock Trade. Tuesday Evening, July 8.

Toronto St. Lawrence Market. Receipts of grain on the street market to-day were 500 bushels. Prices were steady. Wheat—Steady, one load of white selling at 48c per bushel and one load of spring at 45c per bushel. Oats—1100 bushels selling at 50c to 51c per bushel. Hay—Steady, 3 loads selling at \$12 to \$13 for timothy, 1 load selling at \$9.

Cheese Markets. Picton, July 8.—Sixteen factories boarded 1,770 boxes. Highest bid, 7 1/2c. 1,438 boxes sold. Buyers—Magrath and Morgan, Campbellford, July 8.—Cheese Board met to-day, 1,800 boarded. Sales, 1,500 at 9 1/2c. Ingot, 1 1/2c. Offerings at the market, larger sell cheese market to-day, 140 white and 553 colored; 112 boxes being June make and balance first five days July. No sales on board; 9 1/2c bid for June make. About all cleared up in this section.

Toronto Live Stock. Trade at the Toronto Cattle Market was at fairly steady prices for cattle generally, but for sheep prices were easier. There was good demand for all choice cattle, but, as usual, the offerings included a large number of poor grass-fed animals, and these kept prices from improving. The receipts were fairly good, being 38 loads, which included 1,420 cattle, 771 sheep and lambs, 556 hogs and 50 calves. The export cattle were the most in demand, and for some very choice ones an advance of 10c per cwt. Export Cattle—Were steady, selling at \$3 to \$4 1/2 per cwt for choice ones and \$4 25 to \$4 75 for medium cattle.

Butchers and Stockers Were steady and in fair demand at \$5 25 to \$5 50 per cwt for picked lots and \$4 25 to \$4 50 for choice ones. Common to fair ones sold at \$3 50 to \$4 25 per cwt. Feeders and Stockers Were steady at \$4 to \$5 per cwt for short-cut feeders and \$3 75 to \$4 1/2 for heavy stockers and feeders.

Sheep—Were a shade easier, selling at \$3 25 to \$3 50 per cwt, a decline of about 5c on the low grades. They brought 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. Lambs—Were only steady at \$2 50 to \$4 per cwt. Calves—Were out 1/2c per lb, selling at 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb or \$2 to \$5 each. Hogs—Were up 25c per cwt, selling at \$7 25 for choice and \$7 for lights and fats.

East Buffalo Cattle Market. East Buffalo, July 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 50 head, steady. Hogs Receipts, 2,400 head, active; 5c to 10c higher, pigs and light Yorkers, steady on others; heavy, \$8 to \$8 25; mixed, \$7 50 to \$8 50; Yorkers, \$7 75 to \$7 85; light do, \$7 25 to \$7 50; pigs, \$7 25 to \$7 50; mixed, \$7 25 to \$7 50; steers, \$6 to \$6 50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 18c light; market unchanged.

Chicago Live Stock. Chicago, July 8.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,002, including 1,000 Texas, steady, good to prime steers, \$7 25 to \$8 45, poor to medium, \$4 50 to \$7 50. Stockers and feeders, \$2 50 to \$5, cows, \$1 50 to \$3 75, heifers, \$2 50 to \$6, calves, \$1 40 to \$2 50, bulls, \$2 50 to \$5 50, calves, \$5 50 to \$6 50, Texas steers, \$4 25 to \$8 25. Hogs—Receipts, 18,000, steady, good to choice, \$6 25 to \$7 50; mixed, \$5 25 to \$6 50; western steers, \$2 50 to \$5 80; native lambs, \$3 to \$7 50.

Leading Wheat Markets. Closing previous day. Closing to-day. Cash. Sept. Cash. Sept.

Chicago	78 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2
New York	78	78	78 1/2
Wheat	78	78	78 1/2
Minneapolis	78	78	78 1/2
Milwaukee	78	78	78 1/2
Detroit	78	78	78 1/2
St. Louis	78	78	78 1/2
Duluth	78	78	78 1/2

British Markets. London, July 8.—Close—Wheat on passage, firmer tendency, noise on passage, 18 1/2d. Flour—English county markets of yesterday, quiet but steady. French country markets, quiet but steady.

Paris, July 8.—Close—Wheat Tone steady at 44 1/2 for July and 45 for September a 4d. Flour steady at 21 1/2 for July and 21 for September and 21 1/2 for October.

Antwerp, July 8.—No. 2 red winter, 17 1/2d.

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