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# The Catholic Record.

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

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### DECADENT ART.

In "Thoughts of a Parish Priest," Abbe Roux pays his respects to those who call nastiness art, and shrug their shoulders at the ignorance of those who cannot see eye to eye with them. He says: "Antique art clothed the human body in modesty and majesty; modern art unclothes even the nude. It is immodest and sometimes even impudent. Athens diffused the soul over the flesh; Paris diffuses the flesh over the soul. The Greek statue blushed; the French statue causes blushes."

And yet on the walls of some Catholic homes are pictures that would be a source of wonder to a self-respecting Pagan. Not that they wish to see representations that portray indecency; they merely follow the example of their neighbors, who talk about art and know as much about it as they do about Sanscrit.

### TO BE REMEMBERED.

It is well to remember that some of the scribes who write screeds about science, its progress and its efficiency as a destroyer of the Church, are purveyors to a large extent of fiction. We refer to those who echo the frenetic utterances of a Haeckel or who repeat cant words that have no relation to either thought or fact. As the Church is an organization founded for a supernatural end it has as such nothing to do with science. Between its teachings and those of science there can be no real antagonism, for all truth comes from God. If any scientific law seems to be opposed to the Church it is due either to an insufficient observation or correlation of the facts on which the law is based, or to wrong deductions from these facts. The attempt to clothe conjecture and hypothesis in the garb of scientific truth has been condemned by the real scientist, for example, by Dr. Virchow, who declared before the German Naturalists at Munich, 1877, that any attempt to introduce conjectures as a basis of instruction to dispossess the Church and to supplant her dogma with a creed of descent, would entail the greatest peril on the position of science in general.

### THE TRUE SCIENTIST.

The true scientist is concerned with phenomena and their laws—men of the Haecckel type with theories and facts born of an imagination overheated with an insensate hatred of Christianity. The true scientist is a man of patient research and rigid demonstration; the scientific charlatan is a man wedded to the sensational, and content with the acclaim of the ignorant. And while the one speaks reverentially of things beyond the reach of test-tube and microscope, and in his own province eschews the dogmatic tone, the other rails against all that savors of the spirit, and sets up his throne on ground of inventive, and at times of willful misrepresentation. He claims for science much more than science claims for itself. He has never been, and is not, a contributor to scientific knowledge.

### MERE MOONSHINE.

The talk about the intellectual thralldom of Catholics is somewhat frayed at the edges. It is very old, and rarely heard save in certain newspaper offices at whose doors enlightenment has not knocked. To chide men for taking the lights of philosophy and faith to guide them, is as unreasonable as it is to berate a navigator for using a compass; while the Catholic enjoys the widest liberty he has also mapped out for him the quagmires and rocks of infidelity. And that an unwavering allegiance to revealed truth is not destructive of profound thought, of patient investigation, of amazing discovery, is clear from the records of the race.

### VERY DISCOURAGING.

It is discouraging to hear that the Church was opposed to the advance of science. The writer forgets to substantiate the assertion, thinking, we presume, that rhetorical clap-trap is amply sufficient for this purpose. But is it true? Does history say that the Reformation liberated science and ended her with power? Writers—and the trouble is that some editors of non-Catholic weeklies do not read their own—declare in no equivocal terms that the Reformation retarded the progress of science for generations. Luther poured out his wrath upon universities,

which he designated as synagogues of perdition. In the springtime of the Reformation the German men of scholarship bewailed the sorry straits into which all learning had fallen. In England there was a similar story. And Draper, in "His Conflict between Science and Religion," is impelled to say that "so far as science is concerned nothing is owed to the Reformation."

### A CHECK TO VOLUBILITY.

The volubility of our contemporary ancient science and the Reformation would be checked by a few doses of Hallam or Lecky. He might be subdued by an inspection of the methods of the theologians of Tubingen, who, in treating of Rome, talked like the Orange Sentinel. These departed worthies used fearsome diction in their protest against the Gregorian calendar. So did England's reformers. When Kepler's advocacy of the Copernican theory left him without friends or country he found defenders among the Jesuits and a refuge in Austria. Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, driven from his native land because his purblind and ignorant countrymen declared his studies to be not only useless but noxious, was welcomed by Catholics. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, received for his distinguished services to medicine opprobrium and insult. Others, such as Jenner, were denounced, and their methods against disease characterized as diabolical operations.

England and Germany would for years have naught to do with quinine because it was introduced into Europe by the Jesuits. Geology at first was regarded by the reformers as a dark art. The real inventor of the steam engine, the second Marquis of Worcester, was ridiculed, ignored, merely because he was a Catholic. Referring to him in his History of England, Vol. 1, p. 408, Macaulay says: "But the Marquis was suspected to be a madman and known to be a Papist. His inventions, therefore, found no favorable reception."

### BOOKS TO READ.

It is also well to remember that the most glorious names on the bead-roll of science are eloquent proof of the falsity of the assertion that the scientist is a disbeliever in religion. They echo the words of a great preacher: "I have traced God's footprints in the works of His creation, and in all of them, even in the least, and in those that border on nothingness, what power, what wisdom, what ineffable perfection." Their researches have but accentuated their belief in the existence of the Creator. To our readers who wish for weapons to parry the blasphemy of the unproved assumptions of those who are trying to rob us of our faith, we commend Father Gerard's pamphlet, published by the Catholic Truth Society, and Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll."

### NO CAUSE TO WORRY.

To a subscriber who, judging from the tone of his letter, is indignant at some of our remarks on the liquor business, we beg to say that we have not so far as we know, transgressed the canons of moderation. We have, it is true, pointed out that the business is falling into disrepute. Our friend should note the signs of the times. Public opinion is becoming more and more opposed to it. Some of our societies exclude him from their halls. We have said, and out of pity, that it is a poor business in which to waste years. And is it not? To give a life to the dispensing of drink, and to know that, so far as the betterment of the community is concerned, he is a nonentity, and that in many homes his name is held in malediction, may well afflict the most hardened. We have exhorted our readers not to sign liquor licenses. Furthermore, we quoted the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, who exhorted pastors to "induce all of their flocks who may be engaged in the sale of liquor, to abandon, as soon as they can, the dangerous traffic and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

Selfish seeking for happiness is never successful. Seek happiness for somebody else and you will possess it yourself.

Little lies lead to greater lies. Abjure lying altogether. Bishop Spalding well says: "Abhorrence of lies is the test of character."

A strong will, a patient temper, and sound common sense when united in the same individual are as good as fortune to their possessor.

### THE MAID AND THE CHURCH.

In the Boston Evening Transcript for May 6, under cover of a panegyric for the recently beatified Maid of Orleans, a correspondent from Nantucket has some very bitter things to say about the Catholic Church. The language of sixteenth century controversy is out of place in an enlightened and liberal age, and, to say the least, it is quite ungenerous, while admitting that "no character in history better deserves the title of saint than the peerless Maid of Orleans," to abuse the Catholic Church, the only power in the world capable of bringing the Maid into universal honor. What has the Transcript to say for her? Is it a religious journal subsidized in the interests of ultra-Protestantism; or is it willing, under the guise of a purveyor of news, to become an organ for the dissemination of mis-statements about the Catholic Church?

The Nantucket sage declares that "as you study her (Joan of Arc's) history you feel that she would be less like an ideal ecclesiastical saint." Has the writer devoted any of his leisure hours to the reading of the lives of the saints? He will find in that wonderful catalogue of the canonized not only the cultured and refined, but along with them the outcast and the beggar. Thomas Edmund Campion, the pride of Oxford University, side by side with Mary of Egypt the penitent, and Benedict Joseph Labre the pauper; Domitilla, the niece of a Roman Emperor, and John Berchmans the son of a shoemaker; Elizabeth the princess of Hungary with Zita the maid-of-all-work. What church patron has been out into shape to serve for the "ideal ecclesiastical saint?"

The reader is informed that "there is no evidence that she devoted herself to virginity." No evidence! There is scarcely a case in history where the evidence is so overwhelming. There is not only the unanimous testimony of her contemporaries to the spotlessness of her life, but there is also her own repeated and sworn declaration that by direction of her Voices she had consecrated her virginity to God.

The oracular pronouncement that "the stately Church of Rome can add no lustre to the peerless Maid of Orleans," is belied by the writer's own heroic deeds and saintly living, whatever his religious sympathies might be, would have rejoiced with the vast crowd that stood under the mighty dome of St. Peter's when the Catholic Church added Joan of Arc to the bead roll of her saints. Are to be only natural to adore which but for the churches throughout Christendom the Hosannas and Alleluias are chanted in her honor, when her praises are recounted from ten thousand pulpits, and prayerful multitudes invoke her intercession, is there no lustre which the Church of Rome can add to the simple record of a life of such heroic and heroic deeds? The Church's initiative would have lain buried in the dusty tombs of the libraries of France?

Then comes the statement that "She never became a miracle-monger, never assumed supernatural authority." But was it less than a miracle for an unlettered peasant girl, unskilled in the arts of war, to lead to victory the invasions of the king's army, outnumbered and demoralized, against an enemy strongly entrenched and flushed with success? How can one say that "she never assumed supernatural authority" when she constantly declared that the Voices of Heaven commissioned her to repel the English invasions of her country and place Charles again on the throne of his fathers?

The writer notes with "profound satisfaction that the Church has no relics of the Maid. No withered and ghostly (or is it this a misprint for ghostly?) remnants of her martyr's body to carry in solemn procession or employ in the creation of new miracles." Where has he ever beheld the withered and ghostly (or ghostly) remnants of a martyr carried in solemn procession? Is not this assertion the creation of a mind diseased? It is not so long since the reputed remains of "relics" of John Paul Jones were brought in solemn state to this country from an unhonored grave in Europe. A short time ago the crumbling remains of Major L'Enfant, the architect of the Capitol and the designer of "the city of magnificent distances," were taken in stately procession from the rotunda of the Capitol to the National Cemetery at Arlington; to be there reinterred with pomp and ceremony among the distinguished dead. Who, without offending every patriotic sentiment would, when referring to these posthumous honors, speak of "withered and ghostly remnants?" Why should the sacred dust of the heroes and heroines of the Church be trodden with less respect than the bones of the dead? "The writer," however great, says the writer, "she is the priceless possession of the Universal Church of which Rome is but a fragment and a sect." It is something new to hear the Church of Rome styled a fragment and a sect. A fragment of a portion and a sect is something out of the lava or a portion of the ashes she emits in eruption; two hundred and fifty millions are not a sect and history has still to reveal when and by whom they have been cut off from the One True Church founded by Christ.

"Go teach all nations" defines her mission and explains her power. As Christ did for men, so the Church preaches for all, and among the many means she uses to attract the world to the authenticity of her claim to be the mouth-piece of the Holy Ghost and

the Pillar of Truth, is the solemn ceremonial of beatification by which she holds up before the world her confessors and martyrs for the veneration of all, Christians and pagans alike.—E. S. in America.

### ONE WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE SUBJECT OF MIXED MARRIAGE.

SAYS CATHOLIC WIFE OF NON-CATHOLIC HUSBAND ENDANGERS BOTH HER HAPPINESS AND FAITH.

I am the Catholic wife of a non-Catholic husband, and consequently in a position to fully realize the dangers to which a Catholic who contracts such a marriage is exposed, not only as regards her happiness, but also as regards her faith. I have felt for some time that we who can estimate the risks should not leave it to the priests alone to sound a warning. Young people are apt to discount what the priests say about mixed marriages, thinking that if the Church permits them there can be no so much danger. They know instances of Catholics who married non-Catholics that afterward became converts; and these instances they dwell upon, forgetting all about other cases where the non-Catholic husband or wife did not change, and still others where the Catholic fell away.

The religious training of the majority of non-Catholics to-day is either nil or so indefinite and haphazard as to be useless as a practical guide to conduct, especially under temptation. When temptation comes they fight the matter out along the lines of self-respect, the honor in the abstract, decency or yield or not depends upon the comparative strength of the temptation and their instincts for good. They have no definite idea as to what is necessary for salvation and usually refuse to give the matter any thought.

A Catholic girl marries a non-Catholic man. We will suppose the husband to be a fairly good Protestant who believes in God and in the authenticity of the Bible. During his courtship he protested that he had not the slightest prejudice against the Catholic religion and argued that there is no reason why a Catholic and Protestant who marry can not be as happy as two of the same faith; and he was sincere. But deep down there is prejudice and a feeling of superiority over Catholics which comes to the surface in the course of time. The marvel would be if it were otherwise. Anyone can readily realize this who has gone through a public high school and studied the general and English histories in use, or read the novels of Scott, the works of Macaulay and Carlyle and other authors of their day. People who have no special reason for doing so do not delve below the surface, and the average non-Catholic student and reader is bound to conclude from his desultory reading that the general run of Catholics are ignorant, superstitious, simple-minded folk who believe all their crafty priests tell them. This feeling will surely be there and it will crop out occasionally without provocation; and the Catholic wife will arouse it many times by taking up the gauntlet in defense of the faith unnecessarily or in an unwise manner. They are not too many satirical words which the average, uneducated, hot-tempered human being hasn't his or her tongue or his or her temper under very good control.

Here are some of the "arguments" the non-Catholic husband will use and which will prove a constant irritant to the Catholic wife; the Protestant nations are progressive, the Catholic Church likes to keep the people in ignorance; during the Middle Ages men were tortured and burned if they dared to express an original opinion; the Irish are quarrelsome, improvident, untidy and too much given to drink; the Spaniards, ignorant, bigoted and unbelievably cruel; the French (whom he still considers Catholic when speaking of undesirable qualities, but non-Catholics when speaking of their progressiveness), are frivolous and immoral. He condemns the Italian with the single word "Dago." The fact that the Pope and the Cardinals are Italians positively incenses him—"he wouldn't be ruled in anything by narrow-minded, unprogressive Italians."

The tone is different when he speaks of the Protestant peoples; the English are a great nation, a broad-minded, enlightened people; the Germans industrious, law-abiding citizens and most progressive thinkers, etc., etc. Here are the seeds of many arguments and arguments breed dissension and put people on the defensive toward each other. Instead of a feeling of oneness and harmony there is a note of discord in the family, a sore spot which to touch is, to say the least, dangerous. But suppose the non-Catholic has imbibed much of the poison of the times. He is nothing loth to question the authenticity of the Bible, the divinity of Christ and the existence of God. Through pride of intellect, coupled perhaps with dislike of self-denial he says within himself, "I will not serve." Picture a conscientious Catholic married to such a man and loving him dearly. She realizes that his ignorance of the Faith is rendered sinful by the pride and rebellion which keep him from bending the knee to God. She knows unless he changes he has no chance of salvation; and it takes a lifetime to break the pride in some hearts, and some go to their graves rebellious still. Oh, the weary waiting! Perhaps to end in despair.

The majority of the young men to-day outside of the Church have such lax notions on any questions of morality that the Catholic wife will be dismayed when she finds out the true state

of her husband's mind. He will consider his own view the broad-minded, liberal one, and think his wife narrow, unreasonable, and a goody-good if she disagrees with him. He thinks that it is better for people who can not agree to get a divorce and remarry; that it is impossible for an unmarried man to remain pure; that poor people should not have so many children; that a questionable story, now and then, between husband and wife should be laughed at and enjoyed; that occasionally, evil in a mixed company, it is no great harm; that, if we have not all the things we expect to give to others, even to help support the Church; that the priests have a pretty soft snap and bleed the people more or less; that one religion is as good as another; that it is an open question whether there is a God and a life beyond; that therefore a man should make sure of a good time here, that either a man or a woman may, on occasion indulge too freely in intoxicants if he or she does not make a habit of it. He will probably consider it his privilege to swear when he feels like it; to get angry or impatient when impulse prompts; to think and speak with license of the forms of other women, to tease a little child to anger or indulge it unwisely. In his heart he thinks that if he is true to his wife and kind according to his notions, if he provides for his family and commits neither theft, arson nor murder, and does not sell his vote he is a model man.

I do not mean to intimate that Catholics are all saints and non-Catholics sinners. But if the husband be a practical Catholic, the wife has a point of leverage; if he expects her to consent to wrong-doing of any sort, and she refuses, giving her reasons, he will see the justice of her attitude, if not at once at least after a time; since both consider it essential to salvation to obey the commandments of God and His Church, and hence consider the matter from the same point of view.

The chances for happiness of a good Catholic girl who marries a fallen-away Catholic seem to me very slight also. Don't be fooled, girls, by that world-old fallacy that you can do anything with a man if he loves you. Look around you at the married couples you know and judge if the men differ much from what they were before marriage; and remember these men loved their sweethearts just as ardently as you love when he comes will love you; and that the love which most of them bear you is a true love than they bore their sweethearts, since it has less of self in it. It will seem incredible to you that bald-headed, irascible, John Sweeney and his dumpy, old-fashioned wife should feel any very tender sentiment for each other. Nevertheless their love is probably just as deep and tender as the love you will know. And if in the pride of your heart, thinking you will be able to inspire a nobler, more self-sacrificing love than other women do, you marry a man with the expectation of changing his ideas after marriage, you will repent that pride in bitterness of soul. There is only one true test—will your salvation be aided or hindered by this marriage, and are you giving your children, that will be the good chance for salvation which they have a right to demand of you?

And all is not yet said on the subject. The divergence between the ideals of the world and of the Church concerning conduct, disposition and character, is growing wider every day. The Catholic wife of a mixed marriage, when with her husband's family, can not feel herself an outsider. If they are very worldly people who consider themselves too smart to believe in old-fashioned notions of God, heaven and hell, they will ridicule such foolishness, and laugh at her simplicity. They will repudiate self-denial and boast of their broad-minded, liberal notions. Nevertheless they will probably have charming qualities which win from the Catholic a genuine, deep affection. She will, in consequence, suffer many a heartache over their prospects in the life to come. For the love of every true woman toward all her friends has a maternal quality. And when death comes to one of those dear ones imagine the inconsolable bitterness of such a grief.

The man and woman who contract a mixed marriage have no mutual home of the soul—none of that sweet companionship in loving thoughts of God. The Catholic wife is ever conscious that her soul's home is but a strange habitation to her husband. They cannot take counsel together and sustain each other in matters of Faith. Husband and wife are not fighting the battle of salvation side by side; he is one of the besiegers who would break down her barriers. She feels her disposition growing belligerent because she must always be girding up her loins against some danger threatening. She will long for a season among her own people where she can take off her armor and rest secure not ever fearful that the poisonous arrows of indifference to conscience, worldliness and unbelief may in unguarded moment find entrance into her soul.

How much resolution it takes to be ever girded up and pushing onward in the teeth of hostile forces and how wearisome it becomes! That soul which is always in the thick of the fight is ever weary and may never rest. How it longs for rest in the bosom of God! And how it begs of God to save the souls of its loved ones and bring them home!—Catholic Wife of a Non-Catholic Husband in Extension Magazine.

Men who live for self never succeed in satisfying self, or in quite satisfying anybody else; men who live for others in God like unselfishness, have joy themselves while giving joy to others.

### Nothing is Easy.

Nothing at all is easy in life. Nothing worth while can be done with ease; A stern, brave battle is that of strife. On the hills of blue or the conquering seas. Nothing is easy to do that's great With lofty purpose and art supreme. Toll and struggle and grief and care— Nothing in life is a moment's dream! Nothing worth winning is won with ease. The goal worth reaching is sacred ground, And it can't be reached in a gentle walk. Or a burst of speed and a leap and bound. The eagle of victory perches high, And the climbing soul has far to climb, With death and doubt in the vales below. And the stars far off on the hills of time.

Nothing one does, if he does it well, Is easy and simple and quick and light— The task of life is a difficult task. To do it well and to do it right, Nothing comes easy, the strife is hard, But the thing worth doing—ah, that repays For the ache and grief and the dust and grime And the infinite pain of the toiling days!

—Baltimore Sun.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

A movement has been started in the southern part of California to give the name of the late Madame Modjeska to a mountain in that section. It would be a graceful tribute to the memory of a good and gifted woman.

Miss Bridget Roche, one of the best and most widely known Catholic women of Huntington, Ind., passed away Easter Saturday. The erection of St. Mary's Church at Huntington entailed an expenditure of \$75,000 the entire amount of which was paid by Miss Roche, in memory of her deceased brother, John Roche.

Canada's great wonder-spot, the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, is about to be invaded by sordid worldly enterprises. Two or three moving picture halls are being erected. The Redemptorist Fathers went personally before the legislature, now in session at Quebec, and implored the members to pass a law which would prevent the profaning of the most venerated spot in Canada. But the members refused to interfere.

Bishop Fabio Landi, O. F. M., of North China, is in this country on his way back to his diocese, having made his *ad limina* visit to Rome. His diocese is about 50,000 square miles in extent, and his population of 10,000,000 souls, only 19,000 of whom are Catholics. He has thirty-eight priests who baptize on an average 1,500 adults a year. Bishop Landi will take home with him a zealous recruit in Rev. Father Murphy, O. F. M., of Boston, who desires to enter the foreign mission field.

The Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan, who came here from England a year ago to study the system of the mission bands, in order to make use of it in the work of the Catholic Missionary Society for England, is returning to take up the extension of the organization throughout the various English dioceses. In response to his appeal for financial aid the Catholic Missionary Union has given him \$500. As his mother is an American, Dr. Vaughan thinks he has what he calls "a wee claim" on the generosity of those enthused with the missionary spirit on this side of the Atlantic.

It is not generally known that there is a boat called St. Francis D'Assisi, which plies along the coast of Iceland and Newfoundland, giving help, temporal and spiritual, to the fisher folk for the three months that they are practically at sea, following their dangerous calling. The fishing vessels of the fleet number approximately three hundred, and as each little vessel carries a crew of twenty or twenty-five men, the good ship St. Francis has a great work to do. When weather permits, Mass is said aboard daily, and on Sundays the accommodations are severely taxed.

Catholic Opinion, of Lewiston, Me., chronicles the death of Colonel Albert W. Bradbury, of Portland, a distinguished soldier of the Civil War, who owed his conversion to the devotion of Catholic nuns on the battlefield and in military hospitals. While wounded and in a hospital he had the opportunity of witnessing the unselfish devotion of the good Sisters. Of a luminous mind and warm heart, the grace of God touched him and he resolved to become a Catholic, and so continued for forty-five years a loyal and zealous adherent of the ancient faith. His funeral took place from the Cathedral, Portland, Bishop Walsh and many priests officiating.

Chauncey Oloott, the noted Irish tenor drew up his will several days ago and provided for the Franciscan Brothers of Brooklyn to the extent of \$10,000. For many years Mr. Oloott has been an ardent admirer of the Franciscan Brothers and on many occasions he has made substantial manifestations of the esteem which he has entertained for them. He appears whenever possible at their annual entertainments. On one occasion, being unable to appear owing to his mother's death, he sent the brothers a check for \$100. The charities of Mr. Oloott are known to comparatively few. He has made frequent donations not only in this country, but abroad, especially in Ireland, the land which, after his own, is dearest to his heart. There are charities in the city of Dublin that bless the name of Chauncey Oloott every day of the year.

THE EXODUS.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY, LITT. D., AUTHOR OF "The Cure of St. Philippe," "Gilbert Franklin," CHAPTER IX.

A CONFERENCE OF THE POWERS.

Monsieur Zephirin St. Jacques, member for South Winnipeg and future joint-leader, as he believed and intended, of some thirty or forty members from a New Quebec in the Northwest, was not, it must be admitted, altogether pleased at learning from his labor correspondent that the Union had decided to act in the case of Messrs. Mills and Hammond "for reasons of policy" to defer any action in the case of Messrs. Mills and Hammond "for the present." Being strongly of opinion that Bilodeau's opinion that a strike, combined with agitation against "cheap foreign labor," was practically the sole means of bringing about the Exodus, as it had already come to be spoken of, he was naturally anxious to see the beginning of the movement. That the Federation of New England Factory Operatives—the Labor Union—should thus defer their attack on the greatest of the few independent firms remaining outside the Cotton Company, must, he felt, postpone the initiation of the plan devised by Senator Bilodeau almost indefinitely.

He said as much to his senior partner at one of their numerous discussions on the subject. "The time," he objected, "was surely as propitious as one could hope for. A panic in the States, money stringency, if not more so than they want, he concluded querulously. The union it would seem had offered him a personal injury wholly unpardonable.

"I think I understand," returned Bilodeau, quietly. "See you, mon ami, we have three factors to reckon with in the actual situation; the Cotton Company, the Labor Union and our friends, Messieurs Mills and Hammond. Now, he proceeded, ticking off each point on his fingers, "the two last can stand against the first if they stand together. Mills and Hammond, our man tells us, will sell out to the Cotton Company, if the Union orders a strike. The Union therefore, must take its choice. Mills and Hammond, whom they can defeat, are ready to be beaten, but such a defeat leaves the Union face to face with the Cotton Company which is too strong for the Union. Yes," he concluded, with a certain amount of amusement, "it is a very effectual in-esse."

"For us," he interrupted St. Jacques, at a loss to account for the Senator's apparent amusement at a situation which, as he viewed it, was sufficiently serious. "Are you sure?" he asked. Bilodeau evidently was not at all worried at a delay which, as the member for South Winnipeg saw it, involved the postponement of their own plan. "Listen, mon ami," the Senator continued as quietly as ever, "the Cotton Company know they cannot get the better of Mills and Hammond so long as the operatives stand by the latter. They know, also, that the Union is so afraid of them as to allow Mills and Hammond to refuse the increased wages asked for, to defy the Union practically. Obviously, then, we must talk the matter over with your friend, who shall remain anonymous, and with an acquaintance of mine, whom we will call, if you please, Monsieur Brown. Does that meet with your approval?" he enquired gently. At heart he was inclined to wonder how a man so easily discouraged should ever have planned—Bilodeau was good at reading his fellow-men—to succeed, or to supplant him, Alphonse Bilodeau. But he was none the less genial on that account. Rather more so, in fact, with the cordiality reserved for those from whom he looked for no possible rivalry; yet not quite that which he showed to Monsiieur Demers or even to Pierre Martin.

Of this, however, the member for South Winnipeg, wholly satisfied with himself, was, of course, blissfully unaware. "Perfectly," he answered, almost condescendingly, in answer to the other's questioning, tone and manner affording that gentleman not a little quiet amusement. "Your conference," St. Jacques continued, still with a lofty assumption of inequality if not of superiority, "when do you propose that it shall take place?" "Well," was the answer, "Monsieur Brown has business in Ottawa next week . . . with the Government I believe; it is not my affair. But he stays at the Chateau Laurier, and I quite naturally call on him. You . . . Mr. Smith is it not?"—the other nodded "can he be in Ottawa . . . next Thursday?" At the Russell, shall we say?"

"I will write and ask him," returned St. Jacques; "on the other hand, a not very well known admirer of his colleague's skill in planning even such little details as these; details, he flattered himself, beneath so large a mind as his own. Again Bilodeau read or guessed at the unspoken thought. "He is the only man I can use," he reflected, discontentedly; adding mentally, "If Demers were only a layman, or young Martin twenty years older, I should give Monsiieur le Député here a very brief coupé. In fact I should, I fear, forget myself so far as to tell him my real opinion. He would be flattered by it I doubt not!"

Aloud, however, he merely remarked casually, as St. Jacques rose to take his leave. "On Thursday, then, at eleven in the forenoon. Bon au revoir, Monsiieur le Député."

Mr. Brown was, it seemed, able to comply with Monsiieur St. Jacques' invitation. On the following Thursday, therefore, the four powers met in Mr. Brown's private sitting-room at the Chateau Laurier, and got to business without unnecessary delay.

"It's this way, I take it," began Brown, "we want to buy out Mills and Hammond. That's the first point, if you gentlemen will excuse my saying so." The others nodded. "You," he continued, addressing the labor man, "are backing Mills and Hammond, because you think we are too strong for you, or should be if we bought them out."

"For the present, yes," rejoined Smith, with the air of one willing to make a concession for the sake of argument. "We'll let it go at that," returned the gentleman registered at the Chateau Laurier as 'W. Brown, of Hartford,

Conn., "the main point is you're backing Mills and Hammond as a matter of policy." "Yes," Smith's assent was less merely necessary this time. "You," resumed Brown, addressing Senator Bilodeau, and bowing to the member for South Winnipeg, "want to get your people back to Canada. Well, candidly, we are not anxious to keep them. Oh, I know," he said, noting Smith's undisguised astonishment, "you thought we wanted more of them, to keep down wages, to 'whip' you fellows, in short, any old thing, so long as it was bad enough, on the principle that a Trust will always do the wrong thing. Well, as a matter of fact, and I don't care who knows it, we don't love 'cheap foreign labor'—begging the question of your pardon—a bit more than you do. So you can go ahead and order out your men whenever you like. And what's more," he added, "the Company will give you that ten per cent. increase the day the last French Canadian leaves Middlehampton. Is that a safe promise, Senator?" he asked, carelessly, turning to Bilodeau.

"Not very," was the answer, unless you are prepared to keep it. But it will suit our purpose," Monsiieur Smith said to his friends, keep to their part of the bargain. Eh? Monsiieur Smith?" he laughed. "Well," returned that gentleman, "all I can say is that the ten per cent. increase is as good as ours. We shall have to put pressure on your folks though, Senator, you understand that, of course?"

"Of course," returned Bilodeau indifferently, "but not too much 'pressure,' if you please, Monsiieur. Our people will not be difficult to persuade, Monsiieur le Député"—to the member for South Winnipeg, "do you think so?" "I am entirely of your opinion, Monsiieur le Sénateur," replied St. Jacques, with a politeness which seemed to amuse the two Americans. "As you said, lately, a strike or a lock-out is all we need to set our people moving."

"A lock-out?" interjected the labor man sharply, catching at the latter word. "I don't think Mills and Hammond will go that far; do you Mr.—oh! yes! Brown?" he asked, somewhat uneasily. That the firm assailed should, so to speak, take the initiative, would not he felt be to the Union's credit. Hence a question which under other circumstances he might not perhaps have been quite so eager to ask. Which, indeed, he was careful not to admit that he had asked.

Brown smiled. "If you ask me," he said leisurely, "I should say that is just what they will do, if I know John Hammond as well as I think I do. You see, Smith," he went on airily, almost contemptuously, as stating a fact which should have been self-evident; it's a case of 'every man for himself.' John Hammond has nothing to thank you for and won't consider you a bit more than . . . well, than you would consider him."

That sentence," said Bilodeau to himself, should have ended differently. He meant to say: "any more than we should consider you." C'a marche," he reflected, satisfied as well he might be at the way matters were progressing. "Well, gentlemen," he said aloud, "strike or lock-out it is all the same to us. We want to get our people back; that, if you will excuse my saying so, is all we care about."

"Naturally," said Brown, ringing the bell. "Give it a name, gentleman, what will you take?" "So that's settled," remarked St. Jacques, as he and Bilodeau crossed the footbridge between the hotel and the parliament buildings. "Yes, I think so," answered the Senator, "me, I have not the honor of knowing Monsiieur John Hammond," he added, "but seeing he has so far been too much for the Trust and the Labor Union, I am of opinion he will play them a turn yet."

Wherein, as will be seen, he showed no less than his usual insight, in so far, that is, as that John Hammond was to choose his own method of dealing with the Trust and incidentally with the Union. A subsequent portion of this chronicle, will moreover, be more easily understood, if the conference just recorded be borne in mind.

The subjoined conversation may also furnish clues to after happenings. "You think, then," said the member for South Winnipeg, with a deference that was not wholly assumed, "that neither Monsiieur Smith nor Monsiieur Brown was quite sincere in what he said?" "I think," returned Bilodeau, with a certain grim emphasis, "that we can dispense with 'stage names' to begin with. Let me set the example by saying that my Monsiieur Brown is actually M. Lyman C. Barker of Westfield, President of the New England Cotton Company. Your Monsiieur Smith, if I mistake not, is more generally known as Alexander Greene, labor organizer, also of Westfield."

St. Jacques nodded, as the two sat down on a bench, overlooking the river. "Yes," he said, "and that answers my question as to their sincerity."

"Sincere?" was the rejoinder, "who is sincere, Barker's Company?" the Senator went on, in a more ordinary tone "is responsible for more cheap imported labor than all the factories in New England combined. But he will play into Greene's hands, none the less," he continued, "until he has Greene in his power. Then he will import more 'cheap foreign labor' but par Dieu!" he exclaimed, with a wholly unwonted solemnity, "he shall not import any from French Canada. And that," he concluded, "is where Monsiieur John Hammond shall play him his turn."

"Doubtless," asserted the member for South Winnipeg, as who should say: "If you say so it must be," adding however, "though I don't see how."

"Nor I," rejoined Bilodeau, though I think I can guess. If not, I can at least suggest a way, and shall, in fact, make it my business to do so."

"May I ask what way?" still with a deference that was by now considerably more than half genuine.

"Well—don't you think he might 'raise them,' as they say in their poker game?" was the counter question.

"Or, more plainly," speaking in covered tones, "help us to move our people out of New England? He is a rich man," the Senator added, "a fighter, tenacious of his purpose as he has shown. If the Trust drives him too hard, or the Union, he will, so to speak, step out and leave them face to face. But he will never rest while a single Canadian remains in New England."

"C'est magnifique!" St. Jacques protested, with an admiration which was at last wholly sincere. Truly he had much to learn, even from Alphonse Bilodeau, as he was beginning to perceive, showing thereby that he was really beginning to learn. He should never, he admitted, have thought of all this. Perhaps, after all, it would be better he were content to be joint leader only, lieutenant, in fact, to this veteran campaigner, which was further proof that he was making satisfactory progress in his profitable studies.

"I think it will do," said Bilodeau, not ill-pleased at the other's evident tribute to his superior capacity. St. Jacques, he concluded, if he would continue as he now seemed to have begun might not after all prove seriously inferior to either Monsiieur Demers or even Pierre Martin, neither of whom moreover, was available. The only agent possible was, however, showing signs of improvement which was matter to be thankful for. "Yes," he repeated "I think it will do."

John Hammond, as a consequence of the foregoing received during the next few days two visitors and a letter. The last, if not the first, may be said to have been Lyman C. Barker in that gentleman's capacity as President of the New England Cotton Company, and renewed the Company's former offer, on even more favorable terms. There was, however, a hint of pressure conveyed rather than expressed, which the old mill-owner was no less quick to perceive—and resent—than he was to read fear in the more advantageous offer.

"They're afraid," he said quietly to his friend and manager, Peter Meadowgate, to whom he had handed the letter to read. "Seems like it," was the rejoinder. "Bluffing too," the manager added, almost indifferently, "trying to scare us I guess."

"That's so," agreed Hammond, "glad you see it as I do. Thought you would. Well," he added grimly, "I don't scare. Not so easy as that anyway, Mr. Lyman C. Barker."

"Then you'll still help young Martin with that scheme of his," pursued Meadowgate, interrogatively. "Help him? You bet I will," said the mill-owner emphatically, "and in a fashion that'll astonish the Trust I guess. And the Union too, maybe," he concluded, turning to his desk.

Alexander Greene, therefore, who changed to be the first of his two visitors, found him, perhaps, abnormally suave—a suavity which would have been significant to Peter Meadowgate but not, on that account, inclined to be accommodating.

"Any change in the situation?" he enquired with no great show of interest, "I thought we agreed that things were to go on for the present."

"Yes . . . but," said Greene, alias Smith of the Ottawa interview, "our people are beginning to kick at cheap foreign labor."

"Canadian labor, in fact?" the mill owner had lost a little of his suavity and took his interlocutor up short. "Well, yes, I guess so."

"Thought so," was the rejoinder. "Well, I guess the Cotton Company employs ten foreigners to our one. Why don't you begin with them?" This with a return to suavity. John Hammond, at all events, was enjoying himself thoroughly. Greene, as assuredly, was not. "Well, you see . . . he began; and got no further, for the mill owner took him up more promptly than ever but no less suavely."

"No, don't," he said, "at least I do see that you Union is scared of the Trust, and thinks it can whip us. Well, go ahead, and begin; I guess you'll find us ready for you."

"Is that a threat?" truly enough, Greene was showing plainly that he had not expected such an attitude on John Hammond's part.

"No," answered Hammond, "a mere statement of fact. You'll excuse me, he continued, taking a letter off his desk, "but I'm very busy." And Greene, seeing there was no chance of further discussion, took the hint and his departure.

The second caller, two days later, was no less a personage than Senator Alphonse Bilodeau himself. The mill owner, on this occasion, was all genuine cordiality and politeness.

"I fancy I know what you have come to see me about, Senator," he said, after the exchange of customary civilities. "About your people, isn't it?" "Yes," was the reply, "but how came you to guess it?"

"Well, you see," returned Hammond, "I've been talking to Pierre Martin and to Father Gagnon. "Oh! And you think?" "I think it can be managed, Senator," said the mill-owner, thoughtfully. "Of course," he continued, "your people must do their share, both here and in Canada, your Government especially."

"I think they will," rejoined Bilodeau; "there's no graft in it, I know."

"Not a word," answered the Senator smiling. "That, I fancy," he said, with quiet meaning, "did not come within the terms of their bargain."

"No, I guess not," with added grimness. "Well, Senator," in a kinder tone, "I don't say what I shall do—to the Trust, and maybe, to the Union. But you can count on me to help send your people back to Canada, if it costs me my last dollar. Is that good enough?" he asked, smiling now.

"Quite, and I thank you sincerely," said this visitor, whereupon they fell to talking of other and indifferent matters.

CHAPTER X. AN INTERLUDE.

Between the inception of an undertaking and its accomplishment there comes invariably and inevitably a period when we seem, at best, to be marking time, making at least no perceptible progress. Or to vary the simile, the stream on which we are launched runs at the first swiftly and strongly, destined, as we hope and trust, to bear us quickly to the end of our desired haven. Then, all at once, we find ourselves as it seems out of the main current, drifting into a back-water, lifeless and sluggish, if not wee'-grown and stagnant, and begin to fear lest after all we have missed that tide in our affairs which was to lead us on to fortune, and have become hopelessly lost amid the sand-bars and swallows.

In such cases we have need more than at any other time of faith, prayer and patience. If we have, in very deed or in seeming only, drifted out of the course we set ourselves, it is for us to remember that far as we may drift it can never be "beyond His love and care." Who has charted all our voyage for us and seen the end from the beginning. It is then most of all, that we should realize that the hours, days, or months of waiting, of the state which we call inaction, or those in which we call inactivity, are those in which the seed sown in tears or in hope is ripening to its appointed harvest, that harvest which only patience, want of faith on our part, can hinder us from reaping.

Some such experience as this, Pierre Martin recognized in after years, must have fallen to his lot after the event so far recorded. His dream of a Great Exodus for his people from the lands of bondage, while laughed at by some, had met with an encouragement from others he had not dared to hope for. But in the weeks that followed, his dream seemed to grow more remote, less likely to be realized, and not even Father Gagnon's half-expressed belief that he, Pierre Martin a lad of twenty, a factory hand, was to be the Moses of this deliverance could lighten the load of his despondency. How should he lead it, he, a prétre manqué, who, as it now seemed to him, had put his hand to a call he had wrongly taken for that of duty.

He even used the phrase one day about this time to Father Gagnon, who took him up kindly but sharply. There was danger, the priest knew, in such a mood as this.

"Losing patience, Pierre?" he asked, looking at him keenly. "I am afraid so, mon père," was the answer. "What good can I hope to do, the lad went on, hopelessly, "if I am a prétre manqué?" Which, in the Irish phrase, "a spoiled priest," and indicates a failure not easily to be estimated in its effects on the individual concerned.

"Manqué, did you say?" It was then that the Curé spoke with a certain kindly severity as to one needing a moral tonic, "how do you know?" Listen, mon ami," he continued, more gently, "the priest-hood is the highest calling that a man may aspire to, yet believe me, you may do more, as you now are, as you may still be, than many priests could ever do."

"In what way, mon père?" There was less of despondency and more of healthful curiosity in the young voice now, as in the young face the priest had learned to read so easily and so sympathetically.

"Well," was the answer, "suppose we put it in this way. I have power, you say to bind and loose—those who come to me, to set them free, in God's name, from the bondage of their sins. And here," sadly, "I must say, of many as Our Lord said of the Jews, that they will not come. It might be so, it is so, in their own land, I know, but not so here, dear God! not as it is here!"

"And I?" Pierre asked, reverently, awed at the priest's unwonted emotion. "You? You are to set them free from this land of bondage," returned Father Gagnon earnestly, almost it seemed to the lad's overwrought sensibilities prophetically; "from the temptations to drink to vice, to apostasy. Oh! I know," the Curé proceeded, speaking more quietly, now, "there is drink on the farms, and there is sin, but Dieu merci! no apostasy; no fear of ridicule, no 'freedom' to keep them from making their peace with God. Truly, as the English poet said: 'God made the country, and man made the town.' Me, I think the devil made the factories! At least he was the first to preach 'freedom and the rights of man.' Patience, mon cher, patience, patience!" he concluded, smiling; "you don't know, as I told you once before, that you will see to-morrow."

"That's true, Monsiieur Curé," Pierre returned, feeling ashamed of his late impatience, yet comforted by the good priest's encouragement. To be the deliverer of his people from their bondage, as Father Gagnon seemed to believe he should be, that surely was worth waiting for. Then, taking his courage in both hands, driven thereto as it seemed against his own volition, he faltered. . . . "But, Monsiieur le Curé, you don't know all. . . . This waiting," he could get no further for the moment.

Father Gagnon it may be imagined guessed what was in the lad's mind, as indeed he had so often guessed, or rather read it before, with a skill in that difficult art acquired by long years of dealing with men and women in the confessional; men and women, that is, unwearying and honest, for the nonce, with themselves and with their Maker.

"Yes," he said, with an added gentleness, "this waiting? It brings doubts, does it not? Temptations may be. Is that what you would say?" "Oui, Monsiieur le Curé!" Then, slowly and with difficulty, in response to the priest's kindly, encouraging, "me," Pierre went on to speak of one with whom he had been brought in contact, at his brother's house, Francoise Gosselin, daughter of that Amable Gosselin who had been among the first adherents to Pierre's plan of an Exodus. Pierre had gone often, he continued, to Amable Gosselin's house, convinced, at first, that his sole motive in going was to "talk things over," glad, honestly and naturally of a sympathy and encouragement which were all too rare in his own experience; then trying to persuade himself that his motive was still the same, finally, brought face to face with the truth, compelled to be honest with himself; realizing that it was love for Francoise Gosselin that took him evening after evening to her father's house.

Father Gagnon listened but said nothing till the tale was finished. Then he asked a question. "And the girl?" he said. "Does she care for you?" "I don't know, Monsiieur le Curé," answered Pierre. In truth, he did not know; nor, indeed, had it ever occurred to him that she could care. What had he to do with woman's love, however pure and innocent? Then he waited to be questioned further.

"And you love her?" This with a sympathy of tone and manner Pierre had not dared to look for. To him this love was something to be owned with shame if not as actually sinful. His: "Yes, Monsiieur le Curé," was, therefore still more falteringly uttered hardly above a whisper. What place had love in his life? Had he not given it to God and to Holy Church?

And yet the Curé, so far from rebuking him, as he felt he deserved, had spoken, and was still speaking, gently, sympathetically, as one who understood, which was doubtless, precisely what he did. What did it mean? Did the Christ understand and pity? Did He Christ understand and pity? He more lovingly, with an immeasurable comprehension, an immeasurable pity? It was, in some sense, a new thought to Pierre, yet he began even then dimly and gropingly to understand the mysteries of a love that was both divine and human, began, also to realize in what measure and degree this 'other Christ' was like his Master and Original.

"But, mon père," he broke out at last, "I was to be a priest. . . . I vowed . . . " "Once more he stopped, unable as it seemed to him to find words wherewith to express his thoughts.

"I know you did," the priest spoke very quietly, very gravely. "And so," he went on, "you feel that you are prétre manqué because human love has come into your life. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, Monsiieur le Curé," Pierre, at this stage, found that assent was as much as he could utter.

"Listen, then," Father Gagnon still spoke gravely and quietly, yet kindly, sympathetically—Christy, Pierre would have said—as ever. "There are two safeguards in a young man's life; the grace of God, and a pure love for a good woman, whether mother, sister, or one not of his kindred. They are both from God, and each has its due place, most of all, I think, in those ante-chambers of hell, which men call cities. There is always grace enough to keep us—if we will ask for it. But . . . well, we don't always ask, for there are times when God seems very far away, and human love is something nearer, something we can better understand. Me," he added, musingly, "I think le Bon Dieu meant it to be so, to teach us our need of each other—and of Him. Could you look in this girl's eyes, mon ami," he continued, "if you had done anything you were ashamed to tell her?"

"No, Monsiieur le Curé," Once more, Pierre found it easier to confine himself to a few words as possible. Nor did he yet understand whither the priest wished to lead him, though he began to catch some inkling of his intention.

"Then you really love her. Listen yet again," Father Gagnon's tone grew reverent, thrilling, as it seemed to Pierre, with love unutterable, a love of which he could form but the faintest conception. "Think you I could look upon the Lord, at Holy Mass, if I had done anything I should be ashamed to tell Him?"

"No, Monsiieur le Curé." This time, it was the only answer that to Pierre appeared fit to be given.

"Why?" the priest asked, still in that tone of loving reverence which, to the listener, conveyed clearly and unmistakably its own answer.

"Because you love Him."

"Then love, you see, is the most powerful help to goodness, the best motive a man can have; I would almost say, the only motive worthy of a man. And all pure love begins with God, and ends in Him, consciously or unconsciously, since God is love. There are temptations here in Middlehampton, mon cher," the priest went on, "I think, thank God, you know nothing of as yet, which, if it please Him, you shall never know. But He wants to guard you, to make sure of you, because you are going to Him of your own choice, your own giving and so He sends you not only grace, but love as well."

"This love?" Pierre was too utterly astonished now to say more.

"Yes, this love," the reply came without delay, without hesitation. "You love God, I know," Father Gagnon continued, "or you would not have wished to be a priest, but God, all reverence, as I said just now, and you cannot see Him, hear Him, speak to Him as you can speak to me. Moreover, your place here in Middlehampton, in the factory, not in the seminary—though that has its own temptations, God knows—fit just so long as le Bon Dieu sees fit. And so He sends you this pure love, love for a good innocent girl. What for, do you think? To keep you safe, yes; but for more than that—to teach you by this human love what it means to love Him. What would you do for this girl, or rather, what would you not do? Would you die rather than offend

her, by so much as an unworthy thought rather than let harm come to her?" "Of course I would!" There could be no doubt of the lad's sincerity, Father Gagnon certainly had none at all.

"That is what love of God means," he resumed, "to die rather than offend by so much as an unworthy thought a willful doubt of his love for you. To die rather than suffer any one to do Him injury; that is love. That is what this love will do for you. You will learn what love really means."

"But my priesthood, mon père?" It was the same cry that the call of duty had wrung from his inmost soul when in Monsiieur Demers' study, he had shown Madeleine's letter, asking him to come home. This time, asking him of duty but of love was immeasurably incalculably stronger, and all his sense of what his vocation meant was opposed to it, fighting against it, against himself. And Father Gagnon had just told him that this love came from God!

"Leave that to God," was the answer, word for word with that given him by Monsiieur Demers. "No love that comes from Him will come between you and the lot He has chosen for you. But it must be His choice, not yours."

"You mean, mon père? Pierre in fact did not understand exactly what this last warning, for such he deemed it, really did mean. As was his wont, at all times, he made use of the briefest form of question possible, in order to elicit from the Curé the explanation he felt sure of receiving.

"Nor was it long in coming. 'I mean,' said Father Gagnon, gravely, "that if God wishes you to be a priest, mon ami, this love will not hinder you from being one. In a sense, of course, nothing you might do would alter God's designs concerning you, but that is not what I want you to understand. Try, rather, to realize this—that love is of God; that it is one of His best gifts, since it makes us most like to Him; that man must love something, some one, even the brutes have their measure of natural affection, 'the priest went on,' but man's love differs from theirs in this, above all else, that it can be and often is unselfish; that a pure human love, as I have said, leads on to love of God, merges in it, becomes one with it. I did not mean to preach you such a sermon, mon cher," he concluded, in a lighter tone, "but you seemed so distressed about it that I had to put you right."

And now his human love came to aid him. "I am glad," he said, "that you asked Pierre, after a momentary pause in which his mind travelled over spaces hitherto as he had believed, forbidden to him, or unknown at least, and on which he had, therefore, feared to venture."

"To all, no," was the answer "but to many. To some, God gives Himself, alone to love, others, He leads, as He is leading you, by human love to heights of Divine Love which you might, otherwise, never attain to. It is not the easiest path, mon ami, rest assured, nor the lowest calling. Rather, I think, it is His chosen ones, for the most part, whom He bids walk in it." The priest paused again, and both, it may be fancied, thought deeply of what had just passed between them.

It was Pierre who broke the silence. "But," he said, with a humility that touched Father Gagnon to the quick, "I am not of the chosen ones."

"How do you know," said the priest quietly, "it is from the very dunghill, mon cher," he continued, "as David tells us, that He lifts up the needy—those wanting, in their own eyes, and in the eyes of men, in all the qualities of leadership—that He may set them with the princes of His people. Worthy?" he added, "who is worthy of this favor He is showing you or of any other? No man on earth, yet God greater than priests, and men have even greater need of them. Trust Him, mon fils, He knows more for you, whatever it may be."

"But this love, mon père," the lad persisted, determined, one might think, to have the matter out with God, the Curé and himself once for all. "If I become a priest, I must give it up." It was the first time that he had really faced the issue bravely, squarely. Hitherto he had shrunk from the contemplation of his love as a possible barrier between him and the lot to which he felt God had called him, but now he had come to the drinking of his Lord's cup—or to a refusal. It must be, he still convinced, be either love or God; he could not, for all that had been said, bring himself to believe — or was it to hope? — that it could be both.

"I told you," was the answer, "that it was no easy path whereby human love leads to love of God. It means that if God calls you to the priest-hood, you will will, and you must empty-handed to His altar, but will have a gift worth offering: 'let him deny himself.' What does that mean to many of us, far too many? Only the giving up of that of which we know little or nothing, of which we do not know the value, which cost little at the most. But you!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on the lad's shoulder and looking into the brave young eyes; "it will have love to give in return for love. . . . Give it up, did you say? Not so, but you will lay it at His feet, for Him to give it back to you changed, yet the same, made eternal, purged of all dross in the furnace of His Heart, made one with His for you and for her. Is that nothing? Is it too much to give?"

"No, mon père." Just three short words, but the priest was satisfied. And Pierre as he made his way went through the quiet, moonlit streets, and prayed, doubtless, for strength to do the duty God should choose for him not that which he might wish to choose for himself.

One thing Father Gagnon had added ere he said good-night. "Don't speak to her," he said, "if you can help it. Go, just as usual to the house, be your self as long as you are to be seen in any case to know your room in this, or men would say so. But . . . don't speak to her, wait, in a quiet street, which the priest felt sure he would keep faithfully and manfully.

As for himself, when far into the night he paced up and down his room, his

office said, he felt that he had laid bare his inmost soul, yet thanked God that Pierre, had been wholly unable to read what was written there. The way he had pointed out was that by which he had come, not that he, any more than Pierre, deemed himself one of God's chosen on that account but rather as one wholly unworthy of so great a favor. The lad's cross was the one he had borne these many years, the lad's coming self-renunciation—for that it would surely come, he had no doubt at all—he had made, once for all, as to speak reverently, in a very Gethsemane agony not tellable in words. He knew. That beyond question was the reason why he had spoken as he had done, spoken as one who knows, and why to Pierre, not even guessing at the truth, he had seemed to speak in such a Christly fashion.

"Unlawful love?" he whispered to himself over and over again, and yet again, how can my love be unlawful or his if it lead him and me to God? Then added reverently, "Lord, Thou knowest." Truly when Pierre's time of trial came, as come it must, he would have none on earth so fit as Father Gagnon to counsel, comfort and advise—because he knew.

Meanwhile the time of waiting which had seemed so empty, yet so full of danger took on another aspect for Pierre Martin after his talk with Monsieur le Curé. It was he now saw a training rather than a waiting time, a time of preparation that lay before him, a time, a place—or so it seemed to him—whereof the very quiet was as a sanctuary wherein his soul might learn to know itself—and God. That was a lesson he began to realize very hard to learn, the lesson of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, impossible, perhaps, certainly immeasurably more difficult, amid the stress and turmoil of so vast an enterprise as his dream must necessarily prove to be, should it ever become a reality.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRAINED NURSE'S CHOICE.

"That you, Miss Meade? Just come in?" The manager's voice over the telephone was tinged by relief. Dr. Stagg had said: "It must be Miss Meade." "You're wanted immediately; automobile accident; all dead but one; he's Dr. Stagg's patient."

"Very good. What's the address?" Ruth Meade, no matter how brief her sentences, never gave the impression of being curt. Her tone was too rich and sweet not to please. Young, efficient, good to look at, the girl's voice was only one of the many gifts which made her the favorite nurse at the registry. She wrote the address of Dr. Stagg's patient upon a convenient pad, as the manager repeated it.

"Thank you, good-bye." With the quick noiseless manner her training had accomplished, Ruth made some changes in the suit case she had fetched to her room ten minutes earlier. "I expected to go home over Sunday," she reflected, a trace of doubt flitting across her tranquil face, distracting its peace into an angry pucker of the forehead, a stiffening and thinning of the full young lips. "Oh, well—I'll drift with the current. Duty can't be ignored. Efface yourself and your difficulties, Ruth; it's high sanctity and common sense, both." She snapped the valise shut with whimsical energy, and picked up her hat and gloves.

Half an hour later, Ruth stood beside an improvised operating table in a very rich man's house. Dr. Stagg, greeting her by a fraction of a nod, still had mental leisure sufficient to think, as many times before, that Ruth was a white-uniformed incarnation of quiet, unobtrusive capability. He candidly revered nurses who worked hard and talked little.

"Just in time, Miss Meade. Dr. Bell will take the narcosis—it's trepanning." They worked rapidly, almost in absolute silence. There is something eerie about approaching a man's brain with material instruments, even of twentieth century manufacture. The patient was either young or old. He was a large man, probably handsome, although the disfigured head and the face, partially concealed by the ether-gaze, gave Ruth little definite idea of feature or contour. She instinctively fancied the countenance fine looking. Then by force of habit she put all curiosity, all imagination, everything except the alert attention to her duty, out of her mind.

He was back in the carved and canopied bed, desperately weak and ghastly looking, presenting no indication of triumphant reaction. The surgeons were conversing in low tones, out in the injured man's study. "I have made you as comfortable as I could," thought Ruth, arranging bowls of solution upon a table. "But I'm afraid nothing will help him. His pulse and respiration are both alarming." She turned in a quick, overpowering sympathy and regarded the man lying on immaculate linen, his head in clean white bandages, science attendant with all its marvelous might, but the individual evidently forever beyond the power of comfort, luxury or knowledge to permanently assist him. The calm, indefatigable nurse was a bit over-wrought; there had been trials and struggles in her own life of late. Two paths stretched out before her and her heart quailed before the moment when she must declare her choice. Mr. Brewster, a few hours before unknown to her, was getting upon Ruth's nerves. "Where's his wife?" she peevishly inquired of herself. "No doubt in Rome or Paris, as most husbands and wives are when I am called to nurse their honorable consorts in wealth like this. Why isn't she here? He's dying, I'm positive. Poor chap! I wonder if that's his picture—taken years ago—" She was meditatively studying a photograph upon a cabinet when Dr. Stagg beckoned her from the door. Ruth went in her quick, silent fashion to join the two surgeons.

"Mr. Brewster's condition is extremely critical. He may never come out of the ether. Do you think I'd better send a second nurse to go on at seven?" Dr. Stagg knew what Ruth's answer would be.

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"Oh, no! I like to see my patient through the night after an operation." Dr. Stagg smiled at the zealous aspect of termination in Ruth's blue eyes. "Well! Mr. Brewster's man will help you if necessary. In the morning we shall see."

"What we shall see," gravely supplemented Dr. Bell. "Don't bury him till he's dead," snapped Dr. Stagg. He abhorred the precipitateness of youth. Dr. Bell bowed haughtily. Ruth turned to Dr. Stagg. "And Mrs. Brewster?" said she impulsively.

"Mr. Brewster is unmarried. Has no near relative whatever. Perhaps no really unselfish friend on the face of the globe." Dr. Stagg returned to the bedside and bent once more over his patient. Ruth watched the physician's serious, sharply-cut features assume a more marked anxiety.

"How is he?" she breathed. "Very low indeed," Dr. Stagg answered frankly. "It was a nasty collision, two machines head-on at a turn. Mr. Brewster was thrown twenty-five feet." A few final directions jotted down, grave bows to Ruth, and she sat alone near the bed, listening to the struggling breaths of the strong man whose life was flickering out. A premature twilight pervaded the room, darkening blackly in the corners. Ruth knew a window was open back of heavy shrouding curtains, but the fumes of ether lingered through all the house.

"It's a horrid day," Ruth thought, reaching for a limp periodical and fanning away the approach of unusual, unprofessional faintness. A door was gently pushed open. Ruth stopped fanning and slightly started at the apparition presented. An old snowy-headed dandy in white waist-coated evening clothes, holding by a cumbersome nail-studded collar a huge Great Dane.

"How's Mass' G'oge, missy?" he queried in the softest tones of his race. "Pluto, yo' ole fool; keep still!" He cutted the dog mildly with the fat hand that was free. Every tooth in his head showed in a polite smile at the young lady, but his cheeks were frankly wet with abundant tears.

"He's quite sick, Ruth whispered. "Are you Mr. Brewster's man? Oh! I don't hold the dog so. He'll choke!" In alarm at the immense brute's efforts to break away from the detaining grip. "Is his man Pompey, yes, missy, I in, Pluto, yo' sho'ly is the debil. I 'clar yo' de Lawd! Don't you teach him missy, cuse he ain't nebbler like no one 'cep me and Mass' G'oge, O Lawd!" as with one final wrench and snarl, Pluto freed himself and, darting across the room, crawled under Mr. Brewster's bed. From that point of vantage he ominously growled as Pompey went feebly after him.

"Let him alone," Ruth urged, "I've seen dogs act that way before." Pompey, who had gone down upon all fours to peer under the bed, rose with panting difficulty. "Lawd! 'Yo' don' gwine to say Massa G'oge gwine die?" Pompey sniffed pitiously, abandoning all attempt at dignity. "I hope not," was all Ruth could say. "He done look pow'ful bad," said Pompey, miserably. "Ain't dat jes' awful, de way he breathe?" "That's mostly from the ether," Ruth consoled. She laid her finger on Mr. Brewster's wrist. Pluto growled forbiddingly as her skirts touched the bed.

"Fo' de lub of God," begged Pompey, "be kee'ful of dat ole fool, Pluto!" "Yes," said Ruth tactfully. "He intends to stay here, so I think, Pompey, I'll be obliged to keep you, too." "Jes' so, missy. I see glad to stay, I is. Me an' Pluto's de two pussons dat lub Massa G'oge bes' in dis worl'. Ain't yo' gwine like him, too?" wistfully. "I like him immensely," Ruth assured the old man.

Pompey watched her wonderingly as she gave his master a hypodermic. A weird silence, disturbed only by Mr. Brewster's agitated respiration, settled upon the room. Slowly the minutes dragged by into hours. For an instant Ruth wondered which meal the butler brought to her, when he entered with her dinner. Pompey swallowed what she could. The old servant, and the dog on the bed, would touch neither food nor drink. Both grew so silent and motionless as the night wore on that Ruth believed they were asleep. They were not. The devoted human being and the dumb, faithful brute alike waiting in tensely alert misery for what would happen to their best friend.

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Ruth dutifully nodded, biting her lips meanwhile. She wished irritably that physicians would be strictly sincere with their nurses at least. Why the face of holding out hope when none existed?

It was shortly before the calm, beautiful dawn that Mr. Brewster unexpectedly stirred and opened his eyes. But he smiled hopefully into the wide, bright eyes gazing wildly at her. "You feel better?" she said softly. "I don't know, gasped the man distractedly. 'I can't move. What was it? Where am I?'"

Pompey leaned forward eager, happy, agonized in one second. Pluto, at the sound of Mr. Brewster's voice, crawled out from the cramped quarters in which he had been crouching and pressed his huge head desperately against his master's limp, bloodless hand lying at the edge of the bed. "Don't worry," said Ruth, soothingly. "You must rest quietly."

"But what happened to me?" Mr. Brewster persisted in a pitifully weak tone. "I wasn't sick, My God, I know," he cried suddenly, and he struggled so to sit up that Ruth laid her arm firmly across his chest. "Don't Mr. Brewster! You were in an automobile collision and Dr. Stagg operated upon you. Everything will be all right." She mixed something hastily in a tumbler. "I'm glad you have come out of the ether so well. Drink this."

Instantly Pompey was at her assistance, taking the tube and glass from her when she would have set them down. "Ah, you, Pompey," breathed Mr. Brewster, but his strength had exhausted itself, and directly he drooped. "He ain' gwine die?" begged Pompey faintly tearfully. "I hope not."

Pluto licked the cold white hand. Ruth watched and counted the quick, noisy respiration. As the morning sunshine stole in from the drawn curtains, Mr. Brewster again returned to full consciousness, but then his breathing became very, very slow, like long drawn-out heart broken sighs. He began to talk in phrases quickly uttered, but broken because of the choking presently coming upon him.

"You're my nurse," he remembered all. It was a strange, clear road the branches—of the elms—meeting overhead. For a while it seemed to me—I was twenty—instead of fifty-five. I was traveling—along a straight, clear road—on a day—exactly as beautiful. I saw heaven—through the blue sky—at the end of—that straight, clear road. No obstacle intervened—no evil men—accid—me on the way to God—waiting for me—at the end. I was twenty—and I meant to be a priest."

Ruth involuntarily started and, impelled by a peculiar curiosity, her gaze leaped for a second the livid features of her patient. In the lightning-swift glance she sent around the apartment she caught sight of a dim ivory crucifix hung upon the wall, beneath a copy of the Sistine Madonna. It bore a new and unexpected significance. Mr. Brewster's eyes had closed. Ruth hesitated. Should she rouse him, should she question? A wave of uncertainty, of miserable confusion somehow involved in her own fate, swept over the girl.

"The beauty of that day—" he spoke more feebly after the pause, and Ruth bent her head to catch the gasped-out words. "Its unselfish aspirations, and its peace—returned to me—after thirty-five years—of paganism. My God, I am dying—I left the straight, clear road. But it came back—for an instant. I was crazed—with the wonder of it. I sped through the golden way. Every trembling leaf—whispered—of—high things to me. Faster, faster."

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At the horizon—was the glory—of Paradise. The speed was blinding but—the way was safe. Then came darkness—forgetfulness—and now this agony. He sank more heavily into the pillow while Ruth wrote frantically upon her card out of the room. But she knew, as she slipped to her knees beside the shivering Pluto, that the priest, like herself, could only pray for the departed soul.

Before she took the rest of which she had great need, Ruth despatched her letter to the suitor waiting in the country for her decision. The straight, clear road was vividly plain to her now, the alluring mirage of the side-paths, having been dispersed by the brightness of a truer vision. The chagrined lover led, in calm irrevocable terms, she not even to marry the man she loved, would Ruth Meade barter her faith—Helen Beekman in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

WIT AND HUMOR. AT LAST. Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked. "No, sir I have not," answered the pill compiler. "Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

A regiment of soldiers were recently drawn up one Sunday for church parade, but the church was being repaired and could hold only half of them. "Sergeant major," shouted the colonel, "tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reserve flank." "Of course a large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege." "Now, sergeant major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to church—they need it most."

A rather pompous looking member of a Methodist church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life the following question was propounded: "Why do people call me a Christian, children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down upon them. "Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright-eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.

IN NATIVE ELEMENT. The fiancée of a Louisville girl has been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business interests in that quarter. "Marie," said the girl to a friend the other day, "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida." "Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm. "And how shall you keep him?" "I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water till I can hear further from Walter."—Harper's Weekly.

A BETTER PLACE. Mark Twain says: "Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house—he roamed outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's, popped out of an upstairs window. "Where did you put that key, you young rascal?" I roared. "Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it!"

A HINT FOR PREACHERS. An old lady once said to a famous pastor: "Doctor, what is the first duty of a pastor to his flock?" He replied: "To feed the sheep, madame." "Then, doctor," she said, "he ought not to put the hay so high that the sheep cannot get at it."

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manner of many well-educated ladies of distinction, but with a big fine individual brush, sometimes piquantly graceful and fairy-like, sometimes witty and all of storm and stress. She was my friend. So rare and genuine a friend, so beautiful a teacher and exalted an idol that nobody in the world can take her place.—New World.

PROTESTANT UNITY. The dream of unity holds a strange fascination for the Protestant mind. The fascination is the greater in proportion to the disintegration everywhere visible among those who at the time of the great revolt against the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century set up private judgment as the ultimate court of appeal in matters pertaining to faith and dogma. Last week at a meeting called by Presbyterians in New York City for the purpose of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of their church's independence even of other Presbyterian churches, the speeches were practically all expressive of the hope that the time was not far distant when there would be a celebration of the inter-dependence, the unity, not only of all Presbyterian churches, but of the Protestant churches of the United States. One of the most eloquent in voicing this hope was a reverend Episcopal minister who had succeeded from the Presbyterian Church ten years ago, no doubt conscientiously persuaded that there was no room for a man of his heterodox or orthodox views among the followers of Calvin. "As would think that the reverend speaker would be ready to further the movement he so earnestly prayed for by expressing regret for his conversion and begging to be re-admitted in the church he had abandoned. Clearly ten years have not witnessed any noted approach in doctrine between the two sects. "As we know a little more," said another reverend minister, "the better we understand, and the nearer we come to unity." Is that true in the light of facts? Between Episcopalians alone, with increase of knowledge—for we cannot in charity suppose that ignorance is becoming more dense—divisions are as if anything increasing and the lines of separation more strictly drawn. In England the Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, in a recent charge to his clergy on the subject of "Eucharist" (sic) approves the policy of introducing a white vestment in the commemoration of the Lord's Supper. But The Churchman, the American organ of the Episcopalians, says that if white were adopted, "many High Churchmen would find it hard to sacrifice colored vestments; while many Evangelicals would have to abandon their opposition to any kind of Eucharistic vestments."

When such a trifle as the shade or color of a vestment is made a serious stumbling block and stands a solid barrier between great divisions of a single denomination, it is not easy for the most hopeful Christian to see how the Protestant adherents of a hundred sects can ever be brought together as Protestants in the unity of one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.—America.

Trees seem to come close to our life. They are often rooted in our richest feeling, and our sweetest memories, like birds, build nests in their branches.

Sunshiff grates have maximum strength. Sunshine Furnace has four triangular grate bars, in the single-piece and two-piece grate no such-like provision is made for expansion or contraction, and a waste of coal always follows a shaking. On the left- and right-hand sides are cotter pins, which when loosened permit the grates to slide out. These four grate bars are made of heavy cast iron, and are finished up with bulldog teeth. The teeth will grind up the toughest cinker; and because the grates are made in sections, not only can anything but dust and ashes pass through, but after each shaking a different grate can be presented to the fire. Also, with the Sunshine grate there is no chattering movements attached to the shaking. By gently rocking the lever, first on the left and then on the right, the ashes are released on both sides, and fall through into the pan. McClary's

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1907. Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909. Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

FRANCE DISILLUSIONED.

France is not prospering. Its policy of war against religion is not meeting with the desired success. The sword of the State cannot reach to that point which the Apostle calls the division of the soul. Persecution feeds rather than kills truth. The workmen of France, and more particularly the vast army of Government employees, are realizing that they were fooled by the politicians in their anti-clerical movement.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER.

Whilst students in nearly every educational institution are wrestling with examinations the CATHOLIC RECORD has received one. It is quite enough. It covers the whole field. Its form may not be as delicate and non-committal as the average examination paper: but its matter makes up for all other deficiencies.

This second question is in contrast with the 16th: "What percentage of the European clergy devote their spare moments to writing books, essays or editorial articles in defending the faith against Rationalism?" If our correspondent finds room for criticizing the men of Cardinal Gibbons' rank and age or of Father Lambert's ability, we are not going to be mixed up in it.

INTEREST.

There appears in the current number of The Catholic Fortnightly Review an able article upon this subject, from the pen of Dr. Ryan, of St. Paul's Seminary. As it is a critique of a German work it touches special points. The writer promises to give a series of articles upon the subject, which, without introducing a pun, cannot fail to be doubly interesting.

Historically, usury, or the taking of money for the loan of money, whilst ordinary to-day, was at first forbidden by the Church. "Lend, hoping for nothing again," was to be a part of the duty of fraternal charity amongst Christians. Church discipline did not always prove strong enough to practically uphold it.

At long last the unreasonable disabilities of Catholics as well as the insulting passages of the coronation oath are likely to be removed. A bill to this effect was introduced into the British House of Commons by Mr. John Redmond. Although not a government measure, it advanced through two readings. It received the cordial support of the Premier, the Hon. Mr. Asquith, who considered the exclusion of Roman Catholics from the Lord Chancellors of Great Britain and the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland as unjustifiable.

THE CORONATION OATH.

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It is in itself unjust to take usury for a loan of money. Usury sells what does not exist, which is an inequality, and therefore an injustice. Two things there are in external goods—the things and the use of the things. Some things are used by consuming them, others by enjoying them. Bread is an example of the first, a house typifies the second.

know something about this old question which did not in fact bear upon the point. He showed inexcusable ignorance. In seconding the rejection of the bill Mr. Boulton said that the Pope, in the sale of the Jesuits' estates, had granted permission for the sale of land belonging to the Crown. Mr. Boulton either knew better or he did not.

Freemasonry is seldom given to candour. Its purposes acquire power and cause fear by its steady, systematic concealment. Now and again, at rare intervals and in quarters quite distant from one another, some ill-trained member, whose instinctive candor is naturally strong and impulsive, gives the lodge methods to the world.

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RELIGION IN MODERN CITIES.

One of the hardest problems for religion to solve is how to keep its disciples faithful and practical in the busy marts of crowded cities. Notwithstanding all that is done by a zealous clergy and devoted communities increasing difficulties present themselves.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

We have been asked to publish "the circumstances leading up to the vote being taken on the infallibility of the Pope in 1870." The only doubt which the question presents to us is whether we are to examine Papal infallibility prior to the Vatican Council, or whether we may take this last Ecumenical Council as the initial circumstance not of Papal infallibility but of the discussion and vote upon the subject.

per in spirit and in truth, the atoning retribution of His Holy Blood, the prayer of God's anointed Christ Who was heard for His reverence. He came to crown religion. He came also to fulfil the law. Morality was no longer to pride itself in external observances or to boast of its superiority over offending repentant sinners.

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RELIGION AND MORALITY.

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They were they planted. The same moral and religious cities. may do, or be multitude, it the minority. There is much those who there are who in prayer imitators of faith is rep devotion an their genera and suffering.

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THE PALLIUM.
News has been received from Rome
that His Grace the Most Rev. Arch-
bishop of Toronto, Dr. McEvay, has
been granted the pallium. He was duly
proclaimed for the Archiepiscopal See
in the public consistory held in the
Vatican on the 27th ult. On the same
date took place the beatification of the
Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc. The
CATHOLIC RECORD sends congratula-
tions, and in this we may say that we
speak the mind of every priest and lay-
man in the diocese of London. In the
early and later days of Toronto's history
many noble prelates have shepherded
the flock of Christ. First, we had
Bishop Power, then following him
Archbishop Charbonnel, Archbishop
Lynch, Archbishop Walsh and Arch-
bishop O'Connor. They built well in
their day, and their heroic
efforts, under adverse circumstances,
with a poor and scattered flock to supply
the temporal needs of the time, suffices
to keep their memory in veneration.
Archbishop O'Connor lives in retirement.
Few Bishops can count as many years
in the service of Mother Church,
and there are none whose zeal was more
worthy of full emulation, but the day
arrived when ill-health forced him to
lay aside the burden. Then came the
present Archbishop of Toronto, Right
Rev. Archbishop McEvay. To the ex-
alted office which he holds he brought
the prime of life. To him hard work is
but a luxury and he enjoys this luxury
to the utmost. Every interest in the
archdiocese, the churches, parochial
institutions hold place in his active mind.
He has not contracted the habit of post-
poning thought. When any improve-
ment is needed, such as the building of
a church or the repairing of old ones,
he does not give the matter that lengthy
"consideration" which is so observable
in some government departments, but
he sets about the work at once and
brings it to completion in the shortest
possible space of time. While provid-
ing the wherewithal would be discour-
agement to some others, he enters upon
this work with all his heart and soul and
it has often been a matter of astonish-
ment how quickly obstacles are sur-
mounted, how soon the work is com-
pleted, and how roscate is the financial
aspect. May his years be many to
carry on the great work he has in hand
in the archdiocese of Toronto.

MODERN CITIES.
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horror—the sudden out-
energy all the more
cause it is sudden and mis-
sionally safeguard is to cap-
ination and the deep emo-
by religion. Religion,
ms, has lost its hold. She
e efforts, first Communion
ers, poor and feeble. The
which the majority of these
seek is not the sacra-
Church, but the flimsy, un-
anching of theatrical plays.
modern cities are a severe
zeal and activity. These
e not those of the single
from the path of virtue,
ety-nine breaking down all
d leaving the one in
discouraging things may ap-
s labor may often be
or produce unsatis-
rn. The fisherman cast-
upon the wrong side and
hing the whole night long,
s repeat itself. The failure
n's fault. First Communion
matter of that, every other
is much in the moral pro-
fification of the individual
ty. Sacred and efficient as
union is, it is not every-
ing, the impossible. Its recep-
requent, will not preserve
the youth or the man who
violates the law of that
om he welcomed and Who
him the necessary strength
n his life of sin. Religion
remedy for those whose
s are in themselves proximi-
s of sin. What citizens in
rn Babylons need most, so
ion is concerned, is a such
er of priests and a division
r parishes. Even if this
plication of religious forces
to that for each family there
t detailed, the work would
ereuler and the obstacles
s. Associations operating in
posite direction would para-
fluence. Amusements are
ducation is the worst enemy.
reigns. People love the
he things which are in the
is very thing the Apostle
e desolate because none
eried in their heart. It is
s when the cities of the
ire were hot-beds of luxury
of iniquity. A few went out
s, there to pray and to save
y did not look so much to
to the future.
e no direct attempt to
society as it was in their
in the crowded centres.

They were sowers. And the seed
they planted produced untold fruit.
The same will be the best balm for the
moral and religious congestion of mod-
ern cities. No matter what religion
may do, or how earnestly it may call the
multitude, its votaries will always be in
the minority. Only the few are chosen.
There is much to console and encourage
those who know these cities. Many
there are who lead a most devout life,
who in prayer and penance are saintly
imitators of the early Christians. Their
faith is reparation for infidelity, their
devotion an appeal for God's mercy, and
their generosity healing for the sorrow
and suffering of increasing poverty.

THE DISPOSITION on the part of our
non-Catholic fellow-citizens to remain
ignorant of the real Catholic Church is
most deplorable. They are quite suffi-
cient to believe what is said of it by its
enemies or by those who for cause have
been pushed beyond its portals. "Some
non-Catholics," says the Catholic Colum-
bian, "think that the Church is a dark,
secretive, ignorant, superstitious body
of people. But when they are asked to
read a book explanatory of the Catholic
religion, or when they are invited to at-
tend a mission for non-Catholics, some
of them refuse to be enlightened and
prefer to stay in the gloom of their pre-
judices." Our contemporary tells the
simple truth when it states further that
if many of our separated brethren recog-
nized the Church as it is nothing on
earth could keep them from joining it.
It is only too true in this connection to
state that not a few of their spiritual
guides would severely censure any of
their flocks with whom a Catholic book
might be found. Such is the power of
bigotry. They would not object very
strenuously to see them join the Mormons
or the Christian Scientists, but their
going over to Rome would give them a
soreness of spirit intense to a degree.

OUR CONTEMPORARY, the Casket,
tells us that the Grand Orange Lodge of
Nova Scotia are still bothered about the
bogies of the seventeenth century. The
Nova Scotia Willamites have put upon re-
cord a denunciation of the marriage law of
the Catholic Church, and, without any
quail of conscience, solemnly declare
that satan, by his agent, the Pope of
Rome, is responsible therefor. This is a
hard saying even for an Orangeman.
In that particular section of the country
the schoolmasters may have just fear of
the accounting day. However, the
brethren are not a whit worse in Nova
Scotia than in Toronto. The premier
Orange bigot in that city, it is rumored
will not sell his "sure cure for consump-
tion" to a "Papist." The rumor, how-
ever, has not been confirmed.

REV. DR. GRANT, speaking in the
Opera House in London, on a recent
occasion, made allusion to a certain class
of American papers in terms quite
robust. The publisher of the Boston
American, Mr. Hearst, he declared, de-
served hanging, as he was responsible
for more murders through the sugges-
tion of his papers than any man in Amer-
ica. This is a strong saying indeed.
But the sober-minded man, the man of
culture and the man of decency will
agree that, while Dr. Grant may be a
little extreme, he is on the right side of
the fence. But the question comes here:
How comes it that the Hearst papers
have such a tremendous constituency?
In the cities where they are published
they outrival all others in the matter of
circulation. There is something rotten
in the State of Denmark.

IN A RECENT SERMON the Most Rev.
Archbishop of New York claimed that the
stage to-day is worse than it was in the
days of paganism. "We see to-day," he
said "men and women—old men and old
women—who ought to know better
bringing the young to these orgies of
obscenity. Instead of that they should
be exercising a supervision over the
young and should look carefully after
their companionship. Men hoary with
age are often found inspiring with evil
the minds of the young. They go to the
public places and to the theatres in
shamelessness and they take with them
youngsters who cannot escape corrup-
tion." We may be grateful that in the
Dominion we have not yet reached that
degraded position which prevails in New
York and other large American cities.
We would, however, like to see an edu-
cational campaign amongst our people
in reference to opera house business.
This is the only effective method of deal-
ing with it. Unfortunately it is the
case at present that the shows which
are of an uplifting character are not
patronized as liberally as those whose
performances bring them perilously close
to action on the part of the chief of
police.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS are doing
excellent work in some of the cities of
the United States by having a course of
lectures delivered by eminent divines
on evidences of religion. In Denver,
Bishop Keane delivered such a series.
It is impossible to estimate the amount
of real good promoted by such deliv-
erances in a community where the vast
majority of non-Catholics hold such er-
roneous views concerning the Catholic
faith. Good results always accrue when
their eyes are opened to the fact that
the real Catholic Church is something
vastly different from that which it is rep-
resented to be by the itinerant no-
Popery lecturer.

It is a SIGN of the times worthy of
note that the Bishops of the Episcopal
church in the United States are taking
a resolute stand against the remarriage
of divorced persons. Bishop Walker, of

the business appears to be approaching
the bankruptcy stage. Common sense
is asserting its sway, and the undesir-
ables have taken to some other means
of making a livelihood. We have not
heard of one on the road for a long time.
It may be that there are none. The
race is well-nigh extinct.

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non-Catholic fellow-citizens to remain
ignorant of the real Catholic Church is
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IN MORE THAN ONE respect Abraham
Lincoln, the martyred President of the
United States, gave an example to his
fellow-citizens. On one occasion he was
asked by a friend to take a glass of
wine. He politely refused. The friend
persisted and made the remark that
there was certainly no danger in a man
of his years becoming addicted to its
use. He replied: "I meant no disrespect,
my dear sir, but I promised my
precious mother only a few days before
she died that I would never use, as a
beverage, anything intoxicating, and I
consider that promise as binding today
as it was the day I gave it." The friend
still further persisted and remarked
that there was a great difference be-
tween a child surrounded by a rough
class of drinkers and a man in the home
of refinement. "But a promise is a
promise," replied Lincoln, and when
made to a mother it is doubly binding."
There are many Catholic young men
who might take a useful lesson from
all this. They made a solemn promise to
their Divine Redeemer on the happiest
day of their lives that they would not
touch, taste or handle intoxicants until
they had attained the age of twenty-one
years. Have they all kept that promise?
We fear not. There are others who
would give pledge to mothers that they
would lead sober lives. Have they all
kept that promise? We fear not.

ORGANIZATION OF BELGIAN HOUSES
OF RETREAT.
Organization is necessary in every-
thing. Haphazard methods may occa-
sionally produce success on one occa-
sion or another, but they effectually
prevent it if continued. This is especially
true of religious effort. Every sort
where everything must tend
to keep alive and fortify the motives of
zeal which it is the purpose to render
fruitful. If our Lord thought three
years not too long to form His Apostles
for their missionary labors, we ought not
to expect to form a body of apostles in
one retreat or two, much less in the mis-
sions that are given to the faithful
generally. Solitude and prayer in the
retreat, the means used by our Lord,
are the means that we also must make
use of. A few days of silence and prayer
may really teach the soul more than
years of prayer when one has all the dis-
tractions of life about him, when the
world and life are too much with us to
allow us to see them for what they really
are.

This organization must include the
gathering of recruits and the prepara-
tion and maintenance of houses of
Retreats. The first of these is naturally
the most important. Very few men are
so disposed as to fall in at once with the
proposition made them to leave their
families, work and friends and plunge at
once into such a very new and very un-
known thing as a retreat. Experience
shows that if man is too easily persuaded
he derives very little fruit. Hurry is
the arch enemy of this eminently
spiritual work. Those who go out days
before the retreat is to begin to invite
the first comer and press him to enter,
even at the expense of some slight de-
ception as to what is required of him—
so disposed as to prepare for zeal and
sacrifice so that it seems not very
different from an excursion or a reunion
with a confession at the end—do the
work seriously and irreparable harm. No
one is benefited, the work is harmed.
Grace ordinarily works slowly and
hardly comes except when desired.
This desire to make a serious retreat is
what is first to be implanted in the
mind of the prospective visitor. And
it is altogether in line with the zeal to
sacrifice oneself for the furtherance of
God's work that the retreatant should
defray his expenses at least in part.
He begins with a sacrifice and God
blesses sacrifice. He appreciates more
what has cost him something. He feels
more the utter freedom of his action and
so he returns more spontaneously. And

experience has shown that when this
initial sacrifice is left entirely to
another the work is appreciably less
successful and the results less lasting.
This may seem to add difficulties to
those already existing. In the mining
districts of Belgium, everything dis-
couraged effort—atheistic conferences,
libraries of impious and blasphemous
books, Sunday labor, hard drinking,
gambling, societies for civil burial, a
blasphemous press, the "red" Easter and
Christmas, discouraged effort just as
much as they clamored for the necessity
of it, and they still exist to make it
difficult. Only organization and the
co-operation of the priest and his
parishioners can make any headway.
"Boards of men" and "Boards of women"
act with and under the parish priest to
recruit the retreatants and help to de-
fray their expenses. These boards go
out among the workers, meet them on a
footing of equality, interest themselves
in their homes and families, and when
the proper subjects are found propose
the retreat. But the workingman him-
self is the recruiting agent of most
success. With one or two others of his
parish he has been the first to pass a
day at the House of Retreats. On his
return he is besieged by questioners and
he is an apostle on the instant if the
grace of God has touched him during
the retreat. He returns the next year
with others who have been gained by
his encouragement and much more by
his changed life. A few may bring a
great many—some miners returned to
their shifts in the coal pits of Hainaut—even
partly paying their expenses to make
the first step easier. Socialist lead-
ers, too, have been invited, and
open minded "indifferents," who have
on occasion gone back to their work
real apostles of Jesus Christ among the
men; they had hitherto helped to lead
astray. But in every choice the neces-
sity of having men who have influence
and are leaders is kept in view. St.
Ignatius destined his "Exercises" for
them, and it is in reforming them that
the purpose of that work is attained.
In the more Catholic parts of Belgium,
more, of course, is demanded of those
who are sent to the retreats. None are
taken under eighteen years of age, few
over fifty-five, and all these are men who
may return real leaders and helpers of
the priest in his parish work. The re-
treats are not meant as a development
of the "mission" in any way. They are
a school for apostles, and they search out
earnest men to make apostles of them.
Much effort has gone to making the
Houses of Retreat attractive. When
once they have been established, all
decoration as well as ornamentation is
due to the generosity of the retreatants.
The rooms are airy, light and clean,
scrupulously clean, and the gardens and
cheerful recreation halls hung with
popular engravings of scenes of the
Holy Scriptures are everywhere. The
cost of a retreat to a workingman is
about ten francs, which cover the ex-
pense of his maintenance for three days.
Railway-fare must be added to this.
The problem of finding this money is a
real one for the average wage earner.
But again the Christian generosity of
men and women who have the real
betterment of their fellow Catholics
sincerely at heart has found a way.
Often an employer counts the expenses
of a retreat for his men as a part of his
expenses of investment for the year;
often, as at Tronchiennes, a committee
gets together the groups of retreatants,
and gathers enough to pay the expenses
of their stay. In nearly every diocese
there is a committee of patronesses of
rank or position who ask alms from door
to door to make the retreat possible for
men and girls. The interest of five
hundred francs assures the making of
two retreats annually; seven francs of
the ten is the average amount the work-
man is able to pay—conditions which
would be much rarer in the United
States, where our workmen are better
paid.

firmly the social action. Preparations
are about complete to add a "Syndi-
cate," to each Confraternity when the
social side of the work will be more in
view.
One might fill pages with instances of
the returns to God and duty which the
retreats have brought about. Here is
one that is entirely accurate, and may
be taken as an example of many others.
"In my district," it is a committee mem-
ber who writes, "there was a workman
suffering from a very serious disor-
der, and having been with all that drun-
kenness brings with it. His wife was the
special object of his cruelty; the
Church had not known him for years.
He was completely changed by the
retreat. The morning after his return
home from the House of Retreats one of
his neighbors called upon me and asked
me to go with the next band of
retreatants. "Why, my friend," I asked,
"do you wish to go now?" "Well," he
answered, "yesterday such a one came
home from the retreat with tears in his
eyes, and threw himself at the feet of his
wife, whom he has cruelly beaten every
day, and begged her pardon. I heard
him say amid his sobs: 'My wife, God
has bitterly reproached me for my fear-
ful conduct towards you. Let us thank
together the Sacred Heart for His good-
ness.' I heard all that and I saw all
that. I am not much better than my
neighbor. If the fathers have converted
him, they can convert me." It is thus
that profound changes of life are seen
very frequently.

THE BLIND JESUIT.
SIGHTLESS FATHER KANE DRAWS PICTURES
FROM THE FIELD OF VISION SUCH AS
FEW WHO HAVE EYES COULD SEE.
The reputation of Father Kane, the
blind Jesuit from Dublin, spread fast
after his sermon on Sunday last at
Malden Lane. On Sunday evening the
Church of Corpus Christi, Malden Lane
was more crowded than it was on the
previous Sunday. Again he spoke
as one who saw and knew. Blind and
shut off from all the facts of visual
sense he yet drew visual pictures from
the field of sense such as few who have
their eyes could see. The daylight
closes and the subconscious self turns
in, as if from the plough, and thought
flows that reveal the inner life ex-
pressed in terms of the outer air. The
picture of the "plough" was wonder-
ful; its monotony, its strenuousness, its
fruitfulness, the energy, the strength,
the steadfastness, the directness, the
simplicity, the plodding cattle, the
heavy soil, the certain hope, while sky
and earth fought their battle; all were
presented with that vivid power which
made men realize the value of life, with
its reiterated, dreary monotonous ac-
tions full of fruit and purpose in the
fulfillment of the great harvest of
merit. He spoke as one who had felt
himself every turn of the great earth-
worker, the grip, the constancy, the
strength and experience, the far direct-
ness that saw the ultimate, and his
shoulders heaved and fell and turned
as one who had in his hands the task
from which it was not lawful to turn
back. If possible it was a more extra-
ordinary discourse than that of the
previous Sunday, extraordinary in that its
close observation and knowledge of
minute physical and visual facts were
so minutely exact.—The Tablet, London
March 20.

SHAMEFUL CONDITIONS EXIST AT
MESSINA.
The Rome correspondent of the Liver-
pool Times has the following to say
of conditions in Messina:
"An interview granted by a prominent
marine officer, who accompanied
King Victor Emmanuel in his recent
tour of inspection through Calabria and
Sicily has thrown a good deal of
light on the "progress" made in Reggio
and Messina. The Sovereign said the
officer listened to the most terrible
and shameful charges made by the
people against the functionaries sent
there by the Government. He an-
swered: 'It is true, quite true! Nothing
whatever has been done.' And to a
chief engineer who offered to guide
him through the place the King said
vehemently: 'You go and work; it will
be much better.' The King was par-
ticularly exasperated by the roads left
blocked by heaps of debris. Imagine,
everything is just as it was the day
after the catastrophe, and the scenes
are even more trying. With good reason
Queen Elena remarked: 'Worse
than at first.' One question hangs on
the lips of everybody, and it is this,
'Where are the millions gone which
the charity of the world poured in?'
And I believe that nobody can answer.
Even to-day tons of wood will arrive;
but no one dare touch it because of the
thousands of red-tape difficulties.
Meanwhile the wood will rot on the
beach, and in a month it will be worth-
less."

"On account of the seething criti-
cism in which the King indulged dur-
ing his unexpected visit to Messina,
the Government has been forced to ap-
point a Commission to inquire into the
work of its official in the stricken re-
gions. Four months have passed and
not the slightest change has taken
place in appearance either Messina
or Reggio; if we except the erection of
a number of wooden shanties to cover
the wretched inhabitants who have
clung to these spots. It is easy to fore-
see that the result of the labors of the
Commission, if it be given to the world
must tell a harrowing tale of the in-
dulgences those responsible for the
task set before them and their indiffer-
ence to the wants of the people as long
as the meaningless formalities required
by some rule or other were complied
with have excited wholesome indignation
throughout the length and breadth
of Italy. It is evident that had not
the Holy Father opened the subscription
list, by the proceeds of which the
Southern Bishops have been enabled
to relieve the more pressing wants of
their flocks the misery of the people
would certainly have been far
greater."

One Suffered for Fifteen Years, the
Other for Thirteen.
The convincing powers of a testimo-
ny were never more clearly shown
than in the case of Mr. Hugh Brown. A
brother, Lemuel Brown, of Avondale,
N.B., read in the paper about Hon.
John Cosgrave being cured by "Fruit-
a-tives." Knowing the Senator would
only endorse a medicine which had
cured him, Mr. Lemuel Brown tried
"Fruit-a-tives." They cured him of
Chronic Indigestion and Constipation,
so he urged his brother to try them.

Hartland, N.B., Oct. 28th, 1907.
"Three doctors told me that I had
Liver Disease and serious Stomach
Trouble. My stomach was very weak.
I took their medicines for thirteen
years and grew worse. My brother
(who was cured of terrible Indigestion
by "Fruit-a-tives" after suffering for
15 years), recommended me to try these
wonderful tablets. I bought half a
dozen boxes and have just finished the
sixth. I eat all kinds of hearty foods
without distress and am greatly im-
proved in every way. "Fruit-a-tives"
also cured the Chronic Constipation
which was so distressing in my case."
(Signed) HUGH BROWN.
50c a box, \$6 for \$2.50; a trial box,
25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives,
Limited, Ottawa.

Vasey Saved by Father Fielding.
Henry Vasey, the young Englishman
who fired two shots at Father James K.
Fielding, pastor of Corpus Christi
church, 40th street and Grand boulev-
ard, Chicago, Oct. 28, 1908, was dis-
missed by Judge McEwen, and will be
deported. The shots were fired after
Father Fielding, it was charged, had
detected Vasey stealing from an almsh-
ouse in the church. The priest narrowly
escaped being shot, the bullets passing
close to his head. He appeared in
court to-day.
"Your honor," said Father Fielding,
"I believe this boy should be reformed
instead of being prosecuted. He was
in hard circumstances and was starving,
and he fired the shots at me out of
fright. The young man had been forced
to desperation by hunger. I have com-
municated with his parents in England
and they have promised me that if I
send him home they will take care of
him and reform him. I have agreed to
pay his transportation to England. The
young man is not bad at heart. It was
his circumstances that caused all his
trouble."

While we live we must be moving on.
When we stop we begin to die. Rest is
necessary, but only to renew our
strength that we may press on again.
An anchor is needful for a ship, but
anchoring is not a ship's business; it is
built for sailing. A man is made for
struggle and effort, not for ease and
loitering.
God's heroes are often of lowly origin,
because He chooses the humble to bear
His message.—Charles J. O'Mally.

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BROTHER
TOLD BROTHER



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Feast of Pentecost. THE EASTER DUTY.

In this great feast and its octave, my dear brethren, we commemorate the last of all the wonderful events which brought the Christian religion into the world. To-day our Divine Saviour, having ascended into heaven, fulfilled His promise in the descent of the Holy Ghost upon His Apostles; to-day the Catholic Church was fully established, and given power to convert the world; to-day the order of things was begun which is to last to the end of time.

And with this octave closes, therefore, that especially holy part or season of the year which centres round the resurrection of our Lord, and which has, for most obvious reasons, been appointed as the time in which every Christian is bound, under pain of mortal sin, to receive his Easter duty. Only one more week remains in which to attend to this most important of all the obligations of a Catholic, to fulfil this greatest precept of the positive Christian law.

Now, what is exactly this precept of the Easter duty? Strange to say, you will often find people who do not seem to have any clear idea about it at all, in spite of all that is said about it from the altar and in common catechisms and books of instruction. And yet it is very simple. It is just this: Every Catholic is bound to receive it on some day between the first Sunday of Lent and Trinity Sunday—that is, a week from to-day—inclusive; and it is very difficult for any one to have any excuse from complying with this law.

The Easter duty, then, is not merely an obligation to receive once a year. A person may receive a hundred times in the year, and yet not make his Easter duty; just as one may hear Mass every day in the week, and yet not fulfil the precept of hearing Mass if he stays away on Sunday. Now this seems quite easy to understand; but there are people, and plenty of them, too, who will make a mission shortly before Lent, and then say at this time: "Oh! I want to be in communion very long ago; there is no need to go so soon again." They might as well say on Sunday, if they had heard Mass on Saturday: "I need not go to church to-day; it was only yesterday that I was there." The law of hearing Mass is not to hear it once a week, but to hear it on Sundays and holidays of obligation; so the law of Communion is not to receive once or twice a year, but to receive at the time appointed. No other time will do.

But some may say: "I have not committed any mortal sin since my last confession; I am just as good as these people who are running to church all the time." Very good, perhaps you are; though it may be that Almighty God does not have so high an opinion of you as you seem to have of yourself. But it is not the question whether you are good or not; the law is not to confess mortal sin at Easter; far from it, one ought to have no mortal sin to confess, then or at any other time. No, the law is to go to Communion. One should get leave to do so, of course; but if you have no sin on your conscience, what is easier than to say so to the priest? You ought to be glad to be able to say it.

Do not, then, make the foolish excuse either that you have been to Communion at Christmas or thereabout, or that you have nothing to confess now. Come to church on the first Sunday you are off one day beyond next Sunday you are guilty of breaking this law. If you are in mortal sin, get out of it by making a good confession and Communion; if you are not, do not fall into it by refusing to obey this most precept and most urgent command. Any one who has not received since Lent began, and refuses to do so on or before next Sunday, may, indeed, call himself a Catholic, but is not worthy of the name.

NOTABLE ADMISSIONS BY PROTESTANT WRITERS.

Rev. E. Cutte says: "In the Middle Ages, the Church (Catholic) was a great popular institution. . . . In politics the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people against the tyranny of the feudal lords. In the eye of the nobles the laboring population were beings of an inferior cast; in the eye of the law they were chattels; in the eye of the Church they were brethren in Christ, souls to be won and trained and fitted for heaven by means of its ministrations, its mystery plays, its religious festivals, its catechism and its preaching, it is probable that the chief facts of the Gospel history and the doctrine of the creeds were more universally known and more vividly realized than among the masses of our present population."

Rev. Canon Farrar, speaking of the Catholic Church, says: "Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted that torch of learning which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. . . . The humanizing machinery of schools and universities, the civilized propaganda of missionary zeal, were they not due to her? And more than this her very existence was a living education. . . . In dim but magnificent procession the giant forms of empires on their way to ruin had each ceded to their sceptre, bequeathed to her their gifts."

James Anthony Froude says: "Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness—these are the qualities before which the free-born races of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They called themselves the successors of the Apostles; they claimed in their Master's name universal spiritual authority, but they made good their pretensions by the holiness of their lives. . . . Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed defenseless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity.—The Casket."

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ONE FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD.

CAUSES OF INDIFFERENCE—CHRIST CENSURES PHARISES—MARKS OF TRUE SHEPHERD TRUE ENTRANCE TO SHEEPFOLD—CHRIST AS TRUE SHEPHERD—PROPHESIES OF THE ESTABLISHED ONLY FORM OF CHRISTIANITY—THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION MUST BE UNIFORM IN ITS DOCTRINAL TEACHINGS.

The tendency of the age is to discard any obligation of worshipping God. This is caused by the multifarious and contradictory claims made by different religious bodies. In the minds of many, who acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, it creates a doubt, and doubt leads to indifference. Whilst willing to admit that the moral law obliges all to worship God as prescribed by Him, yet they are too engrossed with the business affairs of life to reflect and study out how that is to be done.

"They will hear at another time." Christ, addressing the Scribes and Pharisees regarding religious teachers, said: He that entereth by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. (John x, 1-2) Sheepfold means the Church founded by Christ, and as applied to the Old Law would mean the synagogue where alone God was truly worshipped. After establishing His claim to the belief of the world in His divine mission, He founded His Church, and the only entrance into that Church was belief in Him. Those who would assume the garb of teachers by a stealthy entrance into the sheepfold He compared to thieves, and draws a distinction between them and those who enter the fold through the door. The thief cometh not but for to steal, and to kill and to destroy. I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly.

Christ's claim as the one true Shepherd was prophesied by Ezechiel: "And I will set up one Shepherd over them, and He shall feed them, even my servant David." There were and are many shepherds who profess to teach God-given truths, but had not and have not the legal title and proper credentials for their ministry. There is the thief or false shepherd to whom Christ alludes in the gospel. They teach, but instead of healing the spiritual wounds of the soul or gaining life everlasting for the flock they kill and destroy. There is also the hireling, who is not only a false shepherd, but a bad one. "But the hireling and he that is rot the shepherd whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming and leaveth the sheep and fleeth. And he that is a hireling, and he hath no care for the sheep." What has been the result? The wolf scattered the sheep. They, separated from the hireling, became indifferent, forgetting that from the beginning there was only one true fold. "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

From this saying of Christ two conclusions are inevitable. First, that He established but one form of Christianity; that is, He taught and established one religion, and to believe and practice that religion was obligatory on all. Second, that that religion was to be uniform in its doctrinal teachings. The truth of the first proposition follows from the words, "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold," since nothing can be more essentially one than a sheepfold. It is the truest picture of perfect unity, entirely devoid of division or schism. He also compared His Church to a house hold, to a kingdom, which are true types of unity. Not only did He establish one Church and taught one faith, but He made it obligatory on all to believe and practice that one true faith. "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

If one Church be as good as another, why labor to bring all without the true fold within it? It is clear that whilst outside the true fold they did not hear His voice, because he "must bring them in, and they shall hear His voice." The fact that Christ labored so zealously to bring all within the true fold does away with popular doctrine that one Church is as good as another, or that those who discard all churches are as well off as regards the future as those who identify themselves with some Church. Christ was very emphatic on this point, and this matter clearly shows that He wanted all to be within the true fold, or members of that Church which He established. He also said: "He that will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican" thereby making it obligatory on all to believe and practice the truths He taught and to listen to the voice of His Church (not churches) and that those who failed in this would not be recognized by Him. From this it follows that Christ established but one form of Christianity and made it obligatory on all to be members of the Church which He founded.

The second proposition, namely, that the Christian religion must be uniform in its doctrinal teaching, is equally clear and evident. First, all the members of one church were to profess the same faith, believing and teaching the same truths, revealed by him and taught by his apostles, and no other. This we learn from St. Paul, who in his epistle to the Ephesians says: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." It was very rigorously adhered to during the apostolic age according to St. Luke, who wrote that "they were persevering in the doctrine of the apostles."

This unity of doctrine includes uniformity in the participation of the same sacraments, which were instituted by Christ and ordained for the sanctification of men's souls. Our authority for this is St. Paul, who, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, wrote: "In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body." In the same epistle he is equally positive when, speaking of the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist: "The chalice of benediction, which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? And the bread, which we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord? For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of one bread." (Cor. x, 16-17). In those two most important sacraments the apostle of the Gentiles teaches there must be unity. The next and last condition of this unity consists in being governed by one head legally appointed by Christ, for "there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

For the sincere and disinterested seeker after Christian truths there can be but little difficulty in finding out that Christians as a whole must be one in faith and doctrine, and that Christian truths in their entirety can be found only in one church. When you find two religious bodies disagreeing or contradicting each other in important Christian truths it is logically follows that one must be false, both may be false, one must be so necessarily. It is this diversity of teaching and contradictory doctrines by teachers claiming to be illuminated in interpreting the Bible that has caused so many to doubt and produced so much uncertainty, which are the cause of the wide-spread infidelity and disregard of all obligations to serve God.—F. D. in Inter-mountain Catholic.

MEANING OF BEATIFICATION.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN THE CASE OF JOAN OF ARC—THE MAID DOES NOT RANK AS A MARTYR. There is a vast difference between beatification and canonization, writes Right Rev. Mgr. O'Riordan, rector of the Irish College, Rome, in the London Catholic Times. The ceremonies are different: the effects of, or rather what the ceremony signified are different. In a beatification the action of the Church is rather of a negative kind. It means that the Church, after sufficient inquiry, sees no reason to object, and therefore permits the faithful to publicly venerate the



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servant of God who is beatified. Not the faithful of the Universal Church, however, but the faithful of the diocese, diocese or nation, according to the terms of the Pontifical decree, with which the beatified was connected by birth or by some life-work. Under ordinary circumstances Blessed Joan of Arc could be an object of public devotion only in the Diocese of Orleans or in that part of Lorraine where Domremy is. But here was a singular vocation. Her work was a singular vocation. She did not belong to any diocese or department; she belonged to France. She was the heavenly commissioned savior of the French nation, and the French people can honor her on their altars through the length and breadth of their country.

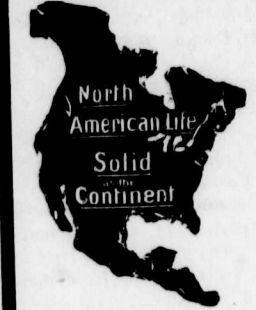
A canonization is a definitive sentence whereby the Pope not merely permits, but declares and orders that a servant of God is worthy of public honor, in whose name altars and churches may be built and consecrated; and not in a particular diocese or country, but over all the Christian world. Canonization is a positive Pontifical act, solemnly made. From the beatification of Blessed Joan of Arc, then, to her canonization the way is long and difficult, and few, if any of the ten thousand or sixty thousand who witnessed the ceremony by which her solemn vindication was begun and secured for evermore will live to see the end of it, when the final aureole of glory will be placed around her head.

The celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass which closed the ceremony of her beatification was robed in white vestments. Had Joan been beatified as a virgin and martyr the celebrant should have worn red vestments. When Mgr. Dupanloup first moved in the process of beatification the intention was to put forward her cause as a martyr. But after the lapse of five centuries, owing to the events and interests connected with her life, so many, so conflicting and complicated, following fast her death was a martyrdom, and the promoters thought it unwise to risk the whole cause by facing the "devil's advocate" with arguments which, however strong for ordinary history, would not be proof against his criticism, especially as they had a simple, holy and miraculous career on which to build up an unquestionable cause.

"The Fable of the Papal Yoke." The Lamp quotes with approval from Dr. Gairdner's new work "Lollardy and the Reformation in England," the following passage "which makes it plain," says our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporary, "that Englishmen loved

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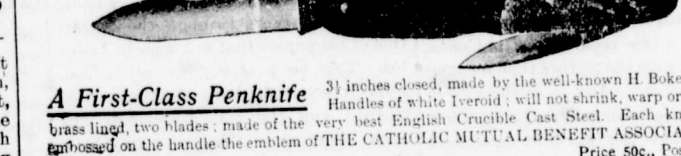
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that Dr. Gairdner. Surely after such forth-right statements from an authority like Gairdner we should hear no more of what the Lamp so well calls "the fable of the Papal yoke."—Sacred Heart Review.

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MAY 29, 1903. CHATS WI A man's cha thoughts. The inner life. The One may put bility, but if his a whitened sepulc inwardly unclean. As a man thoughts are rev they were rev know the condi Every mind h comfortable on The level of They add evil only with wh contentedly of as they are fr circumstances, turn to the de slaves of the de The level of fish, lazy, of thought is a la conversation is of an instructio like trifling ta chitter-chatter intellectual eff papers and th little education The level of They are stud things worth quainted with ture. They novels. They their store of i have a special know almost e The level of is the altitude may assail th pushed. Ideas the good, the are persistent it for angles light and inn They may be learned, but They love v happy saying lives. In three v be high-mind habitually to ting the right quenting the put us on o them intelle Books are t thoughts. T Christ, poet great men, ideas. They their wealth If a man ideas—with from the pas from the So passages fro of gloriou have a shelu fuge from th In order must curb h eyes in chee The imagi and likes to to whateve needs to be graded. The eyes through wh habitually to ing the right side world, must close t want to be conscious door of the drive them tained adm Prayer, t mind uplifti God. No s The though might is e By persic and exerci good, it for mindness It rests cor level. Do The you much at What is wa cal man w sides smel The time t business h who leads is twenty-; then reco made to re for a job, it fits no in the ur are better thousand wandering and looki up. The cal, and th acquire b self to a Don't wa a cravat, tied. In a United S Kansas, w will form in many t the resp twenty-o and had letters i The you aged an the tear he felt k S. Youn chureh, mother's to speak to a "From sister," for the back to "It st him," su "I u appears whippi "The Pollock had his attentio

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A man's character is shown by his thoughts. They are an index to his inner life. They reveal his true self. One may put on a front of respectability, but if his thoughts are foul, he is a whitened sepulchre—outwardly fair, but inwardly unclean and of bad odor.

The level of some minds is in sin. They add evil to evil. They are busy only with what is base. They think only of nothing else, and as soon as they are free from the pressure of circumstances, they spontaneously return to their habit of vice. They are slaves of the devil.

The level of other minds is low, selfish, lazy, common-place. Serious thought is a labor for them, intelligent conversation is an effort. The reading of an instructive book is a task. They like trifling tasks, gossip, fanciful stories, chit-chat, that does not require intellectual effort, the reading of newspapers and the society of persons of little education.

The level of other minds is high. They are studious. They like to know things worth knowing. They are acquainted with the treasures of literature. They have no time for trash novels. They go on daily adding to their store of information. They usually have a specialty, concerning which they know almost everything.

The level of other minds is noble. It is the altitude of saints. Evil thoughts may assail them but are instantly repulsed. Ideas in any way contrary to the good, the true, and the beautiful, are persistently driven away. Thoughts fit for angels are welcome. Peace and light and innocence are in such minds. They may be illiterate or they may be learned, but they certainly are pure. They love wisdom. They treasure happy sayings, pleasant deeds, grand lives.

In three ways may we endeavor to be high-minded: 1. By a resolution to habitually tend upward; 2. By frequenting the company of persons who put us on our mettle to keep up with them intellectually.

Books are the surest source of noble thoughts. The Bible, the Imitation of Christ, poetry, history, the lives of great men, etc., are high in elevated ideas. They are always ready to share their wealth with whose will.

If a man fills his mind with lovely ideas—with aphorisms, with sentences from the psalms of David, with extracts from the Sermon on the Mount, with passages from the poets, with memories of glorious achievements, etc., he will have a shelter in which he can take refuge from the attacks of evil.

In order to control his mind, a man must curb his imagination and keep his eyes in check.

The imagination is naturally a rover and likes to wander afar. It is attracted to whatever excites its interest. It needs to be restrained from what is degraded.

The eyes are the main thoroughfares through which knowledge of the outside world reaches a man's soul. He must close them to things that he does not want to disturb the serenity of his consciousness. It is easier to close the door of the mind to evil ideas than to drive them out after they have once obtained admission.

Prayer, too, is a means to keep the mind purified. It raises the soul to God. No set form of words is required. The thought of the presence of the Almighty is enough.

By persistently keeping the bad out and exercising the mind to think of good, it forms a habit of virtue. High-mindedness is then its accustomed state. It rests content there as on its proper level.

Don't Spoil the Boy. The young man who is petted too much at home is seldom any good. What is wanted now-a-days is a practical man who can do something else besides smoke cigarettes and twist a cane.

The time to learn to work and to learn business habits is in one's youth. He who leads the life of a butterfly until he is twenty-five or thirty years of age and then recognizes the fact that he has made an ape of himself has precious little to recommend him when he applies for a job. This may be a chestnut, but it fits not a few young men in every city in the union.

The boys on the farm are better off if they only know it, than thousands of the boys who are at large, wandering hither and thither, seeking and looking for "rich bonanzas" to turn up. There is nothing like being practical, and there is but one way to be so—acquire business habits and train yourself to do good, honest, hard work. Don't waste your time learning to tie a cravat. You can buy a cravat already tied.

Duties of Parents. In a case before Judge Pollock, United States Judge for the district of Kansas, he advanced an argument that will form the groundwork of discussion in many homes, bearing as it does upon the responsibility of parents. A man twenty-one years old had been arrested and had confessed to many thefts from letters in the post-office at Topeka.

The youthful criminal sat beside his aged and broken-hearted mother and the tears in his eyes plainly told that he felt keenly his disgrace. Rev. Thomas S. Young, pastor of the First Baptist church, of which the young man's mother is a member, had been summoned to speak a few words before Judge Pollock should sentence the prisoner.

"From what I can learn through his sister," said Rev. Mr. Young, speaking for the prisoner, "his actions are traced back to the weakest part of his nature."

"It should have been whipped out of him," suggested the judge.

"I understand, but the boy's mania appears to be one of the kind that whipping will not take out."

"That may be true," admitted Judge Pollock. "Still it appears to me that had his parents devoted the proper attention to him in his youth he would

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not be here to face this mass of disagreeable evidence. Parents too often get the idea that the government is designed to regulate and correct children and relieve themselves of the responsibility. I regret to send any young man to the penitentiary, but parents should be made to know that if they neglect their children they will come to grief. If some of these duties that are heaped upon the courts of the land were cast back on the parents the children of this nation would grow up to be more law-abiding and would become useful citizens.

Good-Natured, Not Kind. "How could he do such a cruel thing?" was the comment on a hasty action that seemed almost indefensible on the part of a college senior. The reply was deliberate.

"I have always thought Bland was good-natured enough, but not kind. That is how he did it."

Many young men trust to a natural good nature, an easy-going heartiness, to carry them along through the world. But good nature that is only haphazard, that exists only because its possessor is really selfishly comfortable, is the weakest sort of ground to stand on. We are used to thinking that the rough man may conceal a kind heart; and to wishing he might learn to overcome the roughness. But with just as much reason the merely good-natured fellow, who likes to say the easy, pleasant thing, must watch carefully lest he depend too much on words, and find that his real kindness, in disagreeable circumstances, does not stand the strain.

Kindness must come from determined faith in the law of love. It grows stronger or weaker from day to day, and it grows strong by a persistent belief in our lives as most worth while when they are most spent in service. So does kindness stand all tests, and become the simple, happy, good way of living which mere superficial good nature can never reach.

His Level. It was said of one of the best men of our generation, "Whenever he entered a room of any kind the conversation that was going on, and the discussion, immediately sprang up to a higher level than it was before. And to find it grows strong by a persistent belief in our lives as most worth while when they are most spent in service. So does kindness stand all tests, and become the simple, happy, good way of living which mere superficial good nature can never reach."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Our Girls and Blessed Joan of Arc. In the course of a very fine tribute to Joan of Arc now numbered among the Beatiified, the Baltimore Sun, a secular paper, says:

It has been the usage almost from time immemorial to characterize women as members of the gentler sex. Joan of Arc had the quality of gentleness to a notable degree. Her voice, it is said, was of great sweetness. She had fine grace and dignity of manner and that simple sincerity of faith which shrinks from no ordeal, however severe, to execute a lofty purpose. In every-day life women of the present generation display a fortitude, a consecration to noble service, a spirit of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, equal in every way to the high and noble characteristics of Joan of Arc. They endure suffering with an equanimity which puts most men to the blush. They spend themselves in the service of others with an altruistic zeal and generosity which takes no account of their own comfort and happiness. They submit to disappointments with a resignation of purpose and respect the braver sex, in many more persevering, the more resolute, the more helpful sex. In many a modern household there is a woman with the qualities and attributes which are inseparable from saintliness of purpose and saintliness of life. It has been said, the greatness of Joan of Arc, that the greatness of her career did not consist so much in her military achievements as in her pure true unselfish character, her nobility of purpose, her unswerving fidelity. The world to-day is full of women with these attributes, and every man who is capable of appreciating them recognizes what a mighty influence such women are in the elevation of humanity—what incalculable service they render in proportion.

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noting the happiness and usefulness of the human race. This is very good. The inference to be drawn by all of Joan's sex is that in order to do noble deeds it is not necessary to do—Joan was called to do—the work of a great military leader. Opportunities for pure and unselfish service surround all our girls every hour in the day and every day in the year; and if they would be like Joan they should take advantage of these opportunities to be sweet-tempered, pure-minded, helpful and trustworthy. The greatness of the Maid of Orleans was reached through her goodness. The Catholic Church does not beatify her because she was a great leader of men, because she saved the crown of France, but primarily because of the virtuous life which she led. And a virtuous life is possible to every young woman, no matter what her position, if she will co-operate with divine grace.—Sacred Heart Review.

One Thought Only. Have you ever thought, boys, that though you may have many brothers and sisters, many uncles and aunts, and even several grandmothers, you can never have but one mother? And, oh! how many there are that realize this only when this one mother has been taken from them. Others may kindly try to fill her place, and to care for you as she would have done, but still there will ever be the consciousness, "it is not the mother I once had."

The Fun of Doing Well. It is related of the late Lord Napier that once he played a trick on some young officers to find out the right man for a certain post. The story is that he had three ambitious officers to choose from, all of whom would like to be colonels at once. Lord Napier sent for these young men, and in due order detailed them to some ordinary routine work to be done. They went to their work without suspecting that the general wished to test them and was having them watched for that purpose. The first two, whom I will call A and B considered the duties very much beneath

as he drew on his heavy overcoat, and tied his woolen scarf about his throat, he took from his pocket a pair of warm, home-knit gloves, and looking at them one moment, with a strange, fond glance, he raised his eyes to mine, and uttered just one word—"Mother"—and two great tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks.

"Ah, boys, what a world of fond and wistful remembrance was in that one little word, and how much it told! The loving mother hands that had so carefully knit those gloves, were folded forever to rest; but rarely did that son—now an old man himself—drag them on or off, that he did not think of her, and perhaps with a longing wish that he had been more tender, more thoughtful, more dutiful while she was with him.

Will you, then, who have still a mother with you, think of this, and not wait till she is called away, to show your loving remembrance of all she has done for you?

The Crowded Brain. A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average, and this conversation took place: "Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?" "Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?" "Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son didn't. He had observed some dime novel scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out the apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips." Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket." When half the apples were replaced the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But I can't."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold more than so much; and there you've been the past month filling it up with cheap dime novels."

The boy turned on his heels, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.—Catholic Citizen.

them, and discharged them in a very careless and perfunctory manner, while complaining of the affront which they had received in being asked to discharge those duties. The third young officer was prompt, energetic and thorough, and acquitted himself with credit.

"How is it," demanded Lord Napier, "that you thought such matters worthy of so much care?" The young fellow flushed. He thought the general had loved that he was an officer who had wasted too much energy on matters of no great moment.

"Beg pardon, general," he answered, "but it was just the fun of seeing how well I could do them."

The grim old general's face relaxed into a pleasant smile, and he said: "You are promoted to a captaincy. Go and see how much fun you can get in doing your best in that position."

Do your little bit right, and influence will in time back you up.—Selected.

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Is it not noble, this phalanx, . . . praying, serving, comforting, teaching without cessation or rest, their only thought the smile and benediction of their Master, while the world slanders and curses them?

Where there is least of our self there is most of God.—St. Francis de Sales.

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