

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XX.

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday April 16, 1898.
SOCIETIES FOR BOYS.

The most important thing in a parish after the church and school should be a society for boys. Monsignor Nugent, a very distinguished friend of children, has pointed out the urgent necessity of bonding our boys into organizations of some kind, and Cardinal Manning has declared that it is a matter of paramount importance that must be taken in hand before our children are lost.

They leave school at an early age, and are soon outside the sphere of our influence. How to get hold of them is a question of difficulty. We sometimes, because of one reason and another, despair, but our philanthropic motives, succeeded in inverting them into organizations non-sectarian, of course, but surrounded by an atmosphere that tends to our boys positive injury. It must be that with a little care and sympathy we might succeed in inducing them to join societies, distinctively Catholic. Here is work for Catholic laymen. It is productive of more good than enterprises for raising money for churches or organs, and has more bearing on the social problem than any amount of lecturing and preaching. We do not wish to be pessimistic, but we say without any hesitation that there are myriads of poor children who remain, because of our apathy and neglect, unwashed and ignorant till the day they die. We have societies, we know, but the children who belong to them do not, owing to educational and family influence, need them to remain firm in the faith. But what becomes of the myriads who drift into the factory or into the lower strata of labor? "They are very dirty and uninteresting," but thoughtful charity might find a means of fashioning them into something better than ornaments for saloons and the police court. Many of them are respectable, a few few their way to positions of influence, but hundreds—and they are the majority—are either lost to the Church or become indifferent Catholics.

We know that our hard worked pastors appreciate the truth of what we are saying, but they cannot do everything. Now, if our laymen who give their time to social functions would bestow a little of it on our boys, organize concerts for them, equip a gymnasium, etc., we should have before long a flourishing society in every parish.

"HICKORY" CATHOLICS.

We grow enthusiastic betimes in recording the number of our converts, but if we should sum up the amount of leakage from year to year, our joy would be lessened. We do not refer to the converts, because they are few, and of no account, but to those who are tainted with the leprosy of indifference. We make no mention here of those who stay away from the sacraments, but of the individuals who are church-goers, and who affect much interest in everything pertaining to the cause of religion. They will talk now and then of their "grand old faith," but loyalty and filial obedience is another question. They sound well, these few unctuous, laudatory phrases, in an after dinner speech or in an harangue on the hustings, but when it comes to squaring their political or private conduct with its tenets they adopt a method of procedure inconsistent with their declaration. They will then minimize the faith because of force of circumstances, and prove that they forget that faith is from God, and they have nothing to do save to protect and to live it. And such persons pose as representative Catholics, and, wonderful to relate, the title is not denied them!

The man, however, who knows only how to say his beads, but who reverences his Church, has more Catholic vigor and honesty than myriads of these gentry.

They eschew all manner of controversy, even when in very manliness they should give reason for the faith within them, because they love what they term prudence, and what we call servile cowardice, and besides they have a due regard for the feelings of their brethren outside the fold! Such platitudes are uttered day after day, as if the sole aim of a Catholic should be to hide his faith and to maintain friendly relations with his Protestant neighbors.

We are bound, of course, to cultivate peace with all men, but we are not the less bound to guard against slavish compliance and apathy.

Cardinal Newman says that a grave matter against such people is that they are so well thought of by the Protestants about them: "If they respect, esteem and love you, it redounds to your praise, and will gain you a reward; but I mean more than this: I mean they do not respect you, but they like you, because they think of you as of themselves; they see no difference between themselves and you. This is the very reason why they so often take your part, and assert or defend your political rights."

Let us have done with temporizing and nail a lie when we have a chance without considering what "they" will think about us.

A "hickory Catholic" has also this characteristic, that he has an abundant vocabulary of denunciatory terms for anyone who differs from him on questions that regard the duties of Catholics. He has generally a hazey notion regarding them, but when a Bishop ventures to point them out he talks like Sir Oracle, becomes abusive and wonderfully eloquent about rights that must be protected against the encroachments of the clergy!

The utterances of any prelate on a scientific question, etc., may indeed be combatted, but when he speaks from out the fulness of wisdom and experience on any matter of duty he is entitled to respectful and filial obedience from a Catholic. His name should not be lightly mentioned at the family fireside and his acts should not be criticized.

He is the standard bearer of the army of Jesus Christ, and we should always presume that what he says and does is ever for the best interest of the army.

Less talking and spouting and more reverence of authority and we shall be better Catholics.

THE FUTURE OF RELIGION.

The Catholic Idea Supplied by Cardinal Gibbons, Monsignor Conaty and Father Malone.

The New York World of last Sunday had a symposium on "The Future of Religion" which was contributed to by leading thinkers in churches of various denominations. The following questions were submitted:

(1) Do you look for the continued increase of the influence of the Christian religion upon modern thought and its power to sway the lives and actions of men?

Are you an optimist or a pessimist in your views of the modern phases of scientific unbelief as affecting the position of the Church? Is unbelief growing with knowledge, or does it wither in the light of higher culture?

Is the gospel of Christ a living power to day in all civilized lands?

Has religion accomplished so much in the nineteenth century that we may fairly look for even more mighty works in the twentieth?

Is your denomination in particular growing in the vital elements of true Christianity as well as in the number of its adherents and the wealth of its churches?

Are the problems of labor and capital and of the warlike spirit between nations likely to be solved by the better enforcement and understanding of the Christian law?

These questions are designed to suggest, not to limit, the field of inquiry.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Monsignor Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, and Rev. Sylvester Malone, the venerable Brooklyn priest, were the Catholic responders.

CARDINAL GIBBONS sent the following answers:

The distinguished characteristics of modern thought may be summed up in two words—a desire for liberty and a desire for truth. While liberty of thought has sometimes led to abuses and has not infrequently degenerated into licentiousness, yet its general tendency has been to seek, untram-

melled by conventionality and arbitrary censorship, the pure and simple truth.

The Christian religion has no reason to fear the full light of truth. As long as men's minds are darkened by ignorance or deceived by half truths, so long will the progress of Christianity be impeded. It is truth that Christianity preclaims. The more the world is freed of prejudice, the greater liberty men are accorded in seeking truth, and the more enlightened they become concerning the great truths which underlie our physical, moral and social being, the more Christian they will become in thought and act, and the more far reaching will be the influence of Christianity.

True science and true Christianity cannot be at variance, for both teach truth, and from whatever standpoint we look at truth, it still remains essentially one and the same. For God is the author of both. Natural science, the more deeply it is studied, will the more surely and more clearly manifest the solid foundation of supernatural truth. In the study of the phenomena of natural science we are brought face to face with the Creator. In the study of the ethical and social science the Deologue will receive confirmation from experience and reason. Thus it will be seen that the marvelous discoveries of modern times, the daring projects conceived and executed, while eliciting admiration from all and creating unbelief in the weak, will in the end but lay bare the solid foundations of natural truth upon which religious truth is built.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST is the greatest living power to day in all civilized lands. Even those who do not profess themselves followers of Him who said, "Love your enemies," are so surrounded by the healthful atmosphere of Christianity that they cannot but breathe its spirit. Christianity manifests its beneficent power in the acts of forbearance, forgiveness and charity, which would call forth our unbounded admiration if the enduring influence of our blessed Saviour had not made them so common.

In the beginning of the present century, the outlook for Christianity from a human standpoint was anything but encouraging. New schemes, new ideas and new theories were eagerly followed by the multitude with little discernment, and oftentimes for the sake of novelty only. The old was set aside because it was old, the new embraced because it promised much and was still untried. Christianity was relegated to the past. But we are growing tired of our toys. The fact is dawning upon us that these novelties are only new editions of old truths which have lost rather than gained by revision. The discoveries of natural science, while offering greater comfort and affording greater facilities in our social intercourse, have thrown little if any light upon the question which humanity still asks: "What is truth?"

THE NOVELTIES OF SCIENCE having failed to answer this question satisfactorily, the disappointment instead of diminishing has only whetted the appetite, and men are more eager for truth than ever. They are turning again to the Church, "the pillar and ground of truth," and with the knowledge which comes of experience with novelties "weighed and found wanting," they are able to appreciate the more profoundly the truths of Christianity, and exclaim, "O beauty ever ancient, yet ever new!"

In no country is in our own do we find a more striking illustration of what I have said—than in an atmosphere of constitutional freedom. In the beginning of this century the Catholic population of the United States was about 40,000. To day the Catholic population is between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000. Our material wealth in church buildings, schools and asylums has kept pace with the increase of the faithful.

The fundamental law of Christianity is love of our neighbor. When men have made this law their rule of life in the counting house and foreign office, as well as in the church and home, we shall not have long to wait for all friction between labor and capital to disappear and all "war and rumors of war" to cease.

Christianity offers us the truths she cannot force us to accept them. We shall probably have to receive many hard knocks before we have sense enough to become thorough Christians.

Dr. Conaty writes that never was the church better equipped to meet the demands of the modern spirit, to guide science, illumine the intellect and save society. The Church of Christ, he adds, will live, and the century will be great if it seeks for guidance at her hands.

With the Angels in Heaven.

At the funeral of a pupil in one of the parochial schools in Baltimore the other day, the Mass of the Angels was celebrated, white vestments were worn by the priest, no black was used anywhere, lilies and lights were on the altar, and flowers were on the coffin. The child had gone to God in her innocence, and there could be only joy in her safe arrival home!

REV. MR. BUCKEY A CONVERT.

Newport, R. I., April 4.—Rev. Edward L. Buckey, until recently rector of the fashionable Zabriske Memorial church, which many summer residents attend, has been converted to the Catholic faith. He left Newport last autumn, resigning his charge here with the statement that he had been gun to entertain doubts whether the Protestant Episcopal Church was the true Church of God.

His parish, holding him in high regard, offered an extended vacation that he might have full opportunity to consider the matter and return, if he wished, at the end of his furlough. He answered that his conscience would not permit him to do that, and he left for Rome.

Last week he wrote some of his Newport friends that he had embraced the Catholic faith and would enter its priesthood. He came to Newport six years ago from Baltimore, where he was assistant rector of St. Paul's church. In Newport he was very largely instrumental in bringing about the erection of Zabriske Memorial church, which Mrs. Sarah T. Zabriske, of New York, a well known cottager, gave in memory of her mother.

The late Mrs. William Waldorf Astor was one of the best friends of the parish, and after leaving Newport to reside abroad she sent large sums of money to the Rev. Mr. Buckey for the use of the poor.

TOUCHING WORDS OF POPE LEO.

XIII.

The World's Growing Love for Rome, "The Sacred Metropolis." "The Polar Star of Souls."

Under all circumstances the utterances of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. demand the attention and admiration of the world at large. It may be safely said, however, that recent years have not witnessed a more inspiring nor more touching spectacle than that presented to the mind's eye as one reads the words addressed to the assembled Cardinals by the present noble occupant of the chair of Peter on the eighty eighth anniversary of his birth. The address of the Holy Father, was as follows:

"The demonstrations of religious homage to the Pope are always directed to a more elevated idea than that of his person. By honoring the Pontiff honor is rendered to the supernatural institution which he represents, unique by its loftiness of design and grandeur of its attributes. For this reason especially and not for ourselves we receive with joyful heart the manifold acts of homage, always solemn, which accompany the anniversary of his birth. The address of the Holy Father, was as follows:

"Therefore outrage should not have been done to an enthusiasm inspired by ideas and sentiments not only honest and unceasing, but also holy and dutiful and none the less outraged was offered. It is not through fortuitous chance, but on the contrary through the design of Heaven that such sentiments religious fervor seems more inflamed everywhere. In the present difficult conditions by which God wills to demonstrate even to the most stubborn that it is He who defends jealously the destinies of the Holy See, it is He who watches from on high and guards His work. However, the persecuted tiara goes on crowning itself with conspicuous lustre, and in comfort for the offenses it has endured it wins for itself the sympathies all the more lively and the love all the more constant of the multitude—love and sympathy that are not confined to this side of the Alps and of the sea, but which are spread abroad through the divine goodness and become more strong and vigorous each day in every country of the civilized world. Let this comforting wave of affection come by all means. It flows forth from the renewed Christian conscience which protests against the iniquitous oppressions and vindicates its right to be and to show itself in the sight of the universe courageously and holily free.

"But how painful it is to see culminated by so many and so little understood the aspirations of the peoples towards Rome, sacerdotal metropolis, depository of the divine oracles, dispenser of salvation. Why not accept as it is the consoling reality of fact? In the midst of the fitful storms of this forgotten and incredulous century it is the renaissant thought of one's own salvation that impels the mind's glance towards the holy city, the polar star of souls: it is the necessity of possessing Jesus Christ that leads nations to the throne of His Vicar. The first root of the moral and social calamities of our age is grounded on the debility of religious feeling. Every right mind, every honest heart solicited for the private and common prosperity ought then to bless the presage of Christian spirit as the presage and promise of future salvation. Whenever it be, the Providence of the Lord is not wont, like man, to leave his works unfinished; it has initiated the salutary movement, and sooner or later it will extend and for its own glory bring it to a happy conclusion, for the salvation of the human family. This fruit of mercy we shall not see mature, approaching, as we are, to the end of our days, but our souls rejoice to anticipate it and to salute it from afar with its desire and hope. With a willing and grateful soul we accept the worthy greetings of the Sacred College, by you, my Lord Cardinal, so worthily interpreted; and in thanksgiving we impart to you and your venerable colleagues with paternal love the Apostolic Benediction, which we likewise impart to the Bishops, prelates and all others who are here present, greeting us with their pleasing presence."

Now, can anything be more radically cowardly and despicable than this mode of action—this blushing for the faith that is in one, this constructive denial of Christ? What would be thought of a servant who was ashamed of his master, who had no good word to say of his employer when others were talking ill of him? How would we regard a son who blushed for his parents and was ashamed to pass as their child? What sort of friend should we deem him who, when our reputation was being attacked, our fair fame blackened by foul calumnies, should preserve the strictest silence?

It is assuredly the climax of inconsistency that men should blush for the practices that denote it. We are not ashamed of our honesty, our business integrity, our political consistency. On the contrary, we are proud of it, and often boast of it. We take no shame in rendering to Caesar that which is Caesar's, in giving to our fellowmen that which is their due. Why, then, should we blush to render to God the public homage of our adoration, our love, our gratitude, our zeal? Is piety a crime, devotion a stain on the character? Is fidelity in observing the law of God a standing indictment of emotional insanity?

"Those who deny Me before men," says Christ, "I also will deny before My Father who is in heaven." And, alas! Christ is denied—habitually and multifariously denied—by thousands of those who consider themselves His followers. "What the world will say" rises up as an opponent to the course of action which He commands; and all too often conscience succumbs, and the world is triumphant. Happy those who have personal experience can not supply multiplied instances in which, in little things if not in great, they have

proven themselves slaves to human respect,—have denied Christ before men.—Ave Maria.

RENAN AND ROME.

How His Views Changed Under the Influence of the Imperial City.

Soon after the death of Renan his widow placed in the hands of M. Berthelot the letters which that great chemist had written to her husband and begged him to publish the whole correspondence. The Revue de Paris gives the first instalment of Renan's letters, which run from 1817 to 1892. Some of the most beautiful as well as the most interesting among these letters were sent from Rome, whether Renan went in 1849. He took with him a hostile feeling against the Papal Government. But he confesses that he "had not been a day in Rome before its seductive influence began to tell on his mind." The indefinite charm which so many have felt could not fail to cast its spell over a soul so sensitive to beauty in any form as was that of Renan.

"I am quite changed, my dear friend," he writes. "I am no longer a critical Frenchman: I am no longer indignant; my opinions are all crushed out; I do not know what to say about anything, in fact. * * * Never till now did I understand that this was a popular religion, accepted without criticism by a mass of people which takes its dogmas in a living and true spirit. Let us make no mistake; these people are Catholics as the Arabs are Mohammedans. Their religion is the religion * * * a necessity of their very nature. * * * When I came here Rome meant to me the perversion of all religious instinct, and I came ready to laugh at the superstitions of this country. But I have found a civilization, a height of moral law, an ideal poetry of thought. * * * Our idealism is an abstraction—a mere abstraction—but this is plastic and can adapt itself to any form of expression."

WHAT WILL THEY SAY?

To tell many an ordinary Christian that he is dominated to a considerable extent by human respect; that in a hundred varying circumstances of his daily life he furnishes a patent instance of moral cowardice; that the unworthy fear of what the "world will say" frequently deters him from acting in full accord with the dictates of his conscience, would be to make a charge that no doubt would be met by an indignant denial, but would, nevertheless, be strictly true.

Human respect, the tribute paid by pusillanimous souls to the more or less fully recognized sovereignty of the world and the world's opinion, is the efficient cause of more sins of deed and omission than the sinners themselves are perhaps aware of. Why is it, for instance, that such a Catholic does not receive the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist more frequently? Why does he not attend daily Mass or sometimes visit the Blessed Sacrament, as he could do without any inconvenience? Is it because he is unconvinced of the sterling advantages of such practices,—because he does not recognize the utility, and it may be the necessity, of his adopting them? Not at all. It is purely and simply because he dreads the comments of his neighbors; flinches at a possible shaft of ridicule; is terrorized by the giant dragon of "what they will say."

Here is another professing Catholic who finds himself in a company where religion and its practices are discussed with a freedom and a total lack of reverence that interiorly wound him. His most sacred beliefs are tossed about without even a semblance of respect; yet he does not open his mouth to offer a word of explanation or protest. Why? Because he might be dubbed a devotee.

At home you habitually bless your self before any after meals. Why do you fail to make the Sign of the Cross when dining with Protestant friends? Because you don't want to make your self ridiculous, you will probably answer; and the answer is an open confession that you are influenced by human respect. And so in countless other cases which will suggest themselves to every reader.

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proven themselves slaves to human respect,—have denied Christ before men.—Ave Maria.

Anglican Nicknames.

The Church Times so eagerly praised and abetted the late Dr. Benson's talent for inventing nicknames that we are not surprised to see its anxiety expressed that we should be called "Papists," says the Liverpool Catholic Times. It says that we ought to be proud of the title. So we are when it is properly applied, but in the mouth of an editor who shows quite a genius for feminine spite on occasions, the name of course is an insult. The rule of courtesy is to call people what they call themselves, if thereby no principle is violated. The papers all call the Pope the Pope, though they do not own him to be Pope. We once suggested the finding out of a convenient name for the Anglican Church, shortly effective, yet not a nickname. We found a suitable name to which objection could be taken. On our side we are fair and courteous, if at times severe; and we expect Anglicans to behave in the spirit of charity. This cannot admit their pretensions, but this should not incite them to abuse

Horrors of Dyspepsia

Sour Stomach, Heart Palpitation, Nervous, Sleepless

Now Able to Do All the Housework—What Cured Her.

The excellent qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a stomach tonic and appetizer enable it to relieve and cure dyspepsia even when cure seems hopeless. Read Mrs. Willett's letters:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:—Gentlemen:—I have been sick for about six years with dyspepsia with all its horrible nightmares, such as sour stomach, flatulency, palpitation of the heart, insomnia, etc., and all that time I have tried almost every known remedy and the best doctors in the state, but nothing did me any good. I was very

Weak and Nervous.
About five months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using five bottles I am able to do all my housework and feel better than I have in several years. Also, my husband had pneumonia last winter and his blood got very bad; he had rheumatism and could scarcely walk. He commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time he was better in every way, his rheumatism has left him and is in better health than for a long time." Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Still Praising Hood's.
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:—Dear Sirs:—I am still praising Hood's Sarsaparilla for the good benefit both myself and husband derived from its use and I do not hesitate to say it is the best medicine we have ever used in our family." Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Letter No. 2

we have ever used in our family." Mrs. W. J. WILLETT, Mt. Holly, N. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver, Bilious and Sick Headache. 25c.

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64, 1-, 16, & 1 lb. 5- Tin, or

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

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AVOID IMITATIONS, which are NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE.

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At All Dealers, in England, India & Ceylon.

W. D.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M. D. BOKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XXI.

"FLAT BURLARY AS EVER WAS COMMITTED."

"These nice sharp quills of the law."

"A plaque upon it when thieves cannot be true to one another."—Henry IV. Part I.

"And in a word outface you from your prize; yes, and can show it you here in the house."—Henry IV. Part I.

But love was not permitted to monopolize Maurice. Duty claimed her share of his attention, and was not to be denied. Law is the traditional enemy of love. The eloquent action for the recovery of Clonlara had, after his father's murder, been revived in his name, as heir-at-law, and was being pushed vigorously forward.

In his innermost heart Maurice suspected that his cousin's was the cowardly hand that fired the murderous pistol-shot at Essex Bridge. Even to himself he hated to confess to that horrid suspicion. Still, unconsciously, it had, no doubt, its influence in stimulating him to press forward the new action.

As for Mark, he made no secret of his delight at the "accident" that had befallen his uncle, as he now confessed him to be—in a drunken brawl. He professed himself quite confident of the result of the new action.

"The old war-whooper," he said, "might have given me some trouble, but as for this fellow who claims to be his son, there are, no doubt, scores of half-bloods running wild through the backwoods of America with as good a claim as his. We could find a drawing-room full of Lady Blakes among the Indian wigwags, if it were worth while looking them up."

The rumor was industriously put abroad that the first wife of Sir Valentine was alive and well, and would be produced as a witness for the defendant at the trial.

The audacity of the trick took Dr. Denver's breath away when he first heard it. He had seen the woman lying dead; he had followed her coffin to the grave. To resurrect her seemed impossible. But a little thought showed him the rmmored friend was ingenious as he was audacious. There had been one real revival of Lady Blake. Why not a second sham? It would be easy to show that she had not died when it was said she did. It would be hard to show that she had died afterwards. There were, no doubt, innumerable abandoned women who could be hired to play the part.

"We must be all the more careful with our proofs," said Curran. "We must leave no point of attack or defence uncovered or unassailed."

They had met at consultation at the house of the great orator and lawyer. They were seated in his study, whose walls on three sides were lined from floor to ceiling with law reports, text-books bound in formal half calf. Two handsome glass-fronted cases beside the fireplace contained the culled treasures of English literature, and space was found for a handsome old Shakespearean proof engraving over the chimney-piece. Curran sat close to his writing table, in the centre of the room, lost in the depths of a great Russian-leather arm-chair. He leaned in his hands a huge brief, whose leaves he rattled over with something very like impatience.

By a little straining of professional etiquette, and at the express desire of Curran himself, Dr. Denver and Christy Callaghan, as two vitally important witnesses, had, as well as Maurice, been admitted to consultation.

"We must patch up every hole in our suit," Mr. Lawless, Curran went on, "if we are to keep out wind and weather. There is a stitch or two here and there to be put in yet before we are ready for trial."

Mr. Theophilus Lawless, the solicitor for the plaintiff, a stout, pompous little man, bridled indignantly at words that seemed to hint at something lacking in the preparation of the case.

"I assure you, sir," he said, swinging his heavy gold chain impressively while he spoke, as if to indicate that he also was a heavy, sterling, eighteen-carat gold solicitor, half-marked in every link. "I assure you, sir, that human foresight or sagacity could do no more in this case. I have spared no pains or attention or expense. I understand it is a title case—well, I have briefed you to the entire title to the estate for three generations."

Curran smiled a little sardonically, as he turned over the leaves of the large brief, heavy with scores of irrelevant deeds which had been copied into it.

But Mr. Leonard M'Nally, the junior counsel, in a dourly bound, came to the rescue of the solicitor.

"A most admirable brief, Mr. Lawless," he said; "most admirable. I found in it everything I wanted."

It might have been by accident that his eye dropped on the back sheet, on which

was endorsed a fee heavy in proportion to the heaviness of the brief. "In my professional experience, few of case more admirably put before counsel. It would seem to me nothing is wanting. We have fortified our whole line of defence, and are prepared to deliver an irresistible attack on the enemy's ranks in abruptly on Mr. M'Nally's smooth phrases smoothly delivered, there is a reference in my brief to a confession which Dr. Denver took down from the lips of Lady Blake, and a certificate of her death, but I can find no copy of any of these documents."

"I did not consider the documents relevant on a question of title," returned Mr. Lawless pompously. "You are aware, of course, sir, that it is not part of our case that our client was the son of this particular Lady Blake. Our case is that he is Sir Valentine's son by a second marriage. It was by an oversight, for which I have to apologise, that such irrelevant documents were mentioned at all in your brief. My senior clerk is responsible."

"A lucky oversight," said Curran tartly, "which probably has saved the case. Did it never occur to you, Mr. Lawless, that the death of the first Lady Blake was necessary for the marriage of the second? Without a marriage there can be no heir-at-law. Our opponents are shrewder, if the rumor runs right, that they are about to resurrect the lady for the purpose of their case."

Then, of course, it was the son of our case that our client was the son of this particular Lady Blake. Our case is that he is Sir Valentine's son by a second marriage. It was by an oversight, for which I have to apologise, that such irrelevant documents were mentioned at all in your brief. My senior clerk is responsible.

"I have the documents safe, Doctor," said Curran. "I have them safe, and at your immediate service. I keep them in a despatch-box in a bureau in my dressing-room. I asked Sir Valentine to take them when he returned, but he begged me to retain them in my custody."

While the doctor was speaking the junior counsel, Mr. M'Nally, idly scribbled the precise locality of the important despatch-box in the fold of his brief, in a way junior counsel have.

"Then, of course, it was the son of our case that our client was the son of this particular Lady Blake. Our case is that he is Sir Valentine's son by a second marriage. It was by an oversight, for which I have to apologise, that such irrelevant documents were mentioned at all in your brief. My senior clerk is responsible."

holding a wax taper in her hand. She was dressed in black tulle, sprigged with rose buds, which threw out in startling relief the dazzling whiteness of her hair and arms. A great ruby pendant burned like a star on her forehead, and white bosom; rubies and diamonds blazed in her hair.

"She was going out alone to the theatre, as was her habit, and had idly opened the door to see what was going on in the room empty of her way, believing

that she was alone. She glanced at its two occupants, with a look too cold and distant even to be called contempt. For, after all, contempt is a feeling with languid, handsome face there, as Freney glanced at them listlessly, as at repulsive animals in a cage; then closed the door without word or gesture, and in a moment they heard the rattle of her carriage wheels down the street."

"Curse her!" muttered Lord Dulwich, staring after the vanishing figure of the woman in the street. "She makes no secret of her scorn and loathing for me, even while she lavishes my wealth with both hands. I believe she has a hankering after that mongrel cousin of mine, so swift about his wound, and roundly rated me as a murderer, swearing that with her own hand she would give me up to justice if he died. Curse her!"

"Curse her!" he went on abruptly, carried away by the passion in him, "curse her! Mark, I am your man for to-night's job. If the heir-at-law comes within sword's length again, curse me as well as him if he escapes a second time."

Half-an-hour later the two sallied out together into the dark street, wrapped in loose cloaks, and armed to the teeth with sword and pistol.

They slipped like shadows, as swiftly and as silently, through the murky night, when only an occasional oil lamp at long intervals served to make darkness visible. At the corner of Jervis street they paused, and Mark whistled a thin, shrill whistle through his clenched teeth that seemed to pierce the air like an arrow.

Out from a dark archway close to the wall of a man, looking gigantic through the thick gloom, as swift and stealthily that both Mark and his companion started guiltily when they found him standing close beside them.

"The new comer chuckled hoarsely at their surprise." "Be easy, neighbor," he said to Lord Dulwich, whose hand was on his sword-hilt. "Be easy with you, and give your carving-knife a holiday. Let us get through our work first. If you want a light in peace and quietness, when the work is done, I am not the man to balk you."

Lord Dulwich could just discern through the gloom that the stranger was a man of huge stature. He had a flaming red head, on which a slouched like a cock, and his eyes, without an interval of sleep, were fixed on the work he was doing.

The rest departed to their several occupations, "for every man bath business and desire such as it is." What was the special business of Mr. Leonard M'Nally, junior counsel for the plaintiff, during that brief interval, may perhaps appear a little plain in the sequel.

Two hours later a different consultation was in progress on behalf of the defendant. Lord Dulwich and Lord Dulwich were seated over the table in the splendid dining-room of his lordship's splendid mansion in Merrion Square. They were silent and motionless, save the motion needed to move the English decanters of claret backwards and forwards, and to the rear of his lordship's Waterford cut glass with such fearful wine. Mark looked angry and Lord Dulwich sulky. There had plainly been stormy words between them.

Lord Dulwich was no longer the man first introduced to the reader. His lordship's study, Maurice, had been displaced by the terrific blow Maurice Blake dealt him as he fell wounded almost to death by that cowardly sword-thrust on Essex Bridge. The nose was broken, and now stood at an angle of forty-five degrees to his forehead, and the mouth a little hole in his iron-gate.

He was still a little heavy, thick, and heavy stick, swung with such fearful force, had cut and bruised the flesh of his right cheek even to the bone, and the wounds had healed in ugly little scars.

His lordship had got a trick of passing his white hand across his face, which only served to obtrude the ugliness he hoped to hide.

Neither had Mark Blake improved in appearance. His cheeks were redder and coarser, and his eyes a little bloodshot. Incessant drinking was beginning to tell on his iron-gate.

For a good ten minutes the two men sat silent and sulky in the dusk, for the candles were not lit. Lord Dulwich had taken a dislike to lights lately.

"His silence was the brief sultry lull in the thunder storm, and the anger in his voice."

"It must be so," he said, slowly and hardly. "I say 'must' my lord. We are in the same boat now, and shall sink or swim together. If I go down you go down too, that is the only sure way to help to pull me out, or I'll help to pull you in. Those papers, as I happen to know, are all-important to the case. Curran himself has expressly said so. I have the very man to get them and how, and I have the very man ready for the job. 'Is-to-night or never.'"

"But what do you want of me in this business at all?" grumbled Lord Dulwich. "Cannot you and your friend 'Must' be a suspicion of an enemy in my voice, 'manage the thing between you?'"

"You are my partner in this game," said Mark sharply, "and I won't let you stand out until the last hand is dealt. There may be some fighting to be done, and that sword-point of yours will come in handy again. Only leave a couple of inches more of the blade out of the scabbard this time. You are to share the plunder, so you must share the risk. Is it any special affection for the man that left you those keepsakes that stays your hand?"

He pointed a scornful finger to the livid bruises on the other's cheek. "Lord Dulwich grew pale with wrath. The livid scars showed like clots of blood on his white face."

"Curse him! curse him!" he cried fiercely. "I would give my soul to perdition for one straight thrust at his heart. I hate him worse than you do, but—"

The other knew right well what that "but" and the pause after it meant. The coward's hot anger in his full tide had been frozen by fear. A sharp taunt was staved on Mark's lips by the sudden opening of the door.

"It is hardly worth the trouble of picking up," he muttered, discontentedly. "They

might as well bolt the door with a boiled carrot."

Then he drew a bit of wire from his pocket, shaped and bent it a little, thrust it into the keyhole, and drew back the bolt with perfect ease.

The stupid thing does not know the difference between a bit of crooked wire and the key it is accustomed to all its life," he grumbled, with a grin, as he sent the searching ray of yellow light into the recesses of the bureau, where it quickly found the despatch-box he was in quest of.

He took it under his arm, shut the bureau, and locked it, crept out of the window, and closed and fastened it after him—"for fear of robbers," he muttered, as he stood on the iron balcony outside, railing a little awkwardly, for he had the despatch-box in one hand, and the lantern in the other.

With dangling feet he felt about in the blackness below for the first rung of the ladder, and found it. It quivered under his weight. He was stooping cautiously to get his hands on the ladder, when he heard whispering far below, but could distinguish no words.

"Then Mark Blake's cautious voice came up to him from the dark, still night—low, but clear—

"Have you got the box?"

"In the same tone he sent the one word, 'Yes,' down to the watchers below. "Drop it. Mark's voice came up again out of the silence. 'I will catch it in my cloak. Turn down the light.'"

Freney turned the long gleam of the lantern towards the ground, and soon found Mark Blake at the end of it, with face ghastly in the yellow light, and the skin of his cloak outstretched in both hands.

Nothing loth, Freney dropped the lambent down through the beam of light, and heard the dull thud as it was caught below in the fold of stont cloth.

The next moment he felt the ladder quiver under him. Then, with one strong wrench from below, it was jerked from his feet, and went down with a crash, slinging him sideways into space as it fell.

One hand, thrown wildly out and up, caught the projecting edge of the window-sill under the iron balcony. There was a sickening thud as the fingers gripped, and they held like grapples. Freney came the dead weight of his huge body with a sudden stop. The stout, crooked anchor of bone and muscle stood the head bent under the weight of the window-sill. But the stone, which he clung to, was smooth and worn, and he felt his fingers slip, and he began to slip ever so slowly under the heavy strain.

He stretched up his right hand, and found he could only just touch the iron of the balcony with the tips of his fingers. Far down below there was no sound but the quick tramp of his would-be murderers dying away in the distance. No hope of help. He dare not cry out. To be caught was to be hanged. He knew that the iron spikes of the area-railings waited far below in the dark with fixed bayonets to impale him when he went whirling down through the night on the rusty points.

Yes; his fingers were slipping. He strained the muscles till the flesh seemed to grow to the stone. But they still moved slowly, slowly, along the smooth surface. The ghastly terror of it brought the big drops of perspiration out on his forehead. All the strength of his huge body was concentrated in his five fingertips. But the maulenar vice could not keep its place on the smooth silencing stone. His grasp was almost over the edge. One chance was left. With a last convulsive effort he jerked himself breast high against the window sill. His left hand slipped clear of the iron, but even as he fell, the right hand grasped the iron work of the balcony with a grip of iron, and he was safe.

Freney had no nerves. Hanging there by one hand, and with fifty feet of vacancy under him, and under that sharp iron spikes, he was as cool as if he stood on firm earth or sat on his good steel's back. When the danger was over it was over. With his idle hand he drew a coil of stout rope from his bosom. "I thought you might come in handy as a deputy ladder," he said, "and, begorra, so you have."

Quickly and quietly he made it fast to the iron-work, and went down hand over hand like a huge spider on his trailing web. His feet touched the iron spikes of the area, and he leaped out into the street.

For a moment he stood stock still, with head bent a little forward, and strained his sharp ears to the uttermost, sending his consciousness out into the silence with an effort that was almost pain.

He could just catch the faint, far-off sound of hurrying footsteps away towards Carlton Bridge, and leaped forward in pursuit like a bound on his quarry.

As Freney came racing down Bachelors Walk, covering nine feet at least with each long stride, he caught a glimpse of two figures passing at a quick pace under two flickering oil lamps on the bridge, and his heart gave a bound of revengeful joy, for he knew he was on the track of his would-be murderers.

They turned, still walking rapidly, into O'Flaherty street. Lord Dulwich carried the despatch box. Both men were laughing and talking excitedly, as they went. They did not see the figure, vague, huge, threatening, that stealthily stalked along in the darkness behind.

"No suspicion can touch us," said Lord Dulwich, tapping the box. "when this is missed, Freney's dead body, will be our ally. Yet I am not quite easy about the business, Mark. It looks remarkably like murder."

"Nonsense," retorted Mark, brusquely. "The fellow's life was due to the hangman. What matters it to him or anyone else whether he took his drop with a rope round his neck or without it. One rope to hell is the same as another. But I grudge his corpse that five hundred guineas in good gold which the absolute knave dragged out of me. He has no use for it where he is gone. I wish the devil would let him bring it back to me."

A growling laugh behind, like a wild beast's, made both men look back suddenly.

"One moment Mark thought that his impious prayer had been granted. For here, towering over them, stood Freney himself, with a face like a devil's, in the gleam of the flickering oil lamp. Mark had no time to speculate on the visitation. The huge fist rose and fell like a blacksmith's hammer down on his forehead, and he went down in a heap, like a smitten ox, stunned and motionless.

With a cry of terror, Lord Dulwich started to run. But before he had taken three paces a grip, like a tiger's claw, was on his shoulder. The box was wrenched,

from his grasp, he was slung round and round with dizzying force, and loosed at last.

He staggered back wildly and blindly, tripped up and fell over the unconscious body of his friend in the kennel, and lay quite still, quivering with fear.

Freney disappeared with the despatch-box.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BELLS OF LIMERICK.

Once, after many years of the most patient labor, a young Italian rested from a task that was well done.

He had made a set of bells of the most exquisite tone possible, and he felt that his time had been wisely spent. For a long while he refused to part with them, for they seemed to him almost like living things. To sell them, he said, would be the same as selling one's own children. But at last, obliged by necessity, he yielded, the pious prior of a convent on the banks of the Lake of Como being the fortunate purchaser. The price was a goodly sum; and the young man, finding it impossible to separate himself from his beloved chime, built with the money a little villa near the convent, where he could hear the Angelus struck morning, noon, and night. There he hoped and prayed to spend his remaining days.

But the beautiful and restful seclusion of which he dreamed was not to be his. Italy became involved in a great feudal war, in which he found himself engaged before he was aware; and when peace was restored a sad change had come to him and his prospects. His family were scattered, his friends dead, his money gone, and the home on the Lake of Como was his no more. Most painful of all, the convent was a wreck, having been razed to the ground in the conflict which had devastated the region. And the bells—ah! where were they? The most that could be learned about them was that they had been carried off to some foreign land.

The artist—for he was as true an artist as if he had painted a masterpiece at which the world wondered—left the spot where he had been so happy, and became a wanderer, always searching for his bells. The thought of them never left him. During the day he could hear their sound above the roar of the city's streets; at night it haunted his dreams. He was looked upon as a vagabond, and children ran from him in fear. His hair grew white and he leaned upon a staff. In time he became known as "the questioner"; for he was ever seeking news of his treasures. He asked but one question: "Where are my bells?" Nobody knew, and so he wandered on.

One day a sailor told him that in Ireland there was the most wonderful chime ever made by mortal man.

"Then they are mine," answered the wanderer; "and I will go and find them."

After great trials and long delays he reached the mouth of the Shannon, and took a small boat for Limerick. The boatmen thought him mad, and hesitated to row him. But he told them his story, and they then knew only pity. As they neared the quaint old town the steeple of St. Mary's church was seen. Something told the wanderer that it held what he sought, and he was moved to prayer.

The air was soft and sweet, the bosom of the river shining with bright ripples, and the lights of the city were reflected in its depths. Suddenly from the tower of the church the Angelus was heard, and after the triple strokes the air was alive with the music of a sweet and silver organ. The boatmen stopped rowing and listened. Happy tears filled the eyes of the old bell-maker, for he knew his search was done. In that peal he heard the voices of his dead and gone beloved, and in a few moments lived again a long life. He was in such an ecstasy that he could not utter a word, but his lips were moving in the Angelus prayers; and his heart was speaking, though his lips made no sound.

When the rowers raised their eyes the old man was dead, and on his face was the most beautiful smile that they had ever seen. The Angelus had been his passing bell.—Ave Maria.

An Archbishop on Dancing.

Speaking from the pulpit of his cathedral, Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, recently made some pointed comments relative to dancing, its attending dangers and the vanity of ball costumes.

As to dancing, His Grace said that it was a recreation, a diversion, a means of relieving the mind of the worries of care and study; "a recreation indifferent, perhaps, innocent in itself, but awful in its possible consequences."

His Grace quoted the words of St. Francis de Sales: "Dances and balls are indifferent in their nature, but according to the ordinary usages attending them, they are strongly biased towards evil."

Dances are like mushrooms; the best are valueless.

His Grace's remarks as to ball costumes were very delicate, but to the point.

Vanity in dress is a great fault and leads to envy; vanity induces a disposition to evil affections which are so easily nursed in dancing.

If dances must be danced, let people dress decently.

A Mother's Story—Her Little Girl Cured of Croup.

Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing Cough and Croup. My little girl has been subject to the Croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. From samples purchased in the open market and find none present.

Price 25 Cts. Complete with Blower. At All Dealers, in England, India & Ceylon.

One beautiful woman, mother of walking along toward the Church of Little Island formed Selma and known—because original—were included with were apparently for birth belonged society, while the cation approach class; but both, the green old age, and cheerful and blooming their faces a stress and honesty.

They walked the scenes daily to of Paris, and y Madame Charlier name of the good by the display of hand furniture, such as might h thoughts of a philanthropist of life. In their were to be seen ages; there old suture, antiquated with Chinese silk, gilt bronzes belong XIX's time, furnished pensile articles, tumbled together, passers-by the oddity.

At the door the several pictures w a buyer. The portraits, which to interest anyone presented and their places in t and indifferent o get rid of them.

Charlier stopped neglected picture of surprise.

"What is the said her daughter?

"It is she!"

"Yes, it is she!" it is Miss Christine. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes!" recognize her face of arms of her fan portrait in a se will not stay here.

She hastily en asked the price dealer took it down truth's attention; truth it was a portrait representing a young girl, holding a book in was mild, refined, eyes, under deep calm and penetrat reproduced the bore her sickness was enclosed in a suffered much fr At the top was noble family o Charlier promptl for it, took the p home.

Her home contain room containing articles of hosiery and fanciful; the answering both a family room. There was all rest comfort, a full s many colored at the walls. In a an oblong medall wreath of white turned yellow. wreath which h of a young girl ion, or had been any rate, it was by the Charlier who had been a portrait on an it a long time down the good yes, it is she," self: "here are kind, her fine h her hair like white; it is she were thirty year

"What is the said her eldest her side. "What a dab it!" "What a dab it!" "What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

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"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

"What a dab it!"

A TOUCHING EXAMPLE OF GRATITUDE.

One beautiful October afternoon two women, mother and daughter, were walking along the river bank in Paris toward their home, situated not far from the Church of Notre Dame, in the little island formed by two arms of the Seine and known as La Cité—the city—because originally the whole of Paris was included within that island. They were apparently tradespeople in comfortable circumstances. The mother by birth belonged to the lower order of society, while the daughter by her education approached nearer the better class; but both, the mother in her still green old age, and the daughter in her cheerful and blooming youth, bore on their faces a strong impress of mildness and honesty.

They walked fast as people used to the scenes daily to be seen on the streets of Paris, and yet the attention of Madame Charlier (for such was the name of the good lady) was attracted by the display of a dealer in second-hand furniture, and it was indeed such as might have awakened the thoughts of a philosopher on the vanities of life. In this confused medley were to be seen many relics of past ages; there old swords, carved furniture, antiquated armchairs covered with Chinese silk, pictures, chinaware, gilt bronzes belonging to the first empire, so called Gothic clocks of Louis XIII's time, furniture of the commonest kind by the side of fancy and expensive articles. There they were tumbled together awaiting to tempt passers-by by their low price or their oddity.

At the door the storekeeper had hung several pictures with little hope of finding a buyer. They were mostly family portraits, which had long since ceased to interest anybody. These they represented and their friends had taken their places in the City of the Dead, and indifferent owners had hastened to get rid of them. All at once Madame Charlier stopped before one of these neglected pictures with an exclamation of surprise.

"What is the matter, [mamma?]" said her daughter. "It is she!" replied the mother. "Yes, it is she! Look at this picture; it is Miss Christine d'Erlanges!" "Are you sure of it, mamma?"

"Yes, yes! How could I fail to recognize her face? Here is the coat of arms of her family. Miss Christine's portrait in a second-hand store! It will not stay here a moment longer."

"She hasly entered the shop and asked the price of the picture. The dealer took it down and called his customer's attention to its beauty. In truth it was a poorly executed portrait, representing a young girl, apparently twenty years old, in a white dress and holding a book in her hand. The face was mild, refined but pale; her black eyes, under deep arched eyelids, were calm and penetrating. No doubt it reproduced the features of one who bore her sickness with resignation. It was enclosed in a gilt frame, which had suffered much from dust and neglect. At the top was the escutcheon of the noble family of Erlanges. Madame Charlier promptly paid the price asked for it, took the picture and started for home.

Her home consisted first of a store-room containing simple, substantial articles of hosiery, but nothing showy and fanciful; then came a large room, answering both the purpose of a family room and a dining room. There was all round an appearance of comfort, a full supply of furniture and many colored and framed pictures on the walls. In the place of honor, in an ebony meditation, was to be seen a wreath of white roses, which years had turned yellow. It was, no doubt, a wreath which had crowned the head of a young girl at her First Communion, or had been laid on her coffin; at any rate, it was held in high respect by the Charlier family.

Madame Charlier carefully put the portrait on an armchair and looked at it a long time, while tears trickled down the good lady's cheeks. "Yes, yes, it is she," she said, talking to herself: "here are her eyes so mild and kind, her fine forehead, her beautiful hair, her little hand, so thin and white; it is she indeed. I feel as if I were thirty years younger."

"What is the matter, mother?" said her eldest son, who now sat at her side. "What old portrait is that? What a dabbler!" "Hush, hush, Alphonse; you do not know how much you hurt me." "It is not my intention, God knows, dear mother. But tell us what you find to interest you so much in the old picture."

"It is the portrait of my best friend, my benefactress, Miss Christine d'Erlanges!" "What, mother, that young lady whom you loved so much and in whose honor we are all called Christine and Christine?" "Herself, my dear children, and may you be worthy of bearing that name, for she was an angel of God, and all that I owe to her."

"Mamma," said the young girl who had accompanied her mother in her walk, "please to tell us how you came to know Miss d'Erlanges. We know nothing about her except that she was very good and that you still regret her." "Yes, I still regret her, and it will be a work of love on my part to tell you how I came to know Miss d'Erlanges. But is anybody in the store?" "Yes, mamma, Paul is there."

"All right, my children, take your work, and give me my knitting. While speaking of Miss Christine, who was so industrious, we must not be idle."

The whole family sat at a round table. Madame Charlier took her knitting, in which her nimble and experienced fingers did not need the aid of her eyes. Victorine and Charlotte, while bending over their sewing, listened attentively to their mother, and Alphonse was cleaning the frame of the portrait he was reverently holding on his knees.

"You must know, then, my children," continued Madame Charlier, "that in 1819 I was a poor orphan in the streets of Paris, without any other help than my needle, without any other hope than that which in the heart of all young girls. Well, I was not exactly on the street, since I lived in a garret; but, with the exception of a dress or two, a little undergarment, a table, two chairs, a bed, a chafing dish, I had nothing in the world. My father and mother had been dead for years; my god-mother had taken me in, and had taught me embroidery. She died also, the good woman, and left me alone; poor and friendless. I worked all week for a large store, and when Sunday came I went walking with some girls of my own age. And here I must confess that, if I have done any good, my children, I owe it entirely to God, for I was then very ignorant and my companions were very giddy. They worked but little, but had a great deal of fun; they attended balls, gaily attired in lace and ribbons—perhaps they had pawned their undergarments to get their fineries. They often pressed me to do as they did, but I resisted; one day, however, as I was dependent and my rent was due, I yielded, and I promised Laurette, one of my companions, to go to the ball with her that night. I wanted to drown my troubles, but God knows how I could have done it in that way; I worked the whole afternoon, in anticipation of the evening, fixing a white dress, and while repairing my toilet I was trying to keep away from me the troublesome thought of the 14th of the month, the date on which my rent fell due and the bill I owed to the coal dealer, for I was indeed very poor. I wanted to keep off my troubles, but they crowded on me faster than ever. I was ready to put my hat on, when I heard a knock at the door; I opened it, thinking it was Laurette. What was my surprise to see a young lady, fine looking, mild, well dressed, of distinguished appearance and followed by a chambermaid.

"Am I addressing Miss Nathalie, embroiderer?" she said. "You are, miss," I said, confused as I was, "Please come in."

"The fine young lady, as a good fairy, entered my poor garret, where all was in disorder. She did not seem to take notice of it; but taking from a work basket the richly embroidered and almost finished trimmings of a silk dress, she said, with that kindness which wins hearts: 'Here it is, miss, a piece of work which I have commenced and which must be finished to-morrow; I am somewhat indisposed and the physician forbids me to work. I have heard of your skill, and I thought that perhaps you could finish the embroidery on these trimmings by to-morrow noon.'"

"At the same time she offered me a price which exceeded what I could earn in six days. It is true I would have to pass a sleepless night; but would it not be so if I went to the ball? I made up my mind at once. I saw my rent and my coal bill paid, and I accepted the offer of the young lady. She thanked me as if I had rendered her a service, and left.

"I set to work at once; Laurette came, but to no purpose. She made fun of me, but I let her talk. She tried to take my work from me, to put my hat on and to take me by force, but all in vain. She went off disgruntled. "I worked most of the night, and the next day at 11 o'clock my work was done and waiting for the fine lady. At exactly noon she knocked at the door. I was glad to see her again. She paid me at once, thanked me and in giving me her address said she might have some more work to give me."

"The good young lady was named Christine d'Erlanges. She lived close by, and the next day I went to see if she had any more to do. She occupied a beautiful suite of rooms on the first floor with her father and mother. She invited me into a small parlor in which there were books, many curious articles and pictures and the portrait which you see here, my children. It was then fresh and young, like the person it represented. The father and mother fondly looked at it; it was the sunshine of the household, for Miss Christine was so good, affectionate, obliging that she made everybody happy around her. I saw her often; she took an interest in me; she made me talk and I was happy in her company. I would have been ashamed to have been seen by her in Laurette's company, who was so wild, so by degrees we became estranged, although we did not fall out. I didn't know much about housekeeping, and things were often upset in my little room. At first Miss Christine took no notice of it apparently, but one day as she brought me some work she looked around and advised some changes, but was careful to add, 'Do you not think it would be better so and so?'

"I caught her meaning. As soon as I got up the next day I swept my garret, made my window clean and bright, made up my bed and put every piece of my little furniture in place. Miss Christine, who was pleased at it, gave me a small bureau and a few yards of calico for curtains for my bed and my window. My dear children, I believed myself to be in a queen's palace; my little room, clean and orderly, became so dear to me that it pained me to leave it. I never went out, even on Sunday, except to go to Mass. Miss Christine insisted that I should take walks with her mother's chambermaid, who was virtuous, prudent and yet lively as one is at twenty. We enjoyed each other's company, and I assure you I did not regret my former companions. At night I read good books which Miss Christine lent me, and which I read with interest. I was happy; my work enabled me to live comfortably; my little household, better kept and better watched than formerly, became cheaper; as I kept company only with honest people, my reputation was good. I had acquired some information from the books Miss Christine lent me, and I improved my handwriting by copying the models she gave me. I was still lacking one thing; Miss Christine saw it in the course of time and she provided for it. I was the greatest gift of her kindness to me.

"We all noticed with an anxiety which we tried to conceal from each other that Miss Christine's health was becoming poor. She was growing thin, her eyes had a brightness which frightened and pained me; she coughed a great deal, and she said, when asked about it: 'Oh, it is nothing; it will soon pass off.' "She still went out walking as usual, went to Mass and visited the poor. All the sick and old people of the neighborhood knew well the good young lady who knew so well how to console them and who waited on them with her own hands; for, my dear children, Miss Christine was a true Sister of Charity, but this did not keep her from being amiable and lively. With all that, she was talented. She painted, embroidered, touched the harp, and did not? She was always busy. 'Alas!' the day came when she could no longer go out, nor even leave her room; she was feverish and suffered from night sweats and painful oppressions. For me it was no longer to live to know her so sick; I availed myself of all possible opportunities to hear from her. She was told of it and sent for me. "She was lying on a lounge, pale, thin, only a shadow of herself, and when she extended her hand to me I burst into tears. " 'Good Nathalie,' she said, 'you shall not leave me; I am going to ask mamma's permission to keep you near me till—'

"She did not end and I saw that she understood her situation. From that time I never left her; I worked near her, helping as much as I could the chambermaid and the nurse, whose cares became more and more necessary. The disconsolate father and mother hardly ever left the room of their sick daughter; they never took their eyes from her and eagerly drank in all her words. They wanted to treasure up memories of her when she should be no more. "She had me to read to her; she read only books of piety, treating of the mercy of God, of the love of our Saviour Jesus Christ and of the happiness which death brings to those who sincerely love God. These books made an impress on me, but Miss Christine soon saw by some question which I asked her that I did not understand many points of Catholic doctrine. It is true that, when I was a child, there were not many priests and no Sisters. France was then painfully recovering from the horrors of 1793. The children of the common people grew up ignorant of the faith in which they had been baptized. Scarcely could you acquire some fragments of Catholic truth in the instruction for First Communion; after that we learned nothing more, and forgot by degrees what we had learned. "Such was my case; through habit I went to Mass, but I knew very little of religion, of the duties it imposes, and of the consolations it brings. "Miss Christine did not want to die till I was better instructed, and to that end she left her favorite reading and had me to read, as if for herself, instructive, solid, touching books, the sense of which she explained to me and which gave me for our holy religion a love and a reverence which, thanks to God! have not remained barren. What a precious gift, my children! If ever I go to heaven and if yourselves go there, if all of us succeed in serving faithfully on earth our good Master, we have to thank for it that good and pious young lady who, although dying, had the charity to instruct an ignorant girl as I was. Surely God has rewarded her already for such a good action! "But what of her daily acts of charity? In her bed of suffering, where she endured a real martyrdom, she never forgot the poor; she sent the chambermaid and myself to bring them some assistance, all the allowance made to her by her parents went that way. Here she paid the rent, there she sent clothes to some poor old woman; again she sent food to the sick. She relieved wants outside of her own neighborhood. One day she learned that a young girl was sick in a miserable garret at some distance from her house. She sent me there, and I went hurriedly. Guess whom I found in this desolate room, on a wretched pallet, without medicine, help and human sympathy? It was my poor Laurette herself. She had been guilty of many a folly, and she had passed through many a trial. She recognized me and wept bitterly. I consoled her as best I could, gave her the help which Miss Christine was sending her, and at once went to tell Miss Christine of my sad discovery. She took a lively interest in it, and with a dying hand wrote to the superior of the Sisters of Charity to recommend to her my poor friend. Laurette recov-

ered. Thanks to the good Sister she found employment in a store with honest people and led an exemplary life till her death. Cure and conversion, she owed it all to our generous benefactress. "This was, my children, one of her last good works. We watched her growing weaker, like a lamp growing weaker for want of oil. She lay on her bed all day, but even on this bed of suffering she tried to do something for the poor; she was making clothes for little children; although weak and exhausted, she sewed with zeal to celebrate, as she said, the coming Christmas in clothing poor and forsaken little Jesus. She did not see this feast on earth, but, without doubt, she celebrated it in heaven. Towards the middle of December all her strength left her; all that she could do was to suffer, which she did with a peace and a calm beyond human expression. Even on the day of her death she spoke to me words of love and tenderness; she told me to be good and to remain faithful to God. Then turning to her mother: 'Dear mamma,' she said, 'I desire that my small amount left me by my aunt be given to Nathalie; I am sure she will make good use of it.' "Having spoken thus, she looked at us with a peaceful and serene smile, a smile indelibly impressed on my memory; with this last sign of love she turned on her side and seemed to go to sleep.

"Half an hour later we heard her breathing more heavily. I leaned over her, there was a change in her face; there was in it something grave and suffering which I had never seen before. It was the last struggle. She died kissing the feet of her crucifix. "I will not tell you, my children, what anguish that death caused me; after thirty years the wound bleeds yet. And this is but right, for what I am and what I owe it all to Miss Christine, to her generosity and good example. It is to her that I owe my little business, for your father, who was so good and honest, married me, not because I had a small dowry, but because I had the reputation of being an honest, quiet and laborious girl, and also because I could read and write—humble talents which Miss Christine d'Erlanges had so much contributed to improve.

"When I saw her for the first time I was at the fork of two roads, one leading to what was good and the other to what was bad. She carried me along with her by the irresistible ascendancy which her personal charms, her strong intelligence, but above all her kindness of heart gave her. See the good she has done me, and see if it is not just I should venerate her portrait and keep as a treasure this white wreath which adorned her coffin. No, my good children, one can hardly realize all the good a well-educated and kind-hearted young lady like Miss Christine can do. I wish that all young ladies knew it, that they might be prompted to become Christine d'Erlanges."

"The children were deeply interested in the recital of their mother, and from that day the portrait, disdained by ungrateful heirs, was treasured up by the Charlier family with deep tenderness and veneration.

By the Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P.

The story of a great mission has its points of interest to evangelistic workers of every shade of religious belief. A short time ago, in the Church of the Paulist Fathers there was brought to successful conclusion one of the most notable examples of revival work that the religious history of New York has to record. For five weeks the great stone church on the upper West side was thronged night and morning, and the priests who were engaged in giving the mission heard the confessions of 13,312 people, by actual count. If there had been placed at the doors of the church the turnstile to record the comings in and going out of the people it would easily have registered 125,000 admissions during the sessions of this great mission. And still it was only a local affair, making no pretense to any metropolitan influence; nor was it specially heralded in the papers by any press agents. It was intended only for the people of the parish of the Paulist Fathers, and among them it did splendid work in the condemnation of vice, in the elevation of standards of morality, and in the general awakening of desires for deeper spirituality.

Though it revived the religious spirit among the people who came within its influence, still it was not a "revival" in the common sense in which that word is used. A mission differs from a revival both in its purposes and in its methods. While both may seek to stimulate the flagging energies and the low spiritual life of tepid people, still the starting point of the work, and the means employed are very different. The mission presupposes an earnest belief on the part of the hearers. The mission is like the farmer who starts with a field that has been cleared of stumps and rocks and has at previous times yielded good harvests. It takes for granted that the people have a strong faith in all the teachings of Christ; and among people living under the Catholic rule of faith this is invariably so. It makes its appeal not so much "to believe on the Lord Jesus" as to do His will by avoiding sin and practicing virtue. The methods whereby its end is attained, too, radically differ. This missionary stirs his hearer to repentance for sin, and when his conscience is thoroughly aroused he sends him to confession, and there, in the solitude

of the confessional, with no one to listen to the tale of a sinful life but God and His representative, the sinner pours out his guilt-laden heart, with the hope of securing forgiveness. Through the instrumentality of the confessional the best results are secured. There is established the personal touch between the missionary and the penitent's soul. There is under consideration the spiritual needs of a particular individual. The sinner comes to kneel in the darkness on one side of a partition; and there, as if alone with his Judge, he lays bare the diseases of his soul to the skilled physician; he asks the advice of a faithful counselor, and he accepts the decision of a prudent judge. Before he came he had the conditions necessary for repentance—sorrow for the past and a purpose of amendment for the future—and he comes now to place what will be very effectual barriers against backsliding into sin.

It is the vigorous preaching of the great truths, the impressing on the mind with all the earnestness and eloquence of an experienced preacher the paramount importance of the soul's salvation, the danger in the commission of sin, the dread of its eternal loss by the sudden overtaking of death, the facing of the judgment of an angry God—it is all this, joined with the personal contact with the individual soul, which the confessional offers, that make the mission such a tremendous machine for spiritual regeneration. The motto adopted at this mission was "divide and conquer." For this purpose it was announced that the parish would be so divided that each section of the parish would enjoy its advantages during a specified week, the church not being large enough, though its seating capacity exceeds 3,000, to accommodate all the people at once. The first week was given to the married women, because it is generally found that they are the more religious-minded, and once aroused will do the most effective work with the men. The second week was given to the single women; the third week to the married men, and the fourth week to the single men. During each week the services were in the evening and 5 o'clock in the morning; and night and morning their respective weeks the various classes of the parish filled the big church from altar to door, crowding the aisles, overflowing into the chancel, sitting on the altar steps and extending out into the vestibule, so that it was impossible for many to gain even access to the church. This crowd at night with only a slight diminution of numbers, was duplicated in the morning at 5 o'clock, long before the drowsy city was stirring from its slumbers and in spite of zero weather and inclement storms.

Purchase there is no better measure of the depth and earnestness of one's religious life than the magnitude of the sacrifices which one is willing to make in order to cultivate it. And to most people the effort of rising before the dawn and rushing through the cold streets and gathering in a crowded sanctuary to accomplish sacrifices is an achievement. Reckless war was waged upon vice in every form, not only by a vigorous condemnation of it, but by the cultivation of the opposite virtue. The virtues that make for a better home life were especially emphasized, particularly the cultivation of total abstinence. Pledge cards were signed to the number of two thousand six hundred and forty by persons who declared their intention of refraining entirely from the use of intoxicating drinks for periods of time ranging from a few years to a life-time.

On the whole the mission was a splendid instance of the vigor of the faith among the common people. The statement is frequently met with nowadays that religious faith is dying out from among the masses. Such manifestations of it as were witnessed during this mission conclusively prove that such is not the case among the Catholic people.—The Independent.

Dr. Chase's Cures Catarrh after Operations. Toronto, March 16, 1897. My boy, aged fourteen, has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the General Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure. H. G. Ford, Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

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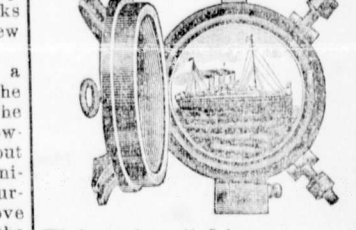
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London, Saturday, April 16, 1898

AS USUAL, NO PARTICULARS.

An item has been going the round of the Protestant papers of the United States, and has found its way into those of Canada likewise, to the effect that a missionary in Pueblo, Mexico, the Rev. Francis S. Barton, states that in a Catholic church, the locality of which is not stated, there has been a raffish for the delivery of souls from purgatory, tickets for which were sold for \$1 00. Tickets Nos 811 41, 762 are announced to have been the successful ones, and accordingly the raffish secured the delivery of three souls, the names of the successful ones being given in full. It is easily seen that the story is a fabrication, but there are striking evidences that this is the case. The church in which the raffish took place is not even indicated, so as to render it impossible to make successful inquiry as to the facts. Besides, there is no such place as Pueblo, Mexico. There is a Pueblo in Mexico, and a Pueblo in California, and in neither of these places did the alleged transaction take place. The "missionary" states that there was to be another raffish held soon similar to the first, but there is always an indefiniteness about stories of this kind, and the Protestant missionaries who refer to them are known to have an aptness for inventing them. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that this story has no foundation in fact.

NATIONAL CHURCHES.

The theory that the king or sovereign should be the head of the National Christian Church prevails in most Protestant countries, and in those also which adhere to the Eastern schism. It is the very foundation-stone of Anglicanism and Lutheranism and of the Russian Church. It has, however, brought the Lutheran Church of Württemberg into a very anomalous and ridiculous position. In that kingdom the king is by the Constitution made head of the Church, and he is actually called *summus episcopus*, or the chief bishop. Hitherto the Württemberg dynasty has been Protestant, and so the ridiculousness of the position has not been so apparent, but the present king has no male heir, and the successor will go to his death to a collateral branch of the family, which is Catholic. Foreseeing this, the Lutheran synod and Parliament of Württemberg have passed a law giving the supreme authority over the Church to a Council. Thus the accident of succession has the effect of changing the essential character of the Church. The same thing might occur at some time in regard to Anglicanism, only for the present state of the English law, which secures the succession to a Protestant to the exclusion of Catholics. It may occur, however, that the law of exclusion may be repealed, and then the same curious condition of affairs might arise in England which has actually arisen in Württemberg.

VAIN EFFORTS AT UNION.

In reference to the efforts which have been made during the last few years to effect a re-union between the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, by which name that denomination is known in the Northern States, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Church organs appear to despair of finding a common ground on which such union can be effected. According to the Epworth Era, which is one of the Southern organs, the difficulties of union seem to be insuperable. One trouble is that the Northern Church being the much larger body would or might require Methodist colleges to admit colored students. Such a law would close all the Methodist colleges of the South. But there is also a doctrinal difference. The Northern Methodists hold that Bishops are to retain their office only so long as the Conference may wish, while the Southerners main-

tain that the Episcopacy is essentially one of the orders of the Church, from which the Bishops cannot be deposed unless for a serious fault. A curious feature of the controversy is that while these opposite views are held, in regard to a matter which depends on divine institution, both parties still regard each other as branches of one Church, notwithstanding that the Scripture condemns schisms or sects in the Church of God. Another feature equally strange is that members of these Churches consider themselves free to believe just as much or as little of the doctrines of their respective churches as they think proper. Thus the Era says of the Southern doctrine on the Episcopate: "Personally we do not believe in this sort of Episcopacy. Thousands besides us do not believe in it." It is clear that doctrine is very indefinite in that quarter. If they want certainty on this or any other point, they must look toward the Catholic Church, which alone has authority to give definite teaching.

THE WAR CLOUD.

It was stated last week in a despatch that the Spanish and United States Governments had both accepted the Pope's mediation as arbitrator between the two powers for the purpose of averting a war between them. It has appeared by more recent despatches that the statement was unfounded, though it is true that the Holy Father expressed to both powers his desire that peace may be maintained. To this end he even endeavored to prevail upon Spain to make concessions to the Cubans such as would be satisfactory to them, and at the same time to the United States.

Spain appears to be grateful to Pope Leo XIII. for the interest he has manifested on its behalf, and the Queen Regent gave expression to this sentiment of gratitude entertained by the Spanish people; nevertheless, neither the Spanish Government nor the people of Spain seem disposed to make the concessions which are necessary, though probably, if the mediatorship of the Holy Father had been consented to, they would have accepted his decision.

President McKinley, on behalf of the United States, is now said to be indisposed to accept the Pope's arbitration. This might have been expected, as the reason assigned by the President for this unwillingness was well known to exist, independently of any statement on his part. He has declared that however unjust may be the prejudices of a large proportion of the people of the United States against any interference by the Pope in a political matter of this nature, such prejudices exist, and they cannot be controlled by the President and his Government, so that they constitute an insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of the Pope's arbitratorship or mediation.

The Holy Father and his Counsellors were undoubtedly aware of the existence of this difficulty in the way, and so there was not on his part any direct offer to become an arbitrator, but his desire for peace on terms honorable to both Governments was conveyed to President McKinley, as well as to the Spanish Government, but, of course, the reply of the President, though courteous, makes it impossible for the Holy Father to urge the matter any further on him, though his influence may still have some effect on Spain. That influence is used solely in the interests of humanity and Christian charity, and it would be well for both parties if it could be exerted successfully.

It now appears to be certain that war will ensue, unless the Spaniards back down from the haughty position they have hitherto kept. They have protested against any interference with their sovereign powers over Cuba, but the United States appears to be determined to intervene, professedly in the interest of humanity, and for the protection of the trade and the commercial interests of both countries. The President's message to Congress is ready to be sent to that body, and it is understood that it will recommend the intervention of the United States at once to make Cuba free. As this will be an immediate cause of war, every preparation is at this moment being made by both powers to take both hostile and defensive measures as soon as the declaration of war is issued. The situation is, indeed, now so grave that it is generally thought that the war must come within a few days. The probability of this is all the greater, inasmuch as on Thursday the six Great Powers of Europe delivered to President McKinley a joint note requesting him to endeavor to put an end to the critical situation, by coming

to some agreement with Spain, whereby war may be averted. The President answered the ambassadors politely, yet he maintained the same firm attitude which he has kept in his communications with Spain, insisting that the Cuban trouble be ended at once, which cannot be effected unless Spain give up her sovereignty over the island. We may, therefore, hear at any moment that hostilities have begun. In this case, it appears highly probable that the United States, with its immense resources of wealth and men, will win in the end, but this ending will not be attained without immense losses, as Spain is also well equipped for the beginning of the struggle, at all events. It has been said that a successful war is a disaster, second only to an unsuccessful one, and it is likely that the United States will find this to be the case on the present occasion.

As an immediate preparation for the expected hostilities, orders have been sent from Washington for the American consul, and the American residents to leave Havana, and the order has probably been already acted upon. This is always regarded as a proceeding which shows the imminence of war.

LATER.—The President's message was sent to Congress on Monday. It asks that body to authorize the President to take measures to secure a termination of hostilities in Cuba, and to secure the establishment of a stable government there, and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for those purposes.

THE HON. W. E. GLADSTONE'S ILLNESS.

The British public generally deeply regret to hear that the Hon. W. E. Gladstone is so seriously ill that but little hope is entertained of his recovery. The Liberal party is especially indebted to him for having led them so long and so ably, and for having gained for them and for the country so many important reforms.

It has been Mr. Gladstone's constant aim to secure a real equality for all creeds in the British dominions, and it is due to him that the Irish Church was disestablished. For this measure of justice the people of Ireland are deeply indebted to the great statesman, and the extension of the franchise, and the reforms effected by making the representation of the people in Parliament more equitable, are measures which have made the government of Great Britain truly a government by the people, which was not the case when the House of Commons was composed in great part of members who had been chosen by a few electors who were completely under the control of powerful and wealthy peers and landlords.

Ireland especially will always hold Mr. Gladstone in grateful remembrance for his unselfish advocacy of her cause. It is due to him that the people of England and Scotland consented to grant such concessions to Ireland's demands as have contributed greatly to the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people, though he did not succeed in gaining for them all that they feel themselves entitled to, and what is needful that they may be well governed. It is due to Mr. Gladstone's advocacy of Irish rights that even the present hostile government was obliged to consent to grant to Ireland a form of local self government, whereby the people of Ireland have a voice at last in the management of their local affairs, similar to that which the populations of England and Scotland enjoy. Though this falls far short of what Ireland needs and justly demands, it will undoubtedly contribute much towards the welfare of the people. Home Rule itself has not been attained as yet, but there is no doubt that the earnest and continuous advocacy of Home Rule by Mr. Gladstone will have its effect sooner or later, and it is the generous support given to Home Rule by the Liberal party, under Mr. Gladstone's leadership, which has made its attainment possible.

That the grand old statesman continues to be of the same opinion as heretofore in regard to Home Rule, was made evident by a letter which he wrote to Mr. John Dillon only a few days before he became seriously ill. It was sent to Mr. Dillon on the occasion of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day by a banquet at the Hotel Cecil in London. Mr. Gladstone said:

"I send a word of sympathy to the banquet on St. Patrick's Day. Your cause is in your own hands. If Ireland is disunited, her cause so long remains hopeless. If, on the contrary, she knows her own mind and is one in spirit, that cause is irresistible."

This is a touching evidence of the interest still felt by the great Liberal statesman in Ireland's welfare, and it ought to have great weight in bringing the factionists who are causing dissension in Ireland to see the folly of their course, and to unite with the main body of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary party.

Mr. Dillon's reply expresses the universal feeling of gratitude which is felt throughout Ireland towards Mr. Gladstone. It was in the form of a telegram sent unanimously by the guests who were honoring St. Patrick, and was as follows:

FREEMASONRY AND LUCIFERIANISM.

The first part of a work entitled "Luciferianism or Satanism in English Freemasonry," has been sent to us by the author, the Rev. L. Fouquet of the Oblate Order, of Calgary, Alberta. The purpose of the book is to prove that devil-worship, such as has been known to exist among certain degrees of Freemasonry in Europe, is also to be found in the same order in England.

Our readers will remember that Leo Taxil, within the last few years, published most astounding accounts of the deeds of the devil-worshippers, and as he had been a leader in Freemasonry it was presumed that on his pretended conversion to Catholicity, his testimony settled the question that Luciferianism is practiced with horrible and sacrilegious ceremonies to an alarming extent among the Freemasons. To substantiate his story he brought forward the name of Diana Vaughan as his chief witness. This lady was represented to have no less a title than "Inspector General of the Palladium, and the promised bride of Asmodeus," one of the princes of Satan's Empire, having subservient to him seventy devils of inferior degree.

Many honest people were deceived by these pretended revelations of the secret doings of the Luciferians, though many others doubted from the existence of this Diana Vaughan, and even the attention of the authorities of the Catholic Church was called to the matter, and a commission of investigation was appointed by the Holy See to enquire into the question. This committee came to the conclusion that Diana Vaughan was a fraud, having existed only in Leo Taxil's fertile imagination, and it was made known that the report would be to this effect. Leo Taxil then determined that, rather than be thus ignominiously shown to be an impostor, he would himself make known that he had been guilty of an impudent fraud, and that his Diana Vaughan was an imaginary being.

Leo Taxil's book was written merely to make money, and to throw doubt upon what was known of the character of Luciferian Freemasonry; for it needed but little foresight to see that when it would come to the knowledge of the public that his revelations were fictitious; many people would push their conclusions further and conclude that all that has ever been discovered concerning the worship of satan in Freemasonry was an imposture also.

But long before Leo Taxil's time it was known that this diabolical worship existed, and Taxil's fraud only leaves the matter as it stood before he made his astounding revelations.

There is no doubt that continental Freemasonry aimed, and still aims, at the destruction of Christianity, and the Rev. L. Fouquet's book sets forth many proofs, independently of Leo Taxil, that this is the case. It is also shown that in many of the degrees horrible and unlawful oaths are taken. Thus, in the British "Red covered rituals," the "Apprentice" solemnly swears to observe the regulations of the order and to keep its secrets, "under noless a penalty than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the root, and my body buried in the sand of the sea at low water mark, or a cable's length from the shore where the tide regularly ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours . . . or to be branded as a wilful perjured individual."

As many persons would be shocked to take the oath with this clause, there are other "blue rituals" in which the form of oath is somewhat modified. It is needless to say that whether meant as a reality or not, such oaths are essentially evil. They are abominable if

serious, and if not serious, they are a sacrilegious use of God's Holy name, which is thus taken in vain.

Father Fouquet shows that the evil features of Freemasonry exist in its British and American forms, as well as on the continent of Europe, though it may be that the fact of its hostility to religion has been better concealed from outsiders, and as it is only to the tried Freemasons who can be relied on to carry out the anti Christian designs of the order, that its real objects are made known, even the Freemasons themselves are kept in the dark concerning these objects which those who manage the order have in view.

Very wisely have Catholics been forbidden by many Popes successively, either to join the Masonic order, or to encourage it in any way.

UNFILIAL CHILDREN.

The New York Sun, and some other journals of that city, tell a shocking story of filial depravity which recently occurred, revealing a phase of humanity which is certainly not creditable to the civilization of our present age of progress. We can scarcely conceive that such an enormity could occur in the much misrepresented dark ages of history. At that period, before modern discoveries gave the opportunities for the general diffusion of knowledge, which has become a reality today, men were not so skilled with book learning, and only a few could be really learned, but there was at least a generally diffused knowledge of the law of God, and a respect for it, and even the spirit of chivalry which then existed aided much in leading people to do, from human motives, at least, what was honorable and just, and to pay due respect to parents and superiors.

The New York occurrence to which we refer is this: A poor woman was found dead in bed in a house where she had been living for seven weeks with friends who had commiserated her desolate condition.

From a letter found in her room it became known that she had written some time before to her son, H. Carroll White, who is at present studying for the ministry in a Presbyterian theological seminary at Philadelphia. This worthy young man acknowledges having received letters from his mother, who said she was in great distress, but he tells her plainly that she must not trouble him with such letters, as he cannot help her, because his college expenses are very large, and he has to pay his own way.

He expressed sorrow at her distress, but he reminds her that he had a hard struggle to get education, toward which she had never contributed a dollar, so that he imagines himself under very little if any obligation to her. In fact, he says, she had only supported him during eight of the twenty six years of his life, after which she had left him in homes and asylums, until "he came to the determination to dig out for himself."

To all this he adds that he must think soon of getting a wife and a home, all of which requires money, so that he must begin to lay by something for his future needs, without doing anything for his mother; though he says that after he shall have begun his work in California he may be able to do something for her. In conclusion he tells her that surely the friends who are supporting her now will give her a bed and something to eat, for he can do nothing for her, and he can write no more to her as he is very busy with his studies.

It is surely a strange state of affairs when a student for the Christian ministry can thus proclaim that he does not feel himself bound by the divine commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

The son's letter was written on March 14, so that the mother did not long survive his cruelty. They are told by the papers that she was sixty-three years of age at the time of her death. Twenty-four years ago her husband died leaving her alone to bring up her son, which she managed to do during the next six years, after which, finding she could not earn enough to support both, she placed the boy in a juvenile asylum until he was able to make out a living for himself.

For a year before her death Mrs. White, being broken down in health, could not work, and was taken into an almshouse, where she remained until a few weeks ago. She then wrote her son for help, and received the answer we have given above in brief. It appears, therefore, to be true that the mother did not take so much care of her son during his whole childhood, as parents usually do, but it was because she was unable to do so, and certainly her poor circumstances did not exempt the son from the fulfillment of his filial duties according to the law of God. Besides, that son had his mother's care for the eight earliest years of his life at all events, and he was under the obligation of gratitude, as well as the natural obligation of filial respect, to care for his mother in her necessities condition. The education he is acquiring will be of little benefit to him, if he has not learned this, and we fear that the ministerial work to which he intends to devote himself will have but little fruit, as it is accompanied with so much heartlessness.

It is to be feared that at the present day there is much heartlessness of the same kind that this young student has shown. We have met with instances of children who owed much more to their parents than did Mr. H. Carroll White to his mother, and who have made their parents' declining years wretched by their ingratitude and deliberate abuse, even when those parents had shown to the last only unalterable love even for their degenerate offspring.

"Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, Than the sea monster!"
 The unselfish love of such parents for their children is well described by Rudyard Kipling:

Almighty God has promised to dutiful children a special reward, the like of which is not attached to the fulfillment of any other commandment of the decalogue:
 "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou may'st be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee." (Ex. xx, 12)

GODLESS EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

In Ontario the Public schools are not entirely without the recognition of God, as prayers are recited at the opening and closing of school in 93 per cent of the schools of the Province, and in 43 per cent such religious teaching is imparted as may be drawn from the mere reading of the Bible without commentary by the teacher. The conscientious convictions of the minority are respected by a provision in the law whereby those who do not wish to be present may absent themselves from these devotional exercises. We must add to this mention of the provisions made for religious instruction in the province, that in 131 per cent of the schools it is reported by the Minister of Education that there is more full religious instruction given. This will be chiefly found to take place in the Catholic and Protestant Separate schools, so that we have still four hundred and four Public schools properly so called, or 7 per cent, in which there is ample religious instruction. We know that in many if not in most instances this occurs in the Public schools of thoroughly Catholic localities.

The provisions of the law whereby these results are secured constitute a minimum of what we can call religious teaching, but Catholics, whose convictions are that a religious education is necessary, have their principles respected by the right which they enjoy to establish Separate Catholic schools wherever their own taxes, or voluntary contributions, supplemented by a small Government grant, are sufficient for the maintenance of a school. With the exception that these Catholic schools are not in every respect placed upon an equal footing with the Public schools, these provisions afford the necessary freedom of education for which Catholics have contended, and at the same time, in no case are the rights of Protestants invaded, as they are not taxed in any form for the support of the Catholic schools. It may, indeed, be said that the rights of Protestants are over-guarded, as they are not even allowed to pay their taxes for the maintenance of Catholic schools when they send their children to them, as happens in many instances, sometimes because the Public school is so distant from their residences that it is difficult for them to send their children to it, and often because they prefer that their children should have the benefit of the moral influence existing in the Catholic schools.

There ought, of course, to be a change in the law whereby the Catholic schools should receive the taxes of those Protestants who send their children to them, the more especially as facilities are afforded to Catholics to send their children to the Public schools, and to pay their school taxes

them. No Ontario are more than are in the States, where the laws for even for Ch kind.
 In some un States it has the liberall majority, and made whereb to secure fro time, without share in the educatio rangemets existing law have frequen them from be other instan majority has ministrs to r rangemets A recent torney-Genel been giv ably becom any such con referred to i the future, at and the court the West hav These are a States pupil cite the Lord read the Bibl class in the held to be a prohibs reli in the Public may be const in seems to b the reading r respectully, "The comble and rep cannot be doo tianity with gratitude and reverence, a the Suprem essence of wo It would s an irreveren ated, the res ing of the s hibited. This decis godless char in the United "Futh Tru Still Tru pions of t ing one of the m ing works we time. It is a and argumen usefal and de amples of a st anecdotes in and of every p for the enlig education of m contains a clearly and evi sient author Mowsoner, wh His Grace Ar Dr. Casey of Shea, the ecel and others. In this work with pleasure and at once, s we meet with mation on the Christian rel most interesti of the Divine childhood, m God-man; wh on the Azony Redeemer, w of His glorious into Heaven. and Old Testa wholly origin are given of Angels, the personal divi and his most sary, the imm "Truth Tri strong chapte abiding anho and infalibil in the persu of C in all time to "Truth T beautiful pag and the Chr which the kn Heaven by th ail sanctity; put in practi voice speaki walked in His lie. All thes tions are so an of Church, his as to make "welcom gift ion in every "Without an trusion of vex and non-Cath religion and clearly and "Truth Tri careful perus poor, to the u and deeply "This great office of Cath busness in New cities of the PEOPLE The Engli themselves a which the Sp Cubans. Th tion for the made in this contrarios fr the people under thei Ireland? H help to exte have felt con these people can ill afford over liberally world, have

to them. Nevertheless Catholics in Ontario have much better provided for than are the Catholics of the United States, where there is no provision in the laws for Catholic education, nor even for Christian education of any kind.

In some municipalities of the United States it has occurred that, through the liberality of the local Protestant majority, an arrangement has been made whereby Catholics were enabled to secure freedom of education for a time, without entirely forfeiting their share in the appropriations made for educational purposes, but such arrangements are precarious under the existing laws, and the State officials have frequently interfered to prevent them from being carried out, and in other instances the temporarily liberal majority has been worked upon by the ministers to upset the satisfactory arrangements which had been made.

A recent decision by the Attorney-General of Missouri has been given whereby it will probably become impossible to make any such compromise as those we have referred to in favor of Catholics, for the future, at all events in that State, and the courts in some other States in the West have given similar decisions. These are to the effect that in these States pupils cannot be permitted to recite the Lord's Prayer, or teachers to read the Bible or allow it to be read in class in the schools. Such acts are held to be a violation of the law, which prohibits religious worship of any kind in the public schools. Strange as it may be considered, the Missouri decision seems to be based upon the fact that the reading of the bible would be done respectfully, for it says:

"The continuous reading of the bible and repeating the Lord's Prayer cannot be done by believers in Christianity without feelings of the deepest gratitude and a holy sense of honor, reverence, adoration and homage to the Supreme Being, which is the essence of worship."

It would seem, therefore, that while an irreverent reading might be tolerated, the respectful and devout reading of the scripture is entirely prohibited.

This decision emphasizes the totally godless character of the Public schools in the United States.

NEW BOOK.

"**Truth Triumphant,**" or **Better and Still More Appropriate Title, "Champions of the Church Victorious"**

is one of the most valuable and most interesting works we have perused in a very long time. It is a compendium of sacred history and argumentative theology; a book of most useful and desirable information, with examples of a striking character, and pleasant anecdotes in illustration of every lesson told, and of every point made, whether intended for the enlightenment of the mind or the education of the heart. "Truth Triumphant" contains summaries of the most serious and important Christian truths made clearly evident and lucidly explained by such eminent authors as Pope, St. Basil, the late Monsignor de Sagor, Cardinal Gibbons, His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, the Canons of Washington University, and St. Isaac, the ecclesiastical historian of America, and others.

In this work, which every one may read with pleasure and understanding, and which, at once, so engaging and simple its style, and so full of most valuable information on the principal mysteries of the Christian religion, and which is perhaps the most interesting sketches on the birthplace of the Divine Saviour; on Nazareth, on the childhood, miracles and teachings of the God-man; while beautiful passages are written on the Agony and Crucifixion of the World's Redeemer, with ample and absorbing details of His glorious Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven. Then follows Gospel History and Old Testament lore in which useful and wholly original, if catechetical, explanations are given of God's Providence, of the Office of Angels, the glory of the saints, also of a personal devil, "the instigator of all sin," and his most powerful and successful adversary, the immaculate Mother of God.

"Truth Triumphant" includes a very strong chapter on the necessity of a living, abiding authority in a Church indefeasible and infallible, and the maintenance and perpetuation of Christian knowledge and ethics, in all times to the world's consummation.

"Truth Triumphant" presents some beautiful passages on the ten commandments, and the Christian counsels and virtues, of which the knowledge was brought to us from all sanctity; and which were observed and put in practice by the saints who heard His voice speaking within their hearts, and walked in His footsteps courageously through life. All these lessons, sermons and instructions are so artistically interwoven with tales of Church history, anecdotes and examples as to make "Truth Triumphant" a most welcome gift and most valuable companion in every Christian household.

Without any attempt at controversy or intrusion of vexed questions between Catholics and non-Catholics, this whole plan of the true religion and of the means of salvation is so clearly and so convincingly laid down in the natural order of the mind, to the scholar and the unlearned alike, that it is a most valuable possession to the owners of it.

This great work has been issued from the office of Catholic Publications, which has offices in New York, Boston, and all the great cities of the United States.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, ETC.

The English newspapers are expressing themselves as much shocked at the way in which the Spaniards are starving the poor Cubans. They express their greatest admiration for the sympathy and noble bearing made in this country to save the Cuban exiles from starving. But what about the people that are present, starving, under their own rule in the west and south of Ireland? Have they no sympathy or no help to extend to these poor people? We have felt compelled to appeal on behalf of these people to our readers, most of whom can ill afford to help them. Yet several, not over liberally endowed with the goods of this world, have come forward with noble gener-

osity to help the starving in Ireland. Did the English newspapers ever have anything but gibes and sneers for the Irish servant girls in this country whose generosity to their relatives and friends in Ireland is perhaps without parallel in history?—New World.

ANGLICANS AND THE EUCHARIST.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have sent Cardinal Vaughan a joint letter which is remarkable for two things: first, it is studiously dignified and polite; and secondly, it makes no answer to the inquiry propounded by the Catholic hierarchy of England. It will be remembered that the Cardinal and his suffragans bluntly asked their Grace to enunciate the teachings of Anglican body on the subject of the Eucharist. If the Catholic doctrine were announced, the Low Church party would cut loose; if the Real Presence were denied, the High Church party would be put to flight. But Protestantism is a religion of compromise, and both York and Canterbury, deeming silence the best course, can only say: "The Church of England has clearly stated her position with respect to this doctrine, and it is unnecessary for us to say that we heartily and firmly concur in the judgment which she has pronounced." The prudences of their Grace is very like the prudences of that exceptional Irish soldier who deserted in the face of the enemy. When charged with cowardice, he answered sharply: "Begorra, I'd rather be a coward for five minutes than a corpse all the rest of me life!"—Ave Maria.

THE PURITANS.

The world is gradually getting the proper focus on the Puritans. Wendell Phillips said a Puritan's notion of hell was "a place where every one would be compelled to mind his own business." Parkman, in his excellent volume of republication says of them: "Children are taught that the Puritans came to New England in search of religious liberty. The liberty they sought was for themselves alone. It was the liberty to worship in their own way, and to prevent all others from doing the like. They imagined that they held a monopoly of religious truth, and were bound in conscience to defend it against all comers. Their mission was to build up a Western Canada, ruled by the law of God; to keep it pure from error, and if need were, purge it of heresy by persecution—to which ends they set up one of the most detestable theocracies recorded. Church and State were joined in one. Church members alone had the right to vote. There was no choice but to remain politically a cipher or embrace, or pretend to embrace, the extreme doctrines of Calvin. Never was such a premium offered to cant and hypocrisy."—Western Watchman.

THOMPSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

The poet believes in a personal God; for him no vague, empty shadow, but a Reality that takes an interest in our lives, raises us with love, pardons us with sorrow, gives us our heritage of death. His faith is strong in that dogmatic so sedulously guarded by the Church. To him the Incarnation is the basis of life, the pedestal on which rests the staircase that winds to Heaven. Christ is no mere prophet, no mere philosopher, as Socrates or Plato; no mere sayer of sentences to prop life, but God. Christ came with a mission to teach, and that mission held the true philosophy of life. Your ordinary philosopher, who laboriously hammers from the shreds of the past some unique something which he calls philosophy, takes particular care to gather around him while living a band of disciples, that these same disciples after his death may found a society for the perpetuation of his theories. Who will question that Christ, whose sufferings and sorrows in the bearing of His message to man a human description, used the same wise precaution as do the philosophers who breast the crest of the wave for a day and then sink to rise no more? Is it to be thought that philosophy that was crowned with a Calvary could be thrown, unperceived, to the crowd, as lions the dogs, to cause but snarl and contention? Laws are not for the populace to use them with their every whim.—Walter Lecky in March Donahoe's.

A GROUP OF CONVERTS.

The Catholic University, of Cleveland, Ohio, refers as follows to the recent conversions in New York, a report of which appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD of last week:

Such instances command public attention through the secular press, because of the prominence of the individuals concerned, but they are, after all, merely a surface indication of the great movement everywhere active among seriously religious non-Catholics.

Various influences set in motion the current of religious thought that ultimately ends in the return to the true fold of descendants of those who left it at the time of the "Reformation" or since. But it is always, in the case of sincere seekers after spiritual light, the grace of God, the reward of pure love of truth, that produces the final change of heart and restores again the wanderer to the visible brotherhood of God's Church.

In recent times the conversion, social and intellectual position of many converts has been an instrumentality affecting the religious character of others, and with this condition has no intrinsic merit in the sciences, it nevertheless influences a certain large class through their external sensibilities, and stimulates their interest in a question of vital importance, when, perhaps, nothing else would. God's ways are inscrutable, and while we cannot explain the processes of human thought and action springing from unexpected and apparently irrelevant circumstances, we must accept the fact proclaimed by results.

Changes of faith on the part of well known converts, prominent either in learning or fashion undoubtedly has a tendency to draw others of their kind in the same direction, and who follow in their wake, is not necessarily imitative. It must be regarded as an evidence of God's kind providence which is disseminated, that they are not always clear and comprehensive. The Romanist movement thus manifesting itself among all classes of our separated brethren, and notably in the ranks of the better educated and more earnestly religious remnant of Protestantism, is a natural and logical effect of the failure of the system to satisfy the spiritual cravings of serious souls for the positive and nourishing, in matters of doctrine and devotion.

IN AUSTRALIA TOO.

Whoever Protestantism secures a foothold and can control affairs Catholics are sure to be deprived of their rights and privileges, especially in matters educational. The latest exhibition of this intolerant spirit comes from far away Australia. The Protestant bigot in the same in the colonies as he is in Canada, in the United States, in England or in Ulster. The Sydney Catholic Press gives us a view of his operations on the other side of the earth. We quote: "In this colony a system of educational legislation has been introduced that penalizes Catholics because of their religious principles, and that, in regard to the tyrannous nature of its results, differs only in degree from the dread penal laws that for centuries in England and Ireland elevated the plundering, robbing and judicial murdering of unoffending Catholics into one of the cardinal virtues. The liberty-loving people of this colony have no scruple in compelling Catholics to support schools that they cannot use, and which, in many cases, they are obliged to help to maintain, to support schools that they firmly believe are 'the coffin, grave and winding sheet' of every trace of religion and morality. The maintenance of such schools they regard as a virulent attack on the faith that they hold so dear, and the conscience of the Catholic parent is grossly outraged in

being compelled by law to pay taxes to support a school system which he abhors. The language quoted brings up to the American mind a very familiar picture. There is little difference at all from the picture that has been painted on this side of the Atlantic hundreds of times, depicting the same old story. The Catholics are taxed to support the Public schools. This system of educational laws is such that no Catholic can stately send his children there. What is he to do? Simply pay the money demanded, and then set up a school at his own expense. We may quote our contemporary one more to show how loyal the Catholics of Australia are to the Church and to its teachings with respect to education. It says: "Catholics cannot allow their children, however, to grow up in ignorance, and consequently the law compels them to build and support their own schools, thus doubtfully taxing them—compelling them to contribute to the education of the children of those hostile to their faith, and making them bear all the expenses. The education of their own children and the self-sacrifice displayed by Catholics in thus bravely bearing this heavy burden, and in competing with all the educational machinery of the State, has become things of the sublime over the history of the colony. This is exactly what the Catholics of Manitoba and the United States are compelled to do. Protestantism wherever found is the same intolerant, unjust and oppressive system of taxation, and the same intolerance, and his notorious daughter Elizabeth.—Boston Republic.

CLEAR THINGS FOR YOUNG READERS.

It is very clear that if I never drink intoxicating liquors I shall never become a drunkard. It is very clear that if I never use intoxicating liquors I shall never become a drunkard. It is very clear that if I never go with drinking companions I shall escape many of the temptations and snares that are laid for the young. It is very clear that if I drink intoxicating liquor frequently, I may learn to like it, and so become a drunkard. It is very clear that if the drunkard would be reclaimed he must abstain from that which has made and that which keeps him a drunkard.—Sacred Heart Review.

"Happy day! happy day! When Jesus washed my sins away!"

THE "REMOVAL" OF BRANN.

A despatch from Waco, Texas, April 3, announces the killing of W. C. Brann, editor of the famous Leconteist of that place, and recalls that Brann, who had been a member of the funeral of two men who had tried to murder a friend of Brann's last November. "The Rev. Harvey Carroll, who preached the funeral oration over the bodies of the two men, in unbridled language W. C. Brann's Leconteist assaults upon the Baylor University as cause of the tragedy, and predicted that others would follow unless Brann himself was removed."

Mr. Brann has been "removed." Captain M. P. Davis mortally wounded him in a prompt duel, but received his own death-wound at the same time. Originally a Baptist minister, his sharp criticisms of the Leconteist in regard to that denomination drew down upon Mr. Brann the anger of his co-religionists, and he was expelled from membership in the fold. Then when he went to Waco, he was taken to the house of a young man, converted, and brought from Brazil to the Baptist Baylor University of Waco, only to be most fully wronged by some person or persons belonging thereto, the people of the University decided to vindicate themselves by murdering the expositor.

Last October he was kidnapped by some students of the University and severely beaten. On the 6th of the same month, says the Waco Herald:

"He was assaulted by J. B. Scarborough, one of the trustees of the university, and his son, who at the point of a revolver made him throw away his arms. When Brann drew the revolver pointed at Brann the father assailed him with a heavy cane, knocking him down. W. R. Hamilton, another student, then beat him with a stick. When he lay on his back he was so badly injured that his life was despaired of."

Shortly afterwards, as mentioned in The Pilot, Brann, was assaulted on the street by the brothers Harris and although himself severely wounded, succeeded in killing both of his adversaries. It was on the occasion of the funeral of Judge Gerald's assassins that Rev. Carroll suggested the "removal" of Editor Brann.

We do not endorse of Mr. Brann's sentiments, and still less do we approve of his "removal." But he deserves the fate that they have gained for him by so disposing of a hostile critic? Then they must be sadly ignorant of history; else they would know that their deed, nation lest nothing, but rather produce the final change of heart and restore again the wanderer to the visible brotherhood of God's Church.

There are no actual martyrs in the tales. Mr. Brann does not survive.—Boston Pilot.

OPPOSED TO RITUALISM.

A press despatch dated London (Eng.) April 10, states that the anti-ritualist crusade of John Kensit, the layman who, on Jan. 15, 1897, caused a sensation by reading a protest against the election of Dr. Mendell Creighton, as Bishop of London, in succession to the Most Rev. Frederick Teaple, now Archbishop of Canterbury, on the ground of Dr. Creighton's alleged desire to "undo the work of the Reformation by introducing the trinkets of Rome," etc., has been especially vigorous during Holy Week, culminating in extraordinary scenes in St. Cuthbert's (Anglican) church on Good Friday, where, as is customary during past years, the order of the service consisted in chanting St. John's story of the Passion, on the same lines as the Oberammergau play, the officiating clergy taking the roles of Christ, Pilate and Caiaphas. One of the central features is known as the "Veneration of the Cross," and the crucifix was being removed from the altar to the steps, where the clergy, acolytes, and congregation advance in pairs, prostrate themselves and kiss the figure of Christ. At the end of the procession was Mr. Kensit, surrounded by a body of friends. They advanced to the altar steps, but instead of kneeling, Kensit horrified the congregation by suddenly seizing the crucifix, raising aloft, and frantically rushing towards the door, shouting: "In the name of God, I denounce this idol-

atry and Poper in the Church of England. May God help me!"

A most painful scene ensued. A crowd of people surrounded Mr. Kensit, and struck him and wrestled with him, one man going so far as to thrust a handkerchief into Mr. Kensit's mouth in order to gag him. Finally the congregation rescued the crucifix, and the police entered the church and arrested Mr. Kensit.

RELIGION AND FEELING.

Ave Maria.

The Rev. Dr. Frysinger, of Dickinson College, is widely known to Catholic readers as the clergyman who rashly provoked Father Ganax to a discussion of "Matriolatry" in the pages of this magazine. There is no good reason why his sermons should be selected for criticism except that they are typical examples of the attitude of the average Protestant minister to the Catholic Church. We have been favored with his latest published discourse, the body of which is made up of assumptions and assertions which prove him to be a man of deep prejudices and restricted views. But there is one passage which we deem worthy of attention, because it embodies a favorite fallacy of modern Protestantism: our good friends know their sins are forgiven, because they feel it so. Thus Dr. Frysinger: "The joy of the Lord is the strength of Protestantism. The joy of freedom from sin, which it preaches as the privilege of all, is the experience of its people. They believe their sins forgiven, not because they have been pronounced forgiven by any human lips, but because they have experienced forgiveness; and each sing for himself,

"Happy day! happy day! When Jesus washed my sins away!"

"Ye shall know the truth," said Jesus; "and the truth shall make you free." Let us answer him as did Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Amen."

Now, with all due respect to the Doctor, we must observe that that sort of "joy of the Lord" is not easily distinguished from nervous excitement; and we are not a little surprised to find it so popular with one who favors Protestantism because, as he would say, it is so intellectual, so judiciously calm. Forgiveness of sin is not a matter of feeling; religion is not a mere question of sentiment; the approval of God. The true conception of the relation that exists between religion and feeling is so well set forth by Bishop Hedley in his Lenten pastoral that, for the edification of our readers no less than for the instruction of Dr. Frysinger, and others who share his notion, we quote it entire:

"It must be plainly understood that true conversion of the heart is not necessarily accompanied by any strong or marked feeling of peace, joy, or fervor. We must carefully distinguish mere feeling from solid determination and a mind made up to serve God. Religion is not feeling. Our feelings are not always at our command or under our control. But, with God's help, we can always use our free will and be determined to live and obey Almighty God. This is true religion. Sometimes our feelings help us to do this, and sometimes they hinder us. When they help us, it is much easier to be good; but when they do not help us, we often times gain more merit.

"When a man is really repentant and converted, it happens not unfrequently, perhaps generally, that his repentance is followed by much peace and serenity of conscience, and that he experiences great consolation of spirit. But we must beware or considering these effects as the essential part of conversion, for a man might have them without being converted at all. What is called 'conversion' in religious organizations outside of the Catholic Church is often feeling and nothing more. We have all seen or heard of such conversions. A man has led a sinful life. One day he finds himself listening to a powerful preacher; or, perhaps, experiences some great shock, in which there seems to be a certain divine intervention. Then, suddenly, the whole current of life and thought seems to be changed. He hears Jesus calling; he knows he is forgiven; he feels as if he never could offend God again. And this is accompanied by peace and joy, and by an exaltation of feeling, which impels the newly converted to confess, to sing, to shout, or to leap.

"There is no need to deny that such 'conversions' take place. For all that is good in them we may thank the Holy Spirit, who by no means confines His prevalent and awakening grace within the boundaries of His Catholic Church. Men may be permanently changed for the better by them, but true conversions they are not. First, there is no real repentance for the past; next, there is no resolution to avoid sin, and the occasions of sin, for the future; thirdly, there seems really to be no active use of one's will toward God at all; no begging for mercy, no holy fear, no homage, no acts of love. There is only the surrender to an impulse: the heart is caught on the crest of a wave of feeling, and it seems as if it were being lifted to the heavens. But it is more likely to be flung high and dry upon the barren sand. For the feeling recedes, the emotion dies down, and then, perhaps, things go on just as before. Even if they do not— even if there is a real change—the past remains unrepented of, and all the future is at the mercy of impulses, similar in kind, some contrary, some divergent; but none of them guided

and controlled by the faith, the hope, the obedience, and the prayer which are taught and enforced by the traditions of the True Church.

"Around us, dear children in Jesus Christ, belonging to one or other of the many forms of religious opinion which claim to be called by the name of Christian, there are numberless hearts which from time to time truly turn to God and long to give themselves wholly to His service. But they live in a generation which has lost the true Christian tradition. Not that any genuine cry of the soul will ever be, or can ever be, disregarded by our Heavenly Father, from whomsoever His creatures it may come. But one fugitive cry is not enough. Every man has a part, and every man's life goes on, with added moments and accumulating responsibility, to that mark on the dial of time which is fixed for its limit. Life is concerned with many things; the powers and impulses of man are various and complex; help must be had against temptations; questions of right and wrong must be answered; faith must be reckoned with; spiritual hurts must be repaired, and God's Commandments must in all things be obeyed. No man can, in these most serious matters, be his own guide. The most learned of men can not in these things pretend by their own light or study to guide other men or even themselves. There is no way to firm and secure belief, to solid and genuine conversion, to safe and trustworthy perseverance, except to place oneself within that great school of divine illumination which has dominated the past and which claims the attention of the world at present in the one true Church."

The Catholic Church.

There is something extremely touching in the material, accessible, and poetical character of Catholicity; and the soul finds a constant asylum in her quiet chapels, before the Christmas candles, in the soft, purifying atmosphere of incense, in the outstretched arms of the heavenly Mother, while it stinks down before her in humility, filial meekness, and contemplation of the Saviour's love. The Catholic churches, with their ever open portals, their ever burning lamps, the ever resounding voices of thanksgiving, with their masses, their ever-recurring festivals and days of commemoration, declare with touching truth, that here the arms of a mother are ever open, ready to refresh every one who is troubled and heavy laden; that here the sweet rest of love is prepared for all, and a refuge is by day and night. When we consider this constant occupation of priests, this carrying in and out of the Holy of Holies, the fulness of emblems, the ornaments, varying every day like the changing leaves of a flower, the Catholic Church appears like a deep, copious well in the midst of a city, which collects around it all the inhabitants, and whose waters perpetually cool, refresh, bless, and pervade all around.

Live much in the open air, touch elbows with the rank and file, and see every day some man who is your superior. Hold to these rules; anyway, these three will do for a beginning.—Edward Everett Hale: Mr. Tangier's Vacation.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON.

London, April 11. Wheat—No. 1 at 82 1/2 per bush, 29-10 to 30-3-4 per bush; peas, 31 to 34 per bush; rice, 33 to 35 to 35 1/2; per bush; corn, 4 1/2 to 4 1/2; per bush; barley, 25 to 26; per bush; beans, 20 to 26; per bush; barley, 33 to 34; per bush; all spring; barley, 4 to 4 1/2; per bush; all winter; beans, 8 to 9; per bush. A large number of cargoes of wheat, all grades, are quoted at \$3.59 per cwt. A large number of cargoes of corn, all grades, are quoted at \$1.00 per bush, retail. Maple sugar, 15 cents a pound. Potatoes, 80 cents a bush. Cabbages, 23 to 24 cents a dozen. Spring peas, 40 to 50 cents per bush. Hay, \$3.50 per ton.

MONTREAL.

Montreal, April 11. Flour—Receipts, 200 bbls; market quiet.

TORONTO.

Toronto, Ont., April 11.—Wheat—Few transactions reported. Better demand for export and shipment of two or three months from Western Ontario. Cargos of red winter north and west are quoted at \$5 to \$5 1/2, with many holders asking \$7. Manitoba grades as steady; No. 1 hard, is quoted at from \$1.11 north and grinding in transit at \$1.13. The price of four is quiet. Cargos of spring roller, in barrels, west, are quoted at \$1.93, and in sacks, at \$1.97. Cargos of \$1.20 to \$1.25; and quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.11. Barley, quiet; No. 1 is quoted at 38; No. 2, 37; and No. 3, 36; per cwt. Cargos of oats, white, west, are quoted at \$1.20 to \$1.25; and red, at \$1.10 to \$1.15. Cargos of corn, north and west are quoted at 55 to 56.

PORT HURON.

Port Huron, Mich., April 11.—Wheat—Wheat, per bush, \$7 to 8 cents; oats, per bush, 25 to 26 cents; corn, per bush, 25 to 32 cents; rice, per bush, 12 to 14 cents; buckwheat, per bush, 25 to 29 cents; barley, 30 to 60 cents per 100 pounds; peas, 40 to 45 cents per bush; bean, unshelled, 10 to 50 cents per bush; bucked, 70 to 80 cents per bush.

Produce.—Butter, 14 to 16 cents per pound; eggs, 18 cents per dozen; lard, 6 to 7 cents per pound; honey, 7 to 10 cents per pound; cheese, 10 to 11 cents per pound.

Hay and straw.—Hay \$5.00 to \$6.00 per ton; the city market; baled hay, \$5.00 to \$6.00 per ton in car lots; straw, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per ton.

Vegetables and Fruits.—Potatoes, 55 to 60 cents per bushel; onions, 35 to 40 cents per bushel; cabbages, 20 to 25 cents per dozen; turnips, 20 to 25 cents per bushel; apples, green, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per bushel; red, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per bushel.

Dressed Meat.—Beef, Michigan, \$5.50 to \$7.00 per cwt.; live weight, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per cwt.; Chicago, \$4.00 to \$7.00 per cwt.; Pork—Light, \$7.50 to \$8.00; heavy, \$8.75 to \$9.00; live weight, \$3.25 to \$3.60 per cwt.

Mutton—\$6.00 to \$6.50 per cwt. Lamb—\$6 to \$8.50 per cwt. Veal—\$7.00 to \$8.00 per cwt. Poultry—Chickens, 9 to 10 per pound; fowls, 7 to 8 cents per pound; ducks, \$7 to 8 cents per pound; turkeys, 10 to 12 cents per pound; geese, 10 cents per pair alive; geese, 7 to 8 cents per pound.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

EAST BUFFALO.

East Buffalo, N. Y., April 11.—Cattle—Receipts continued through, the market is regarded as steady and firm for good heavy grades, or fat butchers' stock, and outlook fair, but at the decline about all were sold; cows steady at \$5 to \$5.25. Hogs—Receipts, 10 cents; market declined slow and draggy, while prices for all kinds were lower; good to choice Yorks, \$4.00 to \$4.25; prime selected, light Yorks, \$3.50 to \$4.00; mixed packers' grades, \$3.00 to \$3.50; medium weights, \$2.75; heavy hogs, \$4.10; roughs, \$3.25 to \$3.63; stags, \$3.00 to \$3.15; pigs, \$2.25 to \$3.75. Sheep and Lamb Receipts, 25 cars, fair demand, and sales of good heavy grades of all kinds were at about steady former prices, but clipped lambs were in best demand; active inquiry, choice to extra, \$8.00 to \$9.10; fair to good, \$6.00 to \$7.00; common, \$5.00 to \$5.25; yearlings, fair mixed, \$4.25 to \$5.10; heavy to \$5.25; clipped lambs, \$3.50 to \$4.10; heavy to \$4.50; common to fair, \$4.25 to \$4.15; extra to common, \$4.50 to \$4.80; clipped sheep, \$3.15 to \$3.35; heavy, do, \$3.80 to \$4.35.

98-IRELAND-98

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County Wexford Celebrations,
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AUGUST
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Cornwall Canal and River Reaches.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Improvements at Upper Entrance of Cornwall Canal and River Reaches" will be received at my office until 5 o'clock on Saturday, the 29th day of April, 1906, for the work concerned with the widening, straightening and deepening of the Upper Entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the River Reaches between Cornwall and Cotnam Landing.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen and after the 15th day of April, 1906, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office at Cornwall. Printed forms of Tender can also be obtained at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached to the tender the actual signature of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$1,000 must accompany the tender. This accepted bank cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into a contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted bank cheque must, if it will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

Contractors are specially notified that the condition requiring the works to be wholly completed by the 30th day of November, A. D. 1906, will be rigidly enforced and all penalties for delay claimed.

By order,
L. K. JONES, Secretary,
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 6th April, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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THE REFORMATION—WHAT WAS IT?

The practical inconsistency of our High-church, Ritualistic brethren is really remarkable. They are Catholic and yet they are Protestant. They give with one hand and take back with the other. They try to ride two hobbies at the same time. They denounce the so-called Reformation and yet they follow and approve of it. The irrepressible Littledale, late Ritualistic clergyman in England, declared in the Guardian in 1868:—

"I gravely assert it to be absolutely impossible for any just, educated and religious men who have read the history of the time in genuine sources, to hold two opinions about the Reformers. They were such utterly unredeemed villains, for the most part, that the only parallel I know of for the way in which half-educated people speak of them among us is the appearance of Pontius Pilate among the saints in the Abyssinian Calendar."

Yet, he adopted the fundamental principles of the English Reformation and fought for them with all the energy and, as some think, the unscrupulousness of his nature.

A still near, and if possible, more striking, instance of inconsistency is furnished by "Father" Ritchie, editor of our esteemed Protestant contemporary, the Catholic Champion. In the issue of that very singular paper for the current month he has the following striking passage:—"People sometimes alk of the 'Reformation settlement.' The expression is absurd; the Reformation 'settled' nothing. What it did was to unsettle everything which men for fifteen centuries had believed to have been settled by the revelation of Almighty God. If, by any chance, the Reformation did settle or attempt to settle anything not settled at the time, that attempted settlement must have been a novelty, and therefore it must have been false and calling for rejection. If, therefore, there is such a thing as a 'Reformation settlement' it must be looked upon as something evil and to be overthrown as quickly as possible."

Now, can it be believed that the very same man who gave such an emphatic and unqualified condemnation of the Reformation, in the very next sentence could turn right around and give an equally emphatic commendation of the Reformation? Yet that is what our friend "Father" Ritchie does. In answer to the question "What are the principles of the Reformation?" he replies, apparently without a blush:—"The principles of the Reformation are the very truths of God. . . . God forbid that we should ever depart from the principles of the Reformation. They were excellent. They are the principles that must at length triumph."

But how reconcile this practical inconsistency? It is a very simple, if not a very satisfactory, process. The apparent contradiction grows out of the amphibious, ambidextrous system which our friend is laboring to maintain. He is trying to be a Catholic in a Protestant body. He does not like Protestantism—he hates it, and he hates the Reformation for adding it upon the English Church. But he is equally opposed to the Pope, and therefore he glorifies in the Reformation because it cast off the Pope's authority and set up on an independent basis. But how justify himself?

"The Pope, as the head of the old traditional Catholic Church, represents a settled, fixed system of faith and morals, and a supreme authority for teaching and governing the Church. It is a very serious question how a system claiming to be Catholic can maintain its position in opposition to the Pope and his ancient and universal system. This our friend attempts to do in the following declaration:—"The one great principle of the Reformation was the appeal to Holy Scripture as understood by the undivided Church as the only sure foundation of faith and morals."

But Mr. Ritchie knows perfectly well that the very question at issue is What was the teaching of the early Church? The Pope and his followers have no doubt about that, because their system not only embodies, as we have said, the traditional teaching of the Church, but also has an infallible tribunal for deciding disputed cases as they arise, thus furnishing to the faithful solid ground for undoubting faith.

But how is it with the system which "Father" Ritchie represents? If they would make him Pope and recognize his decisions as infallible, there would be some little show of consistency, at least, however baseless the claim might be. But, bless his heart! he is not recognized as orthodox—let alone infallible—even in his own "Branch."

His denunciations of the Reformation and Catholic tendencies are considered almost blasphemous by a very considerable proportion of his own co-religionists.

We also may well ask him: "In what are you better than other denunciations of your fellow Protestants? Do not the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Methodists, and for that matter, even our Unitarian friends, all claim more perfectly to represent the teaching of the early Church than any other? The Unitarians appeal confidently to the testimony of the Fathers, and they produce some very pertinent quotations. Who shall decide between you?"

If you appeal to the creeds of the Church we simply reply that the dispute is even about the real meaning of the creeds, and if we are not mistaken it is not so very many months since a very serious controversy arose over a declaration of the Episcopal Bishops involving the fundamental doctrine of the Incarnation. We not only have

not heard that any decision has ever been made on the subject, but we know very well that no decision can be made that will carry with it the consent of all parties in the Church. No, dear friends, you can not get along without the Pope—logically, theologically, historically or practically. Without him, you are doomed to discussion "without end, in wandering mazes lost." The Reformation never did a worse thing or made a greater blunder than when it threw the Pope overboard and set up on its own hook.—Sacred Heart Review.

ETHAN ALLEN'S DAUGHTER.

A Sketch of the Life of the First American Nun.

The other day this little item appeared in the local columns of a New York paper: "Samuel Mallory Allen, son of Ethan Allen, has obtained permission from Justice Pryor of the Supreme Court to change his name to Ethan Samuel Allen. He lives at 580 St. Nicholas avenue. He says that his great-grandfather was Col. Ethan Allen, famed for his conduct at Ticonderoga, and that his own interests will be substantially promoted by the change of his name. His father, who bears the name of their illustrious ancestor, he says, has been employed by P. Lorillard & Co. for thirty years, and is now secretary of the company."

Just seventy-eight years ago last month, Fanny Allen, "the first American nun," and daughter of the famous hero of Ticonderoga referred to in the above item died at Montreal. Old Ethan Allen's name is yet spoken with emotion by the people of Vermont. It is told of him that on one occasion, when demanding surrender of the enemy, he was asked: "By whose authority?" His answer was: "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." One of Vermont's poets, in his "Grave of Allen" says:

"Upon Winslow's pleasant shore Brave Allen sleeps,
And there beneath the murmuring pine His freedom's consecrated shrine."

Fanny Allen was born in 1784 and her famous father died when she was five years of age. Her mother married again in 1793. Fanny's stepfather was a man capable of appreciating the high minded young girl, and gave her every possible advantage. A writer in the Vermont Gazetteer says: "She inherited much of the energy and decision of her father's character, controlled by womanly gentleness. In person she was rather above than below medium height and of uncommon beauty in form and feature. Her complexion was fair, her eyes dark blue with a singular depth and calmness of expression, while the dignity and ease of her manners gave quiet evidence to the refinement and loveliness of her character."

HER CONVERSION.
The same writer quoted above says: "At this time the gay society of New England was tainted with the species of infidelity introduced and fostered by the writings of Thomas Paine and his disciples, amongst whom Fanny's father had been conspicuous. Her stepfather, Doctor Peniman, was not of that school, but he detested the cant and puritanism of the only religious people he had ever known. He conducted the education of his gifted daughter with the most scrupulous care to avoid entirely all consideration of religion in any form."

When she was about twenty-three years of age she obtained her parents' consent to go to Montreal in order to perfect herself in the French language. Before giving their consent they insisted upon her being baptized by a Protestant preacher. She consented more from a desire to please her parents than from any other reason. The minister who baptized her was the Rev. Daniel Barber, who in after years became a convert himself, as did also Rev. Virgil Barber, who entered the Society of Jesus, whilst his wife became a Visitation nun, their five children following their example by embracing a religious life, four daughters becoming nuns and the son, Samuel, a Jesuit. Mrs. Tyler, a sister of Rev. Virgil Barber, also in later years became a Catholic, her four daughters becoming Sisters of Charity and one of her sons a priest, who was afterwards the first Bishop of Hartford—Bishop Wm. Tyler.

While Fanny Allen was being baptized it is said she laughed continually. After reaching Montreal, she became a boarder in a convent school, and on all occasions took pains to let her unbaptized friends know that she was a Catholic. On a certain occasion, one of the Sisters, whose heart had been touched by the infidelity of the young lady, asked her to carry a vase of flowers and place it upon the altar, beseeching her to adore her Lord, when she entered the sanctuary. Fanny started to fulfill her request, but fully resolved not to bend her knee in adoration. Three times she attempted to enter the sanctuary, but failed. Overcome by her emotions, she fell on her knees and adored her God, of whose presence there she then and forever became fully convinced. In due time she was instructed and baptized. After making her first Communion, she was anxious at once to become a Sister. Her conversion created great excitement throughout Vermont, and she was at once requested to return home, with which request she complied. While at home every argument and inducement was used to dissuade her from her resolution to become a religious. From end to end of the State the matter was discussed and gossiped about. General Ethan Allen's daughter a Catholic Sister! Was Rome to capture Vermont's most distinguished daughter in this unforeseen way? But Fanny Allen was in downright earnest, and she remained at

home with her parents as long as she had promised to stay—one year. At the expiration of the year she returned to Montreal, and in due time she made her profession at the age of twenty-six. Many of her acquaintances from Vermont were present, and their visit was the means of softening many of their foolish notions about convent life. She spent ten years in devoted work in the convent and at the commencement of her eleventh year of religious life she was seized with lung trouble.

HER DEATH.
The annals of the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, thus describe her last days: "The disease becoming alarming, she asked of the Mother Superior to be attended by an American physician of her acquaintance who resided in Montreal. The request was granted. The doctor, who was a Protestant, did all in his power to restore her to health, but in vain. Providence permitted that he was present when she died. When he saw all the Sisters bathed in tears, praying on bended knees, when he heard the priest recite the prayers for the departing soul, he was much impressed; himself falling on his knees, remaining motionless in the most respectful attitude. The Sister Superior having requested him to say if Sister Allen had expired, he raised his eyes to heaven and said: 'Yes, she has expired.' The priest then recited the prayer, 'Come to her assistance, all ye saints of God.' The doctor again knelt down to the end, seeming to be much affected with a sight which was new to him. He published in the papers a relation of the death of Sister Allen. He added that he would never more in this world see the Sisters, but hoped to be reunited to them in Heaven. He left the city of Montreal without informing any one of his project. The Sisters, although they inquired much about him, have never been able to learn whether he went, and conjectured that he had gone to Europe intending to join the Church and enter some religious community."

In the account of Fanny Allen's life by Bishop De Goesbriand in his little volume—"Catholic Memoirs of Vermont and New Hampshire"—from which I have taken most of the above facts, he closes his sketch by quoting these words of Montaigne: "Is this a dream, the page of a romance? Is it only history? the history of a past forever ended? No; once more it is what we behold, and what happens amongst us every day. Who, then, is this invisible Lover, dead upon a cross, eighteen hundred years ago, who thus attracts to Him, youth, beauty and love? Who appears to them clothed with a glory and a charm which they cannot withstand, who seizes on the living flesh of our flesh and drains the purest blood of our blood? Is it a man? No, it is God! There lies the secret; there the key of this sublime and sad mystery. God alone could win such victories and deserve such sacrifices. Jesus, whose God-head is among us daily insulted or denied, proves it daily by those miracles of self-denial and self-devotion which are called vocations. Young and innocent hearts give themselves to Him, to reward Him for the gift He has given us of Himself, and this sacrifice by which we are crucified is but the answer of human love to the love of that God who was crucified for us."—R. C. Gleason in Catholic Columbian.

THE NEED OF RELIGION IN DIRECTING NINETEENTH-CENTURY PROGRESS.

The Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., the able and eloquent orator, gave a Lenten sermon on "The Need of Religion to Direct the Thought of the Nineteenth Century," in St. Patrick's church, Washington, recently. He said in part:—"Every age has its thought. The thought of Greece was beauty, and that thought pursued made Greece a land of beauty. The thought of Rome was power, conquest, and that thought made Rome the mistress of the world. She took for her motto, to spare the conquered and to humble the proud, and never make peace except after victory. The thought of the early Christian ages was martyrdom, and influence by it multitudes gladly gave their blood for Christ. The thought of the middle ages was manly honor and respect for women, and these infused into society some of the noblest and most elevating sentiments, by which the world still profits. The thought of the sixteenth century was reform, and that thought, rightly understood, culminated in the Council of Trent, one of the greatest events in the history of the Church. The thought of the eighteenth century was liberty, and that thought still moves the world."

"But no age has ever been so absorbed in one idea as ours. It is found everywhere this thought of the Nineteenth century; in art, in philosophy, in science, in literature, in history, in all things. The prophets of the time preach it, the poets sing it, the philosophers argue for it, science speculates upon it, art adorns it, the rich seek it, the poor desire it. What is it, this thought of the nineteenth century? It is not beauty, though the age is not without its creations of beauty. It is not liberty, though that word still moves our hearts. It is not fraternity, though that word is on every tongue. It is not even democracy, though many great thinkers make that word pre-eminently the thought of the century. It is not scientific unbelief, for though many and great minds, too, are influenced by that idea, yet there are many more who walk in the old paths and still accept Christ as Master and model. No, the thought of our time, of this nineteenth century, is something more universal, more comprehensive, more

widespread than any of these. What is it?

"The thought of the nineteenth century is progress. Progress in art, progress in philosophy, progress in science, progress in morality, progress in religion, progress in all things. If you ask the age what is progress, the age is startled: the exactness of thought necessary for a definition being required of it. Whence does progress come? Whither does it go? What is its object, its law, its final termination? These questions it cannot answer, does not profess to answer, for its progress alone is enough. It comes we know not whence; it goes we know not whither. It comes from the mystery of beginnings, and it goes to the mystery of the end, and, like God, it always was and always will be. These questions we cannot answer; for us the thing itself is all."

"Since this is the case it is necessary to understand this word and this movement which has fascinated the age, and see wherein and how far it is good and what are its dangers. The thought of progress is indeed the most legitimate and the most fascinating of all. Man is a perfectible being, and having ever against him the idea of the infinite and the perfect, he tends constantly towards it. Prisoner of time and limited by space, he rebels against both God, as a matter of fact, reveals Himself to man from the very dawn of man's intelligence. Man cannot live in and of and by himself; he seeks happiness outside himself, and even in his passions is still seeking God, since God alone can satisfy his soul. Progress, rightly understood, is no other thing than man's pursuit of the ideal, which ultimately is God. It is the passion of generous souls, noble hearts, great intelligence, and it makes man great in every sphere and department of life. It is the pursuit of the ideal which makes immortal poets, profound philosophers and heroic saints. It is the most fascinating of all thoughts, of all ideas, and is peculiar to our age, not in the sense that it is new, but in the sense that it has become its leading, all-absorbing and absolutely preponderating thought."

But progress may be perverted. The Greeks perverted beauty into sensuality; the Romans perverted power into tyranny; the sixteenth century perverted reform into religious revolution, which broke the unity of Christendom; the eighteenth century shed blood in the name of fraternity and established absolute tyranny in the name of liberty. What are we going to do with progress? There are even now men who err on this side—men who hate the past, despise the present, and live only for the future—men who want to break all historical, literary, philosophical, religious traditions, and begin anew, as if chaos had been the end and the eternal foundations of the world fallen into nothingness; men who say we have outgrown Christianity, Jesus Christ, and the Catholic Church. We have outgrown your old morality and must have a new morality and a new religion suited to the age! And, oh! the sadness that fills one's heart to see a thinker like Herbert Spencer spend his last days in an effort to de-Christianize his country. And, oh! the pity of it all when we see Prof. Huxley, with all his learning and all his philanthropy, spending his time and energy arguing against Christ, living, as Goethe says, 'in the tombs and charnel houses of physical science,' and cry out: 'What have we to do with Thee, thou Son of God?' Is not this to pervert science and progress to turn it against God and His Christ? And is it not true that all is noble, sublime, tender, gentle, or elevating in modern life comes from Him? O! what a wonder that even the infidel Renan is forced to exclaim, when contemplating the world without Him: 'Ah, what would we be without Him? What dryness of heart would seize on the world? Yes, and what lack of charity, of kindness, of consideration for the weak and the poor and all things that make our civilization glorious!'"

"Shall we turn our progress against Christ, against the Church? Shall we misunderstand it and pervert it? That is the supreme question of the time for every one who thinks, feels, or has at heart the good of mankind. What this age needs is some one who can tell us what progress really is and what it means, whence we come and whither we go; and that is the mission of the Catholic Church, and there never was an age to which that Church was more necessary. Ye men of the nineteenth century, in looking through your systems and philosophies, I found there an unknown god, whom you all praise, worship, glorify, but understand not. This desire for progress, and this tendency of progress, is no other thing than the Divine in man, a principle, an instinct which God Himself implanted there and which is to lead us to Him. The Infinite, the Infinite, only the Infinite can satisfy man. Not glory, nor art, nor science, but God. 'Thou hast created us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are not at peace till they rest in Thee.'"

Catarth is a Disease which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the serofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

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Table with columns for item names and prices. Items include: Present from Ireland, Green Burlington Scarf, Black Berkshire Scarf, 98 Centenary Jewellery (Registered), Gents Scarf Pins, Silver, Rolled gold fronted, Solid gold, With green hair, Brooches—solid silver, Rolled gold fronted, HEART CHARMS made out of stone from Vinegar Hill or McArts Fort (Cave Hill), Silver, Dated figures and mounts, Delivered Duty and Post paid to any part of Canada. Order by number.

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Vapo-Resolene. Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized.

Father Ryan's Autograph. These hitherto unpublished lines of the poet-priest of the South were written under the following circumstances, according to the Sacred Heart Review: In the year 1859 the late Father Ryan visited Wilmington, North Carolina, as the guest of the Hibernal Society and the especial guest of Mr. D. O'Connor. Whilst there he lectured to the Confederate Memorial Society; and many ladies requested his autograph. Among the number was Mrs. L. V. Darby. "Father," she said, "I have no album, will you write your name in my prayer book?" With a smile, the poet-priest took the book and wrote:

My name is nothing
With my songs are less;
The poet passes
And his fervent prayer
When all pray passes
Live for God and me,
And I will pray for thee;
How much more strong
Than any sword,
In prayer which moves eternally:
May God's grace
Shine on thy way
And guide thy heart
To Heaven's Eternal Day.
—Abram J. Ryan.

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APR 10 1890 FIVE-MINUTE Low Su... Who is he that... The first lesson... Blessed Lord on East... on of Peace. To-day... with another lesson... Faith, and to them... lesson our Lord pro... blessing.
What, then, is fa... is the substance of t... for; the evidence of... not." It is an evid... higher than any evi... of the senses. St. L... well appreciated thi... one constrained him... appearance of our L... Euchairist to confir... that his faith was str... miracle than with it... see the miracle.
Faith, then, gives... has it a certitude o... than any other certit... in this life. Human... of certain facts, of c... but divine faith les... human reason to the... to the Creator and P... giver of those existe... man who has the gi... knows more certainl... ences than he who h... by this gift he refer... Absolute, they being... The gift of faith... knows, is given in... which is there in th... which constitutes the... new creature in the... sidering that the na... who is wounded by d... intellect, will, and f... for this, I say, thi... soul, born into th... this sad condition... Christ, speaking u... us the answer: "E... again, he cannot ent... dom of God." To-da... us to consider only o... the gift of the intell... By baptism man... said, the gift of fai... the act of the recrea... divinely inspired gr... baptized man is enat... the acts of God and... It is a divinely... which not only can... massen, by which the... world become cre... sible, because we h... is the light in whi... therefore, wisely do... every Sunday in th... all things visible... Sa, then, the gift... the soul of every ba... ing but the ruth. S... ago the Christian has... lized man. He has... enables him to react... for which God in th... him. By means of... ben, man passes to... By use of the divine... it were, filled with... of the divine beattu... which, used rightly... and truth in matte... morals, so that it ne... tion of the Holy Sp... the Pope to make h... rponent of the Chu... ers.
Every baptized per... but not all do... The most that ma... to recognize the tru... astruth, but not t... is, a gift, or, if... inspiration, left to the... of the Church for... eritage. It divides... without by a chasm... between Dives and Laz... thing but the ver... cause to cross the gi... Such is the reason... under in error so oft... end, and become... because they have... the mind of the bap... about Catholic, their... things, both vishi... which science, false... the world never... hard, then, and kee... the gift of faith... constant use of... it may be said of... Blessed is he becaus... yet he believed."
philos and the... Writing to the L... was, a corresponden... I was present at... occasion of a visit... as he then was... room (afterwards... ed that Catholics... of the Blessed V... eally where Prote... After a moment's... be replied slowly... be right, Miss B... seem to be aware... the Lord infinitely... It Don't... my drinks for the bo... tries for yourself... the trouble has bee... Vegetables Cure w... Vapo for liquor in a... quit without any... I need know you are... perfectly harmles... produces good appe... stress nerves, and do... tness duties. You'll s... health, and self-resp... particular seal, n... 40 Park Avenue, reat.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Low Sunday.

FAITH.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God? (I. St. John v. 5.)

The first lesson which we learned, my dear brethren, from the life of our Blessed Lord on Easter Day was a lesson of peace. To-day we are concerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of Faith, and to them that learn well this lesson our Lord promises His special blessing.

What, then, is faith? "Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not." It is an evidence; a certitude higher than any evidence or certitude of the senses. St. Louis of France so well appreciated this, when some one constrained him to see a miraculous appearance of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist to confirm his faith, he said that his faith was stronger without the miracle than with it, and he refused to see the miracle.

Faith, then, gives to the man that has it a certitude of all things higher than any other certitude we can have in this life. Human reason assures us of certain facts, of certain existences, but divine faith leads us on above human reason to the Author of the facts, to the Creator and Preserver and Law-giver of those existences. So that the man who has the gift of divine faith knows more certainly facts and existences than he who has it not, because by this gift he refers them all to the Absolute, they being all only relative.

The gift of faith, as every Catholic knows, is given in baptism. Now, what is there in the gift of baptism which constitutes the baptized man a new creature in the sight of God, considering that the natural man is one who is wounded by original sin in his intellect, will, and affections? Considering this, I say, we ask how can this soul, born into the world under this sad condition, be recreated? Christ, speaking to Nicodemus, gives us the answer: "Except man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To-day it will concern us to consider only one of these gifts, the gift of the intellect.

By baptism man is given, as we said, the gift of faith. Now, faith is the act of the recreated intellect, and only of the recreated intellect. It is a divinely inspired gift by which the baptized man is enabled to apprehend the acts of God and believe them as true. It is a divinely inspired gift by which not only can he penetrate the unseen, by which the visible things of this world become clearer and more visible, because we begin to see them in the light in which God sees them. Therefore, wisely does the Church sing every Sunday in the Mass, "I believe in all things, visible and invisible."

So, then, the gift of faith puts into the soul of every baptized man a capacity for receiving the truth and nothing but the truth. Such is the advantage the Christian has over the unbaptized man. He has a quality which enables him to reach the grand end for which God in the beginning created him. By means of the gift of faith, then, man passes to union with God. By use of the divine gift man becomes, as it were, filled with God and sharer of the divine beatitude. It is a gift which, used rightly, makes him apprehend truth in matters of faith and morals, so that it needs but the special action of the Holy Spirit in the case of the Pope to make him the infallible exponent of the Church in these matters.

Every baptized person has the capacity, but not all do, will, or can use. The most that many a man can do to recognize the truth when he hears it, is to say "I believe in God." This, as a gift, or, if you will, a divine inspiration, left to the sons and daughters of the Church for their own special heritage. It divides them from those who, by a chasm as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, and which separates the very gift itself can use to cross the gulf.

Such is the reason why men who under no error so often come at last to end, and become good Catholics. Because they have perceived that to the mind of the baptized, good and virtuous Catholic, there is a certainty in things, both visible and invisible, which science, philosophy, and world never could attain to. And, then, and keep alive and burning the gift of faith, and the nearest constant use of the Sacraments, it is to be said of you at the last: Blessed is he because, though he saw, yet he believed."

...and the Blessed Virgin.

Writing to the Liverpool Catholic, a correspondent says: "I was present at a friend's house on occasion of a visit from Dr. Manning (as he then was) when a lady in room (afterwards a convert) boldly addressed the Catholics in their estimation. The Blessed Virgin placed her gently where Protestants place our."

After a moment's pause Dr. Manning replied slowly: "I'll allow you to be right, Miss Blank; but you do seem to be aware that we place our Blessed Lord infinitely higher."

It Don't Pay

Drinks for the boys—it don't pay to take for yourself. It will pay to quit, but the trouble has been to do this. The Vegetable Cure will absolutely remove desire for liquor in a couple of days, so quit without any self-denial, and no need know you are taking the medicine, it produces good appetite, refreshing sleep, nerves, and does not interfere with your duties. You'll save money and gain health and self-respect from this start. Particulars sealed. The Dixon Cure, 40 Park Avenue, (near Milton St.), N. Y. C.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE MOUNTAIN A THE SEA.

EUGENE FIELD.

Once upon a time the air, the mountain, and the sea lived undisturbed upon all the earth. The mountain alone was immovable; he stood always here upon his rocky foundation, and the sea rippled and foamed at his feet, while the air danced freely over his head and about his grim face. It came to pass that both the Sea and the Air loved the Mountain, but the Mountain loved the Sea.

"Dance on forever, O Air," said the Mountain; "dance on and sing your merry songs. But I love the gentle sea, who in sweet humility crouches at my feet or playfully dashes her white spray against my brown bosom."

Now the Sea was full of joy when she heard these words, and her thousand voices sang softly with delight. But the Air was filled with rage and jealousy, and she swore a terrible revenge.

"The Mountain shall not wed the Sea," muttered the envious Air. "Enjoy your triumph while you may, O slumberous sister; I will steal you from your haughty lover!"

And it came to pass that ever after the Air each day caught up huge parts of the Sea and sent them floating forever through the air in the shape of clouds. So each day the Sea receded from the feet of the Mountain, and her tuneful waves played no more around his majestic base.

"Whither art thou going, my love?" cried the Mountain, in dismay. "She is false to thee," laughed the air, mockingly. "She is going to another love far away."

But the Mountain would not believe it. He towered his head aloft and cried more beseechingly than before: "Oh, whither art thou going, my beloved? I do not hear thy sweet voice, nor do thy soft white arms compass me about."

Then the Sea cried out in an agony of helpless love. But the Mountain heard her not, for the air refused to bring the words she said.

"She is false!" whispered the air. "I alone am true to thee." But the Mountain believed her not. Day after day he reared his massive head aloft and turned his honest face to the receding Sea and begged her to return; day after day the Sea threw up her snowy arms, and uttered the wildest lamentations, but the Mountain heard her not; and day by day the Sea receded farther and farther from the Mountain's base. Where she once had spread her fair surface appeared fertile plains and verdant groves all peopled with living things, whose voices the air brought to the Mountain's ears in the hope that they might distract the Mountain from his mourning.

But the Mountain would not be comforted; he lifted his sturdy head aloft, and his sorrowing face was turned ever toward the fleeting object of his love. Hills, valleys, forests, plains and other mountains separated them now, but over and beyond them all he could see her [fair face lifted pleadingly toward him, while her white arms tossed wildly to and fro. But he did not know what words she said, for the envious Air would not bear his messages to him.

Then many ages came and went, until now the Sea was far distant, so very distant that the Mountain could not behold her—nay, had he been ten thousand times as lofty he could not have seen her, she was so far away. But still, as of old, the Mountain stood with his majestic head high in the sky, and his face turned whither he had seen her fading like a dream away.

"Come back, come back, O my beloved!" he cried and cried. And the Sea, a thousand miles or more away, still thought forever of the Mountain. Vainly she peered over the western horizon for a glimpse of his proud head and honest face. The horizon was dark. Her lover was far beyond; forests, hills, valleys, rivers and other mountains intervened. Her watching was as hopeless as her love.

"She is false!" whispered the Air to the Mountain. "She is false, and she has gone to another lover. I alone am true!"

But the Mountain believed her not. And one day clouds came floating through the sky and hovered around the mountain's crest.

"Who art thou," cried the Mountain,—"who art thou that thou fill'st me with such a subtle consolation?" "Thy breath is like my beloved's, and thy kisses are like her kisses." "We come from the Sea," answered the Clouds. "She loves thee, and she has sent us to bid thee be courageous, for she will come back to thee."

Then the clouds covered the Mountain and bathed him with the glory of the Sea's true love. The Air raged furiously, but all in vain. Ever after that the clouds came each day with love messages from the Sea, and oftentimes the Clouds bore back to the distant Sea the tender words the Mountain spoke.

And so the ages come and go, the Mountain rearing his giant head aloft, and his brown, honest face turned whither the Sea departed; the sea stretching forth her arms to the distant Mountain and repeating his dear name with her thousand voices.

Stand on the beach and look upon the sea's majestic calm and hear her murmuring; or see her when, in the frenzy of her hopeless love, she surges wildly and tosses her white arms and shrieks,—then you shall know how the Sea loves the distant Mountain.

The Mountain is old and sear; the storms have beaten upon his breast, and great scars and seams and

wrinkles are on his sturdy head and honest face. But he towers majestically aloft, and he looks always toward the distant Sea and waits for her promised coming.

And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal.

And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

More Bachelors Go Mad.

Last census year 16,445 married men in the United States succumbed to insanity, while for the same year 30,220 bachelors went crazy. Hence, you see, the bachelor has nearly double the chance of madness as the man who marries.

The Dude Style of Hair-Cut.

If the freakish and fanciful styles of hair-dressing on the part of young men continue to develop, we shall soon see the hair braided down the back, rolled over the ears and up from the back of the neck, baby-cock-a-doodle-roll on the top of head and such foppish follies. Let the women monopolize the hair-dressing arts. "It is a shame for a man to wear long hair," and a shame as well for a young man to give attention to the effeminacies.

The Thoughtlessness of Youth.

In general, I have no patience with people who talk of the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for willfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is as a torch to the laid train of future conduct, and every inauguration a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now—though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.

Bicycle Notes.

When riding against a stiff breeze every bit of resistance tells. For such a journey, with the wind in the rider's teeth, the handle bar may be dropped a couple of inches below the level of the saddle with considerable advantage. If this cannot be done the saddle may be brought up, but care should be exercised in seeing that the rider is able to reach the pedals with ease. These alterations, of course, cause a stooping posture and should not be made unless the wind is strong.

An attachment which may be appreciated by military cyclists, hunters and others consists of two slender steel supports which are folded up against the front forks of the bicycle. On slightly pressing a brakelike appliance on the handle-bar the supports drop to the ground; the bicycle then rests upon and between the two, while the rider, without dismounting, is able to use his hands for any purpose, such as firing a weapon, etc.

"A story of the benefit of cycling is vouched for by the authority of Dr. Oscar Jennings, author of a treatise on the relationship between cycling and health," says a contemporary. "He tells of a youth who was refused by the French medical authorities, when offering himself for conscription, on account of his suffering from advanced consumption. He took to cycling, under advice and indulged in cycle racing, and today is in excellent health, although part of one lung is absolutely destroyed. This is not the wild claim of an enthusiast, but a sober fact recorded by a responsible and qualified expert in tubercular disease."

The Joys of Reading.

For wise men the joys of reading are life's crowning pleasures. Books are our universities, where souls are the professors. Books are the looms that weave rapidly man's inner garments. Books are the levels—not by lowering the great, but by lifting up the small. Wisdom and knowledge are derived from sources many and various. Like ancient Thebes, the soul is a city having gates on every side. There is the eye gate, and through it passes friends, a multitude of strangers, the fields, the marching clouds. There is the ear gate, and therein go trooping all sweet songs, all conversation and eloquence, all laughter with Nobbe's woe and grief. There is conversation, and thereby we cross the threshold of another's mind, and wander through halls of memory and the chambers of imagination. But these faculties are limited. The ear was made for one sweet song, not for a thousand. Conversation is with one friend living not with Pliny and Pericles. The vision stays upon yonder horizon; but beyond the line where earth and sky do meet are distant lands and historic scenes; beyond are battlefields all stained with blood; beyond are the Parthenon and the pyramids. But books come in to increase the power of vision. Books cause the artics and the tropics, the mountains and hills, all the generations with their woes and wars, their achievements for liberty and religion, to pass before the mind for instruction and delight. And when books have made men contemporaneous with

Socrates and Cicero, with Emerson and Lowell, when they have made man a citizen of every climate and country, they go on to advantages still more signal.

AMUSING REPORTEES.

Specimens of Wit—Rules for the Practice of the Art.

So large is the world's stock of repartees that it would seem impossible to invent anything new. And so it is. But there are many old specimens that bear repetition. For the proper use of repartees it is necessary either to recollect or to understand them, and it is desirable, when possible, to do both.

Such was not the case with the undergraduate who remarked upon the shortness of a friend's gown, and received for answer, "It will be long before I buy another." Hugely delighted with this witticism, which is, we believe, in technical language an amphibology, he said to the next acquaintance he met, "My gown is short, but it will be a long time before I buy another." To his surprise and chagrin, the man merely stared and did not laugh.

What are the conditions of a repartee? It should be courteous in form, severe in substance, difficult either to mistake or to resent. Such was the famous reply of Provost Goodall to William IV., which one of our correspondents has already cited, but which will bear repetition.

"When he goes," said the King, speaking to Keate, and pointing to Goodall, "when he goes I'll make you him." "I couldn't think of going before your Majesty," said the Provost, with a profound bow.

Nothing could be more absolutely perfect. The King had been brutally rude. The Provost was extremely courteous. But a sterner rebuke was never administered to a monarch by a subject. This is far better and more truly humorous than Wilke's smart retort to the Prince of Wales. Wilke was whistling "God Save the King."

"How long have you taken to that tune?" asked the Prince. "Ever since I had the honor of your Royal Highness's acquaintance."

Here the brutality is on the side of Wilke, and there is not sufficient provocation to excuse it.

COMPLIMENTARY REPORTEES.

Among complimentary repartees the first place must be given for statefulness and dignity to the famous answer of Sergeant Maynard. The sergeant was presented to the Prince of Orange in 1688 as the oldest practicing member of the bar. The Prince observed, rather awkwardly, "You must have survived most of your contemporaries in the law?"

"Yes," replied Sergeant Maynard, "and if it had not been for your Highness, I should have survived the law, too."

That is the Revolution in a nutshell and one of the great sayings of the world.

Mr. Gladstone thinks the best repartee he ever heard in the House of Commons was Lord John Russell's. Sir Francis Burdett, after turning Tory, taunted Lord John with the "cant of patriotism."

"I will show the honorable Baronet a worse thing than the cant of patriotism. I mean the cant of patriotism."

That, no doubt, is very clever, being spirited, and well deserved. But if one must be hypercritical, it is too purely verbal to rank in the highest class of all. Lord Ellenborough's Parliament-ary aside strikes us as better.

"My Lord," said a pompous peer, "I put the question to myself." "And a precious silly answer you must have got," was Lord Ellenborough's comment.

Lord Ellenborough, though a Chief Justice, did not say "precious." Language changes, if thought does not. It is difficult, however, to believe that any member of the House of Commons said in debate, "I will have the noble Lord's head." If he did, Lord North's prompt retort that "for no earthly consideration would he have the honorable gentleman's" has great merit. It was very funny, it was at least comparatively polite and it applied the weapon of ridicule where any other would have been misplaced. If Esckine actually said to the client who declared that he would be hanged if he didn't defend himself, "You'll be hanged if you do," he ought to have been profoundly grateful for the opening. There are remarks of which this is one, that seem to have no other reason for existence than the suggestion of an obvious repartee.

For simplicity and cruelty nothing could surpass Mr. Rogers' repartee to Lady Davy.

"So, Mr. Rogers, I hear you have been attacking me." "Attacking you, Lady Davy? I waste my whole time in defending you."

For a combination of malice and wit, the collected works of Voltaire might be ransacked for a parallel. And whatever we may think of Rogers for saying it, we cannot deny that the lady brought it on herself. She should have let the hedge hog alone.

When Brabantio says to Iago, "You are a villain," Iago replies, "You are a Senator." This is a cruder form of irony, but a most deadly one. The late Lord Granville, whose wit was so unostentatious that it was scarcely appreciated as it ought to have been, had a wonderful neatness in hitting the point. A friend whose head showed signs of advancing years consulted Lord Granville on the sort of present he could give to a wealthy heiress on her marriage.

"I want something rare, but not expensive," he said.

"A lock of your hair," suggested Lord Granville, urbanely.

But all repartees suffer by being removed from their proper places and put into a collection. They should arise naturally out of the situation and reflect the mood of the moment. Some of the best may not have been really delivered. They may be the wit of the staircase, concocted after the event. But so long as they are dramatically rendered and not huddled together without rhyme or reason they retain their original flavor and survive the circumstances which gave them birth.

QUESTION BOX.

Chicago New World.

Question.—What is the meaning of Limbo, and how do you explain the words of the creed, "He descended into Hell?"

Answer.—Limbo is derived from the Latin word *limbus*, which signifies a border or fringe. Limbo literally means the border of hell. In a loose sense there are three hells, Hades, or hell proper, Purgatory, and Limbo. Limbo was the abiding place of the saints of the Old Testament. There they awaited the opening of Heaven through the entrance of the God man, Christ. It was, of course, into Limbo that the Saviour descended. It He called "Paradise" in His words of consolation to the penitent thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." It was indeed paradise during the Saviour's sojourn, for there He not only preached, but manifested His glory.

Question. 2.—Why do we stand at the gospel?

Answer.—I presume very often you stand because you see the others standing. But the Church asks us to stand to show our respectful attention and readiness to obey. Standing is the proper attitude of him who receives instructions which must be unhesitatingly and promptly complied with. The gospel precepts are certainly in this class. The custom is old. The Jews stood during the reading of the law, at least, at certain periods of their history. The early Christians who did not enjoy the modern luxury of pews were permitted to bring staves upon which they might lean during portions of the Mass, which was then quite protracted. At the gospel, however, supports were laid aside and even royalty put away its crowns and its scepters. The military orders of later times were accustomed to unseat their swords at the gospel to show their readiness not only to obey but to defend it.

Question. 3.—How do we know that the pictures we have of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin are true to life?

Answer.—We don't know for certain. This is shown by the fact that different ages and different nations have had different views as to what the pictures should be. In the ages of persecution when religion was despised Christians generally, interpreting Isaiah literally, considered Christ of lowly and abject personal appearance. When the Church triumphed in the Roman Empire and Christians began to glory in their new condition their views of Christ's appearance changed. He was now considered strikingly handsome.

Latter writers, believing that as the Saviour despised all human means of success, such as wealth, social position, etc., He did not even choose to take a remarkable human figure. There are well recognized pictures of Christ taken from ones that are quite old. They very probably give us a fair representation of Christ as He appeared in Judea. St. Luke is said to have painted a portrait of the Blessed Virgin, still pictures of her, very rare. But what is the difference, so far as our devotion is concerned, if we adore the God-man and we venerate His mother for what they were, not for what they seemed. Representations of Christ and His saints only serve to bring before us the originals. When the Saviour is brought thus to our minds we forget the picture that brought Him.

The basis of all manners lies in the gentleness, the self-control, the usefulness, which a good mother teaches her children, if she can, in a log cabin or a mining camp; the uprightnes, the conscientiousness, the self-respect, which can meet queen or clown without being overcome by either.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

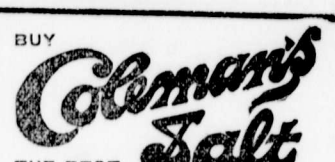
Who Built the Pyramids? Hard to tell in some instances. But we know who are the great Nerve Builders. They are Scott & Bowne. Their Scott's Emulsion feeds and strengthens brain and nerves.

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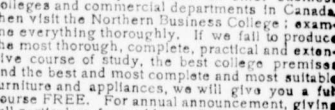
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Philosophy.

The signs is had when folks commence A faint faint with a crowd...

E. B. A.

St. Helen's Church, No. 2 Toronto. The officers and members of St. Helen's Church...

RESOLUTION OF CONSCIENCE.

St. Mary's Branch, No. 24 Toronto. As a special meeting of the Branch the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

C. O. F.

Dear Sir - I beg through your valuable columns on behalf of the Foresters, to thank the undermentioned courts who so kindly responded to my appeal...

Table with 2 columns: Court Name and Amount. Lists various courts and their respective contributions.

Total \$27.20. Paid to High Court for assessments, etc. \$140.35.

The progress of this Order is becoming more and more phenomenal, and it is with pleasure we notice the list of new Courts established...

Table with 2 columns: Province and Total. Lists provinces and their total contributions.

HUSTLER BUTTON COMPETITION. The following are the winners of the Hustler Button, presented by the Ontario Provincial Court...

At a meeting of the Father Mathew Association, held April 6, it was decided to present an address to the Right Rev. Monsignor Connolly...

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DIOCESE OF LONDON.

On Good Friday evening after the devotion of the Way of the Cross, Rev. Canon, lectured on the Incarnation of the Word...

At the 11 o'clock Mass the church choir...

At the 11 o'clock Mass the church choir offered Mozart's Mass in G major...

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

On Holy Thursday the Bishop blessed the boys of St. Mary's school...

"IRELAND A NATION"

Hon. Edward Blake's Address on St. Patrick's Day. (From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

Great and successful as the preceding celebration of the national anniversary have been among the Irishmen of London...

The Hon. Mr. Blake, M. P., said: I will stand for a brief space between you and the rest of the evening...

At the 11 o'clock Mass the church choir offered Mozart's Mass in G major...

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VOLUME XX.

The Catholic Record

London, Saturday April 25, 1908.

THE COMING MAN.

The managing board of the College will have some arduous work in appointing the chair vacated by Prof. V. G. O'Brien...

CONGREGATIONAL SERVICES.

We had a few weeks ago a measure of listening to the benediction service sung by a congregation of men...

OBITUARY.

Mrs. PATRICK BARRY SEMOUL. At the home of her grandson, Mr. Edward Leach...

THE NEW CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, MONTREAL.

During a recent visit to Montreal the writer had the pleasure of visiting the above church, now nearly completed...

NEW BOOKS.

"The People's Mission Book" by a missionary priest, has lately been published by Benziger Bros...

FENELON FALLS.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS. I regret to announce the death of Sister Mary Celestine...

THE SPANISH AMERICAN BROGLIO.

The Spanish American Broglie has been the means of provincially that Uncle Sam's yet but children. It has they have no self control...