

The Catholic Record.

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

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BUILDERS OF GREATER CANADA.

Very deftly, indeed, did the Right Hon. Mr. Byre limn the picture of the Greater Canada of the future. We may not behold it save in our dreams, but we should each in his own way see to it that its foundations are laid broad and deep. That we are moving on in a material sense is undeniable. We have our trophies of the mart and commerce, and our strong boxes are, though not so large or so well filled as many on the other side of the border, proof enough that we have achieved success as money getters. The foundations of this populous Canada of the future must, however, rest on the manhood of the country. We may talk of patriotism, but if it be but a theme for declamation it is a thing without meaning. If we do show antagonism to the evils and abuses that imperil our national life we are not worthy of the name of patriot. If we submerge our best interests in the fith of vice we cannot love our country. The man who is willing to do his share towards the fashioning of public opinion, that frowns upon the corrupt politician and ranting demagogue—who, in a word, safeguards the home, the Church and the State is a builder of the foundations of the Greater Canada. And this man has no time for the irregular follies that embitter social relations. The politician who prostitute public office to private gain are the country's enemies, and so also are the preachers who keep alive the fire of discord, and the editor who mistakes personalities for arguments, and whose horizon is bounded by the aims of his party. We may have differences of opinion, but we should not allow them to blind us to the fact that every Canadian is a brother. Our aims may be dissimilar but we should be as one in maintaining the tolerance that springs from Christian charity. Unity that is born of love and knowledge lives and waxes strong; the unity that is the outcome of policy and expediency shrivels and dies in times of stress and storm.

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

Canada's public men to day should consider, said the British Ambassador to Washington, at Montreal, that they are working for a long future when the Dominion would be one of the great nations of the world; and so work that those to come would look back to this day of comparatively small things with reverence and pride for those who had laid the foundations of the mighty structure that would yet arise. It is our tradition that the best men should wish and strive to enter public life, should give the best of themselves to their country's service and feel that in that service they must attain as high, exact and scrupulous a sense of honor as they would exercise in any part of their private life.

CHARITY AT HOME.

The good people who clean foreign streets, forgetting the while to sweep their own doorstep, should rest awhile and begin anew. When you think it over there are a few things at home that claim attention. We might, for example, make an effort to increase the salary of our school-teachers. We do pay them with words, and on occasion bribe them as most distinguished citizens, but rhetoric has no value for the butcher or tailor. When they ask for more coin of the realm we talk about the weather or regret that our strained resources debar us from the privilege of increasing their salaries. It seems to us that if we wish to have teachers who can turn out good work we should give them an adequate wage. Their influence is far-reaching and is decidedly of more importance to the community than mere talk, which in some sections of the Dominion receives a better salary than that accorded to many High school teachers. Now, suppose we allow the denizens of Craocrea to go trouserless for a time and inspect the salaries of the teacher.

THE BRAKE-LESS REFORMER.

The reformer of unbridled tongue is a sight for the gods. When he has an attack of verbal mania he so exudes picturesque adjectives as to make the average citizen aware of the poverty of his vocabulary. The reformer protests—aye, he reads his opponents and

proclaims that he is right and will go on proclaiming so long as he can get a paragraph about himself in the papers. The great trouble is that he takes himself too seriously. We think that if the individual of flamboyant and inflammatory speech were relegated to obscurity, the man in the street would have an opportunity to think aloud, and the citizens who are disgusted with circus methods would aid the cause of civic betterment. But as it is, when this type of reformer begins to talk we close the windows and leave him to the mercy of unjudicious friends and the reporters.

THE OLD WAY AND THE BEST.

When the celebrated Dr. Arnold was asked what benefit the study of Latin would be to a boy when he would never use it, he answered: "The question is not what your boy will do with Latin but what Latin will do for your boy." We commend these words to the individuals who say wondrous things about education, which to their mind should be utilitarian, that is, should devote itself, not to dead things or languages, but should be a process to enable a man to get on in life. The one point that the critics persist in overlooking is that education which trains and disciplines the faculties is strictly utilitarian. We may say that much of what we learn in the school is forgotten in after years, but the man remains, and his faculties, disciplined by hard delving into subjects which seem so useless to the critics, are efficient instruments for any kind of work. A leading employer of railroad labour has told us that he would rather have a man who has learned to use one hard book without liking it—a Greek dictionary if you will—than a man who thinks he knows all the experimental science which any school can give him and has enjoyed it because it is easy. We are not opponents of technical schools or of specializing in science. Our point is that the boy trained in the old fashioned way will do better work in science, will grip an opportunity more surely and meet an emergency more deftly than the boy who has been trained according to the whims of faddists. Education, says a writer, is a mental and spiritual training; it has no relation of any sort to technical instruction whatever the technique to be acquired may be.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The writer of the foregoing words repeats an old truth when he says there is no necessary connection between book-learning and education; many men have been educated in the very highest degree who could not tell B from a bull's foot.

FORGOTTEN BY THE TOURISTS.

This is forgotten by the tourist who is moved to tears at the sight of men and women living, say in Latin countries, who cannot read. He does not advert to the fact that an unlettered peasant who lives close to nature and is able to observe and to think is far more educated than they who own a miscellaneous assortment of bits of information and whose mental machinery is clogged by it. A man may carry whole libraries in his head and be uneducated; another to whom the printed page is a mystery may be cultured and the finest flowering of wisdom. The poor Spaniard who lives lazily because he believes that life is not a treadmill and is able to appreciate beauty whether on canvas or in God's gallery has better taste and better manners than they who are doped with the stench of the city and see no beauty save in the dollar. Any one, says the writer whom we have quoted, will see that the notion that a man who can read books is educated, while a man who cannot read books is uneducated, is ludicrously false. If it were not false then the illiterate Greeks who listened to the bard reciting the Odyssey, the Jews who heard the prophecy of Isaiah, the country folk who knew a whole library of goodly and noble ballads were all uneducated, while young Guppy in the train with his sheets of yellow intelligence is educated, and young De Vere, pale with his study of the Guide to the Turf, is also educated.

If I feel aggrieved by some sharp word that has been said to me, or by some discourtesy shown me, from whence does this feeling of pain proceed? From my pride alone. Oh, if I were truly humble, what calm, what peace and happiness would my soul not enjoy! And this promise of Jesus Christ is infallible, "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls."

INTERESTING HISTORICAL DETAILS RELATING TO OUR LORD'S RESURRECTION.

(Abridged from London Tablet's review in 1907 of Prof. Latham's work, "The Risen Master.")
Mr. Latham's essay opens with an examination of the account which is given by the fourth Evangelist (John xxi, 1-10) of what happened on the morning of the Resurrection. It must have struck many readers as strange that St. John should have entered into such detail about the position in which the grave-clothes were found by the two apostles, St. Peter and St. John himself, on their arrival at the sepulchre. Of course every detail relating to our Lord is of interest to the devout Christian; but when we bear in mind how reticent the Evangelists are about other matters that would have been no less interesting, the conviction grows upon us that there must be some special reason why St. John should have told us so much in this case. Can it be that we have here a circumstance that is of evidential value in relation to the mystery of the Resurrection itself? One is reminded of St. Augustine's untranslatable words, "Vigilanti verbusus est Evangelista." As if he would say, to express his thought in the homeliest of homely speech, "the Evangelist was wide awake when he used that word, and he invites us to be wide awake likewise, lest we miss his meaning." "And they ran both together," says St. John, "and the other disciple outran Peter and came first to the tomb and stooping and looking in, he saith the linen clothes lying; yet entered he not in." Following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beheld the linen clothes lying, and the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but rolled up in a place by itself. Then entered in therefore the other disciple also . . . and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead (R. V.). On reflection one can hardly doubt that there must have been something in the appearance of the grave clothes which afforded a reason or motive for the specific belief that Jesus was "risen indeed." The mere disappearance of the body would not by any means have been sufficient to produce this belief, especially in the mind of one who knew not the Scripture concerning the Resurrection, and who at least had not clearly understood his Master's words on the subject. Moreover the absence of the body had already been reported by Mary Magdalene, but in particular to these very two; as is explicitly stated in a previous verse of this chapter. "They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid Him." (xx, 2.) What then was it in the appearance of things in the tomb which so arrested the attention of St. Peter, of whom it is said that he "looked upon" the grave-clothes, and of St. John, who "saw and believed"? We may well begin with the most unusual word in the passage, viz., that which is used of the "napkin," which is described in the Douay Version as "wrapt up," but in the Revised Version as "rolled up." The word in the Greek text, *entoligmenon*, undoubtedly does mean *rolled up*, rather than *wrapped*; and in particular it expresses that special kind of rolling up which is suitable to a turban or head-cloth. Moreover, something, it would seem, must be meant by the repeated statement that the other grave clothes were "lying." It would indeed have been somewhat remarkable that the linen clothes should have been folded up. But it is by no means clear how this would have had any special bearing on the Resurrection as such. But it is quite a different matter if the appearances were such that they could only be accounted for by supposing that the body of our Lord had disappeared, leaving the grave-clothes undisturbed, i. e., just as they had been wound round the body. And indeed, if we consider what (if we may venture to say so) must have happened, just as our Lord passed unimpeded through the door of the upper chamber, so it must be supposed that it passed through the linen clothes, leaving them undisturbed. And the circumstance that they found just in this position—a position, be it observed, in which no one carrying away the body could possibly have left them—was indeed well calculated to arrest the attention of the two apostles, and to recall to their minds those hopes that their Master was indeed risen, which quickly ripened into the fullness of faith.

This, expressed in our words, is Mr. Latham's case, so far as it concerns the particular passage which we have had under consideration. But our readers will be glad to read something of what the author himself has to say in explanation of the subject.
The cave penetrates seven or eight feet into the rock; on one side of the doorway, as you enter, there is a low recess, nearly as long as the cave and two and a half feet broad. The base of this recess is a ledge of the native rock, upon which the body was to be laid. This ledge has a low step in it, at about a foot and a half from the far end of the recess; the raised slab so formed is meant to serve as a pillow for the head of the corpse.
I now come to what I suppose the Apostles to have seen. They were in no disorder they were just as they were when Joseph and others had wrapped them round the body of the Lord, only they were lying flat, fold over fold, for the body was gone. On

the raised part of the ledge, at the far end, all by itself, was the napkin that had gone round the head, this was not lying flat, but was standing up a little, retaining the twisted form which had been given it when it had been twisted round the head of the Lord. . . . The Lord's body . . . (had been) prepared for the tomb in great haste by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. I suppose it (and the supposition is confirmed by existing usage) to have been wrapped up in three or four lengths of linen cloth, with abundant spaces between each fold, and the napkin to have been twisted round the head, with its ends interlaced. When the body was laid in upon the raised portion of the ledge at the far end, which served for a pillow, if the body . . . evanesced, as I suppose it to have done, the napkin, which had been twisted round the top of the head (according to usage), would remain on this elevated slab, there it would be found "rolled up" in a place by itself.

This, of course, is only one of many topics touched upon by Mr. Latham, and it is one in which he acknowledges his indebtedness to an almost forgotten pamphlet by the late Mr. Beard. The whole volume deserves the most serious and careful study; and we much regret that we are not able at present to devote more of our space to it. We need hardly point out how seasonable it will be at the present moment, and we sincerely hope that it will find many readers. One word of caution may, perhaps, be necessary with regard to what the authors say about the Resurrection body; but even here we think that it is rather the terminology than the author's meaning that is at fault. It is a wise rule to put the best construction on a man's words that they will fairly bear, especially when his intentions are evidently excellent.

DISINTEGRATING PROTESTANTISM.

There appeared recently in the New York Times a remarkable article entitled: "Has the Church Lost Its Hold On Humanity?" which deals with the decadence of Protestantism in New York City. Statistics and diagrams illustrating the decrease in the membership of Protestant churches are given together with the comments of Bishop Potter and leading Protestant ministers. These spokesmen for Protestantism frankly acknowledge that the churches they represent are losing ground in the American Metropolis. This confession is backed up by striking statistics from figures collected by the Federation of Churches. It appears that in Greater New York there are fully 1,071,981 Protestants who do not go to church and who take no interest in church matters. This great army of the churchless, living outside of the influence of the religious organizations of which they were once members, are Christians in name only. The New York Times article referring to this appalling fact says: "There is no doubt that the Church, as a whole, is thoroughly alarmed at its diminishing hold on the people and is trying to find out what methods will restore to it its old-time power. Last week an important meeting was held at Bishop Potter's residence in Riverside Park to discuss this identical question. The Church, to all appearances, is facing a great crisis."

The crisis here referred to is in no way attributable to the lack of material resources. The Protestant churches in New York are much richer, in the financial sense of the word, than they were before. In 1857 they owned an estimated \$12,134,955 of property; they now own at least \$150,000,000 worth. But the accumulation of wealth has not stayed the steady disintegration that has been going on decade after decade in the Protestant churches of this city. Half a century ago there were 427 Protestant churches in the city, or one to every 2,126 persons. Now there are 964 Protestant churches, or one to every 4,161 persons.

There are sections of the Metropolis where the Protestant churches are almost deserted. Take, for instance, the lower east side where there is a population of 750,000. Of this number only 14,000 are Protestants. It is no wonder that Protestant congregations are constantly moving away from this quarter and that Protestant churches are devoted to other uses than those for which they were erected originally. It may be asserted that this desolation of certain quarters of the city is due to the inflow of European emigrants who have forced the members of Protestant congregations to change their residences. But this does not explain the falling off in attendance of Protestant churches in the neighborhoods of the East Side have moved. If they remained loyal in a religious sense, the Protestant churches within easy reach of their new homes would be crowded. Instead of this being the case these churches have many empty pews on Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, the oldest Congregationalist church in the city, speaking of this falling off in attendance says: "Of our 2,500,000 population, the Roman Catholic Church claims 930,000. There is a Protestant remnant of only 720,000, which is 50,000 less than it was twenty years ago. Only the smallest fraction of these 720,000 nominal Protestants have any connection with the churches. It is not easy for churches to work here, and it grows harder all the time. The last decade has been

the most strenuous and discouraging for Christian workers which this city has probably ever known."

This is the testimony of one who is thoroughly conversant with the subject he deals with. The Rev. Dr. Jefferson is not the only Protestant minister in the city who recognizes the waning strength of Protestantism. The ministers as a body see it and deplore it. For them the question is how to stem it. They recognize that the wage workers have been alienated from the Protestant churches, having lost faith in the teachings and doctrines of Protestantism, which itself is constantly changing.

Things that popularly were once held to be strict articles of faith are now dispensed with by the masses. Old myths and superstitions have been dispensed. That this is so is observed in the fact that the Protestant churches are continually remodeling their creeds and dropping dogmas which for generations they insisted upon as divinely inspired. Side by side with this change of thought on the part of large numbers of people, there exists, according to the statements of many ministers, a general belief of the working classes that the Church as a whole is indifferent to the abuses, injustices, and oppressions under which the workers labor."

It is proposed to remedy this condition of things by making the Protestant churches more or less agencies for the hope that in this way the churches will come into closer relations with the people. In so far as the new movement will have the effect of bettering social conditions, it is to be commended. But we know the injunction about first seeking the Kingdom of Heaven, as a preliminary to obtaining other desirable things. Churches which allow faith in divine things to grow cold will not have at their service that ennobling and uplifting sentiment, which in all ages and in all countries has been the inspiration of heroic and self-sacrificing men and women who have done so much in the cause of humanity.

The Catholic Church during the two thousand years has done infinitely more in the interests of humanity than any organization or combination of organizations that ever existed. She was able to accomplish all this good, because she kept intact the teachings of her Divine Founder. Her sons and daughters in countless thousands during the centuries made themselves ministers of mercy because they had unquestioning and unshaken faith in the great truths taught by the Spiritual Mother. If that faith had been destroyed or weakened to a very considerable extent, the world would never have witnessed the great services in behalf of mankind rendered by organized Catholic effort during the centuries that stretch back to the dawn of Christianity.

It was not by converting her churches into a species of social clubs that the Catholic Church was enabled to accomplish so much good. Her strength has always consisted, and still consists, in the loyalty with which she has carried out the mission confided to her by her Divine Spouse. Nor has she reason to complain, as the Protestant churches of this city complain, of having lost the confidence of the working classes. One need not attend Mass at any Catholic church on Sunday to be convinced of this. Enter either one of the two Catholic Churches in this city where Masses are celebrated at 3 a. m. every Sunday for night workers and you will have an ocular demonstration that, however it may be with the Protestant sects, the Catholic Church retains a firm hold on the working classes.

The condition of the Protestant churches in New York City, as described by Protestant ministers themselves, portends a coming crisis in Protestantism in the American Metropolis. The New York Times article from which we have been quoting estimates that "the number of Protestants who keep away from church in New York City more than equals the whole population of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming." It is safe to predict that this number will increase if the Protestant churches of New York can hold out to the churchless ones no higher inducement than that furnished by the promise of bettering social conditions. Unless there be a strong revival of faith within the Protestant sects, and at the present there is no prospect of this occurring, the outlook for Protestantism in New York City is gloomy indeed.—New York Freeman's Journal.

STUDYING THE BIBLE.

"There are two ways of studying the Bible. One is to search the Scriptures to find texts to support preconceived opinions. This method will lead to error as readily as to the truth; since the infinite variety of the Bible supplies texts which, taken from their connection and proper interpretation, can be made to lend support to almost any sort of error. The other method is to empty the mind of all preconceptions and prejudices, and to study the Bible with the simple, earnest desire to learn exactly what it teaches. In this way alone shall the true meaning of the Scriptures be found."

So advises the Watchman (Baptist). The method is delightfully simple, but rather confusing in results. It has given the world the hundreds of different religions, all pulling in different directions, which are collectively known as Protestantism. The only true meaning of the Scriptures is found in the interpretation of the Catholic Church, founded by Jesus Christ Himself, before ever a word of the New Testament was written.—S. H. Review.

GIORDANA BRUNO.

A MODERN WRITER.

THE "ANTI-CLERICALS" IN ITALY.
The kind of "anti-clerical" more accurately anti-Christian—split manifested in the cowardly murder of Father Leo Heinrichs in Denver helps Americans to understand the scenes of violence enacted in the streets of Rome during the recent bacchanal celebration in honor of the memory of Giordano Bruno. These scenes, writes a correspondent in Rome, would have been considered disgraceful by the most savage tribes in Africa, and the editor of the Western Watchman illuminates the character of the celebrants by calling attention to the fact that the leading orator was unable to appear, being detained in jail by order of the chief of police on a charge of indecency, that did not permit of his going.

It is quite fitting that the memory of Giordano Bruno should be honored by orgies and his memory extolled by reprobrates. He was a renegade monk, "dear to Englishmen," in the words of Mr. Marion Crawford, "who have never read the very scarce volumes of his insane and filthy writings." Mr. Crawford thus briefly sums up the career, trial and end of this ignorantly belauded adventurer in his interesting history of Venice, "Salvo Venetia."

"Having escaped from Rome, Giordano Bruno left the ecclesiastical career which he had dishonored in every possible way and wandered about in search of money and glory. In the course of time he came to London, where his coarseness and his loose life made him many enemies. Thence he went to Oxford, where, by means of some pious protection, he succeeded in obtaining the privilege of lecturing on philosophy; but the university authorities were soon scandalized by his behavior and frightened by the extravagance of his doctrines; in three months he was obliged to leave. . . . Toward 1591 the patriotic Giovanni Mocenigo, an enthusiastic collector of books, found in the shop of a Dutch bookseller a little volume, entitled 'Eroici Furori,' which contains some astrological calculations and some hints on mnemonics. The purchaser asked who the author might be, learned from the bookseller that it was Giordano Bruno, entered into correspondence with him, and at last invited him to Venice.

"Bruno, it is needless to say, accepted the invitation eagerly, as he accepted everything that was offered to him, but it was not long before Mocenigo regretted his haste to be hospitable. He had begun by calling his visitor his dear master; before he discovered the man to be a debauchee and a blasphemer. Now he changed that Mocenigo had said in the tribunal of the Holy Office as one of the three Senators whose business it was to oversee the acts of the Father Inquisitor, and he was not only a devout man, but had a taste for theology. He began by remonstrating with Bruno, but when the latter became insolent, he quietly turned the key on him and denounced him to the Holy Office. A few hours later the renegade monk was arrested and conveyed to prison. He was examined several times by the tribunal and was never tortured, and as the judges thought they detected signs of coming repentance they granted him a limit of time within which to abjure his errors. But the trial did not end in Venice, for the Republic made an exception in this case and soon yielded to a request from the Pope that the accused should be sent to Rome. He was ultimately burnt there, the only heretic, according to the most recent and learned authorities, who ever died at the stake in Italy. He was in reality a degenerate and a lunatic, who should have ended his days in an asylum."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. Francis J. McNiff, of New York, a native of London, Ont., has been made Vice-President of St. Francis Xavier College, West 16th St., New York, N. Y.
The famous bells of Shandon, immortalized in Father Prout's verse and more recently popularized by Wm. Black's novel, have arrived in England from Cork on their way to a bell foundry, where they will be remoulded.
Cardinal Casali del Drago, a representative of the Roman nobility in the Sacred College, died Mar. 17, of old age. He was the only Cardinal residing in Rome who had renounced the emoluments of his post.

Returning as a Catholic priest to Manila, who for several years he held the rectorate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Rev. Ernest Willoughby Jewell will celebrate his first Mass in Guardian Angel Church Mar. 21th.
One of the most beautiful presents to be offered to the Holy Father by the world of art on the occasion of his golden jubilee is expected to be the marble bust of his Holiness which the young French sculptor, Jean Larrive is just completing.

Bishop Hendricks of Cebu, Philippine Islands, who is at present in this country on his way to Rome, as an illustration of the religious character of the Filipinos, gives the fact that one of the large tobacco factories in Manila has a chapel where Mass is said every morning for employees.

Among recent English converts to the Church are Miss Nadine Beauchamp, daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, who was received into the Church at Exmouth by the Rev. J. L. Lyon. Lady Ellen Lambert, sister of the Earl of Cavan, and Mrs. Alfred Loder are two others who have recently entered the Church.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER IV. CONTINUED.

As soon as Count Guy was announced, the king retired to the steps of the throne, without, however, mounting them. By his side stood his son Louis, while his nobles ranged themselves on either hand along the walls. Then the old Count of Flanders drawing near with slow steps, knelt on one knee before the king.

"Vassal!" said Philip, "a humble attitude truly becometh you, after all the trouble you have occasioned us. You have deserved death, and are, in deed, condemned to die; nevertheless, out of our royal grace, we will now hear you. Stand up, therefore, and speak."

"Upon this the old Count rose from the ground and said: 'My prince, and liege lord! with confidence in your royal justice I have presented myself at your feet, that you may deal with me according to your will.'"

"Your submission," returned the king, "comes late. You have entered into a confederacy against me with Edward of England; you have risen up as an unfaithful vassal against your liege lord; you have had the audacity to declare war against us; and your land has therefore been justly confiscated for your manifold transgressions."

"My prince," said Guy, "let me find grace before you. Behold me with a father's feelings, what is it that a father feels deprived of his child. Did I not supplicate you in the deepest woe? Did I not humbly pray you to give me back to me? If your own son, my future lord, Louis, who now stands so manfully by your side,—if he were taken from you, and cast into a dungeon in a strange land, would not your grief carry you any length to strive or to release your own blood and offspring? Yes! you have a father's heart, and that will understand me. I know that I shall find grace at your feet."

Philip cast a look of tenderness upon his son; at this moment he felt for that the king had had to suffer, and his heart melted with compassion for the unfortunate Count.

"Sir," cried Louis, with emotion, "for my sake be gracious to him; I pray you have pity upon him and upon his child."

The king, however, had recovered from his emotion, and now assumed a sterner aspect.

"Be not so easily moved by the words of a disobedient vassal, my son," he said. "However, I will not refuse to listen, if only he can make it appear that what he has done has been for his daughter's sake, and not from contumaciousness."

"Sire," resumed the Count, "your majesty knows that whatever man could do I did, to have my child back; but none of my endeavors availed; all my prayers and supplications were in vain; and even the intervention of the Holy Father was of no effect. What, then, could I do? I flattered myself with the hope of procuring my daughter's deliverance by force of arms; the fortune of war, however, was against me, and the victory was with your majesty."

"But," interrupted the king, "what can we do for you? You have given an evil example to your vassals, and if we show grace to you, will they not all rise up against us, and you, perhaps, once more join yourself to their number?"

"O my prince!" answered Guy, "let it please your majesty to restore the unhappy Philippa to her father, and I swear to you that I shall bind myself with inviolable fidelity to your crown."

"And will Flanders raise the contribution we have imposed? And will you duly repay all the costs of the war which your insolence and contumaciousness compelled us to make against you?"

"No sacrifice shall be too great for me to repay your majesty's gracious favour; all your commands shall be humbly and punctually obeyed. But my child, sire; my child!"

"Your child?" interposed Philip, hesitatingly; and his thoughts reverted to his wife, Joanna, who, he knew, would hardly with good will release from captivity the daughter of the Count of Flanders. Fearing to provoke the wrath of his imperious queen, he did not venture to follow the better movements of his heart; so, without making any absolute promise to Guy on this point, he replied:

"The intercession of our beloved brother has done much for you; and, moreover, your hard lot moves me to compassion. You have sinned; but your punishment has been bitter. Be of good hope; I will endeavor to sweeten your cup. Nevertheless, we cannot, on this very day, finally receive you into favour; so great a matter must first have due deliberation. We require, moreover, that you make a public submission in the presence of our vassals here assembled, that you may be an example to them all. Go now; leave us, that we may once more consider what we can do for an unfaithful and disobedient vassal."

Upon this command the Count of Flanders left the hall; and before he was out of the palace the report was universally current among the French nobles that the king had promised to restore him his land and his daughter. Many wished him joy with all their hearts; others, who had built ambitious hopes on the conquest of Flanders, were inwardly displeased; but as they could not oppose the king's will, they took care that their vexation should not be seen.

Joy and confidence now filled the hearts of the Flemish applicants; and many a flattering anticipation was entertained of the liberation and renewed happiness of their country. It seemed to them as if nothing could now disturb the good success of their undertaking; since, besides the gracious reception the Count had met with from the king, the latter had moreover given a solemn assurance to his brother De Valois that Guy should be dealt with magnanimously.

Who has striven against fortune, and in this hard struggle suffered

so sorely and wept bitterly, how pleasantly comes a ray of joy into your darkling hearts! How easily do you forget your pains, to embrace an uncertain happiness, as if you had already emptied the cup of woe; while the dregs, bitterest of all, still remain for you to drain! You see a smile on every countenance, and press the hand of every one that seems to sympathize in your happiness. But trust not the fickle dame Fortune, nor her ever-rolling wheel; nor yet the words of those who were not your friends when you were in adversity. For envy and treason are hidden under the double countenance, as adders lurk under flowers, and scorpions behind the golden pomegranate. In vain do we seek the track of the serpent in the field; we feel her poisoned tooth, but know not whence it has stricken us. So does the envious and spiteful man work in darkness; for he knows his own wickedness, and out of shame conceals his evil deeds. The black soul does not show upon the flattering countenance; and so his arrows strike us to the heart, even while we hold him for our friend.

Count Guy lost no time in taking the necessary steps for satisfying all the king's requisitions immediately upon his return to Flanders, and for laying the foundations of a long peace, in which his subjects might forget the calamities of war. Even Robert de Bethune seemed to have no doubt of the promised grace; for, ever since his father's appearance at court, the French nobles had on all occasions behaved with the utmost kindness and civility to the Flemings; and as the latter well knew that the thoughts of princes are best read on the countenances of their courtiers, they saw in this demeanour a certain proof of the favour and goodwill of the king.

De Chatillon, among the rest, had repeatedly visited the Count, and overwhelmed him with congratulations; but he concealed a devilish secret in his heart, which he contrived to hide with his smiles. His niece, Joanna of Navarre, having promised him that the fief of Flanders should one day be his, all his ambitious projects had centered upon this one goal; and now he beheld it vanishing into thin air before his eyes, like a dream which is gone and leaves no trace behind.

There is no passion of the human heart which more readily and imperiously leads away those whose subject to it into every kind of iniquity than the lust of power, pitilessly it tramples down whatever impedes its path, and looks not round to count the havoc it has made, so steadfastly and constantly does it keep its eyes fixed on the darling object. Possessed by this fiend, De Chatillon resolved in his heart on a deed of treachery, of which his own selfish interests were indeed the real motive, but which he decorated before his conscience with the fair names of duty and patriotism.

On the very same day that he arrived at Compiègne he chose out one of his most faithful servants, and mounting him on his best horse, he despatched him in all haste to Paris. A letter which this messenger bore gave a full account of all that had passed to the queen and Engerrand de Marigny, and urged y pressed their speedy return to court.

His traitorous design met with the fullest success. Joanna of Navarre's fury knew no bounds. The Flemings graciously received! Should they to whom she had sworn an eternal hate thus escape her at the very moment when they seemed at last fully in her power? And Engerrand de Marigny, who had already squandered, or in prospect laid out, the enormous sums which he reckoned on extorting from the Flemish burghers! Both of these foes of Flanders had too great an interest in the destruction of their prey, to allow it thus easily to give them the slip. No sooner had they received the intelligence than both hastened back to Compiègne, and appeared suddenly and unexpectedly in the king's chamber.

"What, sire!" cried Joanna, "am I, then, nothing to you, that you thus receive my enemies into favor without a word said to me? Or have you lost your reason, that you are resolved on nourishing these Flemish serpents to your own destruction?"

"Madam," answered Philip, calmly, "addresses it would become you to reproach your husband and your king with somewhat more respect. If it is my pleasure to show grace to the old Count of Flanders, so shall it be."

"No!" cried Joanna, inflamed with anger, "so shall it not be! Hear me, sire! I will not have it so! What! shall the rebels who betrayed my uncles escape thus? Shall they have it to boast that they have shed with impunity the blood royal of Navarre, and insulted its queen?"

"Your passion leads you astray, madam," replied Philip; "betrink yourself calmly, and tell me, is it not right that Philippa should be restored to her father?"

"At this Joanna's fury waxed still higher. "Release Philippa!" she exclaimed. "Surely, sire, you cannot think of it! That she may be married to Edward of England's son, and so your own child may lose a throne? No, no; that shall never happen, believe me. And what is more, Philippa is my prisoner; and you shall find that even your kingly power is not sufficient to rescue her from my grasp!"

"Truly, madam," cried Philip, "you are exceeding all bounds! I would have you know that this unseemly defiance much displeases me; take care, moreover, that I do not make you feel it! I am your sovereign, and as such I will be obeyed!"

"And you intend to restore Flanders to this old rebel, and to put him in a position once more to make war upon you? A grievous repentance will you prepare for yourself by so ill considered a step! For my part, since I see that I am of so small account with you, that a matter so nearly concerning me is to be settled without my being even consulted, I will return to my own land of Navarre, and Philippa shall go with me!"

This last speech of Queen Joanna had a powerful effect upon the king's mind;

for the possession of Navarre was in truth a matter of no small importance to the crown of France, and Philip would have parted with a great deal rather than that. Joanna had more than once threatened him with retiring to her own states, and he feared that she might one day carry this design into effect. After some consideration, therefore, he replied: "You are offended without cause, madam. Who has told you that I intend to restore Flanders? I have not yet come to any determination on the subject."

"You have said enough to let your intentions be seen," answered Joanna. "But be that as it may, I tell you, that if you disregard me so far as to set my wishes and opinions at naught, I will leave you; I will not stay here to be exposed to the consequences of your want of prudence and foresight. The war against Flanders had exhausted your treasury and your people; and now that you have the means in your hands of retrieving yourself at the expense of the rebels, you are about to receive them into favor, and to give them all back again! Never have our finances been in a worse condition; that Messire de Marigny can tell you."

This appeal to Engerrand de Marigny addressed the king. "Sire," said he, "it is impossible we can continue to pay the troops you are maintaining for the people cannot or will not any longer pay the taxes. The *Prævet des Marchands* at Paris has refused the additional contribution; so that before long I shall have to restore to the Count, you deprive yourself of your last resource, and expose yourself to all the consequences of the existing embarrassments. Our only resource, then, is Flanders where the commissioners whom I have despatched are at this moment engaged in raising the money to help us out of our difficulties. Consider, sire, that in restoring this land to the Count, you deprive yourself of your last resource, and expose yourself to all the consequences of the existing embarrassments."

"What!" said Philip, in a tone of mistrust, "can it be that the whole of the last contribution levied upon the third estate is already expended?"

"Sire," replied de Marigny, "I have had to repay to Stephen Barbotte the moneys which the farmers of the tolls at Paris had advanced. There remains but little or nothing in the treasury."

The queen saw with malicious joy the downcast air with which the king received this news, and she perceived that now was her opportunity for obtaining a final sentence of condemnation upon the old Count. Drawing near, therefore, to her husband with a well-dissembled return of gentleness, she thus spoke: "You see well, sire, that my counsel is good. How can you lose sight of the interests of your own kingdom solely to favor these rebels? They have openly defied you; they have joined with your enemies, and have set at naught your just commands. Seeing that it is their duty to follow me, let them up, and makes them insolent; so that you can be better in every way than to take from them this superfluity of riches; and as they have all justly deserved to die, they may well kiss your royal hand, and thank you that you do not also deprive them of their lives."

"But, Messire de Marigny," said the king, turning to his minister, "can you find no means of meeting the necessary expenses for some short time at least? For I hardly think that the moneys from Flanders will come in so quickly. What you tell me of the state of things disquiets me to the last degree."

"I know of no expedient, sire; we have already employed too many."

"Listen to me," interposed Joanna. "If I will follow my counsel, and deal with Guy as I desire, I will procure a loan on the credit of my kingdom of Navarre, so that we shall be set free of all anxiety for some time to come. Whether from weakness or poverty, the king gave way, and agreed to all that Joanna required. The poor old Count was thus delivered into the hands of the traitress, in order to undergo the ceremony of a public humiliation, and then to be kept a prisoner, far away from his own land and people!"

CHAPTER V.

The evening was already far advanced when Joanna of Navarre arrived at Compiègne; and while with threats and cunning she was extorting from her husband the consent and the sentence of condemnation upon the House of Flanders, its unfortunate chief was sitting with his nobles in a large room of his lodging. The wine passed round again and again in silver goblets; and joyful hopes and pleasant anticipations formed the universal subject of conversation. More than half an hour had already been rapidly discussing when the door opened and Diederik die Vos, who as Robert de Bethune's bosom friend, was lodged in the same house with the Count's family, entered the apartment.

For a while he stood without speaking, looking at the old Count and his sons, first at one, then at the other. His countenance bore an expression of deep affliction and intense compassion. Joyous and open as his bearing ever was, his comrades were not a little terrified at his unusual demeanor; and they suspected that some evil news must have reached him, thus to overcast his countenance and disturb his spirit.

Robert de Bethune was the first to give expression to this feeling in words. "Have you lost your tongue, Diederik?" he exclaimed; "speak, and if you have had news for us, spare your jests, I pray you."

"You need not fear my jesting, Lord Robert," was the reply. "But I know not how to tell you what I have to say; I cannot bear to be a messenger of evil."

An expression of fear passed over the countenances of all present; they regarded Diederik with anxious curiosity. The latter meanwhile filled a goblet with wine, drank it off, and then proceeded: "That will give me courage; and in truth I wanted it. Listen, then and

forgive your faithful servant Die Vos that it is from his mouth you ear such news. You are all in hopes of being graciously received by the king, and not without reason, for he is a generous prince. To-day before yesterday he found pleasure in the thought of showing his fil magnanimous; but then he was not, as now, possessed by evil spirits."

"What is it you say?" cried his hearers in astonishment; "is the king so ill?"

"Sir Diederik," said Robert sharply, "a truce to your flowery rhetoric; you have something serious to tell us,—that I can see, but it does not seem to come readily from your lips."

"You have said the truth, Lord Robert," answered Diederik; "hear, then, my news, which it sadly grieves me to have to bring; Joanna of Navarre and Engerrand de Marigny are at Compiègne!"

These news had a terrible effect on all the company, who, as if suddenly struck dumb, bowed their heads without speaking a word. At last the young William lifted up his hands, and cried despairingly: "Heavens! the cruel Joanna and Engerrand de Marigny! oh, my poor sister! my father, we are lost!"

"Well, then, now you understand," said Diederik; "those are the evil spirits which possess the good prince. You see, most noble Count, that your servant Diederik was not so far wrong, when he warned you at Wynandael against this trap."

"Who told you that the queen is at Compiègne?" asked the Count, as though he still thought the matter doubtful.

"My own eyesight," answered Diederik. "Ever fearing some underhand work (for I put no trust in their double tongued speeches), I kept on the watch, with eyes and ears both wide open. I have seen Joanna of Navarre, seen her face, and heard her voice. My faith and honor on the truth of what I tell you."

"What Diederik tells us is doubtless the truth," said Walter of Lovendeghem; "Joanna is certainly at Compiègne, for he pledges his honor that it is so; and she will as certainly use every effort to destroy our hopes from the king, with whom her influence is, heaven knows, only too great. The best we can do is to consider with all speed how to get out of the trap; when we are prisoners, it will be too late."

The effect of this intelligence upon the old Count was such as to depress him even to despair. His position was so dangerous, that he could find no outlet from it; escape seemed impossible, for they were in the very heart of the king's territories, or at least too far from Flanders to have any hope of safety in flight. Robert de Bethune chafed like a lion in the toils, and cursed the journey which had thus delivered him bound hand and foot into the power of his enemies.

Thus for a while they sat in gloomy silence—the Count disconsolate and uncertain what to do, and the eyes of all the rest fixed on him. Suddenly a servant of the court appeared at the door of the chamber, and cried with a loud voice: "Messire de Nogaret, with a message from the king."

A sudden movement sufficiently evinced the anxiety felt by the Flemings at this startling announcement. Messire de Nogaret was the accustomed and well known instrument of the king's secret commands; and they all supposed that he was now come with an armed force to arrest them. Robert de Bethune drew his sword from the sheath, and laid it before him on the table. The other knights grasped the hilts of their swords, and looked fixedly at the door; in which position they still were when Messire de Nogaret entered, who, courteously bowing to

the knights, turned to Count Guy, and thus addressed him: "Count of Flanders! My gracious king and master requires of you to appear before him to-morrow, an hour before noon, and there publicly to ask pardon of him for your transgression. The arrival of our most gracious queen has hastened this command. She has herself interceded in your behalf with her royal consort, and I have it in command from her to assure you of the satisfaction your submission gives her. To-morrow, then, gentlemen! Forgive me that I leave you hastily; their majesties are waiting for me, and I cannot stay. The Lord have you in His keeping!"

And with this greeting he left the room.

"Thanks be to Heaven, gentlemen!" exclaimed Count Guy; "the king is gracious to us; now we may go to rest with hearts at ease. You have heard his majesty's commands; be pleased to hold yourselves in readiness to obey them."

The knights now recovered their spirits once more. They conversed for some time upon the alarm Diederik had given them, and the happy result which seemed now to await their expedition; while a goblet of wine was emptied to the health of their aged Count.

As they were separating for the night, Diederik took Robert's hand, and in a suppressed voice said to him: "Farewell, my friend and master! yet, farewell; for I fear it will be long before my hand shall again press yours. But remember, that your servant Diederik will ever stand by you and comfort you, in whatsoever land—in whatsoever dungeon your lot may be cast."

Robert saw a tear glisten in Diederik's eye which told him how deeply his faithful friend was moved.

"I understand you, Diederik," he whispered in reply; "what you fear is what I too foresee. But there is no escape left now. Farewell then till better days."

"Gentlemen," pursued Diederik, turning to the company and speaking aloud, "if you have any commands to your friends in Flanders, I shall be happy to convey them; but I must beg you to be quick."

"What do you mean?" cried Walter Lovendeghem; "are you not going to court with us to-morrow, Diederik?"

"Yes, I shall be there with you; but neither you nor the Frenchmen shall know me. I have said it, it will take a better nautaman than king Philip to catch the fox. God have you in His guard, gentlemen!"

He was already on the door when he addressed to them this last greeting. The Count withdrew with his attendants, and the rest of the company likewise left the apartment, and betook themselves to their beds.

Already at the appointed hour the Flemish knights, with their old Count, might be seen standing in a spacious hall of the royal palace; but without their arms, which they had to lay aside in an ante-chamber. Joy and satisfaction shone upon their countenances, as though they were congratulating themselves beforehand on the promised pardon. Robert de Bethune's alone wore quite a different expression from that of all the rest; on it were to be read bitter annoyance and stifled rage. It was only with much difficulty that the valiant Fleming could brook the insolent glances of the French knights; and it was solely consideration for his father that kept him from demanding an account from more than one of them. The violence he was obliged to put upon himself caused a severe struggle in his breast, and from time an observant eye might have remarked a convulsive clutching of his fingers, as though grasping something which they endeavoured to crush.

Charles de Valois stood by the old Count in friendly conversation with him, awaiting the moment when, at his brother's command, he should present the Flemings at the foot of the throne. There were besides many abbots and bishops present in the hall; as also some of the good burghesses of Compiègne, who had purposely been invited to attend the ceremony.

While all present were busily talking over the affair of the Count of Flanders, an old pilgrim entered the hall. But little indeed was to be discerned of his countenance; for the broad-brimmed hat, deeply pressed down upon his brow, overshadowed his visage, which was moreover humbly bent downward upon his breast, with eyes fixed upon the ground. His figure was concealed under a wide upper garment of brown stuff, and a long stick, with a drinking-vessel attached supported his weary limbs. The prelates, as soon as they observed him came up to him and overwhelmed him with all kinds of questions. The one desired to know how it stood with the Christians in Syria, another the last news of the Italian wars, a third inquired whether he had brought back with him any precious relics of the saints, and many other like questions were put to him, such as his character of pilgrim suggested. He answered as one might who had just returned from those distant parts, and had so many wonders to relate, that all listened to him with interest and respect. Although the most of what he told was serious and even moving, yet ever and anon came an expression from his mouth of such comic force, that the prelates themselves could not refrain from laughter. He soon had a circle of more than fifty persons about him, of whom some carried their veneration for his character so far, that they secretly passed their hands over his ample pilgrim's coat, in the hope of thus obtaining the blessing of Heaven.

But yet the mysterious stranger was, in truth, no pilgrim; the lands which he seemed so well to know he had indeed visited in his youth; but that was long ago, and his memory did not always serve him; then his imagination had to serve him in stead;—and often when he told of the wonders he had seen, he chuckled within himself over the credulity of his hearers. The seeming palmer was, in truth, Diederik die Vos, who possessed in unrivalled perfection the art of disguising himself, and of assuming the most various forms and characters. Putting no trust whatever in the royal word, and not choosing, as he had told the count, that king Philip should trap the fox, he had thus disguised himself, in order to escape the danger which he foresaw.

And now the king and queen entered the hall, with a numerous train of knights and attendants, and took their seats upon the throne. Most of the French knights ranged themselves along the walls; the rest stood together at the farther end of the hall, and near them the citizens who were present. Two heralds, with the arms of France and of Navarre, were stationed, one on either hand, at the foot of the throne.

The king gave a sign, and Charles de Valois came forward with the Flemish nobles. Velvet cushions were placed on the ground in front of the throne, and on these the Flemings knelt on one knee, in which humble position they awaited in silence the king's declaration. On Count Guy's right hand knelt his son William; and on his left Walter of Malmdeghem, a noble of high rank. Robert de Bethune was not in his place; he remained at some distance, standing among the French knights, and for a while entirely escaped king Philip's notice.

Queen Joanna's dress was all brilliant with gold and jewels; on her head was a royal crown, which threw back the sun's rays from its thousand diamonds. Haughty and arrogant, she kept

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It was a bitter moment to Mr. Amory Cogswell. He stood perfectly still, elbowed by those behind, uttering no word. There was a dry lump in his throat. And then, from fifty feet away, came the noise of a shrill voice in frenzied anger.

"Catch on to him! Get a hold of him, can't you? He's a cutting me arm! Catch on to him!"

A surge of the crowd threw Mr. Cogswell forward. He became aware of a close knot of people ahead. Suddenly he pressed forward eagerly. In the centre, three men were holding an ugly-looking young fellow with a white face. A policeman was pushing his way through the crowd. But the eyes of Mr. Amory Cogswell were for none of these.

To one side he saw a small figure, swaying unsteadily. A man was holding the little fellow upon his feet. One stride and Mr. Cogswell reached the scene. He leaned over and took the boy up in his arms.

"Mickey!" he said. The eyes, which were closing, opened. A faint flush showed in the white cheeks.

"I saw him take it," whispered Mickey. "He nearly got away." His eyes closed again. "He's my brother," he added.

And then he did a thing of which he was eternally ashamed. He fainted dead away in Mr. Cogswell's arms.

The judge, boarding his usual car next morning, found a seat next Mr. Amory Cogswell. In fact, Mr. Cogswell pointed it out for him.

"Sit down, judge," he beamed. "Seen the papers?"

"I have read the 'Boy Hero' one; I have also seen a headline in the News which read 'His Life for His Nibs.'"

"Yes," smiled Mr. Cogswell. "I'm 'his nibs'—but it wasn't his life, you know—only a bad cut in the arm." It was beyond human power to refrain.

"By the way, judge, what do you think of the boy now?"

"Well, there may be something in him," admitted the judge slowly. "There is," affirmed Mr. Cogswell. "What have you decided to make of him?"

"Oh, you mustn't believe everything you see in the newspapers," said Mr. Cogswell seriously. "Besides, I figure that, given an education, he will make himself. He's that kind. You couldn't very well stop him." Then he beamed broadly. "Just now, his ambition runs all to baseball. Well, you'll see. Hero's my career. So long, judge!"—Munsey's Magazine.

leaving round contemptuous looks upon the Flemish nobles as they knelt upon the Count, whom she purposely kept waiting in his attitude of humiliation. At last she whispered a few words in Philip's ear who thereupon, in a loud voice, thus addressed Count Guy:

"Unfaithful vassal! out of our royal mercy we have been graciously pleased to cause inquiry to be made about your transgressions, in the hope of finding some ground upon which it might be allowable for us to show you favor; but, on the contrary thereof, we have found that your daughter's imprisonment, with which you excuse yourself, has been only a pretext for your contumacy, and that it is really out of insolent pride that you have disobeyed our commands."

As the king uttered these words, amazement and consternation filled the hearts of the Flemings, who now saw themselves in the trap again, which Diederik die Vos had warned them; but as Count Guy made no motion to rise, they too, remained on their knees. The king went on:

"A vassal that traitorously takes arms against his king and liege lord has forfeited his fief; and he that holds with the enemies of France has forfeited his life. You have disobeyed the commands of your sovereign; you have made common cause with Edward of England, our enemy, and with him levied war against us; by all which misdeeds and treasons you have justly forfeited your life. Nevertheless, we will not hastily put in execution such our righteous doom, but will still further take time for consideration; to which end, we have determined that you and those of your nobles who have abetted you in your contumacy, be held in safe keeping till such time as, in our wisdom, we may come to a final resolution concerning you."

But now Charles de Valois, filled with equal grief and astonishment at what he had just heard, came forward and thus addressed the king:

"My liege! you know with what zeal and fidelity I have ever served you, even as if I had been the lowest of your subjects, and none can say that treachery or falsehood has ever sullied with one spot the shield of Charles de Valois. And now it is you, my liege, that are, for the first time, putting shame upon my honor—upon your brother's honor! Will you make me a traitor? Shall your brother have his heart under the reproach of a false knight? Remember, sire, that Guy of Flanders came to your court under a safe conduct from me, and that you make me a liar if you do not respect it."

The Count de Valois had gradually grown excited as he spoke; and such power was there in his flashing eyes, that Philip was on the very point of recalling his sentence. Himself regarding honor and good name as a knight's most precious treasure, he felt in his inmost heart the pain that he was inflicting upon his faithful brother. Meanwhile the Flemings had risen, and were listening anxiously to the pleading of their advocate, while the bystanders awaited the result with anxious interest.

But Joanna gave her husband no time to answer for himself. Fearing lest her prey should escape her, and jealous of her brother-in-law's interference, she passionately exclaimed: "Messire de Valois! how can you dare to stand up in defence of the enemies of France, and so make yourself a partner in their treasons? This is not the first time, moreover, that you have taken it upon you to oppose the king's good pleasure."

was soon over; for Robert's blow was struck. As he had said, he had done; the hand which had ventured to touch his father, lay, with the arm belonging to it, upon the ground, and a stream of blood flowed from the mangled stump.

The guards crowded round Robert and endeavored to overpower him, but without success. Maddened with blind fury, he played the haberd in circles round his head, so that not one of them ventured within the range of his weapon. Perhaps some still more fatal catastrophe would have ensued, had not the old Count, anxious for his son's life, called to him in a supplicating tone.

"Robert, my brave son! for my sake surrender; do it, I pray you, I command you!"

With these words, which he uttered in a tone of the tenderest emotion, he threw his arms about Robert's neck, and pressed his face against his son's bosom. Robert felt his father's hot tears drop upon his hand, and then for the first time understood the extent of his rashness. Tearing himself from the old Count's arms, he dashed the haberd against the wall over the heads of the guards, and cried:

"Come on, then, ye miserable hirelings, and lay hold of the Lion of Flanders! I fear no longer; I surrender."

Again the guards crowded about him, and now made him their prisoner. While he and his father were being led from the hall, he called aloud to Charles de Valois.

"There is no stain upon your arms; you still are what you have always been, the noblest knight in France; your honour is still unimpaired; bear witness all who hear, that the Lion of Flanders says this."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER BY GRACE OF THE COURT.

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MADIE.

Edging his way to the rear platform, the judge poked Mr. Amory Cogswell gently with his elbow.

"Glad to see your name on our list," he said. "You're the sort of official father that we want—representative citizen, and all that. But you're getting too heavy—ought to train down. I'm going to send you Mickey."

The judge spoke as if he intended presenting a silver service.

"But," protested Mr. Cogswell, in a panic, as they stopped with a jerk at the judge's corner. "I put my name down as a mere matter of form, you understand. I shouldn't know how to be official father to a Mickey!"

The judge swung off the step. "He will be around in the morning," he called back.

Mr. Cogswell could fairly feel the grip upon his face. He reflected deeply for seven blocks. When the judge lost that election bid, he swore that he would pay Mr. Cogswell out for it some time. Apparently, Mickey was to be the coin used in the transaction. The judge seemed to have a high opinion of him. He must be a personage.

He tried for the polite in his impertinent question. "Pinned for pickin' a pocket," said Mickey laconically.

"By Jove, you know," began Mr. Cogswell, and then stopped himself. "How did it happen?" he inquired dubiously.

"We was down to the hay weighin' at the city scales," said Mickey. "The Brown Jug slipped up behind a feller and did the trick. There he swelled around. He said I dassetn't. I said I dasset. I dasset but the cop saw me. I got pinched."

Mickey swung his feet and stared at the ceiling. He appeared supremely bored.

Mr. Cogswell opened his mouth for a timely remark. The occasion seemed to expect it. Glancing at the boy, he saw that he also expected it. Probably it would only amuse him. Besides, re-proving people was not in Mr. Cogswell's line. It embarrassed him, and he had never found that it did much good.

"Well, well, now we must see about something for you, Michael," said Mr. Cogswell, thinking out loud; "though what the deuce it will be passes—come in!" he called, at a knock upon the door.

There entered a small boy with an old man's face, who wore the uniform of a district messenger boy, and had a telegram. While Mr. Cogswell read it, the aged small boy allowed Mickey to make colorless faces at him with no appearance of discomfort. He withdrew with dignity.

To Mr. Amory Cogswell the coming of the messenger had been an event. It had given him an idea. He snatched his knee.

"How about your becoming a messenger boy, Michael?" he beamed. "I know the manager. It could be arranged. But look here, young man. No pocket picking; no fights; you're to act the gentleman, on your honor, and I help you along. If not, you do for yourself. Now what about it?"

It occurred afterwards to Mr. Cogswell that Mickey looked mystified, and in time it transpired that the only "honor" Mickey knew was the dread which could send him to the reformatory. But he promised to act the gentleman, for he was an easy-going lad to whom promises were short cuts to peace.

They wasted no time. A telephone conversation secured Mickey a place in the messenger service. Together they sallied forth in search of the nearest bath establishment—that is, Mr. Cogswell led the way, and Mickey unsuspectingly followed. He did not try to cut and run. He viewed this large man with growing favor. Moreover, Mickey was ever in search of a new sensation, and the bath establishment provided one.

He was given over to the vigorous mercies of a fussy attendant. Together they caused an arena combat of ancient Rome to pale into peaceful and insignificant peace.

Messawhite Mr. Cogswell scurried through near-by clothing houses. He brought back a complete outfit for his charge in a bundle under his arm. He had clean forgotten an engagement with his broker at eleven. He found quite awaiting him—a subdued and smiling Mickey, and an attendant with a battered eye.

"He's a lovely young Christian," sneered the attendant. "Such a sweet mamma's boy! I hope he comes again. I'd like to hand him out a few more!"

"That will do from you," said Mr. Amory Cogswell dryly. "You've been paid for the work—and it strikes me that he rather held his own, considering your size!"

Afterward, reflecting upon the feeling that pervaded a speech so unwise, he put it down to the natural pride of an official father in his boy's prowess. Already he was siding with Mickey against an honest man in the performance of his duty!

There was an added discomfort in perceiving, by a certain swagger in Mickey's manner, that he realized his growing power.

"Poor little chap!" thought Mr. Cogswell, and then, in some surprise at himself, he found possible that he was going to like him?

It was 12:30 when at length Mr. Cogswell remembered his 11 o'clock appointment.

Three days—and Mickey ran away. It took a detective three more to find him, and two men to hold him, once caught. Obedient orders, they brought him at once to Mr. Cogswell's private office. It was the noon hour of an off day.

"Have a chair, Michael," remarked that gentleman, without looking around. "I'll be with you in a moment."

He heard a hesitating step and the scrape of a chair. Apparently Mickey was not in buoyant humor. There was no bounce about to-day.

For a time Mr. Cogswell wrote steadily, with absolutely no sound from the pen and wheeled about in his chair. Some idea of punishment had, if necessary, been forcing itself into his unwilling mind; but at the first glance toward the boy he forgot his dim plans.

Mickey sat rigid in his chair, hands tight clasping the arms of it, eyes fixed upon his official father in a desperate glance. He seemed like some poor wild thing, trapped and at bay. His one idea written plain upon his face, was that another fight was coming, and that he must be ready for it. He was braced for the shock, and the sight of him sickened Mr. Amory Cogswell for punishment. The child looked as if his life had contained nothing else.

Upon the desk of the absent typewriter girl there was a large red apple. Mr. Cogswell's eye lighted upon it in passing. He reached for it, and cut it with a pocket knife. One of the halves he held out to Mickey.

A small, grimy hand relaxed its grip upon the arm of the chair. It was extended gingerly, and received the morsel with obvious hesitation. Upon the freckled face there dawned a look of incomprehension, accentuated by a mouth which hung frankly open. For the first time the boy looked stupid.

Leaving back in his chair, Mr. Cogswell began to eat his half sociably, well beyond the large gentleman.

"So you didn't care about the messenger service, Michael?" he began. "Work you too hard?"

An indistinct murmur from Mickey. He sat rigid, the apple in his hand.

"Nice apple," remarked Mr. Cogswell, munching. "Better try it."

Mickey raised his hand hurriedly, with round eyes upon this strange, large man. He attempted a bite, but could not compass it.

"Well," went on Mr. Amory Cogswell, "I don't want you to stay in a place you don't like. I'm a little sorry you didn't come and tell me straight out all about it, because I could have helped you; but I suppose you didn't wish to bother me."

"Yes, sir," whispered Mickey. He was beginning to come to himself. He glanced sidewise at his apple.

"Why did you leave?" asked Mr. Cogswell, still munching. "There was a fellow," hesitated Mickey, "what called me a thief. I punched holes in him. He called me a thief! He was bigger'n me."

Mickey, however, eyed him warily until well beyond his reach, for years of training are not to be shaken off instantly even at the pinnacle of one's career. Once inside, the boy reached the ice-cream stage of ineffable bliss in safety. He was chatting amiably and swinging his legs beneath the table, when suddenly he halted. Then he choked. Mr. Cogswell, glancing up, saw the freckled face grow white. Mickey started to his feet, his eyes fixed upon some one in the distance.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Amory Cogswell.

"I—I guess I'll be going," said Mickey uneasily.

Mr. Cogswell turned. The judge was making his way leisurely down the long room, between the rows of tables, straight toward them.

"Sit down and finish your cream, Michael," said Mr. Cogswell quietly. "No one is going to hurt you. You understand? No one. You are my guest."

There was a ring in Mr. Cogswell's voice and a light in his eye. Mickey, breathing heavily at the door, was presently the judge stopped beside them. He glanced at Mickey and then at Mr. Cogswell. He said nothing.

"Howdy, judge?" said Mr. Cogswell. "You must remember Michael Turner. Shake hands with the judge, Michael."

Mickey, his bright eyes fastened upon Mr. Cogswell, held out his hand, and the judge shook it gravely. Then he turned to the large gentleman.

"You don't know the risk," he said. "Remember the offense."

"I've my own opinion, on that subject," answered Mr. Cogswell, "and I'll prove you wrong."

The judge shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, Lord!" he remarked, and passed on.

And Mickey, with his eyes on his plate and his ears wide open, had heard and understood for he was sharp enough. A pleasant glow spread over him as he followed Mr. Cogswell from the dining room.

There was a glorious drive out to the ball grounds behind Mr. Cogswell's fast horse, during which Mickey was squeezed into a corner of the narrow seat. There was even an ecstatic mile during which Mickey drove the fast horse himself.

During this drive Mr. Cogswell learned much concerning his companion—of a child left motherless, fatherless, homeless at six years old; of his life in the streets; of the big brother who was frankly a "bad one" and best avoided; somewhat of "de gang" and its doings—a tale exceedingly sketchy, disjointed with a beginning but no ending, for the end had not come, and yet a tale that set Mr. Cogswell's blood to boiling, and that fixed him ever more firmly in his chosen course.

At the grounds they found an immense crowd, for there were more than Mickey who believe in the coming termination of "de Noo Yorks." As for Mickey, once in his seat on the grand stand, he became silent, serious, absolutely unaware of everything not connected with the game.

Once the umpire, a gentleman in a loud tan coat, incurred his displeasure, and a voice beside Mr. Cogswell shrieked out suddenly, high and clear to the whole field:

"A w, get on to his dizzy Mother Hubbard!"

And when the crowd took up the phrase, and the great captain of the home team looked up at him with a grin Mickey allowed himself a grim smile. To him everything that followed came as an anti climax, though the newspapers thought otherwise.

It all happened very quickly. Mr. Cogswell, large, beaming, found himself with Mickey beside him, pressed closely by the crowd as they edged their slow way to the entrance. At the rate itself the jam grew greater. As he squeezed through to open space beyond, Mr. Cogswell's right arm was suddenly knocked upward, and he felt a tug at his watch fob. Glancing down, he saw that his watch was gone; glancing up, he saw Mickey, a small figure, streaking through the crowd.

WASH DAY WILL ALSO BE IRONING DAY. What a happy prospect for the busy housewife—washing and ironing, the nuisance and crowding of house affairs, all over in the same day, if you wash with a "1900 GRAVITY" WASHER. What a priceless boon for the woman who is busy or not strong to have a washer that will cleanse a tubful of clothes in six minutes and do it better than if it were done by hand in an hour's time or more. Besides, it's all so simple. The clothes remain stationary in the tub and the easy swinging of the tub to and fro, sweeps the water through the clothes, while the rise and fall presses out the dirty water. We want you to try the 1900 Gravity Washer—it will cost you nothing to learn the truth. Don't fail to read our FREE TRIAL OFFER. We are the only people on this continent that make nothing but washing machines, and that are willing to send a washer on ONE MONTH'S TRIAL FREE. To any responsible party—without any advance payment or deposit whatsoever. We ship free anywhere and pay all the freight ourselves. You wash with it for a month as if you owned it. Then if it doesn't do all we claim for it, ship it back at our expense. This proves our faith in the machine. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO FIND OUT HOW IT PAYS FOR ITSELF—shall we send you a 1900 Gravity Washer on a month's trial? (No money without it.) Or if you want further information about the 1900 Gravity Washer, write to-day for our handsome booklet with full instructions and illustrations of the methods of washing in different countries on our world and our own machine in natural colors—sent free on request. Address me personally, C. R. C. BACH, Manager, The 1900 Washer Co., 255 Venge St., Toronto, Canada. The above free offer is not good in Toronto and suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district.

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, 4 Nov. 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its number and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1908. A SOCIALIST CONVERT.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell, of New Theology reputation, has added to his notoriety by coming out boldly as a socialist. This step attracts all the more attention by the fact that only a few years ago he was a strong opponent of trades unions. In fact it was his public debates with representatives of the unions which turned his thought and cured his prejudice.

all productive power in a country and labeling it the people's. In practical life that plan has never succeeded except in small communities or in religious orders. The purpose of the latter precludes any extended imitation of their poverty and economic discipline. The increasing tendency towards larger and larger industrial concerns may pave the way for national ownership. Tois, however, is far away—high up in the clouds. And when realized it is not socialism even in its moderate definition. The nation here is the capitalist, all the citizens laborers. Is this Utopia? If socialists wish to go back to poverty and the freedom counsel of our Lord they will find freedom from many difficulties, but it must be a voluntary act—and they also will have to learn to employ well their spare time. One of the worst features of socialism is that their advocates do not practice what they preach. Instead of condemning their wealthier neighbors let them put their principles into practice, form small communities modelled after the very highest type which any civilization has given us, and soon if there be all they claim in it, it will win more and more. Wherever such attempts have been made they have failed. We are convinced of one thing, that capital and labor cannot stand much longer on the wage system which ever since good old Catholic times has been the only bond between them—an unstable, coarse, material bond—degrading the workman to the pit of unendurable life and exalting the capitalist to the paradise of unrestrained selfishness.

ONTARIO PHYSICIANS.

The Toronto Globe, of March 18th, contains a severe charge against the Ontario Medical profession as a whole. "It remains," says our daily contemporary, "shamefully true that under the guise of professional dignity and protected by that honor of the profession the most despicable crimes against humanity are committed and the most persistent among the criminals go unwhipped of justice." It does not hesitate to say that there are at least half a dozen Toronto physicians notorious in professional circles for such practices and whose names are common gossip on the street. They are known to the medical profession; and "every family physician of experience has come upon traces of their diabolical work." Evidently there is something terribly rotten in Denmark and its capital. The Globe is too well justified to be silent and undoubtedly too well armed to risk unsupported statements. It calls upon the Medical Council as the guarantee between the public and the profession to vindicate its own honor and protect the people against these murderous wolves. Whilst the immediate demand of The Globe should be listened to, and whilst offences "which swell to heaven" should be investigated with the severest scrutiny and their guilty participants all punished with the most rigorous justice, we feel that this retributive action, however well deserved, will be merely deterrent. The moral interests of a community require that such crimes shall be promptly and thoroughly investigated, and the guilty parties treated as they deserve. This does not restore life or cloak with charity the fault which medical men strive to hide by the more heinous crime of murder—and unfortunately sometimes double murder at that. The Ontario Medical Council may have much to answer for in the matter. Society itself is not free from reproach. Laxity in parental authority—co-education, want of watchfulness, unrestrained relationship between young people, the whole trend of social intercourse, not to mention vicious reading veiled by polished diction, and lastly the irreligious carelessness of the age—these are some of the causes which sooner or later break the heart, destroy the home, and not infrequently do to the death some simple victim whose life began in purity and terminated in guilt. We do not defend the Medical Council or any Department whose care concerns justice and morality. All that we maintain is that as long as society is developing along the lines of unrestrained and irreligious evils which these crimes are the result will increase in number and heinousness. There is no virtue which the Catholic Church fosters with such zeal and prudence as the angelic virtue. For the young all watchfulness on the part of religious teachers in Church and school, all that parents can do who are eager for the perfection of their children is encouraged. But this would not avail much if reserve and modesty were not cultivated, and prayer not practised for the obtaining of heavenly wisdom. Supposing that the Medical Council acts in the cases, and vindicates the honor of the profession there still remains the root evil degrading and corrupting thousands who may escape the external punish-

ment of the law, but whose ruin is all the more deplorable because it is a moral death. No vice so defiles the living temples of the Most High; no virtue adorns youth or age as the opposite virtue. No virtue is so delicate, so needful of support and precaution; yet of no virtue is modern society so reckless as the priceless jewel of purity and modesty.

PROTESTANTISM WANING.

The element of dissolution inherent in Protestantism manifests its disintegrating power more and more. This is evident from the futile attempts at Church Union, and also from the admission of the candid spirits amongst them. One of the latest of these is the Rev. Mr. Burgess of the Christ Episcopal Church, at New Haven, Conn. Protestantism, he tells us, is spent and is passing. "We want," he says "some sort of Catholicism. If there is to be any visible church unity at all it must be on the basis of apostolic succession. Protestantism lacks the guarantee of continuity based upon that most despised and much maligned succession. The Church is not a mutual admiration society of mature saints. Paritarianism is responsible for this theory, and it is responsible for much of the difficulty people have about the Church to-day." That is not the only thing for which Paritarianism is accountable. By its shallow sentimentalism it has hypnotized the multitude whom rationalism could not reach and whom the very church of Mr. Burgess had generations before alienated from Catholicism. It is all very well to blame Paritarianism, in any of its forms, for errors which are more properly due to Anglicanism. Had England not abandoned the supremacy of the Pope and had not Elizabeth changed the form of religion Cromwell would not have presumed to thrust Paritarianism upon the nation, nor would Wesley have restarted it under the name of Methodism. It is not our wish to apologize for Paritarianism. Its history and its principles are detestable to us. Still we find it difficult to decide whether Anglicanism under Henry VIII, and Elizabeth was much better in history or principle than Paritarianism under Cromwell. Let us, however, turn to what Mr. Burgess regards as the real need of his Church—"some sort of Catholicism." There is surely a mistake in the report: it is not "some sort" which is wanted, but the real sort. If Mr. Burgess or any other Episcopalian wants Catholicism he must want the genuine article. Catholicism of time and place is the crying need of shifting Protestantism which, as the grains of sand upon the shore, is blown about by theorizing doctrines and the rushing tide of sceptical rationalism. Their fathers built their house upon the sand—and now the storm is sweeping it away. Protestantism can no more stand scientific rationalism or worldly materialism than a boy's hand can stop the torrent of Niagara. It has no principles, eternal and supernatural, to combat rationalism; nor has it discipline to moderate materialism. More is the pity that it has not, for Protestantism socially is powerful; and it leaves Catholicism alone, single-headed to fight the battle. But the pioneers of the so-called reformation would not stay in the Church. They went out. Throwing aside the divinely appointed authority they could not give the sceptre to any one else: they kept it themselves. They ceased to be collective, in fact to be a Church. They recognized neither Church nor State in the matter of salvation. They became each his own master with private judgment as the standard of Christian truth and morals. Now when they seem weary with their increasing divisions, weary, too, with their disgusting manufactured stories of Rome's errors, and weary most of all with the awful doubt that perhaps they are not in the right way, they feel the loneliness, the darkness and the weakness of their position. The next logical step is prayer for light and courage. And after that it is not doubtful what course a conscientious seeker for truth will take. He will ask for the real Catholicism—and the world knows where it may be found.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

The unexpected death at Cannes, in France, of the Duke of Devonshire, removes a great figure of England's nobility, and separates the Whig party from the younger Liberals by the loosening of another strong bond. Better known by his title of Marquis of Hartington, which belonged to him before his succession to his ancestral dukedom, the late Peer served in the House of Commons from 1857 till 1891 when he was ousted by right the House of Lords. A man of common sense and courage he brought to his country's political service personal talent and aristocratic prestige. His lack of ambition more than anything else made him prefer the second place rather than the higher position of premier. When asked in

1880 by his sovereign to form a ministry he yielded the honor to his chief, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, with whom he was so long and so closely associated—although it had been through the Marquis of Hartington that the Disraeli government of 1874 was at length broken. For six years he led her Majesty's Opposition, but was content on the formation of the Gladstone government in 1880 with the secretaryship of India. Two years after the dread sorrow of his life fell upon him when his brother Lord Frederick Cavendish was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin. No more cruel blow could be dealt a man or a cause than that foul murder. Accordingly when in 1886 Mr. Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill the Marquis of Hartington severed his connection with the Grand Old Man, and was mainly instrumental in the defeat of the measure. He never resumed even social relations with his former chief. The career—always honorable, never unfriendly to Ireland until the assassin's blow fell upon his house, was therefore closing surely but slowly. He joined the Salisbury administration, but seceded from Balfour on the question of free trade. Antagonizing thereby both the conservatives and the Chamberlain supporters amongst the Liberal unionists he was left comparatively in the solitude of no party and in the coldness of the Upper House. His old Liberal friend and chief from whom he had parted with chief hardened was now no more. Age was preventing his own zeal in politics and also his former love of sport. He had always been a Liberal except during a few of his later years. It was like the stillness of the evening after the summer storm that the Duke left the Conservative headquarters and threw his influence into the Liberal camp once more. He had returned home, night was coming on, his career was finished. Whatever storms are rising they are from a different quarter than those in which the Duke of Devonshire figured. He was a strong character. We wish that in his career he had stood to Gladstone through the stress of '86. He would have shown himself a hero, he would have gained a great cause, advanced a nation's hope by a generation, and secured the gratitude of the Irish all over the world.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN ITALY.

It is not without interest that Catholics all over the world watch events in Italy. With the religious conditions in the peninsula not merely are Italians concerned but all Catholics. Italy is the recruiting ground for the official and general administration of the Church. For this reason, as well as because recent events show the struggle for education throughout Christendom, we note the action in the Italian parliament. It was proposed to abolish religious education in the Public schools. Only sixty members voted for it, so that it was overwhelmingly defeated. Then a motion proposed by the government leaving the decision upon the subject to the communes was carried by a vote of 279 for the motion and 129 against it. The seriousness of this arises from the fact that some of the most important cities in Italy are municipally anti-clerical. Rome itself is an example. "The anti clerical block," says weekly Rome, "has now the right to suppress the teaching of the catechism in the Eternal City, in spite of the fact that over a hundred thousand of the adult citizens have declared that they wish it maintained." They may, if they supply teachers, use the school-rooms after hours for this purpose. The gloom of the picture is not the vote or its practical results. It is what is in the background. A Genoa paper says that there is a factor vaster and more to be dreaded of the danger that threatens the Church in Italy: the progressive perversion of the people. The Italian people, so claims this journal, are marching on the way of indifference, scepticism, immorality—dragged on by the press, the theatre, by the high school and the university, but above all by the iniquitous propaganda of socialism, "which has ceased to occupy itself with the economic betterment of the working classes in order to de-christianize the proletariat and so render it ripe for revolution after having made it sceptical and impious."

Such a sufferer is gentle, patient and tender towards suffering; he is skilful in the art of gently turning the sick souls to helpful thoughts of God. He knows the reverence which is done to a child of God; he knows that the soul imprisoned in a feeble and suffering body is like a captive queen who must be treated with all the more respect from the fact that she had lost her natural protectors.

Christian soul! you never hope sufficiently. God loves all men better than any mother can possibly love. — Abbe Henri Perreye.

SPONSALIA AND MATRIMONY.

THIRD SERMON BY HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor take his daughter for thy son; for she will take away thy son from following Me." (Deut., vii. chap., 3 and 4 v.)

My Dear Brethren,—On last Sunday evening we considered the wisdom of the Catholic Church in making laws to protect the marriage bond, to guard the rights and the liberty of the married couple and to promote the best interests of society. We saw the dangers of what are called mixed marriages, that is, the marriage of a Catholic to a baptized non-Catholic; that this danger exists for the Catholic in being exposed to the loss of Faith; that dissensions are almost sure to arise over the most important factor in life, namely, religion; that the children of such marriages find it difficult to learn the truth and frequently grow up without any clear knowledge of their duties to God and to their fellow-man; and the result is that whole families in this Province have been lost to the Church on account of mixed marriages. It is a long time since St. Ambrose asked the question: "How can there be a sincere union of the affections when persons are divided on religion?" And the question has not yet been answered in a satisfactory manner in favor of mixed marriages. The Church, like a tender mother, loves her children and loves all mankind. She grieves when any member of the flock leaves the fold and she rejoices when those outside the fold return to the one fold and one Shepherd, and hence it is that when a real and solid reason exists she reluctantly grants a dispensation permitting a mixed marriage. Certain precautions are always taken to make the danger as remote as possible and certain promises must be made before the dispensation is given. The non-Catholic makes a solemn promise in writing, giving his or her word of honor that the Catholic shall be permitted the free exercise of religion. The Catholic must promise to try by word and good example to convert the non-Catholic and both sexes shall be baptized and educated according to the teaching of the Catholic Church. However, even then the Church is careful not to show any approval of a mixed marriage, and certain instructions are given to the priest to make a distinction between the approved marriage of two Catholics and a mixed marriage. Matrimony being a sacrament of the living, should be received in the state of grace and in the Church and during Holy Mass. There is a special Mass for the young couple and marriage is so important that the Canon of the Mass is interrupted and a special blessing asked for the bride that she may be as loving as Rachel; as wise as Rebecca; as faithful as Sara and that the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob may bless them and their children's children and grant them eternal life. The Catholic marriage ceremony is a beautiful one, and all Catholics getting married should have the ceremony according to the rule of the Church. Now, on the other hand, a mixed marriage does not take place in the Church, nor even in the sacristy. In this diocese such a marriage takes place in the public office of the pastor's residence. The priest gives no blessing, wears no sacred vestments—not even a surplice or stole—and there is no ceremony, even the ring is not blessed. In a word, the priest is not allowed to do anything that could be taken as an approval of mixed marriages. In the past if a mixed marriage took place before a minister or civil magistrate the Catholic was guilty of grave sin, but the marriage was valid. Now the recent legislation declares that after Easter Sunday a marriage between a Catholic and non-Catholic or between two Catholics will not be valid unless such a marriage takes place before a competent priest or Bishop and two witnesses. This is the general law and the exceptions made do not interfere with us, and hence all Catholics here are bound to obey this law of the Church, while non-Catholics contracting between themselves are nowhere bound to observe the Catholic form of marriage. The simple way, therefore, to avoid trouble is to settle the great religious question before marriage and let Catholics marry Catholics and non-Catholics marry those who believe as they do. This would be getting married according to reason and religion; according to the Church and in obedience to God. Some people say what about sentiment? What about love? Now, mere sentiment is very feeble, and very uncertain and very selfish, and is no important matter as matrimony is a very poor thing. The marriage of sentimentality should be according to knowledge and reason and religion and duty and no man has a right to allow any sentiment or feeling or passion or love to interfere with his duty to God. To say that a man cannot help giving preference to sentiment is like saying that a man cannot help being impious. A Christian is bound to love God above all things, and therefore, he is bound to cast aside every person and everything that takes him away from God. In fact his first duty is to learn the Will of God and to do the Will of God and if sentiment is in the way it must be put aside. We have many examples in Holy Scripture of God being consulted regarding marriage. In the book of Genesis we read how careful the Patriarch Abraham was that his son Isaac should not marry any of the daughters of the Chanaanites among whom he lived, but sent to his own country and kindred to secure a suitable wife. Isaac also prayed Almighty God to help him in the proper choice and the Lord sent him Rebecca, "an exceedingly comely maid and a most beautiful virgin." Isaac also charged his son Jacob saying, "Take not a wife of the stock of Chanaan, but take thee a wife of the daughter of Laban and God Almighty bless thee." Jacob married Rachel who was "well-favoured and of a beautiful countenance." We read how God

blessed the young Tobias and sent an angel with him that he may seek a suitable wife and Tobias married the faithful Sara and said to her, "For we are the children of the Saints; and we must not be joined together like heathens that know not God." In the Book of Proverbs we read that "Houses and riches are given by parents, but a prudent wife is property from the Lord," and therefore the Lord should be consulted in the matter of marriage. The catechism tells us that the young couple should "earnestly beseech God to direct them in the choice they are to make." You will observe they are some of the old countries, for instance, the examples from Holy Writ that the young people not only consulted God, but also were advised by their parents on their intended marriages and the blessing of God was with them. In some of the old countries, for instance, Ireland, the parents have the right deal to say regarding the marriage of their children and judging from the suit, judging from fidelity to the marriage tie, we must admit that God blesses such marriages with abundant graces and blessings. There may not be much sentiment in some of these marriages arranged by parents, but there is duty, real love, patience and fidelity, and the real love of God and of each other, there is real happiness. There is no doubt whatever that good Christian parents should be consulted, and further, as a rule, they should be obeyed and experience proves that marriages made against the will of the parents are generally unfortunate and unhappy. Even the smart young people of the century cannot improve on God's plan and God speaks to the parents and not to the children. "Thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor take his daughter for thy son," are the words of God Himself. Children have no right to enter a marriage that brings disgrace on the father and mother. Remember we are speaking of good honest parents. Some parents are unreasonable. They will sacrifice their children for money, position, style and fancy. Such parents have lost their right to obedience and children are not bound to obey them; but parents who advise according to reason and according to religion should be consulted and should be obeyed. In this country parents are sometimes ignorant and young people make all the arrangements for the marriage and the parents are given to understand that they can have the great privilege of paying the expenses and making some costly presents. Even if it happens to be a mixed marriage and the parents suggest that there must be future trouble, they are going to be by a priest and what more do they want. Even the unfortunate priest is at times given short notice. He is told the time, place and programme, and woe unto him if he is not prepared to obey. Then some Catholics want to get a dispensation from one, two or three such marriages to have the public press give the material news to the world. It is more modern and sensational. The proclamation of bans is an old way of doing things and people in the best society do not like to be called. God help them! Others want to get married at a high noon, or in the evening, according to the fashion they intend to take for the wedding trip, and they take the trip is over they must face the hard, stern duties and obligations of the married life, and the real trouble begins. Holy confession, holy Communion, holy Mass, holy prayer and meditation, holy Church all ignored, even God Himself put aside and everything done to please the fickle crowd, and it is no wonder such marriages are unhappy. They cannot be otherwise. They have not God's blessing on them. To obtain the grace of the sacrament of matrimony everything should be done to make the proper preparation for receiving the grace which enables the husband and wife to live happily together and to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. And thank God many Catholics do prepare themselves in the proper way. Even the promises are sacred and should be made after prayer and taking advice. Hitherto no conditions were laid down regulating this promise of marriage and wretched men did not hesitate to make the promise and then attempt to ruin unexperienced girls on account of this promise. Others would deny they made any promise, and many disputes and difficulties arose trying to discover when a promise was a real one. Even yet there is no law commanding that all promises of marriage must be made in writing, but the written promise is the only one the Church will consider as valid. The promise should be made in writing and signed by both parties and by either the pastor or Bishop of the place, or at least by two witnesses. In Spain and the Republics of Central and South America this has been the rule for some time, and now by extending the law the Holy See wishes to discourage private promises of marriage by making them null and void.

Private promises made before next Easter will be binding as in the past, but after Easter they must be in writing as prescribed, to be valid in the eyes of the Church. If people wishing to contract matrimony will take the trouble to put the promise in writing it will be a great help in making them realize how important marriage is, how holy it is, and how honorable, and how pleasing to God for the great number of mankind.

Now the duty of all Catholics in reference to marriage is very clear. They are children of Holy Mother Church and should be loyal and grateful and obedient children and should do nothing to bring dishonor and disgrace on their spiritual mother. They should remember the union of Christ and His Church as the model union for husbands and wives. "The husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church; therefore as the Church is subject to Christ so let wives be subject to their husbands in all things." "Husbands love your wives as Christ also loved the Church."

and sent as may select a married the er, "for we into; and together like lod." In the that "House aunts, but a Lord should of marriage, at the young beseech God oice they are serve in the it that the oncluded God their parents ages and the th them. In for them. In still a good marriage of ing from the to the mari- admit that rriages with l blessings, sentiment in arranged by y, obedient, re is real hap- whatever but its should be a rule, they l experience t against the gen- ally nu- This century plan and God id not to be not give thy or take his re the words ren have no e that bring and mother, king of good reings are ac- rifice their on, style and ve lost their idren are not t parents who n and accord- mitted and this century ignored. The the arrange- ad the parents hat they can of paying the e costly pre- to be a mixed s suggest that ble, they are t it is more of a marriage is nd what more e unfortunate short notice, lace and prom if he is not n some Cath- ment from They prefer give the wor- l. It is more l. The pro- old way of in the best called. God t to get mar- the evening, they in and who nust face the obligations of a real trouble n, holy Com- ly prayer and h all ignored, ide and every- fickle crowd, marriages are be otherwise, ssing on them, the sacrament or should be r preparation which enables live happy to- their children of God. And ics do prepare r way. Even and should be asking advice, vere laid down e of marriage o hesitate to an attempt to n account of id by either id many dis- arose trying is was a real no law com- of marriage , but the writ- ne the Church The promise ng and signed by either the o place, or at la Spain and al and South the rule for extending the riage by mak-

So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. "He that loveth his wife loveth himself." It is not enough to contract matrimony in the state of peace but the couple should by prayer and the sacraments persevere in that state to make sure of peace here and hereafter. The holy home at Nazareth is the model for every Christian home. That home was humble, but there ex- isted peace and joy and love. Every man should love his home and should live there as far as his duties will allow; and every woman should be the angel of the home, the queen of the home, and when trials come both husband and wife should keep in mind that they are still in this vale of tears and that our Blessed Lord said, "My yoke is sweet and My burden light" and that the trials here are as nothing when compared with the reward and glory of the everlasting kingdom. Amen.

Written for the Catholic Record.
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

But if these things and such as these, are now so cheerfully abandoned by him as being what one may describe as welcome losses, he has gained on the other hand, a most precious pearl of great price, divine faith, certain aids to devotion many of which are so beneficent, and good and pure in themselves, that he is constrained to wonder that the non Catholic religious bodies have failed to avail themselves of the use of such auxiliaries; and more especially as they would have been sources of strength and stability to those organizations. And his amazement is increased when he reflects that speaking generally, they have on the contrary been thoughtlessly reviled and denounced, as things of evil, without examination or consideration. The following half dozen examples will suffice:

The ever-open Church door. Here is something to which the average convert has been a complete stranger. It is true the Temple of Solomon was always open to those who wished to "go up into the temple to pray," for the heavenly manna and cherubim were there. It is also true that Catholic churches are pre-eminent in Christendom as real "houses of prayer," because of that incomparable "bread from heaven" the sacramental Body of our Blessed Redeemer. Yet even so, and without such celestial limestones to attract alike the just man and the sinner, I could not help reflecting on the mistaken policy and suggestive-ness, not to mention the unscriptural-ness, of the pad-locking of their places of worship from Sunday to Sunday by non Catholics.

But of what avail after all is the open door, if, from one generation to another, the young are not trained to enter therein to worship and to pray? As, on Sunday mornings I watched the little ones of the Catholic flock marching in reverent and orderly procession from the near-by school (where for at least half an hour daily through the week they had imbibed the principles of Christian doctrine) to attend the "Children's Mass," especially provided for their benefit, and at which I heard instructions imparted specially adapted to their childish minds, the wisdom of the Catholic Church in thus providing for the perpetuity of her membership was irresistibly demon- strated, and again I fell to wondering by what process of reasoning, or shall I say unreason, non Catholics taken as a whole are ready to yield the inevitable ultimate survival to the Catholic faith, and of their own motion cheerfully sentence their religious organizations to slow but none the less certain extinction. It passes comprehension and all possible methods of deduction. It might well be called "sect suicide!"

Then there is the Angelus. That holy summons of the bells to prayer peals forth daily at morning, noon and eve from every Catholic belfry through- out the round world! Could anything be more pious, more truly Christian, more scriptural? The Psalmist exclaims: "Evening and morning, and at noon I will speak and declare: and He shall hear my voice." I have heard converts ex- claim that, when once they grasped its significance, it appealed to them as one of the most beautiful and poetic ideas conceivable; and all agreed that it could not fail to encourage daily prayer and meditation amid the stir and rush of a busy world. Even the Mahom- medans, though they will use no bills, acknowledge the utility of the Chris- tian custom, and thrice daily from every minaret of the false prophet re- sounds the muezzin's cry "There is only one God! Come to prayer! Come to prayer!" If, therefore, it is proper for non Catholics to throw open their church doors and summon the people to prayer by means of a bell on Sundays, upon what possible grounds is it harmful and "popish" to do the same on week days?

Another thing that is apt to strike a convert is the practical, utilitarian employment of symbols. The cross is not only set up, it is also carried; the martyr's relic is not only preserved, it is also venerated; the mitre is not only pictured in painting or skilful carving, it is also worn; and so on through all the operations of the religious life. And the experience of 1900 years has amply demonstrated its wisdom. That non-Cathol- ists should have resisted the use of symbolism as a teaching force is inexplicable. They build spires but do not teach their children what they signify. They recognize Islam by its crescent-topped minarets, and Budd- him by its bell bedecked pagodas, but strangely recoil from surmounting their Christian spires with the "sign of the Son of Man!" They doff their hats to the symbols of royal or presidential power and jurisdiction, or view the coronation of Britain's king and queen with all the paraphernalia of crowns, sceptres, robes, anointings, and what not, with every mark of approval. They stand in court at the entrance of the Judges in their gowns and bands, or thrill with pleasure at the manoeuvres of the military as they solemnly "troop the colors," they set the seal

of approval upon the "teaching effect" of the multiplied ritual of the secret societies whose every move is exem- plified by type, and sign, and symbol without which they would rapidly fade away: they encounter ritual in abun- dance in every part of the Gospels as well as of the Mass; laws instituted by God Himself; they read in the Apo- calypse of the symbolic worship of heaven itself; and yet in spite of all this, they refuse to employ, as a thing of evil, that very thing which they acknowledge to be good, and proper, and useful, and even more or less neces- sary to the welfare of every department of Society and the State!

The anointing of the sick. Many converts, having no Catholic relatives, have no opportunity of witnessing this, for some time after arrival within the Fold, but by chance it soon fell to my lot. It was wonderfully comforting in its effects upon the dying woman. A sympathetic non-Catholic present de- sired to see it. "You were formed early out of this faith; tell me truly what is this anointing, so sought after by those in danger of death? I know nothing of such doings in Scripture, yet it certainly was consoling to the sufferer." For answer to this honest enquiry I referred him to the fifth chapter of St. James' Epistle. He afterward expressed his surprise that so plain a command, and so comforting a ministrations to the sick and expiring, is ignored by his co-religionists. True, it would have no sacramental value in their hands yet one does wonder that it did not survive the so-called Reforma- tion in some form, if only as a power- ful link between the ministers and their flocks.

Be it understood, converts do not complain at the failure of non Catho- lics to benefit by the foregoing and many other scriptural practices and customs. That is their affair, not ours. I am only voicing the wonderment felt by most converts that they should cheerfully refuse to their own loss, and upon the mild objections usually urged, advantages which, in every other de- partment of life and action but relig- ion, they readily seize upon and em- ploy.

TO BE CONTINUED.
BIGGEST PROBLEM OF THE CHURCH.

HOW TO OVERCOME THE SPIRITUAL ISOLATION OF THE WORKING MAN. Father Lambert in the Freeman's Journal calls attention to a thoughtful and thought-provoking article in a recent number of the English Catholic Times by Father Charles Plater, S. J., dealing with the relation between the Catholic Church and the working man. Father Plater speaks strongly of the "spiritual isolation" of the working man and its evil consequences to society at large.

The growth of our giant cities, the progress of mechanical invention, the elaborate organization of labor—all these causes, says Father Plater, have made the workman a wheel in a machine rather than a member of society. He tends to become what man should never consent to become—a mere instrument, ministering to the welfare of others, but not sharing in the higher life of those for whom he works.

In earlier times this was not so. The workman was in close and daily contact with his employer. The relation be- tween them was a personal, a spiritual one, and did not rest merely on a cash basis. Moreover, he lived, so to say, under the shadow of a church which cared for him, which gave dignity and fulness to his life, which set him on a level with his fellow-men. The solemn services of the old cathedrals refined and spiritualized him, the guilds gave nobility to the work of his hands, and the parish to which he was bound by a thousand ties provided a setting for his life. He was not alone. His joy and sorrow were shared by his neighbors, and his welfare was bound up with theirs.

But in our day, as Father Plater points out, the situation is very differ- ent. The conditions of labor now tend to cut off the workman from spiritual influences. He is caught in the wheels of a merciless machine. A dead weight of hopeless materialism presses abut him from every side. Socially, he is out of touch with other classes of society. The old channels by which instruction and grace were conveyed to him suffice no longer. There is nothing in his present circumstances to lead him to God. He has no ready-made religious atmosphere about him. He has got to create it. Catholics have got, as the late Holy Father was never tired of repeating, "to go to the people." They will not come to us. Non Catholic workmen will fight shy of a priest, and throw aside a spiritual book. Speaking generally, they do not want religion. They have no use for it. They think that the churches exist for the Sunday assemblage of the well dressed and the exclusive.

through the workman. The priest can- not take his place in mill or factory beside the men. The echoes of his Sunday sermon will scarcely avail there against the force of public opinion and human respect. But we know from a late Catholic in business concern may keep his fellow Catholics together and save them from going under.

Here, then, continues Father Plater, is our plain duty—to form an elite, a chosen band of Catholic workmen, to plant in their hearts a zeal for Christ's kingdom, and to send them back to their mills and workshops and ware- houses to confirm their brethren.

But how is the chosen band to be formed? Father Plater tells it, and here is his plan: "We must first select our men carefully from various groups of their fellows, and then bring them together in a spiritual retreat for at least three full days, in a house set aside for that purpose. Those who have ever made a spiritual retreat honestly may realize that the effects, if the thing could be done, would be such as we desire. Those who have made such re- treats with workmen will need no fur- ther evidence on this point. From a retreat workmen do go forth fortified and tranquilized. They become apos- tles."

DRIFT OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The New York World last week wired to many Bishops and prominent clergy- men for an expression of opinion touch- ing the feasibility of a reunion between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal churches. We are not to suppose that the idea of a corporate re- union of the two churches is a new one, or a dream of some enthusiast early in the morning of the Twentieth Century. Twice before, at least, has the matter been seriously considered, once with considerable probability of success.

The first was in the reign of Charles I. An account of it was given by Cerri, who was commissioned by Pope Inno- cent XI. to report to him on the relig- ious state of England. This report was apparently and unofficially first pub- lished in French in the year 1701, and in 1715 translated and published in English by Sir Richard Steele. This translation is extremely scarce and very little known. The effort of Mon- signor Cerri for reconciliation must have been considered important at the time, as it is alluded to in some of the State papers. The great difficulty which lay in the path of reconciliation was in the Oath of Supremacy, which seemed to render impossible the accept- ance of the Primacy and Supremacy of the Pope by English ecclesiastic and civil officers.

In fact, the obstacle to reunion was political and not religious. The next attempt at reunion was that proposed by certain French ecclesiastics in the Eighteenth century and recorded by Mosheim in his "History." Then, in 1710, when the Relief Bill was passed, there were those who thought they saw an opening for renew- g negotiations for reunion. Bishop Berkeley, in a pastoral letter addressed to his clergy, thus expressed himself: "There appears to me to be, in the present circumstances of Europe, better grounds of hope for a success-ful issue to a dispassionate investigation of the differences which separate the two churches of England and Rome." The friendly words of the Bishop of Durham were reciprocated by one of the Catholic Bishops of the time.

Not until 1834 was this hope of re- conciliation revived, when the Tractarian Movement might be said to have had its beginning. It, however, never as- sumed the proportions of a national de- sire, but resulted in the conversion to the Catholic Church of many of the most intellectual clergymen and lay- men of the Anglican Communion. The remarkable tendency of many distinguished clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is not alone an expression of hope for the union of the two churches; it is also a protest against the doctrinal looseness and ad religious supineness of many of the members of the Episcopal Church. In the United States the sentinels on the watch towers of Israel have left their posts and are fraternizing with the enemy. The concurrence of the House of Bishops with the House of Deputies of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, in the passage of the Open Pulpit Act, has given thoughtful and conscientious clergymen and lay- men of that church ample material for serious reflection. The general Con- vention of the Church assembled at Richmond last Autumn, contained very few crumbs of comfort for those who have at heart the doctrinal integrity and a decent ceremonial of the Epis- copal Church. Since the adoption of the ninth canon at that convention it is now permissible for the Anglican clergy to fraternize in Divinis with dis- senting bodies and to extend the hos- pitality of their pulpits to Methodists, Baptists, or even Unitarian ministers.

It is now right and proper, if a clergy- man and his Bishop so agree, to per- mit any Protestant minister, or, indeed any man they will, to deliver any mes- sage he may from the pulpit of an Epis- copal Church. The only proviso is that the dissenting minister, be he a heretic or a semi-infidel, call himself a Christian. In the amendment to Canon 19 the Bishops have trampled down the hedge and now the wild boar from the woods and the wild beasts of the field may enter and root up the vine-

yard. It is the worst blow, and de- livered by her own sons, that this church has been hit since she separa- ted from her Anglican mother.—Inter- mountain Catholic.

HER STORY SHOULD BE IN EVERY LIBRARY.

NO MAN IS EDUCATED WITHOUT AN ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From the Monitor, Newark.

We believe that it is uniformly the desire of those charged with the man- agement of public libraries to cater to the various elements which go to make up their clientele. In the past Catholics had many occasions to complain of unfair treatment on the part of the man- agers of public libraries. Not only were all books explanatory of the Cath- olic religion or even remotely in de- fense of it excluded from shelves of the libraries, but books, bristling with unjust and sometimes vile attacks against it were welcomed and handed out joyously to readers. But that day has gone by. A more just and gener- ous spirit prevails. Vile onslaughts on any religion are excluded from decent libraries; the vile minds who sought pleasure in them must needs go else- where for disgusting mental provoker. No sensible man cares any longer for sensational flims and lies.

It is now universally recognized that no institution in existence is worthy of so deep a study as the Catholic Church. Apart from the divine origin which she claims, as an institution hoary with the centuries though still fresh with the vigor of youth, an institution that conquered the Caesars, that civilized the barbarians, that freed the slaves, that elevated woman, that inspired the law, that preserved learning, that upheld marriage and protected the family, that moulded the nations into civilization, an institution to the forefront in history, for during many centuries the history of civilized nations is the history of the Catholic Church, a mighty element in life, in literature, in art, in science, in progress, thinking men have long since learned that such an institution may not be overlooked; nay, that it is worthy of the deepest study of the human mind. Any one who has any pretense to scholarship studies the Church, reads her history, sounds her spirit, analyzes her influences, weighs her doctrines and principles. Of course, he is led thereby to examine her credentials and to give respectful heed to the message she seeks to com- municate. Only the man willing to be blind to all history can close his eyes to this extraordinary institution, that has filled the centuries and still holds to her bosom millions and millions of men and women of every race and clime under heaven.

What library can close its doors to such an institution? Men wish to know it and to know it authentically. They are eager to listen to the doctrines of the Church as the Church teaches them. They want her history as she, a living witness, has borne it down through the ages. They desire all the information they can obtain on this im- portant factor in history, civilization and the spiritual progress of the human race. There is no problem into which the Catholic Church has not entered; there is no situation which she has not faced; there is no emergency which she has not met; there is no danger

which she has not encountered; there is no phase of thought or action which she has not grappled; there is no weak- ness of the human soul which she has not discovered and sought to heal; there is no remedy which she has left untried; there is no enemy—from within and from without—which she has not fought; there is no depth of humiliation which she has not sounded and no height which she has not climbed. Like the Divine Founder, she has been "all things to all men," she has been the historic "Alpha and Omega" of the centuries. Her story should be in every library—her story as she tells it, so that men may know her. No library is complete without it; no man is educated without an accurate knowledge of the Catholic Church, her teaching, her history.

LORD KELVIN AND AGNOSTICISM.

The death of Lord Kelvin, says the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, has brought into pro- minence the fact that religion has re- covered its prestige and influence among the highly educated classes in England. Thirty years ago the most eminent scientific thinkers were agnos- tics at war with all creeds as relics of superstition. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, with the subtlest intel- lect of their time, did not conceal their pity and contempt for the child- ish beliefs of credulous humanity, and were hailed as the evangelists of scientific agnosticism and a new millennium of thinking. In another generation of scientific progress the prayer gauge the tilt over the Mosaic cosmogony, the ironical substitution of a pair of chimpanzees for Adam and Eve, and Spencer's despairing recoil "from the Unknowable" have passed out of mind, and the most eminent thinkers have become zealous investigators of the origin of life. Lord Kelvin's pre-eminence in British science has been un- challenged, and he was a strenuous opponent of agnosticism, which seemed to him as indefensible as modern attacks upon the atomic theory. His famous speech at University College, London, in May, 1903, will long be re- membered for its pronouncement on science and religion. "I cannot ad- mit," he said, "that, with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies creative power. Science positively affirms creative power. * * * We are absolutely forced by science to believe with per- fect confidence in a Directive Power—in an influence other than physical, or dynamical, or electrical forces." His Lordship was an Irishman, sprung from an Ulster Presbyterian stock.

TAFT PRAISES WORK OF FRIARS.

Secretary of War William H. Taft was in Boston last week, and he ad- dressed the Congregational ministers in Pilgrim hall, speaking on the Philip- pines. Among other things, he said: "We are indebted for the fact that there is a Christian people in these islands to the work of the religious orders of the Catholic Church, who went there three hundred years ago and happened there just before the Mahometans had been able to get in their work, and who rescued the people and led them into Christianity, but the Christianity which they have is a Christian tutelage." "The friars did not deem that it was wise that they should be led on to a

15 Years' Agony

Dared Not Eat Meat or Vegetables
The life of a Dyspeptic is a life of torture. The craving for food—the burning pain after anything substantial is eaten—the monotonous diet of gruel etc.—make the sufferer often long to die.



Avondale, N.B., Oct. 15th '07.
I have been a great sufferer from Indigestion and Constipation for about fifteen years. I was forced to deny myself all such hearty food as beans, meat, potatoes and other vegetables and could not drink tea or coffee. For the last two years I have lived on oatmeal porridge, stale bread, etc.
In June 1907 I saw the testimonial of Hon. John Costigan and I concluded to give "Fruit-a-lives" a trial. I had nearly four boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" and they have made me feel like a new man altogether. I can eat all kinds of hearty food without suffering and am not at all constipated. I recommended my brother, Hugh Brown, to use "Fruit-a-lives" for chronic constipation and he has been greatly benefited too.

(Sgd) LEAHUE, A. W. BROWN.
Letters of gratitude like this are received daily at the offices of "Fruit-a-lives" Limited. People are glad to testify to the great benefits they have received from taking these wonderful tablets, made of fruit juices and tonics. They will help you. Begin today to take them. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price—see a box—6 for \$2.50.
"Fruit-a-lives" Limited, Ottawa.

great knowledge of the world, because they thought that they would expose them to danger, and the consequence was that in most parts of the islands they were not taught anything but the dialects. The friars learned the native dialects, and in that way exercised a remarkable influence over them.

"Now, that is an important fact in dealing with the problem which we have before us, because you will understand that there is no Oriental or Malay people, except the Filipinos, that are Christian, therefore the only people to look toward Europe and America and the Christian religion for their ideals were these, and it is the Christian religion and the European and American ideals that make an appreciation of popular government and a movement in that direction possible. Therefore we have these people whose whole education for two hundred and fifty years has led them to turn their eyes toward an ideal that is our ideal. They have thus a sympathy with those political notions that move hand in hand with the Christian religion."
—Catholic Citizen.

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The Peerless is the incubator that hatches with clean air,—the incubator that has real ventilation.

Now the quality of air an incubator-chicken gets before it's hatched is far more important than the quantity of food it gets after it hatches.

And many a poultry-for-profit venture has gone to smash by the carbon-dioxide route—had incubator air. Carbon-dioxide is a deadly gas every egg gives off as it hatches.

Open the ordinary incubator's door and sniff,—that sulfurous, musty, choking smell is carbon-dioxide; and it is poison to animal life.

There is no smell in a Peerless—the poison is continually flushed out of the Peerless hatching chamber by the Peerless natural, unfailling ventilation.

Remember that for almost 500 hours the chick breathes what air seeps through the porous shell. If that air is poison loaded, as it is in badly-ventilated ordinary incubators; that chick is stunted, its vitality impaired, its vigor weakened.

It never can thrive as Peerless-hatched chicks, that breathe pure, clean air, do thrive.

Remember, too, that this is only one of fifteen plain reasons why the Peerless incubator not only hatches every chick that can be hatched, but gives those chicks the right start.

Every one of the fifteen reasons means the difference between money made and money lost in poultry-raising.

I will even find you a cash buyer for all the poultry you raise—and all the eggs.

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Sending for the book doesn't commit you to buying the incubator. All I ask you to do is read the book. I won't importune you nor bother you.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Passion Sunday

PURCHASED BY HIS BLOOD.

"Christ being come a high-priest of good things to come, by His own blood entered once into the holies, having obtained eternal redemption." (Heb. ix, 11, 12)

To-day, dear brethren, is Passion Sunday. Its very name teaches us that we are drawing near to the time which is set apart by the Church, for the purpose of keeping alive in our memories the most marvellous events which the world has ever known. The time thus set apart is called Holy Week. It does not begin until next Sunday, but it will be well for us to turn our thoughts in advance to this most sacred time, and to consider in what way we can best spend it for the good of our souls.

The first day of Holy Week is Palm Sunday. On this day our Lord entered into the Holy City of Jerusalem, and was greeted with the Hosannas of the very same people who a few days after would cry "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" From the entry into Jerusalem the Church calls upon us to follow our Lord step by step, until He reaches the Hill of Calvary, and wishes us to place ourselves in spirit at the foot of the cross to gaze on that blessed and awful sight. She says to us: Go and behold your Lord and your God bleeding with the strokes of the cruel scourge, torn with the thorns which were put upon His sacred head.

Behold Him mocked and jeered at by cruel men; betrayed by one of His Apostles, deserted by the rest. See Him nailed to the accursed tree, raised high in the air like the brazen serpent in the wilderness; behold Him worn out with His awful weight of suffering, bowing His head and giving up the ghost. Listen to His sacred voice praying for His murderers: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Listen to the words of fearful woe, when He seemed abandoned by His Father: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Try during this week to make the sufferings of our Lord real to you, to bring them home to your hearts, to enter into them so as really to feel with and for your suffering Lord! No better way of doing this can be found than the reading in the Holy Gospels the accounts there given of His Passion and Death, provided you read these accounts with attention and devotion.

These are the events of all others which have ever taken place in which we have the deepest possible interest. Our sins are the burden of our lives, they weigh us down and bring us to the ground, they cut us off from the source of light and joy and peace; they fill us with a fearful anxiety as to what awaits us hereafter. How are we to get rid of this burden? How are we to obtain pardon and forgiveness? What grounds of hope and confidence can we find? Were we to look to ourselves and to our efforts alone we might well despair. The sanctity and awful holiness of God might well fill us with fear and trembling.

It is only in the love of God manifested in the death and sufferings of Christ that we can attain the full conviction that we shall be forgiven if we return to Him. "Surely He hath carried our sorrows: He was wounded for our iniquities; He was bruised for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His bruises we are healed." This it is which gives to the events of this week an interest greater for each one of us than any other event which has ever taken place. All that took place was caused by us; all that took place was done for us. Therefore, as we dwell devoutly upon these various events, and witness the scenes which took place, and the thought which we must ever keep in our minds is: "All this was done for me; our Lord suffered in order to obtain forgiveness for me, in order to wash me from my iniquities for sin; in order to bring me to confess my sins with sorrow and true repentance; in order to open to me the gates of heaven."

Many persons are unwilling to give up their sins; some who are willing find it hard to confess their sins. But however much repentance and confession may cost you, did not the grace which is to lead you to repentance and confession cost our Lord a great deal more? Try to spend this holy season so that you may have a keen and lively sense of the bitter and cruel sufferings of Christ: then the time will not have gone by unprofitably, but will have produced fruit both for this life and the next.

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF MARCH 28. As to the fact of its brief occupancy our expert confidently asserts "It is not stated anywhere how old the Indian village (St. Ignace II) was." Had Mr. Andrew Hunter taken the trouble to read up thoroughly the early documents he would not have committed himself to this historical inaccuracy.

HELPING HIM OUT.

The Hurons of St. Ignace I, on account of two disasters that befel their braves, the first of which occurred towards the end of the winter 1647-1648 (See Rel. 1648, p. 49, col. 2, Quebec ed.) and the second a few days after, moved to a new site, St. Ignace II, nearer to the Fort of Ste. Marie I, where they thought they would be more out of reach of the Iroquois. (Id. p. 50, 2 col., p. 51, col. 1) This removal consequently took place not earlier than February 1648, nor later than the date of the Relation, i. e. April 16, of the same year. (Relation 1648, p. 45, 1. col.), St. Ignace II, fell into the hands of the Iroquois March 16, 1649, and was utterly destroyed. So at most it existed for one year.

Yes, and in this short space of time it was fortified by means of a palisade 15 or 20 feet high; but this was the result of the combined efforts of Hurons and Frenchmen. Bressani implies as much: "Some sites of less fortifications were made by savans fait faire." (Martin's Translation p. 252) The number of Frenchmen present in Huronia in 1648, not counting Father Daniel killed that year, was 64, 18 of whom were mission-

ary priests, 4 lay-brothers, 23 donnes, 4 boys, 8 soldiers, who had come up that spring, and 7 hired servants. The names of all but 14 of these are on record. Needless to say that the little colony was amply provided with tools and implements. And as for the impossibility of planting posts it does not exist. Last summer I spent three months on the hilltop and speak from experience. Willing hands would take but a comparatively short time to overcome whatever difficulties were to be met with, and for the bulk of the Huron members of the village community, it was a question of life or death. They were fair to look-out at that juncture for a sandy hill, but for a commanding position in the immediate vicinity of fertile lands for their corn patch. These conditions made the Campbell Farm, the present Martyrs' Hill an ideal site.

POST HOLES, OR NO POST-HOLES? THAT IS THE QUESTION.

Moreover, among the Huron-Iroquois tribes, palisades were sometimes constructed without post holes. Mr. Andrew Hunter cannot plead ignorance of this since in his paper entitled "National Characteristics and Migrations of the Hurons, etc." read before the Canadian Institute, Sept. 25, 1891, he quotes, in a footnote, (p. 1) from Rev. W. M. Beauchamp's "Early Indian Forts in New York," where the author says "and in stockades, post-holes were not always used." In such cases crib-work within the enclosure was resorted to, which filled with stones and covered with earth, especially in the bastions, formed the terre plein of the breast-work. A donné, named Jean Guet was in 1648 the head-car-penter in Huronia, another, Pierre Tourmente, the head mason, and a lay-brother, Louis Gauber, the blacksmith. With skilled craftsmen to direct the gangs of French and Indian workmen, the plans of the Jesuit missionaries, who had a fair knowledge of fortifica-tion, could not fail to be carried out systematically and with despatch.

TALK FOR EFFECT.

Mr. Andrew Hunter talks glibly, throughout his several pamphlets, of distinct traces of palisade lines, and pronounces magisterially that this vil-lage site was so fortified and the other was not. Now though I was supposed to have a smattering of the art, since I taught the rudiments of castrametation, field works and permanent fortification, in the early sixties, I unblush-ingly confess that, in spite of my over-willingness to see, I have not yet come across, either in Simcoe or Grey coun-ties, any unmistakable, any certain signs, let of palisading, with the ex-ception of the line of outworks at the Old Fort, ruthlessly obliterated a few years ago. And had it not been that palisades were so often mentioned in the old records one could hardly vouch, without rashness, that they had ever existed. Of course, on visiting a ruin site we may note how admirably adapted it was for such a system of defense, and with our mind's eye, trace out the lines which the enclos-ures should naturally have followed. But it is a long cry from this to ascer-tain that we see undeniable traces of palisading.

Notwithstanding what I have just said, I can confidently point out, at the Martyrs' Hill, the position and outlines of two bastions at the very least, and the angles of the flanks with the curtain. The ground has been ploughed over and over again, cobbles to no end have been carried away and yet these outlines are visible. The line of the curtain coincides, quite fortuitously, with a drill, but need not be confounded with it. On the whole, I venture to say, that these unobliterated vestiges will compare more than favorably with anything Mr. Andrew Hunter can instance anywhere in the whole country.

WHY JOB WANTED HIS GENSOR TO WRITE A BOOK.

But why waste so much valuable time, not to mention the ink, when "writing fluid" fits for a fountain pen is not easily obtainable? Have we not the authority of a persona grata, a "competent person," a self-consti-tuted judge in such matters, a live ex-pert, who will decide the knotty ques-tion in very precise terms? Listen please to what Mr. Andrew Hunter has to say in the matter of palisades (see his Monograph on Medonte, p. 66) after having gone over carefully the townships of Tiny, Tay and Medonte. "Some villages were double-s palisaded, but no traces remain of embank-ments, and it would require much ex-aminig with the spade to find the palisade of any particular site," let me interrupt and add: and it would re-quire much more examining with a spade to decide that no palisade existed at any particular site. Mr. Hunter continues: "This was not attempted by the writer in any case."

—One moment again please. Surely, Mr. Editor, this cannot be. In his letter to your paper, he told us—did he not?—"that traces of the palisade lines at the Martyrs' Hill ought to be easily discovered at the present day, if they really existed there, but they do not." You may suggest, Mr. Editor, that Mr. Andrew Hunter explains, perhaps, in what follows. Let us see: "But palisading may often be inferred from the position of the site on an isolated hill or on a spur. We cannot think the precaution of selecting a naturally fortified position would be taken without the construction of the palisade itself." Did Mr. Andrew Hunter really write this? He did, on the same page, 66, of his pamphlet on Medonte, and immediately after he gives a list of ten sites: "Amongst the village that in this way prove (?) to have been palisaded were:—nos. 3, 11, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 33, 35, and 53." A very convenient way.

OH, MR. ANDREW HUNTER!

Well, well! So when Mr. Hunter de-termined that these ten sites and all the others in Tiny and Tay, set down as palisaded, were so in reality, he had done no delving, "this was not," as tempted by the writer in any case. I think that settles the question of palisading. Hereafter we shall know just on what a "real expert," a "com-

petent person" bases his judgment when he decides that a village was palisaded or was not palisaded. Mr. Andrew Hunter visits the "Martyrs' Hill." Now, at last, we shall have some digging. Listen please. A few months before this visit "the land had been mostly ploughed for crops, and turned up to a depth of 6 or 7 inches, thus exposing what it contained." Any "competent person," a farmer's boy, for instance, could have told our expert that a wooden post sunk in the ground runs much sooner at the surface, when in contact with air and unprotected from moisture, than one buried deep in the earth.

Six or seven inches of excavation would not suffice to reach any remains of a post planted two and a half centu-ries ago. And Mr. Hunter was right when he said: "It would require much examining with a spade to find the palisade of any particular site," which diggering process was not so a mental, nor so an expedition, as taking a mental snapshot of the position, and pronouncing judicially both upon its commanding position and upon the fact of its having been palisaded. To prove a negative is not an easy matter and to demonstrate beyond doubt that Mar-tyrs' Hill was not palisaded he would have to dig all around the brow of the hill and all over the level approach at the rear. But this he has refrained from doing either at the place in ques-tion or anywhere, for a similar purpose, in Tiny, Tay and Medonte. And now what if there were no post holes in this palisade?

Hereafter we shall be able to appre-ciate as their just value, without doing violence to Mr. Hunter's rates of guid-ance for experts, such summary pro-nouncements as the following: "At other palisaded village sites of the Hurons in the same townships, the palisade lines are readily traceable at this day, and they could be traced here also (at Martyrs' Hill) if it were not an imaginary site. Even if the village were no older than the beginning of the winter there would be visible debris and palisade lines, and the pos-terous assumption of anything of this kind is too ridiculous to merit any serious attention, etc., etc."

NOW FOR THE RED HOLLYHOOPS.

I come now to the question of ash-beds, refuse heaps, and the remnants usually found in such deposits, which are somewhat analogous to the kitchen-middens of Northern European coun-tries. None has yet been discovered on the hill tops save iron axes, and why I will explain later on. Mr. Andrew Hunter is at fault if he supposes none exists on the farm "too hastily pur-chased in behalf of the Corporation of St. Mary's College of Montreal." This shows that his observations were too superficial.

On the very morrow after the dis-covery of the site, Father Quirk, Mr. J. C. Brokowski, barrister of Coldwater, and myself, returned to the spot to continue our investigations. Ram-bling in a to-mato patch in the south-east corner of the Martyrs' Hill farm, we came across the characteristic light soil of the ashbeds blackened by the fine particles of charcoal, and yielding not a few relics. Most of these were potshards, some which I collected my-self and have them still.

Among other objects in my collector, picked up later, are two axes from the high level plateau, fragments of clay pipes and potshards from the south-east corner. This summer, a hatchet 6 inches by 3, a pipe bowl in clay with a human head, the familiar bugles and beads of shell, bone, glass and stone, enough for a string four inches long were picked up at the same spot, and are now in my possession. Other axes, belonging to different persons, and which were found on the farm have been shown me. It is strange that neither Mr. Morrison nor Mr. Cana-van, both of whom have worked the spot, should have been questioned by Mr. Andrew Hunter who was so palin-taking on the occasion of his visit.

MR. HUNTER SAW THEM.

But what is stranger still, is that Mr. Andrew Hunter seems to have overlooked what he himself placed on record in his monograph on Tay Town ship, p. 29, No. 25. There is question here of the meeting of four farms, Mr. Robert Warden's land lying adjacent to Mr. Patrick's Canavan's in Concession VIII., on the east side of the road, and Mr. John Morrison's lying adjacent to Mr. Robert Lochart's (the present Martyrs' Hill, the site of the shrine) on the west side. After speaking of the rather surprising ashbeds found by Mr. Warden when he was digging the cellar for his dwelling house, which stands at a considerable distance from the Martyrs' Hill, the author tells us: "Numerous relics were also found, including beads (native and European) iron knives and iron tomahawks, the latter in considerable numbers. Across the road in Concession 7, near the boundary between the farms of John Morrison (lot 2, east half) and Robert Lochart, (lot 4, east half) (now the Martyrs' Hill) were some refuse mounds. And in the adjoining corner of Patrick Canavan's land (south-west quarter of lot 4, concession 8) a few relics have been picked up. It is estimated that the camps here covered about fifteen acres altogether, situ-ated, as in so many other instances, upon an old lake terrace." Precisely,

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here are the middens and here the camping grounds which the army of workmen, French and Hurons, occupied at the time the palisades of St. Ignace II, were being erected. (The "red hollyhoops" behind the barn.)

EXTRA MURIS.

But do not think for one moment that Mr. Hunter had no recollection of what he had assigned to print. Oh no, but he must forestall any use being made of it: "It will not be sufficient," so he rules, "to say there are sites in the neighbourhood producing evidence of occupation." That is, translated into schoolboy parlance: "Play fair—over the fence is out." Now, does Mr. Andrew Hunter seriously think that the concession road had any re-troactive effect on the Indian sites of two hundred and fifty-eight years ago? Modern fences are no bar to him when it suits his convenience, and when he does not write for effect. Instance, on page 34, same monograph, No. 41: "A similar small site occurs on the east half of lot 34, concession 9. In the extreme south east corner, the usual relics have been found; and a part of this site extends into the adjoining land of Joseph Gratrix." So it does, and so does the same camping ground extend, over the four corners and into the four farms mentioned above (Of. also Tay p. 27, No. 16; p. 28, No. 20 of passim).

Of this out dwelling there are numer-ous instances, owing to various reasons no doubt, throughout the many Indian villages of Huronia. Mr. Hunter, for reasons best known to himself, has not always been so positive in deciding that they did not belong to an adjacent site: "But whether they were outlying habitations of the last mentioned site (No. 18) or a distinct site altogether, I have not been able to decide." (Monograph on Tay, p. 27, No. 19) Still, taken altogether, and in com-parison with what is to be met with elsewhere, the tokens of lodge fires are not plentiful around the Martyrs' Hill, however extensive the land surface may be over which they were scattered, for many have disappeared totally, washed out by the rains of over two centuries and a half. They had not time to accu-mulate or to reach the thickness of de-posits which are to be found on other village sites, where the occupancy had lasted eight, ten or fifteen years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DRINKING HABIT AND OUR YOUTH.

The law of God binds parents to give their children good example. If they, by their actions, scandalize their little ones they are responsible to God therefore. Sensible and reasoning people will readily admit that it seems impossible for young women who drink liquor to retain their good name, their personal honor; or their sacred virtue. Oh, strong drink is a deadly foe to the honor of all women, especially the young. And so far as the young men are concerned—few vices are more de-grading to their manhood than the habit of drink. Every young man worthy of the name naturally looks to the future for an upright and manly career. If such be the hopes of any young man, the first steps for him to take in order to realize a bright career will be to avoid strong drink. Any fairly intelligent young man who keeps from drink and is honest and upright and faithful may secure in little time respectable and lucrative positions.—Paulist Calendar.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Show Yourself a Man. "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."

When you ask a man to give you a position, and he reads this language in your face and manner. "Please give me a position; do not kick me out; fate is against me; I am an unlucky dog; I am disheartened; I have lost confidence in myself," he will only have contempt for you; he will say to himself that you are not a man, to start with, and he will get rid of you as soon as he can.

If you expect to get a position, you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for. You must show by your very presence that you are a man of force, a man who can do things; with vigor, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm.

A man does not want to hire a weakling or a dyspeptic, bilious, long-faced person, who has no faith in himself. He wants force, efficiency, cheerfulness, self-confidence. He does not want to hire depression, discouragement; he probably has more than enough of these in his employ already. He wants energy, life, animal spirits; people who are bubbling over with enthusiasm, who can enter his service with a zest that foreshadows victory.

Your very manner and bearing must carry the evidence of power and ability. You must impress your prospective employer with your fitness and peculiar ability to perform the work you apply for. He does not want to take on a man who is full of doubts, who hesitates, vacillates, apologizes, and sneaks. He wants a real man, a man who will hold up his head and move firmly and swiftly to ward his goal. If you make the impression of a weakling, nobody may either wander until doomsday without getting a job, or if you do get one you will not be able to hold it. Show yourself a man. Stand erect and show that you have a backbone as well as a wishbone; that there is reserve in you, grit and stamina equal to any emergency.

If you carry with you evidence of your power, the badge of superiority, then you will not wander the streets looking for a situation very long. Everywhere employers are looking for men who can do things, who can conquer by inherent force and indomitable energy.—O. S. M. in Success.

Discouragements come; of course they will. Who ever heard of a spring time that was all sunshine, or gold so pure that it contained no particle of dross, or prosperity so great that it never met with even the slightest reverse? Every life must meet some disappointments and sorrows. Then, why not meet them with philosophical method, and seek to overcome their influences by precaution and earnest striving and the determination to make the best of everything in life? In the lessons of adversity may be found the training that shall fit for future achievements.

Discouraged? Let the word and thought have no place in your life. Manhood is made for better things. The disheartening trials of to-day may be made the means of greater strength and a more satisfactory position on the morrow. Only they are to be bravely met and conquered, not shirked and cowardly avoided. Even when sorrow comes, behind it may be seen the kind, loving countenance of a Father who gives liberally to all such as ask Him even sustaining grace and encouragement.

Discouraged? Think not of the burdens, but count the blessings of your life. Do not the mercies far outnumber the trials? The world is not a wilderness of woe, as a hymn unwisely puts it; but it is our Father's glorious workmanship, and His work is always good.

Discouraged? Sit not idly by the wayside in sackcloth and ashes. Be a doer; strive for the blessings you would have; conquer the difficulties that beset your pathway; learn to find happiness for others; learn the gospel of work and helpfulness, and there will be no room left in life for discouragement.

A Thought For Young Men. Andrew Carnegie says: The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all of the other temptations likely to assail you: You may yield to almost any other temptation, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule.

The Cautious Scot. A Scotchman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer. "Yes, sir," said the chemist. "Step inside, please. There's an article I can highly recommend. Testimonials from great men who have used it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours." "A woe!" said the Scot, "ye can gie the top o' your head a rub w' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Hampfield, CHAPTER XIV. QUITE TRUE.

Michael Popwicz was not at home on the night of Johnny's arrival. He was safe and Johnny could unfold his tale to his mother with greater confidence. And duly on the morning, after a diligent breakfast and a supplementary portion of cake in preparation for the mid day meal, did Johnny to the tender heart of his mother, and a few sympathetic neighbors, unpack the bundle of his woes.

"They've treated him shameful," cried Martha Popwicz, "I'm sure they have; look at his poor white face!" It was perfectly true; yesterday's drenching in the rain and the long walk from Thornbury had given him a severe cold, and taken the brightness and bloom out of his cheeks. His adventures on the road had not been altogether pleasant. It was not raining when Johnny stole over the fence after tea at Thornbury, though an older eye might have noticed that the moon had a fearful face. On the morrow he was to have gone out of the infirmary, and the boys' with a mischief that was not altogether without justice, had been impressing upon him the certainty of a flogging, or of running the gauntlet, or both, whereas none of those doleful events would in reality have come to pass. The worst part of punishment or pain is the expectation of it, and his childish imagination painted the horrors of flogging, or of the gauntlet, in vivid colours which outshone the truth. So asking permission to leave the infirmary that he might see Brother Cuthbert about to-morrow's lesson, he stole over the fence, dropped into the yard of a public-house, where his pace was quickened by a dog who protested loudly against his wrong doing, and sped on his way to London.

In half-an-hour the sky was overclouded, and the rain fell in torrents; and Johnny repented, as the drops trickled so uncomfortably down his nose, and the rain drove so sharply into eyes, that he had not chosen a happier night for his escape. He was not certain, moreover, what sort of reception he would get from his father, and began to reflect that birches could be got in Bermondsey as well as in Thornbury. The rain however favoured him. Brother Placidus, who had taken train and was walking back, might perhaps have caught him in the moonlight. As it was he nearly walked over the half-drowned Johnny without seeing him. Truth to tell however, Placidus, even before the rain, had been utilizing his time by thinking over his theologian treatise, and might have passed him therefore in the broad daylight. It is hard to do two things at once; Placidus was always trying, but had not as yet succeeded.

The policeman, too, would not have believed that story about his going for the doctor to see his dying mother, had the rain been less fierce. As it was he was nearly of duty, and being but human he preferred home and supper to Johnny and more trouble. So Johnny arrived as we have seen at home. The results of his thoughts upon the road as to the tale he should tell were partly written by Mrs. Mittlebury to her son the following day. We could not tell the tale better than that good lady, and will only say that we have carefully compared her account with other tales of schools which are in our possession, and find that Johnny was not more inventive than many another boy, nor his mother more credulous than the generality of mothers.

MRS. MITTELBURY TO HER SON JOSEPH. My dear Joe—We was surprised last evening to see Johnny Popwicz come walking into his Mother's about 10 o'clock a bundle of wet rags, and it's made your father and I very anxious; for he talks all manner of tales, and I can't think all of them's true, nor does Father Wittens. And yet I don't know; it's hard to think the boy would tell so many falsehoods; and he looks so innocent like, too, and just been to confession, he says, a week ago.

You come in for a share. He says he ran away because all the boys were going to make him run what he calls the gauntlet, and that you were the chief urging them on to do it. I can't think that you'd do anything so shocking. If all is true, I hear, you must be a pretty lot of savages down at Thornbury. He says you knot your handkerchiefs and all kinds of rags and make them quite hard with water, or tie up a flint in them as big as your father's fist—and that isn't a small one—and then stand in a double row and make a boy run up and down between you till he is all a mass of bruises and can't stand. He says one of the boys died of it, but he'd forgot his name.

Father's very angry to think that you were telling the boys to do anything so cruel. And all, Johnny says, because he wouldn't speak of some boys who got over the palings and frightened the poor old lady next door. He told them not to do it, but when they would go, he wasn't going to give up their names, so that Father McReedy would give 'em the cat.

I never thought it of Father McReedy. I wouldn't have believed it, if Johnny hadn't told me so innocent. Fancy a priest using the cat. Why you know when Jack Pipers got it in prison for getting a bank director he never got rid of the marks all his life; and he shakes up now sometimes in the middle of the night dreaming of it, and shrieking frightfully. They say each blow strips the skin clean off the flesh; and Johnny says he was afraid, after the boys had brained him all over in the gauntlet, Father McReedy would use the cat on him when he was all tender.

Father says you shan't stop a minute longer there if any of us is true. Write by return and say.

He says some of the other masters also are very cruel. There's a Brother he calls Brother Outbert; he's a regular tyrant. One day Brother Outbert thought Johnny had been copying his sum, so that day he had done the sum, and the other boy copied from him, but then the other boy was a favorite of Brother Outbert's; well! this Brother, who ought never to be a priest, that's certain, beat him over the head with a thin cane till his head was cut and bleeding; when he went to Father McReedy to complain, Father McReedy had other Brothers in to hold him, while he rubbed salt into the wounds. Father Wittens didn't think this could be quite true.

I noticed some odd marks on one of his legs, and he told me that he got these from a woman he called Molly, the servant next door, who had been beating him with a broom. He says like a scurrying brush, and it she washes a little boy, which is mighty seldom, she leaves marks all over him where her five fingers have been. And when she's out of temper, which is seven days in the week, she scolds so powerful that even the brass band is obliged to stop practising till she's done. Joe I write back and say if this is true, she seemed to me a smiling sort of woman enough; bustling, it may be, and no doubt with her soul on the tip of her tongue like the rest of us, but with a fair heart in the right part of her, so far as I could see. I think Johnny must have been crossing the boundary about her. Leastways she's been a mother herself, and I can't think as a woman who's had a dear little life a-drawing at her own breasts can be a brute.

But there; if Father McReedy encourages such savage ways, even a woman may go wrong; I am told he likes to see you fighting and sets you at it, and that you practise regular three times a week with the boxing gloves; Johnny says you are a regular prize fighter, and that you beat him once or twice for nothing at all, just because he didn't want to fight.

I thought it was the other way. I remember washing your bloody shirt after you'd been fighting with Johnny, for fear your father might find you out. But Johnny says you're mighty handy with your fists now; I'd rather you were handy at your books. Giving people black eyes won't prepare you for the priesthood.

IT DEPENDS ON THE PARISH PRIEST.

A study of parishes reveals the fact that some are a garden of conversions, while some others are totally barren of such fruit. There is one parish I know, with beautiful church buildings, but there has not been a convert baptized in the church for the last ten years.

There is another parish within a mile that is made up largely of converts and of the most edifying kind. It is just the difference between the pastors. The pastor of the latter parish believes in speaking the kindly word to his fellow citizens. He appears on public occasions when there are meetings for the good of the town. The non-Catholic people look on him as a public-spirited citizen, who starts for law and order. In his church he never allows any rancorous controversies on dead religious issues, but he furnishes plenty of lectures expository of Catholic doctrine. The services are attractive and the sermons are worth listening to.

As a result there are crowds of non-Catholics in attendance. He is always glad to receive and instruct converts. He has definite evenings on which he meets his converts and he never misses them. Last year he received on profession of faith seventy-two converts.

The pastor of the other parish is a good man, but he lives "in the sacristy," and comes forth once a week to hurl anathemas at Luther and Calvin. The old style Protestant preacher, when his sermon font ran dry, brought out the tirade against the Pope and the

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It is quite possible to make every parish a nerve centre for convert making if the right methods are pursued, and, indeed, in the last analysis if the Church is going to make true progress in this country it must be by making each parish church a shrine for conversions. Missionaries may remove prejudice, they may draw by extraordinary methods the stranger within the gates, but converts are generally received by the parish clergy and they are held by becoming affiliated to the parochial organizations. Suppose every parish in the United States received on an average ten converts a year—and this may be done without the slightest difficulty, if the right methods were followed—there would be the remarkable number of one hundred and fifty thousand converts to our credit each year. Nor would these figures be stationary. Every convert becomes a centre of aggressive effort, so that the increases would go on by geometrical progression. It would be no very great feat of the imagination to realize the time when America would be dominantly Catholic.

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Gillette Safety Razor advertisement. Features a Gillette razor and text: "A Revolution—nothing else. In less than three years, more than a million men have revolted against the tyranny of the old-fashioned razor and enlisted under the 'GILLETTE' standard."

PROFESSIONAL. Dr. STEVENSON, 381 DUNDAS STREET, London, Ontario, Specialty—Surgery and X-Ray Work. Phone 618.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS. 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open Night and Day. Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 545.

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D. A. STEWART. Successor to John T. Stephenson. Funeral Director and Embalmer. Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on position. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. Geo. E. Logan, Asst. Manager.

Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid.

Callista A Sketch of the Third Century. By Cardinal Newman. Paper, 30c., post-paid.

History of the Reformation in England and Ireland. (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett. Price, 85c., post-paid.

Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA.

BREVIAIRES. The Pocket Edition. No. 22—48 mo.; very clear and bold type, few references, 4 vol. 4x2 1/2 inches; thickness 3/4-inch; real India paper; red border; flexible, black morocco, round corners, red under gold edges. Post-paid \$5.40.

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Pearl Rosaries

We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER. Table with columns: No., Length, Cross, Cut or Turned, Price. Lists various rosary types and their prices.

The Catholic Record. 484-486 Richmond Street LONDON, CANADA

Galt Steel Siding advertisement. Includes an illustration of a man with a pipe and text: "THIS IS THE SHEET METAL AGE. The wandering tramp who steals a night's lodging in your straw stack may prove a very costly visitor if he should forget to put out the match after lighting his pipe."

A FOUL VAMPIRE. POWERFUL DENUNCIATION OF PROSELYTISM BY ANOTHER IRISH JESUIT FATHER. Preaching in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin, on a recent Sunday, Rev. Henry F. Gan, S. J., framed a terrific indictment of proselytism—proselytism of the sort that, taking advantage of poverty and want, tempts a man or woman to a thing which they know and believe in their conscience will cut them off from the love and friendship of God.

Ireland in the famine days furnished the preacher with material for a vivid word picture. "Oh, the shame of it!" said Father Fegan. "When the news reached England of the dire want of the famine and pestilence in Ireland, when the island became like a lazar house, when the whole population was stricken down, when the air was filled with pestilence, the fields a solitude, the chapel deserted, the priest and the pauper perishing together, then it was that the foul bird of proselytism, as we have it with us now, spread her wings, soared aloft, and with keenly cruel eye searching for the prey made for the great graveyard of Ireland, and circling and wheeling and screaming with delight, swooped down among the dead and living; and the unclean bird perched upon the livid corpse and offered the luscious food from the horrid maw to the famishing mothers of famishing children. Oh, the horror of it! That food in exchange for their souls!"

"Poverty and hunger are dreadful things. The lot of the poor is a hard lot. Perhaps you have never known what it is to be in want, to be hungry and weak and have no food. It is an awful thing for a man to tramp the city day after day and get no work, and come home in the evening to meet the famished faces of the children, see their great eyes watching for food, hear their weak hollow voices. It is worse still, perhaps, to see the silent agony of the mother, who is weak and sick and has nothing to give, not even a morsel of bread, to the babes in her arms. It is very often under such circumstances that the man and woman take to drink. They get it somehow to forget their trouble. And it is at such times, with such poor, sinful folk it may be, that the agents of proselytism carry on their wicked, infamous trade. It has been said: 'There are some so wicked they are set in circumstances so revolting that they prove the existence of a personal evil spirit.' Human nature, we all feel, is not so bad. Who of us but would put the horrors of the slave trade down to the suggestion of the devil? Who but the head could have crammed the filthy holds of the slavers with the unhappy human cargo? And who but the devil could have suggested that the first slaver should be called Jesus? Human nature at its worst will not account for some of the darker deeds that stain the annals of our race. When we hear of such, we know that the demon of lust or avarice or revenge tempted men there. What one of Satan's brood is it that tempts an Irish Catholic father or mother to sell their children's souls into a religion they believe to be false? What demon is it that drives on men and women with fanatical zeal to engage in such abominable traffic? It is a traffic, a business as odious, some say, in the eyes of respectable Protestants as in our own. A strong protest from influential Protestants would do so much in England to stop the supplies that keep this thing going.

THE TIME OF TEMPTATION. Proselytism of the sort I speak of is hateful, wherever practiced. If there were any such Catholic proselytism, we should loathe and abominate that as we do this. It matters not how great the poverty of the poor people, how sore their need, how piteous the cries of their little ones, how banishing their looks, how emaciated their little bodies, the sale of the child's soul for bread is a sin, black and damning. And to this our poor are solicited. How the moral instincts of man or woman must be blinded by false zeal when they can lend themselves to work like this, when they can, through her very affection for her children, tempt a suffering mother to such a crime.

"O, a mother's love is a beautiful thing. She will starve for her child, stand by him in trouble, take his part in disgrace, be true when all go away. She is his mother. She may be a sinner, she is a mother. No hurt comes to him, but it wounds her heart. The Blessed Mother of Jesus is Queen of Martyrs, though neither scourge nor thorn touched her flesh. She was crucified with the same nails that fixed Him to the cross; she was His mother. And these little ones are fixed to a bitter cross by the hard nails of cold, suffering want. The mother, too, is crucified with them. Then comes the tempter or the temptress. If you are their mother, and have the heart of a mother, command that these stones be made bread. Say the word, and they shall have clothes and food. Put away your silly scruples. What sort of a religion is it that can have you and yours in this state? Recall the devil's whisper to the hungering, emaciated Christ: 'If thou be the Son of God—Son of God indeed!—Could God leave His Son in this state?'

"And who shall tell the means employed to get our children? They have them from all the poorer parts of our poor country. Could we but see the crowded country platform, the two children joyous in new dress and the thought of going up to wonderful Dublin; the smart young man who apparently has nothing to do with them, but is standing there looking anxiously about; the poor woman silently kissing the children as she puts them confusedly into the carriage and whispers them to say 'Hall Mary'; then the whistle. The train moves off; the lock of triumph in that young man's eyes and the converse have been won. But beyond the third waiting-room door the poor woman looks longingly after the train; then raises trembling hands and weeping eyes to heaven for forgiveness.

"Sure, God, you won't be hard on me? They wouldn't help me for Christ's charity. I could get no work unless I gave the children. What could I do and them starving? Don't be hard on me." She was on the martyr's path, that woman, a well-worn path all through our poor country's history. She almost touched the martyr's crown, but she failed. Instead of the martyr's palm, she has apostatized her little ones and sold her own soul. God have mercy on you, woman! But what of them that tempted you to such a sin? Lord Jesus, turn them from this infamous traffic. They have money—so much of it. England sends thousands for the Irish mission. If Christian pity for the suffering poor be in their hearts, oh, why cannot they give help and get God's blessing, instead of driving this horrid trade under the name of charity?"

DIocese of London. CEREMONY OF RELIGIOUS PROFESSION AND RECEPTION AT THE URSULINE CONVENT, CHATHAM, ONT.

On the seventeenth of March, Feast of St. Patrick, a most impressive ceremony took place in the chapel of the Holy Family, Ursuline Convent, Chatham, Ont., being the profession and reception into the religious life of the solemn profession of the Ursuline Sisters. The ceremony was performed by His Lordship, Right Rev. P. M. O'Connell, Bishop of London, assisted by Rev. B. Boubat, Windsor, and Rev. J. Tobin, London.

After the ceremony, His Lordship, the visiting clergy and the guests were invited to the Auditorium where a short entertainment was given in honor of His Lordship, it being the feast day of his patron saint. A complimentary address was read and presented by Miss Marion A. Cook and Miss Laura A. M. Donald sang very sweetly the beautiful old Irish melody, "Come Back to Erin." A few other vocal and instrumental selections completed the programme. The address was handily illuminated and bound in green crush velvet with gold ornamentations. At the conclusion of the programme, His Lordship addressed the students and guests in his usual graceful and happy manner. In the afternoon, His Lordship, with several of the clergy visited St. Joseph's Separate school, where he was most warmly welcomed by the trustees, the staff of Ursuline religious and the children. He was greeted with a joyous feast of cheer by the children and several other songs were well rendered in his honor. His visit was made further memorable by the delightful little address which he made to the pupils, expressing his high esteem of their school and the excellent work being done there.

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SPREAD THE LIGHT. 15 Main St., Toronto Junction, Ont. March 25, 1908. TO THE EDITOR CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. Dear Sir—A good suggestion came to my mind the other day and I take the liberty of writing you. I noticed in our city daily papers the speech of Mr. E. T. Essary, Grand Master, at the Orangemen's convention held at Mount Pleasant a few weeks ago, about which I wrote a letter to the Daily Star. Now, Mr. Editor, I notice the Catholic clamor for the secular papers, and could not or will not do without them. They should, however, first see that the Record or some other good Catholic paper is in the home as therein we can always find the Catholic side of the argument. I always give to the Record to some Catholic who does not take it and ask him to do the same after he has read it. I think it would be a good idea if all the subscribers to the Record would do the same. I would not be long for we would have all the Catholics in our different parishes holding up their Catholic paper to the children in the end of one containing inspiring Orange speeches. I may say that through my acting in that way I have had two or three families promise to take the Record. I am, Yours Respectfully, G. GUSTAR.

EVILS OF SUBSTITUTION. MEANS BY WHICH THIS WIDESPREAD AND GROWING PRACTICE MAY BE CIRCUMVENTED. The old axiom "that the most sticks will be found under the best apple tree" may be applied with even greater truth to the widespread practice of substitution now prevailing. The more renowned the article the greater the number of imitations there will be found endeavoring to fatten on its reputation. Substituted articles are always inferior and yield a large profit to the dealer, many of whom for this selfish reason persistently try to find them upon the public. Standard goods like Magic Baking Powder, Gillett's Perfumed Lye and Gillett's Cream Tartar have proved a shining mark for imitators. The extensive names which they have been advertised for years coupled with their recognized superiority and the great growing demand for them have caused manufacturers of similar articles to boldly and closely copy the name and make-up of the original. Gillett's reputation has created. There is but one way to meet such tactics. Examine the label and insist on getting what you ask for as it can generally be accepted that the dealer who wishes to sell you something else "just as good" has some ulterior motive to serve.

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