

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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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, Nov. 10, 1900.

GRATITUDE TO OUR BENEFACTORS.

We should remind our readers to remember in their prayers the priests who have departed this life. The best way to show our gratitude is to pray for the repose of their souls.

THE LAST SOLEMN HOUR.

"O, but they say, the tongues of dying men enforce attention like deep harmony."

If the thoughts of those about to pass into eternity could be recorded what an interesting volume it would make! Here, with every energy enlisted in the service of the world, and at the exclusion of all that is best and highest, the hereafter troubles us but little; but when the heart is beating out into stillness, the shame and conceits obscuring our mental vision fade away and we see things as they really are. We then understand why those heroic figures who long since peopled the deserts, walked hand in hand with mortification. Many of them had erred. Many also could claim the goodly possession of unsullied souls, but all were intent in preparing themselves for the greatest act of human life. The last hour was ever present to their minds, and when it came was hailed with joy. It was not merely the decomposition of a worn out machine—it was a change of life—a passing into the realms of light and love. Death had for them a beautiful side, and many could say, with St. Ambrose, that they had so lived that they had no sorrow for having lived, and that they did not fear death, knowing that they were in the hands of a good Master.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

With regard to burial of the dead as practised in the Ages of Faith we cull some valuable information from the admirable pages of Digby. Acting on the advice of St. Augustine that the bodies of the faithful are not to be despoiled and cast out, since they were the organs and vessels used by the Holy Spirit, they took care to impress a becoming reverence upon the character of their funeral ceremonies.

The primitive Christians kept their dead exposed during three days, and watched over them in prayer during that time. Bearing them to the tomb they carried lighted tapers and sang hymns expressive of their hope of the Resurrection. And the same spirit pervaded those ages when men lived near to the supernatural, and who, untroubled by a desire of material aggrandizement, had a true idea of living. Instead of pronouncing panegyrics over their dead:

"The Mass was sung and prayers were said
And solemn Requiem for the Dead,
And bells tolled out their mighty peal
For the departed spirit's weal."

Despite the fact that the first Christians made a wall for their dead it became the custom in a very early age of the Church to suppress all public lamentations. A synod in the tenth century orders:

"That laics who observe funeral vicils should do it with fear and trembling and reverence. No one there should presume to sing diabolic songs, or to dance, or to make jests which the Angels learned to practise from the devil. For who does not perceive that it is diabolic, not only alien from the Christian religion but even contrary to human nature, there to sing, rejoice, get drunk and be dissolved in laughter, laying aside all piety and affection. Therefore such insane joy and pestiferous singing must be altogether prohibited on the authority of God. But if any one desires to sing, let him sing 'Kyrie Eleison,' otherwise let him keep silence."

OUR YOUNG MEN.

We hear it occasionally stated that young men have fewer opportunities to-day for advancement than those of a former generation. They have many reasons, such as changed social and commercial conditions, to support their contention, and come in the end to believe that it is just as well to take things easy—the easier the better. The young man, however, who faces life with that excuse for inaction—for not making the very best of himself, is a miserable coward. There is ever a place for the right man, and that, too, at the top, where there is always elbow room and fresh air.

We except governmental appointments, which depend not so much upon work or ability as upon a political know at least one Catholic lay-

man who has made his way because he has had the courage to work and the courage to wait. And yet he began his career with every chance against him! He was ridiculed by the coterie that "resolute and talks big and likes easy positions," but he kept on, determined to succeed or to go down in harness. Had he been satisfied with joining the army of croakers and blue ruin prophets he would be a non-entity to-day instead of holding a responsible position.

And we say that any young man who decides upon concentrating his energies upon a pursuit, and holds to it despite weariness and difficulties, is bound to find a place, no matter how crowded life's walks may be. "The longer I live," says a writer, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

A NOVEL SCHEME.

The London Free Press of Oct. 21 gives an account of a public meeting held in the Dundas Street Methodist Church in the interests of the McCall Mission. Mr. Wm. Bowman, the chairman, said in his introductory remarks that the "progress of Protestantism in France was the arbiter of peace to the nations of the world." What that may mean we are, owing to lack of time, unable to discover. It probably contains a mine of wisdom, and some day when we have leisure and are well-braced mentally we intend to delve for it. When the auditors recovered from the shock of the chairman's eloquent and mysterious utterances Dr. Rissitor of New York came forward and explained that the mission was for the purpose of regenerating France. Quite a large contract! But the doctor, who was in a singularly optimistic mood, declared the work was prospering, and that one of the means employed to bring the people to Christ was the singing of sweet Christian hymns. Before the advent of the mission the people had been accustomed to the chanting of choirs, but the hymn was unknown to them. It speaks volumes for the gullibility or ignorance of the Dundas street auditors when they permit a statement like that to pass unchallenged. Now, however, that the sweet hymn makes music in the ears of Frenchmen, may we expect a religious upheaval—the fall of Infidelity's strongholds and a rush McCallwards?

It is certainly a novel scheme—in- genuous and worthy of being patented! And it is so simple! With a good pair of lungs and a hymn well sugared one can work wonders in the mission field! If a beauteous denizen of France refuses to come to Christ one has merely to croon a sweet lullaby and he is forthwith regenerated. And if it has such a potent influence upon individuals who are presumably civilized what may we not hope from it when it is used upon those who are accustomed only to warwhoops and savage dissonances. It takes one's breath away to think of it.

Whilst complimenting the doctor on his admirable address we cannot refrain from exhorting him to give dear old London the benefit of his invention. It will take a lot of wind and sweetness to lift many Londoners to higher and better things, but they are, we imagine, entitled to first chance. At any rate he should sing into phonographs and have them distributed amongst the men and women who, so far as religion is concerned, are as ignorant as untutored barbarians.

LABOR vs. CAPITAL.

The great strike is virtually at an end, and friends of labor are jubilant over the fact that the miners' demands have in a measure been acceded to. But after all it is but a truce between labor and capital. How long it may continue we are not prepared to say, but in the present industrial conditions there must inevitably be conflict between employer and employee. No legislation and no scheme, however plausible, that is based on mere human economic lines can or will avert it.

Christianity alone can supply the remedy. We know that some mighty capitalists take a kindly interest in religious matters, and even, as in the case of Mr. Carnegie, devote their efforts to the toiler. But admitting all this, we say that the employer, who, as it often happens, grinds men down with excessive labor, and who looks upon the workman as a machine without mental or spiritual rights, has no practical conception of Christianity. Nay, more, they may be lauded for their philanthropy—for their libraries for those who have no time to read them—but they are, nevertheless, a menace to the stability of a country.

An oligarchy of wealth is a real and very evident danger to national prosperity. We are told, however, that no injustice is done the laborer when he agrees to work for even a starvation wage, and when the employer pays what was agreed upon he has done his part and is not called upon for anything further. This mode of reasoning, says Leo XIII. in the Encyclical on the Condition of Labor, is by no means convincing to a fair minded man. He points out that a man's labor is at once personal and necessary. In so far as it is personal it would be within his right to accept any rate of wages whatever. But the Pope says:

"This is a mere abstract supposition: the labor of the workman is not only his personal attribute, but it is necessary, and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of each and all, and to fail therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than by work and wages."

Admitting that workman and employer should freely agree as to wages, the Pope says, again, that:

"There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort."

When the workman is thus given a wage that will ensure immunity from starvation he can easily be induced to make an effort to better his condition. He will practice economy and his earnings can in time be invested in real estate. "The law should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many of the people as possible to become owners." Pope Leo says that this, by causing property to be more equitably divided, would tend to bridge the gulf between vast wealth and deep poverty, to make labor give better results and to develop in the hearts of all classes a deep and abiding love for the country in which they were born.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

The world of non-Christian or of un-Christian thought has, within a few years, experienced something very like a revulsion of feeling on the immortality of the soul. Twenty years ago, or less, Christian teaching as of the life beyond the grave was smiled or sneered away as "unscientific."

Sentimental and sanguine people expressed their satisfaction with the precarious prospect, implied in the words of the poet:

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Still others, with George Eliot, yearned to:

—join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence.

But all discarded the idea of personal immortality, of aught to fear or hope after the breath had left the body. To-day, Science is turning on its tracks, and beginning respectfully to investigate certain things which are, it is obliged to admit, beyond natural solution. Men like Camille Flammarion believe that the immortality of the soul can be and will yet be scientifically demonstrated.

Outside of scientific circles a host of men and women who have never doubted the future life, but who refuse the only authentic testimony to it, seek vainly to reach their beloved dead through psychic mediums, clairvoyants and the like, only to recoil upon themselves disappointed, blinded at the inconsequence and foolishness—to say nothing of the fraud—of the alleged revelations.

But the Catholic Christian goes his way untroubled by these fashions in doubt or faith. He is as sure of his future existence beyond the grave as he is of his actual existence on the earth. He takes God's word for his immortality; but he knows that it rests with himself to determine whether it is a happy or a sorrowful condition.

He knows that he goes into life overlasting personally accountable for the deeds of his mortal life. The consequences of unatoned for, even though repented and forgiven sins trail themselves over the threshold of eternity. As few of usstewards of the divine gifts have called upon to give

account of our stewardship, and no margin of time allowed for retrieving our negligence, however deeply we deplore it, it follows that most of those who die in God's favor have still between them and heaven a sojourn in that debtor's prison whence none can depart till the last farthing is paid.

This is the grave truth which the Church brings especially before us on All Souls' Day, and throughout the sad month of November, which is consecrated in a special way to the prayerful memory of the dead.

Every day, in the Apostles' Creed we proclaim our faith in the Communion of Saints. This faith we demonstrate on the one hand, when we seek the intercession of the blessed in heaven; on the other, when we pray for those who have saved their souls but are not yet sufficiently purified to be admitted to the Vision of God and the society of the saints.

We do not seek messages from the dead, as to the dupes of false beliefs. We seek rather to assure our dead of our unforgetting love for them, by the prayers and good works done for their eternal repose. If while they were with us, we failed in love or duty to them, here is our chance of retrieval.

A mockery is the sombre crape, a stone for bread is the costly monument to the suffering, helpless prisoners of the King, if we forget the prayers, and sacrifices, and almsdeeds that open for them a way into the place of refreshment, light and peace.—Boston Pilot.

NECESSITY OF RELIGION.

Buffalo Union and Times.

It is none other than Victor Hugo, the great French litterateur, who has written those soul uplifting thoughts on the necessity of religion. We commend them to the meditation of those persons who foolishly fancy that they must ape unbelief in order to pass as men of profound minds. They therefore pose as agnostics, whose only cult is negation, believing nothing save what they can touch and see and taste. These are Hugo's words:

The more a man grows, the more he ought to believe. As he draws nearer to God, the better ought he to recognize His existence, the end of all material existence, we aggravate all his miseries by the terrible negation at its close. We add to the burdens of the unfortunate the unupportable weight of a hopeless hereafter. God's laws of suffering merely to our unbelief into hell's law of despair. How do our finite miseries divide in the presence of infinite hope.

Our first duty, then, whether we be clergymen or laymen, legislators or writers, is not merely to direct all our social energies to the abatement of physical misery, but at the same time to lift every drooping head towards Heaven, to fix the attention and the faith of every human soul on that ulterior life where justice shall preside, where justice shall be rewarded. Dash is restitution, of the moral world equity. At the end of all reappears God. Let us not forget it. Let us everywhere teach it. There would be no dignity in life; it would not be worth the holding if in death we wholly perish.

All that lightens labor and sanctifies toil, all that renders man brave, good, wise, patient, benevolent, just, humble, and at the same time great, worthy of attention and before him the vision of a better world dawning its rays of celestial splendor through the dark shadows of this present life. It is to me more real, more substantial, more positive in its effects than this evanescence which we cling to and call life. It is necessarily before my eyes. I believe in it with all the strength of my convictions, and after many struggles and much study and experience, it is the supreme certainty of my reason, as it is the supreme consolation of my soul.

How these beautiful thoughts of the great master of French literature should shame the pretenders of whom we have spoken who look down pitying from their lofty intellectual theories upon all ministers of religion, and regard Christ's Church and His Revelation with sovereign contempt!

THE SACRED HEART ORDER

To Celebrate Its Centennial this Month.

The Order of the Sacred Heart is about to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. In the different convents the most elaborate preparations have begun for this important occasion, which is to mark the centenary milestone in one of the finest educational organizations in the Catholic Church. The centenary will take place on the Feast of Our Lady's Presentation, Nov. 21, and the ceremonies which are to distinguish it will be most impressive.

The one hundred and forty seven houses distributed throughout the world, are to join in a chorus of joy that the end of a century of work has found them prosperous in every way and that no less than 7,000 members of the order are alive to participate in the honor of the canonization of Rev. Mother Barat, the Venerable Foundress. The centenary is to have a double significance in the anniversary itself, and the fact of the canonization proceedings, which are now in progress and will reach completion in 1902. In the whole century the order has had but four Superior Generals, the last being Rev. Mother Digby, an English woman of noble birth. A little over a year ago Mother Digby visited London, and she is the only Superior General who had come to Canada from the headquarters in Paris.

THE POPE AS A WIT.

Humor of the Sublime Kind, It Never Wounds or Stings.

While his beautiful character places him first in the esteem of millions of hearts, nevertheless the present Pope owes a great deal of his popularity to talents not generally known—his firm hold on the world of arts, letters and society. Save that of the master painter, he has as many gifts as Leonardo da Vinci. Like him a fine mathematician, musician, art critic, oriental scholar, with a general culture deep and broad, he is one of the best of the living chess players. His knowledge of books, with all their strange and curious details, reminds one of such human phenomena as Magliabecchi and Pic di Mirandola. Well he might make the world wonder, as did the children in Goldsmith's "Village," how one head could contain it all.

In society, from the earliest diarist's recollection, Leo XIII has been noted as a wit. It is said that he has the greatest power of repartee of any man in Europe. It is an odd thing to remind one that "the greater the saint the greater the humorist." This has so generally passed into a first principle by students of men that one can understand why the wisest theologians are given to doubt the sanctity of any man who does not enjoy a joke. Perhaps Emerson was not aware that he was uttering an old Catholic truth he said: "You need never despair of the salvation of any man who can see a joke."

Those who have lived near His Holiness or who have associative ties with him know a volume of stories of his wit. It is said that he never lost the mastery of any situation—grotesque, painful, awkward or ridiculous. He has always enjoyed a reputation for this alone, and was betide the unlucky wight who crossed conversational rapiers with the aim of putting him in a worse case.

His humor is of the sublime kind: it never wounds or stings. It raises a laugh, but always to lift the hearer to a calm height not before known. Only once in all these *contes drolats* does he appear to have made a retort that stung, and then the victim richly deserved it.

A worthy American, one of the "new rich," was pleasantly roasted behind his back on one occasion. A convert he was, of course, more Roman than Rome, and he took ex-ravagant methods of helping Propaganda Fide with his wealth. He had done many generous things, and the Pope had rewarded him with medals and orders galore; for once a year this convert made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was kindly received by the Holy Father as a son, and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these brave metal pieces were attached to the rich American's breast.

"I'll soon end that," the Pope remarked to a confidante who was at his side during the leave. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox." Which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted audience, when to the Holy Father's consternation the faithful son of the church appeared, not only with all his medals, but with the snuff-box attached to his waistcoat.

"The next time," I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."—Chicago Times Herald.

AN APPARITION!

Bigotry manifests itself in many ways, but seldom in so ridiculous a manner as that exhibited by a minister at Atlantic City a week or two ago. A well-known hostelry, patronized in the main by Catholics, though its present lessee is a Protestant, was the scene of this incident. A man clothed in the clerical garb affected by the ministry who eschew the Roman collar, and accompanied by a woman and a child, applied to the hostess for accommodations. After examining a room and expressing satisfaction, he returned to the office to register, when he met a terrible apparition. It was dinner time, and from the dining room came forth a man wearing a Roman collar and without a woman and a child. It must be a priest! The man at the register, without a word of explanation to the hostess, grasped the woman's arm and said: "Come, let us get out of here." And they vanished—like-wise the child.

The hostess was for a time lost in amazement, but later she recovered, and when Father was about to depart to celebrate Mass she asked him to pray that she might get more boarders, laughingly remarking that he had driven three away. "That man had bad conscience," is the explanation she gives of this manifestation of intolerance. He is, no doubt, of the too numerous class who teach their congregation to hate their (Catholic) neighbor, and perhaps some poor fellows believe what they say. He would have formed a different idea of his brother man had he remained and become acquainted with that genial

priest. The Protestant hostess, perhaps, would not believe this story had she merely heard it and not taken part in the incident as described.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

SHAMELESS FICTION.

Of the ten most popular books in England during last May, one, and the only one not concerned with the South African war, was S. R. Crockett's novel "Joan of the Sword-Hand." It may show how much enlightenment and intelligence Great Britain has to spare and to spread. In one place, for instance, it gives this scene in the Vatican Gardens between Pope Sixtus and Prince Conrad, described as a priest and a cardinal:

The Pope turned half round in his seat and looked with a certain indulgent fondness upon the gay young man who wore conducting a battle of flowers with the laughing girls beneath them. Two of them had laid hold of another by the legs and were holding him over the trefined flowers that he might kiss a girl whom her companions were elevating from below for a like purpose. As their young lips met the Pontiff slapped the purple silk on his thigh and laughed aloud. "Ah, rascals, merry rascals!" (here he sighed, "What it is to be young! Take an old man's advice, live while you are young. Yes, live and leave penance for old age is sufficient penance in itself. (Tut tut)—what am I saying? Let his pocket do penance!) . . . Well, most of these young men are Cardinals (or will be, so soon as I can get the gold to set them up.) "These are Cardinals and priests?" queried Conrad, vastly astonished. The Holy Father nodded and took another sip. "And now you wish to marry?" "Well, I will receive back your hat. I will annul your orders—the usual payments being made to Holy Church. . . . Good—good, my son. You are a true standard bearer of the Church. I will throw in a perpetual indulgence—with blanks which you may fill up."

This new novel will furnish Mr. James Britten a good page or two additional to his admirable penny pamphlet on "Protestant fiction."—Catholic Columbian.

THE CONVERSION MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

The conversion of England and America is attracting considerable attention. It is manifesting all the vigor of a movement that has virility, volume, and momentum to it. The first sign of its strength is the fact that it is awakening a bitter opposition.

They are celebrating in England, on the 29th of September, the Golden Jubilee of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, and it will be a very favorable opportunity to mark the progress that the last fifty years have brought about. It was an hour of gloom and apparent disaster when Cardinal Wiseman returned to England to face the storm of opposition that the Ball of Roses abhorrence created. His own frank and fearless attitude, as well as his pronounced love of his people and his country, did a great deal to ally antagonisms. Cardinal Manning's policy carried to perfection the work inaugurated by Wiseman.

Father Cuthbert, the well-known English essayist, reviews this period in the leading article in the Catholic World Magazine for October. For breadth of view and for grasp of the situation the article is well worth the reading.

ARGUMENTS.

It is sometimes prudent to argue side questions with a non-Catholic before considering the main difficulty; for a man who is in error can hardly be expected to be logical. If he can be induced to consider the main question, which is the claim of the Church to teach infallibly, well and good; let the battle rage about the citadel. But let the battle rage anyhow and anywhere rather than withdraw wholly from the conflict.

To adopt a different figure: when a man falls overboard you throw him a life-preserver, for although that alone will not save him, it will never the less keep him afloat till a boat can be lowered. So it is with one struggling amid delusions and prejudices. Any good word of truth that he knows comes from the Holy Church, if he can only be induced to grasp it firmly, will turn his eyes and his heart hopefully towards the only refuge of the soul from whence his help has come. Meantime and one by one all questions may in turn be considered.

Owels afraid, and says: "I fear that I cannot answer their objections." Then place your Protestant friends on the defensive; make them answer yours. Challenge them to prove the all sufficiency of private interpretation from Holy Scripture. As they begin to sputter, launch at them the texts that have placed Peter as the Rock of perpetuity and stability, that have appointed him the key bearer of the Church of Christ. Just say this: Tell me what Christ means when He says to the Apostles: "Going teach all nations?" and this: "If a man will not hear the Church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican?" The impossibility of defending Protestantism is demonstrated by any honest attempt.—The Missionary.

How many spring times and seed-times have we lost! how many a summer is past without a harvest! how many an autumn without a vintage!—Cardinal Manning.

THE TRAINING OF A JESUIT.

The Methods Adopted - Truth Can Stand the Most Spectacular Objections, and Truth Only.

During the first year that the student enters upon the study of Catholic philosophy he goes through a course of logic, pure and applied, and continues his mathematics. The second and third years are devoted to psychology, ethics, metaphysics, general and special; cosmology and natural theology. He has about two lectures a day in these subjects from Jesuit professors, who are always priests, and are selected on account of their knowledge and their gift of a clear power of exposition. Besides the lectures, which are given in Latin, the students are summoned three times a week to take part in an academic exercise which is one of the most valuable elements in the philosophical and theological training of the society. It lasts an hour, during the first quarter of which one of the students has to give a synopsis of the last two lectures of the professor. After this two other students, previously appointed for the purpose, have to bring against the doctrine laid down, any possible objection that they can find in books or invent for themselves. Modern books are ransacked for these objections, and the "objectants" do their best to hunt out difficulties which may puzzle the exponent of the truth, who is called the "defendant." Locke, Hegel, Descartes, Malebranch, John Stuart Mill, Mansel, Sir William Hamilton and other modern writers are valuable contributors for those who have to attack the Catholic doctrine. Everything has to be brought forward in syllogistic form, and to be answered in the same way. The professor, who, of course, presides at these contests, at once checks anyone who departs from this necessary form and wanders off into mere desultory talk. This system of testing the soundness of the doctrines taught, continued as it is throughout the theological studies which came at a later period of the young Jesuit's career, provides those who pass through it with a complete defense against difficulties which otherwise are likely to puzzle the Catholic controversialist. It is a splendid means of sifting out truth from falsehood. Many of those who take part in it are men of ability and experience, and who have made a special study of the subjects discussed, and are well versed in the objections that can be urged against the Catholic teaching. Such men conduct their attack not as a mere matter of form, but with the vigor and ingenuity of practiced disputants, and do their best to puzzle the unfortunate defendant with difficulties, the answer to which is by no means simple or obvious at first sight. Sometimes he is put completely in the sack, and the professor has to intervene to explain where he has failed, and how the objection has really to be met. Sometimes the objectant will urge his difficulties with such a semblance of conviction as even to mislead some of those present. I remember an instance in which an objectant, rather older than the rest, who had had considerable experience of skeptical difficulties before becoming a Jesuit, argued with such a show of earnestness against the existence of God, that the professor, who was a good, simple man, and new to his work, took fright. He sent for the objectant to his room when the "circle" was over, and, to his small amusement, represented to him the misery and hopelessness of skepticism, begged him to pray to God that he might not lose his faith, and promised to say Mass for him the next morning, that God might save him from the terrible misfortune that threatened him. But he was contented on discovering that his pupil was as firmly convinced as himself of the truth of the thesis he had been attacking.

Here I hope my non-Catholic readers will forgive me a remark which I cannot refrain from making on the present occasion. I should like to know what other religion, save the Catholic, could ever stand such an ordeal of free discussion as this. So far from any check being put on the liberty of the students, they are encouraged to press home every sort of objection, however searching and fundamental, that can be raised to the Catholic doctrine. In every class there to be found men who are not to be put off with an evasion, and a professor who was to attempt to substitute authority for reason would very soon find out his mistake. This perfect "liberty of disputation" is one of the many happy results of the possession of perfect and unfailing truth. When the two objectants have finished their attack, there still remains a quarter of an hour before the circle is over. This time is devoted to objections and difficulties proposed by the students. Everyone present has full freedom to ask of the professor any question he pleases on the matter in hand, and may require of him an explanation on any point on which he is not satisfied. It is needless to say that full advantage is taken of this privilege, and the poor professor has often to submit to a very lively and searching interrogatory. If any question is proposed that is foolish, or beside the subject the questioner is silenced by the open marks of disapprobation on the part of the rest of the class, and a good objection is sometimes received with great applause. Any fallacy or imperfect knowledge on the part of the professor is very speedily brought to light by the raking fire he has to undergo, and while all respect is shown him in the process, he must be well armed if he is to win the confidence of the class by his answers.

At the end of his first and second years of philosophy, the young Jesuit has to undergo a fairly severe examination in the matter of the year. If he passes these examinations successfully, he has in all three years of philosophy, at the end of which he has to undergo an examination in the combined matter of the three years, mathematics included.

At the end of this time he begins a new stage in his career. He is sent to one or another of the colleges of the society, to teach or to take part in the discipline. I will not dwell on this part of his training, as it is not my object to explain the system of Jesuit education in my present paper. It is enough to say that for some five or six years he is occupied in the ordinary work incident to teaching a class of boys. Whether he takes a higher or a lower form depends, of course, on his own classical or other attainments. Yet there is this difference between the Jesuit system and that of the ordinary public school, that in all the lower classes the Jesuit teacher generally moves up with his class. I imagine that the motive of this is to give him a stronger moral influence than can be gained by a master who has the teaching of boys only for a single year. But the two or three higher forms, corresponding to the sixth and upper and lower fifth, have almost always a permanent master. This reminds me of another distinction between the Jesuit and other systems, though it is one that does not universally prevail. The time during which the young scholastic is employed in teaching does not, as a rule, extend beyond six or seven years. Hence permanent masters, in the strict sense of the word, are but rare. Sometimes, if a man has a special talent for teaching, he will return to the schoolroom after he becomes a priest; but it is the general experience of the Order that, with the exception of men who have a remarkable power of training boys, those who are in the full vigor of their youth prove more successful masters than those who have passed through the four hard years of theological study, and are already getting on in life.

The time of teaching or disciplinary work generally terminates about the age of thirty, and the scholastic proceeds to the theological college of his province for three or four years of theology. Here the work is certainly hard, especially during the first two years. On three days in the week the student who has passed successfully through his philosophical course, has to attend two lectures in the morning and three in the afternoon. The morning lectures are on moral and dogmatic theology, and those in the afternoon on canon law or history, dogmatic theology and Hebrew, the last for half an hour only. Besides this, on each of these afternoons, there is held a circle of disputation such as I have described above. In theology, these disputations are, as a rule, fiercer and more searching than in the philosophical courses. There often arises, not the ordinary theologian, but the eager advocate of his own opinions. The men are older, and bolder, too, and take a delight in searching out any supposed weakness in the arguments proposed to them, so that there is no danger of any latent fallacy or inadequate proof escaping the observation of the more keen sighted members of the class. In addition to these constant disputations there is held every three months a more solemn assembly of the same kind, at which the whole houses present and the rector presides, in which two of the students are chosen to defend for an hour continuously a number of theses against the attacks of all comers, the professors themselves included.

During the third and fourth years of the course of theology, lectures in scripture are substituted for those on moral theology and Hebrew. At the end of the third year the young Jesuit (if a man of thirty-four or thirty-five can be accounted young) is ordained priest, and during the last year his lectures are fewer, and he has private time to prepare himself for a general examination in theology, on which depends, in a great measure, whether he has the grade of a professor of the society, or the lower degree of what is called a "spiritual coadjutor."

Even when his theology is over, and his final examination passed, the training of a Jesuit is not yet completed. He has still another year of probation before he is launched on the world as a full-blown member of the society. He has to return during that time to the novitiate, and there to repeat all the experimental tests and trials of the first two years of his religious life. He has to sweep and dust the rooms and corridors, to chop wood, to wash plates and dishes, besides going over again the spiritual work of the novice, which he included in his retreat of thirty days. He has also during this year to study the Institute of the society, and during the Lent to take part in some one of the public missions which are given by the various religious orders in the large towns and centres of population. This final year sometimes follows immediately on his theology, sometimes after an interval of a year or two, during which he is employed in one of the colleges or missions of the society. When it is over he is generally well on in the thirties, and if he has had the full course he will have spent some seventeen years in the training for his work. Of this period he will have devoted two years to study, six or seven years to teaching or the work of discipline and one year to the second novitiate which he has to undergo after his priesthood.

If I were asked to sum up the reasons for the position which the Society of Jesus occupies in the Catholic

Church, and the reputation which it enjoys among educated men in every country of the world, I should ascribe it, as far as natural reasons go, mainly to three causes. The first is the extreme care with which its members are in the first instance chosen, and the process of natural selection which eliminates all who are not suited for its work. The second is the length and thoroughness of its training, both moral and intellectual, and the pains that is taken to adapt it to the special talents and capabilities of the individual. The third is the spirit of implicit obedience, of blind obedience, which is absolutely indispensable to every one who is to live or die as one of its members. There are other reasons beside, such as its system of government, the loyalty which animates those who belong to it, and the care with which men are chosen for posts to which they are naturally suited, and removed from positions where they are unable to do their work well; but these are really the result of the three I have mentioned, and would be impossible unless built on them as their basis. - R. F. Clark, S. J., in The Nineteenth Century.

SPIRITUALISM, AND ITS EFFECT ON MODERN BELIEF.

Great consternation has recently been caused in the ranks of the German Spiritists by the announcement that Egbert Muller, the well-known leader and exponent of the spiritistic cause in Germany, has been received into the Catholic Church. Dr. Muller, who is a highly cultivated and thoughtful man, has for so many years played a prominent part in Berlin intellectual and literary life that this unique and highly significant event has naturally aroused the most widespread attention and interest. It has been commented upon by many of the leading German papers, and there has, of course, been the usual expression of both informed and uninformed opinion.

Dr. Muller's change of attitude seems to be no hesitating or half-hearted one. He has, before an assembly of several thousand persons, expressed it as his conviction that modern Spiritism is "a bold scheme of Satan for the destruction of the Church of Christ," and it would seem that this conviction has been arrived at after many years of careful and apparently unbiased investigation.

Thoughtful English Catholics who know something of the religious and intellectual movements of our time can scarcely fail to be interested in this matter. From the recent review of Flammarton's new book in the Spectator and an article on "Spiritualism" in the Church Times, it is evident that in the Anglican mind is fully alive to its importance. What is termed "psychical science" has of late years made such very rapid progress in England, so many of our leading scientific men are identified with it, and the results obtained are of so remarkable a character, that the most superficial and uninformed only can content themselves to ignore the subject or afford to treat it lightly. Indeed, there are at the present time many earnest minds anxiously inquiring: "What are we to make of it? Whither is it all tending?"

There are probably but few really informed persons now who seriously doubt the actual occurrence of the phenomena in question. They have been borne witness to by so many men occupying responsible and authoritative positions in science and literature that, were we to reject their evidence, we would logically have to reject all evidence in favor of any recently-ascertained scientific truth.

The leading members of the Society for Psychical Research, while unambiguously admitting the occurrence of supernatural phenomena, unexplained by science, are by no means unanimous as to the way in which they are to be explained and interpreted. Most of them seem to be convinced that they certainly go to demonstrate the continuity of life after death, and that they consequently render the modern materialistic philosophy of life wholly untenable. A great many appear to be equally convinced that the phenomena emanate from the spirits of the dead, that they are simply illustrative of a mere phase in the perfectly natural and normal evolution of the human personality, and that in some instances at least "identity" has been fully and conclusively established. Others, while admitting the latter hypothesis, are inclined to think that frequently evil and masquerading spirits permeate the dead, that the evidence therefore is not altogether to be relied upon - that certain dangers unquestionably attend the inquiry.

One leading scientist member of the committee recently published a pamphlet in which he warned experimenters against the invasion and disintegration of the human personality by evil and immoral intelligences. No attempt has so far been made to tell us in what light an intelligent Christian is to regard the whole matter.

The time has clearly come when the question ought to be fully and fairly debated, and when the view of definite Christian thought ought to be heard on the subject - when the arguments pro and con should be placed before the thinking public.

It is, of course, well-known that the Catholic Church has clearly defined her position with regard to phenomena which do not occur spontaneously, but which are induced by practical exorcism. A Catholic is, broadly speaking, forbidden to dabble in Spiritism. But against this attitude it has recently, and with some reason, been urged that many of the phenomena referred

to have occurred and do occur unsought for, or at least under conditions in which little if any initiative is taken by the inquirer; that the psychical faculty, as it has lately been observed, is a natural and normal faculty of some peculiarly organized persons, and that the view of the Church cannot be made to cover the modern manifestations described.

It would perhaps be both interesting and profitable to have the views of experienced persons on this subject, and to demonstrate that the attitude of the Catholic Church is, even from the standpoint of the non-Catholic mind, a reasonable and tenable one. The testimony of a man like Dr. Egbert Muller, arrived at after years of practical experience and observation, and apparently with exceptional facilities for studying the phenomena, cannot, surely, be lightly regarded by even the most confirmed and enthusiastic of spiritualists. "I am convinced," he writes in a private letter, "that every right-thinking person will eventually be led to recognize the demarcation character of modern Spiritism, and that we shall ere long have many more who will champion my view of the matter." "I have," he continues, "carried on experiments with eleven famous mediums, and I have known at least forty more. The results obtained have given me an insight into the real depths of Satanology."

There must be many Catholics who have a special knowledge of the subject. It might serve a useful purpose to have their views placed before the thinking and reading public for the help and guidance of those whose minds are at present troubled and perplexed, and who cannot see their way to any practical solution of the matter. - Liverpool Catholic Times.

THE PRIESTLY CHARACTER.

The Irreverence of the Day for the Holy is Truly Diabolical - The Priest is Too Often the Target for the Uncharitable Watching of the People.

The recent violent and unprovoked attack on the person of Rev. Father Daniel Devlin, rector of St. Stephen's, Hazelwood, was one of many attacks made on priests throughout this country recently. Within a past fortnight a priest of Boston was ruthlessly shot down by a supposedly sane man. In the West several priests were within the past two months the victims of violence. An investigation of these attacks shows them to have been committed by degenerate Catholics whom the respective clergy, in virtue of their holy office, were called upon to mildly discipline for serious offences. Time was when the official character of the priest, his high and sacred prerogatives, shielded him from the debased ruffian, who, despite his callousness, had still respect for his pastor. The irreverence of the day for the holy is truly diabolical, it steps at nothing; Mercy for these miscreants is misplaced, they should be made to feel the rigor of the law.

A cause for this irreverence may be easily found among many well-intentioned Catholics. It is not an uncommon thing now a days to find the priest the subject of conversation; he is literally dissected, his manners, ways, his appearance at the altar, his stand in the pulpit. The priestly character is ignored, the office is forgotten, and it is the man who passes in review. It is a conversation that does no good, that invites censoriousness, and humiliates religion with its salubrious influence. Parents of families are oftentimes free in these criticisms, which are presumably supposed to manifest candor and discernment, false lights that are blinding to the younger of the flock, and make a woful impression. In one word, these conversations are scandalizing, and woe to him, said the first great priest, Christ, by whom scandal comes.

It may seem cruel to make this charge, and its application may appear far-fetched in the case of the recent outrage, nevertheless it does not lack truth. When our Lord went into the house of the rich man to break bread with him, His enemies watched Him and criticized Him, and the cares He there wrought was charged to His discredit. How often has the priest been the target for the uncharitable watching of the people! His kindness is passed over, his zeal is hypocritical, his salutary admonitions scorned. It is true that these conversations among Catholics should be violently frowned down, and the conscientious Catholic should voice his dissent in not uncertain voice. There is a divinity that judges in the mighty of the world from injurious criticism and the laws of civilization punish even the utterances that produce that solemn involution which clothes the august dignity of him who is the Alter Christus. The priestly character should ever be reverential to the Catholic lips, and that reverence should come from the heart outward. All the great works that have augmented the glory of the Catholic Church in the ages have been begun, maintained and perfected in various measures by the priests of our Church. They are the trained and consecrated laborers whom the Master Builder has ever at command when great and good works are to be accomplished. There are no such laborers in the world as they, none so ready, so devoted, so self-sacrificing, so generous, so preserving in work for God or for the people. Every page in the history of the Church furnishes convincing proof as to the past, of what our priests have done and are doing, ready at all hours, in dire distress, in raging pestilence for our eternal well, with their cordial sympathy, support and blessing. - Pittsburg Catholic.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Exercises of a Good Religious Man.

The life of a good religious ought to be eminent in all virtues, so that he may be such interiorly as he appears to men in his exterior.

And with good reason ought he to be much more in his interior than he exteriorly appears; because he who beholds us is God, of whom we ought exceedingly to stand in awe wherever we are, and like angels to walk pure in His sight.

We ought every day to renew our resolution, and to excite ourselves to fervor, as if it were the first day of our conversion, saying:

Help me, O Lord God, in my good resolution and in Thy holy service, and give me grace this very day perfectly to begin, for what I have hitherto done is nothing.

According as our resolution is, will the progress of our advancement be; and he hath need of much diligence who would advance much.

Now, if he who maketh a strong resolution often falleth, what will he do who seldom or but weakly resolveth?

The falling off from our resolutions happens divers ways; and a small omission in our exercises seldom passes without some loss.

The resolutions of the just depend on the grace of God, rather than on their own wisdom; and in him they always put their trust, whatever they take in hand.

For man proposes, but God disposes; nor is the way of man in his own hands.

If for piety's sake, or with a design to the profit of our brother, we sometimes omit an accustomed exercise, it may afterwards be easily recovered.

But if through a loathing of mind or negligence it be lightly let alone, it is no small fault and will prove hurtful.

Though we do what we can, we shall still be apt to fall in many things.

But yet we must always resolve on something certain, and in particular against those things which hinder us most.

We must examine and order well both our exterior and interior, because both conduce to our advancement.

If thou canst not continually recollect thyself, do it sometimes, and at least once a day, that is at morning or evening.

In the morning resolve: in the evening examine thy performance, how thou hast behaved thy day in word, work, or thought; because in these perhaps thou hast often offended God and thy neighbour.

THE PLEDGE AT CONFIRMATION.

The wise practice of inoculating the youthful mind with a wholesome fear of intoxicants, by means of lectures and readings in the Public schools, ought to be strenuously encouraged. Students of sociology are dismayed, the ravages wrought by alcohol, opium, morphine, cocaine and other intoxicants; it seems that new ones are constantly discovered. All sorts and conditions of men fall victims in steadily increasing numbers; physicians as well as patients, fine ladies and professional men. Temperance societies have hitherto found their work hard enough, but alcohol is the least of the evils they will be called upon to combat in the coming century. Drunkenness produced by other drugs is less crutable and more injurious to the human system. In cases of this kind an ounce of prevention is better than a ton of cure; hence the wisdom of making children feel that intoxicants are as dangerous as explosives. A pledge of total abstinence administered at confirmation helps to enforce the lesson. - Ave Maria.

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To be cured of catarrh? If you or your friends have this disease, you know how distressing it is. Its symptoms are inflamed eyes, throbbing temples, ringing noises in the ears, headaches, capricious appetite, and constant discharge of mucus. Fortunately your cure is not a question of what you will give, but what you will take. If you will give, but what you will take. If you will give, but what you will take. If you will give, but what you will take.

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when he says "a distorted form of the confessional exists to-day."

The Catholic Church does not distort the confessional, but uses it openly for the purpose for which it was established, as the tribunal of forgiveness.

The distortion is on the part of those who, like Bishop Potter, acknowledge that it is a "God-given ordinance," and are yet afraid or ashamed to say for what purpose God instituted it.

Beside the diversity between the so-called Rationalistic and Medieval Ritualists, the division between High, Low, and Broad Church remains in the Church of England and its American branches as sharply defined as ever.

THE KAISER'S RELIGIOUS INSTINCTS.

The sermon preached by the Emperor of Germany to his troops when they were on the point of embarking for China, in which he spoke solely of revenge for the outrages which had been committed by the Chinese against the whole Christian world, and especially against the German nation, for a while made the world believe that the War King had entirely forgotten the duty of Christian charity, which embraces within its folds the heathen Chinese equally with people of one's own nationality and creed.

Several versions of this sermon were published, but even that which appeared in the official papers did not hide the fact that these were the sentiments expressed, and thereby the Christian world was very much shocked. More recent events, however, do not justify the belief that the Emperor is of bloodthirsty character.

His sermon was evidently delivered in a moment of excitement, and his later utterances have shown him in his real character of a sturdy Christian, who is indeed easily moved to violent bursts of indignation against wrong-doing, but who will not permit himself to be swayed by vindictive feelings in his calmer moments.

In fact in his communications with the heads of the other European Governments regarding the Chinese situation, he has shown himself to be as reasonable as any who has an interest in the case. He has insisted upon an adequate atonement for the injury done, by the severest punishment to be inflicted by the principal instigators of the atrocities, and it is reasonable that this should be the case, as otherwise the self-conceited rulers of China, who imagine themselves to be masters of the world, would very soon perpetrate enormities quite as atrocious as those which have already taken place.

fering several times with the Pope, at the desire of the Emperor, to bring the matter to a successful issue. All this is being done by the Kaiser through his strong conviction that religion is the most powerful auxiliary in the good government of a nation.

THE LEPER COLONY IN MADAGASCAR.

The devotedness and self sacrifice of the Rev. Father Damien, who laid down his life for the salvation of the lepers of Molokai on the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, is well known to our readers, but it may not be so well known to all that in nearly all the leper settlements of the world there are also to be found priests and nuns who have with an equal spirit of self sacrifice devoted their lives to the same work as that which was so heroically done by Father Damien.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith describes the leper institution at Tananarivo on the island of Madagascar, the arrival at which of five French Sisters we recently described in our columns.

Madagascar is a desert island without birds or trees, full of swamps and pools, the dampness of which brings on fevers which easily result in death, if the patients are not properly cared for. Leprosy is also frequently found among the natives, and it was when Father Beyzym, a Polish priest, discovered that these unfortunate people had no one to take care of them that he volunteered to devote himself to that service.

The asylum of the lepers is described as consisting of four immense sheds, in the centre of which stands the church, and near the priest's residence. The Church is large enough but is very poor, and has no decorations beyond its four bare walls, and a poor altar. The sheds are divided into small cells without flooring or windows, and the furniture consists of a rush carpet on which the sick sleep. There are here 150 lepers who are fed by the mission, which sends weekly a quantity of rice, and the contributions of charitable people. Beyond this the establishment has no means of support, and the priest shares the lot of the lepers. Father Beyzym is the first and only priest who has devoted himself exclusively to the care of the lepers.

This establishment is part of the great leper institution in which the Sisters of Charity take care of 600 lepers. These Sisters are entirely devoted to their work, and their number was recently increased by the 5 Sisters whose arrival there amid the acclamations of the people of Tananarivo, was mentioned in a recent issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE RELENTLESS WORK OF DEATH.

Two Notable Cases as Showing the Vanity of Human Grandeur.

We all know that death is no respecter of persons; but this truth is lodged in our mind in a vague sort of way and needs some striking instance to bring it home to our understanding. My mind is full of the subject to day and I am persuaded that I ought to note down my impression while they are fresh and vivid. Not very long ago I was present in the death chamber of a venerated Cardinal, and there I saw a vivid picture of the sad havoc that death makes in the highest as well as in the lowest types of mortal man.

In the robustness of life in earlier years the Cardinal was noble and dignified, handsome of features and stately of bearing. These gifts to nature, when added to his high rank in the Church, made him a personage to look upon with pride and pleasure.

But, alas! what a woeful contrast was seen in his appearance after the relentless hand of death fell upon him. Comely features had turned into the ghastliest of ashen-hued and distorted lineaments. Of course allowance must be made for the ravaging waste wrought by protracted sickness and suffering, but in this case even the body seemed to have shortened and altered and as it lay there stiff, withered and shrunken, barely a resemblance of a feature of the once striking personality could be discerned. The mortuary chamber in the palace was awespiring by its gorgeous equipment of mourning emblems as befitted the exalted rank of the illustrious dead, but all the embellishments and magnificent fittings could not relieve or mitigate in a single degree, the feeling of horror that one instinctively experiences in the presence of grim death. I attended the funeral ceremonies, which were conducted in pomp and state by a Cardinal, Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignors and hundreds of clergymen, and I heard the eulogy of the dead prince of the Catholic Church proclaimed in the most touching and eloquent language, but, in the depositing of the mortal remains in the

grave, I saw the humble condition to which man is reduced by the stroke of death, and I began to realize the vanity of all human greatness and exultation. I saw clearly the fate to which all men, great and small, have to yield in the end. To be sure, the Cardinal's death had drawn together multitudes of eminent churchmen, and laymen of high distinction, to pay honor to his memory and religious virtues, and this, in some sense, seemed to soften the bitterness of death's inevitable decree; still the vision of the distorted and shrunken remains haunted the imagination, and established the fact that death is the one "King of Terrors," sweeping away prince and peasant with relentless purpose, and the leveller of all distinctions in the common grave.

The foregoing is recalled to mind by the death of a distinguished layman, a Prime Minister whose remains were yesterday consigned to the tomb amidst the pomp and funeral impressiveness of state obsequies. Although his life and activities differed a good deal from that of the venerated Cardinal above referred to, in some things the resemblance was akin. The one was an ecclesiastical leader, while the other was prominent in statesmanship and a leader of men politically.

Both exercised great sway in their respective spheres, and both fell helpless at the inevitable touch of death. The funeral of the latter was conducted under State auspices, and the great ones of the land gathered from far and near to do him honor in death—a thing which he well merited by his career and conduct during life. But all the grandeur and ceremonial of State burial could not suffice to rob death of its inherent terrors. The body was embalmed and thereby continued to retain some semblance of its former life-like appearance, but the ghastly coldness of death was there stark, cold and penetrating as a reminder of the littleness and vanities of mere human display. The magnificence of the funeral decorations in the stately legislative chambers seemed to be out of harmony with the lowly condition of the deceased statesman, now helpless, rigid and cold in death. Tried by the test of its effect upon the welfare of the departed, of course, the magnificent ceremonial had no intrinsic value, and might be regarded as so much money wasted in a vain display, but for all that there may be a gleam of wisdom in according high honors, even in a death, to a faithful servant of the State, and such tributes may serve as incentives to others to do their whole duty in responsible positions, whether in public or in private life. The pleasantest feature in yesterday's mortuary ceremonial was the notable religious honors paid to the memory of the departed. The Catholic Church knows how to duly respect and esteem the worth and justly earned merits of her faithful children. Yesterday's sacred rites were decisive on this point. A distinguished Archbishop presided at the Solemn Requiem Mass, another eloquent Archbishop told in touching eulogy of the dead Premier's truly edifying life and conduct in all positions of honor, trust and responsibility.

To find united in a present day statesman true fidelity to God, to Church and country, is, perhaps, a thing too rare, but in the case under review the virtues were united and ever consistently and faithfully exercised. No wonder, then, that the Church and the State should unite to do honor to the virtues and memory of such a servant and son.

As we viewed the prostrate body of the deceased statesman we saw the cold fingers grasp the cross and image of the Crucified, and, knowing of his previous good life, we could well believe the consistency of such a position, for in life the dead statesman was ever dominated by the lesson the cross conveys. In a word, he was a model Catholic gentleman, ever obedient and true to the Church's precepts and laws and regular in practical conformity to all the sacred duties of a devoted Christian layman. It is said, on the authority of the attending clergymen, that the death bed scenes were truly consoling, the dying statesman passing away with the composure and sanctity of a saint. Such a record deserves to be published, especially in an age of venality, marked by shameful scenes in the corrupt domain of political warfare.

A JESUIT RULING CHINA.

The Catholic World Magazine has a very readable article on the "Prospect of the Church in China"—beautifully illustrated, too. It details something of the introduction of Christianity among the Chinese, and among others relates the following curious story:

"An interesting incident showing the prestige of the Catholic missionaries in China in the second half of the long reign of Kang Hi is related in a letter by the French Jesuit, Father Jartoux. A famine, resulting from an inundation, was during this year devastating the province of Shantung. The mandarins were unable to cope with the evil. A number of them were punished and many others fell into disgrace. It was then that the emperor summoned the missionaries to his presence. He informed them that it was their cooperation alone that he desired in combating the dreadful scourge. He placed some thousands of taels in their hands and requested them to go forth and take measures for the relief of the suffering. It is a charming picture that the missionary draws of the troops of starving Chinese flocking to the Catholic priests with the confidence of obtaining relief; of the method of the latter in cooking and apportioning in the various districts the huge quantities of rice and herbs necessary to satisfy the urgent needs, and of their carrying out the whole arrangements with a discipline and order as perfect as if a highly trained European army were concerned. This was in the year 1704, more than a century before the first Protestant missionary set foot in China."

NAPOLEON'S ESTIMATE.

When Napoleon was waiting, in exile, for his rapidly approaching death, he is said to have uttered the following opinions on the earthly virtues and the heavenly as they appeared in history. He said:

"I have been accustomed to put before me the examples of Alexander and Caesar, with the hope of rivaling their exploits and living in the mind of men forever. Yet after all, in what sense do Caesar and Alexander live? Who knows or cares anything about them? Even their names do not fit up and down the world like ghosts, mentioned only on particular occasions or from accidental associations.

"Their chief home is the school-room; they have a foremost place in boys' grammar and exercise book; they are splendid examples for themes; they form writing copies. So low is Alexander fallen, so low is imperial Caesar.

"But, on the contrary, there is just one name in the whole world that lives. It is the name of One who passed His years in obscurity and who died a malefactor's death. Eighteen hundred years have gone since that time, but still that name has its hold upon the human mind. It has possessed the world, and it maintains possession.

"Here, then, is One who is not a mere name. He is an empty fiction. He is a substance. He is dead and gone, but still He lives as the energetic thought of successive generations, and as the awful motive power of a thousand great events. Jesus Christ has done without effort what others with life long heroic struggles have not done." Can He be less than divine?"

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

Every human sentiment of tenderness and pity urges us to succor our suffering brothers who are so utterly helpless, in the pains of purgatory. The desire of giving new glory to the Heart of Jesus by increasing the ranks of the blessed ones in heaven with new accessions of glorified souls, and the boundlessness of the riches placed at our disposal, to pay for their ransom, as well as many other reasons, should urge us to be incessant in the practice of this beautiful devotion.

DR. DE COSTA AND THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir—The very laud, learned and exhaustive letter written by Dr. De Costa to the New York Freeman's Journal, and which appeared in the CATHOLIC RECORD last week in the present age, a future prospect of the Episcopal Church was, no doubt, read with interest by many of your readers. Dr. De Costa knows whereof he speaks, as for years, while he was a minister of that communion, he saw with alarm among the contending factions of that communion, the want of a livelier "Speaking Authority" and the destructive work of the "Higher Criticism."

Like Dr. Costa, who is an eminent and distinguished man in the Anglican communion who, like the bird from Noah's Ark, found no resting place from the seething waters of strife, contention and discord, until by God's grace they turned to the "Speaking Voice" of the Church as represented by God's viceregent on earth. The great Dr. Newman, the greatest and most profound scholar of England, in his day, for well nigh twenty years, sought for the truth and found it not until he embraced the Catholic Faith. On that well-remembered Sunday evening when the light of faith dawned upon him, he sent for the good Father Murray of Oxford and made at once his submission to the Holy Catholic Church. So Cardinal Manning and a host of worthies whose names are so familiar followed the same course, and Dr. De Costa, as he tells us in his excellent and well-thought letter, that now at the end of a year he thinks that he was brought to the Catholic Church where he found the sure foundation and the true faith. The disturbing disintegrating influences now at work in the Anglican Communion are such that all thinking men are led to question where they stand and to take the bearings of the compass. The work of the "Higher Criticism" as Dr. De Costa tells us, led him, as well as others, to look more fully into the matter, and by God's grace he found that the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth is to be found in the Catholic Church and that the Catholic Church alone is the true guardian of the Bible. When we look at the attitude of the Bishops of the Anglican Communion arrayed against each other, and the High Church, Low Church and Broad Church parties discordant and opposed, where shall we find unity amongst them?

The reception of Dr. Briggs into the Episcopal Church without any retraction of his errors, after he had been practically expelled from the Presbyterian body for heresy, was of itself shocking to all who possessed a particle of Christian sentiment, and his subsequent ordination to the ministry of that same Church by Bishop Potter, led Dr. De Costa to break the last link which bound him to the Episcopal Church, and to embrace the Catholic Faith.

We trust that Dr. De Costa may long be spared to work in his proper sphere, and that by his writings and eloquence, he may lead many to seek the truth which is found only in the One Catholic and Apostolic Church.

MINGLE WINE WITH TEARS.

When the bells, their joy are pealing; When the air rent with cheers; When the burst of martial feeling Welcomes home the volunteers; When the minute-guns, replying, E-vo million voices, command; When the glory ray is flying; And the colors wave on the land; When the rockets, skywards ranging, Vein the blue of Heaven's dome; And the martial music, changing to the Beats the time of "Home, Sweet Home;" When is heard the thrilling story, "Fate of valor, past battles, his How they kept, undimmed, the glory Of the dear old Maple Leaf; When the thought of England is making Loud rejoicing, with one mind, Think of those whose hearts are breaking For the loved ones left behind, CHAS. S. EDWARDS, in Ottawa Evening Journal, Cumberland, Ont.

JOSEPH MURPHY.

On Wednesday evening last, this celebrated Irish comedian gave an entertainment in the Opera House in London. The audience was large one, proving that his old time popularity survives. Mr. Murphy's plays are always in good taste, free from those coarse burlesques on Irish character which on every occasion should be frowned down.

Now not wishes in other people's gardens to be not to be different from what you are by the very best of what you are.—Author of Golden Saucers.

IN CHINA.

From China there has been a dearth of news during the past week. It has been announced however that the alliance between England and Germany for the purpose of settling the trouble in a satisfactory manner has been accepted by the other powers. Japan, Italy, Austria, and the United States having expressed their approval without reserve, while France and Russia expressed a general approval though reserving an expression of opinion on points touched in the agreement regarding the railway to be constructed on the questions of preserving the entire autonomy of China, the prohibition of partition, and the opening of ports. On these matters especially the Russian reply is considered rather indefinite.

It is longer may also, under certain circumstances, act independently of the other powers, as is instructed by the United States Government to make certain stipulations. Notwithstanding these discrepancies of opinion, the Ministers believe that they will be able still to agree in adopting a uniform course in their dealings with the Chinese government, as their intervention would become extremely weak, such agreement could not be arrived at.

One thousand French troops are reported to have left Canton in order to watch the course of events there, and if found necessary, to protect French interests. It is feared that the Chinese rebellion in the southern Province develop itself to such an extent as to progress continuing the French interests in such a manner as to be considered in the end. Besides, an explosion which took place recently at Canton, where several Chinese demanded near the official Yamen or government offices, has convinced the French officials that the situation is not so quiet as it is reported to be. It is therefore necessary that French troops should be within convenient reach of Canton, and that they take such steps to this effect as may be deemed necessary.

The rebellion in the South is continuing for the time being, but a report comes from Shanghai stating that the rebels have met a severe repulse in that neighborhood. They are reported to be in a retrograde movement, and the Chinese Imperial troops, on the other hand, at Peking a real success is reported in the capture of the village. The villagers estimated at 2,000 were slain. The rebels burned 3,000 houses, and in the attack lost 400 killed.

The negotiations with Prince Cheng and Li Hung Chang have begun, but as yet very little progress seems to have been accomplished. The present report is that the Chinese plenipotentiaries are showing already their usual duplicity of their nations in their dealings. The Hon. Mr. Bruce has sent out a telegraphic dispatch to the Governor of Wa Chang to the effect that negotiations are proceeding satisfactorily, while to the other Governments, who are in Province more remote, he sends the information that progress is not satisfactory and that they must be prepared for further hostilities at any moment as the progress of negotiations is quite unsatisfactory. The purpose of this double dealing, if it has occurred, is evidently to throw dust into the eyes of the European ministers by making them believe that the Chinese are anxious to arrive at a peaceful settlement, while they are really preparing for further hostilities.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

Formal notification of the annexation of the South African Republics has been sent to the great powers of Europe, so that any complications arising out of the annexation of the Republics to Europe may be avoided. On his arrival he will be regarded as a private individual, and he will be treated as such, although by last accounts they had not yet destroyed it.

The German troops had a settlement with the Kikuan Chu, on Oct. 29, and 200 Boers were killed.

During the month of October so harassing were these attacks, that the British are reported to have lost 16 killed in action, including 10 Boers, and 100 wounded, while the Boers inflicted. Three hundred and sixty-seven others died of disease, making a total loss of 473 men, and the Boers were during the war.

The fact that the Boers have no fixed positions, and are free to indulge in the roving mode of warfare which they have adopted with considerable success, has caused the British to be in a very difficult position. They are now several times attacked the main Railway between Pretoria and Cape Town, and during the past week they have also compelled the small British garrisons at Heilbrunn and at Heilbrunn to surrender, though the arms and supplies they were compelled to liberate the prisoners, as it would be too great a burden to carry and feed them, while they have no certain place of abode.

It is intended on the British side to establish a strong force in the district, towns, well stocked with provisions, to serve as bases from which mounted troops will scour the country to complete the subjugation by driving these small bands who are inflicting so much damage.

A NOVEMBER THOUGHT.

Around thee, O November, there doth cling A cold sadness, as of flower-souls dead— Of latent, gray streams—of birds whose wings Hath borne them into fairer lands to sing. Oft when thy dawn a new-born day doth bring, Or when the pallid sunlight blushes red, We dream of loved ones from life's pathway fled. Dear, patient, loving "Prisoners of the King!" To them sweet sad November breathes of peace, Of endless rest, of home and freedom nigh, For pitying prayer, shall win for them release, The vision of that God for whom, they sigh. Oh, may we pray that souls they may abide In Heaven's eternal, beauteous Summer tide! M. E. D.

J. K. FORAN, LIT. D., LL. B.

(LATE EDITOR OF THE TRUE WITNESS.) ADDRESSES PREPARED, LECTURES A. and speeches written; leading articles and literary contributions furnished. Translations from French of Pamphlets, Books, Religious and Legal documents; Reviews of Historical and Literary works, and magazine articles made; special correspondence done, etc., etc. Terms moderate; all communications confidential; promptness and exactness guaranteed. Address by letter: DR. J. K. FORAN, Boucherville, P. Q., Canada.

C. M. H. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, on Albion Block, Richmond Street, Frank Smith, President, P. O. Boyle, Secretary.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

His Grace, Archbishop O'Connor celebrated Pontifical High Mass in St. Michael's cathedral last Thursday morning, it being the Feast of All Saints. He was assisted by Rev. Father Tracy as deacon, and Rev. Father Bench as sub-deacon. Father Brennan of St. Basil's acted as assistant priest, while Fathers Ryan and Hobbler were deacons of honor. In the evening Vespers for the Dead were chanted and a very instructive sermon on the "Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory" was preached by Father Bench.

On Tuesday Nov. 6, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the cathedral for the repose of the souls of the dead Archbishops and Bishops of the Archdiocese. His Grace assisted and gave the absolution at the end of Mass. All the city priests were present.

A few changes have been made among the priests during the past week. Rev. M. Cline, of St. Paul's parish, has been appointed pastor of Brock; Father Finnegan, also of St. Paul's, has been appointed pastor to Grimby; Father O'Donnell, curate at St. Jarcion, has been transferred to St. Paul's in place of Father Finnegan, and Father Sheridan, of St. Mary's parish, has gone to the junction. Rev. Father Ryan, rector of the cathedral, lately celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. Father Ryan has always been a most exemplary priest and by his vast learning, wide experience, together with his very able assistance, has done much to elevate the status of the Church in Toronto and the province of Ontario. We wish Father Ryan many years to continue the noble work to which he has been called.

FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE.

Catholic Home Annual For 1901.

With cover printed in colors and forty-four full page and text illustrations.

Stories by the Best Writers.

Historical and descriptive sketches, anecdotes, poems, etc., and the usual calendars and astronomical calculations. PRICE, 25 Cents.

What is said of the Catholic Home Annual. "A fine sample of taste and judgment in art and literature."—Catholic Standard and Times. "Indispensable in the Catholic home."—Catholic Register.

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CONTENTS.

MADRIE FRANCIS KEAN: "In Spite of All." A story of life in Louisiana, told in a delightful way. MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY: "The Pinkette and the Fox Hunt." A lively tale of well sustained interest. VERY REV. FERDINAND GIBNEY, C.S.S.R.: "Thoughts on the Seventh, Tenth and Eighth Commandments." MAGDALEN ROCK: "On the Fairies' Bath." An ingeniously wrought-out tale, breathing an atmosphere of peat fire and mountain breezes. CLARA MULLHOLLAND: "Marie's Repentance." A delightful story of peasant life and love in her native land. VERY REV. MARIANUS FIEBE, O.M.C.: "Devotion to God the Holy Ghost." VICTORIE MARCEL VILLORES (The hero of the "Treaty"): "Count Marcell." A stirring, pathetic tale of military justice. MAHON AGEN TAGGART: "The Centennial Jubilee Picturing to the Roman Bishops." "Al Kenza," a Turkish legend of the days when the Crescent floated above the Cross. "The King's Will," a well-told illustrated story of royal charity and mercy. "Hope," a story of self-sacrifice. Retrospect of the Year.

Address: THOS. COFFEY, LONDON, ONT. Also to be had from our travelling agents.



SEALED TENDERS ADDRESSED TO THE Undersecretary and endorsed "Tender for Leamington Wharf" will be received at this office until Friday, 16th day of November, 1900, for the construction of a wharf at Leamington, County of Essex, Ontario. Plans, specifications and specification to be seen at the offices of H. A. Gray, Engineer in charge of Harbour Works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to W. C. Cusson, Town Clerk, Leamington, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Ontario. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works for three thousand dollars, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, JOS. R. ROY, Acting Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Ontario, 25, 1900.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. 1159 2.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

The time for receiving tenders for the erection of a Drill Hall at London, Ont., is hereby extended to Monday, 13th November next. By order, JOS. R. ROY, Acting Secretary, Department of Public Works of Canada, Ottawa, Ontario, 25th, 1900.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it. 1159 2.

LITTLE FOLKS ANNUAL—1901. FIVE CENTS.

With a frontispiece "First Steps." The Infant Jesus, surrounded by ministering angels—with the Cross and the instruments of His coming sorrow in the distance—the Little Folks Annual for 1901 comes to us with a more attractive and pleasing form than its predecessors. Besides numerous pretty illustrations, it also contains many interesting stories and a number of games, tricks and puzzles. Sent anywhere on receipt of FIVE CENTS. Address Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. It will soon be ready for sale. We have still a number of these Annuals for 1900, which are well worth the price, 5 cents.

TEACHERS WANTED.

WANTED, FOR S. S. NO. 8, ADJALA, A male teacher holding second class professional certificate. Duties to begin Jan. 3rd, 1901. Applications, stating salary and references, will be received up to Nov. 15th, 1900, by Jas. Harrigan, Treasurer, Connor P. O., Ont. 1159 2.

LADY TEACHER, HOLDING A SECOND class professional certificate for R. C. separate school, township of Hibbert, for the year 1901. Apply, stating salary, age and experience, not later than Nov. 25th to Joseph Nagle, Sec. Treas., Dublin, P. O., Ont. 1159 2.

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION, No. 1, Westmeath, Female teacher, holding a third-class certificate. One that can teach both French and English. Duties to commence on Jan. 1st. Apply, stating salary, to R. F. Wright, Sec. Treas., Gower Point, P. O., Ont. 1159 2.

PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

From Luther's posting up of the Theses at Wittenberg, in 1517, till the Diet of Spire, in 1529, twelve years, Dean Hodges passes rapidly over the ground, and says lightly, that I as a Protestant, have occasion to criticize them.

The only thing which I might take exception to is the Dean's declaration that Luther wielded a pen as sharp as a sword point. That might well be said of Pascal, but hardly of Luther. His ponderous abstinence might rather be likened to the tremendously crushing club of the legendary giant Rubezahl, supposed to haunt the neighboring Bohemian mountains. One might almost take the miner's son for an embodiment of Rubezahl, colossal, capable of freakish benevolence, but more congenially inclined to smite and destroy.

The note of obsequiousness, remarks the Dictionary of National Biography, was always found in the writings of Cranmer's. This note of brutality, it might be truly said, was found in every word of Luther's, almost from the beginning and quite to the end. Heinrich Heine speaks of "the sublime brutality of Brother Martin" as something without which the Reformation could not have been carried through.

What over its providential use — and good and evil alike have their providential use — brutality, mountainous brutality, above all in controversy, is more conspicuously the characteristic of Luther than anything else. Undoubtedly it was largely by the note of the age, but in Luther it was gathered up into a portentousness which appalled adversaries and companions, Catholics, Calvinists and the less ferocious of the Lutherans.

Dr. Hodges says that the edict of Charles V., passed at Worms, was revoked at the Diet of Nuremberg, and re-enacted at the Diet of Spire. I have no very distinct recollections of the action at Nuremberg, but judging from Dean Hodges' proneness to historical accident, we may be reasonably confident that he has got things wrong here. An edict of the Emperor, formally or tacitly approved by the Estates, could not be revoked except by the Emperor. Now Charles, although compelled to postpone, and in the end virtually to give up the execution of his decree against Luther, never revoked it.

At the Diet of Spire, in 1529, I observe that it was not any action at Nuremberg, but the imperial edict of Spire, given in 1526, on which the Lutherans chiefly rested. Therefore, Kaiser allows the various princes and cities to deal with their religion as they would, "standing answerable to God and the Emperor," until final order should be taken. In 1529, Charles, complaining that this edict had been abused, revokes it. He does not proscribe Lutheranism, but, speaking as an orthodox Catholic, forbids all persons to use violence to propagate the new and erroneous opinions. This seems to leave it open for Catholics to use violence to restrain the new opinions.

Had the edict been left in this form the Lutherans might well have been deeply aggrieved. In fact, however, the Diet made a very different thing of it. In its final shape, as remodelled by the Catholic Estates, and by the tolerant King Ferdinand, the Emperor's brother and representative, it secured to the Lutherans the full liberty to use their own teaching and worship within their own territory. It simply stipulated that Catholics living in Lutheran territory should not be deprived of their church property and jurisdiction, and should not be molested in the accustomed exercise of their religion, in public and private.

It would be hard for Dean Hodges, or anybody else, to make out in this Recess of the Diet — so called, I suppose, because continuing in force after adjournment — an infringement on religious freedom. Melancthon sees no such thing in it. Says he (Corpus Reform. I, 1059 Jansen III, 138): "The articles proposed in the Diet of the Diet are no grievances to us. In fact, they give us better protection than the resolution of the former Diet," of Spire.

Against this Recess the Lutheran princes and cities entered a solemn Protest, from which, first all the Lutherans then the Calvinists and Zwinglians, finally even the Anabaptists and Socinians, have derived the name of Protestants. This was not a protest in championship of religious liberty, as Dean Hodges innocently gives out, but a protest against it. A protest against intolerance was wholly superfluous, for the Recess was embodied to molest the Lutherans and the Lutherans to molest the Catholics. What else should it have done? It forbade the Lutherans to secularize church property not already appropriated, to meddle with abbeys, canons or bishops still subsisting, whether within or without Lutheran territory. Such confiscations had been going steadily on almost from the beginning of the new movement. At no time, from 1520 till 1635, the year of the final crash, did the Lutheran authorities allow themselves bound by the limits of their own jurisdiction, where religion was concerned. They sometimes, indeed, gave a passing assent to restriction, but never observed it in fact, or owned it in principle. Their steady form of speech to the Catholics was: "You are bound to tolerate our religion, because ours is the truth. We have no right to tolerate your religion, because yours is idolatry." The utmost stretch of courtesy to which they could bring themselves was to use the address: "The princes and cities of the true religion, to the princes and cities of the other religion." All restrictions they put aside, on the ground that it is the duty of all Christians to extend the true faith. That Christians have no right to extend the faith by force, above all in foreign territory, was a thought which they never allowed to enter their heads.

Hallam says, as I have seen him quoted, that his study of the Reformation had engendered in him a deep disgust, on account of its rooted intolerance. The history of Germany, for almost a century after the first natural and unostentatious attempts to apply the old means against the new heresy, is one steady plea, on the part of the Emperor and the Catholic princes, for toleration of the old religion, in exchange for their toleration of the new. This steady plea met with a steady refusal. The Lutherans, being Germans, were not so sanguinary as Spaniards, but they were quite as resolute in saying to the adherents of the opposite creed, *Non licet esse vos*, "You have no right to exist."

It is no wonder, therefore, that we have derived our name of Protestants from the solemn Protest offered by us, at Spire, in 1529, against religious liberty. If Dean Hodges exactly inverts the transaction, I suppose we must excuse it, because

"That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

The Lutheran princes declared that for cogent causes and complaints they could not assent "to all the terms, actions and pretended Recesses, which had been undertaken against God and His Holy Word." It is against their unrestrained power of covering the Catholics, "and against the former Imperial Recess of Spire. They meant to govern themselves by this." The edict of 1526 left them a freehand to persecute in their own dominions, which the edict of 1529 took away. This was unendurable. They were fully determined to suppress the ancestral religion in their own territories, and just as fast and far as possible in the other cities and principalities, above all in the ecclesiastical which were at once wealthy, unwarlike, and intensely odious to the Lutherans. Therefore, their solemn Protest against the Recess of Spire, which left freedom of worship to them, but took away their power to plunder and persecute. No wonder Melancthon calls this Protest, of which we, in our learned ignorance, are so proud, *eine schreckliche That*, "a terrible deed." It deposited the germ of that steady aggression, refusing to be bound by any convention or compact, which slowly drove the Catholic princes to desperation, and cost Germany more than half her population. Independently of religion, as Professor Gardner points out, there were powerful forces of disintegration working in the Empire, and the combination resulted in the final fearful explosion. Even had the Lutheran princes been far more reasonable than they were, the question of church property in the North would have been almost insoluble.

It seems curious how Dr. Hodges could talk about the Recess of 1529 as re-enactment of the young Emperor's edict of 1521 against Luther, when, as he says, Luther's name is not even mentioned, and when he is virtually, though indirectly, covered and protected by the recess, at least so long as he should remain on Lutheran ground, above all in Saxony.

There is something to be said for those who prefer *pietism* "Christian" to "Protestant." As we see, the origin of the latter term does not seem even to have occurred to Dean Hodges, who changed its basis, it still remains loaded with a weight of negativity, which is not an advantage.

CHARLES C. STARRUCK, Andover, Mass.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

O Mother of fair love, Mary, thou who dost so ardently desire to see Jesus loved, attach me most intimately to His Divine Heart so that I may never more have the misfortune to find myself separated therefrom.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

The foreknowledge of Mary's sorrows was not one of the least causes of desolation to the Heart of Jesus.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

The Child in the crib said no word, and His Heart, full of love for ours, manifested itself only by tears.—St. Francis De Sales.

Faith gives us confidence, confidence leads to love, and love—ushers us into the Heart of Jesus. St. Alphonsus Liguori.

The Heart of Jesus is the Heart of the most faithful and devoted of Friends, the most tender of Fathers, the Heart of a God who possesses all perfections to attract, delight and ravish the soul.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-Third Sunday after Pentecost.

DEATH. "Lord, my daughter is even now dead."

Again holy Church in the gospels unrolls before our eyes the picture of death: a terrifying picture, it is true, but a very salutary one. For here we learn true wisdom, here we not only see, but we feel that all is vanity, and nothing but vanity except to serve God and to save our souls.

For this purpose, let us enter the house of death. The room has been darkened, on two chairs we find an open coffin, at the head a crucifix, two burning candles and a vase of holy water. In the coffin we behold with folded hands enclasp a rosy, departed neighbor or relative whose earthly remains we will look upon for the last time.

What a picture of awe and reverence! We carefully recognize his features, for death has transformed them; we carefully recognize his features, for death has transformed them; we carefully recognize his features, for death has transformed them.

Behold, dear Christian, this is your neighbor now, and you will ere long be like to him. "To-day for me," says the dead, "to-morrow for you! As I am now, so will you be; a man of corruption, the food of worms. Where my soul has stood, there yours will stand—before the judgement seat of God. O man, O Christian, save your soul; for die you must, you know not when, you know not where, you know not how, but this you know, if you die in a state of mortal sin, you will be lost for all eternity. You also know if you die in the state of grace, you are saved for ever, for all eternity." Behold, this is the speech which the dead makes to you from his coffin. Terrible words! Oh, that we may understand, and realize them for the salvation of our souls!

When the time for burial has come, the corpse is brought to the church and the priest blesses it. The mourning relatives, friends and neighbors accompany it to its last resting-place. When the bell is tolled, the question is frequently asked: "Who is it?" "It is N. N.," some one would say, "it is N. N.," he was a good man, he suffered much; his departed soul, and his wife and children." These and similar exclamations of compassion are expressed by friends, but how long do they last? Generally, no longer than the tolling of the bell. Ah, here the words of the pious Job are again verified, "The region of death, is the region of oblivion." What foolishness therefore, to be anxious for the praise and applause of men of whom you may be said: "Out of sight, out of mind?"

Even the nearest relatives who now accompany the corpse with bitter sobs and loud lamentations, will soon forget the deceased; he will be in their memory, as if he never had lived. Sometimes even the tears that are shed at funerals, are false—they are indeed tears of sorrow before the world, but in reality they are tears of joy, because a dear uncle, a darling aunt has finally resolved to take his or her last journey and leave well behind the departed, and his or her labors which the departed underwent to make others rich! The deceased, perhaps, heaped sin upon sin and shamefully neglected the salvation of his soul to accumulate wealth; and now, laughing he takes possession of all and scarcely say an Our Father for him, much less have Masses offered for the repose of his soul. Perhaps, they even curse him in his grave, because he was not more parsimonious to leave them a greater wealth. Alas, ingratitude! the reward of the world! How often is not this verified! Let us be wiser and not strive for mammon, but let us with us try to become rich in virtue and good works. May each one present give a portion of the goods with which God has blessed him to the poor, or for some laudable purpose; make provision that Masses may be said for his soul, so that his time of purgation may be shortened and that he may not be the sufferer if forgotten by ungrateful heirs.

When the funeral cortege has arrived at the grave, the pallbearers pause. Amid prayer, the coffin is lowered in the grave, the priest blesses a shovel of earth on the coffin while saying a short prayer for the dead—and then all is at an end. The mourners return home, the grave-diggers close the grave and the dead is left alone in the deep and silent grave. Whilst the deceased was living he required spacious apartments, now he must abide in the bowels of the earth in a cell two feet wide and six feet long. Behold, dear Christians, this is the end. For us, too, a grave will be prepared, and far sooner than we imagine.

TOBACCO, LIQUOR AND DRUGS. Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few weeks. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price, 25 cents.

Simply marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the humor, nervous, and other drug habits. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, Room 17, James Building, corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

agine our bodies will be placed deep in the ground, where they will become the food of worms as we are told in the eleventh verse of the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah: "Under thee shall the moth be strewn and worms shall be thy covering."

Oh, vanity of vanities! Why, therefore should we serve this miserable world and idolize its fleeting joys and pleasures! Let us rather lift our eyes above to our true, eternal home, where death will soon take us. Oh, may our whole life be but a pious preparation for eternity! May we die daily to the world, to ourselves and above all to sin, so that we may slumber in the blessed peace of God to awaken in a happy eternity! Amen.

WHISPERING IN CHURCH.

The worst of all kinds of sounds in church is that of human voices not engaged in the service; worst in indecency, worst in moral transgression. Secular conversation is profanity. Comments on the service itself, if favorable and friendly, are impertinent; if critical, are disgraceful; if comical or calculated to provoke laughter, are infamous. For all mutual communication, that appears to be necessary a sufficient forthright would in most instances obviate the necessity. If first they would commonly see that no serious harm would come of keeping still until after the service. The insult lies against his courts, against the authorities of the church, against the congregation. A whisper reaches farther than the whisperer imagines. And wherever it reaches it may rightly stir indignation. It is a form of ill manners, the more deplorable because it is scarcely capable of rebuke and suppression by any other means than a general sense of good behavior and a right education.

A MASS FOR ENGLAND — In the Church of Santa Maria in Campitelli, Rome, Mass is said every Saturday morning at 11 o'clock for the conversion of England. It is followed by Benediction. This Mass was founded by the son of King James II; so it has now been said for nearly two hundred years.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Maine, writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

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If your stomach is weak it should have help. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength to the stomach and cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

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Second—Because they have so skillfully combined the various ingredients that the best possible results are obtained by its use.

Third—Because it has made so many sickly, delicate children strong and healthy, given health and rosy cheeks to so many pale, anemic girls, and healed the lungs and restored to full health, so many thousands in the first stages of Consumption.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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H. Horn, S. J., in American Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November.

THE ATHEIST AND LITTLE BLANCHE. I must, dear reader, if you are not afraid to come with me, use an author's privilege, and penetrate into the interior of the Chateau Noir hidden away in the woods between Pechois and Dek, near Quimper, in Brittany. We will enter the old library, and there we shall come upon a scene which, since we are acquainted with the local gossip, might surprise us. The room was large, and looked grave and antique in its appearance and fittings. The old bookcases were of mahogany and had quaint figures carved along their top. There was a large, very large table, filling the middle of the room covered with a red cloth. There were two doors, both protected by curtains, a pair of large folding doors at one end, and a smaller entrance in the side wall. There was a little of the smell of books in the room, but this, a fire of cedar log that burned in the grate, counteracted.

It was about 8 o'clock and the shades of evening had lengthened, and the labels on the old bookcases were growing dimmer and dimmer. At the fire sat a man, musing as he gazed intently to the crackling flames. Could this be M. de Chauncy? There was nothing wizardlike about him. He was a fine broad-shouldered man of about fifty. His face, which was ruddy from his bright blue eyes, and long brown beard, now whitening with age, gave his face a pleasant enough appearance. It was the face of a man who looked earnest, who looked as if he had heard that would love and could a tract love: it was the face, too, of a man, whom we might judge to have touched of enthusiasm in his nature. Such might have been our first impression. But as he sat and mused, he left his post behind against his chair, threw forward the lower part of his face, and by degrees gave the whole countenance an unpleasant and ugly look. But that might have been merely an accident of posture. Still his blue eyes did not look as bright and as gazing as we might at first have supposed it to be. The warm-hearted enthusiast seemed to disappear from and something colder took its place. This perhaps was more truly the man than the other. The less agreeable look probably spoke the character rather than the more agreeable, least, so one might have judged, if he ran his eye through the manuscript which was lying on the red cloth of the table close at hand. It was an excellent one to appear in a week or two of a well known French periodical. It was an article on religion, fully in the spirit of the age, full of doubt, full of anxious questions, full of theory, not so full of the latter as some of the writings we see on the same subject. Or, if it was, l'athée had managed to throw a semblance of practical reasoning over his theorizing, which nothing conspicuously wild in its every phrase, which, but for the lack of a great respect shown to the general French nation of the day might have raised the author in estimation as a man of grave and well intentioned views. At least, he was earnest in what he said, and if that was one impression more than another which would remain on the mind of the reader of the essay, it was, the doubts expressed in it could not be a big one in his opinion. The tone of inquiry was too earnest. But, yet a Christian reader who at the same time have felt that he here the work of a man who was truly a pagan than Cicero or P. The superior claims of Christianity were ignored, and the life of Christ was treated merely as an interesting episode in the general history of the kind, and as leading to results were worthy of study for the historian and philosopher. There was no exaggeration or malice in any grandiose or inflated style, but there was a sober convincing and a well known French periodical. It was an article on religion, fully in the spirit of the age, full of doubt, full of anxious questions, full of theory, not so full of the latter as some of the writings we see on the same subject. Or, if it was, l'athée had managed to throw a semblance of practical reasoning over his theorizing, which nothing conspicuously wild in its every phrase, which, but for the lack of a great respect shown to the general French nation of the day might have raised the author in estimation as a man of grave and well intentioned views. At least, he was earnest in what he said, and if that was one impression more than another which would remain on the mind of the reader of the essay, it was, the doubts expressed in it could not be a big one in his opinion. The tone of inquiry was too earnest. But, yet a Christian reader who at the same time have felt that he here the work of a man who was truly a pagan than Cicero or P. The superior claims of Christianity were ignored, and the life of Christ was treated merely as an interesting episode in the general history of the kind, and as leading to results were worthy of study for the historian and philosopher. There was no exaggeration or malice in any grandiose or inflated style, but there was a sober convincing and a well known French periodical.

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The essay began with a history of religion. The chief systems of antiquity were studied with care; their common points picked out; their follies exposed; their cruelties brought to light; the morality of their priests criticized, and in many places condemned. Then the seeming need of some religion was dwelt upon; the good which each had done in its time to the people over whom it held sway. Then the author made a sudden and skillful transition. He went forward to an imaginary standpoint in the future, and looked back upon Christianity in the same way as he had been looking back upon the religions of ancient times. The similarity of his treatment, the manner in which he picked out what he was pleased to call, the follies and the faults of the religion of his fathers, the skill with which he traced the same great leading characteristics here, which he had found in the pagan creeds of old, was all well calculated to lead the mind of a reader into his own groove of thought—to look upon all religions as mere natural phenomena. The writer finished by drawing some conclusions which he said that everything tended to confirm, viz., that all religion or worship of a Deity came from the tendency of man to deify and personify the great and mysterious influences which he comes across, and that the letian has for the Supreme Ruler personification of his very abstract

His god was formed as the ancients had formed theirs, by the personification of some little understood influence. The manner was the same, though the object was different: that was all. She had the atheism written, and evidently he wrote with facility. The writing had been quick, the flourishes were abundant, and the erasures few. And now he sat at the cedar fire running on in the line of thought his writings had evoked, with a moody look upon his face, and the less pleasing traits of his countenance growing more and more pronounced, as his head bent deeper down upon his clenched fist. He did not look the wizard people thought him (far from it), but his expression was not of the pleasantest—though, of course, this might have been fancy.

Suddenly he took his hand away from his chin and took up his watch, then looked across at the side entrance opposite. Ah! there was no mistake now. His face had changed. It was unmistakably an agreeable face. His eye was kind and gentle now, and he wore a fond, expectant look as he gazed at the side door. He seemed to be listening for something. He took up a little bouquet of wild flowers, tied up in a cruetous bungled knot with a piece of blue ribbon and looked at them. Then listened again. Then quite softly and suddenly there came a sound of the door handle moving, preceded by no sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened and a little figure dressed in blue slipped quietly from behind the curtain, to which she gave two or three tugs to rearrange it before the door, then with a half grave, half shy air, she folded her little hands, clasping all the time a bunch of wild flowers, and walked in a solemn manner, with a few pert shakes of the head, across the room. She came to within a yard or two of where her father (for this was the atheist's daughter) was sitting, and there stopped and made a solemn ceremonious bow; then as though all ceremony were concluded she held up both hands and rushed at her father, who was quite ready to receive her on to his knee. The loving ceremony was always gone through at these little meetings of the father and his daughter. A year before the present date, he had returned from a long tour on which he had been absent four years, and had first seen his daughter, Blanche, since she was a baby. She had then, on her first visit to him, been carefully instructed by an old-fashioned nurse as to how she was to bow to her father and then say "Welcome home, dear father." And the air of naïveté, with which his little daughter had gone through the ceremony, had offered in finite amusement to the old philosopher, and he had told her that whenever she always bow. On that first occasion, however, she had been far from laying the same claims to a place on his knee that she now did. She had seemed almost as afraid of the old atheist, her father, as were the country children around. It was only after several interviews that she began to notice how friendly he was when she exhibited the little marks of affection which she had been taught to show. Her mother she had known till she was five (she was now seven), and since then she had been almost the only one who was admitted into the old library to help the atheist to pass his lonely hours. She was regular in her visits to him in the evening, and usually brought him a bunch of wild flowers, which had evidently been all of her own collecting and arranging and tying up. She was full of ideas, and had always something to tell him of the plans she was going to carry out, or the things she was soon about to get for him. She would listen to tales by the hour, as she sat on her father's knee, and would put all kinds of questions which were quite irrelevant to the main history, but which suggested themselves to her mind as the story proceeded. Then he would have to make up explanations, which led him often into fresh difficulties, till he would go off laughing outright. Then she would kneel upon his knee, grasping his beard with both hands, and with an air of the greatest curiosity ask him what he was laughing at. It would have quite taken the country people aback if they could have been secreted in some gallery to watch the proceedings at these nightly interviews. It was quite astonishing to see how the old philosopher could become a child again to satisfy and amuse his little daughter. One day she had seen in the distance some little children playing horses. She had seen them with a pair of reins fastened to a little chap's arm, driving him along with a big stick. She was in great spirits about this, and full of it when she came to her father in the evening. She told him all about it, and said: "You and I might play, mightn't we, papa?" Her papa did not object and put in a few suggestions as to how he should be harassed. Then the little driver prepared herself with a good cane, and the papa trotted off round the table. He soon found out that he had no merciful driver, and the blows he received indiscriminately about the head and ears and shoulders, were as lusty as the most dogmatic Christian in the neighborhood ever wished he had the chance of administering to the old atheist. But Blanche thought that this was part of the game, and every now and then, descending from her assumed character, said: "Isn't it fun, papa?" Her papa had to call up all his philosophy to prevent himself from getting angry. However, he soon said that he was tired, to the surprise of the little coachman who was perfectly ready to continue. He had, in fact, to assume quite a commanding tone before he could make Blanche believe that his stopping was not also part of the game.

blows and abuse. He was glad to be released and would not play again under any persuasion. It was very seldom that they quarrelled in their nightly interviews. Blanche was so sensitive and so easily subdued that she was not often carried away to be really troublesome or disobedient. Once or twice he had had to tell her rather seriously not to say any more, but to go to bed, and she had trotted off looking quite ashamed of herself, and he had felt great pangs all night, thinking that he had been too cross with her, and so had to be additionally kind next night. One point there was on which they differed. Almost as soon as she had become familiar enough to chat and say what she wanted to him, she had said one night as she was going to bed, and he had wished her good night, "Papa, say 'God bless my little Blanche.'"

"What do you want me to say that for? Isn't good night enough?" "No; mama always said 'God bless my little Blanche.'" "Well, you know, mama said what I don't. Mama wore a nice frock like you and I don't," he said, trying to laugh, though he felt himself in a curious position and could not tell why. Another time, as Blanche was going out of the room, she said "God bless you, dear papa." He looked at her as if he was going to reprove her, but checked himself and said, "There, trot off." "Now," she said, "you ought to say 'God bless my little Blanche.'" He got out of the difficulty as best he could, but felt his awkwardness and hoped that Blanche would let the matter drop. But her sharp little eyes had noticed something curious in his manner at the time, and she wanted to know why he would not say "God bless you, my little Blanche."

So one night when he had been especially kind to her, and had been patting her head and telling her that she was his "own little Blanche." He was quite taken aback, but she went straight on. "Why won't you say 'God bless you, my little Blanche.'" It was a question he could not answer; he sat staring at the fire, wondering and wondering why it was that he could not say "God bless you, my little Blanche." It seemed that to say "God bless you" every night to his little daughter would be quite impossible, while at the same time he felt very loath to tell her, "Oa, there is no such as God." Yet why could he not say that? She had asked him one night if he thought that there were fairies in the long wood in front of the house, and he had explained to her that fairies were all nonsense, that there was no such thing, and he had told her all this as something which at her age she ought to know. But now when she asked him why he did not say "God bless you," he did not find it at all the same thing for some unaccountable reason. So he plunged into one of his deepest reveries as he gazed at the fire, and with something of an unpleasant expression on his face asked himself again and again why he would not say "God bless you, my little Blanche;" while she, tired already and sleepy, lay against his arm and kept repeating in a dreamy way, letting her arm bang against his knee every time she said it. "Why won't you say, 'God bless you little Blanche, you naughty papa?' Why won't you say 'God bless you little Blanche, you naughty papa?'" until her head grew heavier and she fell asleep against his arm, still murmuring and asking why he would not say "God bless my little Blanche."

But these small encounters were rare and the old atheist was not often put through this awkward self-analysis. They were happy evenings for both of them—a relief for the philosopher and a welcome opportunity for Blanche to show her affection for her papa. All the summer Blanche came and always had her little bundle of flowers, never very artistically arranged, and some times half composed of the ugliest flowers she could have found, which she, however, thought the height of beauty. Winter came and she brought him picture books to look at and explain to her, and he would tell her stories round the winter fire. Winter went and the flowers came back and the big ugly leaves grew rank on the bank and in the woods, but there were no little hands to pick them now and no more visits to the library of the childish form in blue. There was a little stick round upstairs quite different to the big old library, and in it little Blanche lay, very pale and very sick, and papa had now to come and visit her, not she him. Not only in the evening he came, but often during the day.

He would go into the fields and woods now and make up bunches for the little invalid. He chose dock leaves and cow parsley, which had been favorites of hers, and carefully bound them up in blue ribbon, and brought them to her, and she always seemed to think them nearly as beautiful as her own. He had tried her with fine bouquets from the hot-house sometimes, and she appeared not to like them half so well. She always told him when he came that she would perhaps be well enough to get up to-morrow, and pluck him some flowers, but the morrow never brought improvement and each day she grew weaker and weaker. She had no idea that she was very ill, or, indeed, what exactly being very ill meant. She was only puzzled at this continued weakness and continued bed.

One night she was worse and he had come to sit with her. Her voice had left her, but he saw her lips move and she muttered something. He leaned forward to listen. "Papa," she said. "Yes, I am here," he answered soothingly. "Papa, isn't it queer that I

to me." "Hush, little one," he muttered. The thought that an evening would soon come when he could not go to her nor she to him rushed upon him. He walked out of the room and closed the door, and a violent outburst of sobs convulsed his strong frame. He felt a certain shame at sobbing thus like a child, and fought against it, but the waves are slow to subside after a great commotion, and half an hour later the atheist father might have been seen in his library, determinedly trying to read, while every now and then a half-suppressed sob told of the half spent storm.

Another time he heard her mutter something. He leaned forward, she said: "Papa, say God bless my little Blanche." He at once answered, "God bless you, my little Blanche, and make you better." She smiled triumphantly, murmuring, "I thought I would make you say it at last."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Noble Son. Dean Farrar tells a true story of a noble son that is not without its applicability to persons on this side of the pond: "I recall," says that eminent clergyman, "a young man in his home—a very great and famous man whose name I must not mention. His was the case of a man of genius, born of parents who had no pretensions to genius at all, and who was incomparably in advance of his parents in culture and education. Many a young man so circumstanced has been tempted to give himself airs; to look down upon his parents as inferiors, to shudder when they drop their h's; to condole with himself as the offspring of bourgeois or plebeian people of whom he is obliged to be ashamed. Not so the young man of whom I speak. He had taken as his rule of life the highest of all ideals—the ideal of Him 'Who went down to His parents at Nazareth and was subject unto them.'"

"I have sat at his table, and heard him pour forth the stores of his unexampled eloquence, and unroll the treasures of his large heart in lessons full of depth and beauty—and then his dear old mother—a perfect type of English middle class womanhood, with something of the holy Philistinism of a narrow creed which invests its humblest votaries with self-imagined infallibility—would lift up her monitory finger, before the assembled guests and say—'Now William—we will call him 'William,' though that was not his name—'listen to me.' Then, while he and we respectfully listened, she would lay down the law with exquisite placidity, telling him how completely mistaken he was in these new-fangled notions—"

"Proving all wrong that hitherto was writ, And putting us to ignorance again." "Yes, mother," he would say, when her little admonition was ended; and the conversation would resume its flow quite undisturbed, and the dear old lady was more than satisfied.

"It was the greatness of her son's genius which made him so good a son. A smaller mind would have winced or been contemptuous. 'Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius,' says Wordsworth, 'but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiment of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties.'"

Are you better educated than your parents? Get down on your knees and thank God for giving you self-sacrificing forbears willing to grant to you what had been denied to them, and show you yourself worthy of their loving care by paying them back in love, since you have not the money, nor could enough of it be found, to wipe out your obligations to them.

The Discipline of Failure. The really great men of the world are those who are not paralyzed by failures. Success is rare except through repeated failures. Those who put all at risk on one venture, and, losing, weakly surrender, never accomplish anything worth living for. Failures should enter into the natural expectation of everybody as a necessary, if painful, part of the discipline of life.

Few begin with anything like a clear view of what they want to do, and the fortune they seek may come in a very different form from that which they have kept in view. It may be a very large success and yet scarcely recognized. What many regard as a victory may really be a defeat, and men often mourn as losses what ought to be considered as gains. The child that never fails never learns to walk. Failures are failures which lead to success.

Everything depends on how to take our failures. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of the eleven rules he laid down for the discipline of conscience, declared: "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fall in good spirits."

This seems on first reading an inversion. Surely it is worth while to succeed! How can it be our business to fail? Is failure, then, better than success—a thing to be courted and worked for? Not at all. He means that failures are numerous and constant. They stand thick in every pathway. We must make up our mind to meet them, and not to let them dishearten us. Here is the point. We are vanquished if we take a failure as final. We must not let it discourage us. We shall fall and fall often; but it is our duty not to lose heart, not to give up

made himself famous by his works, and yet he says of his career. "I mean to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise."

This is the invincible spirit that will not own itself beaten because it stumbles and falls, but persists in rising and pressing forward, however slow and difficult the progress. It bravely refuses to surrender, holding that its business is to meet these inevitable failures in good spirits. The novelist had his ideal. It was to write a great poem. He never achieved it, but he was content, he wrote, to "cobble little prose articles." He never wrote the great poem, but he took his failure in "excellent good spirits," and achieved success in a different line.

There is vast helpfulness in this thought, and for none more than for those who are concerned with the discipline of conscience. There are many failures in the Christian life. It was according to the divine plan that even our Lord in some respects should fall in His preaching—many refused to accept Him; He failed in His teaching—many refused to believe Him; He failed to restore the Kingdom of Israel—they rejected Him; He failed to convince the world of His mission—they crucified Him. He failed even with His own disciples, who fell away from Him and denied Him. There were some places where He could do no mighty works—the unbelief of the people thwarted Him. And yet He was not dismayed by failure. He did not even refuse to face the greatest seeming failure of His life—that ignominious death on the cross. The greatness of His spirit was shown in the way He endured, in the cheerfulness that which He gave Himself in sacrifice.

The greatness of His triumph is beyond measure. He achieved a life unequalled in power and influence for good; and the world with common accord points to His spotless character as the one perfect model for mankind. Those who follow after Him meet many failures. Like the disciples, they disappear from His path sometimes, but, unlike Judas, who could not endure failure, they reappear and press forward again in good spirits.

A STRANGE CASE. Eye Trouble Which Developed Into Running Sores.

DOCTORS SAID IT WAS CONSUMPTION OF THE BLOOD, AND RECOVERY WAS LOOKED UPON AS ALMOST HOPELESS—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS WROUGHT A CURE.

From the Herald, Georgetown, Ont. Our reporter recently had the pleasure of calling on Mr. Wm. Thompson, papermaker, at Wm. Barber & Bros. mills, a well-known and respected citizen of our town, for the purpose of acquiring the details of his son's long illness and his remarkable recovery through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Thompson kindly gave us the following information which will speak for itself: "About two and a half years ago my eldest son, Garnet, who is fifteen years old, took what I supposed to be inflammation in his left eye. He was taken to a physician, who advised me to take him to an eye specialist which I did, only to find out that he had lost the sight of the eye completely. The disease spread from his eye to his wrist, which became greatly swollen, and was lanced no less than eleven times. His whole arm was completely useless, although he was not suffering any pain. From his wrist it went to his foot which was also lanced a couple of times but without bringing relief. The next move of the trouble was to the upper part of the leg where it broke out, large quantities of matter running from the sore. All this time my boy was under the best treatment I could procure, but with little or no effect. The trouble was pronounced consumption of the blood, and I was told by the doctors that you would not come across a case like it in five hundred. When almost discouraged and not knowing what to do for the best, a friend of mine urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saying that he had a son who was afflicted with a somewhat similar disease and

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure a trial and secured some of them at the drug store, and after my boy had taken two boxes I could see the color coming back to his sallow complexion and noted a decided change for the better. He went on taking them and in a few months from the time he started to use them I considered him perfectly cured and not a trace of the disease left, except his blind eye, the sight of which he had lost before he started to use the pills. He has now become quite fleshy and I consider him one of the healthiest boys in the community. If any person is desirous of knowing the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you may direct them to me, as I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted as my boy was."

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There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold, which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, croup and all affections of the throat and lungs.

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