

# 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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### A REMINDER.

Some of the speeches on the English Education Bill reminds us of D'Arcy McGee's words during the discussion of the school question in the Legislature of old Canada: He said:

"I have but one son, whom I dearly love—whose future I have deeply at heart. And if on one hand I could secure him all the knowledge our best universities could impart, without that of the 5 cent catechism, and on the other have him thoroughly instructed in the latter to the neglect of all the rest, I would give him the catechism and my blessing and think I had best equipped him for his future career."

So says every Catholic who knows that the system of education which entirely confines itself to secular matters is frowned upon by the Church, and who understands that a dread judgment awaits the parents whose indifference or neglect are responsible for the infidelity or immorality of their children.

### CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO, ONT.  
This book of 236 pages well-bound in cloth, printed on good paper, written by Frank Hatheway, St. John, N. B., should be in every Canadian home.

We are not disposed to agree with this statement of the publisher. While much can be said in praise of Wm. Hatheway's tribute to the Jesuits who "tailed here in the seventeenth century," the gentle St. Francis, of his diction in portraying the scenic beauties and natural resources of Canada, we cannot see our way clear to recommend his books to Canadian households. His desire to have any merit of his work ascribed to the influence of Ralph Waldo Emerson is, while complimentary to his modesty, no passport to favor. Emerson wrote beautiful prose of a kind. He lived in an "uncertain twilight." And to him the world was, it seems to us, "a dim, spacious, fragrant place about with golden lights." His maxims are good as far as they go; they may be useful to men who live in academic quiet, but they have little comfort for those who have to win their bread and keep unspotted from the world. He was averse to cant and severe in his strictures on Congregationalism. To him we may apply Cardinal Newman's appreciation of Cicero. "Cicero," says the Cardinal, "engages our affections by the integrity of his public conduct, the correctness of his private life, the generosity, placability and kindness of his heart. But what has he other than a gracious personality to offer to Canadians? Self-culture? Some of his prominent disciples found this unsatisfying. A bundle of maxims which many mean anything? And supposing that in them are embedded gems of wisdom, of what value are they to us if they shed no light on our destiny and are devoid of Christian hope."

Nor do we think that the emulation of Mr. Hatheway's heroes, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour can contribute aught of worth to Canada. For Mazzini was a politician who allowed neither honor nor life to balk his designs; Garibaldi a glorified filibuster; and Cavour a man with the head of a statesman and the heart of a buccaneer. If Mr. Hatheway had had his imagination shackled by more information about these worthies, his shrewdness and obvious desire to add his little store to the fabric of our nationality would have been used to greater effect. The classing of Christ with Plato, Dante, etc., may be taken as an indubitable sign of Emerson's influence upon our author. Mr. Hatheway is not yet qualified to be a teacher of Canadians. We do not grow strong on words.

### WORDS FROM A NON-CATHOLIC.

Writing in the Atlantic Monthly a few years ago Mr. Sedgwick put himself on record as follows:

"Rome alone has been able to put before the western world the ideal of a Church for humanity. It is not strange that many who think that some divine power stood behind the early Christian Church should believe that the same power guides and preserves the Church of Rome to-day."

Prof. H. Peck of Columbia College says that "when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, 'there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that stands unshaken on the rock of its con-

victions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority." Frederic Harrison says that Catholicity is the most permanent form of Christianity, compared to which "all the other forms are more or less perverted or transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots."

Did not Carlyle confess to Anthony Froude that the Mass was the only genuine relic of religious worship left among us?

Says Matthew Arnold:  
"If there is one thing specially native to religion it is peace and unity. Hence the original attraction toward unity in Rome, and hence the great charm for men's minds of that unity when once attained. I persist in thinking that Catholicism has from this superiority a great future before it; that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear."

And John Wesley—we commend his words to the colporteur:—

"What wonder is it that we have so many converts to Popery and so few to Protestantism, when the former are sure to want and the latter almost to starve."

### OUR SHARE.

It is true that hostility to us arises oftentimes from misunderstanding of our principles—true, too, that bigotry is generated by misconceptions of the discipline and doctrines of the Church. It is also true that we may not plead innocent to the charge of contributing our share to fashioning of prejudice among non-Catholics. If we remember aright, Leo XIII. commended the prelates of the United States who had condemned the abuse of intoxicating liquors by Catholics as a scandal to non-Catholics and a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion.

### ON SUMMER SUNDAYS.

It is a common thing on Sundays in the hot weather to see young men and women hurrying out of church before Mass is half over. They are hastening away to catch a train or a boat, and they are robbing God of the few minutes He asks on Sunday in order that they may not be late for the fun and the frolic which they anticipate on their trips. Often alas! these trips end in disaster—distaster to body as to soul. It is hardly possible to take up a Monday morning paper without reading of deaths by drowning or in accidents on land. Many young men and women who have no time to give to God on Sunday morning are hurried into the presence of that same God before the sun goes down.

Let not Sunday be a day of forgetfulness of God and of our religious obligations. Those who work all the week long deserve some recreation on Sunday, but the recreation should never be disorderly or sinful, or such as to give scandal to others. It should never be such as to injure the individual soul or tend to debase and dishonor the Lord's day. And those who seek places of rest and recreation on Sunday should first of all attend Mass. This most important obligation no mere pleasure-seeking should keep us from fulfilling. God is our God and our Lord in summer as in winter. At all times of the year He expects from us homage and worship and humble prayer. His holy Church commands us to be present every Sunday, under the pain of mortal sin, at Mass—the same sacrifice which the Soul of God consummated on Mount Calvary. This is the supreme act of worship to Almighty God. We must attend Mass every Sunday, and we must attend all the Mass unless for some very good reason we do not do so. To rush in at the Gospel and out at the Communion—that is not attending Mass, that is not giving God the worship due Him. And when we thus slight Almighty God for the sake of our own pleasure the disrespect is all the more marked.

Let us then, no matter what the temptation, give freely to Almighty God the few minutes which the Church commands us on Sunday morning. Let us hear Mass fervently, offering God every thought, word and act during the day. Let us try to forget for a half hour the excursions and trips and other recreation which await us. Then, having stayed until Mass is ended, let us go wherever our inclination leads us, happy in the thought that we have begun the day well, that we have kept the Church's precept, that no matter what may happen during the succeeding hours our souls are unstained by the sin of missing Mass or of attending at Mass in a careless, distracted state of mind. Think what a consolation it must be to those who have lost their lives by accident on Sunday to know and feel in their last moments that on the last Sunday of their lives they attended Mass! And on the other hand consider the anguish of those whose last moments are darkened by the thought that before starting out on the fatal excursion they brought them to their death, they either missed Mass altogether, or at the most, only rushed in to church hurriedly and rushed out again before Mass was half over, their minds not fixed upon God and His worship but upon the pleasure which proved fatal ere the day was over.—Sacred Heart Review.

### VOCACTIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

Ex Governor Rollins of New Hampshire in the course of a very practical paper, "What can a young man do?" cites the service of Religion as follows: "A largely neglected field of opportunity is the church. Not that it offers brilliant rewards pecuniarily, but it does give a man his hearing, his audience, his opportunity. If he has a message to deliver, the Church offers a field as wide as the world. On account of the mediocrity of many men in the ministry, the chance to excel is easy and wide open. In the early days the Church was esteemed the foremost of calling. Is it not possible to place it in the van once more?"

Mr. Rollins writes, says the Boston Pilot, from the non-Catholic standpoint, else he would not speak of "a message to deliver" and "a chance to excel" influencing the choice. Yet in "a field as wide as the world," Catholics are at least implied. The true Catholic aspirant for the priesthood has no personal message to deliver. Like Saint Paul, he seeks simply to preach Christ and Him crucified; and his emulation of his fellows is only in the matter of soul-saving.

His preparation is long, arduous and expensive. Whether as diocesan priest or priest of religious Order or Congregation he must face a life forever dissociated from domestic joys and full of sacrifices. The diocesan priest distinctly limits his personal freedom by his promise of obedience to his Bishop. The religious priest is at the disposal of his superior. The one, it is true, has a small salary, out of which he is expected to respond to countless demands of charity; the other has only his clothing and food and shelter. In poor settlements and on the foreign mission field both are equal in the practice of apostolic poverty. At all times and everywhere both are equally bound to their priesthood, which they can never abandon for a secular calling.

Yet while every Protestant denomination is bemoaning the falling off in candidates for the ministry, with its comparatively short preparation, its human comforts and freedom, the Catholic Church in the United States has many and good vocations, though speaking nationally, by no means sufficient for its needs.

The Catholic Church alone of all the larger religious denominations has, as our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo points out, more official representatives of religion than church buildings. In two large Protestant bodies, the churches outnumber the ministers by nearly two to one.

Says the current Congregationalist, commenting on a recent plan for consolidating Presbyterian theological schools in the Dominion:  
"The future of schools for educating candidates for the ministry is perplexing. The churches in Canada no less than those in the United States. These schools need more money and want more students. They require better and more complete equipment. But there is a conviction that the amount of money required to maintain schools which graduate respectively four, seven and sixteen students into the ministry this year could be spent to better advantage on one school, which would graduate twenty-seven students. It is not easy to induce men to give money to institutions which yield such inadequate results, nor does it awaken the enthusiasm of scholars to teach in such schools."

In Canada as a whole, the proportion of priests and ecclesiastical students to the total Catholic population is at least as good as in the United States. The predominantly Catholic Province of Quebec (French Canada) it is better. It must be added also that in both countries the flower of our young manhood are seeking the priesthood.

The last part of ex Governor Rollins' counsel has no application to Catholics. Our priesthood is still esteemed the noblest of callings; and for all that it involves many sacrifices, has even its own compensations in its wide influence and in the loyalty and affection of the people.

The supernatural calling with its severe tests, the ascetic life, the daily sacrifice of the altar, the Gospel message of the true priest will always hold the people.

Yet, gratifying as our record is, set side by side with that of the strongest of the non-Catholic bodies, more and more vocations are needed if the Church in America is to be worthy of its mission. But as nurseries for these needed vocations we must have the Christian home and the Christian school. Rare indeed is a vocation from the home whose atmosphere is worldliness and self-seeking. Few are the priests from those sections in which Catholic primary and intermediate schools are few or non-existent. The truly Christian mother, the Christian teacher, the prudent confessor, the frequent Sacraments foster and feed the budding vocation and keep the future priest unspotted from the world which he is destined to purify and uplift.

Catholics, therefore, have to grasp the whole plan of the Church with strength and breadth of vision—not think they can neglect one essential part, and make up by generous treatment of another.

There is nothing so precious as youthful innocence. And because of the manifold dangers which beset the young to day there is nothing easier lost. Hence there is nothing which should be of greater concern to parents than the work of safeguarding their children.

### INVENTING A NEW NAME.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.  
An interesting correspondence has appeared in the London Tablet on the recent use of the word "Romans" by an English Protestant Bishop in referring to Catholic. Subjoined we reproduce some of the letters:

ROMANS.  
Sir—I have thought that the "branch theory" was dead and buried. It seems from the letter of R. A. R. Bennett (M. A.) in your present issue, that it is still doing duty. He says that it hurts him to be called "Anglican." That must be an idiosyncrasy, for the Guardian, which represents the majority of Anglicans, is well known to advocate the title.

What is the position of Mr. R.? He calls himself Catholic. When asked if he is Roman Catholic, he would have replied: "No, I am an English Catholic or Anglo-Catholic." He must do so in the last analysis of his position; although probably he would say that he was simply a Catholic. He would have to draw a distinction between Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic.

But he does not seem to see that these terms do not correspond to one another. "Anglo" means national; "Roman" means of a city. Our legal appellation is "Roman Catholic," by which every educated person understands the Church throughout the world, with its centre of jurisdiction at the city of Rome. But as this explanation of "Roman" is redundant, just as it would be unnecessary to call oneself a citizen of London, the capital of England, therefore, we are known as simply Catholics. It is nothing new this usurpation of the word Catholic, as every one knows who reads the life of St. Augustine of Hippo.

"Anglo-Catholic," on the other hand, is a suicidal word. "Anglo" means, as we have seen, national; and Catholic means national. How a man can be "National-non-national" all at once, is for Mr. B. to decide.

The terms that would correspond to one another are Roman Catholic and Canterbury Catholic; or Anglo-Catholic and Italian Catholic. If any of my old friends call me a "Roman"; "No, I reply, 'I am a Londoner.'" But Romans! Oh, sir, it is a dreadful middle!

QUONDAM ANGLICAN.  
Sir—When a convert is received into the Church he says:

I acknowledge the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church for the mother and mistress of all churches; and I promise true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles and Vicar of Jesus Christ.

I copy this from the "Forma Reconventum." This, as it seems to me, is an acknowledgment that a Catholic is "Catholic and Roman." The greater including the less, the convert is a Catholic. As he cannot be a Catholic without being in communion with Rome to add or to prefix Roman seems to me superfluous. English High Churchmen and Ritualists speak of themselves as "Catholics" and consider themselves justified in so speaking by their profession of belief in "the Holy Catholic Church." Do they differentiate by adding "and Anglicans"? Some may do so, but as Anglicanism is only a form of Protestantism, this differentiation would be only a way of expressing the formula, "I am a Catholic and Protestant," which is absurd. When the Protestant Bishop of London spoke of Catholics as "Romans" it seems plain that his Lordship objected to giving us our rightful and everywhere intelligible and accepted title of "Catholics," because it would exclude his fellow churchmen of his own communion. So he hit upon a *vis media* and styled Catholics "Romans" and Protestants in communion with the English Church "Anglicans." But the Church to which the King or Queen of England must belong is the National Protestant Church, that is the Church of England as by law established; and this Church, speaking by the mouth of its Royal Head, at his coronation, solemnly denounces and repudiates the contradictory formula, "I am a Catholic and Protestant." To call us simply "Romans" is incorrect—it comes of ignorance or of malice. Catholics had better simply speak of themselves as "Catholics," and avoid any such trifling with so serious a matter as is implied when they speak of themselves lightly, and even apologetically, as "Holy Romans," or "Romans," or even as "Papists." I think, having made this protest, I may fairly sign myself so in this respect.

### A PROTESTANT CATHOLIC.

Sir—The really frantic struggles of some Anglicans to get hold of the name "Catholic" can be likened only to the successful speculator's thirst for a peerage. The strange thing is that they cannot see that the point is not one of theology but of ordinary courtesy. Were the Anglicans as orthodox as St. Thomas of Aquin himself, they would have no more right to call themselves "Catholics" than the parliamentary Unionist has a right to call himself a "Liberal," or he never so liberal in his politics.

A man is not entitled to take to himself what has become a proper name, because he possesses, or thinks he possesses, the qualities connoted by the same word as a common adjective. If everyone is a "Catholic" who thinks his own opinions to be catholic—why, bless my heart, there is not a man among us who is not already "Right Honorable," or "his Eminence," or "his Holiness" itself, or one or other of the titles which, taken as ordinary adjectives, so correctly describe the respective characteristics of each of us.

Proper names are acquired by usage, men!

and have no necessary relation to the meaning of the word. Catholics have the exclusive right to that name by a longer usage than that of any other name existing.

Whether the Protestant gentlemen who are so eager to be labeled "Catholics" do or do not hold Catholic doctrine is wholly irrelevant to the point at issue, which is whether or not they are entitled by the ordinary custom of society, to be called "Catholics." The "Catholic Church" is a visible and voluntary society which has been known by that name throughout the world for some nineteen centuries. Like all other voluntary societies, it is entitled to decide upon the conditions of its membership. It has decided that Protestants are not members; so that is the end of the matter.

Possibly as these Protestant gentlemen allege, God Almighty sees the matter in a quite different light; possibly these gentlemen may constitute the elect, the spiritual Catholic Church. That is a theological question, quite foreign to the question before us: Who are entitled to be called "Catholics" by the usage of society?

If one hundred members of the Reform Club were to secede from that club or to be expelled therefrom and were to hire a house on the opposite side of Pall Mall, and were to declare that they were the "Reform Club, North," and that they together with the "Reform Club, South," over the way, constituted "the Reform Club"—well, we should laugh at them, no matter how thorough reformers they were.

By all acknowledged rules of courtesy and good manners—theology has nothing to do with the matter—the name "Catholic" belongs exclusively to those who had the exclusive use of it for nineteen centuries; and they themselves alone are entitled to decide who are and who are not members of their society.

Of course these Anglicans, or Protestants—it is difficult to find a name that won't offend one or other section of them—these members of the English Establishment, let us say, do not intend to be rude or offensive. But they are very much so, in fact, through sheer lack of perspicacity.

What would they think of our manner if we constantly alluded to them in public as "our friends the Anglican heretics"? And yet we should be doing exactly what they do when they call us "Romans." They claim to be a part of the Catholic Church; we claim to be the whole Catholic Church. To call us "Romans" is begging their own view of the question in ordinary parlance—always a rude and discourteous thing to do. For us to call them in ordinary parlance "heretics" would be begging our view of the question—equally rude and discourteous, but no more so.

I am yours obediently,  
W. D. GAINSFORD.

### THE SCALA SANTA.

After the Cross, the crown of Thorns, the Spear of Longinus and the Holy Nails, the Scala Santa may be called the most precious relic in Rome. A few words about the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairs, will therefore not be out of place.

This stairs down which our Saviour is believed to have walked after Pilate had condemned Him to death was brought from the Roman Governor's house in Jerusalem to Rome about the year 236 by Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. Since that date it has been held in reverence by the Catholic world. As no foot must touch the marble, each step is covered with wood, and appears being left over a few spots stained by the precious blood.

Since 850 each Pope has vied with his predecessor in conferring privileges upon those who ascend the sacred steps, so that one of the most beautiful sights in Rome is to see people of every class climbing the Scala Santa on their knees. I have seen," says Mrs. Hemans, a Protestant, "the multitude, like a swarm of bees settling on flowers. The last Pope to make the ascent was Pius IX., who on reaching the top prostrated himself and offered up his own life as a sacrifice to save Rome from the 70,000 Italians encamped outside the walls.

### A Place For Thought.

Who can find joy, life, hope, inspiration for usefulness, by walking through a cemetery and contemplating a multitude of monuments to Death?—Troy Press.

"'Tis a gruesome question. After all, even in a cemetery, as one strolls among the monuments of Death, one may find joy in thought of the goodness of many who have gone before; life and hope because of resurrection and eternal life; inspiration in contemplation of the fact that we, too, may accomplish great deeds as did those who sleep beneath the green; usefulness in calling to mind the serviceableness of eminent men and women now silent in the tomb. A cemetery is not such a bad place for thought.—Catholic Union and Times.

There is strong argument for the belief that the simple, pious ejaculation, "Mercy, Jesus Mercy," has brought salvation to many erring souls. At any rate, it is an expression heaven reaching in its power and benediction to the last, and goes out into the unknown blessed substitute, therefore, for the blasphemous speech of some Catholic men!

### WHY THE JESUITS ARE SLANDERED.

Mentioning a few of the most atrocious slanders of the Jesuits, the Freeman's Journal says: "The Sons of Ignatius have been subjected to these vile calumnies because, through their energetic efforts, the work of Protestantizing Europe was stayed in the sixteenth century. Maddened by this success the enemies of the Catholic Church spread broadcast the foolish lies about the Society of Jesus. These have been handed down from generation to generation, till at length they have come to be accepted by the great body of Protestants as unquestioned and unquestionable truths. Take for instance the statement that the 'end justifies the means' which they say is a maxim approved by every Jesuit. This has been proven over and over again to be a lie having no semblance of a basis to rest on. Yet nine out of every ten Protestants believe that every member of the Society of Jesus shapes his conduct by this maxim. So believing they are not surprised to hear those Jesuits have poisoned a Pope whose policy they disapproved of, and have not hesitated to employ agents to murder the heir of a throne whom they wished to get rid of."

### RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

WHY THE CHURCH INSISTS UPON IT.

Religious training is that which the Church insists on. The Church is God's institution in this world, to destroy sin and lead men to heaven. It is not interested in the commercial world, or those transitory things that are thrown about us. It assures us that no matter how accomplished or enlightened we are, disappointment and trials of many descriptions may be our portion in the end, and the system of training it pursues is calculated to make us not only qualified for the greatest successes but also for the bitterest defeats. Anybody can stand success, but only a hero can stand defeat. If success, popularity or renown, were to be the all of human endeavor then would the life of our Crucified Saviour have been the worst disaster the world ever witnessed. It is the principles of Christianity that sustain us in defeat as well as in victory.

Education means the drawing out and development of all the qualities in man. It means the complete development of our nature. There are a great many things under the name that do not fit it. If we have for our aim only commercial ideas, and we set our mind to attain that end, we do educate, but are fulfilling that object, the same as the animal that is taught tricks. You have not educated the man because your system was only partial. The more perfect a system of education the nearer does it come to embracing all the faculties that were crippled in its original form. Religious training appeals to the highest aim of human character. Any system without that training is not complete. The Church's idea is not to complete a race for commercial advantage, but to seek for the uplifting of the entire man. The world is controlled by two great forces, physical and moral, the latter being the strongest because it appeals to the soul. We see those two forces working side by side and we must conclude that there is an intellectual force back of them that guides them in their harmonious work. These same three forces we find in man, the same as in the government of the world. We find the physical force governed by the moral, and the moral by the intellectual.

The system that controls the education of the youth, is sapping the destinies of the world. It is not necessary that a Christian system of education should prevail, and that we should raise up a God-like generation? It is our duty to unite and be guided under her precepts, to come closer together, understand each other, and accomplish the greatest of all works, a truly Christian education for our children.—Rev. T. A. Powers.

### Prosperity of Catholic Belgium.

Ben Hurst in Conacher's for July, Belgium is sometimes indicated as a contradiction to the dictum that Catholicism hinders the worldly prosperity of a state. It is true that it is the most closely populated, and the most skillfully cultivated country of Europe; it is, in proportion to its size, the greatest grain grower in the universe; and (in spite of its size) comes next to England in its coal output, while it equals England in extent of railway lines. Its commerce is immense, its manufactures unrivalled, and the immigration still exceeds the emigration. But we prefer to point to the industrious and moral lives of the inhabitants as proof of the benefits of Catholicity rather than to these signs of material prosperity not always its concomitants.

### Holding Out.

True bravery carries the soul to the end of its struggle. The other day in a crowded city street a little bird was heard singing. The passers-by looked up. Suspended against the hot brick wall of a factory was a small, unshielded wooden cage, on which the sun beat fiercely. All day the bird sang in the cruelly increased heat, and at last, toward evening, still chirping feebly, it fell dead. Many a Christian, imprisoned and defenseless in his cage of circumstance, sings his song of courage to the last, and goes out into the unknown trusting in One Whose promises were made again and again to him who should "endure to the end."—Sunday School Times.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XI.

THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE.

Day broke at length. The first rays of the sun, rising in all its rosy splendour behind the heights of Brignolles, lit up a Spring landscape of rare loveliness. All the numerous villages and hamlets lying in the valleys between the plain and the hills were enlivened with plum and peach trees in full bloom, like a bridal wreath. Amongst the delicately tinted blossoms the bees were already busily at work, while thrush and blackbird filled the air with their song. Here and there a church bell announced to the villagers the hour of Mass, and a few aged parishioners and groups of school children might be seen wending their way towards the church; the laboring population went in companies to their accustomed work in the gardens or vineyards.

In Ste. Victoire, however, the wheel of daily life stood still. Scarcely had the householders been opened at dawn of day before the tidings of the murder spread throughout the village like wildfire.

"Have you heard the news, neighbor? Poor Mrs. Blanchard has been murdered, the dear old lady!" an aged crone called across the street.

"You don't say so! It cannot be true!"

"It is true though, and the worst of the story is, they say Father Montmoulin stabbed her with his bread knife," said a voice from another window.

"My God, how can you say such a horrible thing! Do you not know that you are committing a mortal sin?"

"Why should it not be true? The clergy are not a bit better than anybody else. Was not a priest guillotined some years ago, for stabbing the Archbishop of Paris in a church? Besides I heard it from the maid at the Golden Rose; she had taken up breakfast to the convent in a hurry for the mayor and the lawyers. The mayor and the notary and the town-clerk—she was his sister you know—spent the night up there and found out everything."

"Let her talk! You will not make me believe that our pastor, such a good and pious and kind gentleman as he is, could be guilty of such a crime. Not one of those Government officials ever goes to Mass, or to his Easter duty. No doubt they will try and fasten it on him, he has been in their way for a long time." So spoke a stout, sturdy matron, doubling her fist, and shaking it ominously in the direction of the mayor's residence.

"Take care, do be quiet," urged a timid looking little woman, who had stood by in speechless horror, "if what you have been saying were repeated, you might get put into prison by the mayor."

"He had better try that on, a villain like him, who cannot even keep a faithful to his wife, who—"

The good woman's indignant speech was cut short by the exclamations of those around her, for a small body of mounted police appeared, coming down the street, besides a carriage drawn by two horses, in which some important-looking personages were seated.

"Look, look, those must be the magistrates! The police are going to arrest our pastor! Well, there must be something in it after all. Let us run up to the convent, and see what is going on."

"Go on then, you silly fools. I do not want to see the poor man dragged to prison. And nothing will ever convince me that a dear good priest who does so much for the sick and the poor, has murdered anyone, not if the mayor himself swore he saw him do it."

Thereupon Father Montmoulin's lusty defender threw her window with a bang, and hastened into the scullery, where she vented her annoyance on the pots and pans, and confided to them her opinions.

A crowd soon collected on the terrace before the convent, discussing the sad event, after the wont of the excitable southerner, in loud and animated tones. Though his window was closed, the voices reached Father Montmoulin's ear, and he heard several, to whom he had shown nothing but kindness, passing a harsh verdict upon him. Thus it is with unstable human hearts; always more prone to believe evil than to believe good of their fellow men. The multitude love a scandal, especially when it emanates from a class above them, and whoever the supposed culprit may be, the populace now as of old is ready to cry "Crucify him!"

Men of education, who in such times of excitement would put in a word for the accused, and who would be grieved by the fall of one who would have enjoyed a spotless reputation, do not mix among the multitude on such occasions.

"String him up to the olive tree here, before the police come from Aix," said a stalwart youth, looking about him with complacency. "If he gets into court, you see if some rascally lawyer does not get him off with his oily tongue. Here too, we could all see him kick better than if he were to be guillotined."

"No," answered a butcher, "never fear, they have such proof that the first barrister in the land could not get him off. His cassock is soaked with blood, and the carving knife is all stained too, that he stabbed her with. I should not have credited the little man with as much pluck."

"There was no particular pluck needed. The old woman would not offer much resistance. Besides, all the lot of money he took from her would have given many a man courage for the crime. They say it was upwards of \$500."

"More than that! More than that! Two thousand! Four thousand," one and another of the bystanders called out.

"I tell you what," whispered the cobbler, "it is a fortunate thing for Loser, the sacristan, that he went off to Marseilles on Sunday evening, and had not come back. Had he been there,

suspicion would certainly have fallen on him, not on the priest."

"Oh yes, you say that because you hate the man, and would like to have been made sacristan instead of him," retorted a neighbor.

"There is something though in what our cobbler there said," answered the butcher. "I should sooner have thought that Loser would have done it; he learnt that sort of business in the war. I heard him say he put an end to a couple of dozen Prussians with his own hand. Had he been there—"

Listen to what Daddy Carillon is saying," was at that moment shouted on all sides. For the host of the Golden Rose had appeared in the doorway, and all present pressed forward to hear the news from him, and if possible, to get inside the building, which was locked against intruders. "Stand back, my good friends," the innkeeper began. "No one will be allowed to cross this threshold until the officers of Justice have thoroughly investigated and examined all which we have discovered and searched into this night—this night, the most terrible I ever passed through! I say so, because I too, my friends, have done my little part towards avenging innocent blood and punishing crime, and our mayor—a man of uncommon enlightenment, of whom we may justly be proud—insisted on my humble name being added to the protocol we have drawn up, which will mask the atrocities of which the clerical are guilty, pillories them publicly, and one may say, brings these wolves in sheep's clothing as a class within reach of the hangman. For if our priest, one of the best in the land, is capable of committing this bloody deed, what may not be expected from the others? It is well that this should have occurred before the election, for now the veil of hypocrisy wherewith they shrouded their evil deeds is rent asunder. The whole county, the whole country will hear of this. The light kindled in our village will be seen all over the land, and will illustrate the truth of what the great Gambetta said: *Le clericalisme, voila l'ennemi!* These clerical are what we have most to fear. Any one who votes in their favor at the approaching elections is a traitor to his country. Down with the Priests!"

The glib tongue of the loquacious innkeeper would probably have run on some time longer, for the benefit of his hearers, had not the officials from Aix at that juncture appeared upon the scene. The mounted police drew up on each side of the doorway, and the carriage stopped in front. Mr. Carillon hurried forward instantly to open the door. A gentleman dressed in black with blue spectacles and a white moustache alighted first. He raised his hat slightly in acknowledgement of the profound obeisance of the innkeeper, and asked: "Have I the honor of speaking to the mayor?"

"No sir, my name is Carillon, at your service, the landlord of the Golden Rose. Your worship will see my name among those who signed the protocol. The mayor is upstairs, with the accused, I might rather say the convict. Your Worship will find we have prepared all the preliminaries. Allow me to show you the way upstairs. Meanwhile the police will prevent the people, who are naturally exasperated, from entering the convent, lest in their just indignation they should lynch the murderer."

The examining magistrate was accompanied by an agent of police, and a clerk carrying a large portfolio. Without answering a single word to Carillon's speech they followed him to the priest's apartments, where the mayor introduced himself and his companions. Then the magistrate, whose name was Mr. Barthelot, expressed his wish to be briefly acquainted with the facts of the case. His request having been complied with, the mayor added:

"At first we thought that the lady had met with an accident as she was leaving this rambling old building, and wondered to find the priest so very backward in assisting us, when we proposed to make the necessary examination of the corridors and passages. In fact the crime had evidently been perpetrated, and a handkerchief on which it had been wiped, all secreted in the kitchen."

"That is undeniably very weighty, almost overwhelming evidence. Allow me to congratulate you on having discovered so much. What does the accused say for himself?"

"He stoutly denies his guilt. In fact he boldly asserts his innocence and has the effrontery to call God to witness. Do you wish to see him? He is in the next room under the surveillance of a constable."

"Not at present. The next thing will be to look through the report which I am told you have drawn up, with the Inspector of Police. Then we must make a thorough inspection of the scene of the murder, and all the other parts of this building. Has the medical officer been called in? Very well, we shall hear what he says. And the money the sum that was stolen, has that been found?"

"Unfortunately it has not been found. Our surmise is that the priest has concealed it in some part of this spacious structure."

"That is not improbable. At any rate a strict search must be made from garret to cellar. Mr. Pecard, you will have the goodness to undertake this important task, with your men. We will meanwhile inspect the spot where the crime was committed, and all that is connected with it."

When the magistrate had concluded his attentive perusal of the minutes, the mayor conducted him into the kitchen, and showed him the knife and the handkerchief, and the place where they had been discovered. "It seems

very remarkable," the magistrate observed, "that these things should have been so badly secreted. It looks as if they had been thrust in there purposefully, in order that they might be found. Certainly one has met with instances in which the culprit acted in this way, intentionally, in order to say: Had I been guilty, I should not have been so imprudent as to incriminate myself. Did the clergyman say anything of that nature when the knife was found here?"

"I think not. He feigned astonishment and asserted his innocence."

The next step was to examine the blood stained cassock. "How does the priest explain the presence of these stains?" the magistrate inquired. And when he heard the mayor's answer, he added, shrugging his shoulders: "The man could not have done a more foolish thing, if his explanation was the correct one. Had he left the cassock alone, it would have been easy to ascertain whether the spots were congealed blood; now that he tried to wash them out, it will be almost impossible to decide whether they were fresh blood or congealed."

The mayor then conducted his companion through the dark corridor to the tribune, informing him that, according to the priest's own testimony, the murdered lady was in the habit of going out that way, in order to pay a visit of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament, and then descend by the winding staircase. He lighted a taper, and showed him the way down to the landing place, on which the inner sacristy-door opened. "This is the spot where it was done," he said. "The assassin must have stood in this corner, behind the half-open door, awaiting the coming of his victim."

But how could the priest have got here, if according to his own declaration and your supposition, he parted from her up there at his own door?"

"By one of two ways: either by going down the principal flight of stairs and through the cloisters and coming up by this staircase, or by quietly slipping past her while she was praying in the tribune, by the way we have just come."

"Or he might have accompanied her, and attacked her in this very favorable spot," added the magistrate.

"One thing is however certain: no one who was not perfectly familiar with the plan of this house, and with the habits of the deceased lady, could have committed the deed."

"He must also have known that she would be passing this way at that particular time with a sum of money in her possession. Who but the priest could have known it?"

"You are right. These are undoubtedly strong grounds for suspecting him. Would you open the door, if you please?"

The magistrate stood in the doorway and contemplated the body as it lay concealed under the pall. "Of course you spread that grave-cloth over it," he said to the mayor.

"No, no; that is precisely how we found it; we only lifted up the pall sufficiently to enable us to identify the deceased, and make sure that life was extinct."

"That is very remarkable. An ordinary murderer would scarcely have done that. I think the priest betrays himself there," rejoined the magistrate. "Leave it just as it is, until the doctor has seen the body, and the inquest has been held. Now tell me, how did the clergyman behave, when you discovered the corpse?"

"I believe I told you he took us down another way first, though he knew all the time that this was the way Mrs. Blanchard went. When he was obliged to pass by her with us, he gave a very peculiar, timid glance at this door; I am certain of that, for it was that very look that induced me to open the door—and at that same moment his lamp went out."

"Did he blow it out?"

"No, no, at least I did not see him do so. I think it was draught that extinguished it. But what struck us all was that he at a single glance recognized the body, while we saw nothing more than that ghastly pall. Then before we could get another candle he knelt down by the corpse there and began to recite some prayers."

"He seems really to have knelt in the blood on the floor here, so perhaps we may accept his explanation of the bloodstains as correct. But that does not establish his innocence. Look up the room for the present, and let us go upstairs again."

As they mounted the stairs together, the magistrate inquired if it was quite certain that the sacristan was not in the house at the time of the murder. The mayor replied that there was no question about it, that even the priest admitted it. There could not have been any one at all in the house at the time, between 10 and 11 a. m. but the clergyman and the unhappy lady. The old servant had been sent away before the visitor arrived, on the pretext that her master was unwell and wanted rest; she was not to return until the next morning. And the old man who rang the Angelus when the sacristan was absent, only came to the house a few minutes before noon, and departed again immediately after.

"If that fact can really be substantiated," the magistrate answered, "the evidence is very strong against him. I must examine the servant and the man who rang the Angelus—let them be summoned immediately. The motive that could have prompted the man to commit this crime remains to be considered. It could not be revenge, jealousy or anything of that sort—it must have been for the sake of the money. Is he considered to be very avaricious?"

"Quite the contrary. I must do him the justice to say that he gives away more than his means would warrant."

"Perhaps he got deeply into debt?"

"Not to my knowledge. But he is poor, and his mother is very poor. For some time past he has wanted to have her to live with him. She was here on Sunday, and did not leave until the next morning, scarcely an hour before the murder was committed. She resides in Aix, in embarrassed circumstances,

I believe. Ah, an idea has just struck me—"

"And me too," interrupted the magistrate sharply.

"You mean she may have taken the money with her, and so there is no chance of our finding it here."

"That might be so, if we had not the receipt here, signed by the unfortunate lady."

"What," he made her give him a receipt? "That strengthens the case against him. He could easily get her—a goddaughter old soul—to put her signature to the paper by some little stratagem, such as for instance, saying he had the money locked up in the sacristy and would put it in her hands when she got down stairs. You told me Mrs. Blanchard took down to the sign the receipt upstairs, to avoid having to go back, and on her way down got a stab in the side instead of her money. What do you say to such a supposition?"

"I admire your acuteness, sir; it all fits admirably!"

"Experience teaches one that sort of thing. When a man has been on the bench as long as I have, he makes acquaintance with the dodges of criminals, and thanks to your able assistance, we have what I may call a solid basis of operation. Now we have to act upon it. The first thing is to send a telegram to Aix, to enjoin the police to keep their eye upon Mrs. Montmoulin. You know her address."

"Unfortunately I do not. Nor do I know anyone who could inform me of it except her own son himself."

He will tell us, no doubt. Now we must, for form's sake, hold a brief examination of the servant and the old man who rang the bell; then comes the turn of the accused."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HUMBLE INSTRUMENT.

Miss Gilmour had invited a few of her special cronies, the pleasant, jolly, little over her shoulder, her merriment, heart, to dinner, and to "go on" to a sermon at St. Peter's to be preached by the world renowned Father Hayward, who had been delighting congregations all along the line, leaving behind him ardent converts in the various towns in which he had preached.

Katherine Gilmour, though no longer in her first youth, was not, nor did those who knew her expect her to be, fond of sermons—much more in direct antithesis to all the pleasant memories of her daily life—but this was to be a fashionable event. Not to have heard Father Hayward would be counted very nearly as great a worldly sin of omission as to have missed the last opera, so thoroughly had he been stamped by that mystic hall-mark of social approbation which attracts the great world.

So that, though it was a Friday evening in Lent, one must dine, and, Miss Gilmour's guests being persons worthy of her cookery, the dinner was in direct opposition to the lonely vigil in the wilderness—albeit the soup was, after all, in as apparent accord with the teachings of the Church as the common bean soup of the poor.

For Miss Gilmour was a Catholic, the worldly daughter of a saintly invalid mother; and with all her faults would allow nothing but fish to be eaten in her house, though of the most delicate dressing and perfect cookery. So that no night could cavil.

But never did a more thoroughly worldly party assemble than this little group gathered about the orthodox shaded lights and flowers of the dinner table, and a listener might, for all the moral sentiment expressed, have fancied himself back in the days of Pagan Rome.

The hour was necessarily early, the service beginning at half past seven: the gay party was on its way to the church, where already the frou-frou of silks and delicate breath of perfumes indicated the presence of society, giving to the front pews the appearance of a first night at a smart theater.

Miss Gilmour had, as was her custom, placed beside her Basil Stockton, whom she was pleased to call (knowing the absurdity of a dearer title) her best friend, a distinction which he accepted with amused tolerance and kindly feeling born of old acquaintance and pleasant association.

But he, Basil Stockton, was to this somewhat elderly maiden a link with that only endurable time, the past, the man who had remembered her as she had been, and who realized, as none other of her circle could, that he and she were not entirely of the godless world they affected, but bore within them, as result of their Catholic training, the germ of that something called conscience, which was to save them at the last.

In no other could she find the qualities that so attracted her to this distinguished, weary man of the world, so truly tolerant, so delightfully companionable, so appreciative of that art and culture which her soul loved. She looked forward with real pleasure to night to listening, in his company, to what promised to be an intellectual treat.

Meantime the more pious of the congregation said their beads in the more obscure parts of the church, and the worldly-minded began to look a little bored and to wonder at the unusual delay. At last the sacristy door opened, and a little, insignificant priest came out and mounted the pulpit, after a preparatory prayer to the altar.

The congregation held their breath. How disappointing? It was evident that there was some mistake; and the preacher's first words confirmed the impression.

Father Hayward had become rather suddenly indisposed, and would be, he regretted to say, unable to preach; therefore the superior had requested him, the preacher said, to speak a few words of his and his coterrans' work among the Indians, and to ask their aid in the great work.

"I am, I well know, a poor substitute for the eloquent preacher who was to have addressed you. But some, at least, among you may be interested in hearing of the wonderful piety and sublime endurance of these religious of the missions who are fighting a bitter battle

against the fierce winter weather, against every kind of privation, against heartrending discouragement, to win these souls which they want for God."

Most of the congregation listened perfunctorily as people who had been enticed into church under false pretences, to a great many, weary of a twice-told story, looked as being disinterested, and a very perceptible undertone of whispers crept through the church.

But—some listened. Miss Gilmour turned to her companion with lifted, protesting eyebrows—but found him, to her surprise, gazing up thoughtfully at the preacher and with profound attention.

It was not a new story he was telling; it was not the sufferings of the missionaries abroad on their work of salvation, while they slumbered in ignoble ease; and were content to accord them all the praise such usefulness deserved, and carelessly derided themselves for their lawlessness.

But into this plain, simple little priest an angel seemed to have entered to-night, and to be speaking with his voice—an angel who called on some souls at least to hearken, and to take up their share of the cross.

"Ye sluggards!" it seemed to say, "why not ye, as well as these?"

The little service over, the congregation streamed away homeward—Miss Gilmour pausing to rally her party at the church door, and to invite them home to a tiny last night supper; just an oyster or two over the chagrin-dish, so as to make up, she said, apologetically, for the disappointment they had had and the penance they had gone through in listening to that tiresome sermon.

All gladly accepted the invitation, with the exception of Basil Stockton, who, making some excuse, went quietly homeward, thus unconsciously taking his first step in that path of grace which he was henceforth to tread, while Katherine Gilmour grumbled not a little over her supper and merely drank a cup of coffee, looking so bored and tried that the company were glad to get away, feeling the evening to have been a failure from first to last.

To Basil's silent, brooding figure at the fireside had come that supreme moment, a cross-road which beckoned two ways—the old path, pleasure, custom, ease; and another, straight, thorough, step.

God and His guardian angel watched the silent struggle.

He saw himself—a little boy again—sitting near his mother while she sewed, listening to those pious stories she had meant to influence his life.

It was only to-night that he had remembered them; then his college life, its warning lessons, its feasts, its retreats, and the great preparation for his first Communion.

Twenty years ago—years how potent? Strange how distinctly the words of the preacher of that day came back to him.

"Ye are henceforth enrolled, my dear boys, in one of two armies—that which follows Christ, or that which opposes Him. There is no half-way course. He Himself has said so. And which of you will wish to be the recreant soldier who leaves the battle to the others and is ever the sluggard in the rear?"

"Men's souls kindle at the thought of the soldier toiling up the mountain side, in the teeth of shot and shell, gasping out his life, as he falls on the height, beside the banner he has died to save."

"Oh, promise to day, like that soldier, to follow your leader, Jesus, upward, upward, through temptation, discouragement—martyrdom, if need be—to the gates of heaven."

Basil Stockton remembered his resolutions of that day—fine, brave, noble resolves—so badly kept. He thought of the touching little recital of the evening—the pitiful, terrible struggle of the missionaries in the awful loneliness of the forest—cold, hunger, un-cared illness, exile perpetual from all that life held dear—but with their eyes fixed ever on that Banner of the Cross and its glorious motto.

"It is not too late, dear Lord," he said, humbly kneeling down. "To Thee, henceforth, I offer my life."

Society talked it over at Miss Gilmour's next Thursday at home. One was sure to hear the latest news there. But, after all, there was little to tell, though the hostess knew more of the affair than most.

Yes; he was going to be a priest—a Jesuit—and had looked very happy and serene—as she had never seen him look before; and, after all, there was no doubt that one should follow one's convictions. Yes, it seemed as they should miss him indeed. He had asked her to say good-bye to them, and to ask them—to pray for him.

"Pray! They! For him, who was going to be a saint? "Perhaps even canonized," suggested a mocker.

"It is always possible," Miss Gilmour said, with a shaking of her head. "He always had it in him to be spiritual. But our circle is diminishing," she added, sadly.

She did not tell these chosen friends of a book Basil had given her "Following of Christ," with these words written on the fly-leaf:

"Do not weary yourself with long reading in this precious book. Just a verse or so at a time; and I trust it will render to you as great service as it has done to your friends and well-wisher, B. S."

The teasing years passed, and Basil Stockton's vocation endured. He, too, following his mission, climbed the mountain side, and fell at the summit, in the thick of the battle. And Katherine Gilmour tells the story to newcomers, the children, mayhap, of the old set who congregate about her wheel chair in which she is spending her latter days, pious, resigned, forever done with that world of which she was so essentially a part; and managing to do a great deal of good in the narrow sphere which God assigns her.

And the little preacher lives, and works still, unconscious of the great work he did on that night on which he replaced the illustrious Father Hayward.—Mrs. Francis Chadwick in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

SUPPORT OF PASTORS.

SERMON DELIVERED IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, GRAND HAVEN, BY REV. HENRY P. MAUS.

Michigan Catholic.

"And Tobias called his son and said to him: What can we give to this holy man, who has come with thee? And young Tobias said to his father: Father, what wages shall we give him or what can be worthy of his benefits? He hath conducted me to itages, the city of the Medes, he hath brought me safe home again. He hath cured me, he hath a wife, he gave joy to her parents. Myself, he delivered from being devoured. These also he hath made to see the light of Heaven, and we are filled with all good things through him. What, indeed, can we give him sufficient for all these things? But I beseech thee, my father, desire him to accept a half of all the things that have been brought."

Thus my friends, did young Tobias render the gratitude, love and esteem of his heart to the "holy man" sent by God, who conducted him to itages, the city of the Medes and brought him safely home again. He recounts all the favors which he had received from him, and is very grateful. Then he asks: "What wages can we give him, or what indeed is worthy of all his benefits? I beseech you, father, desire him to accept a half of all the things which have been brought."

I suppose my friends, after the sermon last Sunday, (in our last issue) on the Fifth Precept of the Church, you said to yourself: "Thanks be to God, that finishes the money question! That sermon was quite enough." My friends, this is an interesting and very pertinent question, I must ask your indulgence, just once more, on this important subject. What is our duty, what is our obligation, in good hard cash for the support of the pastor and his pastors? Last Sunday I spoke to you on your duty to the support of the Church. This morning I wish to speak to you on your duty to the support of its pastors.

Some people, you know, are very hazy, misty ideas of how a parish is conducted—how all the expenses are defrayed. If they contribute \$5 or \$10 a year, sometimes less—sometimes nothing at all—they wonder where all the money goes? Bless their little hearts they cannot understand. Bill bills may run up to hundreds of dollars to keep them warm; school bills, to as many thousands to give their children a good Catholic education; improvements, repairs, may be going on at every side; the poor priest may be "tolling and molling" to make ends meet—and I doubt if there is a more devoted lot of men on the face of God's earth—and yet you will find in every parish those who because they give \$5 or \$10 a year—sometimes less sometimes nothing at all—wonder where all the money goes. "They cannot understand." I was talking recently to a gentleman of a neighboring city; he is a good, practical Catholic and employs a great number of men. He told me, while standing near by, he heard a certain Catholic severely criticize his pastor as being a "money man." "Father," he said, "to my certain knowledge that man has not paid a cent to the church in years, and even now has three children going free to school." I was very angry and told him if he gave less to the saloons he would have more to give to his parish; that if he didn't have the honesty, manhood, to bear his share of the parish burden, at least to have the common decency to hold his tongue. "I myself was once criticized for not having hardwood floors in my new house which I built up north. The man who criticized me had given but 50 cents. I suppose other priests could tell you much more. Friends, I can tell you, and every priest can tell you, it is not those who give ungenerously who complain and say unkind things; it is those who should have the least to say.

But now, my friends, since priests are obliged sometimes to beg, Sunday after Sunday, to meet expenses, what about the statement that priests are "money men"? Do they as a rule, love money? Do they, as a rule, have any? Do they work for personal gain? I venture to say there is not a class of men who personally care less for it—not a class of men who leave less behind. Not a class of professional men who are so poorly paid. The fact is this: when you pay every 100 cents comparatively poor, unless they have a little insurance to cover their debts they invariably die without a cent. I once heard a dear, old saintly priest called a "money man" who, when he died, a few years after, they were obliged to sell his books to give him a decent burial. You are assessed each year to contribute to the "Infirmary Priest Fund." Our own congregation pays the magnificent sum of \$10. Friends, do you know what this is for? It is to keep poor, old, decrepit and sickly priests from starving. Those who have worked in your very midst, waited on your spiritual wants night and day—intellectual, brainy men, second to none—after they have spent their lives for you, on the most meagre salary, now when they can work no more, a few little, paltry dollars, sometimes grudgingly given, are doled out to them to keep body and soul together. My friends, I have always maintained this shameful neglect of poor old priests is the crying shame and disgrace of Catholics here in America. We provide for the poor little orphans—God bless them! We find a place for the old people left homeless in the world; we have a harbor of refuge for the fallen; we are agitating now clubs, rooms for our young men. Friends, all very good; but, my friends, the poor old priest who has been to every backbone of all these charities, is all but forgotten. When he has spent his life at the altar of God—sacrificed himself for barely a living—when he can work no more—to be cast aside like an old plough horse, unprovided and forgotten—I say this is a shame and disgrace. This is the condition here in America to day. Friends, in spite of all this, you will find in

every parish some who because they give \$5 or \$10 a year to the Church are always talking of the "money man." Let me repeat, it is not those who do their duty who complain and say unkind things invariably those who should have the least to say.

Friends, do they work among you for the personal gain? Friends allow me to assure you, emphatically, without a question, almost any other profession would be a preferable one. The young student goes away to college to prepare for the holy priesthood. He spends ten, twelve, fifteen long years in hard study. You know, the Catholic Church is very jealous of her priesthood, she only wants the best and the brainiest men. After all these years spent in preparation and at great expense the young man is finally ordained and becomes a priest of God. His work is of the most sacred kind; among you no one else can fill his place. Now what is his provision? What is his remuneration?—for he also must live. St. Paul says: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." "They who live by the Altar shall also eat of the Altar." Usually that young man is a curate to assist some parish priest. He may remain assistant for years. For this work he receives the meagre sum of \$300 (in Canada \$200) a year. Think of it! This is his salary and he is allowed no more. Less than you pay a third grade help. And there are some who, actually, think that young man spent all those years in college, at great expense, to draw this little pittance that is paid to him. But finally that young man is appointed to a parish by his Bishop. He is given a charge of his own. The parish may be a good one, it may be very poor. In some dioceses the poor ones far exceed the good. Good or bad, large or small, rich or poor, as parish priest he is allowed the princely salary of from \$700 to \$1,000 a year, and sometimes he cannot even collect that.

Now, my friends, compare the income of any other professional man, lawyer, doctor, professor, and you will realize that a priest is not a priest, God knows, for the money there is in it, for the personal gain. You pay your lawyer handsomely for whatever he does for you—your physician for every visit he makes. Why? Because he has studied long years to prepare himself. The Catholic priest studies five years for every one of theirs. They go only when they are called. Your priest is devoted to you night and day. They own fine houses and run bank accounts. Your priest lives from day to day, and invariably dies poor. And yet there are some in every parish so little, so small, so inconsiderate as to think that a priest is a priest for the personal gain. There are some in every parish so little, so small, so inconsiderate as to begrudge even a little stipend, which is the way of a gift. They will give a priest's time, they will ask his service—they know in the hour of trouble he is always their best friend—but they never think of showing their appreciation. Aye, aye, sometimes, even say most unkind things! Friends, it is this that hurts. I know a young priest even now dying with consumption in a charity ward of the Infirm Priests' Fund, who was called "close and miserly" by an ingrate whom he had literally supported for over three years, and to day, dying, that poor priest waits, in a distant state, for the little charity to keep body and soul together. Friends, believe me, whatever you give to a priest, invariably goes back again to the poor and the needy. He but distributes your generosity where it will do the most good. Be this as it may, let me impress you once and for all, a Catholic priest is entitled to every cent that he gets, even to the abundance of your generosity. And small indeed, is that mind, miserly that heart, which will withhold a generous hand.

Young Tobias said to his father: "Father, what wages shall we give this holy man? what, indeed, is worthy of all his benefits? He has conducted me on my long journey to Rages and brought me safely home again. He caused me to have a wife and he gave joy to her parents. Myself he delivered from being devoured. Then, also, he has made me to see the light of heaven and we are filled with all good things through him. What, indeed, can we give him sufficient for all these things, what is worthy of all his benefits?"

Now, my friends, I know, you need not tell me, that there are some who do not appreciate these gifts of God, the holy sacraments, the ministrations of the priest. This is their misfortune, not their assurance. There are some, even Catholics, who scoff and deride the priests of God and call them "drones," "jaggards" and "impositions." I know all that—you need not tell me. Our Divine Lord calls them "His Ambassadors," "Messengers," "Representatives." "His appointed ones." The very salt of the earth. Friends, whom shall we ever stop to think what your priest means to you? What that "appointed one of God" means in your midst? Daily he ascends the altar of God to offer the Holy Sacrifice for you. Daily does he intercede for you at the altar of God, mercy and grace. Daily, in the holy confessional, does he hold for you the hand of God's wrath. Daily, does he preserve for you, your God in your midst. Did you ever stop to think what the "appointed one of God" does for you? He takes you from your mother's arms a little babe and restores you, by baptism, a little angel. He watches your early footsteps, and at the first dawn of reason teaches you of God. As Tobias, of old, he conducts you to the city of your "first love" to receive your Eucharistic God. He keeps you from "being devoured" by sin. How often did you leave the holy confessional, troubled with emotion, a better woman, a better man? Did you kneel at the altar of God in holy wedlock, "he caused you to have a wife," but in the name of God, a holy, a sacred thing. In a life-time, oh, how many souls he makes "to see the light of heaven," how many converts to God.

How many "good things" that last forever. First at your cradle and last at your grave." He has conducted you to the city of Rages and brought you safely home again. You are at rest now. You have ended your long journey. He has sung the last solemn Requiem over your mortal remains. Through his ministrations you are now happy and forever a child of God. My friends, with Tobias, if you have a spark of faith left, a spark of gratitude in your hearts, what wonder that you love your priests and that you are generous with them. "What, indeed, can we give him sufficient for all these things, what is worthy of all his benefits?" Be grateful to your pastors. Small that mind, ungrateful that heart which will withhold a generous hand.

Now, my friends, why did I preach this sermon this morning? For any personal motive? God bless you, no! I am pleased to say, as a great rule, you are very generous with me, some are exceptionally kind. I preached this sermon this morning that you may never depreciate the holy priesthood, that you may always remember "the laborer is worthy of his hire." If you give \$5 or \$10 a year to the Church, do not think that you have done your duty. Remember your pastors and be grateful to them. God knows they get little enough! Believe me, my friends, this is my wish, and I express the wish of nearly every priest. Not that I leave great legacies behind—great wealth. If I had them they would go to charity. I only wish one thing, that I will honor the long list of Christ's holy priesthood. Honor it by a good, self-sacrificing life. I ask only one thing, that I will be rich in good works, in saving souls, rich only in the grace and mercy of God.

THE SPREAD OF THE FAITH.

THE GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST.

For August the general intention is announced to be "the spread of the faith." Says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart: The spread of the faith is something that can never stop. It must be carried to all the dimensions which Christ laid out for it. It must be continued in obedience to His command. His words were directly addressed to His Apostles, but they had a meaning and a force for the others who stood around the eleven. They, too, were to engage in apostolic work. On all of us, therefore, according to our calling and capacity, lies the obligation of spreading the faith; we all must be apostles; we must all go.

APOSTLES OF THE PURSE.

We all can and should spread the faith by being apostles of the purse. There are many organizations in the Church which justly lay claim to our generosity. There is the Great Society of the Propagation of the Faith, which within the last few years has received such an impetus in this country that America is among the first upon its list. It should never be lower. . . . There is again the beautiful Association of the Holy Childhood, which enlists the little ones in the great work of saving souls and spreading the faith. There are the other organizations of recent origin but of great promise and worth—the Catholic Missionary Union, the Marquette League, the Church Extension Society. These and others are all engaged in Christ's work, widening the boundaries of His Kingdom; they are all His light bearers; they are all His missionaries. We must help them; we must be apostles of the purse.

APOSTLES OF PRACTICE.

Our obligation does not cease when our hands have opened our purse and poured its contents out in Christ's cause. He said "all," and He said "Go," and those two words allow no rest and no limits. To the apostleship of the purse we must add the apostleship of practice. One of the most striking factors in the spread of the faith by being apostles of the purse is the transmigration of the nations. Our country, Australia, South Africa, and other nations to a lesser extent, have been benefited by Catholic immigrants. But we would not have had so splendid a Church in this country had not arrivals on our shores been apostles of practice. Indeed, had all been true to the practices of their faith, had all been the proper examples of its teaching, who can calculate the intensity of splendor that the Church would have had among us. If our country is to be annexed to the Kingdom of Christ and see the full glory of His sunlight it will be due in no small measure to the apostles of practice, to those who have learned their faith in a Catholic home and a Catholic school, who have made it more intelligent and solid by good reading and study, who have not exposed themselves or their children to the disastrous consequences of mixed marriages, who have not permitted money or position or honor to serve them in the least from the full performance of their faith and its duties. They will be staunch exponents of Christ's imperialism; they will be torch-bearers to those who are in the darkness of heresy or unbelief; they will be the great apostles of practice.

TEACHING APOSTLES.

Every one of us can and should be apostles of the purse and apostles of practice, but it is not given to all to be apostles of preaching in its strict sense, and yet for the spread of the faith this third apostolicity must be added. Here might be mentioned the devoted Sisters and Brothers and lay women who teach in our Sunday schools or our every day schools. They are engaged more immediately than all others except the priests in the work of spreading the faith. Were their work to cease in our country, imagine the change that would occur in the geography of Christ's Kingdom. Its boundaries would shrink, and straightway thousands would be plunged in darkness or into that unhappy twilight which sometimes possesses those who have not had the blessings of a Catholic education—that twilight, where the sneer is all too ready, where criticism spells culture, where to be skeptical is to be broad, where a little learning and much conceit makes advanced

thinkers so sensitive to the charge of superstition that they scarcely ever go to church. To avoid such an unhappy condition of affairs and to increase Christ's light to its full intensity, we must have Catholic schools with Catholic children to fill them and Catholic teachers to conduct them.

APOSTLES OF PREACHING.

Finally there must be apostles of preaching in the strict sense of the term. There must have direct descendants of the eleven to whom Christ's ideal and command were first made known. It will scarcely be believed that as late as 1890 experienced observers were of the opinion that the Church in this country would always have to depend upon Europe for its priests. Happily we have lived to see so narrow a judgment completely falsified. There have been, and there are new priests from our own country in great numbers. They are not yet as numerous especially in the South and West, as they should be. There the white light of Christ needs radiation by the apostles of preaching. But great undoubtedly as are our needs, has not the time come in this country when we can take up more extensively the work of foreign missions? France and Germany and Belgium have made the apostolic nations of Spain and Portugal were for earlier centuries, and Ireland and other countries were in still earlier days. Has not the time come for America to be an apostolic nation and give to others the light so bountifully given to it? Protestant America has long been prominent in that matter. It has expended immense sums in striving to bring nations over to Christianity, Catholic America has not yet done better than wealth—it has the influence of great examples, the inspiration of truth and the command of Christ. "All nations and all truth," declares Christ, and Catholic America must go forth to the apostolicity of preaching.

APOSTLES OF PRAYER.

Those who have no purses, those who are hidden away by sickness or suffering and cannot give example except to a few, those who cannot teach or preach, those who cannot be apostles in any other way, can be apostles of prayer and thus obey Christ and help to bring to reality the vision that was in His mind. Did He see the time when all nations would become His disciples and observe all things He had commanded? Did He behold as a future prospect, the whole world won over from darkness and resting in the sunlight of His faith; did He see that there would always be conflict of light and darkness, and always shifting borders to His Kingdom? We do not know clearly, but this we know—that apostolicity cannot cease. Christ's command, "Go," still echoes and will always echo in the ears of the world, that there must always be apostles of the purse, of practice, of preaching, united in the Apostleship of Prayer, and helped by it to spread the faith.

FINE CHARACTER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Of all practical problems with which the Catholic Church has to deal, perhaps the most serious is that involved in the training of secular priesthood. It is the most serious, because it affects wider issues than any other: "like priest, like people." The character of her children—their methods of thought, their attitude, interior and exterior, towards life and faith—all depends under God upon the character, method and attitude of their pastors. It is also almost the most intricate of all problems since to the making of the ideal priest there must go as many elements as there are needs of the flocks to which he has to minister. He must be a spiritual man, able to deal with every conceivable spiritual requirement (and the interior life is after all far more intricate because far more subtle and elusive than the natural order); he must possess a large number of natural virtues—geniality, humor, alertness, discretion and the rest—all and at least touched by grace; he must be to some extent a man of business; he must be able to preserve cheerfulness in solitude, and dignity among the crowd; he must know how to hold the ancient faith without displaying either ignorance or contempt towards modern thought; he must be ready to adapt himself to the standpoint of each member of his flock; he must not trifle to the rich nor patronize the poor; he must be slow with the stupid, and quick with the talented and sympathetic with all. And above all, he is never of date.

Now, it may be confessed, without undue complacency, that, considering the elaborateness of the problem, the Church's practical solution is surprisingly brilliant. The very accusations of her enemies are the greatest testimonies in her favor. Her priests, it is said, are both superstitious, seminary-bred visionaries and brisk men of the world; both flippant and solemn; given to sharp practices and utterly unbusinesslike; medicinal and tons of novelties; pliable and unbending; with all the faults of the professional and the frailties of the amateur. In other words, priests at their best are very much what they ought to be.

It is noticeable, too, how the type has persisted from earliest times to the present. Saint Augustine, for example is a kind of apotheosis of the modern pastor; and the tales that have come down to us of the characters and methods of our ancient spiritual fathers have a strange family likeness to the histories of more recent priests.—Dab lin Review.

The Christianity which will make man a true and loyal follower of the principles laid down by the Man of Galilee consists in the little lumps of heaven which he works into the mass of his daily baking, seen or unseen of others as the case may be, but most surely seen of that just Father Who judges by the heart more than by the hand.

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POPE PIUS X. ON WOMAN'S SPHERE.

WOMEN SHOULD ENTER ALL THE LIBERAL PROFESSIONS, SAYS THE HOLY FATHER.

The views of Pope Pius X. on the position of woman in modern progress, expressed recently in an interview with Mme. Camille Theimer, the famous Viennese novelist and feminist, have been widely quoted and commented upon. The full text of this interview, which shows the Pope to have very broad ideas of woman's sphere, believing it to extend to every pursuit followed by man except active participation in politics, is of general interest.

"Does Your Holiness approve the pursuit of liberal professions by women?" asked Mme. Theimer, when breaking all traditions, Pius X. was gracious enough to accede to her request for a newspaper interview. In answering, he went diametrically contrary to the views generally accredited to him and in no wise declared himself the enemy of feminine liberation, "which," he declared, "can but ennoble her soul, in developing in her the taste for work and study, and in banishing from her mind her atavistic leaning toward idle pleasures. The Church approves the woman who is forced by her labor to become the veritable associate of man, to contribute everything to the freudie while remaining the true companion of her husband, the vigilant and tender mother, the indulgent consoler."

"Everything that tends to elevate the moral and intellectual level of humanity is worthy of our encouragement, always on condition that it does not infringe upon the Christian laws. It is well that women are freeing themselves from the heavy yoke under which society has bowed for hundreds of years."

"It is well that they know how to conquer the means of subsistence. They can study everything—save theology. I do not see for my part any disadvantage accruing from their being lawyers or physicians, especially in order that they may lend their assistance to their own people and to their children, which through all time has in a way been their natural avocation. Teaching also is one of the careers which best suit them. Are not they the first educators of the little ones, and, accordingly, of all humanity? It is through the mothers that the world will be regenerated; it is through them that Catholicism will triumph."

"Do you believe with the sacred authors that the noblest state of woman-kind is most pleasing to God than that of wife and mother?"

"I believe that under all conditions woman can work out her salvation. As wife and mother she has more merits in so doing, having more temptations, and the responsibility of souls. Action is the best of prayers; to work is to pray. In the world woman can exercise charity, for which she shows special aptitude. Public beneficences should be directed everywhere by women."

"Does the Church authorize us to occupy places in politics?"

"That, never."

And the white old man emphasized the last word with an energetic wave of his pale hand.

"His women should not be intermingled in public affairs. Of course men have their own difficulties in understanding each other. It suffices to instance the disturbances in parliaments."

As these words were uttered, a smile full of finesse and irony, outlined itself on the pontifical lips.

"You ought to limit yourself to rearing your sons in sound ideas, to chastening their hearts of ambition and duplicity in order to habituate them to fulfil their civic duties with conscience. Indirectly you will thus influence the politics of your own country by your gentleness, your goodness, your farsightedness."—Catholic Universe.

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CONFESSION.

A recent work on "The Catholic Church: Her Faith, Works and Triumphs," quotes the following letter sent some years ago to the London Times by the late Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell of Killowen). The great lawyer wrote: "During over sixty years I have made certainly more than 1,700 confessions, to hundreds of different confessors, and in various countries, and I have never discovered therein any trace of wrong or harm. In addition to my belief in a priest's power of absolution, which as a Catholic I hold, I have found that the duties incident to every confession, of making a careful examination of my conscience, and express vigorous mental act of sorrow, and a firm resolution to avoid sin, most useful; and though these mental acts may be made without intending Confession, the habit of Confession certainly causes many of them, which would otherwise not be made. My experiences of Confession have, so far as man can judge, been those of my mother, sisters, wife and daughters, and many female friends, and I have always noticed in myself and others that devoutness and regular attendance at Confession and at Holy Communion which it ordinarily produces, ebb, and flow together."

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Obituary notices and notices of deaths should be in a condensed form, and must be accompanied by a photograph.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper. The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful and wishing you success.

Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Delegate.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUG. 11, 1906.

THE ZIONIST EMBROGLIO.

John Alexander Dowie, the pretended Elijah, who laid claim to the whole ownership of Zion City, which was built by him with the money given him for that purpose by his credulous followers, has met with a serious setback in the United States Court of the district, which has decided that he is not the owner of Zion City and its industries, but trustee for all those who entrusted their money to Dowie's hands.

Alexander Granger, who was recently appointed by Voliva, Dowie's attorney, to be general overseer of the whole property, was set aside by the judge, who declares that the power of attorney given by Dowie to Voliva did not invest the latter with authority to go beyond the intent of Dowie's power of attorney given to Voliva. The conveyances of the property to Alexander Granger were, therefore, mere waste paper. An oath taken by Granger to subordinate all family ties and human government to the will of Dowie was declared by the judge to be illegal, besides showing the unfitness of Granger to become trustee of the property.

The judge in tracing the history of Dowie's church showed that Dowie had received annually a very large revenue from the property, to the amount of over \$250,000 in some years; but he had not sought to amass a fortune for himself, as he spent the money to aid the propagation of his religious doctrine. Dowie's will will be in force after his death, should he not change it. This will was executed in 1905, and it leaves all the Zion City property to his successor. Nevertheless he used a large sum for his own purposes, which appears to have been regarded by the judge as his salary, his right to which cannot be disputed, but the conveyance of the whole property to his successor, by will, being unqualified, is a complete recognition of the trust character of his possession of the property, the use of which must be regarded as a secular occupation for the propagation of his religion.

Under these conditions, the court ordered an election of a general overseer to be held on the 3rd Tuesday of September under the election laws of Illinois, and the stockholders in the church property will be the voters on the occasion.

The court undertakes to make suitable provision for Dowie's support out of the property, as its value at present far exceeds the actual amount of contributions received by him, and as sole trustee he is entitled to a fair allowance for his services. In the meantime John C. Haley was appointed by the judge, as receiver of Zion to transact the business of the venture. The judge, however, has declared void the adjudication of the lower court which ordered the property to be disposed of

under the bankruptcy laws of the state.

The trial of this case has set forth the case with which a multitude can be fleeced, when they put themselves entirely under the control of a clever manipulator, which Dowie has proved himself to be, but it proves also that the provisions of the law afford a fair protection to a body of hypnotized or semi-hypnotized dupes who have put themselves wholly under control of the man who dupes them. The law protects them so far as it can reasonably be expected to do, even against their own folly.

It is to be hoped that in the complete change which is being made in the management of the Dowieite Church and its secular affairs, the ecclesiastical tyranny under which it has been carried on will cease. It is too high a price to pay for a moderate dividend on a flourishing secular speculation, that the stockholders should subject themselves to the complete mastership over them of a buffoon who poses as an inspired prophet.

Some of Dowie's followers have been ecstatic in the re-echoing of his fulminations against all Churches and ministers, as well as physicians. Thus he declared many times that "all the Churches of Christendom have gone to the devil. They are not going; they have gone." And again:

"I have proved that the Methodist Episcopal Church has sold out to the devil, and is now controlled by the Masonic order, every member of which society is a Baal-worshipper."

Under Dowie's rule nearly all the business was conducted by Dowie's agents, if not absolutely all. A constant advertisement in the Zion Banner, which is avowedly Dowie's paper, stands as follows:

"Zion City General Store: J. A. Dowie, Proprietor; Patent kid vamp, dull quarters, silk bow, military heel, colonial special, \$2.25. . . Special clearing of men's shoes, (date mentioned here)" etc.

All Chicago newspaper reporters have been many times denounced by him as "a generation of vipers and liars; they are the devil's own." His reason for this denunciation is clearly seen to be because he could not persuade these tactful people to speak of Zion Church as the depository of God's truth, and of the pseudo-Elijah as truly God's prophet.

It is to be noted, that this false prophet promised that by the laying on of hands by himself and his assistants, all diseases are healed, even in the most inveterate and deadly cases.

We would expect that under such circumstances there would be no cemetery for his city. But there are cemetery offices, just as in other cities, and funerals are about as frequent in Zion City as in Chicago itself, heed being given to the ratio of population.

ST. PETER'S TOMB.

A special despatch from New York to the Mail and Empire of Toronto asserts that an open letter has been published in many papers, which calls upon Pope Pius X. to open the tomb of St. Peter which is beneath the great dome of St. Peter's church in Rome, so as to settle for all time whether or not the Apostle's body is really buried there. The person who makes the demand gives himself a fictitious name, as he signs himself "Marcellus of the Old Stones."

This Marcellus is said to be, most probably, a "young" Italian archaeologist, and he asserts that "there is no tomb, or if there is a tomb that it has been desecrated, the saint's body having been stolen away." The pseudonymist adds that this is the belief of the foremost archaeologists of Europe, and to settle the minds of all, and in the interests of science, it is the duty of the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., to order an excavation to ascertain the truth.

It is a piece of impertinence for an anonymous writer to make such a demand of any high dignitary; much more so to address the Pope in this style, and "Marcellus" may well be treated with contempt for his impertinence, the more especially as he gives not even a plausible reason for his belief.

The Holy Father, as a matter of course, has not taken any notice of the impudent demand; but two distinguished Catholic archaeologists, Father Grisar and Professor Marrucci, express their full confidence that St. Peter's body lies under the main altar and great dome of St. Peter's in the place designated by tradition.

It must be borne in mind by our readers that it is not a dogma of religion that St. Peter is buried on this spot, but the testimony of an undoubted tradition proves the fact as fully as that St. Edward the Royal Saint of England's body was really buried in the tomb which has been pointed out to the present day. But it is a matter of historical accuracy, and the popular devotion which is excited thereby profitable to the soul, because it is intended to pay due honor to St. Peter, and it has its effect, even if the body is erroneously believed to have been buried there.

In the lives of the Pontiffs in the Latin Patrology, vol. 125, col. 1115, it is recorded that Anacletus (afterward Pope) having been ordained priest by St. Peter, erected the tomb of St. Peter. Pope Damasus when asked by a deputation from Antioch to allow the remains of Peter and Paul to be taken to that city, declared that Rome is their proper place for interment, and that there the bodies of these two saints must remain. The inscription to this effect, written by Damasus in poetry, remains to this day and may be seen by visitors.

There is no doubt that St. Peter was buried on the Vatican Hill, but when the Emperor Heliogabalus proposed to locate a race-course there, the body was removed temporarily to the cemetery of St. Callixtus, and was brought back to the Vatican catacomb when the danger of desecration was well past. There it has remained ever since without being disturbed.

A GREAT HUMBUG.

In days gone by it was the custom of the Irish Church Missionary Society to issue reports claiming that the Irish people were deserting the ancient Faith in such numbers that Ireland would ere long become a Protestant nation. The scheme had the effect of drawing large sums of money from some of the wealthy people of England, who were delighted to know that such great work was being carried on by the "missionaries." After some years the truth became known and the "missionaries" were left high and dry. The bubble had burst. Similarly the "missionary" effort in the province of Quebec is now becoming known as a humbug. The reports read at the annual Church gatherings would lead one to suppose that the people of Quebec were leaving the Catholic Church in large numbers. The cold statistics of the Census Bureau for 1891 and 1901 show, however, that the Catholic Church is progressing more than all the Protestant Churches together. The so-called "missionaries" are, therefore, simply befooling the good people of Ontario. The Protestant Parliaments that meet in the beginning of each summer are, notwithstanding, desirous that the enterprise should continue rather than admit defeat.

The Catholic people of Quebec are well instructed in their religion, and if in some respects they, like other people, are subject to the ups and downs of life they have the courage to meet the situation boldly. But it cannot be denied that the Catholic children of Quebec are sent regularly to school, and for years their attendance at school is much higher on the average than the attendance in Ontario. There is also a much higher attendance at the schools of higher grade, from all of which we may reasonably conclude that they are not so neglectful of school as the French Evangelization Society would have us believe.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

A despatch from Rome indicates that in connection with the Holy Father's approval of the course to be followed by the Bishops of France in regard to the expected attempt of the Government to enforce Government control of the churches, the Holy Father proposes to the Bishops a line of procedure by which, in spite of the Government's desire to control all the churches throughout the Republic, the control will still remain in the hands of the Bishops, in accordance with the prescriptions of Canon Law, and of Holy Scripture; for we read in Acts xx. 28, that St. Paul addressing the ancients of the Church assembled at Ephesus, among whom were many bishops, said to these: "Take heed to yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you Bishops, to rule the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

The French Government, composed of infidels, wish to rule the Church themselves—a thing which cannot be tolerated—and we should be much gratified to learn that the Holy Father will take steps to secure that even in her present troubles, the usurped authority which the Government desires to exercise over the Church shall be set at naught.

We cannot accept too readily the statement of the case as set forth by the press reporters in Rome, who are regularly deceitful in their accounts of what is being transacted in the Church everywhere in Europe, but about the present report there is an appearance of truth which makes the statements of the reporters very probable, as it is in accordance with the usual firmness of the Holy Father in dealing with Governments.

Whatever course Pope Pius X. may indicate as that which should be followed will be, as we doubt not, religiously followed by the Bishops, and though "the gates of hell" have been opened by the French Atheists in order to bring forth the worst agencies to help

to crush the religion of Christ, we may rest assured that the promises of Christ shall be made good, that the Church shall outlive all the attempts of her enemies, the satellites of Satan to cripple her at first, and afterwards destroy her. She will survive her enemies as she has done in the past, for Christ's promises are made to her to last till the end of time, and it may not be many years, perhaps not many months before the triumph of religion shall be complete.

A GOOD SHOWING.

In these our days when insurance companies all over the country are having their affairs investigated by the authorities, it is pleasant to be able to note that some of those institutions have come through the ordeal with flying colors. In the mutual benefit associations we are proud to be able to state that the Catholic Mutual Benefit has made a splendid showing—one better than any other company that had been examined. The fact that all of the Funds were deposited in the chartered banks of Canada was a pleasant surprise. No irregularities of any kind were discovered. No loans have been made to anyone connected with the C. M. B. A. and the system of doing business appeared to be very satisfactory. The investigation showed that not only was there a Reserve Fund of \$208,000 on hand, but in addition to that there was a surplus in the Beneficiary Fund of about \$50,000. Membership is steadily increasing. This will assuredly be a source of great encouragement to the members throughout the country; and each one may feel assured that in joining this old established and reliable association he does so with the full conviction that his family will be provided for when he is no more, and that all the obligations entered into by the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will be scrupulously fulfilled.

We send our congratulations to the President and Executive of the C. M. B. A., and also to Brother Behan, the man at the helm.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

From papers sent us by the editorial staff of the new Catholic Encyclopedia, and from verbal information given us, we learn that this great work is so far advanced that the first volume will be sent to subscribers at an early date. There will be 15 volumes to the work, of which the first volume will be entirely devoted to the letter A, under which letter 2,200 Catholic subjects will be treated at length. It is stated that 33 Catholic subjects are treated in the Encyclopedia Britannica in A, 84 in the New International, and 48 in the Americana. From these figures it may be seen how completely the subjects in which Catholics are most interested will be treated in the Catholic Encyclopedia, and all are the work of specialists in the particular subjects dealt with. We have no hesitation in saying that the whole work will be an invaluable and necessary addition to every library from which Protestants as well as Catholics may wish to derive authentic information on Catholic matters. This information will certainly be complete, whereas it is afforded by a dazzling array of Catholic writers from all parts of the world. We cannot enumerate these in the present article, as to do so would draw it out to intolerable verbosity. We will, therefore, only name a few of the editors whose duty it will be to see that the information given shall be entirely reliable. Five of these editors are: Charles G. Herberman, L. L. D., Edward A. Pace, D. D., Thos. J. Shahan, D. D., Conde B. Pallon, L. L. D., and John J. Wynne, S. J.

On the single subject of history the whole history of the Catholic Church will be found summarized in such articles as: Apostolic Age, Apostolic Succession, Christian Rome, Religious Toleration, Crusades, Church and State, etc. Ecclesiastical statistics of most complete and interesting character will be found, which are vouched for as most accurate, down to the present date. The state of Catholic missionary work will also be most fully explained.

We made certain remarks a few weeks ago relating to errors which appear in the specimen pages which have been sent out in reference to Canada, especially the Canadian North-West. Since then we have received an explanation that it will still be some time before the volume in which these errors might have been found would appear, and the errors indicated will be carefully and fully corrected. We may add that though these errors in the advance sheets exist, they are not of a most glaring nature, as they regard chiefly personal and transient matters. But we are fully assured that they will not be found in the encyclopedia, as this article, as well as others which are to appear hereafter will be carefully examined by the editorial staff before

being allowed to go into print. We have, in fact, examined as carefully as we could since we received a book of specimen pages sent us, and we can safely say that the book will provide the Catholic public with much information which is needed.

Mr. T. J. Kelly, bookseller, of St. Thomas, in the Canadian agent for the Catholic Encyclopedia.

GOOD WORK.

It is a source of great pride to Catholics to note the rapid progress being made by the Separate schools in every section of the Province. A particular instance has just come under our notice from Ottawa, where one in every seven of all who passed the entrance examination came from St. Patrick's school. The three pupils leading the list, Frank Saunders, James K. Latchford and G. Desrivieres, were also from that school. The two first named win scholarships. Master Latchford is the second son of the Hon. F. R. Latchford, the ex-attorney General of Ontario. His eldest son won one of the two Separate scholarships in 1905.

THE DEADLY ENEMIES OF CATHOLICITY.

New York Daily News.

The multiplication of secret societies has long since ceased to be a topic of interest of the average layman mathematician; to the Catholic, however, the problem how many anti-Catholic secret organizations have we to-day? is gradually yielding to the others: How long until those banned by the Catholic Church come out in the open to re-establish by law that social and political ostracism against Catholics which members of the Church of Rome claim they now infuse into public opinion by dark-lantern methods? How long until the free and independent newspapers of this country give all un-American organizations a speedy and profound requital?

AGAINST SECRET ORGANIZATIONS.

The Catholic Church sets itself against all secret organizations. It is uncompromisingly opposed to all that demand a secret oath in their initiation ceremonies, contending that as this is a free country, where all religions and all law-abiding men are equal, there is no room and no need for organizations, secret or otherwise, that burrow in the dark like coyotes, and do in private and in large numbers what they have not the courage to do as individuals.

The Catholic Church also takes the ground that an oath is altogether too solemn thing to be taken by every Tom, Dick and Harry at the behest of some petty official of a secret lodge, and that the crime of perjury would be almost unknown if these iron-bound organizations were put out of commission and outlawed like the Ku-Klux Klan or the Bald Knobbers.

Foremost among the secret societies banned by the Catholic Church comes Free Masonry.

"During one hundred and fifty years," says Leo XIII. "the sect of Free Masonry has increased more rapidly than might be expected, and insinuating itself by daring and deceit into all classes of the republic, it has begun to possess such power that apparently it is nearly the ruler of States, and grave fears have been entertained for the future, not certainly of the Church, whose foundation is too firm to be shaken by human attempts, but of those self-same nations in which great power is exercised by the sect in question, or by other similar sects which join its auxiliaries or satellites."

According to Lemaitre, the coalition of the three minorities in France (Jews, Protestants and Free Masons) is in power directly or indirectly in France for more than twenty years, with a result which has been anything but satisfactory to the Catholic Church and its adherents.

"Whenever there exists a properly organized Masonry," says the Protestant writer Soto, "there also exists the eternal struggle against its traditional enemy, the Catholic Church. In all the countries of the earth the institution (Masonry) has declared war against the Roman Catholic also point to the report of the International Masonic Congress of 1902 for justification of their opposition to Masonry."

"The problems which at present concern universal Masonry," says that report, "are the emancipation of women and the education of children, by first of all throwing to the ground the old ties, viz., the nations imposed by the Catholic Church."

"BROTHER" CRESCENT'S TALK.

Furthermore they quote from a speech made by "Brother" Crescent in the general assembly of the Grand Orient of France in 1903, in substantiation of their assertion that Free Masonry is hostile to all things Catholic. "It is unnecessary," said "Brother" Crescent, "to oppose to the woman imbued with false superstitions and religious ideas a woman enlightened by our doctrines and separated from the Church."

Another problem which concerns Masonry is the school, says the same report, "above all the school, the gem of universal Masonry, which must combat the introduction therein of the spirit of hatred."

"Despite the liberty of parents as regards the education of their children," continues the report, "what we (Free Masons) want is to educate children in the ideas of laical progress; we do not wish to leave them at the mercy of convents and nuns."

On Tuesday, September 22, the Assembly of the Liberal party of the Argentine Republic, which was held in the rooms of the Unione Benevolenza, Calle Cangallo, in Buenos Ayres, and which was attended by the executive of the Masonry, sent a petition to the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Cult

to the effect that the E. P. degree, the expulsion or immediate dissolution of the congregations which devote themselves to the education of children, whom they lead away from healthy ideas and love of fatherland should be enforced."

AFTER THE SCHOOLS.

What is still graver and gives food for sad consideration," said the Revista Ecoclesiastica, June, 1905, "is the following article in the paper Los Principios de Cordoba, under the heading, 'Masonry and Public Instruction.'"

"It would seem that both the National Ministry of Public Instruction, and the Bulletin of the National Board of Education are thoroughly Masonic, and that we Catholics are subjected to a cruel and vexatious tyranny. If the new plan of secondary and normal studies were not already a very serious matter on account of the suppression of certain things, such as ethics or moral philosophy, and the addition of questions unbecoming to morals, the Argentine Masonry comes along with further exigencies."

Thus, for instance, in one of the recent monthly bulletins of the National Board of Education, which are intended for hundreds of teachers of both sexes, a plea is made for the suppression of the catechism which is taught after school hours in the state colleges once a week. The great truths of the catechism are turned into ridicule, inasmuch as it is thought that the teaching thereof frightens the children, and a comparison is drawn between the normal professor and the Catholic instructor of the catechism.

"Still more. Although it is very sad to have to state it, Sr. Pizzurno, national inspector of colleges, has just delivered (in 1905) before numerous teachers a pedagogic lecture, in the course of which he used this horrible sentence: 'that he would be inexorable and that he would punish severely those teachers who would even pronounce God's name in the state schools.' A person who would thus express himself deserves to be expelled from the direction of public education."

The Revista Ecoclesiastica adds that "the sentence attributed to Sr. Pizzurno is absolutely exact, and that it was uttered by said person on Ash Wednesday of the year 1905 in the Escuela Sarmiento."

To the mind of the average Catholic well would it be for the rulers of states, republican and monarchial, did they grasp the real origin of Free Masonry. Every secret society, they maintain, is anarchical in some degree. In Catholic lands every one of them opposes the authority of the Church. Anarchy, they maintain, flourishes only in circles where the Christian religion has lost its influence, and the only bulwark of civilized institutions of social as well as individual morality, is the religion of the great Nazarene, who suffered for His opinions on Mount Calvary.

So much for Free Masonry from a religious, educational and political standpoint.

THE MYSTIC SHRINERS.

"We can apply to the Mystic Shriner of to-day what was said in older times of the Protestants—divided amongst themselves, but united against the Catholic Church, said a brilliant young lawyer who has made a study of Free Masonry. The Mystic Shriner of to-day are the Free Masons of the thirty-second degree, 'Brothers' of the British Free Masons who recently attacked a Catholic Church in Buenos Ayres, whose official document, 'Manifesto de la Masoneria,' defamed priests and nuns, and who incited the masses to violence against the religious orders and religious houses. The Masonic order of Buenos Ayres openly claimed that this publication and the thousands of dangerous criminals who nearly succeeded in causing an appalling outbreak of lawlessness and bloodshed in the Argentine Republic in connection with their wanton attack upon Catholic institutions were Masonic in their origin and purposes. If any body of American Free Masons could be like to see their craft associated with this organized attack upon the Catholic Church in the Argentine Republic, there has not been so far a word of protest or a word of dissociation from them or their lodges.

In the opinion of 99 out of every 100 Catholics in the United States and elsewhere an uglier brood was never hatched than the hordes that compose that other un-American organization, the Junior Order of American Mechanics. Specific data regarding the attitude of this organization toward the Catholic Church is very hard to get, its *modus operandi* not being productive of anything that thrives in daylight.

The story of its progress might be written in three words, 'bigotry, greed, fanaticism.' These words always are antecedent hatred of Catholicity—always, too, the concomitant fanaticism and intolerance. Hatred of the Catholic Church was, and is to-day, in practice the fundamental tenet of this organization. A recent example occurred in connection with a bill introduced in the Maryland legislature appropriating \$50,000 for St. Mary's Industrial School. The fight over this bill was particularly bitter one, into which religious differences were interjected. The fact that the school is a Catholic institution caused the measure to be strenuously opposed by the Junior Order of American Mechanics, although, as a result of the great work that is being done by the institution, none of the other anti-Catholic organizations offered much opposition to the bill.

Denmark is one of the most predominantly Protestant countries in the world, having a few years ago, amongst all its 2,000,000 inhabitants, only 3,000 Catholics. But now-a-days the monks and nuns expelled from France are flocking into Denmark just as they are flocking into England, finding apparently a ready welcome. Denmark forty years ago had only three Catholic priests; she has now seventy besides 400 nuns. The influence of Princess Maria, a French Catholic of the House of Orleans, is actively exerted for pro-Masonic purposes in high society.—The Missionary.

THE LATE SIR JOHN THOMPSON. ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN'S FUNERAL ORATION.

We think it well to publish from time to time some of the most remarkable utterances of the great Prelates of the Church. There comes to us to-day, in neat pamphlet form, the sermon delivered by the late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax on the occasion of the death of one of Canada's greatest statesmen—Sir John Thompson. It is well worth careful perusal, and will be found herewith in its entirety:

"Having then conversed with you from my youth until this day, behold here I am. Speak of me before the Lord, and before any man's eye or ear; if I have wronged any man, if I have oppressed any man, if I have taken a bribe at any man's hand; and I will desist this day, and will restore it to you. And they said: thou hast not wronged us, nor oppressed us, nor taken a bribe at any man's hand." (1. Kings, Chapter xii.: 23-4.)

Before the remains of the honored dead are borne hence to their last resting place, it is meet some words should be spoken in this sacred edifice to tell of life and hope amidst the sadness and gloom that encompass us round about. It is no exaggeration to say that the great heart of Canada has been strangely moved during the past three weeks, and its sympathy aroused as never before, and a sorrow deep in its sense of loss, and a pathetic yearning for the noble qualities of its subject, awakened. Nor have the mourning and regret been confined to our Dominion. From across the ocean, an echo of the Empire's wail has reached our shores. From far and near have come unmistakable evidences of grief. No outward mark of respect to the memory of the departed has been omitted. From our gracious monarchs, and from the lowest citizen, an abundance of such tokens has been given. The representative of our Queen and the civil power of our country are here to give all pomp and circumstance to his funeral. But man dies not with death, and in the midst of our mourning the solemn rites of religion, tinged though they be with a human sadness, yet have a certain element of consolation, of hope, of triumph! The pleading of the "Dies Irae" were not the wailings of despair. They are rather the expressions of confidence in an infinite mercy. And finally, before the remains are carried forth, the exultant words which contain a promise and an assurance of victory over the grave are intoned:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live; and everyone that liveth and believeth in Me shall not die forever." (John xi., 25-26.)

Our sorrow, then, is not so that of those who mourn without hope, for we know that our friends, though dead to the world, live before God; and, although their bodies may be left to moulder in the tomb, we ever hear the consoling words of our Saviour speak near the light of hope of Bethany: "Thy brother shall rise again." Though there be hope in our sorrow, the sorrow itself is profound and universal. For an individual loss, the regret, sincere though it be, is confined within a narrow circle. When a nation mourns we may be sure that the loss is a national one. Few indeed will deny that by the death of the Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, Canada has suffered an almost irreparable loss. The reason of this is found in the qualities that were based and rooted in the character of the man as he appeared in the eyes of his fellow-citizens in the discharge of the duties of his high public station. In him, as in Samuel of old, the people recognized integrity of life and the conscientious fulfillment of onerous duties. In the words of my text he might say:

"Having then conversed with you from my youth until this day, behold here I am."

He had held various trusts during his earthly career—in the city council, in the Provincial Legislature, on the Bench, in the Department of Justice and in the Dominion Parliament. Sir John Thompson was a man of such a nature that he might have been challenged to defend his integrity in the face of the most severe public criticism contained in those words of my text:

"Speak of me before the Lord and before His anointed, whether I have taken any man's ox or ass; if I have wronged any man, if I have oppressed any man, if I have taken a bribe at any man's hand."

Canadian public life has its bitterness. Party journals do not lack a keen vision for the delinquencies of their opponents. Even now, as in the days of our Saviour, men can see the mote in their neighbor's eye, whilst perhaps blind to the beam in their own. Public men live now more than ever in the full light that is cast around them from a hundred sources which did not exist in past ages. They cannot hide themselves behind the screen of their sovereignty or screen their character beneath the cloak of office.

Our age respects no curtains drawn before the sanctuary of the council of the King. Hence the acts of a high public official are as open to the criticism of the people as those of the village head. Indeed, the more exalted the station in which a man may be placed, the more fierce is the light which surrounds his actions and the more unsparring the censure to which his conduct is subjected. What might have been hidden from the masses of the Jewish people in the days of Samuel is impossible of concealment from the public to-day. Yet were the people of this great Dominion to be called upon to answer to the challenge of the dead Premier to speak of him before the Lord and before His anointed they would be obliged to answer: "Thou hast not wronged us, nor oppressed us, nor taken a bribe at any man's hand." Official integrity can have no higher credentials than this, nor need it desire a more infallible vindication. It is a matter for legitimate congratulation that in the public life of this Dominion we can

prondly point to a career which has summed up and embodied all the best attributes of official purity and unbending uprightness; that while vast interests were in his keeping and many subtle influences at work to render him untrue to the common weal, still no duty was neglected, and no obligation to the public shirked, and the hands which had wielded almost unlimited power were found free from any wrong doing, from oppression and from taking a bribe at the hands of any man.

A life such as that of the late Premier is not intended to be written merely in a family register, to be perused only by intimate friends; it is to adorn the annals of a nation and to be an example and an instruction to future generations. All through the history of the past we find that the Creator spoke to His creatures not by revelation only, but also by the living example of those in whom general principles of manly virtues, which might be gathered from various sources, had been harmoniously blended. The concrete action of their well regulated lives was calculated to exercise a greater influence over the conduct of many than abstract principles, however explicitly inculcated. Many lessons may be learned from the life of Sir John Thompson on which it is well to ponder on this day of our grief, so that we may derive therefrom the consolation of realizing that though dead he speaketh, and though removed from the scene of his earthly activity, the magic of his influence survives and is productive of good to his fellow-men. Considered in a worldly point of view, no one will deny that his career was an unbounded success. From the modest position of an humble citizen, he rose rapidly from one height to another of public importance until finally he reached the highest office in the gift of the nation. At each successive stage of his upward course, he acquitted himself in a manner satisfactory to the public and gave a guarantee that to whatever further heights of national importance he might attain he would be found equal to their responsibilities. But mere outward success is no criterion or measure of real greatness. This latter must be gauged rather by the manner of attainment than by the attainment itself. How, then, did the late Premier rise to the high position of which he was so justly proud? It was not by the aid of the outward accoutrements of wealth and birth, much less was it by an unworthy pandering to the passions and prejudices of the people, or by the employment of cunning arts and devices by which a corrupt public man sometimes treads his way successfully to ambitious distinction. No, none of these lent him any aid in his upward course. A faithful observance of the law of labor imposed by the Creator on the human race, and from which one without disturbance of nature's order can exempt himself, together with intellectual gifts of a high order, strengthened and made perfect by a deep religious spirit, enabled him to hew a pathway through the difficulties of life on an ever upward plane. It is only by a combination of such forces that good results can be achieved. Some might say he was "lucky"; but to a thoughtful man what's the meaning of this trite phrase? As we are not the creatures of blind chance, but, under God, the architects of our own destiny, the word can only mean that a man is, always alive to and takes advantage of his opportunities. In other words, that he puts out at good interest the talents committed to his keeping. We can therefore safely conclude that industry, sobriety and a conscientious attention to the details of each duty were the pinions which bore him onward in a career which can only be rightly characterized as phenomenal. The manner of his success then claims our admiration and affords us a measure by which to gauge his character. It points out also to young men the sure and honorable road to public distinction, as well as the one way of combining worldly success with personal integrity.

Eulogies of the recent dead are liable to be tinged with exaggeration, and to express the loving admiration of a friend rather than the calm judgment of an historian. But in the desire to appear cool and impartial men are at times unwittingly unjust to the departed. In the wish to be thought severely judicial, they deem it necessary to hedge their praises by restrictions and conditions which deprive them all of logical sequence and judicial fairness. Whilst we should guard against exaggerated statements, should not be afraid to draw the legitimate conclusion that flows from a consideration of the career of him whose life we may have under review. Can the word "great" be legitimately applied to Sir John Thompson in any or all of the various parts which he so honorably fulfilled? Undoubtedly some will answer "no," either through a fear of being thought wanting in judicial acumen or, perhaps, from a misconception of the constituents of greatness. What elements go to compose that special manifestation of a faculty or faculties which we call greatness? Many seem to imagine that greatness cannot exist in an everyday dress. Unless it is presented to them booted and spurred, they fail to recognize its face. As the vulgar contumacious bigness with greatness, so they make this latter synonymous with pomposity of manner and aggressive self assertion. The ability to meet emergencies and to attain legitimately the special end in view without any apparent effort, proves the possession of resources which merits the designation of greatness. Now, it is admitted on all sides that as a lawyer Sir John Thompson was never found unable to meet the legal points, which unexpectedly arise in the conduct of a case. Some will say that he had not laid up a store of legal knowledge; he merely solved the difficulties as they successively arose. Even if that be so, it would simply prove that he lacked the time in a busy life to fill his mind with all manner of law questions, whilst it would serve to show the resourceful quality of his intellect.

As a pleader his success was so marked that his services were eagerly sought in all cases of great moment.

As a judge, his summing up of cases was noted for its method and impartiality; his decisions were ever clear and satisfactory. As a speaker on the floor of the House of Commons he may not have had the trick of voice and gesture which in a ruder age, and even now, among the less cultured, are supposed to constitute oratory. His speeches, nevertheless, were masterpieces of clear, logical reasoning, and attained their end, namely, the conviction of all fair-minded men. They have that sincerity and that appeal to the higher nature of man, with a mastery grouping of arguments, which will ensure their immortality in the literature of our country. As an envoy of Canada, whether at Washington, at Paris, or London, he impressed all with whom he came in contact as a man of superior abilities, and one possessed of a marvellous grasp of the intricacies of every question discussed. In view of all this varied and continuous success, both at home and abroad, we are but expressing a legitimate conclusion, and not the exaggeration of funeral eulogy, by claiming for him in many things, at least, the appellation of great.

But there is another and a higher aspect of the life of the Premier which on an occasion and in a place of this kind is deserving of serious consideration. Splendid as were his intellectual gifts and endowments of mind, of themselves they would never have enticed him to win and to retain the esteem and admiration of so many. It was the spiritual element in his nature which developed and expanded his intellectual attainments, gave consistency to his reasoning, strength and vigor to his actions, and won the confidence of those with whom he had to deal. Material as is our age, and set though the hearts of the multitude may be on the good things of life, still men can admire and appreciate a line of action which is motivated by a standard more noble than any to which they can dream of aspiring. The words of the book of Wisdom—

"Love justice, you that are judges of the earth. Think of the Lord in goodness, and seek Him in simplicity of heart." had sunk early and deeply in the heart of Sir John Thompson. To the justice of his dealings with all men, both as a private citizen and as a public official, we have already alluded, and the public voice fully endorses it. The way he sought the Lord in goodness and simplicity of heart is known to his friends. He recognized it to be the first duty of a Christian to follow the dictates of conscience, and to make his own memory, not seem to think so poorly of the enlightened citizens of this Dominion, as to offer any excuse for law of labor imposed by the Creator on the human race, and from which one without disturbance of nature's order can exempt himself, together with intellectual gifts of a high order, strengthened and made perfect by a deep religious spirit, enabled him to hew a pathway through the difficulties of life on an ever upward plane. It is only by a combination of such forces that good results can be achieved. Some might say he was "lucky"; but to a thoughtful man what's the meaning of this trite phrase? As we are not the creatures of blind chance, but, under God, the architects of our own destiny, the word can only mean that a man is, always alive to and takes advantage of his opportunities. In other words, that he puts out at good interest the talents committed to his keeping. We can therefore safely conclude that industry, sobriety and a conscientious attention to the details of each duty were the pinions which bore him onward in a career which can only be rightly characterized as phenomenal. The manner of his success then claims our admiration and affords us a measure by which to gauge his character. It points out also to young men the sure and honorable road to public distinction, as well as the one way of combining worldly success with personal integrity.

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retirement of their homes and buried their courage and their patriotism in some obscure potato patch. But we do not live for ourselves alone; man has duties towards society, and those to whom the Creator has been lavish of His gifts have a responsibility for their right use corresponding to their measure. Sir John knew and recognized this; and, though personally averse to the turmoil of public life, he sacrificed his feelings at the call of duty. Who of his friends could wish it to have been otherwise? Who of them would purchase for him a few uneventful years of life at the cost of his achievements during the past nine years? It is needless to say I am speaking in no partisan sense when I ask, Who would wish to deprive Canadian public life of the noble and uplifting influence of example—to have had him hide his light beneath a bushel, and thus to take from the young men of the future an example and inspiration of honesty and patriotism, even though he might have adorned, for many years to come, the Bench of his native province? The man who could desire this is only half a Christian, and nothing of a Canadian.

I need not recount to you the tragic story of his ending. He was summoned from the presence of his earthly sovereign to that of His Eternal Lord and Master. Well was it for him that, "being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time," for only his Christian life, and not worldly honors or success, could then avail him. Men often wonder at the ways of God in taking away at an early age the just, whilst leaving the wicked. So they wondered in the days of Solomon, who explained the seeming mystery by saying, "For his soul pleased God, therefore He hastened to bring him out of the midst of iniquities."

If England mourned and all Canada wept at the sudden falling of his night, there are those whose agony, not only then, but now, is too sacred to be unvelled. The faithful wife and loving children and sorrowing relatives must bear not only their full share of the public bereavement, but also a bitter personal loss, the extent of which can be known save by themselves alone. In words of sincere sympathy and every mark of tender and delicate respect could obliterate such sorrow from the mind they would be even now fully comforted. From far and near such words have come. Her gracious Majesty, with true womanly feeling and solicitude, for which all Canadians love and admire her husband in a most striking manner her sympathy, her admiration and her love. By her special command all the observances prescribed by his religion were carried out, and almost royal honors paid to his remains. Such marks of universal esteem, as well as words of friendly condolence, may well help to assuage, if they cannot heal, the wounds of the heart of which can be healed in a most striking manner her sympathy, her admiration and her love. By her special command all the observances prescribed by his religion were carried out, and almost royal honors paid to his remains. Such marks of universal esteem, as well as words of friendly condolence, may well help to assuage, if they cannot heal, the wounds of the heart of which can be healed in a most striking manner her sympathy, her admiration and her love. By her special command all the observances prescribed by his religion were carried out, and almost royal honors paid to his remains. Such marks of universal esteem, as well as words of friendly condolence, may well help to assuage, if they cannot heal, the wounds of the heart of which can be healed in a most striking manner her sympathy, her admiration and her love.

WHAT THE DEVIL SAYS.

The devil says: "The sormon is too long—don't go to the High Mass."—and the Low Masses are crowded. The devil says: "You are too tired to say your prayers to-night—let them go. Just say a few words and slip into your bed." And the rosary is not recited that night. The devil says: "Your too weak to observe the fasts—you know what a headache you get." And fortitude gives way to gluttony. The devil says: "You can't go to daily Mass—such a job to get clean in time, now the weather is so warm." And only a dozen members of the congregation attempt the sacrifice. The devil says: "The Catholic papers are so dull—why isn't there something bright in them? And even the children in some families say the same thing and wish for the sensational, original, fads and follies of the hour reported in the daily papers to get something 'bright.'" Parish Monthly.

HUMILITY THE FOUNDATION OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"Humility is the first law of the spiritual life—personal, racial, national, intellectual, humility." Unless you become as little children you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven—thus Christ enunciated His condition of membership of His Church—depreciation of self, of opinions, of views, of desire and child-like docility to His will and the authority of His Vicar—thus alone is realized the coronation of animus. And it is equally true to say you cannot remain as little children in the Kingdom of Heaven. His kingdom is His alone—ruled, governed and controlled by Him. She has preferred to lose whole nations rather than modify or change that eternal principle of her unity—the principle upon which rest the rights, the privileges, the functions of her universal hierarchy—the Bishops of whom it is exercised is morbid and dangerous to society.

In daily life we commonly see the weak of will in belief and practical effort on the part of the latter. But when the strong-willed gains an undue ascendancy over the trustful, the curious or the weak, who shall overestimate the moral danger? Hypnotism is not all evil. In the hands of conscientious physicians who use it for the benefit of others, it is a most valuable and general service. As to spiritism, Dr. Laponi, like all serious students of his creed, avers that, after due allowance for fraud and illusion, there still remain phenomena which are abnormal and inexplicable. But never has anything useful to his kindred the spirits, never have their predictions been proved accurate, nor, their remedies for illness less than disastrous.

Dr. Laponi, treating spiritism purely from the standpoint of the medical man finds so much material danger in it that he believes the State authorities should prohibit it without reservation. We know that in the United States alone there are at present not less than ten thousand victims of spiritism in the insane asylums, to say nothing of those whose mental aberrations are sufficient to destroy their usefulness, but who, in one way or another, have escaped classification with the demented.

A critic of Dr. Laponi's book, T. De Wyzeka, in the Revue des Deux Mondes (his article has been translated for the Boston Transcript) agrees thoroughly with the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Laponi in his "medico critical study, and adds: "I have read—in books whose veracity I had no reason to question—the complete text of certain communications made in the most serious way in the world by the 'spirits' of Plato, Pascal and Mozart; and I have ever since experienced a veritable anguish at the thought that in ever-increasing numbers men are running to such a source for revelations touching the grave problems of their destiny. Whatever may be its origin or its nature, spiritism in all the forms it has hitherto assumed seems to me to be a strange and deplorable school of applied stupidity. And were I forced to believe that the dead whom I love were become at all like that alleged spirit of Mozart, I should be unutterably grieved that a future life had been vouchsafed them."

An eminent author died some years ago in Boston amid general mourning. Spiritists at once began to claim communication from him, and one went so far as to carry to a friend of the lamented dead some of the alleged "poetry" given to the world by him through a medium. "How"—has the deteriorated?" was the comment of the friend, who naturally declined to receive tidings of a level-headed Christian through persons whom he would not have touched with a ten foot pole during his mortal life.

In treating of spiritism, Dr. Laponi notes, in addition to the bodily dangers of it against which it is his business to warn his readers, those graver dangers which come within the province of the theologian. These have been admirably treated in "The Unseen World: an Exposition of Catholic Theology in its Relation to Modern Spiritism," by the Rev. A. M. Lepicier, O. S. M., of the Propaganda, Rome. Here is a book which should be widely read by Catholics, as giving in a popular form the teachings of theology on the limitations of good and evil spirits, and the limitations of the souls of the departed. It must clear the ordinary mind of the confused and erroneous ideas which are too commonly cherished even by those who have had the opportunity of knowing better.

J. Godfrey Raupert's book on "Modern Spiritism" occupies ground somewhat similar to Dr. Laponi's, but as there are examples for critical study almost entirely from American experiences, it makes a peculiar appeal to the American mind.—Boston Pilot.

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FATHER AND SONS.

The father who merely provides for his children but who takes no active part in their training, does not fulfil his obligations to them. Especially is this true of the boys. A man child needs a man for his guide, teacher, model, friend. If he does not get that help, in cases in which he could have him, he is wronged of his due. The father who takes no interest in his boys need not wonder if they avoid him.

Happy the man whose sons admire him, love to be in his company, proudly imitate his ways and go to him confidently for sympathy and advice. He is made of good materials. His own, those who know him best and see him oftenest, have passed judgment on him and have found him good. His boys will grow up like him. They will follow in his footsteps. They will not depart from the right path. They will be his joy in the days of his strength and his comfort in his old age.—Catholic Columbian.

ORATORY AND BEER.

When we read of the great things accomplished by fraternal and social organizations we cannot help thinking of the many men who find membership in such organizations a source of temptation—temptation to waste their time that should be spent at home with their families, temptation to spend money needed for home wants, and temptation to drink more than is good for them. For there are, unhappily, organizations making great boasts of high ideals and lofty aims which have not yet risen above the "beer social" as a means of attracting and holding membership.

There can be no doubt whatever that such societies, no matter what high-flowing arguments are used by them, and no matter what statistics they compile to impress the public, are sources of great danger to many men. It is small consolation to a man's family to know that he is attending a meeting of a fraternal organization if they also know that he is likely to come home from that meeting in anything but a sober state. It is surely time that all organizations which make a pretense of doing good should eliminate the drinking feature entirely, should banish it from the spirit as well as from the letter of their regulations, and should try to hold up before their members a standard of sobriety and self respect. All the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of the convention orators will amount to nothing, if in the organizations there exist not that standard of sobriety which alone can make a society of men truly fraternal.—Sacred Heart Review.

What a dreadful realization it must be to die in such folly and awake to eternal knowledge that they have been following the foolish leadership of the devil.

These marvelous tablets are nature's natural remedy for irritated or weakened kidneys. They act directly on the kidneys—soothe the irritated membranes—clean, heal and strengthen the organs—and help them to new vigor with their work.

Often kidney trouble is not due to any organic defect in the kidneys. If the bowels are constipated—if the skin does not throw off the tissue waste of the body—then these impurities are carried to the kidneys. In a vain endeavor to rid the system of impurities, the kidneys are overworked—the blood vessels are dilated—the nerves inflamed. That causes a host of kidney troubles.

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Best Kidney Remedy Known To Science

For pain in the back—scanty urine—highly colored urine—irritated bladder—irregular bowels—bad stomach—there is nothing that will bring such quick relief and so certain a cure as FRUIT-A-TIVES.

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Fruit-A-Tives

not only heal and strengthen the kidneys but they also increase the amount of the skin, and act directly on the liver, thus curing the constipation.

FRUIT-A-TIVES are the natural and logical cure for all kidney troubles. They are made of fruit and tonic—are pleasant to take—and a guaranteed cure which faithfully endures. Get a box or two from your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED - OTTAWA.

for a while the rupture in the bond of union with his spiritual chief, his Bishop. But sooner or later a strain is felt and the cord snaps, and on the one side is Christ and His Church Universal, and on the other a weak, concealed, vain man, destitute of all save his own pride.

And even though the break never come, still there is no real strength in the bond—the strands are unraveled, lax and limp. The very aloofness creates a void. There is no ready response, no vital, quick communication—the connecting fluid passes with difficulty over the disjunct medium—the life of the heart of unity beats coldly and slowly. There is no *cor unum* of animus and—there is certainly sluggishness, if not death, and may be the sluggishness which precedes death. There is division, disagreement, discord, all enemies to corporate life, all worms which gnaw at the roots of organic vitality; and then not co operation, but criticism and factionalism make many hearts where one should be and many minds where one should rule.

—Archbishop O'Connell at "Month's Mind" of Bishop Delaney of Manchester.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

SYMPATHY FOR SINNERS.

O God, I give thee thanks that I am not as the rest of men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, nor such as this publican. (St. Luke xviii, 11.) Did you ever notice that pride and hardness of heart go together? That miserable Pharisee could not enjoy his self glorification without condemning his neighbor, a person, as it happened, far more deserving than himself. In deed, the worse vices seem to love each other's company as if they were all blood relatives. Coveting our neighbor's goods, for example, goes along with stinginess of our own; gluttony and just as twins. Almost the same may be said of oppressing others and disobeying lawful authority; and in this hateful Pharisee we behold the union of pride in one's self and contempt for one's neighbor. The sinner seems to be bound with a chain every link of which is double. Now, brethren, this is a fault often found in far better souls than this haughty Pharisee. Many of us have too little sympathy for persons whom we know to be in mortal sin. To be sure it is no harm to rejoice that we are at friendship with heaven. But the worst of it is that some of us are never really happy as long as the thought of our own virtues till we are quite miserable over our neighbors' wickedness; and when we say with our lips how wicked so-and-so is, our heart whispers, and how good I am!

The spirit of correction possesses many good people—a spirit commonly the sign of hidden pride. No sooner do we take the first step in amendment of life than we are divided between rejoicing in our own goodness and lamenting over other folk's vice. I know not what we good people should do for something to talk about were it not for our neighbor's shortcomings.

Brethren, this vanity is very foolish and very dangerous. Who can count himself safe so much as one day from the wiles of Satan, or from human respect? And if we do rightly trust in God's favor, how can we forget that progress in virtue is a necessary condition of our remaining virtuous at all? Now this progress means simply a right knowledge of our remaining defects and something with which the vice of the Pharisee is quite incompatible. Nothing so blinds us to our own little faults as too much regard for our neighbor's big ones. Doubtless it would have been just as difficult for the Pharisee to correct his harshness of voice, or his lofty bearing, or his patronizing airs, as to overcome his great sin of pride itself; and such is the case with many of us. The beam in our neighbor's eye looks so shocking that we forget that we have quite a squint in our own from various little notes in it.

Be certain, therefore, brethren, that if you find hard feelings in your heart towards sinners, you have no long journey to make before you discover the capital sin of pride in you own. Why can we not leave judgement to God, and treat poor sinners after our Lord's example, praying and suffering for them? I do not mean to say that we should forget to mention to them the awful chastisements of God; indeed, a truer friend does not exist than one who warns us of our future destruction, and some, such as parents, are in duty bound to give such admonition. But in the treatment of moral maladies we should bear in mind that bitter words and hard looks spoil good medicine. And especially should we bear in mind that we have had our own wicked days.

Let us, therefore, regard sinners with much tenderness, dropping out of our view while we deal with them our own darling selves. Let us realize that we ourselves are poor souls, quite capable, but for God's singular favor, of falling into the worst state of sinfulness.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

DIVINE GRACE—ACTUAL GRACE.

The Catholic doctrine of Divine Grace is somewhat difficult to be understood. St. Paul gives us a summary of it in the following words: "By the grace of God I am what I am, and His grace in me hath not been void." (1 Cor. xv, 10) The excellence and merits of St. Paul came not from his labors and sufferings, but from God's grace and favor. The apostle co-operated with divine grace. "His grace in me hath not been void."

Grace is the spiritual bond which unites men to God in the supernatural order. Men are dependent entirely upon God. He holds the reins and rules over the hearts of His creatures by divine grace. While there are many subordinate forces in the natural order, and while not only every living being but every inanimate object is encompassed by God, it is God's power that rules and governs all. All creatures would perish if God did not support and sustain the work of His hands.

This is also true of the supernatural order. The energy by which the soul acts, the first impulse, and the sustaining power, and the ultimate completion must come from God. He says, "Without Me you can do nothing." God has given freedom to man. He influences the heart of man without interfering with his free will. He moves, assists, and sustains man and seeks to guide him by His grace. The Lord does not compel, but seeks to make man a willing co-operator.

Grace is a favor. It is a gift, not a right. Grace in its ordinary significance means the interior and spiritual gifts and helps bestowed on man to make him pleasing in the sight of God. This supernatural gift of God is absolutely necessary for man. Our Lord emphasizes this when He says: "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me. I am the vine, you are the branches, he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth fruit; for without Me you can do nothing. If any one abideth not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch and shall wither and they shall gather

him up and cast him into the fire, and he burneth." (St. John xv, 4-5)

This comparison is as conclusive as it is expressive. It shows that man can do nothing to move heavenward, much less can he persevere to the end, without the assistance of divine grace. St. Paul says: "No man can say, Lord Jesus, but by the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. xii, 3) We cannot build up any structure of spiritual goodness without God's help. "Unless God build the house they labor in vain that build it; unless the Lord keepeth the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it." (Psalms 106) God, however, is generous to us with His Grace. "Of His fullness we have all received." No one can truthfully say that he fell into sin because grace and power were not given to him to resist temptation. Our Lord is the "True light that enlighteneth every man who cometh into this world." He gives to all sufficient grace. When St. Paul was wearied with temptation the Lord said to him and says to us all: "My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity." (2 Cor. xii, 9.) Was not this made especially evident in the victorious struggle of the martyrs? When we do our part, He will also make with temptation issue that you may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x, 13.)

Grace is used in two senses, to express two things quite distinct from each other. There is actual grace. Actual grace is intended to lead us to the habit of grace, that is to habitual grace or sanctifying grace. Actual grace may be considered as it actually is, the help of God, the interior impulse to do good, to avoid and to reject evil and to do good. Recall the figure of the vine. This interior impulse, actual grace, is to the soul what the sap is to the branch of the vine. If the sap and vital force be not applied to it, the branch cannot bring forth fruit.

The missions held by the Paulist Fathers in Boston have attracted much attention to the preaching of the Roman Catholics. The services at the Cathedral in the spring were attended by throngs of Protestants, and made a marked impression. It would not do to say that Protestant evangelists are destitute of the oratorical power of these preachers, but we have some things to learn from them. One is that the most effective preaching is absolutely impossible without a strong dogmatic note. Preaching is something more than argumentative or expository lecturing; it is the utterance of deep and vital convictions. That feature was marked in all the services. The Fathers, of course, appealed to the authority of the Church. The question occurred more than once: Have Protestants any ground of authority which can match the Romanist appeal? Of course I think they have, but this is not a theological lecture. Another impression the Fathers made on many minds was as to the immense influence of the sacraments. The miracles, the words, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ, were presented as external facts, not as parables of phases of human experience. The objective fact gave the mind anchorage. The system of thought was not adrift either in water or in the air. We have some things to learn from the Roman Church.

The most important lesson, however, to be learned from the superiority which the Rev. Mr. Herr mentions is that this superiority is not due to any human device or arrangements, as he appears to imply. In all ages, outsiders, recognizing the essential difference between the Church and themselves, have assigned many different causes. They never hit upon the true cause, or, if they did, they immediately sought to enter the Church. The explanation of the phenomenon observed by the Rev. Mr. Herr is found in the natural and necessary difference that exists between the Church organized by Jesus Christ and the so-called churches or societies established by men. —Sacred Heart Review.

We may distinguish or divide actual grace into two kinds. Besides the general assistance given to all there are the graces given to the several states of life. There is also a sacramental grace or a special assistance given by God to carry out the end for which the sacrament was instituted. While God may give to one more abundantly than to another, He gives in a sufficient measure to every one, dividing to each one according to His will. It is our own fault if the graces we receive do not lead us to something higher, to sanctification. We should obey and follow the grace of God as the Wise Men did follow the star. The light may be somewhat faint in the beginning, but as we follow it, it becomes clearer and brighter and will ultimately bring us to the vision of God.

When we properly correspond with grace its effects are wonderful and magnificent. "God is wonderful in His saints." "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me." The saints were mortals struggling like ourselves and we see in them what the grace of God can accomplish. In their stewardship His Grace hath not been void. We, the branches, must abide in the vine and the vine is "Our Lord Jesus Christ."—Catholic Universe.

THE POPE AS AN ARBITER AMONG NATIONS.

"A curious incident happened this week, writes the Rome correspondent of the London Tablet, under date of July 8, which has attracted very little attention. Away down in South America, somewhere on the border which separates Colombia from Peru, the soldiers of these republics began potting each other as a preliminary to trouble of a very serious kind. The news was communicated to the Holy See and in twinkling of an eye almost the Holy See intervened with such good effect that the soldiers were withdrawn out of each others way and further bloodshed avoided. The Holy See will act as arbiter to settle the boundary question between Colombia and Peru, and it is a foregone conclusion that the result will be accepted by both disputants. This will be the third case in recent years in which the Pope has been chosen as arbitrator and one has to go back only a few years more to come to the historic settlement by Leo XIII, of the difficult ties between Spain and Germany. The happy issue of these arbitrations and the growing prestige of the Holy See as international Arbitrator have put a very unexpected idea into the columns of the Corriere della Sera, which is the most important Liberal paper in Italy. The Corriere argues this way: Italy purposely excluded the Holy See from the first Peace Congress at The Hague—and under the circumstances it could not well do otherwise. But The Hague Congress has not been a conspicuous success as an International Arbitrator. Therefore it is to be feared that the Holy See will become more and more popular among nations as in the Arbitrator of their difficulties. Hence it would be good policy on the part of Italy to allow the Holy See to take part in the next Peace Congress at The Hague which is to take place during the spring of the coming year. A rather circuitous route to a safe conclusion."

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HAVE SOMETHING TO LEARN FROM CATHOLICS.

Echoes of the great mission given in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, this city, during Lent, still linger in the ears of our Protestant friends. The Rev. George E. Herr, writing in the Standard (Baptist) of Chicago, July 21, says:

The missions held by the Paulist Fathers in Boston have attracted much attention to the preaching of the Roman Catholics. The services at the Cathedral in the spring were attended by throngs of Protestants, and made a marked impression. It would not do to say that Protestant evangelists are destitute of the oratorical power of these preachers, but we have some things to learn from them. One is that the most effective preaching is absolutely impossible without a strong dogmatic note. Preaching is something more than argumentative or expository lecturing; it is the utterance of deep and vital convictions. That feature was marked in all the services. The Fathers, of course, appealed to the authority of the Church. The question occurred more than once: Have Protestants any ground of authority which can match the Romanist appeal? Of course I think they have, but this is not a theological lecture. Another impression the Fathers made on many minds was as to the immense influence of the sacraments. The miracles, the words, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension of Christ, were presented as external facts, not as parables of phases of human experience. The objective fact gave the mind anchorage. The system of thought was not adrift either in water or in the air. We have some things to learn from the Roman Church.

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MOTHER AND SON.

Hungry, and tired, and worn. Just the sort of man my cat is. Dirty, and tattered, and torn— Ah well I am growling silly! What does it matter to me if a beggar boy be weary? I am craving hopefully For the face of my own, own dearie. Come in, poor boy, and sit down. Dead, and thou'st walked from town, Begging from one and another; With feet all blistered and bleeding; And so the weary and the woe, I'll troubles no longer bedding! She is not thinking of thee. Happy herself in heaven— So cozy couldst thou be. Spite of my cries and tears, Spite of my grief and madness, All through these sad years Silent is he in his gladness. What I in their glory there. Thou thinkst that they still may love us: We are not they, and they are not we. By the bright blue sky above us! God bless thee, boy, for thy faith. And thou'st walked a long way from the city! See, hidden away in a drawer Here is my darling's clothing; When he could wear it no more I put it aside in loathing. But half in my eye be lying, I have wept over each fold and seam Is a frenzy of lovin' and grievin'. But thou shalt wear them now; And the smile on thy youthful brow Shall make me better and stronger; And, looking down on me, Mayhap, thy mother in heaven Will turn, for dear sake of thee, And love him, my boy of eleven, ROSE MULLHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT).

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario, Rev. John Potts D. D., Victoria College, Rev. Father J. J. O'Connell, St. Michael's College, Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto, Rev. Wm. D. Larned, D. D., Principal Knox College, Toronto, Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

DOCTRINE OF THE ASSUMPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.

There exists a very ancient tradition to the effect that twelve years after the death of Jesus on the cross His Blessed Mother, Mary, who during this whole interval had lived with St. John in Jerusalem, beatified forth her pure immaculate soul to God; that at the time of her death all the twelve Apostles were, by a wonderful coincidence, gathered in Jerusalem from every part of the then known world, and when love, ripened and perfected beyond measure, snatched the slender thread that still bound soul to body, they beheld in vision the angelic bear, amid song and heavenly melody, that spotless soul before the throne of God, and they themselves laid the now lifeless body to rest in the Garden of Gethsemane. There, for three days, the angelic choirs kept up their song, after which the music ceased, and examination of the tomb showed that the body had disappeared, and there was left behind an odor of heavenly sweetness, which filled and perfumed all the surrounding atmosphere.

This is the story of the death of Mary. Be it mere legend or true to fact, it is now quite certain that the pure and virginal body of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, never saw corruption, but that it was raised up by the power of God, glorious and divine, ever as united again with her soul, it enjoys in heaven the dignity and receives the homage due to the living tabernacle of God upon earth.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is not what is called a dogma of the Church. The official teaching body of the Church has not authoritatively defined it as one of her doctrines to be received and believed by all her children. He who would deny it could not, strictly speaking, be called a heretic. However, it is and for centuries has been the ever growing and expanding belief and sentiment of the Church—a sentiment, a belief, ever guided by the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, and which, when well defined and universal, is as infallible as any decree of Pope or council. The doctrine of the Assumption, just as that of the Immaculate Conception, is not directly and manifestly contained in the sacred Scripture. It is the outgrowth of Christianity. It is a branch, a true, legitimate and natural branch, of that living tree of Christian doctrine whose germ was firmly planted by Jesus Christ Himself, and which has ever been growing and spreading and sending forth new shoots since the very days of the Apostles. The farthest natural twig of the mighty oak was once in the tiny embryo of the acorn, invisible, unseen, but truly there. It took time and the living principle within to bring it forth. So the doctrine of the Assumption lay hidden and unseen, indeed, but by truly in that divine deposit of revelation transmitted to all future generations by the Apostolic Church. But it took time, growth, the evolution of the living primitive germ of Christian doctrine under the guiding influence of the Holy Spirit to bring it out into the scope of our religious consciousness. To-day it is to all appearances the clearly defined belief of the entire Church. This belief the Church has authoritatively sanctioned by constituting the Assumption one of her most solemn feasts, numbering it even among the very few holidays of obligation. And now only the ex cathedra definition of a pope or council is needed to put the doctrine of the Assumption side by side with the Divine Maternity and the Immaculate Conception. The fact of the Assumption of the Blessed Mother of God is certain, and to doubt or deny it would be to throw oneself out of harmony with the whole coherent fabric of Christian doctrine.

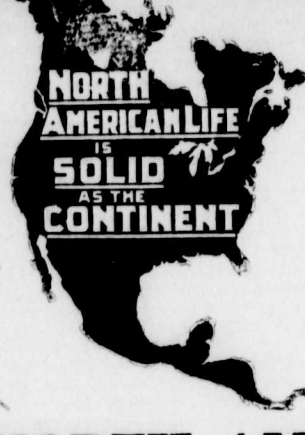
And, even in the light of pure, unbiased reason, should we not expect the Assumption? Should we not expect her death to be surrounded by miracle whose whole life was a series of miracles? When at length her heart-strings broke with the very excess of love and life had calmly ebbed away, can we think—would it be reasonable to think—that miracle at once ceased; that that flesh so favored, so pure, so spiritualized with heavenly love, could remain to be the food of worms in a cold and filthy tomb? No; Mary's body rose again, was taken up by her Divine Son and reunited to her soul. And just as she in the Immaculate Conception, so in her Assumption is she the first fruit of the Resurrection.

O Mary, the Mother of Jesus and our Mother, illustrious queen of heaven and earth, exalted immeasurably above the angels, pray and intercede for us that when in the providence of God the day of our resurrection will come we may be worthy to be received into thy blessed company forever and ever.—Sermon by Rev. John Swint in Church Calendar of West Virginia.

THE SPREAD OF THE FAITH.

We are all in a certain sense apostles. Upon each and every one of us rests the obligation, according to our talents and opportunities, to show unto these outside the fold the truth and beauty of the Catholic faith. If not by word of mouth, if not by writing, then (and indeed, this is most important of all) by the example of a life in thorough accord with the teachings of Christ and His Church, we can show to those around us, who are not members of the fold of Peter, that the Catholic Church is indeed a holy Church—a Church whose precepts have a deep and abiding influence on the hearts and souls of her children. If all Catholics were Catholics in thought and deed as in name, if they refrained from giving scandal to non-Catholics, if they did not—as they do, alas! too often—drag the name of the Church in the mire, the conversion of our unbelieving neighbors would not be such a difficult matter. The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for August is "the spread of the faith"—a beautiful intention, and one for which we

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

When George Westinghouse, a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Railroad Company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, endorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt: "I have no time to waste on fools."

Afterwards, when the Pennsylvania Railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proved very successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, endorsed on the bottom as follows: "I have no time to waste on fools."

Happy is he who learned this one thing— to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be. If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if you want food you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life should be happy and useful. Therefore learn to enjoy your work. "Triumph and toil are twins."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

Laughter as a Medicine. Laughter is Nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time. It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system. It expands the chest, and forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells. It brings into harmonious action all the functions of the body. Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often restored by a good, hearty laugh. A jolly physician is often better than all his pills. Laughter induces a mental exhilaration. The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only give you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life. There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim "Laugh and grow fat."

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease and a sure cure for the "blues," melancholy, and worry. Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful, and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious and healthful. Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health. Use laughter as a tonic; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive process. Laughter keeps the heart and face young, and enhances physical beauty.—Success.

What is Your Obstruction? We are always looking for some outside help, some one to give us a pull, a boost, instead of relying absolutely upon ourselves, upon our own inherent force and energy. No matter what your obstruction is, find it, get it out of the way at any cost. One of the things that keeps you back may be the desire to have a good time. You may say that life should be one great play-day; you do not want to buckle down to hard work. You want dollars, but you are afraid of the backaches in them. You cannot bear restraint, confinement, regular hours, the sacrifice of your leisure or pleasure. You want liberty, freedom, and work when you feel like it. You cannot think of sacrificing for something better to-morrow. Yet regular work, industrious endeavor, perpetual effort, planning ways and means to do this or that, the scheming to accomplish ends, the perpetual thrift to make every dollar count, watching of the markets, studying the conditions, and considering the man at the other end of the bargain—all these thousand and one things are the alphabet which spells "Success."

These are the things that school-teachers, our friends, the perpetual endeavor, the constant stretch of the mind to solve great problems, these are the things that strengthen, broaden the life. Why is it that you work yourself up into a fine frenzy and determine to do such great things to-day, and to-morrow your resolution has evaporated? You say that the thing that seemed so easy and certain yesterday seems so hard and well-nigh impossible to-day. The chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that the obstruction that keeps you from carrying out your resolution is your unwillingness to buckle down to your task and pay the price in hard work for the thing you think you want. There is a vast gulf between the mere desire for a thing and the resolution to have it.—Success.

Why Some Don't get on. Dozens of young men are idle in this community. Many of them are idle because they can't find work of any kind. More are idle because they can't find work that suits them. The trouble is that there are too many of the latter kind. They have certain pride that demands a fancy job. Which is all right of course; but idleness ought, to a right kind of pride, be even more galling than employment, even if it be beneath them. The reason so many young men of your and my acquaintance don't get on is because of their habit of indulging in spells of idleness. An idle young fellow is going to school to a master who will soon graduate him into

the army of "no good for anything." He acquires a loafing spirit, a slobbery manner and an utter lack of perseverance. It was common advice in the law schools to our young lawyers, that while the first few years at the bar must be years of comparative idleness, no young lawyer should let his office become a loafing place either for himself or his friends. He should always appear to be busy—either with study, or with some other interests in the line of his profession. The wisdom of this advice is in its protection to the young lawyer from the baneful formation of idle habits. The successful lawyer must work like a horse when the flood tide of business is upon him. He cannot afford to educate himself into other habits while he is waiting for business.

Similarly with our young men who are not working because they cannot find anything to suit their fancy. Any honest labor, even though the pay is poor, and even though they be fitted for higher pursuits, is preferable to idleness. A young man cannot hope to get on in the world if, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, he spends about a fourth of his time throwing up one job while waiting for another. Steadiness, industry and perseverance are what compel success.—Catholic Citizen.

"Hard Work" a Prince's motto. "There is no pleasure like that of hard work," is the motto of Prince Albert of Belgium; and since Providence has given him a responsible role in the affairs of men he has set out with the intention of qualifying for it.

In this democratic age Prince Albert does not mean to be outdistanced by the most plodding specialist; and, as is fitting, his mind turns chiefly on the problems that most affect his own future subjects. The thriving little kingdom of Belgium, we know, an example to the world; but the world, Belgium included, is capable of improvement, and therefore Prince Albert is keen on all political, economical, and industrial questions. His knowledge of these matters is such as to force those who would fain look on him as a mere prince to treat with him as a colleague. The gift for thoroughly mastering his subject is accompanied by another, little less important to one who is born to govern his fellow-men—the gift of oratory. The Prince speaks extempore on whatever engrosses his mind, with such fluency, conviction and sound logic, that his speeches are masterpieces of eloquence. At the recent opening of the Liege Exhibition Prince Albert astounded and delighted the foreign visitors by his proficiency in technical detail, his special knowledge of mechanics, and in deed his comprehensive grasp of every industry concerned. His own people were not astonished, for they are familiar with his acquisitions, and he has become one of their best authorities on loom improvements. When on one occasion an expert on artificial dressing of the soil left the Prince's presence jotting down assiduously, the workmen standing around laughed and nodded to each other. One remarked: "He brought out more than he took in. You can't catch our Prince asleep."

False Estimates of Values. When I was a child, says Dr. Franklin, my friends, on a holiday filled my little pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle in the hands of another boy whom I met by the way, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters all came understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This, however, was afterwards of use to me; the impressions continuing on my mind; so often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle!" As I grew up, I came into the world, and observed the actions of men. I thought I met with very many who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw one too ambitious to court favors, wasting his time in attendance at levees, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, I said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle." When I saw another, fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, I said, "He pays, indeed, too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you indeed pay too much for the whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in the pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain instead of pleasure for yourself: you give too much for the whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that the greater part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and "giving too much for their whistles."

The catechism is a compendium of theology and as theological terms are of the catechism; this has not been the case. A looseness of wording is not permitted, as therefrom comes vagueness of ideas where all ought and must be clear and beautiful and powerful as the sun in heaven, the emblem of the truth in God's Church.

Speed the day when this council's, and that synod's and this scholars' catechism will give way to the mind of Plus X., on the sublime teaching of the Church of which he is the august crown!

Hasten the hour when our children will not be confronted with metaphysical terminology in mastering the simple truths that Christ in simplest language gave to the little ones sitting on His knees on the mountain side.—Catholic Union and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HEROIC CHILDREN.

Winifred Sullivan a little girl of South Boston, by her marvellous presence of mind, saved Albert Barry, the nine months' old baby whom she was tending at her home on East Eighth Street on the evening of July 18, from the hoofs of a runaway horse, who becoming detached from the furniture wagon which it was pulling, rushed down hill, and dashed up against the doorway in which the child and the baby were sitting. For some awful seconds the frightened animal had his front hoofs on the door posts, the children crouched beneath. Directly the horse tried to right itself, Winifred shoved the baby into the entry, and crawled in after him herself. The baby was slightly bruised, but the brave little girl was struck by the horse in such manner as to break her left leg and severely bruise her right arm. Her own account of the accident, after her injuries were attended to, is worth repeating.

"I was sitting on the steps in the corner of my doorway, near the partition playing with little Albert Barry, when I heard people screaming. The groceryman who keeps opposite our house called to me and told me to jump. I looked up and saw a horse and furniture wagon near the curbstone, coming toward me.

"As it lifted I pushed Albert into the entry and then crept in myself. I don't mind my hurt, so long as the baby didn't get killed."

The incident singularly suggests the heroine of one of Mrs. Mulock Craik's sweetest poems.

"I'm ill, I know"—she heeled a man— "But—here her look a queen might own— "But, ma'am, I saved the baby!"

On the same day, in Wilmington, Del., Representative Timothy E. Townsend, member of the Delaware legislature, was saved from the jattack of an infuriated bull by his twelve year old son, Frederick, who flashed a milk pail in such wise that it strongly reflected the sunlight in the eyes of the animal. Representative Townsend received slight injuries from which he will soon recover. Still another heroine of the eventful day is eleven years' old Mary Edick, of Grand-View-on-Hudson, who in water six feet deep, saved her ten year-old play-mate, Thomas Williams.

Two days later, we have three notable rescues by children. Joseph Chessman seeing the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Kirkstall, octogenarian at Brant Rock, Mass., beyond his depth and in danger of drowning, swam out and pulled him into a place of safety. The rescuer was most modest under the compliments lavished on him; feeling that he but did his duty as he saw it.

Esther Olin, a young girl saved a man and a boy from drowning in the St. Louis River, about two miles from Billings Park. Their boat had capsized; they could not swim; she realized their peril, and getting her own boat to the scene of danger, pulled them into it by a superhuman exertion of strength, just as they were about to sink for the last time.

At Pillager, Minn., a party of ladies, including Mrs. Nancy Dorsey, were bathing in Sylvan Lake. Harold J. Billings, a two-year-old son of the Mrs. Dorsey, was rowing in a boat. His mother unwittingly waded into a deep hole, and disappeared amid the shrieks of her friends, and but for her alert and courageous son, who grasped her by the hair and swam with her to shore, had certainly lost her life.

These heroic youth of real life are far more worthy of the consideration of our boys and girls than the heroes and heroines of sensational stories. They show the value of presence of mind, alert affection and unselfishness—qualities which all can cultivate. Boys and girls, be keen of eyes and steady of nerves, and ready to take great risks for the weak or the well beloved or the stranger in peril. Above all, keep the pure heart and the unclouded faith that, no matter what the risk, it may be true of you as of the knight of old:

stockings. One little girl stood first upon one foot and then upon the other, striving in that way to avoid the litter child of the pavement. At last a little boy, noticing her, cried: "Here, Jenny, stand on my cap!" And for the rest of the waiting time the lad remained bareheaded while Jenny's feet were comfortable. What was Sir Walter's fawning action compared to that?

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION. A NIGHT PRAYER. Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set; the day is dead. Thy Feast has led; My eyes are wet with tears unshed; I bow my head. Where shadows round me softly lay I bend my knee. And, like a homesick child, I pray, Start, to thee.

Dark! Dark! Dark! And, all the day, since white-robed, priest in farthest East, In dawn's first ray—began the Feast. Thy least, and last, and lowest child, I loaded on thee. And thou hast heard my words were wild; Didst thou think of me?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! The angels bright, As a dream of snow in love and light Flashed on thy sight; They throbbed 'round thee! Queen, I kneel afar— A shadow only dims the scene Where shines a star.

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, beyond the sky, Sweet, pure and high, The angels' song sweeps sounding by. And when such music filled thy ear, How could I hope that thou wouldst hear My far, faint moan?

Dark! Dark! Dark! And all day long, where angels stand, A countless throng from every land, With lifted hand, Winged hymns to thee, dim sorrow's vale In glad acclaim, How couldst thou hear my name lips wall Thy sweet, pure strain?

Dark! Dark! Dark! Alas! and no! Thou didst not hear, Nor bend thy ear. To pray at midnight, so dear; For hearts more dear, Hid me from hearing and from sight. This bright, Feast-day; Will hear me, Mother, if in its night I kneel and pray?

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set, the day is dead; Thy Feast has led; My eyes are wet with tears I shed. I bow my head. Angels alone hailed thee Queen All day; ah! to To-night what thou hast ever been— A mother to me.

Dark! Dark! Dark! Thy queenly crown in angels' sight, Is fair and bright; Ah! say it down, for oh! to night Is jeweled light. Shines on as the tender love-light shines, O Mother, mild, In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart shines For poor, lost child!

Dark! Dark! Dark! Scrope in hand, thou dost hold sway I don't mind; but, fair Queen! pray Lay it away. Let thy empire wave in the realms above Where angels are; But, Mother, fold in thine arms of love Thy child to me.

Dark! Dark! Dark! Mary! I call! Will hear the prayer My poor lips dare? Yes! by all a Queen most fair Crown, so pure, bear! But look on me with a mother's eyes From heaven's throne; My heart and soul, and all that I am, And what to me from the starry skies A mother's kiss!

Dark! Dark! Dark! The sun is set, the day is dead; Can she forget the sweet blood shed? The last words said; That evening—"Woman! behold thy Son!" Oh! priceless right, Of all His children, the last, least one, Is heard to-night.—FATHER RYAN

COUNTERACTING A DEADLY FOE.

Though we are often hindered from cooperating with our non-Catholic brethren in the temperance cause by a difference of method arising from their principle that drinking, or selling liquor is a sin per se we are delighted to see them making such strenuous efforts to create a public sentiment in favor of total abstinence, by showing the intemperance, and even persistent moderate drinking, is detrimental to the welfare of the country. Never have we seen this argument better sustained than in the special number of the Pioneer issued under date of June 8. Special addresses are made to the farmer, the merchant the manufacturer, showing them how the drinking customs of society injure their business. The young man is approached on his most vulnerable side, by reminding him of his desire to be "fit,"—English slang for being in fine physical condition and the words of King Edward's physician, Sir Frederick Treves, are quoted to him:

"There is a great desire on the part of all young men to be fit. A young man cannot possibly be fit if he takes alcohol. By no possibility can he want it. That anyone, young or healthy, should want alcohol is simply preposterous. They might just as well want strychnine. Thus the argument for the young man is: you want to be a man and you want to be fit. You cannot get fit on alcohol."

A page is devoted to "Railways and Rum," showing how the drinking man is gradually being shut out of the service of the great common carriers. Two pages are taken up with a speech of John Burns, M. P., in which he proves liquor to be the deadliest foe of the workingman. The pencil of Opper, greatest of all cartoonists has been enlisted for the occasion and the picture of the drunkard sitting on the grave of his ambition with tombstones to Love, Friendship, Hope, Health, and self respect all around him, will make an impression on many who would not read the argument of the President of the Local Government Board. The Dominion Alliance has our heartiest congratulations in the production of this special edition and we hope that our total abstinence societies will take advantage of the offer to supply the number at \$1.50 per hundred copies. The publisher is P. S. Spence, Toronto.—Antigonish Casket.

The infidel and the atheist look upon the God serving Christian as a creature burdened with a foolish fancy.

Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP. A PURE HARD SOAP. A GREAT FEAST. The Church celebrates on Wednesday the great feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven. There is a well founded tradition, writes Rev. A. A. Lambing, L. L. D., that it pleased God to bring all the Apostles together at Jerusalem, from their various distant missionary fields, except St. Thomas, at the time when the Mother of their divine Master was about to be called out of life, that they might again behold her loving countenance, hear her words of counsel and encouragement once more, and recommend themselves and the infant Church to her powerful care and intercession at the throne of her divine Son. A few writers have advanced the opinion, however, that they were assembled to elect a successor to the Apostle St. James, the first Bishop of Jerusalem. But who would venture to describe the death of the Mother of God? Holy writers have exhausted their powers in attempting to portray the closing hours of eminent servants of God; who would venture to describe Mary's? If the Palmist could say: "Precious in the sight of God is the death of His saints"; how infinitely more precious must be the death of the Mother of God and the Queen of Saints? Rather let us, however unworthy, silently kneel in spirit with the favored few who filled that little room where not a guardian angel only awaited to bear that precious soul to the foot of the eternal Throne, but where the Son of God Himself delighted to perform that pleasing task. And never did He, and never will He present to His Eternal Father such a trophy and triumph of His sacred humanity. Never had the vaults of heaven resounded with such hymns of praise as were heard when Mary came up from the valley of this world, leaning on the arm of her beloved; and never had earth been cheered with such hope.

Capital and Labor. Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, says that the rich employer, who regards labor as merely a commodity, is guilty of a grievous sin. Speaking at the banquet of the St. Xavier Alumni recently, he said: "He who denies to Mary in his employment a fair wage commits a crime that cries to Heaven for vengeance. It is a shame, a blot on the good name of our country, which boasts of brotherly love, that by legislation it fosters and protects those who live in beautiful places and feast on the fat of the land, while those in their employ are starving in poor tenement houses, eating the crumbs that fall from Dives' tables."

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A Fearful Case. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness. My case was a bad one. Doctor did not do me a particle of good, but Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me at once. I had been told that it was a medicine that would do all you claim for it. I used to have as many as seven fits a day, would fall just where I pleased, and sometimes cut my face so severely that my own folks would hardly know me. I had such headache and pains in my body that I often could not get from my bed. My friends thought I was on account of my sickness, but now I am able to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefits. BERT HOFF.

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Fabiola A Tale of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Paper, 30c.; Cloth, 60c., post-paid. Callista A Sketch of the Third Century. By Cardinal Neuman. Paper, 30c., post-paid. History of the Reformation in England and Ireland (In a series of letters) By William Cobbett. Price, 75c., post-paid. Catholic Record, LONDON, CANADA.

THE POPE'S CATECHISM. The catechism ordered by the Holy Father for the diocese of Rome and desired for the whole of Italy should be translated into the languages of every nation. The diversity of catechisms is a menace to the unity of faith. How can faith be one and catechisms be many? The word of expression of our faith ought to be the same in every land so that the word and the idea will be wedded perpetual oneness.

CATHOLIC INTERESTS.

What interests men always claims their attention, and to further them they generally make their best endeavors. Men's interests are in keeping with their predilections, which vary according to their character. The worldly-minded man has worldly interests; the spiritual-minded man places his interests in eternal things. "For where your treasure is," says Holy Writ, "there is your heart."

What are the interests that claim and should engage the Catholic mind? They are, first, the interest of God, and, secondly, those which respect man as a child of God, which both are ever guided by the holy Catholic Church. God has His interests, but they are largely in man's keeping. He has a right to be glorified in all things, but the things which He has placed under man's dominion must give their glory through man's co-operation. In this respect God, we may say, is to receive the glory of material things generally from man's proper use of them. The beauty of the fields is to inspire man's admiration, and their bounty is to be followed by his gratitude. Man's life and all things that sustain it and prolong it are to be the constant theme of his praise and thanksgiving.

Religion is the expression of man's homage to God for all that He is and does, and it is the highest of Catholic interest to see that the exercise of religion is free to all who desire to practice it. Fortunately in our country the law guarantees this freedom, and any violation of that constitutional right is speedily removed once it is made known to the civil authorities.

If there be any considerable number of Catholics without the advantages of their faith it can only be attributed to their own neglect to pay the necessary expense. With religious services wanting, all else is wanting for they are the seed of everything else Catholic in a community—as a decent church, comfortable rectory, convenient school and convent and all that pertains to their necessary equipment. These are all important Catholic interests, and it is for Catholics to provide themselves with them, and, once provided, to see that they are suitably maintained and perpetuated. For this some generosity must be shown, but when one remembers all the things they will accomplish for God's glory and the eternal salvation of souls, any sacrifice they entail will easily be yielded to.

There are many things growing out of these principal ones which concern Catholic interests, but they need not be more than alluded to as they invariably are forthcoming in due time when the chief things are well established. They are, for example, devotional societies, mutual beneficial societies, relief organizations and the like. All these should command the attention and co-operation of all Catholics wherever organized. In all that concerns the interests of the Church and her members all Catholics should take such part as lies in their power. Every one can and should do something. The old can encourage the young; they can show sympathy and give support if they can not actually take part. Every Catholic man and woman physically able should try by membership with others, regardless of class distinctions, to do something for God's glory and for the salvation of themselves and their brethren. God is the God of all, therefore He should be adored as far as possible in common by all. Heaven is the home of absolute of all who serve Him. Therefore, as far as can be, the Church and its societies should be availed of in common. "God is not a respecter of persons," Holy Writ declares, and men should try and adore and serve Him without giving way to human respect and the intimidation it prompts. We are all of the one great human family, and as such we should try and be a spiritual family as well.

Religion suffers, God's glory is dimmed, man's salvation is made more difficult by the class distinction which some Catholics of the wealthy and educated classes bring with them into the practice of their religion. In the fulfilling of civic duties all men are on an equality in this country. The poor man votes side by side with the rich, and with equal force; he sits in the jury as a peer with all his associates and has a voice in their deliberations and a vote in the decision as to the innocence or guilt of his fellowman. Why, then, should men wish to have distinctions made for them in the divine law, when they are not made in the human law? Catholics interests concern first God's glory, which should be the concern equally of all; they concern man's eternal welfare, which should be sacred to all in common.

Everyone works better when working with others united for the same end. This union in spiritual matters is most effective. It finds its best exemplification in the religious communities, for the good they do, and the work they accomplish is simply marvelous. All others must strive to have this spirit of union and co-operation if they would hope for anything like their results. But, while considering Catholic interests, we must not conclude that they concern the Catholic Church and Catholic people alone. God has made all men and died for all. He would save and sanctify all, and Catholics as we are, we must strive for the salvation of the whole human family, and it is a maxim that any man who would save his own soul must strive for the salvation of some other. It is by example that we can best accomplish this—the example of a good Catholic life. Let us give this example, first that we may glorify God, then save our souls, and we shall be helping to save the souls of our brethren. All this is comprised under the head of Catholic interests. Let Catholics be faithful to all it implies.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

More profession of a belief in Jesus Christ is not sufficient for salvation. Something in addition is required. What that something is Scripture points in the words: "Not those who cry Lord, Lord, shall be saved, but those who do the will of the Lord."

NEAR TO NATURE BUT FAR FROM GOD.

In a speech in Exeter Hall, London, the Rev. Dr. Crothers, impugning life and religion in America, said: "One of the serious problems in America today is the growing paganism of the country communities." And he said well. Is there anything in the world as lamentable as the utter ignorance of God by the non-Catholic American farmer who eats from the very palm of Providence? He is as barren of faith of any kind as is the burned stump in the clearing. His character is sordid—of the earth, earthly. The horse, the hog and the dog are his well-beloved, and his aspirations rise not above his companions. All this is the destroying work of heresy, the parent of utter infidelity. Heresy gave him the Bible, but he cannot or will not read, and if he reads he finds out, first of all, a text to justify his own indifference, apathy or infidelity. Americans are prone to laugh at the grasshoppers of Castle Garden or Ellis Island, yet with all their poverty they have hope for a purpose here and a destiny hereafter; but the poor American rustic is, indeed, a sorry character. He has not much and that little is hard earned, and he has no immortal longings to lift him to the skies before their gates close him in everlasting bliss. He has the Bible, but not the Church, and the saddest example of the utter uselessness of the Protestant's rule of faith is shown in the hard-headed honesty that despises the meeting house and lives with the crops. He is in too close touch with Nature not to feel, if he does not know, the falseness of Protestantism, and so he abandons himself to his own material phantasies and lives thoughtless and hopeless and heavy, and when he dies the corner of his farm has his solitary headstone.

How different in Catholic lands! The Angelus of Millet gives the picture of a poor countryman and his wife digging potatoes. Their feet are encased in the clods of poverty, but their sky is filled with hope and music for the sweetly pealing Angelus creates a gap in their hard work, and, consecrating it, makes their labor itself a prayer. All the charms of Nature bespeak the peace of faith, and thus they live their quiet lives with brows wet with honest sweat, with souls bedewed with grace, with hearts enriched with virtues' flowers, more fragrant and beautiful than the lilies of the field.

Take Protestantism to the country and it soon shows its incapacity. Keep it in the city, and of course a society, essentially hypocritical, deems it the respectable thing to go to church, and surrounding it with all the pomp and circumstance of the world's fashion, hides its worthlessness in glittering follies. The farmer is not a hypocrite; he asks of the earth a living, and the dull soil truthfully responds; he asks of Protestantism food for the mind and soul, and it has naught to give the starving to eat; and consequently he lives without a prayer, and dreams not of a heavenly purpose. He digs in the earth, until some other digs him into it, and then he believes in the grand end all.—Catholic Union and Times.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF DIVORCE.

The Catholic has no illusions on the questions of Divorce. The Church having definitely pronounced herself on the irrefragability absolute of the marriage tie, and held herself immutably bound by her pronouncement at all times in her history, Catholics are not obsessed by debatable theories as to the nature, good or bad, of divorce. For them it has, simply, no existence and consequently remains outside the sphere of argument or speculation.

So grave has it entered, however, into the life of the modern world, and so subversive is it of the very foundation of society—namely, the family—that no being who has the faintest glimmering of sociophilic interest in his nature, can withhold his attention from an evil, the grievous import of which strikes at the heart of the world's civilization, as surely as Atheism, of which it is, indeed, an unquestionable corollary. As a destroyer in the human fold, it is recognized by men of all conditions and creeds. The agnostic, irreverent as well as reverent, exerts his pen and voice even as the churchman and sociologist, to combat a common enemy. The atheist conceives that his destructive progress revolves the criterion of his unbelief, and, an believer though he be, he educates his children to a belief in the sanctity of the marriage bond. The atheist admits that its insolent growth provides an unanswerable argument for the existence of a canonical religion. On all sides, Palladium, the love of mankind—religion is not a material invader, and with a sure success.

M. Darkheim, a professor of the Sorbonne, writing in the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* (Paris), considers the question from the purely sociological point of view. Quoting Bertillon, the anthropometrical expert, that the number of suicides follows, in insignificant proportion, that of divorce, M. Darkheim emphasizes the fact, also quoted by Bertillon, that there is less suicide among the followers of the Catholic Church than in any other Church. As a general law, it may be laid down, on the basis of statistics, that where divorce is rare, suicide is also rare. Marriage, of itself, proves again, statistically, the strongest deterrent against the suicidal tendency in individuals, either male or female; it being shown that the number of suicides among married men, even when there are no children of the marriage, is once and a half less than among unmarried men. When there are children, the number becomes three times less. In the case of divorced women who are childless, suicides are much more frequent than among those who have children, the statistical proportion being as five to one. "It is certain then," he says, "that marriage, particularly on the male sex, exercises a moral influence which is of advantage to the individuals them-

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to belong to him, and one barrel of which had been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him to penal servitude for life in Siberia. Conformably to canonical rules, he was degraded from the priesthood before this sentence was carried out; and then his hair was cut off, and he was clad in convict apparel, and then incorporated in the chained gang of criminals who made their march to Siberia. Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the church of Orator, finding himself at the point of death, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he had done so in the hope of being able to marry his widow. After committing the crime he took the gun with which he had shot the unfortunate man, and hid it where, upon his suggestion, the police found it, and he ingeniously managed to direct suspicion on the priest. But the strangest part of his story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn by remorse, he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him, and he allowed things to proceed on their false course.

Thus the poor priest, Kobziowicz, knew well who was the genuine murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible charge. But this would have broken the seal of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo degradation and penal servitude for life, and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal. The confession of an organist was subsequently taken in regular legal form, and then the Government sent directions to have the priest sought out and set at liberty, his innocence being publicly proclaimed. But he was beyond the reach of human compensation, and had gone before a Tribunal where error is not admitted and where ample justice will have been done to his heroic virtue. He died without ever having let the slightest sign transpire of the real condition of things.

When children are born, the physiognomy of the marriage changes its aspect altogether. The married couple cease to exist for their own sakes; and their end in life henceforth transcends their own personalities. Each parent becomes at once a functionary of domestic society, obliged to perform all duties. They owe these duties to others besides themselves; and more to the others than to themselves; and should they shirk them, having once accepted clearly defined responsibilities in the contract by resorting to divorce, they are in exactly the same position as the contracting party who is guilty of breach of contract. Here, then, is shown the self-stultification of civil law which punishes severely the wilful breach of contract which may involve only two persons, but which lightly rescinds a contract in which the lives and happiness of numbers of others besides the principals are inextricably and involuntarily involved.

Sufficient account is not taken of the public demoralization which results from these legislative weaknesses. Such an abdication of the public conscience can only end by enervating the private conscience; and, from that on, the idea of divorce enters into the life of the nation as a mere matter of course.

It is consoling to note that M. Darkheim sees a universal revolution of feeling against wholesale divorce beginning to declare itself. Civil law, in his opinion, will have in the near future to cope with an evil which the majority of civilized human beings look upon with repugnance, and the effect of which, if it cannot, on results, be justified, in any important measure, by either utilitarian or moral motives.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE SECRET OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal. Blessington, Wicklow, Ireland, July 15, 1906. Dear Father Lambert—Some months ago I read in the Freeman an article about the secrets of the confessional where reference was made to a case in Russia. You regretted you had not the exact statement. I had it, but was unable to put my hand on it until today. I clipped it from the London Tablet some twenty years ago (March 6, 1886). Enclosed is the clipping.

Very truly yours, T. CURRAN, P. P.

THE SECRET OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

In the year 1853 the cathedral church of Zitimir, in Russian Volhynia was the scene of the most mournful of all Church ceremonies, the graduation of a priest. The church was filled to overflowing by persons who lamented aloud; the Bishop whose painful duty it was to perform the sad rite, Mgr. Borowski, could not restrain his grief, all the more because the priest who was subject to it was universally known and hitherto universally respected. His name was Kobziowicz, and he was Catholic priest at Oratow, in the Ukraine. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was greatly esteemed as a confessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The chief piece of evidence against him was a double-barrelled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved

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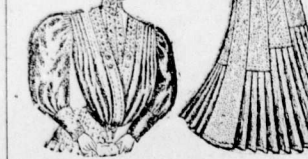
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