





fortably. "I do not love any one else for good or for evil," said he. "I love you," he replied. "I find myself for the first time in a position to marry. I desire to establish myself, to have a wife and a home. Your lovely and gifted daughter is the one woman I would choose. I reverence and adore her, we are congenial in our tastes, and she would have my undivided allegiance. I trust that in time she would learn to find her happiness and love in her husband, as I am confident of finding mine in her."

"They were approaching the busy streets now and both men stood still for a moment. Disider held out his hand to Doretto. "The world has not yet spoiled you," he said, "though it is trying its best to do so. Your wife will be a happy woman. I appreciate the compliment to my Catalina that you should choose her from among so many others, for it reports speaks true you have many opportunities of choosing far more favorably from a worldly point of view. I have told you what my strong feeling is in the matter—that it had best end here. It is not for her good at the present. We will let the future take care of itself." He glanced curiously at Adriano as he spoke, and saw that the latter was not expected. "I had not thought of this from you, but I had thought it possible of your friend."

"Not Choulex?" exclaimed Adriano.

"Perfectly," replied the other. "He has given me to understand, however, that he has a mother to support and two younger brothers to educate, and it will be many years before he is in a position to marry. But I wish him well. He is a fine, substantial fellow, with all his rough exterior."

Adriano returned homeward thoroughly out of sorts with the world and with himself. As usual, Choulex was at the piano. Adriano could not but reproach himself for his lack of observation. Here was Casimir, who cared more than he could for Catalina, and ought to have had the first chance. How blind and stupid and selfish he had been towards this dear, faithful friend!

"Adriano, come here and try this aria from the 'Queen of Sheba.'"

"I cannot sing," said Adriano, crossly. It jarred on his feelings that Casimir could think of operas at such a juncture.

"Just try it over to please me!"

"But it is a tenor aria!"

"I will transcribe it for you."

"That would ruin it. It needs the tenor timbre. Good heavens, man! Do you think I feel like singing at such a moment?" and Adriano gave the foot-stool an angry kick that sent it flying across the room. Then he fell to pacing the floor in irritable, gloomy silence. "One must feel well and free from care to sing."

Choulex played the noble aria softly, and began improvising in tender minor from the theme. The heart-weariness of the lover, who recognizes in the woman he loves the betrothed bride of his king, sighed through every harmony. Adriano was touched, his spirit grew quieter, and his eyes filled with tears. Was there ever anything so delicious, so soulful, as Casimir's divine touch?

Choulex wandered on, playing his heart out in exquisite modulations. Then he felt a pair of strong arms round his shoulders.

"Adriano! Let me go! You are a very bear for hugging, and my ribs are not made of iron."

"Christino! Casimiro, transcribe that just half a tone lower. It goes no higher than A, and I ought to be able at a pinch to take G sharp."

The willing accompanist bent his skillful fingers to the task. Adriano roused himself to his utmost and threw his whole imagination and sympathy and artistic resource into the heart-breaking song. Choulex could hardly play for emotion. His eyes were blinded with tears. Surely the world had never heard such singing—so manly, so thrillingly tender, so gloriously rich, so grandly sorrowful! Was there ever any one like Adriano—so gifted, so lovable, so loving? As the song ceased, Choulex threw his arms across the music-desk and bent his head over them.

Adriano stooped tenderly over him.

"Casimir," he whispered, "I suspect we have both of us had something to make our hearts feel a little despondent and lonely!"

Choulex straightened up and looked sadly into his face. Then the two men put their arms round one another and each held the other very close. And that was all the confidence that passed between them.

The moment of separation came at last, such moments must. Teodoro faced it with sullen desperation. It was all a terrible blank beyond a dull, hopeless blank, and no promises of future meeting brought him any consolation.

"It never can be the same," he predicted, gloomily.

For once in her life her tongue failed her, and Espiritu had nothing to say. She was suddenly dumb. It was too dreadful for words.

Madame Valorge and Adriano moved a little aside that the children might see each other all that was in their hearts without being overheard, but they simply stood and looked at each other in silent misery, the tall thin lad and the little plump fairy of a girl. The blue eyes met the brown, and there was no hope in either gaze.

"I trust I am doing right. I trust it is for the best," murmured Adriano, apologetically.

"I believe you are," responded Madame Valorge. "Life must go on, and we cannot retard everything to keep a little pain from our children, who are themselves passing on with the world. They will be stronger in the future for what seems so hard now."

"I hope so—I hope so," assented Adriano, and then he stepped towards the children. "We must go now, Teodi. Good-bye, dear, dearest, remember your big brother sometimes," and he stooped and kissed her cheeks, from which all the pretty pink color had fled. She was very, very white and still.

"Now say good-bye to Teodoro, and tell him, like the princess in the story, to ask some favor which you will grant,

wherein the Franciscans first settled). In faithful times there was "The Crown of Our Lady of Walsingham." The country-folk brought garlands, and crowned the noble statue over the gateway of the Abbey. Surely Heine's lines from "The Pilgrimage to Kerlaar" apply also to these pilgrims:

"The Mother of Christ at Kerlaar Is crowned and robed to day; To day she must succeed many, For many have come to pray. Many came either on crutches, Who since the dance have led; Many can play the viola, Who sing the notes before dead."

The fisher left his creel and asked the "Star of the Sea" to guide his little boat; the monarch prayed her to guide him safely through life's tempestuous sea.

Mothers in sandstone and rubble coats told small Hal and Joan of that Virgin, who was also our Ark; and in Mary's joy all rejoiced.

In that old world town of which I have already written stands a red sandstone building, with hooded windows and gabled roof.

I am sorry to say that Longfellow's lines in reference to the sometime house of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, apply to this house also:

"And this house is now an ale-house With a nicely sanded floor."

But it still bears its old title of "The Pilgrim's Rest."

In past times it was an hostel for pilgrims, and its oaken staircase has been trodden by hundreds of weary feet.

"Where are they now, those pilgrims? One, for the faithful, for weary ones rest."

Ah, let us hope that these old Maytime pilgrims have found the crown and the rest "that remaineth" in the House of Eternal Rest, have beheld the Mother of Jesus crowned with stars, have gazed on the Beatific Vision, and been satisfied!—Rosary Magazine.

**THE SAINT OF IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.**

Little is known in this country of the Augustinians, St. Rita, lately canonized in Rome; yet so important is her life that its details cannot fail to be interesting.

St. Rita was born in Rocca Porrena di Cascia, a small village in Umbria, in the year 1381, of respectable and pious, though not wealthy parents. The child was born when her parents were advanced in years, and came as an answer to their fervent prayers. In her childhood the girl was distinguished for gentleness and docility. She never could be induced to ornament her person as young girls liked to do, and she was allowed finally to dress as simple as the poorest peasant.

She took great delight in passing hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Obedience and charity were her characteristics. Her parents' wish was law, and she delighted to invent ways of helping the sick and the poor of her native village.

When eleven years old she felt strongly attracted to the contemplative life. Her parents refused to allow her to enter the Augustinian Convent near her home, as they had other designs for her. Their increasing infirmities compelled her to devote a good deal of time to them. With all humility and readiness she accepted the will of God, and stifled her longings for the cloister, not, however, renouncing her intention.

But praying for patience and resignation to wait the hour when God would enable her to follow her vocation. Alarmed by her persistence, her parents resolved upon her marriage, and chose for her husband a young man of good family and comfortable property called Ferdinand. The young girl yielded to her parents' wish, although the struggle was terrible. Her husband proved to be of a proud and very violent temper, and like most of his kind, he loved to quarrel. She was terrified by her husband's fiery temper and his unworldly and warlike spirit that prevailed in Italy paid little or no attention to his religion. He overwhelmed her with abuse and ill-usage. She accepted all with perfect submission, and by her gentleness and sweetness finally won his ill-temper, so that one day he threw himself upon his knees before her, imploring her forgiveness. Her gentle and forgiving nature had inherited their father's irascible temper; and it proved a continual anxiety to their holy mother.

Her biographers tell us that in spite of continual provocation she would never allow anyone to speak of her sufferings, but would change the subject quickly whenever the conversation drifted in that direction. After eighteen years of married life her husband was barbarously murdered by an old enemy, who took him unawares and unarmed. Rita sorrow at the death of her husband, dying without any religious consolation, was increased by the fury displayed by her sons, whose minds were filled with thoughts of revenge. Her entreaties proving vain, she finally besought the Lord to take her boys unto Himself, rather than allow them to commit the grave wrong they contemplated. Her prayer was answered; her two boys were seized with a very serious illness, and although tenderly and devotedly nursed by their mother, expired within a few days of each other, strengthened with the last Sacraments of the Church.

Freed from all obligations to the world, Rita sought entrance into religion, but three she was refused, since the nuns declared they never accepted widows. Her admission was finally brought about by means of a miracle. One night while Rita was praying she heard her name called, while some one knocked at the door. Seeing no one she returned to her prayers, when suddenly she was seized with a kind of ecstasy, during which she saw St. John the Baptist, St. Augustine and St. Nicholas. On their invitation she arose and followed one of them, who was no other than St. John the Baptist. She found herself supernaturally at the door of the monastery, which opened to receive her, and then instantly closed. When the nuns came down for Matins, they were astonished to find Rita in their chapel praying. Their astonishment was increased when she modestly and simply gave them the

account of her miraculous entrance. She was instantly clothed in the novice's habit. She was then thirty years old. In the convent she was distinguished by her great charity. She observed a religious silence in speaking of other people unless some good might be done by words of advice and warning. She was constant in her visits to the sick and sorrowful, doing all she could to strengthen the weak and console the afflicted. In order to try her, the Abbess one day ordered her to water daily a dead tree in the garden of the monastery. Rita obeyed without question, and the result of her obedience was shown in the recovery of the tree. She practiced extreme poverty and was allowed to exceed the other nuns in the austerity and rigor of her penances. The favorite subject of meditation with her was Our Lord's Passion. A sermon once preached to the nuns by a famous Franciscan on the Crowning with Thorns so greatly impressed her that she implored Our Lord to allow her to share in this particular suffering. Her prayer was heard, and she was allowed to wear a crown of the head of Our Saviour, before whose image she was at that moment kneeling, became suddenly detached and fastened itself so deeply in her forehead that she could not remove it. The wound became worse and gangrene set in, while the odor emanating from it compelled her to remain almost entirely in her cell and alone for fifteen years. When Pope Nicholas V. proclaimed the Jubilee in 1450 the Abbess refused permission for Rita to go with the nuns to make the Jubilee at Rome on account of the wound in her forehead. Another miracle then happened. At Rita's prayer all trace of the thorn has disappeared, rejoicing she was enabled to join her companions in their pious journey, which was undertaken on foot, and which she followed with joy in spite of her age. On her return to the monastery the wound reappeared and continued until her death. In 1453 she was seized with a fatal illness, and passed four years of continual suffering, which she bore with undiminished sweetness and patience, and even with joy, as conforming her more closely to the crucified Saviour. During her illness two miracles were performed, to the astonishment of those around her. She sent a lady visitor, who had come to her from her old home, to bring her a rose from her former garden. Although it was the month of January, although her friend thought that illness had affected her mind, yet curiosity brought her to the garden, and there she beheld a beautiful rose in full bloom, the other trees being covered with frost. She hastened back to Rita, who was full of joy and gratitude. Asked if she had any other commission, Rita replied that she would like her friend to go again into the garden and bring her a box of roses. The lady never hesitated this time, and going straight to the garden found two ripe figs, which, with great joy, she instantly took to Rita.

Three days before her death Rita had a vision of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, who announced that within three days her suffering in this world would be over and that she would enjoy the glories of Paradise. When dying Rita humbly asked the forgiveness of the nuns for the bad example she had given them and for all the trouble her long illness had caused them. The nuns through their tears implored her blessing, which she was compelled to give them, promising to recommend each one to Our Lady. She died May 20, 1457, in her 76th year, and the 4th of her religious profession.

Marvelous events followed her death. One Sister saw a vision of angels coming to her to Paradise. At the moment of her death the great bell of the monastery rang of itself. Her cell was filled with a wonder light, and the body itself not only showed a supernatural beauty, but the wounds of the thorn in the forehead was not only healed but emitted the most wonderful perfume, together with a special light. The body was publicly exposed in the Monastery Church, and a relative of hers, who was crippled with paralysis, was instantly cured by merely touching the flesh of the Saint. Endless miracles followed: the blind received their sight, the dumb the power of speech, the deaf that of hearing; and authentic proofs of all these miracles were obtained by the authorities and are preserved to this day. In a little book published by the press of the Propagation of the Faith of Rome, upwards of one hundred are recorded, of which thirty occurred in 1896. Rita's body remains incorruptible, and the sweetest odor has emanated from it whenever it has been canonically examined. Another wonderful fact in connection with the body is that although Rita died at the age of seventy-six her body possesses the beauty and youthful appearance of a girl twenty years old.

Urban VIII. declared her Blessed on the 16th of July, 1625.

**STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.**

We must confess to some sympathy with those of the gentler sex who have misused bright minds. The sphere of a woman's life being necessarily more limited than that of a man, she has not so wide a choice of occupation or amusement. This often causes women who are naturally capable of considerable mental exertion to use their powers in an inordinate and unnatural degree. They choose some peculiar occupation, into which they throw all their energy with such force that they become not only hard and masculine in manner, but eccentric and what is so thoroughly repulsive to a man, "strong minded." The reputation for strength of mind is no real compliment to a woman, for it is only another and more polite way of intimating that the strength is in the wrong direction. Her talents and energies being confined within narrow limits, the susceptibilities become blunted and deadened, interest in the passing events of life ceases, and we may look in vain for that inexpressible charm which throws so bright a halo round the presence of an accomplished and truly feminine woman. The members of the gentler sex, whose habits and tastes form a striking contrast to those of their sterner sisters, often, alas! fall into the opposite, though not less hurtful, extreme. Not being possessed of sufficient force of character to take up any really intellectual pursuit, and being easily influenced by any unusual excitement, they rest their hopes of happiness on such slight foundations that when these fall them, they have no power to rally. The vacant minded broods over trifles for sheer want of occupation; inaction produces a feeling of fatigue, which induces a desire for solitude; solitude soon gives way to melancholy, and a general weariness of existence makes the sufferer only too glad to embrace any chance of relief. Hence arise ill-assorted marriages, melancholia and divorce.—American Herald.

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But, because I am as yet weak in love and imperfect in virtue, therefore do I stand in need of being strengthened and comforted by thee. For this reason visit me in thy holy discipline.

Free me from evil passions and heal my mind of all disorderly affections; that being healed and well purified in my interior, I may become fit to love, courageous to suffer and constant to persevere.

Love is an excellent thing, a great good indeed; which alone makes light all that is burdensome, and equally bears all that is unequal.

For it carries a burden without being burdened; and it makes all that, which is bitter, sweet and savoury.

The love of Jesus is noble and generous, it spurs us on to do great things, and excites us to desire always that which is more perfect.

"We admonish those Catholics who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, that they seriously consider how vast and how great are the dangers and occasions of sin which surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be. Let them adopt, if they can, a more decent method of gaining a livelihood."—The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore

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ESPIRITU SANTO. BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER. This book will be held as a notable addition to literature—more than that, as a wholesome contribution to that which is pure and noble in the world of letters.—Baltimore Mirror, Price \$1.25.

**MAY-DAY IN OLD ENGLAND.**

A Story.

BY NORA EYLMAN

Once on a time, when I was a little child, I was passing through an old, old town at Maytime. It had been raining; the petals of the spring flowers on the pale, rath primroses, the stately arbutus, and the soldier-like tulips; on all the summer heralds, in fact.

The air of promise spanned the sky; the ancient, time-worn buildings looked what country folk term "freshened up."

All was fair and beautiful. One felt that "summer was a cumin," as Chaucer puts it.

Down the road came a moving mass of greenery, all decked with flowers and shaped like unto a beehive; round it danced men and women, twirling tambourines, singing May songs. It was "Jack o' the Green," with his courtiers, it was a bit of Old England, merry, Catholic, Tudor England, sandwiched as it were into modern life. When I think of this scene my thoughts go backwards, backwards.

I see the timbered houses, with tall May-poles in front of them; the rosy children carrying sticks of the wood, with nose-gays tied to them; the fire-places full of green bonfires; the churelles all fair with sweet woodland blossoms, and the statues of her who is Mother of the Creator crowned with the loveliest of the blossoms! . . . .

And I hear sweet voices singing hymns in honor of Mary; pilgrims carrying offerings to her shrines; young mothers naming new-born babies after her in great temples, sweet, cool, stately, dim . . . .

Let us for a moment leave the hurly-burly; let us imagine ourselves in that England in "which the 'O Salutaris' used to ring through the narrow streets.

It was in Maytime (if I remember rightly) that the Archbishop Thomas a Becket came back from banishment in France to his See of Canterbury, and made that famous triumphal progress to his own cathedral city.

The poor, the halt, the oppressed were glad to welcome him when Caesar hated! Lazarus greeted his blessing; Rizpah found consolation in his benign smile. Children strewed bluebells, primroses, cowslips before him.

The mule of the man before whom loomed martyrdom trod on flowers, and when he had witnessed a good confession and been raised to the altars which hundreds of pilgrims flocked to his shrine. Merchants and nobles, kings and princes, men from green and pleasant places, all had something to ask of the good St. Thomas. And numbers came in May, when the hedges were in leaf and the merle and mavis sang.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain and Harry Tudor came to it, side by side, in loving amity.

And the old chroniclers tell us, also, that he "went a-Maying with Queen Katharine." Even in the eyes of the non-Catholic, the pre-Reformation Henry, scholarly, kind, genial, the husband of one wife, kneeling before the shrine of the purest of Mothers, keeping innocent woodland feasts, must be a more noble figure than the post-Reformation Henry, the wine-bibbler, the lascivious, toying with wanton women, watching the smoke of martyrs' pyres.

There was no Maytime for Henry the Eighth after he left the Church; "only a horror of great darkness and of desolation."

One of the most famous shrines in England was that of Walsingham in East Anglia (that eastern sea-board

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

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Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor, and must reach London, not later than Tuesday morning. When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

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.

London, Saturday, May 10, 1902.

SPURIOUS PRAYERS.

We have on several occasions from time to time warned Catholic readers against the use of spurious prayers which make promises of extraordinary graces or favors from heaven to those who make use of them or recite them under certain conditions.

Our attention was recently called to one of these prayers which has been circulated somewhat widely among Catholics of this and other dioceses in Ontario under the designation of "The Most Efficacious Prayer to St. Joseph."

It appears evident on the face of the case that the purpose of this condition is to promote the sale of the leaflet for the profit of the person who had it printed.

- 1. A litany of the Blessed Virgin of Sorrows, said to have been composed by Pius VII. 2. A salutation to Mary the mother of Sorrows, written in imitation of the Hall Marys.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was established in Canada, the first branch being formed in Windsor, Ont.

A GREAT BENEFIT SOCIETY.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was established in Canada, the first branch being formed in Windsor, Ont. It was then, and for many years afterwards, affiliated with the American Association, Canada having a Grand Council the same as different States of the American union.

There are many prayer-books within reach of Catholics, which contain excellent devotions which are calculated to promote love for God, and to nourish piety, without having recourse to these unauthorized or condemned prayers which make ridiculous promises of graces or divine benefits for which there is no authority.

While treating of this subject we feel it incumbent on us also to warn our readers generally to pay no attention to circulars sent from a distance asking for contributions to charities or benevolent works for the truth of which it is impossible to have any guarantee or certainty.

At the Council of Sardica, the Pope's legate, Bishop Osius of Cordova, presided. This itself was an admission that the Pope's authority was real; and it is to be remarked that at this Council the proceedings were of a very different character from the modern

brated for the donors towards the charities indicated, there is good reason for a suspicion that a fraud is intended, for the Church is very particular in condemning every attempt to make the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass the basis of traffic.

In most parishes there are local good works to be promoted, and it is all that can be expected of most people, if they contribute toward the good works of their own parish or diocese, without looking abroad for objects of charity the authenticity of which is, to say the least, often very dubious.

It is a meritorious deed to assist the distressed in whatever part of the world they may be, but for the great majority of people there is certainly no obligation to look far away from home for objects of charity, whereas there are near at hand so many worthy ones as to require all the help which most people have the means to extend; for our Lord reminds us that we have the poor always with us.

By what right could a Bishop of Spain thus speak of exercising such authority over the patriarch of Alexandria? According to Rev. Mr. Farthing's theory that national Churches are independent, Osius must have greatly exceeded his authority.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

In the Woodstock Herald of April 26th we find a report of a sermon by the Rev. J. C. Farthing, the rector of the new St. Paul's Anglican church, in which that rev. gentleman undertakes to defend the sermon of Bishop Baldwin on which we made some remarks in our issue of 12th ult.

The Rev. Mr. Farthing's is professedly a reply to a sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Cook in St. Mary's church on the previous Sunday.

We have not before us any report of Father Cook's sermon, and it is not our purpose to deal here with any personal issue between the two gentlemen, but as Rev. Mr. Farthing makes a great flourish of trumpets we propose to show that he has failed completely to prove that the Bishops and clergy of the Church of England have valid priestly orders, and that this same Church is identical with the original Church of England established in that country, say in 183, in the reign of King Laicus, and later under the Saxon domination by St. Augustine in 597.

In our issue of three weeks ago we proved already at some length by the testimony of Venerable Bede, William of Malmesbury, and other ancient British historians and historical monuments, that the British Church of the second century and the Anglo-Saxon Church of the sixth were both established by missionaries from the Popes of their respective periods, namely, Eleutherus and Gregory the Great.

Both these Churches constantly recognized the authority of the Pope. We showed in our former article that British Bishops signed the acts of the Council of Arles in 314 which acknowledged the Pope's universal authority, and again British Bishops attended at and signed the acts of the Council of Sardica in 343, and of other Councils, showing that they belonged to the universal Church which was never made up of independent national Churches, as the Rev. Mr. Farthing asserts, but was from the beginning one Church under one visible head, the Pope, whose jurisdiction extended throughout all nations.

Bishop Baldwin himself admitted that the British Bishops assisted frequently at the Councils of the Church from that of Arles downward. This fact of itself proves that they belonged, not to an independent English Church, but to the universal Church over which the Rev. Mr. Farthing himself says in his sermon: "It is undoubtedly true that a primacy of honor was conceded to the Bishops of Rome."

We shall see from the quotations and references which will be given below that the primacy of the Popes was no empty honor, but consisted in a real authority which extended over the whole Church of God on earth.

At the Council of Sardica, the Pope's legate, Bishop Osius of Cordova, presided. This itself was an admission that the Pope's authority was real; and it is to be remarked that at this Council the proceedings were of a very different character from the modern

remark that the builder of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association is its present worthy Grand Secretary, Samuel R. Brown. From time to time he was ably assisted by some of the best minds in the country; but the active, earnest and constant work of Mr. Brown was the prime factor in establishing the Association upon a solid and enduring foundation.

There has not been for many years any excuse whatever for a Catholic joining benefit societies other than those recommended by the Church authorities. So far as security is concerned, we feel perfectly safe in stating that the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association stands on a firm basis. That the Catholic people of Canada may have full confidence in it we have put to print herewith the names of those gentlemen who have the direction of its affairs.

Spiritual Adviser—Archbishop O'Brien, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Chancellor—D. K. Fraser, Brockville, Ont. President—Hon. M. F. Hackett, Stanstead, Que. First Vice-President—Dr. L. J. Belliveau, Shediac, N. B. Second Vice-President—Bernard O'Connell, Dublin, Ont. Secretary—Samuel R. Brown, London, Ont. Treasurer—W. J. McKee, M. L. A., Windsor, Ont. Marshal—J. D. O'Leighan, Arthur, Ont. Guard—Jacob J. Weimer, Neustadt, Ont.

Rev. J. E. Cronin, Dunnville, Ont. J. A. Chisholm, Halifax, N. S.; Charles Dupont Hebert, Three Rivers, Que. P. J. O'Riordan, St. John, N. B.; J. J. Bohan, Kingston, Ont.

COMMITTEE ON LAWS. W. J. Boland, Toronto, Ont.; John A. Murphy, Cayuga, Ont.; J. A. Ramand, Joliette, Que.

FINANCE COMMITTEE. John Roman, Hamilton, Ont.; J. T. Halliday, Turton, N. S.; Hon. A. D. Richard, Dorchester, N. B.

APPOINTED OFFICERS. Superintending Medical Examiner—Edward Ryan, M. D., Kingston, Ont. Solicitor—Hon. F. R. Latchford, Ottawa, Ont. Assistant Secretary—J. E. H. Howison, London, Ont.

In the Woodstock Herald of April 26th we find a report of a sermon by the Rev. J. C. Farthing, the rector of the new St. Paul's Anglican church, in which that rev. gentleman undertakes to defend the sermon of Bishop Baldwin on which we made some remarks in our issue of 12th ult.

The Rev. Mr. Farthing's is professedly a reply to a sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Cook in St. Mary's church on the previous Sunday.

We have not before us any report of Father Cook's sermon, and it is not our purpose to deal here with any personal issue between the two gentlemen, but as Rev. Mr. Farthing makes a great flourish of trumpets we propose to show that he has failed completely to prove that the Bishops and clergy of the Church of England have valid priestly orders, and that this same Church is identical with the original Church of England established in that country, say in 183, in the reign of King Laicus, and later under the Saxon domination by St. Augustine in 597.

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abortive Pan-Anglican Councils which always have admitted that they had no authority to settle disputes which are tearing the very vitals of Anglicanism. The Presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury over these assemblies was indeed merely honorary, and no one dared even to propose to settle the controversy which is still raging between Ritualists and Kenites.

Precisely because Pan-Anglicanism is an agglomeration of independent national and provincial churches, its Councils have no authority to settle disputes whether on faith or discipline. But it was a very different matter with the one Church which Christ established and the Apostles governed.

From Acts xv we find that the Council of Jerusalem held by the Apostles had power to settle disputes, and did so, declaring that what they did was done by the authority of the Holy Ghost, for "it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than these necessary things." (verse 28.)

But the Council of Sardica, at which, be it remembered, British Bishops assisted, anathematized the Arians, and maintained the faith as it had been already propounded by that Council of Nice. At this Council, also, Osius, the Pope's legate, spoke as one whose authority was real, and not honorarily feigned.

By what right could a Bishop of Spain thus speak of exercising such authority over the patriarch of Alexandria? According to Rev. Mr. Farthing's theory that national Churches are independent, Osius must have greatly exceeded his authority.

With such facts before us, what are we to think of the Rev. Mr. Farthing's statements "that in early days the rights of national churches were recognized, and they were independent?"

We do not deny that in every country, so long as matters went smoothly, not only every national Church, but every provincial, and even every diocesan Church proceeded calmly in the conducting of its own affairs, just as they all do in the Catholic Church at the present day, but it is seen that in subjects of importance the authority of the Pope was always appealed to as the final tribunal to which all matters of great moment were referred.

In the face of numerous authorities of this kind, the Rev. Mr. Farthing states that the supreme authority of the Pope dates from after the year 850, and was based upon sixty forged documents. This is a gross misrepresentation of the case. It is true that some person, usually called Isidore Mercator, but whose identity is not known for a certainty, issued forged documents, which were supposed by many to be authentic. But the Pope's authority was fully recognized before these documents were issued, and therefore the Primacy of the Pope in no way depended upon them.

These false decretals were not the work of any Pope, nor were they issued by Papal authority; but their author was able to pass them off for a time as genuine, because they upheld the Pope's authority which existed already and was universally recognized, and thus it was comparatively easy to pass off as authentic forged documents which were quite in accord with the received and true teaching of the Church. All the forged decretals were, however, all forgeries. Many of them were authentic decrees of Popes and Councils, but ante-dated; but the Pope's authority over the whole Church neither began with these decretals nor did it depend upon them in any way. (See Encyclopedia Britannica: Canon Law.) In fact, these forged decretals were issued not in the interest of the Popes, but as a protection to Bishops against persecution by the civil authorities.

The Lutheran historian, Mosheim, in his Church history, admits that in the third century the chief authority in the Church was universal given to the Pope. (Mosheim's Church History, 3rd century.) Even the most extreme Protestants admit that in this period the Church possessed the pure and primitive faith as handed down from the Apostles. It was within the period of persecution when many millions of martyrs laid down their lives to attest their firm adhesion to the faith originally delivered to the saints—

through the Catholic Church, and we undertake to show that Rev. Mr. Farthing's proofs are defective at every point.

The Church of England under Henry VIII was at least schismatical, but under Edward VI. and Elizabeth I. it became heretical. In each case it was utterly cut off from the universal or Catholic Church, and from the ancient Church of England, which was part of the universal Church.

There is no authority either by Scripture or Tradition for the establishment of a new Church apart from the one Church which Christ established, commanding His Apostles to teach all nations, (St. Matt. xxviii, 19), and against those who create schisms or teach heresies the Apostle St. Paul pronounces the terrible anathema:

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CATHOLIC SOCIETIES' FEDERATION.

Many of the Catholic papers in England are out in advocacy of a federation of Catholic Societies similar to that which has been formed in the United States for the protection of Catholic interests in general. It is argued, not unreasonably, that such an Association as the Protestant Alliance is a constant danger to Catholics politically, and that fire is most effectively fought with fire. The resuscitation recently of an old penal law against the Jesuits, which was not repealed even at the time of Catholic Emancipation, has shown that there are swords in their scabbards which only await some one bold enough to draw them against Catholics, and the Catholics should be on the alert to meet their enemies at the first appearance of danger. This can be done only by union and association. One paper said not long since that "such an insult to the Catholics of England as the King's accession oath would not remain twenty-four hours on the statute books if there were an earnest federation of Catholic societies ever ready to battle for Catholic rights."

The above heading does not seem inappropriate, in view of the apathy which seems to prevail in too many quarters on the subject of the horrible anti-Catholic oath which our liege lord, King Edward, has been forced to take on his accession to the imperial throne. His majority has been already obliged to make a sworn declaration to the effect that the belief held by twelve millions of his subjects in the sacrifice of the Mass is idolatrous and superstitious and that their veneration of the Mother of God is the same. "Is it," we ask, "in the power of human language to describe the lengths and the breadth and the depth of the outrage on Catholic feeling contained in this diabolic declaration?"—a declaration made not by a mere politician soliciting the votes of ignorant bigots, but by the very head of the State!—made, too, not on an ordinary occasion, but on his very coming to the throne, and that not in Russia or China, but in the very heart of an Empire which depends largely for its freedom and its success in peace and war on these twelve millions of "superstitious" and "idolatrous" Catholics! Mark you, Catholic readers, you have been expressly singled out for this royal compliment! Glory in the thought! Turks, Jews and Kafirs, Hottentots and Red men, black men, brown men and yellow men, fire worshippers, sun worshippers and serpent worshippers, have all been passed over in silence. You vile Catholics have been made lower than the lowest, for you alone have been formally proclaimed as superstitious idolaters, and that by no lesser authority than your Sovereign! Of course it is our strong belief that King Edward's private sentiments are utterly averse to such a declaration. We believe that, and we know it; but that does not change the position. The declaration in all its revolting form has actually been made. The taking of such an oath two hundred years ago was of comparatively little moment, because when Catholics were exiled, imprisoned and gibbeted for their religion, it was only consistent that the Sovereign should declare them "superstitious idolaters." But we are now in the twentieth century, and for the past seventy-four years we have been deluding ourselves with the thought that Catholics in this Empire were at least equal before the law to the followers of Mohammed or to the men who worship wooden gods in the jungles of India. If we, poor benighted twelve millions of Catholics, in our "superstition" and "idolatry," did cherish such a delusion, the "Accession Oath" has set us right. We now know our position. Seriously, what would Daniel O'Connell say of this oath were he to live to-day? Would that we had an O'Connell to raise a protesting voice—to cry out, and cease not, until the Empire round rang with the enormity of this official survival of penal days—of this deep, dark cloud which comes over the sky to shade off and eclipse the glory of our beloved Sovereign's coronation. Let politicians say what they may about "tampering with the oath" and "securing Protestant succession," we have too much faith in our Sovereign to think that on his coronation day it will give him pleasure to remember that he has mounted the

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Speak Your Mind on the Subject of the Oath of Accession.

The above heading does not seem inappropriate, in view of the apathy which seems to prevail in too many quarters on the subject of the horrible anti-Catholic oath which our liege lord, King Edward, has been forced to take on his accession to the imperial throne. His majority has been already obliged to make a sworn declaration to the effect that the belief held by twelve millions of his subjects in the sacrifice of the Mass is idolatrous and superstitious and that their veneration of the Mother of God is the same. "Is it," we ask, "in the power of human language to describe the lengths and the breadth and the depth of the outrage on Catholic feeling contained in this diabolic declaration?"—a declaration made not by a mere politician soliciting the votes of ignorant bigots, but by the very head of the State!—made, too, not on an ordinary occasion, but on his very coming to the throne, and that not in Russia or China, but in the very heart of an Empire which depends largely for its freedom and its success in peace and war on these twelve millions of "superstitious" and "idolatrous" Catholics! Mark you, Catholic readers, you have been expressly singled out for this royal compliment! Glory in the thought! Turks, Jews and Kafirs, Hottentots and Red men, black men, brown men and yellow men, fire worshippers, sun worshippers and serpent worshippers, have all been passed over in silence. You vile Catholics have been made lower than the lowest, for you alone have been formally proclaimed as superstitious idolaters, and that by no lesser authority than your Sovereign! Of course it is our strong belief that King Edward's private sentiments are utterly averse to such a declaration. We believe that, and we know it; but that does not change the position. The declaration in all its revolting form has actually been made. The taking of such an oath two hundred years ago was of comparatively little moment, because when Catholics were exiled, imprisoned and gibbeted for their religion, it was only consistent that the Sovereign should declare them "superstitious idolaters." But we are now in the twentieth century, and for the past seventy-four years we have been deluding ourselves with the thought that Catholics in this Empire were at least equal before the law to the followers of Mohammed or to the men who worship wooden gods in the jungles of India. If we, poor benighted twelve millions of Catholics, in our "superstition" and "idolatry," did cherish such a delusion, the "Accession Oath" has set us right. We now know our position. Seriously, what would Daniel O'Connell say of this oath were he to live to-day? Would that we had an O'Connell to raise a protesting voice—to cry out, and cease not, until the Empire round rang with the enormity of this official survival of penal days—of this deep, dark cloud which comes over the sky to shade off and eclipse the glory of our beloved Sovereign's coronation. Let politicians say what they may about "tampering with the oath" and "securing Protestant succession

throne by trampling in the dust the honor and dignity of the Catholic religion. Viewed from every standpoint, the "Accession Oath" is a cruel misfortune. At one blow it almost shatters that grand system of liberty and toleration built up under the happy reign of Queen Victoria. It is a horrible rehabilitation of sixteenth century persecution. It opens a yawning gulf between the Sovereign and twelve millions of his subjects. Before that oath the Catholic stood forth a free man amongst the free: after that oath the vilest slave of the vilest breed on earth was not quite so vile—at least in the Sovereign's eyes—as he. Before the "Accession Oath" twelve millions of Catholics would have stood against the world in defence of the Empire; after the oath—well, what can you expect from "superstitious idolaters?" If we are "idolaters" and "superstitious," where is the guarantee for our loyalty? Possibly this enormity has been passed on us because we are only a minority? It is a trifling thing to alienate the affections of millions of people—who are only whitemen and Catholics! Then, too, our feelings may not be as sensitive to insult as those of our Indian, African and Asiatic fellow-subjects (black, brown and mahogany)—so that it may be safer to fling insult at us than at them? Again, we Catholics have been crushed so long, may not today have the spirit of such superior things as those above mentioned? Or, mayhap, the Empire has so many foreign friends just now, such as Germans, Frenchmen, Americans, Russians and Boers that it is a mere sport to make twelve millions of Catholic subjects discontented and "out of court." Or possibly, as a coronation festival should have its merit, why not make a laughing stock for the amusement of the world, and especially for the detestation of native Indian Princes, of our Canadian, English, Irish, Scotch, South African, Indian and Australian Catholics? These Catholic fellows are, like Tommy Atkins, all right when the "Trooper" is on the title or when the Modder River has to be crossed or when they are ordered to go to the front. Their blood is good enough to baptize South African soil, but on the Accession day it is only right and proper to extend them a royal and Imperial insult just to see if idolatrous slaves have enough British pluck to resent it! Such may have been the arguments of the politicians who refused to amend the oath. Surely they could have employed no other reasoning to arrive at such a conclusion! Why not have added to the oath the following clause:

"It is my royal opinion and solemn belief as a Protestant prince that each and every one of my twelve millions of Catholic subjects—babes, old women and Catholic peers included—should be well and truly horsewhipped at the hour of my coronation."

We would certainly respect Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury had they added that clause. Its grim humor would have relieved the accession oath of much of its cold brutality. And, there may be Catholics who would deem it an honor to be horsewhipped or dog-lashed on Coronation day. It would, at least, be a royal distinction. However, if any section of Catholics or any individual Catholics feel that they would be elevated by a few strokes of the royal lash they certainly get that elevation in the "Accession Oath." The lash they are scourged, not with rods, but with scorpions. Think over it again and again. Twelve millions of Catholics born and reared within this Empire—spreading its Dominions, building its institutions, paying its taxes and fighting its battles—formally and solemnly declared by the Sovereign to be superstitious idolaters and then God called on to witness the truth of this declaration. Well, may we ask: "ubiquum getium sumus? qui republicam habemus? In qua urbi vivimus? Well may we ask, too: Have we Canadian Catholics so bad degenerated from the spirit of our fathers as to let this monstrous oath go by unchallenged and unquestioned? "Better be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman." If indeed we have so far departed from the spirit of ancient days, when men fought and bled for Faith, then will it come to pass that through our stolid indifference, our stupid apathy, our craven cowardice, the name of God shall be blasphemed amongst the gentiles and the name of Catholic shall become a "hissing and a wagging of the head, from Dan to Beshalbeo: from the rising even unto the going down of the sun." God forbid, say we all, that this thing should be! Nor do we use this language as indicating that there is such a decadence of public spirit, such a falling off of common manhood amongst Catholics. The race has not upheld the faith for nineteen centuries in Roman Catacombs, on Eastern battlefields and on Irish hill-sides to be found wanting in days like ours. But we must speak strongly in order to show the need there is that Catholics spur up their flagging zeal if they would not see an indelible reproach left on Catholic honor. And the silent acquiescence in the oath of accession would be an indelible reproach. Let such silence, then, be anathema. Speech! protest! outspoken and indignance are now become matters of profound policy and sacred duty. But some one may say, "What if we provoke opposition and reaction amongst the Protestant majority?" To which we reply, "My dear objecting friend, the 'Protestant majority' will be simply delighted to see that you are man enough to call for your rights." But says the doubting yorser, "What about the 'bigots' the 'fanatics,' and 'extremists'?" Will not they take it ill if we protest too loudly? "Of course they will take it ill. In fact it is a cruel outrage on their feelings that latter day civilization does not allow them to turn us on gridirons. Sweet, playful creatures that they are! Well, then, in defending our Faith we must be careful not to ruffle their exquisite sensibilities. How would it be to make a public protest that rather than offend those dear, delightful 'bigots' we Catholics, to the number of twelve millions, were prepared

to pack our trunks and unostentatiously leave the Empire? Orit might be still more pleasing to the noble-souled bigots if were to stay in the Empire, but change our religion and become, well—Mahomedans. In that case the bigots and the negro princes and ourselves could all sit down in peace like brothers at the oration festival—whereas now, being superstitious idolaters, we have to hold our own in the present idolatrous and superstitious state of Catholics in the Empire we simply dare not appear before the king as the equals of Zulus, Maoris, Indians and Soudanese! The swarthy gentlemen would justly resent our impertinence. Seriously—when shall we Catholics learn that in standing up for a principle, and especially such a principle as that attacked in the accession oath, we must expect to evoke from Hades a full measure of opposition? But it is not the genius of the Catholic Church to fall back because there is a lion in the way and a lioness in the path. On she moves, treading down the very asp and basilisk. And if she pursues her course despite such dread opponents as lions, asps and basilisks, is she likely to be driven from the road because a few yelping curs bark and snap at her feet? Of course it grieves our feelings to call "bigots" and "fanatics" who insult the Blessed Sacrament, "yelping curs." So we immediately apologize—to the curs. Now if the Church moves on, despite every obstacle, is it not wearisome to note the cowardly attitude of too many Catholics even when great questions are at stake. Delay, compromise, silly fears, dullness, sloth—any cause at all—operating on them until the moment for action passes by, and it is too late to do what every one recognizes as the right action—when it becomes unfeasible to perform it. Precisely this is what is going on around us to-day. Thousands of Catholics have already protested against the "Accession Oath" and sent in their protest to the proper authorities in England. Prominent amongst those who have spoken out in Canada is Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax. All honor to him and to all Defenders of the Faith! But there are other thousands who have not protested. Well, why have they not done so? It will cost only a few sheets of paper, a couple of postage stamps, and about a half an hour of a public or semi-public meeting. It does not, then, involve any thing excessively heroic to make the move for a principle so sacred as that which the Accession oath has outraged. Upon then, Catholics of Canada, and to your posts. Hold your meetings quietly, but manfully. Send your protests to England. State the case boldly, and of course respectfully, and so doing you will have stricken a home blow for Faith and Freedom. To your tents, oh Israel! The pen in your case shall be mightier than the sword. But remember, now is the acceptable time; now is the time for action. The weeks are slipping by and June is Coronation month. From this till then let every mail that enters London bring to His Majesty a message of Catholic discontent at the foul blow struck at the very heart of Catholic faith by the oath of Accession, of which the devil was the author. Of course all this may not please our old friends the "bigots" "fanatics" and "entremitts" before referred to, but it will please ourselves—a much more important consideration. And it should please the "bigots" too, because it will give them the luxury of a new grievance against the Catholics. They will see in it a Jesuitical plot to restore the Stuarts, and there will be no end of protests and diatribes in anti-Roman papers. But all that will be of great physical benefit to the bigots aforesaid. It will give them an outlet for the pent-up passion of the last half century, and when they shall have exhausted themselves with base comparisons they can take breath and begin again. One thing is certain, the buzzing of insects shall not impede the chariot wheels of the Catholic cause. Now turn this question for a moment to another angle of the light. Suppose the Accession oath were so phrased as to declare that the Mahomedans of this Empire were, as in fact they are, the adherents and followers of a false prophet, what would likely follow? Rebellion would raise its head in Asia and Africa, and the Empire would be plunged into revolution. Catholics, of course, are safe in that respect, but the fact that we shall not take arms is a stronger reason for us sending our written protest until the Colonial office be literally deluged therewith. Let us remember that French Catholics were persecuted to-day because they had by their acquiescence allowed the worst elements to rule the country. Shall we allow the worst elements of bigotry and intolerance to rule our Empire and insult our religion? The will is not wanting to institute persecution, and the only thing that can save Catholic honor is Catholic unity, Catholic manhood, Catholic determination.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.  
A NON-CATHOLIC MISSION AT NEWCASTLE, N. B.

A novel experiment in the form of a non-Catholic Mission has been inaugurated at Newcastle, N. B.

The Rev. Pastor of the Mission has been for some time past contemplating such a Mission, feeling that if such are so very successful in the United States, they should also be fruitful in good result in our Maritime Provinces, where people—both Catholic and Protestant alike—are not wanting in the religious spirit, nor in that seriousness of mind which accepts conclusions when the premises are made evident. The Rev. Fathers Maurice and Pacifico, of the Capuchin Monastery, Restigouche, preached retreats at Newcastle and the successful mission of Douglstown, commencing on Palm Sunday at Newcastle. On Easter Sunday evening the Fathers commenced a similar work in the neighboring parish of Nelson, in charge of the Rev. Father Power. Having brought the Nelson Mission to a successful issue, Douglstown, in the Newcastle district, was taken up. The several

Retreats given are without a dissentient voice, pronounced the best ever held in these localities. The different congregations, toward the close of the Retreats, took the pledge of total abstinence, all being duly invested with the Temperance Button.

The Capuchin Fathers are deserving of all praise in the prosecution of a work evidently blessed by God. The seriousness with which the congregations set about the work, the pious demeanor of the people during the mission week, their assiduous attendance at every exercise were notable features of these retreats.

At the conclusion of the Douglstown Mission the Rev. Pastor announced at Newcastle that one of the Fathers would on Monday, the 19th April, commence a series of lectures on the distinctive features of Catholic teaching and bade the congregation invite their Protestant neighbors, for whom the Mission then opening, was intended. The evening lectures were preceded by the rosary and litany of the Blessed Virgin and followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The different Protestant denominations attended each evening in ever-increasing numbers, and by their respectful attitude and evident interest showed that the series of instructions so happily inaugurated were much appreciated by them.

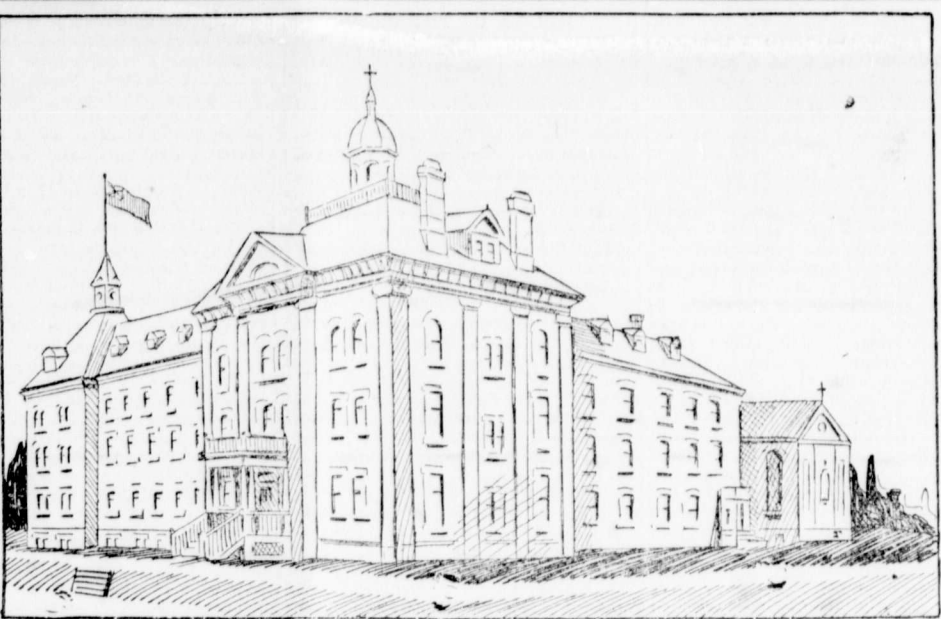
The Rev. Father Pacifico is a most interesting lecturer. Full of his subject, the audience follow him easily, willingly. They recognize in him a master-hand who is competent to teach, a fellow-creature in whom human sympathy is overflowing. His subjects were as follows: The Rule of Catholic Faith, the Constitution of the Church, the Sacrament of Penance, or Can Man Forgive Sins? The Blessed Sacrament, The Blessed Virgin, The Results of Life, The Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Question Box was a very important feature of the series, and was well patronized during the week. Indeed some of the questions remain yet to be answered, as questions were pouring in at all hours, so that some came too late for an answer. I give you some of the questions proposed—not all, as I fear the necessary space would, of a necessity, be denied.

"Must we believe that all outside the Catholic Church will be lost for all eternity?" "How are we to know when we are in the state of grace?" "Why and by whom was the Sabbath changed from Saturday to Sunday?" "Had the Church rival Popes at any particular time?" "Why is a Catholic allowed to drink soup, or use fat, although forbidden to eat meat?" "How could a stranger coming into the world distinguish the true Church from the Churches claiming to be true?" "Who was Luther's wife?" "Was John the Baptist the founder of the Baptist Church?" "Where is Purgatory?" and "What is the use of praying for a person after death, since as the Scriptures tell us, as the tree falls, so does it lie?" Did not the Bishops and the priests who seceded from the Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation in England, still retain the power to administer the Sacraments?" "As the first Pope and Bishop of Rome was a married man, why do not Popes, Bishops and priests marry?" "If the Roman Catholic Church is the only true Church, why is it not the same to-day as it was in the days of the early Christian Church, or why is service held in an unknown tongue? why saying of prayer-books? making the sign of the Cross, opening of purgatory? Infallibility of the Church, Infallibility of the Pope and other things crept in at different times?"

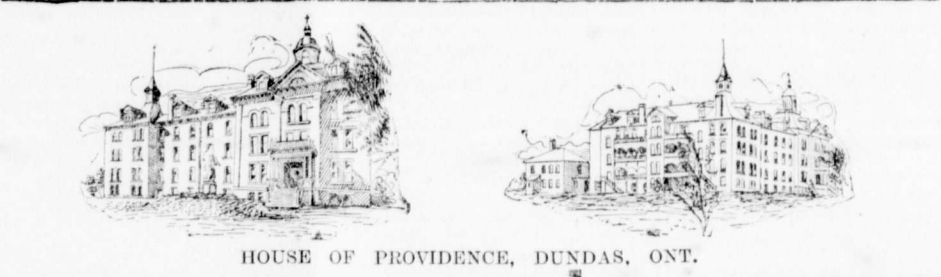
The answers to the questions, or a continuation of them, would occupy more space than your journal could afford. We must, therefore, bring this letter to a close.

At the close of the last lecture it was announced that once-a-week lectures on other distinctive features of Church teaching would be given by the Pastor, and that of them announcement would be made in due time.

The Non-Catholic Mission at Newcastle was a success, and shows that Protestants are anxious to acquaint themselves of Catholic teaching which when presented in an interesting manner, and without giving unnecessary offence, will find an appreciative audience.



HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, DUNDAS, ONT.



HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, DUNDAS, ONT.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART. General Intention for May 1902. CONFIDENCE IN OUR LADY.

At no time in the history of the Church have the shrines of Our Lady been so frequented and honored as they are to-day. Though Lourdes may be pre-eminent among them for the vast throng of pilgrims who congregate there, and for the marvellous evidences of her favor witnessed there almost daily, it should not make us overlook the thousands of shrines and sanctuaries still more venerable and quite as distinguished for the manifestations of piety and confidence of her clients.

Intelligent people who know no more than the externals of our religion, all admire, if they do not feel moved, to imitate this devotion to the Mother of God. They appreciate the spirit which prompts it, and its influence on our relations to Almighty God. They would blush to repeat the apprehension of an outworn prejudice that this recourse to Our Lady lessens our sense of dependence on God. They have learned to respect the religious celebrations in her honor by immigrants to our shores from sunnier climes, extravagant though they may seem to us. Statues of St. Mary the Virgin and churches erected under her patronage are no longer uncommon, at least among our Episcopalian friends. The madonnas of painters, truly Catholic in spirit, elicit the greatest admiration in our art galleries and the highest prices in our auction rooms. This change of sentiment cannot all be explained by the enlightenment or liberality of the age; the constancy of Catholic devotion has had much to do with it, but without a doubt Our Lady's own influence has been the chief factor in bringing it about.

Although Catholics do not depend on the attitude of non-Catholics towards Our Lady for their own devotion to her, still it is gratifying to witness this gradual but sure conversion of sentiment, and it is a noble and praiseworthy renewed interest our reasons for confidence in her intercession. It is, unfortunately, all too common to hear life-long Catholics say, and that without apparent regret, that they do not feel specially drawn towards the Blessed Virgin. Some converse, too, complain of this, but usually, unlike their fellow-Catholic defectives in this matter, they complain of it in terms of self-reproach. In Catholics from childhood, this lack of devotion might be explained by the readiness with which they take up everything recommended to them as a devotion, and thus distract their minds and dissipate their emotions so as to be unable to apply them to objects really worthy of devotion. Most of them, however, as all the converts who really lack devotion to Our Lady, could account for this by the fact either that they were not trained to cultivate it when young, or that in later life it was recommended to them in a way to repel rather than to attract their interest. Childlike confidence is the chief thing needed for devotion to Our Lady and this is not easy to acquire in later life without proper direction and diligence, or even in earlier years without a thorough religious training at home and at school. It is not enough to respect Mary as the Mother of Jesus, or to conceive a high regard for her sanctity and prerogatives. Confidence implies trust in the fidelity, belief in the power, and reliance on the readiness of another to help us by granting or obtaining what we need. Confidence in the mother of God implies a disposition to make known to her the most secret needs and wishes of our hearts, to invoke her aid, to obtain the favor of her powerful intercession. It is the highest expression of our filial love for her to whom we become sons by our brotherhood with Jesus Christ. She loves us with a tenderness no words can express, with a love that is not less for each one personally because our number is multiplied, and her love is so constant that neither time nor absence, nor our own indifference or ingratitude can turn her from us. She is all-powerful with Jesus God, "full of grace," worthy of every divine favor, and able to prove her love by obtaining for us His choicest gifts. It would be most ignoble in the sons and daughters of such a mother to limit their petitions to

personal needs. The Mother of Christ is Queen in His Kingdom, and exercises the queenly prerogative of intervening in its affairs. To her, Catholic tradition attributes the glorious distinction of crushing every error, by preserving the faithful from heretical tendencies, and by overcoming the hostility of all who assail true doctrine. It needs but a superficial knowledge of the history of Catholic theology to enable us to recall how time and again the fundamental dogmas of religion have been safeguarded by teachings and devotional practices which illustrate the dignity of the Virgin Mary. If to-day we have the singular distinction of believing in the divinity of Christ and in the Holy Trinity, it is due in great measure to the action of the Council of Ephesus in the devotion of the Rosary, and to the invocation of Christian Europe for her aid in the struggles against the Moslem. It is, therefore, a worthy proof of our confidence in her to invoke her for the great needs of the Church, and of those, particularly, whom we desire to have enter its fold.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, DUNDAS. Formally Dedicated and Opened—Arch-Bishops O'Connor and Gauthier and Bishops McEvay and Dowling Participate in the Ceremony.

The ceremony of dedicating the new House of Providence at Dundas took place at 10, Thursday, May 1st. The occasion was also the fifteenth anniversary of the consecration of His Lordship the Bishop. The blessing of the house and chapel was conducted by The Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto; Most Rev. C. H. Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston, and Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, D.D., Bishop of London. The Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung by Right Rev. T. Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton. Among the clergy from outside the city who assisted at the ceremony were: Right Rev. Mgr. Heenan, V. G., of Dundas; Very Rev. J. Keough, V. G., Paris; Very Rev. P. Ryan, C. S. B., Owen Sound; Venerable Archdeacon Laurier, Cayuga, Dean O'Connell, Mount Forest; Very Rev. O. Kenny, S. J., Guelph; Very Rev. W. Klopfen, C. R., Berlin; and Very Rev. Geo. Brohmann, St. Clements, Ont.

The House of Providence is built on beautiful rising ground in the southerly part of the town of Dundas. The buildings form three sides of a square; the top or main front shown in the accompanying cut, is 144 x 45, while the north and south wings are 128 feet and 120 by 40 feet, respectively, forming a large courtyard for light and ventilation, on the west. The buildings are classic in design, three stories, with a fine basement, and attic story. The basement is built of stone and the upper stories of Milton cream colored pressed brick with cut stone and terra cotta trimmings. The approach to the main entrance is finished with a handsome portico. The entire roofs are covered with slate and galvanized iron trimming, and finished with dormer windows and skylights to the attic and staircases. A handsome observatory surmounted by a coppered dome, lantern and cross, crowns the main roof and furnishes a magnificent view of the beautiful scenery surrounding the Dundas valley. There is also a bell-tower, with the flag staff on the south wing; the whole breaking the sky line and giving a fine effect. The buildings contain 160 rooms, including four large dining rooms and half a dozen dormitories, etc., some of them being very large, having a floor area of from 500 to 700 feet; all of the rooms are lofty, well lighted, heated and ventilated. The buildings will accommodate at least 350 inmates.

Wide corridors through the centre of all the wings on each floor divide the rooms and give ample air space for ventilation, and connecting with all stairs. There are situated at convenient places five ample staircases from basement to attic for the general use of the Sisters and the inmates. There is also provision made for an elevator, when the necessary funds can be obtained. The main entrance and rooms are finished in quarter-cut oak. The other portions of the building are finished in red and Georgia pine, filled and varnished. The floors throughout are of hard maple and well-oiled. In connection with the kitchen and serving rooms are two dumb waiters communicating with the upper stories and base-

ment, speaking tubes, etc. There are also at different places clothes chutes from attic to basement to facilitate the work. Great care has been taken in providing bath rooms and lavatories on each floor in the south and east wings. The plumbing throughout is of the latest and best sanitary style, and ample provision for ventilation has been made. The building throughout is supplied with hot and cold water to all baths, lavatories, sinks, etc., as required. The buildings are heated with the hot water system of direct and indirect heating and ventilation, five large boilers of the most approved pattern being used for the heating. Ample provision is also made for fire protection. There are five fire tanks located on the grounds convenient to the buildings, all the corridors of which are connected with the Dundas waterworks system. The water supply for general use in the buildings is furnished from a stream on the south side of the building, filtered and conveyed by pipes to a deep well, and which is pumped up to large tanks in the attic, from which it is distributed throughout the building as required. There are four brick cisterns for soft water from roofs to supply the laundry and kitchen. There are also two spring water wells in the court yard for culinary purposes.

In addition to ten corridors for the use of the Sisters and inmates, there are two large corridors fitted up and equipped for lady and gentlemen boarders of advanced age, who may wish for the quiet and retirement of an institution of this kind.

The chapel is entered from the main corridor in the north wing. The chapel, enlarged, is now 32x78 feet, remodelled, heated and painted, giving the whole a very nice appearance and finish. Below the chapel are large and airy rooms for the old men.

The laundry on the west side, and connected by a covered passageway with the south wing, is a two story brick building, 26x40 feet, with engine and boiler room and coal rooms and is fitted up with all the necessary up-to-date washing machines, extractor, man, etc., etc., and drying rooms. The laundry is supplied with a dumb waiter, hard and soft water. All the rooms and corridors of the various buildings are lighted by electricity. There is also a large and commodious barn 40x90 feet, built on the farm, with a stone basement fitted up for cattle and horses, stables, etc., etc., and drying rooms. The barn is fitted to receive farm produce, grain, storage room, etc. There is an ice house, and silo for ensilage in connection with the barn.

The cost of the institution proper is about \$61,000, but the expenditure for water supply, laundry and barn brings the total up to \$70,000. This amount the Sisters still owe in the vicinity of \$25,000. This work done shows that the money has been well and wisely expended, for the institution is one of the most complete and up-to-date of the kind in the country, and reflects credit not only on His Lordship the Bishop who has taken such an active and practical interest in it, but also on Architect Glossey and the other officials connected with the work.

ONE OF THOSE PRESENT.

THE WORK OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

And is the Church doing nothing, as we are often told? Is she an idle thing, here singing hymns in great cathedrals, there marching her thousands in great parades, and preaching to the masses, and preaching drearily to half-naked savages under tropic woods? Nothing more? If you believe this, see the work the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is doing. This is an organization of Catholic laymen, pledged to go into the homes of the sick, the poor, the friendless, the unfortunate, whenever the same may be found around the earth, and bringing not only food and clothes and shelter, but to utter words of cheer and counsel and sympathy to those in misery. Only God knows what scenes of squalor and woe and agony are beheld by the eyes of a Vincentian in his weary round—only God knows how his soul is drawn to the souls of her fellow-creatures, seeing the paths of their lives, it may be often amid blinding tears. Is not this society doing Christ's work? Is it not making the desolate and the shelterless feel that God has not deserted them?

But says someone, what people want is justice not charity. Let us grant this true. The Telegraph said this year and years ago. It shall believe it true as the years go by. But, while justice is being obtained, is it right to let little children and hopeless women starve? Justice is a beautiful creature, but often her coming is long delayed. While her feet loiter on the paths with rulers and lawmakers, Charity comes gently and leaves her pittance and speaks words of hope and goes her way silently. She is holier than justice and does more to draw heart together.

"Show us your works," said the infidels of France to holy Ozymand a century ago. Now the world sees his work—the work of Catholic laymen—all round the globe. In nobler labor no laymen can engage. Long ago has the taunt of the infidel been answered, and the answer is as effective to-day as it was yesterday. Let those who arraign her look at the work of uplift which the Church has been doing throughout all the centuries. Then let them show us their works. We gaze down the vista seeking them but where are they?—Catholic Telegraph.

Unselfishness.

There are three kinds of unselfishness—that which springs from a sense of duty, that which springs from a natural benevolence towards one's species, and that which springs from love. The first of these is a conscious unselfishness; the second is so in a less degree; but the third may be, and very often is, unconscious of itself altogether. None the less it needs to be dragged into the light now and then, and carefully examined, lest it, too, beautiful though it is, should degenerate then and there into something not very far removed from its opposite.

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CLXXXVII.

When once, out of conflicting elements in the early life of a nation, a certain equilibrium has been reached, a national habit of thought becomes settled, which it is afterwards almost impossible to render flexible to new facts, however essentially different.

Christianity, however, in this understanding, naturally, indeed unconsciously, meant Protestant Christianity. Hereditary habit hardly allowed to the few Roman Catholics so much as the Christian nation.

Dugald Stewart gives a ludicrous instance of the way in which habit may affect the power of generalization. The Sandwich Islanders could easily classify Captain Cook's pigs, goats and dogs, for they had all these themselves.

This brilliant generalization of the Sandwich Islanders seems a good deal like that by which American Protestants, still under the habit of an earlier time, after reckoning up some six or seven great Protestant denominations, make up an omnium quorum of odds and ends, into which they thrust Roman Catholics, as a somewhat singular and not very agreeable variety.

Yet I have known Protestants, and that, too, men of the kindest feelings towards the Catholics, who appeared hopelessly obtuse to this obvious distinction. I have in mind an editor of a religious paper, who was glad to receive from me rectifications of current errors about Catholicism as even the present editor of the Methodist Review.

However, we can hardly allow the plea of innocent unconsciousness and inevitable ineptitude of making distinctions to avail in any such measures when it comes to the question of the Indian schools. Certainly the Christian churches of this country did not imagine that President Grant was delivering an assault upon the separateness of Church and State when he asked the churches to help the government in civilizing, educating, and "christianizing" the Indians.

I differ profoundly from Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, theologically, in my view of Christian missions, of the Boer war, and no doubt of many other things. However, there are two qualities of prime importance which must be attributed to Colonel Higginson, a profound sense of justice, and, as its natural corollary, great carefulness in ascertaining facts.

It is really asking a little too much of our powers of belief to imagine that between General Grant's administration and now, we had all lapsed into oblivion of our essential principles, until both government and churches at last woke up to a sense of their temporary apostasy, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance, the government by withdrawing, the churches by renouncing, further public help.

The simplest explanation of a fact, when adequate, is the best. The Presbyterian minister cited by Colonel Higginson in his Review paper, has put the matter in its true light.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. FIVE-MINUTES SERMON. Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension. THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through confession and Communion, and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue!

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayers." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear?

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario. Rev. William Caven, D. D., Knox College, Rev. Father Teafy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.

As the Oil Rubs in, the Pain Rubs Out. Applied to the seat of a pain, the patient obtains relief by the skin absorbing the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains relief by the skin absorbing the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains relief by the skin absorbing the soothing liniment under brisk friction.

RELICS OF THE CROSS.

Curious Study in Religions Are Being Made.

Some genuine fact, as opposed to more fancy, regarding the total bulk of the relics of the True Cross may be of interest to our readers. Several works of great learning and research have been written upon the history of those sacred memorials of the Passion which form portion of the heirlooms of the older Christian churches.

One of the most interesting inquiries made by M. Robault de Fleury regards the shape and size of the cross on which the Saviour of the world suffered for the transgressions of mankind. It is impossible here to indicate the elaborate historical and other inquiries which led the author to conclude (with the number of Protestant authorities we have consulted) that the Saviour's Cross was the immissa or ordinary cross of Justinian which we call the Latin cross.

It only now remains to estimate the volume of existing relics of the cross to discover the fatuity of the statement that "there are enough pieces of the 'true cross' in the world to make 300 crosses of the size of the 'true cross'."

The estimate referred to in the New Zealand Guardian as to the bulk of the relics of the True Cross at present in the world is not a scientist. It will be found to be no estimate at all, but the mere off-hand and random guess or idle taunt of some polemical enthusiast who found loud talk easier and cheaper than patient investigation.

Liquor, Tobacco and Morphine Habits.

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M. 75 Yonge St., Toronto. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.

As the Oil Rubs in, the Pain Rubs Out. Applied to the seat of a pain, the patient obtains relief by the skin absorbing the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains relief by the skin absorbing the soothing liniment under brisk friction.

was 878,300 millimetres, or about sixty-two and one-third inches—the twenty-eighth part of a cubic foot.

"As to the size of individual relics: The largest at Mount Athos contains only about seven cubic inches of timber; others are as small as one-one hundred and fifty-sixth of an inch. The largest in Rome—at St. Peter's—has a total volume of only about 27 cubic inches, or the sixty-fourth part of a cubic foot; and the relic which is bestowed upon a Bishop as a special favor is of dimensions so microscopic that, according to M. de Fleury, it would take 60,000 to 70,000 of them to make up the bulk of a cubic inch.

There remains, then, unaccounted for after a most careful investigation, a quantity of more than six cubic feet, or exactly 10,787 cubic inches, out of the six and five-eighths feet or 11,448, cubic inches of the original Cross, which is very interestingly—what is very unlikely—that any relics of the first class have escaped the notice of M. de Fleury and \* \* \* even then the ordinary infinitesimal relics amounted in number to two or three millions, up and down the world, this would not account for more than one-tenth of the volume of the actual Cross.

HEART TROUBLE.

The Symptoms Often Misunderstood by the Sufferer. THE TROUBLE AT ALL TIMES AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS ONE—HOW TO PROMPTLY RELIEVE IT.

There are many forms of heart disease, some of which manifest themselves by symptoms which are misunderstood by the sufferer and ascribed to indigestion or some similar cause, when the heart is really affected. The slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Adelard Lavoie, St. Patrice, Que., bears strong testimony to the value of these pills in cases of heart trouble. He says: "For nearly three years I was greatly troubled with a weak heart and in constant fear that my end would come at any time.

Home dyeing is easy, safe, profitable and pleasant. If a woman may use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, she can dye her hair, eyebrows, and mustaches, and she can dye her hair, eyebrows, and mustaches, and she can dye her hair, eyebrows, and mustaches.

COCA AND CHOCOLATE.

THE BEST. TRY IT NEXT TIME. REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers.

STATUES FOR SALE. Statues of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, colored, 18 inches high. Very artistically made. Suitable for bedroom or parlor. Price one dollar each. Each to accompany the public is a guarantee that the pill has been produced which will fulfill every thing claimed for it.

Labatt's (LONDON) Awarded Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, N. Y. UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST OF BEVERAGES

THE Continuous Instalment Policy of the North American Life permits a man to practically probate his own will, and to protect any dependent as long as he or she lives. The money paid under such a policy can neither be squandered nor wasted.

The North American Life, 112-118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO. I would like to receive information regarding a Continuous Instalment Policy, issued to a man aged.....years, for a beneficiary aged.....years.

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla. It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health. Sixty-eight years trial have proved it to be the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.

Clear Healthy Skin. Wheat Marrow. The better health that comes from eating that new Cereal Breakfast Food, "Wheat Marrow," sends the blood coursing through the veins and makes a clear, healthy skin and complexion.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE. Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble to waste. In small and large bottles, from 4 Grocers. GUARANTEED PURE. 10c. Established 1859.

The LONDON MUTUAL Fire Insurance Co. of Canada. Head Office, LONDON, ONT. Authorized Capital, \$ 500,000. Subscribed Capital, 100,000. Business in Force over 50,000,000.

Dye! Home dyeing is easy, safe, profitable and pleasant. If a woman may use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, she can dye her hair, eyebrows, and mustaches, and she can dye her hair, eyebrows, and mustaches.

COCA AND CHOCOLATE. THE BEST. TRY IT NEXT TIME. REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is made by a Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians. It is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made, and all Leading Doctors in Canada will tell you so.

The Surest Remedy is Allen's Lung Balsam. It never fails to cure a SIMPLE COLD, HEAVY COLD, and all BRONCHIAL TROUBLES. Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c. Small or Trial Size 25c. Endorsed by all who have tried it.

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It is a bad ground, Beverly Hills. On rainy Sunday the shanties of the bridge went out train got away Denver flyer caught in a trap. Ben Buckley was braving on freight under Alex Cameron. Ben was a tall, gentle as a kid pinch-bars, yet for the Beverly green chum Cameron. An engineer on the ever saw them and chubby as around, half drooping bath-house, try Ben, who had the ing on him with ice-water. The of a prank all the June was usual. From the crop Japan teatons of China sent her fruits, winning cattle she ing came sheep, and all these n but in solid trawped. The was enough to I came a great Nebraska that our troubles s Every man, w one Missippi in California, and The passenger sources to the I was pu every day then breaking usually they a train-dispatched that before the best material w ley had not been when I called h him if he wante "Yes, sir, I'd you know I ha long, Mr. Reed "How long has service? "I spok without even l just how long I It was right "I'll probabl 77 this afternoo a rammer "But, sir, "Yes, sir." "But do yo your head on train on your Ben laughd Will there be a stock market fall? Beaver there I shall mark anyway, and so the flyer. Go punch from Ca you do, Buckle "No, sir; th "But, sir, "I could not atp mixed with th even in the ha that ever wor surprisingly h people with ward; his leg trousers decid feet; but I tu tion that in sp was something proved it. When the West in the at ra sleepers. In every o ventilators, ing engines ar swarmed out and down th from New Y from — as j handled—and girls sprinkl As the hea the hand pl handkerchiefs themselves h day, everybo I hoped, as I gine turn to chud could and their li For a week and the br worry. Half an ho the fast sto great snake Ben Buckley pine, stood o first train, a it. In the eve rains east of "out" of T over the di storming ha the time on his men out on that kind big engine train was down the lon tail. "Be was y down t pedoes. Th the tail-ligh ly seen. 24 ahead, Ben mud and rai the passen, fove them v full, and th swollen str At the fo sliding—a l sort of cu yards. TH



