

The Catholic Record.

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

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CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

It may not be necessary to warn the average reader against giving credence to the accounts of scandal in Italy or elsewhere. But the reiteration of nauseating reports of the misdoings of clerics may sojourn the unwary into believing there is a modicum of truth in them. We are not so blind as not to see a scandal, but we are averse to cackling over it in bizzard fashion. We have no stones to cast at anyone who stumbles, and we venture to say that the individuals who have, could, and with profit, reserve them for their own use. If we have any denunciatory epithets at our disposal we should not forget that charity begins at home, and remembering this we may not have any wrath to expend on our neighbors.

A CONTINENTAL CESS-POOL.

With regard to the "scandals" offered for the delectation of the public it is well to remember that they are hatched for the most part from the putrescent imaginations of those who are at war with all that is true and pure. That they direct their attacks against the Church is a sign that they look upon it as the embodiment of all to which they are opposed.

Deploring the lack of censorship of the press which exists on the continent, a writer in the Catholic World (Sept.) says that the excesses of the press abroad are almost incredible. It is a perfectly horrible sight to anyone believing in a God and a future state to see even the little children daily looking at, being permitted to read whatever garbage a certain set of atheistical and impure-minded men may choose to throw and strew around them. He advocates the formation of a Press Syndicate which shall have funds invested for the sole purpose of—whenever some strikingly obnoxious species of newspaper is making its way—there establishing a counter one, outbuying it, underselling it, stamping it out entirely.

Despite the character of a section of the continental press, some of our editors have no scruples in using reports of "scandals" which are either manufactured out of whole cloth or tinged with prejudice against the Church. And we have heard the editors of a non-Catholic weekly giving vent to slanders against the Religion of France in a way that was bewildering to believers in Christianity. The paper to which we refer owes an apology to its readers for its advocacy of the policy of the French Government with regard to religion.

OUR ENLIGHTENED AGE.

In this enlightened age, to quote the individuals who exude rhetoric in praise of the Carnegie library, it is discouraging to note that some of our scribes are in doubt as to the meaning of the New Syllabus. They talk about it, and around it weave phrases, and denounce it as if they were herating political opponents. They assume that it is a gross affront to human reason, and in expressing their approbation set in motion polemical machinery dear to 12th of July orators. To tell us that the Syllabus disavows the ablest Catholics, and by hampering the progress of science tends to weaken the Church, is but a revelation of ignorance of the subject. On these counts it is blameless. It is not a hindrance but a help. It charts the sea of modern opinion, pointing out the reefs which bode destruction to the faith. It cannot interfere with scientists or theologians who know their business. So long as the world does not run counter to the divine message of the Church it can go far afield in the domain of speculation without evoking a protest.

A WASTE OF TIME.

Words meant the opposition of the Church to science are futile. Her work is not with science. She is busied primarily with the things which are not of sight—with dogmas which are above reason. She has an answer to the questions which baffle the scientist. But she is not antagonistic to science. This is clear from her history. It is evident from the lives of men whose faith was not incompatible with scientific achievements. And as natural and supernatural truths are both derived from the Author of all truth, there cannot possibly be any real antagonism between them. A scientific hypothesis may conflict with

some of our dogmas, but this is always due to an imperfect observation of the facts or wrong deductions from them. Sometimes the scientific Charlatan fashions facts to suit his hypothesis. Again, the science of the day may give way to the clearer light of to-morrow; but supernatural truth is immutable, though new glimpses of its meaning and beauty may be given us. The Church is a spiritual organization founded for a supernatural end which is to guard and dispense to all men the revelation received from God.

WITHOUT POINT OR TRUTH.

The assertion that the Church disavows her ablest children is devoid of point and truth. It is pointless, because the Catholic, however gifted, who gives vent to dangerous opinions and heeds not the voice of authority is the victim of his own self-conceit. He is shattered by his own policy. And the assertion is without truth, because men whose names are not written in water or history have sat at the feet of the Church, happy and secure in the knowledge that she has the words of eternal life.

LOYALTY HIS WATCHWORD.

The abler a man is, the more humble and reverential he is. The more he knows, the more he discovers that he does not know. He looks up with awe at the starry heavens. He sees mysteries pressing daily upon him. His loyalty to the Church is stainless. He may have his opinions, but when the Church speaks he comes up to the salute, respectful and obedient. Hearing her he hears Christ—and the world's babble is meaningless.

A GOOD ANSWER.

To those who contend that it is an intelligence-crunching thing to submit one's reason in the matter of divine revelation, a writer, formerly a rationalist, but now a Catholic, says: "I believe the Catholic Church to be the messenger of God I have this advantage, that I have the knowledge of truths which you can never obtain by reason. How can that be determined to my intellect? Thousands of years ago man tried to build a tower which should reach to heaven, and the result was confusion of tongues. Babel is the symbol of the confusion which has attended similar efforts ever since. The only point in which the Rationalistic Babel becomes at all coherent is when it raises its voice in a multitude of discordant cries against the Church, and the message which came down from heaven."

THE "INDEPENDENT THINKERS."

We are not disposed to wax sentimental over the men who either do not believe in the existence of the world of spirit or fall back on a "I don't know." This attitude is not the fruit of independent thinking, but of no thinking, and, in some instances, of evil living. They think that they think, but they are recording machines for the thoughts of others. Their minds are littered with ideas and notions picked up here and there. And these notions are gleaned betimes from men who, like Haeckel, make up in cocksureness what they lack in argument. If they would not be so ignorant as to what the Church really teaches and give over the blind following of scientific charlatans, they would be in a condition to know something.

Another word. The pure of heart see God. A man mired in the slough of sensuality has no liking for heavenly things. He has no will but for matter. He may prate about his independence of thought, but the seat of his trouble is not in the mind but in the heart. Impurity disturbs his intellectual view. He is not clean, and any reason will be pressed into service to show that wallowing in filth is a fit occupation for a human being. It is a far cry from them to the Christians who know: "This is life everlasting to know thee, O Father, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

What can be done by Catholics who give their purses and hearts to the cause of Catholic education may be learned from our brethren of Antigonish. They are not wealthy, but they are as one in the belief that knowledge is power, and that the Catholic, imbued with the spirit of Christ, and equipped with the principles of true philosophy, is one of our needs. Hence they have a college that commands respect. What they have done we can do if we pay the price. If we put aside our captiousness, and forego for the moment the

amusement of praising non-Catholic institutions, and realize that a college cannot subsist on "hot air," we shall be in a position to do something.

We must have the educated layman if we mean to gain power and influence. To say that, owing to antipathies and prejudices, we cannot make our way, is to publish to the world that we are destitute of things that connote manhood. It is a proclamation of cowardice and degeneracy. It is not only unworthy of the descendants of those who wrested a home from the wilderness, and, despite obstacles, won elbow room, but it is also an excuse for indolence. They may whine about their rights: men do not whine about them—they get them. They may talk about the saints and sages of the past, forgetful of how little they strive to emulate them. Moreover, these men are dead. We have to do our own living. Indifference to higher education is to invite the bankruptcy of Catholicism as a social force.

"Laymen," says Archbishop Ireland, "are not scolded in confirmation to the end that they merely pay their pewrent. They must think, work, organize, read, speak, act as circumstances demand, ever anxious to serve the Church and to do good to their fellow-men. There is on the part of Catholic laymen too much dependence upon priests. Lay-action is to-day particularly needed in the Church. Laymen have in this age a special vocation."

THE RED PERIL.

We have, some of the papers tell us, a "yellow peril" in Canada. The Asiatics must not capture this country because of some reasons more or less valid and of others advanced by politicians who reflect the prejudices of their constituents. But we have also a "red peril" of which little is said in condemnation. We refer to the saloon, which is the personification of the vilest elements in our modern civilization. It is a greater menace to Canada than a hostile army from the East. It obeys no rules save those of expediency: it is a foe to every household and is the breeding ground of poverty, wretchedness and crime. Said Bishop Canavin, of Pittsburgh:

"The school question is important, but more money is wasted in intoxicating liquors than goes for education and religion. We hear much of Socialism, but Socialism in its worst forms and in its greatest extent has done little to destroy the religion of Christ in comparison with the devastation wrought among us by the vice of intemperance. Divorce has not claimed one victim from the Catholic Church nor destroyed one family for every thousand which intemperance has ruined in soul and body."

And we remember reading in a sermon by Father Morris, S. J., that "England would have been Catholic by this time but for the intemperance of Catholics." What about Canada?

THE ENCYCLICAL.

The full text of the Holy Father's latest Encyclical came to hand just as we were going to press. The late hour at which it was received made it impossible for us to place a translation of it before our readers in this issue. It is the longest official document issued from the Vatican since the accession of Pius X. to the Chair of Peter. Some estimate of its length may be made when it is stated that it would fill about thirty columns of the Freeman's Journal. The subject it deals with relate to questions affecting the very foundations of Christianity.

In refuting the doctrines of the self-styled "modernists," the Holy Father touches agnosticism, the doctrine of immanence, the origin of dogmas, the sources of religious certitude, religious experience and tradition, faith and science, immanence and symbolism, dogma and the sacraments, the Sacred Scriptures, the Church, the relations of Church and State, evolution, the arbitrary corruption of history, apologetics of the modernists, modernism as the rallying point for all heresies, the propagation of modernism, scholastic philosophy as the basis of sacred science, the duty of Bishops to exercise a strict supervision over books, periodicals and holding of congresses, the Church and scientific progress.

These headings show how extensive is the field covered by the latest Encyclical which is addressed to "All the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries who are at peace and in Communion with the Apostolic See."—New York Freeman's Journal.

Whoever has direction of souls should deal with them as God and the angels do—with admonitions, suggestions, entreaties, and with all patience and doctrine." He must knock at the door of the heart like the Spouse, and try gently to open it, if he must introduce salvation with gladness; but if a refusal comes, he should bear it patiently. It is thus that Our Lord acts.—St. Francis de Sales.

A NEED OF THE DAY.

MEN OF STABILITY AND VIRTUE.
By Bishop Conroy.

It is the mission of the priest professionally to explain and defend religion, but the layman who is a good scientist, a good lawyer, a good doctor, a good business man, has the world for his pupil where in his life work he is ever showing forth the harmony between all forms of knowledge and religion. Sound philosophy is the source of all true knowledge. It determines the truth of things in the uncertainty of opinions, in the contradiction of views upon the most important and vital questions. We need the light of God to guide us, we need the revelation of God to determine for us the solution of life's problems. We may exalt science to the highest, yet it never reaches beyond the natural and the natural can never be fully known except by the light of the supernatural. Religion is needed in the life of the most noted scholar as it is needed in the university as well as in the preparatory school. In fact to some extent it is needed more in the high school, for the simple reason that the dangerous principles are more likely to present themselves in advanced study.

The collegian who has had his mind trained under the illumination of the Divine Faith of the Catholic Church has received a blessing for which he can never be sufficiently grateful. It is a blessing which bears with it a responsibility, for his college education calls him into fields of intellectual and social endeavor into which he might not otherwise be competent to enter. His college training fits him to be a leader in the morals of the people as well as in the ordinary lines of business in which he finds himself. He should be an influence for good along the lines of the higher truths. His character formed in school and college under religious training should be the character that the world needs to-day to save it from its threatened dangers—the character of a man of faith, a man of virtue, because a man of knowledge and supernatural truth. The world needs to-day men who have the courage of their convictions, especially those who have the courage to be virtuous and to stand for the right things of the mind and heart, and who are unwilling to divorce private from public morality, who recognize that the fountain of true citizenship is in the unyielding morality of the individual.

THE ROSARY.

As the month of October is the month of the Rosary, a few words on the devotion is timely. The rosary of the beads, as it is most commonly called, is the best of prayers, for it combines meditation and vocal prayer. It is so simple that even the little child or most untutored person can easily learn it, and yet so sublime that no one can find any better form, contemplating as it does the chief mysteries of our religion. The rosary has come directly from the hands of the Blessed Virgin, for it is of pious belief that she herself gave it to St. Dominic in the time of the Albigensian heresy, and taught him the way to recite it. It is called the "Patron of Mary," because the one hundred and fifty Hail Marys that make up with the Creed and the Our Fathers, the full three parts of the rosary, are like the one hundred and fifty psalms of David. It is called the rosary, for it is like so many roses which we lay at the feet of the Queen of Heaven. Like the perfume of the roses, the prayers of the rosary ascend to heaven and is the delight of the whole heavenly court; and they leave their scent after them, in the odor of sanctity they give to the soul using that form of prayer.

There are some who affect to despise this prayer because of its simplicity but its very simplicity is its highest claim to sublimity. It is universal in its application and hence its greatness in supplying the needs of all. It is easy of grasp to the simple and unlettered and yet so profound and far-reaching as to be worthy the admiration and use of the most learned. All good souls in and out of religion make the rosary a daily prayer. The amiable St. Francis de Sales, notwithstanding his great episcopal cares, vowed to say it daily, and no one can pretend to a real holy life without this daily habit.

October is the month of the angels as well as the month of the holy rosary. It begins with devotion to the angels guardian, those heavenly spirits who watch so faithfully over each and every soul; but its daily important devotions are signalled by the feast of the Holy Rosary on the first Sunday of the month, which, with the prescribed daily recitation of the rosary, makes it far excel the month of the Holy Rosary.

Prayer to God, which is so sweet and consoling, is doubly sweet and tender when addressed to Him through the medium of the Blessed Virgin. The rosary is the most effective way of praying to her. Well is it called the rosary, since it is fragrant like the roses and just as loving in its significance. We cannot forget the mother's love she gives us and we wish to love her in return. Nor should we forget her power. It is this that bids us not only love and honor her for her goodness and worth, but likewise pray to her on account of our helplessness and our want. Thus the words of holy Church: "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death." This is the refrain of the Hail Mary or angelical salutation, and it is this that is used over and over again in the rosary. It is the old tale of love and the

cry of distress alternating, and our heavenly queen receives our love and hears our call, and from the treasury of God's graces showers upon us countless blessings. All through October let our prayers reach up to God's throne through Mary, the Mother of God, and favors will be returned in abundance.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

DR. CAMPBELL'S NEW CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

The Protestant world is discussing at the present moment the Rev. Mr. Campbell's "New Theology," which asks for nothing less than a complete revision of the Christian doctrine.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell, it may be well to state, succeeded the Rev. Doctor Parker of the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct, London, on the death of the well-known preacher.

The nomination or "call" of this young, Oxford-bred, nonconformist minister—he is now but forty—to so important a pulpit as that occupied for many years by Doctor Parker, caused much uttering in the nonconformist circles of Great Britain. At least a score of experienced ministers expected to receive the appointment, and the nomination of the present incumbent was the cause of more private heartburnings and journalistic acrimony than had heretofore been heard of in London church circles.

Some said that the newly chosen was of ambiguous orthodoxy—of English nonconformity he could be said to possess orthodox views about anything; others said that his appointment was due more to bouddoir influence (if English nonconformity can be said to be so mundane as to boast bouddois) than to his own intrinsic merit or ability; and all the disappointed ministers who had been passed over, agreed that the chosen one was far too young and didn't possess in sufficient measure that general air of metuous provincialism that invariably characterizes the English nonconformist, to make his selection justifiable.

Soon, however, the doctor became a force that filled his temple to overflowing and among the preachers of the English metropolis he became a well known figure. Men and women were always, however, questioning his orthodoxy, and it has yet to be shown that the publication of his new views may not have rendered him a most unpleasant, if not actually impossible person to his very influential congregation.

That ablest of writers, Dr. J. J. O'Shea, in a contribution to the American Catholic Quarterly Review (Philadelphia), tells us very succinctly what Dr. Campbell's views really are. The "New Theology," he says, disclaims pantheism; but the disclaimer is useless. Mr. Campbell cannot place limitations on logical inference, no more than he can sweep away limitations, and then try to establish others. The doctrine he preaches as to sin and its punishment, sweeps away the whole Christian system resting on the doctrine of atonement. * * * Heaven and hell, says Mr. Campbell, are states of the soul; everlasting punishment is impossible; the true resurrection (the only) is spiritual not material; when a guilty soul awakens to the truth, hell begins.

As Mr. O'Shea points out, these theories are really very, very old. In one form or other they go back to Luther, were touched upon by Spinoza, the greatest of all Pantheists, were ethically enunciated by Bishop Berkeley and finally propounded anew by Renan.

Nevertheless the Protestant world is being much influenced by the new work, and nothing published since the days of Cardinal Newman has had so great a vogue in church circles. Nevertheless the Anglican newspapers affect to make light of the new work. The London Morning Post, the organ of the Church and State party, declares that it is impossible to take the book seriously and that there is not enough brain work behind it to make it of the least value to philosophical discussion. Still, twenty thousand copies of the "New Theology" were sold within ten days of its publication.

Everybody is discussing it in England, says Mr. O'Shea, including railway porters, salesmen, even cattle-dealers. Again, says the reviewer in a pregnant passage: "There is nothing more striking in the moral phenomena of our age than the avidity with which the unreasoning world—the man in the street—snatches at novelties in the sphere of religion and particularly at such new ideas as tend to lessen its obligations as to practical fulfillment and conscientious satisfaction. The argument from conscience once removed, all restraint must be cast to the winds by the many. Fear of future punishment vanishes in the contemplation of a dainty who looks with equal complacency on sin and holiness."

Mahomet, Dowle and Mrs. Eddy have demonstrated that the most successful theology is that which teaches that the "easiest way is the best way."

There is no essential difference between the Hedonism of Aristippus and this modern Theology as propounded by Doctor Campbell.

Human nature, says the reviewer, divested of responsibility before God, irresistibly inclines toward unlawful pleasure and the desire of gain. The gratification of sensuality is looked upon as a mere to-be. * * * To maintain (as Doctor Campbell virtually does) that sin is part and parcel of the agencies by means of which the Lord of Holiness works out His mighty will, is to maintain that two things

mutually destructive can meet and mingle in safety—to maintain that wisdom and madness, love and hatred, purity and lewdness are indistinguishable.

And it is precisely this ridiculous sort of proposition which the new school of homiletics has been started to maintain.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Brother Dominic, provincial of the Xaverian Brothers in America, died suddenly of apoplexy last Saturday at St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore.

Catholic population in Prussia is 35 per cent of the total; the Protestants have fallen from 65 per cent in 1837 to 32 per cent in 1905. In Berlin there are 228,984 Catholics.

The sister of the President of the Republic of Peru, Signorina Pardo y Burrea, has entered the novitiate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Madrid.

The Sacred Heart Academy of Boston has reopened in its new quarters in the Back Bay district. This is one of the most eligible of the residential districts, and is close to Boston's great art and literary centers.

It is announced that the Rev. John Eveleigh Woodruff, formerly curate at St. John's Anglican church, Gainsborough, England, was received into the Catholic Church at Folkestone, by Mgr. Coates. He received Anglican Orders in 1904.

Saturday last, in the chapel of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Rev. J. J. Plantevigne, the third Negro priest sent from that institution and the fifth member of the colored race raised to the sacred ministry in the United States, was ordained by Right Rev. A. A. Curtis, D. D.

Dr. Daniel Murphy, Catholic Archbishop of Hobart, Tasmania (says the Daily Chronicle), and the oldest working prelate in Christendom, has entered on his ninety-third year—in good health and spirits. Sir Robert Stratford, the Governor of Tasmania, and a representative copulation visited the venerable prelate to tender congratulations and good wishes.

The Schweizer Kirchen Zeitung publishes some striking statistics of Catholic progress in Switzerland. In 1800 there were 400,000 Catholics in the country. To-day there are 1,400,000. This is an increase of about 10,000 a year. While part of it is due to immigration from Italy and Alsace-Lorraine, the greater part is due to conversions from Protestantism.

The Oblate Fathers of the Buffalo province are about to establish a headquarters at Duck Creek, four miles from a Green Bay, Wis., which will govern the territory west of Buffalo. Bishop Fox has given his consent to the monks to found a monastery at that place. Rev. Jerome Diss will be at the head of the monastery and his assistants will be Father Duffy and Father Kawecki. There will be a mission established at Batley's Harbor and Father Nolin will be placed at the head of it.

It is proposed to form a great international association among Catholics for promoting science in all its branches and to enlist in it not only Catholic men of science, but all Catholics who take any interest in the promotion of science. The new association is to be under the direction of Cardinals Rampold, Mercier and Math, each of them eminently distinguished in his own branch of study. Rampold, in History; Mercier, in Philosophy, and Math in Mathematics.

A writer in a Southern paper mentions the interesting fact that the four patriotic songs of the South were written by Irishmen or men of Irish descent. Dixie was the work of Dan Emmett. The Bonnie Blue Flag was written by Harry McCarthy, and the Conquered Banner by Father Ryan, while Maryland, My Maryland is the work of James Ryder Randall, who says that on his father's side he is of Irish descent.

By the death of Archbishop Williams Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, becomes the dean of the American hierarchy, he being seventy-six years of age. Cardinal Gibbons is seventy-three, and next in point of years is His Grace of St. Paul, Archbishop Ireland, who is seventy. Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, is sixty-eight, and Archbishop Farley, of New York, and Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, are sixty-five.

Of 80,000 Catholics in the diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, 45,000 are Highland exiles or their descendants, 20,000 are French and 15,000 Irish. There are sixty Gaelic-speaking priests of whom the doyen is Bishop Cameron. A wonderful old man he is, who has himself seen Popes Gregory XVI., Pius IX., Leo XIII. and Pius X. Besides the sixty priests there are about fifty Gaelic-speaking nuns in the diocese, who are chiefly engaged in the schools.

Rev. Bishop Danne dedicated a church last Sunday in the little town of Brownwood, Tex., of which Rev. P. J. Cusick is pastor. Father Cusick attributes the credit for the erection of the church to Father Lambert, of the Freeman's Journal, who devoted a special editorial to Father Cusick's case in response to the latter's appeal for aid in replacing the little church that had been destroyed by fire and could never be rebuilt unless through some such extraordinary aid as was secured through Father Lambert's kindly interest.

LUKE DELMEGE.

BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY NEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: A STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A GREAT TREASURE.

Luke did not remain long with the quaint pastor, who was also a saint. This latter fact Luke took a long time to realize, although he had the Bishop's word for it. He could not quite understand how the aureole of sanctity hung around that old man, who apparently did nothing but examine his hay and turnips and varied his visits to the barn and haggard by strolling down to the front gate to get a chance conversation with a passing parishioner.

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charged his duties with precision, and turned to depart.

"Your reverence?" "Can I do anything for you?" "I want you to say a word to rise me heart for me long journey, your reverence."

"To be sure," said Luke, who then and there gave a long dissertation on immortality, chiefly culled from the *Phaedo*.

"Your reverence, I don't understand word of what you're saying; but I suppose you mean well. Will the Man above have anything agin me in His books?"

This dread simile, prompted by experiences of the agent's office, shocked Luke.

"I'm sure," he said, "Almighty God has pardoned you. You have made a good confession; and your life has been a holy and pure one."

"And did your reverence give me a clear restate?" asked the old man. Here was the agent's office again.

"I've given you absolution, my poor man," said Luke. "You must know that God has pardoned you all."

"Thanks, your reverence," said the old man, relapsing into silence. Luke said Mass reluctantly. In the house when the old man had died. He hated the thought of saying Mass under the poor and even sordid circumstances of these country houses.

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and wrote a long, kind, firm letter, which made a deep impression on his young friend. The closing sentence was a strong recommendation to be his adjustments, and even its stratagems, from time to time.

It was a happy change in more senses than one. The moment the people had won the victory, they relented. They were really sorry for their young priest. Several assured him that it was "only a parcel of blarney, who was a good for king or country," that had caused all the row. Luke said nothing; but left, a mortified, humbled man. He knew well that although he had maintained a great principle, it had left a stain on his character forever.

He was promoted, however, and this time to a pretty village, hidden away in a wilderness of forest and clean pretty hamlet, with roses and woodbine trailed around the trellised windows, and daisy gardens full of begonia and geraniums before each door.

"It's a piece of Kent or Sussex, which some good angel has wafted hither," said Luke.

Everything was in uniformity with this external aspect. There was a fine cottage in the village, a neat school, a parsonage, and the dean's, gentlest old pastor that ever lived, even in holy Ireland. He was an old man, and stooped from an affection in the neck, like St. Alphonsus; his face was marble white, and his long hair snow-white. And he spoke so softly, so sweetly, that it was an education to listen to him.

Like so many of his class in Ireland, experience and love had taught him to show the tolerance of Providence and the gentleness of Christ towards every aspect of wayward humanity.

"You will find," said Father Martin, in his letter to Luke, "your America here. If Rosmore and Father Keating do not suit you, nothing will try and relax your horrible stiffness, that freezes the people's hearts towards you, and be 'all things to all men,' like that great lover of Christ, St. Paul."

So Luke made fratric resolutions, as he settled down in a neat two-story cottage in the village, and unpacked his books, and arranged his furniture, and that should be a happy resting-place, at least for a time, and that he would adapt himself to his surroundings, and be very cordial and friendly with the people.

"All things to all men!" Dear St. Paul, did you know what elasticity and pliancy, what a spirit of bonhomie and compromise, what vast, divine toleration of human eccentricity you demanded when you laid down that noble, far-reaching, but not too realistic principle? Noble and sacred it is; but in what environments soever, how difficult! This fitting in of human practice, indurated into the granite of habit, with all the hollows and crevices of our brothers' souls, such a saint as needs a saint, and a saint as needs a saint, into all generations!

Luke found it hard. Cast into new environments, how could he fit in suddenly with them? Suave, gentle, polished, cultivated, through secret reflection, large reading, and daily intercourse with all that had been fled into tranquil and composed mannerism, how was he to adapt himself to circumstances, where a boisterous and turbulent manner would be interpreted as an indication of a strong, genial, and uncompromised, and his gentle urbanity and his equally interpreted as the outer and visible sign of a weak, timid disposition, with too great a bias towards gentility. Yet he must try.

made Luke half a heretic. He was beginning to believe in the amnesia of the human mind, and the faculty of recalling a previous existence. This was confirmed by the free and active interpretation of the nurses or mothers.

"Sure, she knows you reverence. Look at the way she looks at you. You know the priest, ducky, don't you? What's his name, ducky?" "Gluck! Gluck," says baby.

"Gluck! Gluck," says baby. "Lore! Lore!" says mother. "Glory be to you, sweet and Holy Mother, did you ever hear the likes before? And sure she's as like your reverence as two pins."

"She's an uncommonly pretty child," said Luke, in unconscious self-flattery. "I never saw such eyes before."

"And she's as cute as a fox," echoes mother. "Wish, thin, your reverence, though I shouldn't say it, I had priests in my family, too. We have their down low in the world, and their heads high. Did ye ever hear of wan Father O'Duffy, your reverence, who lived over at Caragh? 'Twas he built that grand chapel, the likes of which isn't in the country. Well, sure he was my mother's gossip. And I had more of them, too. But let bygones be bygones. Sure, when you're down, you're down!"

During this modest assertion of high respectability (for "to have a priest in the family is, thank God, the patent of honor in Ireland), Luke and the babe stared wonderingly at each other. Now, he had read somewhere, how on one occasion, a party of rough miners on West, who had been banished from civilization for years, on coming down from the gold-pit of Sierra, with their wallets stuffed with nuggets, and their very clothes saturated with gold dust, had met a nut at the apparition.

And one huge giant, who had not been washed since his baptism, and who was a walking armory of revolvers and bowie knives, stepped before his fellows, and offered the girl two handfuls of gold dust if she would allow him to kiss the child. The young lady herself was not consulted. But, as the big miner stooped down and the cold sweat broke out on his face and forehead, and he trembled under the fever of a sweet emotion.

Luke thought, and was tempted. He said good-bye to the mother, and stooping down touched with his lips the wet, sweet mouth of the child. He walked away, leaving serious wonderment in the child's mind, but he had to steady himself against a stone for a few moments, whilst the currents of strange, unwanted feelings surged through his veins.

"That's a good man," said a rough and ready farmer, who had begun the process of "edification," and was supposed to be critical, and even anti-clerical in his sympathies. He had watched the whole proceeding from behind a Hawthorn hedge.

"He has a soft corner in his heart, however," said the happy mother.

his trump card. Taking out a dirty roll of yellow papers, tobacco-stained and scented, he proffered one with the cool air of having thereby victoriously settled the question. From this it appeared that John Glavin was an honest, industrious young man, with a good knowledge of the management of horses, and some ideas of hort and floriculture. He was recommended, his wages having been paid in full.

"The archdeacon does not mention sobriety?" said Luke. "What?" said John, indignantly. "Who says I'm not sober? The archdeacon knew better than to insult me!" "It would be more satisfactory, however," said Luke.

"I wouldn't have him," said John. "He says to me, 'John,' he says, 'it is usual to put in temperate in a discharge; but John,' says he, 'I've too much respect for your feelings, and I won't. But if I ever annoy one hint, sez he, 'that you are not a sober man, remind me you've an action agin him for libel, or even sez he, sez the archdeacon, 'even for slander!'"

"I see," said Luke. "Now, what wages were you getting?" "I'd be afeared to tell your reverence," said John in a soothing and merciful tone.

"Oh, never mind!" said Luke. "I can bear a good deal." "Well, thin," said the rascal, lifting his hand rapidly across his lips, "as yer reverence forces me to tell ye, I suppose I must—£30 a year. Not a penny less!"

"I shall give you £12," said Luke, decisively. John walked away. His feelings were hurt. He came back. "Your reverence wouldn't insult a poor boy. But come now, let us say twenty, an' be done."

"That'll do," said Luke. "Be off." To Luke's intense surprise John was cracking jokes with the housemaid, and enjoying an excellent dinner, at 1 o'clock in the kitchen. He then took possession of the local public house, and he uttered his jereuniads over his down-fall. From having been 'archdeacon's man' to be reduced to a "curate's boy," what a fall!

It need not be difficult to ascertain the precise cause of John Glavin's demotion. Perhaps he had exhausted too many "tail-end" on the kitchen stairs; perhaps he had been caught on some official occasion; perhaps some important letters looked as if other than the master's eyes had seen them. But, he was dismissed; and the archdeacon had to undergo a severe cross-examination as to the cause. Because a great Archbishop from foreign parts, being on a visit to the archdeacon, had taken a violent fancy to the fellow, and expressed a desire to secure him for his own service at a handsome salary. He had taken a violent fancy to John, for at dinner John, whose speech was as probing the inarticulate, and whose eyes had a far away look in them and were decidedly aqueous, invariably addressed the Archbishop as: "Me Grace!"

Oh yes. John had been to school in his younger days, and had been subjected for several hours that day to a most careful tuition on the possessive pronouns in addressing dignitaries.

"My Lord, and 'your Grace," said the housekeeper. "Do you understand, you fool?" John said he did, and he went around all day muttering the talismanic words. But, alas! what can a poor fellow do, when his nerves fall under the eye of the 'farsers,' and especially, when the wheels of thought are inclined to stand still.

th—train?" "For what?" "For what? To meet your Grace, to be shu!" "I see. Going to the train to meet me?" "Yesh, m' Grace. D'ye think I'd lave yere all m', m' Grace?" John was looking far away over the archdeacon's head.

"Take back that horse at once," said the archdeacon. "An' m' I no' gon' to meet your Grace?" "Take back that horse at once, I say." "Bash you'll ketch yer det o' cowl, me Grace!" "Take back that horse, I say."

"If you desist what'll become of me? Boo-hoo!" wept John. The next day he was dismissed, and the archdeacon was left to his fate. But he had to stand a terrible cross-examination at a subsequent visit from his guest, the Archbishop, who could only by the greatest difficulty be restrained from making an effort to secure "the treasure."

"I'd have taken the fellow at any cost," said the Archbishop, as he related the episode to a friend in after years, "but the doctor told me I should take my choice between apoplexy and asphyxia, if ever I brought him to table."

Luke drew the prize, and secured the treasure. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TERRIBLE QUEEN. It was an October evening. In Killarney the trees were turning red and golden and brown, but here in West Kerry were no trees. The Atlantic beat against bare cliffs, and above the cliffs was a sandy soil bearing nothing but short cropped grass and tiny wild flowers.

Across the grass walked two figures—a tall girl of about twenty, with large, clear gray eyes and beautiful hair, and a lad four or five years older, who bore the well-formed limbs and look of perfect health, which speak of a life lived among the mountains. They walked briskly, but stopped now and then to look at the sunset, at the waves, or at some treasure in the grass. Every fresh discovery seemed to be a new pleasure.

Here and there the smooth outline of the hill was broken by a low fence of sods. These fences were made to divide grazing lands, and ran down to the edge of the cliff. As the pair neared one of the fences, the girl, apparently with the intention of helping the lad, and with a little run, sprang upon the fence, jumping lightly down on the other side.

"Well done!" he cried, and then gathering himself up, cleared the fence at a bound, and alighted close to her. She turned to him not without laughing face he had expected, but one white with terror.

"The Queen," she gasped, "the Queen!" "The what?" he inquired mystified. "The Fairy Queen," she said under her breath. "Listen!" He stood listening. From the ground beneath certainly came a rumbling sound, not unlike that produced by grinding one stone on another.

Breda's two young boys rived, and were calling the next hour was spent. Then the kitchen was a small, dark room plain shawl wrapped head. She stepped so feet, and gave no greeted herself near the Hartigan?" asked Gaelle.

"This well tonight, in the same language trouble coming to some out." "And good luck to new voice, and a little white hair came in an God save all here, with a glance round. "God save you kind! We were missing you, said Mrs. O'Hara. "The little girl that O'Rourke answered, the door for fear he me."

A few more neighbors O'Hara's house was kitchen had the advantage full of furniture, were sure of a welcome, anxiously at the door, expected Willie she not appear. Presently began to sing. She began to sing, with her moving her lips only words. She had chosen and the sounds, she made Breda shiver.

They were applauding, she Mrs. Hartigan and "Mrs. Hartigan, "did you ever hear Kerry?" Mrs. O'Rourke answered, the door for fear he me."

"Bad," was the a life lived among the mountains. They walked briskly, but stopped now and then to look at the sunset, at the waves, or at some treasure in the grass. Every fresh discovery seemed to be a new pleasure.

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"My Lord, and 'your Grace," said the housekeeper. "Do you understand, you fool?" John said he did, and he went around all day muttering the talismanic words. But, alas! what can a poor fellow do, when his nerves fall under the eye of the 'farsers,' and especially, when the wheels of thought are inclined to stand still.

"John, a potato, please." "Yes, me Grace!" "John, would you get me the salt?" "To be a n', me Grace!" "John, pass that wine." "The sherry, me Grace?" "No, The claret."

Breda's two young brothers had arrived, and were calling for supper, and the next hour was spent busily enough. Then the kitchen was cleared, and the neighbors began to drop in. The first was a small, dark woman, who wore a plain shawl wrapped closely round her head. She stepped softly in her bare feet, and gave no greeting as she settled herself near the fire.

"Is it all well with you tonight, Mrs. Hartigan?" asked Mrs. O'Hara in Gaelic.

"'Tis well tonight," was the answer in the same language; "but there's trouble coming to some before the year is out."

"And good luck to others," said a new voice, and a little woman with white hair came in and seated herself. "God save all here," she continued, with a glance round.

"God save you kindly, Mrs. O'Rourke. We were missing you this long time," said Mrs. O'Hara.

"The little pig that was sick," Mrs. O'Rourke answered. "I daren't cross the door for fear he might slip away on me."

A few more neighbors came in. Mrs. O'Hara's house was small, but the kitchen had the advantage of not being over full of furniture, and all who came were sure of a welcome. Breda looked anxiously at the door; she had half expected Willie Sheridan, but he did not appear. Presently Mrs. O'Rourke began to sing. She sang in the traditional way, with her mouth nearly shut, moving her lips only enough to form the words. She had chosen a mournful air, and the sounds, sweet as they were, made Breda shiver. While the others were applauding, she slipped over to Mrs. Hartigan and sat down near her.

"Mrs. Hartigan," she whispered, "did you ever hear the Fairy Queen?"

"Did I?" Mrs. Hartigan spoke out loudly, and the eyes of all the room were turned on her. "You shouldn't say such things, child; they don't like to be spoke of."

"But did you really ever hear it yourself?" asked Breda anxiously.

"I did," said Mrs. Hartigan.

"Did it bring you bad luck or good?" inquired Mrs. O'Hara.

"Bad," was the answer. "I was going along with a basket of fresh turkey eggs, when a heard the rambling and grinding of it below in the heart of the earth, and with that I let a screech out of me, and I fell, and my leg twisted under me, and the eggs in a hundred pieces."

Some of the boys near the door laughed, and Mrs. Hartigan looked angry.

"'Tis all very well to laugh," she said; "but the pain in your own leg, nor it isn't in your own turkey eggs."

"Well, it might have been worse, anyway," said Mrs. O'Hara; "ill luck didn't follow you long."

Mrs. Hartigan leaned forward mysteriously.

"'Tis this is the way it is," she said; "if you're only going hither and over by yourself like they don't mind you. 'Tis if you have something on your mind, like courting or marrying, that harm will come to you. There was Kathleen Dooney, that was to be married to Michael Shea; sure they heard the Quern, and the next thing was the match was broken off, and he went to America and died there."

"And a good riddance for her, too," suggested a red haired man who sat on the table.

"And there was Johnny Sullivan was out walking with his girl, and they heard it, and what did he do but drop dead on the spot; and Patsy Spillane heard it the same day, him and the girl he was courting, and they did or he'd a dead man to you."

"Ah, sure, you don't believe those things," said Mrs. O'Hara, uneasily.

"They can't stand courting," said Mrs. Hartigan; "and if they can't break off the match any other way they kill the man."

"Don't be talking about courting before all the boys and girls," said Mrs. O'Hara. "Come we're wasting all the time. Who's going to dance to-night? They got up a reel, and Breda, who was in no humor to dance, took the concertina and played. They had more dances afterwards and another song; but at last the little boys went to bed in the inner room, and the neighbors went away. Then Mrs. O'Hara, her small frame sweltering with triumph, turned to her daughter.

"You don't know what brought Mrs. Sheridan here to-night?" she asked.

"What was it?" asked Breda, her heart beginning to thump.

"To know would we have you marry Willie," announced Mrs. O'Hara.

Breda sat down by the table, and rested her head on her hand.

"'Tis a good match for you, and no mistake," continued her mother; "and I will say Mrs. Sheridan is a sensible woman. 'Tis better," says she, "to have a girl that would be well brought up, and saving, and nice in her ways, than one with a fortune that maybe would waste more than she brings, and be trapping about in her fine clothes before the neighbors; and besides," says she, "Willie has taken an uncommon fancy to her. She's a nice woman," continued Mrs. O'Hara; "and if she finds you pleasant in the house, you'll find her no same. She won't be interfering, nor nagging, nor out-spoken in any way. Why don't ye speak, Breda? You've had time enough to think about it now."

"I—I'm frightened," gasped Breda.

"Well, so was I frightened," admitted Mrs. O'Hara, "and so are many girls; but you've known Willie Sheridan so long, and you and him such friends; 'tis jumping for joy you ought to be. But for all I think I'll just tell Mrs. Sheridan you were frightened," and not let them think you can be had for the asking. We can be going on all the same about your clothes."

"Mother," Breda roused herself. "I don't know that I want to get married at all."

"There there," said Mrs. O'Hara, soothingly; "we won't talk about it any more to-night. Go to sleep, and

pleasant dreams to you. We'll let them wait a bit for an answer. It does a boy no harm to keep him waiting, so you don't keep him too long. And we'll just look over the hens tomorrow, and see which you can take; for I won't have you go empty handed. 'Tis a deal a better match that we could have expected for you, not that I told Mrs. Sheridan so."

She talked on, while Breda went to bed, but not to dream of Willie. "They can't bear courting, and if they can't break it off any other way they kill the man," she murmured to herself again and again, as she lay sleepless. Evidently no comfort was to be had from Mrs. Hartigan; but Mrs. O'Rourke was a wise woman of another description, and as soon as the morning's work was over Breda had thrown her grey shawl over her head, and was crossing the field to Mrs. O'Rourke's cottage. The old woman was sitting by the fire knitting. She looked up pleasantly in response to Breda's greeting.

"I thought I'd look in and ask how was the little bonny getting on," said the girl, timidly.

"Oh, he's mending finely," Mrs. O'Rourke answered. "Sit down by the fire, and tell me what news have you."

Breda sat down and took off her shawl; but if she had news she did not care to tell it. She sat still and let Mrs. O'Rourke talk.

"'Tis a fine autumn," said Mrs. O'Rourke, "and the sea is wonderful quiet. All the same there's a great voice in it around by the cliffs, and a strange sound sometimes in among the caves."

"You don't think 'tis anything else but the sea, do you?" Breda asked, eagerly.

"Well, you know," Mrs. O'Rourke looked hard at her knitting; "they say the Quern is within there."

"But you don't think it's any harm, do you?" asked Breda. "I mean, I—I heard it myself yesterday, and then Mrs. Hartigan—"

she broke off, falteringly.

"Mrs. Hartigan has a deal of stories, but those that heard the Quern and did had their own reasons for dying. Everyone knew Johnny Sullivan's heart was weak and 'twas the leap he gave, or maybe the fright he got, that killed him. And Michael Shea used to drink; that was his old Pat. Dooney broke off the match, and it wasn't hearing the Quern that ailed them, and whether or no, I never heard of any harm coming through it to a girl."

"Oh, but—" Breda broke off, confusedly. "Did you ever hear it yourself?" she asked.

"I did so," Mrs. O'Rourke laughed. "I was courting when I heard it," she added.

"Oh, then, it was all right that time," Breda cried. "You married all the same."

"I married sure enough," Mrs. O'Rourke rested her knitting on her knees, and gazed through the open door with a smile on her lips. "He was a nice boy, after all, she said."

"And sure, ill-luck couldn't come except it was the will of the Almighty," continued Breda.

"Well, I don't know, my dear," said Mrs. O'Rourke. "Sometimes I think there's more will than the Almighty's in the world; and besides, it isn't one thing that does the good or the harm straight away, but that one thing touches another, and that touches something else, and so on—like it won't be because I saw a bunch of pink heather, and I going into Dingle, that you'll maybe marry Willie Sheridan, and yet you mightn't only for I seeing it."

Breda jumped as probably Mrs. O'Rourke had intended she should.

"It was Willie Sheridan I was walking with on the cliff," she confessed. "We weren't courting, you know, only talking; but what would the pink heather have to do with it?"

"'Tis was last July twelvemonth," began Mrs. O'Rourke. "I was going into Dingle on a Saturday, and your mother says, 'Hannah,' says she, 'will you bring me the makings of a blouse for Breda, and please yourself about the color.' Well, presently I saw on the bank above me a bunch of heather, very bright and rosy, and what should I see in Dingle but a piece of print the very same, rosy pink, with little markings on it that were like the sprigs of heather themselves. 'Give me two and a half yards of that,' says I. Well, my dear, you made the blouse, and you wore it one fine Sunday. 'Who's the girl in the pink blouse?' says Willie Sheridan. 'Don't you know Breda O'Hara?' says I. 'I didn't see her face,' says he. 'I only thought 'twas a pretty color.' Now I'm not saying," continued Mrs. O'Rourke impressively, "that he mightn't have noticed you in a blue blouse, or in a white one; or that if he hadn't noticed you that day he mightn't have another, but he never took his eyes off that pink blouse all the time you were coming along the road, and 'twas from that day out he seemed to take a fancy to you."

"His mother came over yesterday to know would I marry him," whispered Breda, blushing furiously.

"It did not seem to be news to Mrs. O'Rourke."

"Good luck, and the blessings of God to you," she said in Gaelic.

"But I'm frightened," Breda whispered, "suppose any harm should come to him."

"Willie Sheridan's a good, steady boy," said Mrs. O'Rourke. "You've no call to be frightened." "He says 'tis all just nonsense," said Breda, "that the noise is nothing but the sea."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," said Mrs. O'Rourke. "It's as well not to call things nonsense; but there's nothing can hurt you except you give entering through this cave, but possibly there might be an entrance somewhere else, and on a lower level, through which the waves were rushing. The idea gave him courage, and he cautiously prepared to enter the tunnel. He took a moment to decide whether to go head or feet foremost, and chose the latter. He would much have preferred

to carry his torch before him, but, though the downward slope of the ground was not great, it was possible that it might increase, and render retreat difficult, and turning round was clearly an impossibility. His clothes were very wet—not that that troubled him greatly, but he was anxious about his torch and matches. The candle he had lighted was extinguished by the droppings from the roof, and in his efforts to relight it he fell flat on his face on the slippery floor, scattering his matches round him in the wet. Happily the torch survived, and there were a few matches still in the box. He began to work his way quickly backwards, using his feet and his right hand—his left held the torch. All at once the noise stopped, and Willie's heart seemed to stop too. The sea could never go on roaring for five minutes underground, and then come to a sudden pause. Suddenly he felt his feet sink into water. There was firm ground underneath, and as the roof now rose overhead he was able cautiously to raise his torch and himself stand upright and turn round. He was too much excited now to feel sensations of fear, and yet what he saw was alarming enough. All round him in the uncertain twilight were faces—strange, dark, doglike faces—gazing at the intruder with eager curiosity. They did not approach any nearer, and they stood and mutually studied one another for some time; then they disappeared, and all at once the noise began again, splashing and grinding as the creatures went round and round, now and then lifting a head to look at him, and then vanishing beneath the water; for he could now see that he was up to his knees in a pool that extended about twenty feet under the cliff, and was rather more than half as broad as it was long.

"Seals!" he shouted suddenly, and with the uttering of the words he experienced a more real sensation of the supernatural than he had yet felt. Willie might laugh at Mrs. Hartigan's stories, but he would have been greatly surprised if he had wounded a seal to a human being. In fact Mrs. Hartigan avers to this day that the good people only put on the shape of seals for the occasion, but Mrs. O'Rourke declares that if that were the case they must show special favor to Willie, since they allowed him to depart unhurt. As to Breda, her pride in her lover's courage was so great that she would not rather have braved the anger of the Sidhe than have disappointed him.

So the neighbors around, and the parishes behind, and the districts beyond, all came to the wedding, and they danced steps and reels, and last of all, the Rince Fada and the red-haired man sang "Paisdin Fionn," and they all joined in the chorus—Isabella D. Turkey in the Freeman's Journal, Dublin.

MEMBERS OF CHRIST'S CHURCH.

Editor Inter-mountain Catholic: I was present and listened to an argument of a Protestant and a Catholic on the subject of "Who Are Members of Christ's Church?" One, the Protestant, maintained that only the elect, or those who were free from all worldly contamination, could claim membership in the Church of Christ; the other, the Catholic, claimed that both the good and the bad were recognized as members of the Catholic Church. I said I would write to your paper for information on the subject, I was entirely incompetent to take part in the discussion, being as I am,

SALT LAKE, SEPT. 10, 1907.

The question propounded by "Unbeliever" at one time, that has been frequently discussed, The Church of Christ is defined the congregation, or society of all the true followers of Jesus Christ throughout the whole world, united together in one body, under one head. St. Paul virtually gives this definition: "We being many are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." He also wrote: "There shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

In discussing the question at the Council of Constance, John Huss maintained that there was one holy church whose members were confined to those predestinated to glory. Others taught that none, save those who are perfect, i. e., free from sin, are or could be members of the Church of Christ. The Catholic Church teaches that the Church of Christ consists not only of the just and perfect, but also of the unjust and imperfect. This is in accordance with the parable of the sower and the cockle, where the husbandman found in his field the cockle growing with the good seed and to which he gave the kingdom of heaven. The Lord's sower sowed good seed in his field. His enemy oversowed cockle. The cockle did not grow separately or distinctly from the good seed, but among the wheat. The danger, too, in weeding the cockle, "lest perhaps gathering up the cockle, they root up the wheat and noxious plants grew up together." Finally it was to be the work of the angels "to gather out of his kingdom all scandals, and them that work iniquity." Then according to the plain and simple meaning of the parable in its application the unjust as well as the just are members of Christ's Church and remain so till the final sep-

aration takes place. Therefore the good and bad seed, are in the Church of Christ, i. e., constitute its members.

The parable, where he compares the kingdom of heaven to a net cast into the sea proves the same. The net contained all kinds of fishes, and of these the fishermen chose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast forth. We shall see it be at the end of the world. The angels shall go out, and shall separate the wicked from among the just, the penitents from the impenitents. By the kingdom of heaven all understand Christ's Church. The fishes gathered into the net are mankind who are gathered together in the Church of Christ, i. e., as among the fish, they were some good which they chose into vessels, and bad which they cast forth, so also among the members of Christ's Church, of whom the fish are a type are to be found the good and the bad, who mingle together on earth awaiting the final separation which takes place after the judgment of God is pronounced. From these parables intended as an object lesson to impress practical truths on the mind, it is inevitable, viz., that among the members of the Church of Christ are to be found both the good and the bad.—Inter-mountain Catholic.

NO TIME TO THINK.

We read in a current magazine that Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton College, declares that in the East men have no opinions of their own, because they have no time to think. Dr. Wilson goes on to say: "People who have their heads buried in the morning paper in the morning and in the evening paper in the afternoon, have no ideas except those which the newspapers give them. This is the kind of people that are found in the East, where the people think about nothing else except what they see in the newspapers and their business."

It is evidently the opinion of the learned doctor that the newspapers do the thinking and serve the opinions, warm and well-baked as the baker does the rolls for the breakfast table. We agree with him that the busy men of affairs in our day have little time for speculative thinking. They read as they eat in a hurry and their mental digestion is often as much out of gear as their bodily. But where do the newspapers get time to think? Is it not the blind leading the blind? Who is more pushed than the tireless writers of daily papers? They have acquired a wonderful fluency of composition and they must grind out so many columns in many hours on varied topics—often within earshot of the hungry presses, who roar for copy. How could men be expected to think in these circumstances? Where is the constant reference to competent authority? Where are the calm and poised necessary for straight thinking? The fact is that our age is losing the art of thinking. The writers just write and the rest just read.—The Monitor, Newark.

A New Orleans woman was thin. Because she did not extract sufficient nourishment from her food. She took Scott's Emulsion. Result: She gained a pound a day in weight.

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EDITORIAL.

Very often the reason why one accountant gets through more work in less time than another, thereby earning an enviable reputation for quickness and cleverness, is simply because he takes advantage of every short method possible.

Simply amazing how few know the many arithmetical short cuts—how few can do simple arithmetical questions rapidly and accurately.

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CARDINAL GIBBONS ON "ORGANIZED LABOR."

OPPOSED TO STRIKES AND BOYCOTTS AS MEANS OF SETTLING DIFFICULTIES.

Cardinal Gibbons, in an article entitled "Organized Labor," which will appear within a few days in the October number of Putnam's Monthly, declares himself as strongly opposed to strikes and boycotts as means of settling differences between the employers and the employed, and makes an urgent appeal for the pacific adjustment of industrial difficulties.

With candor, but in a kindly spirit, he makes several outspoken admissions to organized labor. He expresses clearly in detail his views regarding capital and labor, and finally urges workmen to strive constantly and zealously toward an uplifting of the moral and social standard of their organizations.

Although his theme is "Organized Labor" and much of the article is addressed to the labor organizations Cardinal Gibbons does not spare the trusts and corporations. He is unsparring in his denunciation of those monopolists who, he says, "exhibit a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy and a sordid selfishness that is deaf to the cries of distress."

STRIKES INJURE THE WORKERS. While he approves the banding together of workmen for their own protection, His Eminence denounces those elements of organized labor which seek to stir up unnecessary discord.

Regarding the evils of strikes, which he discusses at length, he says, in part:

"Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic and at best a very questionable remedy for the redress of the laborer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions and lead to the destruction of property; and, above all, they result in inflicting grievous injury on the employer by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which time his mind is clouded by discontent while brooding over his situation; and his family not infrequently suffers from want of the necessities of life. The loss inflicted by strikes on the employers is not much more than half as great as that which is sustained by the employed, who can much less afford to bear it.

"It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the laboring classes if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settlement of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Mary blessings would result from the adoption of this method, for while strikes, as we have seen, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive. The result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of the argument."

CRIMINAL CORPORATIONS. Cardinal Gibbons believes that the American workman is better paid and lives better than his brethren across the Atlantic. After praising briefly the employers who have at heart the welfare of those they employ, His Eminence turns to the criminal corporations in their relations with the workman.

He says, in part: "No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions these heartless monopolists. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starvation wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo, and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places the corporation are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessities of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and they are forced into places where they are made the victims of their taskmasters. The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations, as well as the laboring classes, against unscrupulous monopolies."

BOYCOTTING. Continuing, His Eminence discusses the subject of boycotting of which he says, in part:

"I am persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which members of labor unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious houses, is not only disapproved by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when, by a mandate of the society, he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a proposition assails the liberty of the purchaser and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the Government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism was generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every centre of population would be divided into hostile camps and the good feelings which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. 'Live and let live' is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity."

WARNS AGAINST SOCIALISTS. Cardinal Gibbons warns labor unions against tolerating elements dangerous to their own well-being. He points out

that the unions "have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact and superior executive ability who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers. They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues, who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends or convert it into a political engine. They should be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element who holdly preach the gospel of anarchy, Socialism and nihilism; those land pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce and trade of the country, whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the Government that protects them, are bent on its destruction and instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land."

Continuing he says: "The expulsion from membership in the unions of any men who have been guilty of outrages of one kind or another against the peace of the community or the rights of their fellow-citizens would secure for the unions the respect and sympathy of the community, and would greatly further the best interests of organized labor."

THE GOLDEN MAXIM. The article contains advice to the capitalist, the heads of corporations and the workmen, and shows methods whereby the employer and employee should work together harmoniously. To the employers Cardinal Gibbons says, in part:

"There would be less ground for complaint against employers if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: 'Whatever ye would men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.' Our sympathy with those in employ, whether in the household, the mines or the factory, is wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place and by asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated in similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings; that they have feelings like ourselves; that they are stung by a feeling of injustice repelled by an overbearing spirit and softened by kindness, and that it rests largely with us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy."

Finally, His Eminence directs a little sermon to the workmen, part of which follows:

"Take an active, personal interest in the business of your employer; be as much concerned about its prosperity as if it were your own. And are not your employer's affairs in a measure yours? For your wages come from the profits of the concern, and the more you contribute to its success the better can he afford to compensate you for your services. He will be impelled by an enlightened self-interest, as well as by a sense of justice, to requite you for your services with a generous hand."

LETTERS FROM ROME IN DEFENSE OF PUBLIC MORALITY.

The league formed by fathers of families in Rome has continued to grow and gather wonderful vigor since its inception a few weeks ago. At its last meeting a strenuous programme came up for discussion, and it was decided to affiliate branches throughout Italy with the main one in Rome.

Those who are aware of the cleverly planned campaign to make immorality the order of the day in Italy will agree that a determined opposition to stamp out of social status those men who go under the auspices of the "neither God nor master" club has not been begun a day too soon. What with a goddess education in the schools, the worst of literature thrown in their way, a campaign of calumny and outrage against the Church, the rising generation run the risk of complete shipwreck to faith and morals.

Some years ago, at a congress of free-thinkers, a speaker declared that if he could get a hundred men like himself to live in Rome, the world should see, within the space of ten years, the Vatican walls toppling down. Well, hundreds of the worst of men flocked to Rome and have not succeeded in injuring the Rock of Peter yet. Calumny, unblushing wickedness, sacrilege and paganism have followed in their wake, but the Old Man of the Vatican still shows the way to heaven, always making fresh conquests and never dismayed.

To oppose men of this class, to protect the beauty of their children's minds, to clean Rome's streets of all that presently soils them, these are the aims of the league of fathers in Rome.

A GREAT GREEK PRIEST. Fifty years ago Nicholas Pappas Franco received priestly ordination in the Greek Church, Rome, and last Sunday he celebrated High Mass at the same altar and a throng of friends gathered to commemorate that auspicious event. Though the aged Greek priest has been for many years assistant librarian in the Vatican, his dominant idea is that of the union of the Latin and Greek Churches. For many years the Holy See has entrusted Father Franco with delicate missions throughout Europe, still the object of his life was never for a moment obscured. Article after article appeared in various magazines suggesting means of reconciliation: appeals followed each other to his countrymen to return to Peter's bark. At length many of the Greeks show anxiety to die in communion with Rome; and now, according to what Greek ecclesiastics have declared, us, thousands of the old Greek Church are ready to return to the old allegiance. It is presently only a matter of a ripe harvest and few laborers.

HOLY FATHER WORKING AWAY. Though few have returned to Rome after the hot months, we still find the heads of the congregations and the ambassadors conferring daily with the

During the week His Holiness has received Cardinal Steinhuber (German), Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Index; Cardinal Gennari, who, it will be remembered, was lately made a victim of the Masonic campaign on the public road; Archbishop Giannini, Delegate Apostolic of Syria; His Excellency M. Martins d'Antas, Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, and many prelates and functionaries of lower rank.

Each day the Pope gives the customary time to home and foreign visitors, always giving the preference to the latter class anxious to leave Italy.

As might be expected, the continuance of the issues to which dignitaries are being subjected is to him the cause of sorrow. Scarcely a day passes now that such a case does not occur, although the dominant Catholic population in every city has shown signs of the greatest indignation. Yet the Government of "United Italy" is either unable or unwilling to afford ordinary protection to clerics, and thus matters remain in statu quo.—Roman Correspondence of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

"REBELLIOUS BELFAST."

THE STRIKE OF ITS POLICE OMINOUS TO ENGLAND.

An old lady, whose memory went back to the early years of the nineteenth century, once told me that in her young days she hardly ever heard Belfast mentioned among the "loyalists" of Ulster except as "rebellious Belfast," says Robert Ellis Thompson, in The Freeman's Journal, of New York. The memories of '88 clung to the place, and its Presbyterian population, which was the majority at that time, could not forget that they had been harried like wild beasts by the British troops and the "loyal" yeomanry, that some of their ministers had been hurg before their own doors, others carried into a prolonged exile, and others obliged to fly the country, for the offence of desiring and planning to see Ireland governed by Irishmen rather than by aliens.

Nor could they forget that Robert Stuart, whom they had sent to Parliament as the representative of their aspirations, had sold out to the British Government, and as Lord Castlereagh had bribed and wheedled the Irish Parliament into committing a suicide as real as that with which he was to do his own work on the gallows.

Dr. Henry Cook had not yet bargained with the "Garrison Church" for a "Protestant peace," in which patriotism and self-respect were bartered away, and sectarian enmity to the Catholic Church replaced every generous and charitable feeling the Presbyterians had cherished toward the majority of their countrymen.

Before the century was half over, however, it seemed as if Castlereagh and Cook had completed their work. Belfast began to plume itself upon its "loyalty," and its Sandy Row became the headquarters of Orange fanaticism for Ulster.

O'Connell was refused a hearing when he came to urge a policy far less objectionable than that of '88. Here and there a Presbyterian minister stood by the national Government, or fell into line, as did Rev. Isaac Nelson, for Home Rule.

But respectability and trade worked to denationalize the city, and to make "rebellious Belfast" the place in all Ulster least responsive to any suggestion that Ireland needed a new sort of radical politics to make its Government suitable to its people.

The Northern Whig went on preaching a mild sort of Liberalism, but fell into the Unionist ranks when Mr. Gladstone came forward for Home Rule. But the real organ of local feeling was the old Belfast Newsletter, started away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, and hopelessly settled down to a sleepy Toryism. As the landlord and lodge organ, it antagonized the Tenant Right movement with all its feeble powers, and held up Sherman Crawford to reprobation as an agrarian confiscator.

But new industries came to Belfast, and drew from other parts of the island an element which is not in tune with its willing provincialism. This excited no alarm at first, as the suffrage laws kept these new residents out of the list of voters; and both in the selection of members of Parliament and in the choice of mayors and councilmen the Tories had everything their own way.

But with the advent of household suffrage the scene changed. A strong body of voters were found to agree on a Belfast seat in Parliament from the Unionists, although both Tories and Whigs tried to prevent this.

And with the steady march of national feeling into every corner of Ulster, it is not impossible that the majority of the "loyal" city will yet be as "rebellious" as it was a hundred years ago.

Professor Richard G. Moulton, of the University of Chicago, told me that when lecturing there he found a great amount of nationalist feeling among the commercial class, which dared not find expression for commercial reasons. The day is coming for even Belfast, when it will be more profitable to speak out such feelings than to suppress them.

Belfast prides herself on the growth of her local industries, which have ranked her above Dublin as the most populous city in the island. A visitor to the city is not impressed by the evidences of growth of wealth in the general character of its buildings, the paving of its streets, the magnificence of its public buildings or any other feature of civic expansion.

There is hardly a monument in the city, except a statue to Henry Cook, and a clock-tower to George IV, a sovereign who never set foot within its bounds, although he did visit Dublin in the closing period of his reign. Nor is the general condition of the working people employed in her industries one much to the city's credit. There have been strikes in more than one line of employment, but the

capitalists have felt themselves secure in being able to draw upon the great mass of depressed and ill-paid labor throughout the country. Then have followed, in Belfast as elsewhere, the bitter feelings and the sharp collisions between strikers and strike breakers; and the police were called upon to keep order.

For a time they did so as they were able, and then—horror of horrors!—the police struck! They demanded higher wages and less work, and they put their demands before the Government in terms as unmistakable as any trade union could have used. They plainly indicated that they would stop work unless both their demands were complied with and officialdom was shocked beyond its power of expression. The city has had to be policed by soldiers, seven thousand of whom have been hurried to this service.

THE DESPICABLE WORK OF THE POLICE. The whole situation is ominous for the stability of British rule in Ireland. The Irish police are the right arm of that rule. They were devised by Sir Robert Peel to hold the people down, after it became certain that Catholic Emancipation had begun a new era in the politics of the island. They were the chief agents in holding the Repeal movement in check. They assisted at the long series of iniquitous evictions, by which the people in thousands were driven from the land. They harassed that they or their employers could devise; and it is a matter of official record that some of them went into the business of manufacturing crimes, when the actual offences against the law were not enough to create an unfavorable impression about the popular movement.

And in loyal Belfast the police are to think for themselves as men who have rights, and not mere tools of an alien government. And they have learned through the atmosphere which now pervades Ireland—an atmosphere of self-respect and personal dignity, which always belongs to national movements. They see men everywhere around them on the strike. They have learned to stand on their rights as men; and these things in the form of men, who had been reduced by government discipline and pay into machines, suddenly discover that they also are men, and even Irishmen.

In the corner of Ireland where all such freedom of thought and feeling might have been expected to be utterly asphyxiated by local mistmas, the police stand up like men and insist on being treated as such.

Their leader had uttered words which show that he and his friends are neither blind nor indifferent to the hatefulness of the position they have been made to hold. He declares that the manufacture of crimes by a system of provocation is well known to the police at large, and that only those who engaged in it have had an opportunity of promotion.

He might have added that they also have had the certainty of escapades should their acts be laid bare, and he could have pointed to the notorious case in Munster in which the Government had to throw open the prison doors to the victims of a police conspiracy, but took out of the reach of justice, before he could be arrested and prosecuted for his perjuries.

THE OPENING OF THE MISSION HOUSE. The Apostolic Mission House at Washington began its lecture course on Tuesday, Oct. 1st. There were present an unusually large number of priest students for the opening day.

The roster of priests who have signified their desire to follow the lectures given by Father Elliott at the Mission House includes two Josephites, who are preparing to give missions to the colored people in the South, two Benedictine Fathers, one from Alabama and the other from California, and two Dominican monks from Wisconsin. The religious orders have been first to see the advantages of the course of lectures in mission methods given at the Apostolic Mission House and have been eager to avail themselves of them.

Among the best works that have been done at the Mission House is the inauguration of bands of missionaries among the religious orders. One of the newly ordained colored priests, Rev. J. J. Plantevigne. Father Plantevigne is from Louisiana and has made very creditable studies, ranking high in his class and his purpose in following the lectures is to give missions throughout the South to the colored people in association with his confreres among the Josephites.

Besides the religious, there is a goodly number of secular priests, two from the diocese of Altona, one from St. Paul, another from Dubuque and other dioceses of the Mississippi valley.

The Mission House is training a band of missionaries for the extensive diocese of Baker City and the existing Apostolate of St. Augustine, Florida, will be strengthened by the addition of a second helper.

It is gratifying to note the wonderful growth of the mission work. A few years ago a couple of rooms in the upper story of Keane Hall were sufficient to accommodate the priests who came, now the resources of the spacious Mission House are taxed to their utmost to afford opportunities to those who desire to attend the lectures.

It is interesting to note that not all in attendance expect to devote their time exclusively to the giving of Missions to non-Catholics. There are some who have been in the position of parish priests for some years and who find that their duty is to give advantage in the efficiency of their ministerial duties.

Happy are the hands that are accustomed in life to be lifted up as we shall long to lift them up in the lonely night of death, happy the hands that are pure and free, and know where to find their Heavenly Father.

THE "MODERNISM" THAT IS CONDEMNED

Writes Father Lambert in the Freeman's Journal:

"Some of the headlines the daily press has placed over the cable dispatch announcing Rome's condemnation of anti-Christian teaching are somewhat misleading. This one of the New York dailies announces that 'Pope Pius X. Bans Modernism.'"

"Now, for the man in the street the word modernism stands for the great progress made in real science in our day. He, therefore, having no inclination to read the Eccelestical in order to learn what the Holy See condemns, takes it for granted that Pius X. is the avowed enemy of all that has shed so much glory upon the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Of course there is no real basis for this belief. What the Holy Father condemns are the invidious attempts to substitute for Christianity a form of religion, which in the last analysis is undiluted pantheism. What else, pray, is the 'New Theology,' which as taught by an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Campbell, has been making such headway in England. It was only the other day that the ecclesiastical authorities of the episcopal diocese of western New York deposed the Rev. Dr. Crisp from the ministry, advocating this form of 'modernism,' which would strip our Lord of His divine character and would make nature itself, and the whole framework of things 'the school, the law of the highest kind of living, which we call religion.'"

"In such vague language as this the attempt is made to do away with a personal God. The Protestant churches themselves, unless they would surrender the last vestiges of Christianity, should be as one with the Pope in condemning and denouncing this sort of modernism."

A BEAUTIFUL AND HISTORIC COUNTRY. CATHOLIC BELGIUM AN "INFINITE TREASURE IN A LITTLE ROOM."

What I particularly like about the kingdom of Belgium is its compactness, says a writer in The Bookman. Everything lies, so to speak, right under your hand, and you can go from anywhere to anywhere else in about an hour's time. Of course this in itself would be of no special consequence if there were little to see and to excite your imagination.

But every inch of Belgian territory teems with memories and associations of incomparable richness. The present kingdom is a purely modern creation. On its soil, however, there have been wrought out some of the most tremendously cataclysmic episodes of history. The Roman legions thundered over its wooded slopes. It drank the blood of unnumbered patriots under Spanish rule. It witnessed the barbarities of Alva and his black-brooded torturers.

It saw, upon the field of Waterloo, the downfall of the most marvellous man who ever trod the earth and who forced the haughtiest of kings and emperors to become his lackeys. And yet all this is but a small part of what Belgium brings to mind. Every city street, every gabled mansion, almost every farmhouse that you pass unthinkingly is linked with some tradition or with some familiar name belonging to the imperishable records of statesmanship or scholarship or art.

"Infinite treasure in a little room"—the well worn phrase might properly be made the motto of a country which of all the countries in the world is the most charming, and, if I may use the adjective, the most lovable.

THE POPE AND THE LITTLE BOY. There is going the rounds at present a pretty anecdote of His Holiness and a little boy. The Holy Father, as is well known, has a great love for the little ones, and they with a child's unerring instinct know at once that they are dear to him. Marchese Francesco Patrizi, whose wife is an American lady, has a dear little son five years old, whose many scrapes have earned for him the name of "Buster Brown."

The other day several children with their parents had a private audience with His Holiness. Little Bernard knelt down and kissed the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff, as he had been told he

Best Medicine for Women's Complaints

Women certainly do neglect themselves. They work too hard—over-tax their strength—and then wonder why they suffer with diseases peculiar to their sex.

Most cases of female trouble start when the bowels become inactive—the kidneys strained—and the skin not cared for. Poisons, which should leave the system by these organs, are taken up by the blood and inflame the delicate female organs.

Fruit-a-tives

OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

remove the CAUSE of these diseases. "Fruit-a-tives" sweeten the stomach—make the bowels move regularly every day—strengthen the kidneys—improve the action of the skin—and thus purify the blood.

"Fruit-a-tives" take away those distressing headaches, backaches and bearing-down pains, and make women well and strong. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, intensified, with tonic and antiseptic added, see a box for full directions—order from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

should do, and then with a sudden impulse he jumped on the Holy Father's knee, threw his arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks, and Pius X. folded him close in his embrace. "Why did you do that, Bernard?" he was asked afterwards, and he looked up at us with big innocent eyes. "Because the Holy Father looked like mother does when we are good."

CHINESE BISHOP.

SURPRISES EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS BY ADDRESSING IT IN GERMAN.

The greatest interest was aroused in the course of the recent Eucharistic congress in Metz, Germany, by the presence of an ecclesiastic with fully developed pigtail and drooping mustache, dressed in Chinese raiment, over which was borne a Bishop's crozier. Curiosity was further intensified when the Bishop of Shan-Tung—for such was the strange churchman's title—addressed the meeting in German with a pronounced Lorraine accent. Later it was discovered that the supposed Chinese was a native of Lorraine named Wittner, who had been a Catholic missionary in the far east since 1878, during which period he had so lived himself into the life of the people that he had adopted their habit and mode of dress, and hardly ever spoke anything but Chinese.

He found he thus was able to reach the heathen with added facility. Until the meeting of the Eucharistic Congress he had not been home for nearly thirty years.

A Brave Priest.

Application has been made to the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission for a medal and other recognition for the Rev. Thomas Dougherty, of the Catholic Church at Bridgeville, about fifteen miles from Pittsburgh. One night last week the quick wit and strong arm of the priest saved six lives. He was going home from a sick call when he saw a building in flames. It was a grocery store. Above the store lived the family of H. J. Mueller, consisting of himself, wife and two children. The Muellers were asleep, and would have perished, but the athletic priest battered the door down by throwing himself against it, and, groping his way upstairs, carried out the family. The priest then rescued some persons from another upper window by getting in the branches of a tree. He was slightly burned, and is still laid up from the experience.

If it is not granted you to put the last touch to your work, God will raise up others who will succeed you and who will continue what you will have begun.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost. FEAST OF THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

To day, my dear brethren, the Church celebrates the feast of the Maternity of the most Blessed Virgin Mary. This maternity, or motherhood, is usually taken in one of two senses; first with regard to the glorious privilege by which she was selected to be the Mother of Him Who was and is God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, born of the Father before all ages; secondly, as referring to the gift of her made to us by her Divine Son on the cross, by which she became our Mother, and watches over and defends us with more than a mother's love.

But there is another sense still in which her maternity, or motherhood, may be taken. And this seems to be especially conveyed in the lesson read at Mass for this feast, the words of which are applied to the Blessed Virgin by the Church. I am the mother, we read in this lesson, "of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope." By which it would seem, evidently, we are to understand that it is she who brings forth in our hearts those virtues of the love and fear of God, of hope in Him, and of the knowledge of His will. And if we read still further, we shall find even more.

"In me," the lesson continues, "is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and virtue." Now, our Lord expressly tells us that He Himself is the way, the truth, and the life; if then, indeed, it is true that in our Blessed Lady is all grace of the way and of the truth, and all hope of life, it would seem the same thing to say that some of the saints have said of her, that all the graces of our Lord, Who is the way, the truth, and the life, are distributed to us through His Blessed Mother, who thus becomes really the mother of grace in us; and that not only the virtues named, but also all others, come to us by her intercession.

But however this may be, it is very certain that the Church does wish us to understand, at this feast and at all times, that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is not merely an ornament to the Christian religion, but that it enters into its very substance. We should not have had our Lord Himself, except by means of His Blessed Mother. As her co-operation in the work of our redemption was absolutely indispensable, so we may safely say that her co-operation is practically indispensable in the application of the fruits of that redemption to our souls. Practically, we should not have the superabundant graces which we actually have, and by means of which we are saved, did she not by her loving intercession obtain them for us. No doubt we should have enough in any case by which to be saved if our will was good enough to make use of them. God loves us, and wills to save us; but the fact is that, though His goodness and love for us is unbounded, He has chosen to put a great deal of the richness of His treasures into the hands of His and our Mother, that she may give of them liberally to those that ask.

How foolish, then, should we be if we should put aside devotion to the Blessed Mother of God as something for which we have no special attraction; which is, no doubt, profitable to others, but without which we can get along very well. "No man," says our Lord, "cometh to the Father but by me;" and though we cannot say with truth that no man cometh to our Lord, except by His Holy Mother, since He is, no doubt, always ready to receive all that seek Him in any way, still there can be little question that the way He prefers we should come to Him is in her company, and that those who seek Him in this way get nearer to Him than any others.

HOW FATHER MATTHEW ACHIEVED HIS END.

Some people think that a temperance pledge where it is necessary is a very good thing, but that otherwise it is superfluous. Giving the pledge, for instance, to children, they consider as bordering on fanaticism, and the formation of societies of pledged men and women who have never drunk intoxicating liquors, and probably never would drink them, is to these same people rather a foolish undertaking. Not in this way thought Father Mathew. He sought not only to reform the drunkard but he desired also the co-operation of those who had never been addicted to intemperance. He sought the co-operation of the good, and particularly the young of both sexes. He used to say in his gracious and familiar way: "Your example, my dear children, is necessary; it will work wonders; come and take the pledge; do it for the honor and glory of God and the salvation of immortal souls, as well as for your own good; it will be a great security for your future prosperity and happiness, and remember that strong drink is by no means necessary to health." "Come then," he would say again, to those who had gathered around him, "Kneel down and take the pledge in God's name;" and everywhere his appeal was generously responded to, and five, ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty thousand people knelt before him and took the pledge of total abstinence. In Galway a hundred thousand took it in two days, and seventy thousand in Dublin in five days.

By some who opposed his work he was called a Manichean, and by others a fanatic, but as total abstinence advocates are called to-day; but guided by the sound principles of Catholic teaching on this subject he instructed

the people upon the evils of intemperance, and upon the true nature of the pledge; and it is estimated that in Ireland, England, and Scotland, well nigh four millions of people took the pledge of Father Mathew.—Sacred Heart Review.

IN TOUCH WITH WORLD.

ANECDOTES OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS THAT SHOW THE HUMAN INTEREST HE TOOK IN AFFAIRS.

There are many anecdotes recalled of the late Archbishop Williams, showing how closely he kept in touch with worldly events. On one occasion His Grace was called into the Superior Civil Court to give testimony in which the Church was concerned. The prescribed oath of the court had to be administered, which provides that the witness shall tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God." As a prominent lawyer said when the great churoman arose to perform his civic duties the judge and lawyers present arose voluntarily with him. It was an unexpected tribute. "Not a man present but felt," said he, "that the oath in this case was not necessary to guard against perjury." The author of this suit against the Archbishop lost his case. He was afterwards in dire straits and the Archbishop came to his assistance.

One of his favorite priests was the late Vicar General Lyndon. It was the custom for His Grace to visit the parsonage of Father Lyndon on Allen street at the West End. He was standing in the outside vestibule one night waiting for a response to the ring of the bell. A woman and a man entered. It soon became evident that it was a wife trying to induce her husband to take the pledge. She had got the husband that far by coaxing and pleading with him. He was balking at the last minute.

PLEDGES NEVER BROKEN. He saw the tall figure of the Archbishop in the dim light. He did not know who he was.

He appealed to him somewhat after this style: "I say, sir, my wife wants me to take the pledge. What's the case? I'll break it." "No you won't," came in a quiet voice from the stranger. "No man breaks a pledge to his God." About this time the door opened and the man and woman saw the maid kneel and kiss the ring on the extended hand of the tall man, to them a stranger. The man and woman bring Catholics knew that he must be some one high in ecclesiastical authority.

The Archbishop was present when Father Lyndon gave the pledge. He talked with the man. The pledge has never been broken.

EVICTED NEVER STOPPED. One of the young men of the diocese once decided that his forte was the world rather than the Church. He talked with Archbishop Williams, who finding him determined to go forth, although he was counselled not to do so, finally decided he could do nothing further in the matter.

The young man started on bravely to make his way. He had others depend upon him. He found it a difficult task. Then came sickness, lack of employment, and finally threatened eviction. When he returned one night all discouraged through failure to secure work, a letter awaited him. It was from Archbishop Williams. It contained a check for \$25. The eviction was stopped. From time to time thereafter he received help from the same source until he was placed on his feet.

The Archbishop was a man of regular habits, and could work through a long day tirelessly and persistently until every detail was attended to. When the time for retiring came the worries and troubles of the day were immediately laid aside. He was no sooner abed than he was asleep.

He attributed his long life to this blessing. It was the same way when he was travelling, testifies the clergyman whose custom it was to accompany him.

"We would no sooner reach the sleeping-car than he would find his berth. He went to sleep immediately, and no matter how much jolting or shaking or stopping accompanied the journey he slept through it all calmly and peacefully until the regular time for awakening in the morning.

FOE OF INTemperance.

He was a strenuous foe of intemperance. His continued advice to his clergy was to combat liquor drinking. He was wont to say: "I hope with the blessing of God to live to see the day when there will not be a Christian in the liquor business. No good living Catholic can follow such a business. There is no luck come from it."

He believed that one of the best ways to combat the drinking of liquor was to enlist children in the cause of temperance. Every child in his diocese was asked to take the pledge at the time of receiving the sacrament of confirmation, to abstain from all intoxicating drink unless they were ordered by a physician until they were out of their minority. He was also an earnest opponent of the treating habit and a supporter of the plan that if a man wanted to take a drink he should never do so outside of his own home.

Zealous in the performance of his duties, he abhorred scandals of all kinds. It was well known to his clergy that he demanded that his church should not be involved in any way by its members. But, on the other hand, he was for giving and charitable in all cases brought to his attention. No matter how great the scandal his hand was ever ready to retrieve the man or woman involved. He treated all as if they were his children. It is but a short time ago that he placed aright a man who had by his habits lost all respect and standing. The man is even now in a retreat, having changed his whole course of life.

HAD BUSINESS ABILITY.

During his long life he had handled vast sums of money. In this respect he showed remarkable business ability. He believed that homes, hospitals, schools and churches could never be too many in a Christian community,

and he saw it that once a church, home, hospital or school was started it should be carried through to completion. It is said of him in the matter of church enterprises, and they were the only enterprises he engaged in, that he never misplaced a dollar.

He was much opposed to any of his clergymen dealing in stocks or in anything that might smack of stock operations. If he heard of the slightest transgression in this respect, with apparently the dread that while nothing really had been done to transgress the rules, through fear that something might result, he immediately sent an invitation to his fellow associate to see him. A long fatherly talk was sure to follow.

THE FACE OF AN IRISH GIRL.

A ridiculous story comes from Harrisburg, Pa., to the effect that the Independent Order of Americans (whatever that is) is protesting against placing the face of an Irish girl on the new United States gold coins. It seems that the late Augustus St. Gaudens, the great sculptor, having been commissioned by the Treasury Department to make designs for our new coins, found in an Irish girl at work in a restaurant the ideal face for his purpose. With true artistic indifference to geographical boundaries, St. Gaudens never stopped to inquire where she was born but, delighted at having "discovered" a profile that exactly fulfilled his ideal beauty, closed a bargain for her to sit as a model. The members of the Independent Order of Americans, however, with that animosity which distinguishes their tribe, regard it as "unpatriotic" to stamp the money of the United States with the features of a foreign-born girl. We wonder if it ever entered their silly heads that St. Gaudens the sculptor was himself foreign born. Protesting against having an Irish girl's face on the coins! We wonder they do not protest because an Irishman designed them. The comment of the Baltimore Sun on this incident is worth reproducing. It says:

Evidently there are some of us who take life too seriously. In respect to "patriotism" the Irishman has played an admirable part in this country, from Revolutionary days down. North and South, East and West, from 1776 to 1898 the sons of Ireland have been found wherever duty called. It is possible that the face of an "Irish-born girl" really strikes terror to the hearts of "patriots" in this twentieth century? Are we so timid that the profile of an Irish maiden on an American coin makes strong men shiver? We know, of course, that the daughters of Erin are beautiful and fascinating and are to be avoided by all men who desire to live a life of single blessedness. It is a matter of record that many an Englishman and many a Scotchman who have resisted the charms of the maidens of their native land have capitulated when the Irish girl brought her fascinations to bear upon them. It is conceded, therefore, that the daughters of Erin are a menace to the peace of mind of all men who are trying to keep single. But to attack them on the ground of patriotism, to invoke the aid of a Government of 80,000,000 persons for protection from the profile of one Irish girl on certain American coins is a manifestation of nerves not usually beyond comprehension. Really, this is a case for the neurologists. It is to be hoped that the Government has competent experts in its employments.

A LOURDES CURE.

SISTER OF CLEVELAND RESIDENT RECEIVES MIRACULOUS HELP AT FAMOUS GROTTTO.

The following letter received by Mrs. Alphonse Sims, of East Twenty-second street, from her sister in Nancy, France, records the remarkable improvement wrought in the latter, by her participation in the recent great pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes. The young woman was suffering from tubercular consumption, a most malignant and advanced form, and she writes that the running sores which afflicted her are almost entirely healed and that she returned from the long journey to the shrine strong and unafraid. The letter is written in French and is dated from Nancy, August 31:

"My dear Brother and Sister: I just returned the day before yesterday, and I was very much pleased with my pilgrimage. My wounds are nearly all well. Since the day I started till my return I did not dress my wounds, and generally I had to do it twice a day. I was seven times in the piscina and each time I came out I felt very much better. I am not at all fatigued after my long journey, and this is very astonishing because when at home generally I felt tired and much fatigued for a less cause."

"My dear Harriett, if you but knew how pretty the shrine is: I frequently heard of Lourdes before, but I never could imagine how beautiful it is. If you could see how well all pray there—especially the men. They all kneel on the ground, the highest with the lowest invoking the Blessed Virgin. The hardest man on earth is forced to cry."

"I saw three miracles during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. One young girl, about eighteen years of age, who had been paralyzed for six years, walked. Another person of fifty years, afflicted with bone disease for four years, and unable to move at all, commenced to walk and move her arms. I saw also a young lady, deaf and dumb—she was talking my age—who suddenly began to talk. You cannot imagine how we were moved at the sight of these miracles, nor can you fancy how greatly we were impressed in that beautiful country of the Blessed Virgin. She is most beautiful in the grotto. We think we are in heaven there—it seems like another world. You feel so happy, with no fear or uneasiness. You can pray, and sing, and cry, and it seems to remove all the trouble you may have endured in the past. I asked the Blessed Virgin to give me courage

and resignation. She has given me more than I asked for. She gave me a great amelioration of my infirmities. I repeat again, my dear Harriett, that my sores are nearly entirely healed. There is no more suppuration, and with two or three more applications of water of Lourdes, I hope to be entirely cured."—Catholic Universe, Cleveland.

WHEN LABOR TROUBLES WERE UNKNOWN.

The following quotation from a speech of an English Socialist, M. P., referring to the magnificent old York Cathedral, is obviously true—with the addition, remarks the Catholic Universe, that the love of God was the love that animated the old cathedral builders and that religion has always been the inspiration of the best efforts of men.

"That beautiful old pile," said he, "the despair of modern architects, the impossible dream of modern builders, was not built under the stress of competition. It was of the 'dark ages'—before the days of modern progress of which they heard so much—when men created these poems in stone, when men sought to realize in their work the very soul that was in them. York Minster was not built by men who slaved unwillingly for a pittance under the stress of industrial competition. It was built by men who loved their work and had time to love it and the grand old pile will remain through the centuries, when modern jerry buildings have crumbled to dust, a constant reminder that men work better for love than for gain, and of their own free will than under compulsion."

A Timely Word.

"Catholics," says the Catholic Telegraph, "are bound to bring their religion with them into politics, just as well as they are bound to bring it into every phase of family, social and business life. The principles of Catholic morality are binding in secret as well as in public. They apply in the street as well as in the home, in political office as well as in private trust. There is but one code of morals for the Catholic citizen. Boasting, graft, malfeasance, misfeasance, nonfeasance in office, as far as he is concerned, are not only civil wrongs—they are grievous sins, for which God will call him to strict account. World-beating politicians, who are only Catholics in name, should not be endorsed for any office by our people. Self-conceit, egotism, ambition, devoid of sterling morality—the hall-marks of the tribe, that would bring contempt upon our religion—are not recommendations which should appeal to the Catholic electorate."

TRUE ROAD TO HEALTH.

FOOD HAS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE SHAPING OF MAN'S COURSE THROUGH LIFE.

In these days of strenuous endeavor when in so far as Canada is concerned history is in the making, one has to have a clear brain and a stout heart in order to make the most of one's opportunities. Man is undoubtedly a creature of his environment, but the food he eats plays a great part in shaping his course through life. That heavy, irresponsible don't care sort of feeling, which renders a man unfit for any executive task, comes almost invariably from improper dieting. Nervousness and irritability can be traced to dyspepsia, superinduced by the eating of a class of food which the stomach refuses to assimilate.

In the white flour of to-day, the real nourishing elements of the wheat have practically been eliminated, and while it may make pretty looking bread it does the person who eats it very little good, because the outer coat of the whole wheat berry, rich in phosphates, has been discarded in the making of the white flour. In other words, the digesting, brain-feeding, muscle-building properties have been removed from the whole wheat berry, which properly treated is undoubtedly nature's best gift to man.

In Niagara Falls the proper method of treating the whole wheat has been adopted by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. where the choicest whole wheat is selected, and after being thoroughly cleaned and steam-cooked, shredded and baked. This is all done by electricity, in the cleanest, finest and most hygienic factory in the world. Human hands do not come in contact with the product during the process of manufacture. There is nothing in shredded wheat to cause fermentation or distress. It contains no yeast, no baking powder or chemicals of any kind, nothing but the pure whole wheat, steam cooked, shredded and baked.

The essential to perfect digestion is thorough mastication. Shredded Wheat by reason of its crispness must be thoroughly chewed, and therefore becomes completely mixed with the saliva and hence is perfectly digested, something which does not obtain in the eating of mushy porridge and like foods. The fine porous shreds of the Shredded Wheat product makes it easily assimilated by the most delicate stomach, while it is a natural fee to anaemia and constipation.

The North American Indian before he fell under the civilizing influence of the white man was a fine example of the health and physique which comes from a close walk with nature. In the primitive state of the Indian, he gathered his wheat carefully and the only preparation he put it through was to simply crush the whole wheat grains, then bake them between heated stones. He was keen of brain, robust and tireless. The Shredded Wheat Co. have gone back to first principles, simply rendering this natural food palatable and appetizing by the application of scientific methods and adherence to hygienic rules. Tired, dyspeptic and impoverished mortals can renew their health and increase their brain power and activity by making Shredded Wheat a component part of each meal. Try it with milk or cream, fruits or vegetables.

Earn \$75 to \$150 per month as Brakeman or Fireman. Just study an hour a day for 8 or 10 weeks and we guarantee to assist you to a position on any railway in Canada. Hundreds of men wanted in the next few months. If you want the above salary, ask for our booklet 'The Dominion Railway Correspondence School' Dept. N WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

The Habit of Thrift formed early in life tends greatly to one's future advantage. One of the best ways to commence, and the surest way of continuing the habit, is to take out a policy of life insurance, by means of which a person is enabled to save money. By this approved method of thrift one's own future comfort is insured, as well as that of those depending upon him during the meantime. You had better get the habit at once by consulting one of our representatives regarding a policy or by writing to the

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When at Mass Some time ago there was a discussion in The Tablet in regard to whether those assisting at Mass should bow their heads during the Consecration or look at the Sacred Host at the Elevation. The controversy may now perhaps be considered closed, by the grant on May 18 last, by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, of an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for looking with "faith, devotion and love" at the Sacred Host at the moment of the Elevation, saying at the same time the words, "My Lord and my God." A further plenary Indulgence may be gained once each week by those who, having heard Mass daily as above, receive Holy Communion. The first named indulgence may also be gained by looking devoutly upon the Sacred Host whenever it is solemnly exposed, saying the aforesaid words.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL. There was buried in the little cemetery at Cheeko waga (N. Y.) last Thursday, a woman who had brought up a remarkable family, and who herself was an exemplar of the saintly life. Mrs. Margaret Lutz was the wife of a prosperous farmer in Lancaster. To the worthy couple eleven children were born. Of these nine were called to the religious life. Three sons joined the Jesuits. One is now a scholastic in Canisius College and hopes to be ordained in the same order. Of the daughters, three are members of the Sisters of St. Francis, having taken vows at the Sacred Heart Convent, this city. One is a novice in the same

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institution, and one is a member of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary. The latter months of her life Mrs. Lutz spent at the Sacred Heart Convent, where she could be near her sacramental Lord and where she was permitted to approach the altar every day. That is the simple story of a beautiful life. Eulogy is not necessary. What a delight it must have been to the grand old mother to realize that her children had given themselves to the loving Saviour who was so dear to her. And what a priceless heritage is the memory of such a mother to her children! God rest her soul.—Catholic Union and Times.

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CHATS WITH YOU

Taking the Measure of his Marshal Field was always his employees and trying to get futures. Nothing escaped his eye. Even when those all praise, and measure to the miss a man from a certain he would often ask his own had become of him. When he was promoted, he would of him until he missed his then would ask where he ways wanted to see how came to his estimate of f kept track of men of p employ and watched the ment. In this way, he b part in human nature re Mr. Field would som man for a position whe would tell him that he had made a mistake; but always right, because h power of discernment. He did not say much at claims of the applicant said, because he could se surface and measure the had wonderful power for mental caliber. He coul direction his strength la see his weak points as f

A man who had been manager for many years very suddenly to go into himself. Without the s tion or concern, Mr. F office a long time with ing for a long time with he made him general so great was his confid measured the man corr very next day he sal He did not think it m and see how his new out. He believed he ha and that he could not not disappointed. Men of succeeding in a m need enough to kno not "know it all," s employ men who are st are weak, to surround men who have the ab lack, who can suppl ness and shortcomin and ability. Thus, in power, they make an Why Some Men of G

The trouble is that cause of their inability nature duplicate their their employees, thus c chances of failure. To see their own weakn tions, are those who themselves with men some weak links in the the result is that th tion is weak. The leader must n judge of others, but able to read himsel, ory of his own strong points.

Men have often be culce or to fill very at the head of great of their recognized disappointed the exp who placed their hope because they could They may have be well posted, strong l have had a great de but they lacked the measure their own them where they belo them was cut out military leader; but the White House h he was shorn of his could not use his gr was obliged to dep the advice of friend that, as President, the high reputation general.

It he had had read politicians ar for Government po for judging of milit have made a great felt his weakness in he was not fitted made the fatal mis self into the hand M. in Success. Three Three things to tleness, and affect Three things to dignity, and grace Three things to gance, and ingrat Three things to frankness, and fr Three things to good-humor, and Three things to quantity, and flip Three things to books, good frien Three things to country, and frie Three things to tongue, and cond Two things to eternity.

The If it is praisew altars, home an more sublime in evil inclination ptations. It is shine before me external glamo strife of the heaven, who w twice. His gra citations, will to victory.—Cat Devotion to t is the worship Jesus for men; emine; and maintaining on Master and Red for the souls He broken and ble give except th offering of our and our fellow-degree like H

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Taking the Measure of his Employees.

Marshal Field was always studying his employees and trying to read their futures. Nothing escaped his keen eye. Even when those about him did not know that he was thinking of them, he was taking their measure at every opportunity.

Mr. Field would sometimes pick out a man for a position when his advisers would tell him that they thought he had made a mistake; but he was nearly always right, because he had greater power of discernment than the others.

A man who had been his general manager for many years, once resigned very suddenly to go into business for himself. Without the slightest hesitation or concern, Mr. Field called on the man who had been watching for a long time without letting the man know it.

Why Some Men of Great Ability Fail. The trouble is that many men, because of their inability to read human nature duplicate their own weaknesses in their employees, thus multiplying their chances of failure.

Men have often been elected to high office or to fill very important positions at the head of great concerns because of their recognized ability, who have disappointed the expectations of those who placed their hopes in them, simply because they could not read people.

Grant was cut out for a general, a military leader; but when he got into the White House he felt out of place, he was shorn of his great power.

Three Things. Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—Intellect, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good-humor, and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—Good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to govern—Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Two things to think of—Death and eternity. The Worst Fight. If it is praiseworthy to fight for our altars, home and country, how much more sublime is it to fight against our evil inclinations, desires and temptations.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the worship rendered to the love of Jesus for men; and it is also a devotion eminently fitted for enkindling and maintaining our love for our Blessed Master and Redeemer Jesus Christ, and for the souls He came to save.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A SALUTE

It was only a small thing apparently, but the sum of small things makes a world. Experience shows us this; and many a trifling incident acts and reacts till ultimately its influence affects the largest and highest interests.

A knot of young men stood at a street corner for a final word before setting out homeward after their day's labor. Their discussions were neither deep nor very serious, and they soon parted. Three of them with whom we are most concerned, passed up the street, and their chatter ebbed and flowed on sport and amusement.

There was a tall in the chatter when Harry raised his hat. Mechanically his companions raised theirs. "Hello, Watson," said one of them—Phil Norris—"who is your lady friend? I thought you were a stranger to all here, and did not rejoice in any lady's acquaintance."

"Which lady?" asked Harry, surprised. "That's what I want to know," rejoined Norris—"the lady you saluted."

"I did not salute any lady," said Harry, still surprised. "But you raised your hat to some one," chimed in Jack Richardson. "For I know I followed suit."

Harry was silent. The others looked curiously at their companions, and Norris laughingly rallied him. "We seem to have stumbled on a budding romance or something of the kind, and your diffidence and hedging are now exciting our curiosity. Out with it, man; and if you need advice—out of our mouths shall flow the words of wisdom."

Harry smiled. "You would not understand."

"Too deep for us, eh? Well, let us have the opportunity of trying. "But," he hesitated, "of course if you have any reason, don't let our chief worry you."

"Lest you imagine all kinds of mysteries," said Harry, "it was simply because we passed the Church. Naturally, I raised my hat. That was all."

Norris looked hard at him. "Didn't know you were a Catholic, Watson; and, besides, you have only been here three days, and how—?" He stopped.

"Oh, there is nothing strange in it," said Harry. "You can generally tell a Catholic Church, and besides, I enquired when I came here."

"But anyway, even if you did pass your Church, why did you lift your hat?" queried Richardson, inquisitively. "I know I pass the Church of England every day as I go to the office and never dream of lifting my hat. And I've never seen anyone else do it."

"Watson," said Norris, with mock solemnity, "you have been found guilty of deliberately insulting our curiosity; and the sentence of the court is that you explain forthwith—and without the option."

"Hardly think you will understand," repeated Harry, slightly embarrassed; "but as you wish it, I will give you the reason. It is very simple, at least to a Catholic."

"In our Churches we reserve the Blessed Sacrament of Holy Eucharist; that is to say, the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ is ever present under the form of bread and wine on our altars; and as it is only fitting, when a Catholic passes the Church he raises his hat in reverence of the God made man present through love on the altar." He stopped and exclaimed: "But I seem to be preaching as though I were all I should be."

Norris seemed thoughtful, and Harry spoke a few more words on the Blessed Sacrament, in response to a remark of Richardson's. Then there was a lull and conversation flagged, all being more or less occupied with their own thoughts. Soon they separated, going their various ways. A few days after Harry Watson, in response to a telegram returned to his own office, and soon almost forgot his brief stay in the Northern town.

Time speeds on when there is work to do, and it is done honestly and conscientiously; and the three years that elapsed since Harry Watson paid his brief relieving visit North left him more mature indeed, but little changed. He had lately married and rented a pretty residence in the suburbs with easy access to the city by the cable tram. Just now he was very busy at the annual balancing, and could snatch but a brief half-hour for lunch in town. As he was rather late, the crush was over, and there was but one other at the little table where he sat. He glanced carelessly at him, but the face was unfamiliar, so he busied himself with the luncheon. His table companion—no other than Phil Norris—eyed him intently for a little time and at last broke the silence.

"I beg your pardon, but is your name Watson," he asked.

"Yes," said Harry, with a look of polite surprise.

Norris went on, "my name is Norris; I think I met you some years ago when you went North relieving, but you would hardly remember me. I was in the bank at—"

Watson remembered, and after a pleasant remembrance chat, invited him out for supper.

"If you are not otherwise engaged and could manage, I would be very pleased to have you come out this evening to supper."

"I should be very glad indeed."

"Well then that's settled," said Harry. "Meet me at the King street tram at ten past five, and I'll pilot you

out." And with a cordial shake hands they parted. As the tram swung round from King street past St. Mary's the two young men raised their hats quietly but reverently, and an old priest, a fellow passenger, murmured a "Benedicite" on their manly faith.

Soon round the quay table at Watson's home the time was passing pleasantly, and the friendly chat turned naturally to the visitor's impressions of Sydney. Norris was enthusiastic about everything. "It is simply magnificent and, with a smile, to a poor rustic like myself, an education. The Cathedral especially is beautiful and to me like a great religious poem. It is an epic in stone," Watson cordially assented.

"Yes and thought to grow more and more open to me—though I am prosaic enough. I did not know you were a Catholic," he added, "till I saw you raise your hat at St. Mary's."

"Do you know, Mrs. Watson," said Phil turning to his hostess, "that, humanly speaking, it is to your husband I owe my Catholic faith: for I only entered the Catholic fold some two years ago."

"By what?" ejaculated his host.

Norris smiled, and went on quietly but earnestly. "Yes to you and so you may realize my pleasure at our meeting today." Then he recalled the little incident of three years ago in the Northern town. "The silent homage of the act," he went on, "more telling than any words had made an impression on me; and when some days later we passed the Church as usual on our way home, Richardson spoke of you, and I found he too had been thinking of it. I suggested we should go in, more for curiosity than anything else, and for the first time we entered a Catholic Church. The little lamp burning there, solitary in the stillness seemed to suggest permanent and continuous homage to a Presence—and though the building itself and fittings seemed mean and poor compared to our own, it seemed to have something ours lacked. Well, we came away, but the impression remained deep seated in us. To make it more than an impression or to put it aside altogether, I determined to go into the Catholic question seriously; and—to be brief—after some little trials and a great deal of reading, I was received into the Church; and as I said, I look gratefully on you as the one who first turned my steps into the right path."

There was a pause. Mrs. Watson—god little soul—was beaming; her eyes a little misty but glowing with joy. On Watson's face there was a graver look than usual.

"What of Richardson," he asked.

"He is not yet a Catholic, I regret to say, but every day he tends more and more, and as he is engaged to be married to a good Catholic girl, I am convinced it is only a matter of a very short time now."

Then they chatted about other things, till Norris had to leave. Watson went down to the tram with him.

"Well, Norris," he said, "you have outstripped Richardson in one thing; you have a leaf out of his book in another. Marry a good Catholic girl, and when you are on your wedding trip don't forget to come and see us."

"I do not intend to marry," he answered.

"Not marry! Nonsense, man. Why not?"

"Well I am only waiting to arrange matters, and then I leave for Rome to study for the priesthood. Good-bye!"

When Norris's plans were told her, Mrs. Watson fairly beamed with joy on her husband. "Oh! Harry, isn't it splendid. And to think he owes the beginning to you. Didn't I always say you were so good—the best man in the world," she cried enthusiastically. "I am afraid I am very old-fashioned, but I am earnestly, "even if my actions should not be a stimulant to good for others, I hope at least that never an act or duty omitted on my part may prove a stumbling block or hindrance in another man's way to truth or a better life."

Is there a needed lesson here?—Brisbane Age

WHO SAVED THE SCRIPTURES. CARDINAL MORAN OF AUSTRALIA SHOWS WORK OF IRISH MONKS IN OLD IN COPYING SACRED MS. AND REBUILDING CIVILIZATION.

Recently, at Sydney, New South Wales, the Ancient Order of Hibernians presented Cardinal Moran with a handsome sum to be used in promoting the study of Irish history and language in the parochial schools.

In thanking the Hibernians the great scholar and venerable Cardinal said that the history and language of Ireland were matters which deserved attention. A university in Germany had a special chair for the study of the Celtic language, and in Manchester and Liverpool they had similar chairs. In the United States several universities recognized that the study of the Celtic language held an important place, and as to Irish history no higher ideal could be presented to the students of the present day. In the early days, continued his Eminence, Ireland was studded with seats of learning, piety, and enlightenment, from which true civilization was spread through distant lands. His Eminence quoted from the writings of Lady Ferguson, a Protestant lady, who was distinguished for her ability in the pursuit of literature and science, and who said:

"The Irish monks were the transcribers of those manuscript copies of Holy Writ and of ancient learning, many of which are so exquisitely illuminated that they have been the wonder and delight of succeeding ages. These are true art treasures, evincing the most refined perception of grace and beauty, with delicacy of execution, which has never been surpassed, and place Ireland, between the fifth and ninth centuries—a period when Western Europe was sunk in barbarism—among the foremost seats of piety and learning, and in a position, as regards the arts of

decoration, as applied to manuscripts and ecclesiastical object, unapproached by any of the nations of Christendom."

Such was glorious evidence of the perfection attained in Irish history in the early days. It was from the Irish missionaries that most of the Anglo-Saxons received the blessings of the Christian faith, and missionaries went forth from the Irish churches and sanctuaries bringing the blessings of enlightenment and truth to most of the nations of Europe.

IGNORANCE AND ATHEISM. It is not Science that threatens Christianity, writes M. Lacombe, in Le Correspondant (Paris), but ignorance—that ignorance which Bossuet called most dangerous of the sicknesses of the soul, and the origin of all others. And yet on all sides we find the self-styled atheist and the "esprit fort" assure us that human faith in supernatural revelation is making its last vain fight against the irresistible truths of cold Science.

There was a time when one of the greatest thinkers the world has known, declared the same sentiments. This was Taine, who in the latter days when he asserted that if France wished to regain her prestige and her happiness, it behooved her to destroy what had brought about their loss, namely, materialism and atheism.

"These new doctrines, Mr. Taine, I will admit," he exclaimed, "but they do not regenerate. Do not listen to those superficial minds who pretend to a deep philosophy, simply because they have found, like Voltaire, certain difficulties in Christianity. Measure your progress in Philosophy by the veneration it creates within you for the religion of the Gospel."

There can be no question of the greatness of Taine's intellect. He must rank with thinkers like Goethe, Lessing and Newman in point of sheer intellectuality, and it is consequently not surprising that he had courage enough to avow in after years, that his early atheism grew out of his ignorance of the teachings of the Christian faith; that as he put it, he declared against Christianity after perusing one of the Epistles in the New Testament.

There came a time, nevertheless, when his artificial ideology was insusceptible of itself to explain to him the mysterious evolution of history and politics, by processes which defied human analysis, and the origins of which he could only refer to a Supernatural Mind which constituted the Absolute, after which he had so long been the most indefatigable of searchers. It was then that he addressed himself to young minds counselling them that the hope of man's regeneration, but that a negation of it involved a negation of Art and Knowledge, and invited the stultification of the human mind. Of all the striking examples of return to the early truths, that of Taine is the most prominent.

Yet, says M. Lacombe, if ignorance of Christian teaching is excessive among those who combat it, it is less so among those who profess it. The spectacle which the French nation presents at this moment in its tragic crisis, would unflinchingly show that the disease among the people is not only a moral one, but an intellectual phenomenon. Here we have an eruption of satanic impiety which is based upon assertions by willfully distorted minds and of which no proofs have been asked by those most affected.

A century of philosophy seems to be about to start in which scientific truth is to be sought, and if it be not arrested, Christian beliefs, already wavering in the minds of many, must be entirely destroyed. Here is atheism that owes its origin to the fact that it will not seek the truth, in other words to ignorance.

It is to the great glory of Leo XIII. that he turned the thoughts of men towards thought and spirituality. He invited faith and science to work together without fear and with the spirit of peace in their hearts. Of science he urged research in good faith and not the declaration of scientific dogma based upon assumptions alone. Scientific experiments and inventions have produced nothing absolute. Nothing that science has accomplished of itself has provided men with light or consolation in the dark hours of the human pilgrimage. For two thousand years, there has been but one certainty and one truth, namely, the influence of the doctrine of Christ.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

If thou carry thy cross willingly, it will carry thee, and bring thee to thy desired end; to wit, to that place where there shall be an end of suffering, though here will be none.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

HE PUT HIM OFF. "Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about 6 o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind it, I know. Pay no attention to the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?" "Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nabian. "It shall be did, sah!" The next morning the coin giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling, "Rochester!" "Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?" Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling. "Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?" "Wha-at!" gasped the porter, jumping, at his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you do gemman dat give me a five dollar gold piece?" "Of course I was, you idiot!" "Well, den, befohd de Lawd, who was the gemman I put off at Syracuse?" "God does not ask too much of us. We may be all willing to die for Him, but He makes no such demand. He only requires that we succeed in living for Him. Whatever our path in life may be, along the easy roads of the valley, or scaling the tortuous and difficult ascents of the world's mountains, we must adhere steadfastly to the work before us, so as to arrive in due time at a glorious immortality.

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TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

A difficult thing for the average Catholic to understand is the point of view from which many intelligent Protestants look at social and political conditions in Catholic communities. If the conditions are low in their estimates they at once jump to the conclusion that the Catholic Church is to blame. Unfortunately some Protestant clergymen are grievously misled with that species of strabismus. One of the clergymen who adds D. D. to his name, and who consequently might be expected to take a broad view of things, has been recently in Mexico "doing" the country and recording his doings in one of our esteemed Protestant contemporaries. This renowned gentleman declares that he attended an eucharistic service in the Saxe afternoon in the Cathedral; a strange statement for a D. D. who should know that the eucharistic service, called by Catholics the Sacrifice of the Mass, is always celebrated in every part of the world in the morning. But this is not all. He found himself traveling in the public cars with dirty and ignorant Indians, which evidently made him feel very uncomfortable and induced him to moralize on their inferior condition, by ascribing it to the debilitating influence of the "Roman Church." Probably the reverend D. D. has more respect for external appearances than for interior conditions, for good, well made clothes than for a good conscience, and as he shows his ignorance of the language spoken by these Mexican Indians, he is probably a bad judge of their mental cultivation. When Christ gathered the fishermen about Him on the shore of the Galilean lake there were doubtless some well meaning Pharisees and Levites who objected to them because they were coarse fishermen, with possibly the odor of fish on their garments. But it seems passing strange that it did not occur to this reverend gentleman in Mexico to ask himself what the mental and social condition of the Indians in that part of North America in which the Simon pure Protestants the Puritans of New England, came into contact with him for over a century and a half. The Puritans simply exterminated the Red men without mercy or compunction. They exterminated them and took their lands. There is not a full-blooded living Indian to-day in the New England States save those in Maine, who were fostered, Christianized and preserved from extinction by the Catholic missionaries, several of whom laid down their lives for their red-skinned sheep. Such a thought might have occurred to a broad-minded Protestant D. D. in Mexico. The Indians are living, thriving and multiplying in that country, as they are in Chile, Peru, Paraguay, the Argentine and every other South American country. Many of the leading statesmen in these countries are of Indian blood. Had our Protestant D. D. called upon President Diaz he would have found him a whole or nearly a whole, blooded Indian. The Indian was saved in South America by the Catholic missionaries who proselytized in season and out of season against the exactions and cruelties perpetrated upon them by many of the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors. Almost the Puritan clergymen with the exception of the gentle Eliot, of Boston, were among the foremost in every war against the aborigine. It is passing strange the thought does not occur to even the casual observer in every country where the aborigine has been civilized and Christianized that the civilizing and Christianizing has been accomplished by Catholic missionaries. In other words, wherever throughout the world so-called Catholic countries acquired domination over uncivilized communities the aborigines have been gradually civilized and preserved, and wherever so-called Protestant countries dominated uncivilized communities the latter have been practically exterminated, as the Red men over a large portion of North America, and the Maori in Australia.—Boston Pilot.

THE HOLY FATHER AND "MODERNISM"

Again our steadfast Pontif, the saintly Pius X reveres to the subject of the recent Syllabus, and in a formal Encyclical gives explicit directions that the teaching of the errors condemned under that heading be sternly stamped out in all universities, colleges and schools. We are justified in concluding that such teaching was becoming a positive menace to the faith of millions, and it would not have elicited such a decided verdict if the latter were the Holy Father. He is fully cognizant of all the circumstances of the case, and knows the need has arisen, and he assigns to the responsibility of his sublime pastoral office. He speaks as the Father of Christendom, and his voice will be heard with attention and reverence by his faithful children all over the world. As yet we have received no more than the cable summary of the more important portions of the Encyclical. It is not likely, however, that the full text will modify in any degree the mandatory character of the instructions issued to teachers and ordinaries as to their duty in the removal of dangerous literature from the classes in university and college. It is a matter of course that a howl of disapprobation awaits the Encyclical in some circles which it does not concern. The usual cry of our time is "Modernism" already being emitted by the enemies of the Church. The Pope is prepared for this. Measures have been taken to prove to those who are not averse from the acknowledgment of the truth that the Church is not the foe of science or physical truth, but is determined to preserve the delimitation between the truth of faith and revelation and the theories of empiricists. "The Pillar and the Ground of Truth," let Simon Magus be what he may. These are not new storms that break at the base of the Rock, although they be called modern. They

are as old as the days of Augustine and Donatists. They will reappear, under a different name, some day in the future, when their present rage shall have spent itself. We may listen to their uproar with the equanimity of William Tell harkening to the tumult of the winds in his Alpine home, knowing that though deep-mouthed and unshrinking, they exhibit their power in vain on the immovable hills.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S VISION.

The celebrated English Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, in a lecture recently in Dublin said there was no country in Christendom so Catholic as Ireland, and no capital so teeming with faith and the practice of it as Dublin. While across the water (in England) divorce was so common, in Ireland it was practically unknown. While the domestic ties in that country were being loosened, in Ireland they were being closely knit as ever. While the birth-rate was such as to be a plague spot on the country, in Ireland the birth-rate was normal. The Irish said their prayers and went to the sacraments believing in both, and that was, in a single sentence, the explanation of their high spirits, of their light hearts, as well as of their keen intellects. Father Vaughan can turn an anecdote to good account and he did so in this lecture. He said that going the round of the clubs in London was a story about a certain noted gambler who died and found himself by some good luck in Heaven. Being out of place there he asked leave to go down to his own quarters, and there he gambled away his return ticket. The lady cheat who won it thereby got to heaven according to the club story. Father Vaughan said that he, too, had a dream about the subject. As he lay awake in Dublin on Tuesday night he fancied he saw in one of the outer courts of heaven the well-known London gambler referred to, pacing to and fro in search of a pal, but none such came. At last he went to St. Peter at the Golden Gate, and confessing that it was by cheating he had passed through, he begged for a pass out ticket to see how his old friends were doing down below. There he found an enormous crowd of well-known betting men and women in a low and smothering room. They were being forced to play bridge with no stakes and in dead silence. For some time he watched the faces of the players, in which rage, despair and hatred were depicted. The passion to play once more awoke in him, and he started and lost his return ticket to heaven. It was secured by a noted and fashionable society woman, who was known to be a confirmed cheat. She dashed with the ticket from the gambling saloon, making for the iron gates. There she was met by a man, who, after congratulating her on her luck, pointed to the words, "Not transferable." She screamed, and taking up the ticket, she fled to the tables to resume her everlasting play. "See," he exclaimed, "these letters of fire, 'All hope abandon ye who linger here.'"—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON ACHIEVEMENT OF IRISH NATIONALISTS.

Nothing certain recent signs of restoration among a few members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, because of the disappointing Irish Council Bill, Justin M. McCarthy writes in The Independent: My fellow countrymen in the United States need not, however, attach too much importance to these displays of an impatience which is at least intelligible, but certainly is not judicious or in the true sense patriotic. I have the best authority for my view, namely, the Irish party and the Irish Council Bill, and that the movement for Home Rule will, on the whole, give full support to the leadership of John Redmond, will recognize the wisdom of the policy adopted and carried out by Charles Stewart Parnell, the policy which is founded on the fact that for a country like Ireland, placed under the dominion of England's overwhelming power, there can be no means of achieving Home Rule except by patient, steady, unceasing work in the House of Commons, the one platform from which enlightened public opinion in England can be impressed, convinced and won over. I had a long conversation only two or three days ago with a very leading and influential member of John Redmond's party, and he assured me that the party, with very few exceptions, remains loyal to the pledge given to the Holy Father. He is fully cognizant of all the circumstances of the case, and knows the need has arisen, and he assigns to the responsibility of his sublime pastoral office. He speaks as the Father of Christendom, and his voice will be heard with attention and reverence by his faithful children all over the world. As yet we have received no more than the cable summary of the more important portions of the Encyclical. It is not likely, however, that the full text will modify in any degree the mandatory character of the instructions issued to teachers and ordinaries as to their duty in the removal of dangerous literature from the classes in university and college. It is a matter of course that a howl of disapprobation awaits the Encyclical in some circles which it does not concern. The usual cry of our time is "Modernism" already being emitted by the enemies of the Church. The Pope is prepared for this. Measures have been taken to prove to those who are not averse from the acknowledgment of the truth that the Church is not the foe of science or physical truth, but is determined to preserve the delimitation between the truth of faith and revelation and the theories of empiricists. "The Pillar and the Ground of Truth," let Simon Magus be what he may. These are not new storms that break at the base of the Rock, although they be called modern. They

MRS. EDDY'S TRIAL.

It is greatly to be regretted that an inquiry into the mental capability of Mrs. Eddy, the atful founder of so-called Christian Science, has come to a sudden stop. Had it been suffered to proceed, it must have resulted in shedding some useful light on the character and methods of that singular adventuress. As it was the public good some interesting glimpses. It was shown, for instance, that amongst her beliefs was the theory that malignant influences could be set in motion by persons far away, and made to work evil on those against whom they were invoked. If this is not a form of witchcraft such as we find depicted in Shakespeare's plays and other works, we do not know what witchcraft was. Those who dealt in that diabolical science used to make waxen idols, and when they stuck pins into these the persons against whom their

evil powers were invoked were supposed to suffer torments in the corresponding portions of their anatomy. Something similar to this superstition appears to be that of the founder of "Christian Science."

SOCIALISM DISCUSSED BY ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

Socialism was one of the questions discussed at the recent English Catholic Congress in Preston, Lancashire, the most Catholic town in England. One of the speakers, Rev. Father Hughes of Liverpool, went to the heart of the problem in his remarks on wages which, he said, are notoriously unjust. The wages of labor, he continued, are practically nothing. The wages of vice and luxury are as high as man could make them. His instance was a case of two girls of the age of about twenty-three, who had come under his notice. One went into a shop and worked from six to eight in the morning till eight at night for six days a week and received 3s a week. The other, a girl, who desired to give up her evil life, had in her possession jewels and presents which were assessed by a Liverpool jeweler to be worth not less than £10,000, gathered in two years as the wages of vice. Until she had come under his notice, she had been in the streets of their cities were teeming with immorality. But Father Hughes did not tell how this could be done. If the laborer, the ordinary laborer at least, got the whole product of his labor, and he could hardly expect more, it would not amount to the wages of the able-bodied man, and his successors would be calculated to work by a high rate of interest, and would be unable to pay the interest and the principal, and would be driven to the workhouse or to the street. The central point of the whole social question is how to gain a decent living, or how to procure the wherewithal to be properly fed, clothed, housed, educated, and recreating; or to put it in a single word, the question is one of suitable maintenance. Every individual of our teeming population, Mgr. Parkinson went on to say, yearns to live as easily, as comfortably, and as efficiently as the inevitable conditions of human life will permit. Strange though it may seem when thus crudely stated, it is nevertheless true that urban overcrowding, infant mortality, the prevalence of dangerous trades, sweating labor, strikes, child labor, and labor of married women in factories all emphasize and illustrate this central field of effort—the struggle for higher maintenance. Whatever may be the remedies proposed to remove or alleviate the misfortunes of our economic state, a broad fair confronts every man and woman who will devote a little patient reflection to the circumstances of human life. This fact is that men, women, and children—individuals and families, all of the same flesh and blood, of the same moral and intellectual capabilities, of the same lofty destiny—live, labor and die in conditions of life most unequal, where the comforts, the pleasures, or the toils are often unmerited by the individuals who suffer or enjoy them. The fact thus stated by Father Parkinson is one of the arguments of the Socialists. What are the remedies for the evil? Father Parkinson did not specify any particular remedy but he set forth some principles which, he said, are axiomatic with Catholics and in practice admit neither of doubt nor discussion. And first: Every man is under the obligation, and has therefore the right, to serve God according to his conscience. He has consequently the right to bring up his offspring in accordance with the tenets of his own religion, and to enjoy all reasonable facilities for its free exercise. These principles are not in accord with the secular doctrines of Socialism in the matter of education. Much less in line with the Socialist idea are the other principles formulated by Mgr. Parkinson: Individuals may do lawfully possess as their own both land and other properties. To deprive them of what they hold by a recognized title of ownership would be spoliation. Every individual has a full and inviolable right to the use and disposal of his own properties, subject only to the extreme necessity of others. Every man has a right to the unfettered use of his faculties, to self-direction, to the result of his industry and capacity. Here, Mgr. Parkinson observes, we have the right of the free choice of labor, and the right of reasonable competition. But "reasonable competition" would have to be explained and defined. What is "reasonable competition?" It would include the operations of an American "trusts."—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

DIocese of Peterborough.

GREAT GROWTH OF THE DIocese BEING THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. From Peterborough Examiner. The Silver Jubilee of the Catholic diocese of Peterborough and the establishment of St. Peter's Cathedral in 1882, and his successors were celebrated last week by a high Mass at 10.30 a. m., and Pontifical Vespers at 7.30 p. m., and the occasion was a very happy and joyous one. His Grace and Blessings in the past, and in the position that they might be continued in the future. The speaker then referred to the fact that St. Peter's Cathedral was built on the site of his cathedral and the universal religion to which he had been called to preach, and that which was not, but now is his duty, and the people have great cause for rejoicing. The speaker then referred to the fact that St. Peter's Cathedral was built on the site of his cathedral and the universal religion to which he had been called to preach, and that which was not, but now is his duty, and the people have great cause for rejoicing. The speaker then referred to the fact that St. Peter's Cathedral was built on the site of his cathedral and the universal religion to which he had been called to preach, and that which was not, but now is his duty, and the people have great cause for rejoicing.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

When the demon of drink enters the home the angel of peace departs; poverty follows in the demon's wake, for drink is a spendthrift vice. It is terrible to ruin the body, it is terrible to ruin the home, but it is more terrible to ruin the soul, that spark of God's intelligence. We despise the thief; we shrink in horror from the murderer, but they are men. But the drunkard—who will say that this unloving, unthinking, unreasoning thing is a man? God made man little less than the angels, but the drunkard makes him self little less than the brute. There are seventy-five thousand drunkards going down to their graves every year. If this is what drink will do what will you do? We can not sit down and fold our hands. If we have a heart that loves humanity we must do something, and there is one thing we can do: we can abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. The way to straighten a crooked stick is to bend it in the opposite direction. If you are strong, give to your neighbor of your strength if he is weak.—Sacred Heart Review.

MARRIAGE.

NADE KEVES—At St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, Ont., on Sept. 29th, 1907, Mr. Joseph Dublin, Ont., to Miss Elizabeth H. Kyles, B. V. young daughter of Robert Kyles ex Ward of Parish Church. MARYSE Dwyer—At St. Bridget's church, Ottawa, Ont., on Sept. 10th, 1907, by the Rev. Father Ryan, M. D. Miss Maryse to Miss Julia Dwyer, youngest daughter of John Dwyer, both of Levan. CAMERON—At Carleton Place, Ont., on Sept. 27, killed by the cars Mr. Angus Cameron, aged seventy-six years. M. J. his son, in peace.

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