

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLER. CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOUBLE ORDINATION—A HAPPY DEATH—AN UNREASONABLE VISIT.

It was a bright, balmy day, about the end of April, a few weeks after the dinner party at Henry Blake's. There was another joyous commotion in Tim Flanagan's household, and from early morning the whole family was up and stirring. Even Susan got out of bed about 8 o'clock, and was supported down stairs to the family eating room, though, to say the truth, she looked as if the effort was almost beyond her strength.

All the family were present, including Edward, Margaret, and Mr. O'Callahan, and when Susan entered, leaning on John's arm, and followed by Ellie, every one had a word of congratulation, and a smile of kindly welcome for the poor invalid.

"Now, Susie," cried Edward, when she was seated at her mother's right hand in an easy-chair; "now, you see, the Ides of March are come—what have you to say for yourself, that we do not convict you as a false prophetess?"

"Why, just this, Edward," said Susie, with unwonted cheerfulness, "that I am very happy to plead guilty to the charge. I am truly thankful to God and to our sweet Mother Mary that I am spared to see your Ides of March—or rather April!" she added, with a touch of her former gaiety. "Does Thomas know that I shall be present, sir?" turning to her father.

"Yes, my child, I sent him word by John yesterday morning."

"So much the better, father—now, mother dear, you shall see what a breakfast I can make."

Her mother smiled, and said she hoped to see her make a good breakfast, so as to strengthen her for the approaching ceremony, which must necessarily be a long one. They were still sitting at table when Dan Sheridan and his wife, with their son and daughter, made their appearance.

"Why, then, what in the world are you about here?" cried Dan, looking at her. "I thought you'd all be ready to start before now."

"Just listen to him," said his wife from behind, "lecturing others, and upon my credit, Tim, I had to keep at him hard and fast to have himself out so early."

"What wonder," said Mike, "when we had Mrs. Reilly at breakfast? Don't be too hard on my father, mother dear. I'm sure you would have him close his eyes against Mrs. Reilly's reminiscences—especially on a day like this, when we're all in such high spirits!"

"What are you at now, Mike?" inquired Mrs. Reilly, coming in by another door. "I thought I heard you saying something about me. I suppose you're cracking a joke at poor Sally's expense."

Mike denied the charge with a look of such comical gravity that it caused the youngsters all laughing. "No, indeed, Sally dear!" said Tim, "it was only telling us how you passed the time for this morning with your doll stories. He says he nearly split his sides laughing at you."

"He needn't say any such thing," replied Mrs. Reilly, with solemn gravity, "for there was nothing laughable in what I told them. I was only just telling them about the ordination of my poor uncle, Father Flynn. God be merciful to his soul! That was a great sight all out!" and she wiped away a retrospective tear.

"Why, did you see it, then?" demanded Tim, with a sly glance at his listeners.

"Oh! of course I didn't see it," said Mrs. Reilly, so intent on her own recollections that she never noticed the catch in Tim's words. "But I didn't see it, others did, and they say it was a grand affair, sure enough. But, Lord bless me, Susie dear! is that you?"

Tim had walked to the window to conceal his emotion, and Peter whispered his friend that he feared Susan was talking too much. "She looks quite faint," said he; "I think we had better call your mother and leave her in her hands."

The two friends were not long gone when Dr. Foster came in. He had not Susan for some days, and was hardly prepared to see her so much changed. He thought it advisable to administer the last sacraments without delay, promising to bring the holy Viaticum next morning. "And now good-bye, Susan," said he. "I do not bid you keep up your heart, for I think you have no need of encouragement. You have fought the good fight, my child, and are ready to be crowned with glory, for being called so soon to receive your reward. It is these," he added, turning to her now weeping parents; "it is these whom I pity most. And yet, my dear friends, yours is, after all, an enviable lot. Think of the death of Hugh Dillon and others of your young acquaintances, and you will see that God is good to you. Your dear Susan is indeed going to leave you, but you may reasonably hope that she is going to the better land; there to await your coming. Rejoice in the Lord, my friends, for that He gave you grace to bring up your children for places in the everlasting mansions! And you, Ellen, your sister's early and (I trust, it will be) happy death encourage you to persevere in the way of holiness, that you may be re-united again in the world of spirits!" So saying, he left the room, leaving behind him an indescribable feeling of tranquil resignation.

Next morning Susan received the Blessed Sacrament, for the last time, and about 1 o'clock in the afternoon she passed from this world to the next. Her last moments were of the most exquisite happiness; her mother held one hand, and Sister Mary Teresa the other, while Sister Magdalen held the crucifix before her glazing eyes, so that her last glance fell upon it. All the family knelt around in fervent prayer, and the prayers for the dying were read by Thomas. Susan had taken leave of every one, and received the last blessing of her father and mother at his own request. It was a beautiful

of the church and the altar and Him Who abides there as on a throne. I felt sad for a moment, as I thought of all the happy hours I spent there in sweet communion with my God; but it is past now. I shall soon see Him in the full assembly of the saints—with his gracious assistance."

Next morning our two young priests said their first Mass for their respective parents, the two families being again present, with the exception of Susan, who, fatigued after the exertion of the previous day, was unable to leave her bed. In the course of the afternoon she had the happiness of seeing Thomas, who cheered her with a promise that he would say Mass for her next morning.

"And I, too," said Peter, who was also present. "Thank God we have it in our power to do that much for you, dear Susan."

"And that is just what I have been wishing and praying for ever since I saw where my illness was to end. It is so encouraging to think that my dear brother, by the Holy Sacrifice on my behalf when I am called to the other world. Ah! yes, God is indeed good to me!"

Tim then entered the room, and his son said: "How happy we were yesterday morning to see you all present. But I was sorry to find that none of my Aunt Blake's family were there. How did that happen?"

"Oh! that was nothing strange if you are mistaken, my dear father," returned his father. "They have no great taste for such things."

"But, perhaps, you did not send them word, father?"

"Yes, but I did, Thomas; I apprised the old people myself, and sent John to tell Henry. The same Henry is going out at a rate on the broad road. He has no more religion in him than that bubble."

"I hope you are mistaken, my dear father," said the young priest, with real concern. "I must go and see Henry some of these days, and have a talk with him. Things may not be quite so bad as your friendly fears lead you to believe."

"Well! you'll see. I wish I had a better story to tell, for, if I know, I once loved Harry Blake as if he were my own child; but he won't let me love him now, do as I will. But what do you think of Susan, Mr. Sheridan? Bless my soul!" he added, in a soliloquizing tone; "isn't it strange to think that little Peter Sheridan and our Tom are both of them priests—sure enough, it seems like a dream!"

Mr. Sheridan laughed, as he replied: "Very true, Mr. Flanagan. It seems barely possible that two such little urechins have become reverend personages. God grant us grace," he added, with sudden recollection, "to edify the faithful by our holy lives! If we are ministers of God to-day, my dear sir, we owe it, under God, to the Christian foundation laid in our early years by our good parents and the teachers they provided for us. But you asked me, sir, what I thought of Susan. I find her doing well." He and Thomas exchanged looks which did not escape the priest.

"I understand you, Mr. Sheridan!" said she, with a cheerful smile. "You think I shall soon be ready for my journey. So I think myself. Now, Thomas, I want you, before you go home, to call upon dear Sister Magdalen, and my own sweet Sister Mary Teresa. Oh! how that name makes my heart throb! It was she who prepared me for my First Communion and for confirmation. They promised to be here, if possible, when I was setting out on my long journey. Tell them to come to see me to-morrow evening, if they can at all, for I do want to see them again, and I might be disappointed after all. They will be very glad to see you both, for they always loved Ellie and me and Annie Sheridan—dear Annie Sheridan! I hear she is to be married soon to Mr. O'Callahan's nephew, Lawrence Daly. May God bless her and him, and may they will be blessed, for they are both good and pious!"

Tim had walked to the window to conceal his emotion, and Peter whispered his friend that he feared Susan was talking too much. "She looks quite faint," said he; "I think we had better call your mother and leave her in her hands."

The two friends were not long gone when Dr. Foster came in. He had not Susan for some days, and was hardly prepared to see her so much changed. He thought it advisable to administer the last sacraments without delay, promising to bring the holy Viaticum next morning. "And now good-bye, Susan," said he. "I do not bid you keep up your heart, for I think you have no need of encouragement. You have fought the good fight, my child, and are ready to be crowned with glory, for being called so soon to receive your reward. It is these," he added, turning to her now weeping parents; "it is these whom I pity most. And yet, my dear friends, yours is, after all, an enviable lot. Think of the death of Hugh Dillon and others of your young acquaintances, and you will see that God is good to you. Your dear Susan is indeed going to leave you, but you may reasonably hope that she is going to the better land; there to await your coming. Rejoice in the Lord, my friends, for that He gave you grace to bring up your children for places in the everlasting mansions! And you, Ellen, your sister's early and (I trust, it will be) happy death encourage you to persevere in the way of holiness, that you may be re-united again in the world of spirits!" So saying, he left the room, leaving behind him an indescribable feeling of tranquil resignation.

Next morning Susan received the Blessed Sacrament, for the last time, and about 1 o'clock in the afternoon she passed from this world to the next. Her last moments were of the most exquisite happiness; her mother held one hand, and Sister Mary Teresa the other, while Sister Magdalen held the crucifix before her glazing eyes, so that her last glance fell upon it. All the family knelt around in fervent prayer, and the prayers for the dying were read by Thomas. Susan had taken leave of every one, and received the last blessing of her father and mother at his own request. It was a beautiful

of the church and the altar and Him Who abides there as on a throne. I felt sad for a moment, as I thought of all the happy hours I spent there in sweet communion with my God; but it is past now. I shall soon see Him in the full assembly of the saints—with his gracious assistance."

Next morning our two young priests said their first Mass for their respective parents, the two families being again present, with the exception of Susan, who, fatigued after the exertion of the previous day, was unable to leave her bed. In the course of the afternoon she had the happiness of seeing Thomas, who cheered her with a promise that he would say Mass for her next morning.

"And I, too," said Peter, who was also present. "Thank God we have it in our power to do that much for you, dear Susan."

"And that is just what I have been wishing and praying for ever since I saw where my illness was to end. It is so encouraging to think that my dear brother, by the Holy Sacrifice on my behalf when I am called to the other world. Ah! yes, God is indeed good to me!"

what I didn't expect from you."

"Well, ma'am, I'm sorry to offend you, but I only told you God's truth, so you needn't take it ill. Humph! she added, by way of soliloquy, as she descended the kitchen-stairs; "Humph! I suspect it's partly your own fault, an' that's what makes you feel so bad about it. Nobody ever turns out like that, unless they were brought up without any religion. Ignorant as I am in other things, I'll be bound to know my religion better than missie larin' does, with all her fine larin'! Humph! larin', indeed!—to do it if I pitch such larin'; what use is it if it doesn't show us the way to heaven?"

And Mary took up the poker and gave her fire such a stirring up that it "wondered what ailed it," as she said herself. Perhaps there was some vague connection in her mind between it and the "fine larin'" which she had been apostrophizing so affectionately.

Mrs. Thomson was quite surprised, and it would seem very agreeably so, on finding her mother in possession of the parlor.

"Why, dear me, ma," throwing herself gracefully on the sofa, with her bonnet dangling by its ties from her hand; "dear me! who would ever think of you being here so early. Zachary, do ring the bell. I wonder what that stupid girl is about. I want her to take my things up stairs. How tiresome these Irish servants are!"

The bell was rung, Mary appeared, and "the things" were sent up stairs.

"I just came to see how you were this morning," said the mother, trying to keep down her anger, "but I see I might have saved myself the trouble; if you were at church, I perceive—it was at Mass you were?"

Zachary laughed, and took the word out of Eliza's mouth. "Oh! yes, Mrs. Blake! I was at Mr. Tomkin's mass with me. Dr. Power's Mass was too far off, so I prevailed on dear Eliza to come with me. We had a capital time of it, I assure you, that old Tomkin is such a queer customer. He has got such droll notions of his own. You must come some day and hear him."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Blake, drily. "I'd rather not, Eliza, who did you get to go to Mass to-day?"

"Why, really mother, I didn't feel able to go—it is such a long walk," said Eliza, with listless indifference.

"Then, why didn't you stay at home?" was the next question.

"Oh! ma, that would never do! one feels that it is only proper to go to Church on the Sabbath-day to worship God. And then Zachary wished me to go with him—he says he can pray far better when I am by his side. Didn't you say so, Zachary?"

"Well! as to that, my love," replied Zachary, with his light-hearted laugh, "I never do pray much at any time—that's a fact, but I certainly feel better in church or out of church when you are with me." Eliza rewarded this speech by a look of exquisite tenderness. Zachary felt encouraged to proceed.

"Now, my good and most-respected mother-in-law, you must not be too hard on Eliza. You see she is not very strong just now, and you ought to remember that you were often in poor health yourself."

"I was never in such poor health that I'd willingly miss Mass when I was able to go out at all."

"Yes, but times are changed, my dear madam—that was in Ireland, you know, and all that sort of thing was quite the fashion there. It is altogether different here!" He then left the room to look for a certain newspaper he wanted, and Mrs. Blake began to reason with her daughter. At first she could make little or no impression; but, after a while, Eliza was brought to confess that she knew it was wrong to stay from Mass—

"Or to go to any heretical place of worship," interrupted her mother.

"Yes, ma, I rather think so."

"Well, you'll have enough without us, Eliza, so we'll go to Tim's. We're always welcome there, no matter what company they have. Thank God, we have one door open."

"Why, ma, how do you talk!—I'm sure you're always welcome here, too."

"Oh! to be sure we are. We know that very well," said Mrs. Blake, with a smile of doubtful meaning brightening her still handsome face. "Goodbye, Eliza, dear; don't forget your promise."

When she was gone, Zachary came in with his paper in his hand.

"Don't forget your promise, Eliza, dear!" he said, mimicking her mother's tone. "Be sure you leave your comfortable bed next Sunday morning at half-past five to the minute, and go right off to church. Be a good girl, now, Eliza, and do what I tell you, and I'll get Father Power, or some other father, to give you—a leather medal!"

Eliza laughed, and slapped him on the shoulder with her fan, and said, "I think you deserve a leather medal for your rare success in the art of mimicking. What would ma say if she heard you—or pa, either?"

"Why, I suppose the old Milesian blood would take fire, and, perhaps, explode. I'll take good care they don't either of them hear me. I know the Irish too well for that. They are like certain animals I could mention—stroke them, and they will do anything, but once cross them, and the game is up."

"You seem to forget that I have some of the same Milesian blood in my

veins," observed Eliza, with a somewhat heightened color, "and I'm sure you'd be glad to see me do it."

"Not at all, returned her husband; "I am mindful of the fact, but your Irish blood, Eliza has been long since refined into good American blood. You just retain enough of the Celtic fire to make you a charming wife for Zachary Thomson."

In the evening, when the whole family of the Pearsons and Thomsons, with Henry and Jane, were assembled in the same room, Zachary told, as a capital joke, how Mrs. Blake came in the forenoon to see after Eliza.

"To see after her," said Henry; "how do you mean?"

"Why, to find out whether she was gone to Mass or not. I fancy the old lady had a pious fit this morning that made her undertake such a journey at such a time. Wasn't it rich, Henry?"

Henry winced a little, and replied with some asperity, "I really don't find anything either rich or ridiculous in it. It is nothing but what a Catholic mother might be expected to do, under the circumstances. The only inference to be drawn, Zachary, is, that my mother suspects some foul play!"

He laughed as he spoke, but there was a certain bitterness in the tone, as well as in the words themselves.

"Foul play?" repeated Zachary, with a flushed cheek, and a kindling eye. "What foul play do you mean, Henry Blake?"

"Why, in regard to religion—what else could I mean?"

"And, pray, what right has your mother to pry into our religious affairs? I should think Eliza is old enough to take care of herself in such matters. How would you like if Mrs. Pearson there were to come putting her head every once in a while like Paul Pry, asking, 'Are you all good, regular, folk here? Do you go to Church every Sunday, and say your prayers every night and morning?' There was something absurd in the case thus put, especially as all present knew that good Mrs. Pearson was the very last person that would trouble herself about any such matter, and the consequence was that every one laughed heartily. Mrs. Pearson hastened to disclaim any such intention, and declared herself quite willing to let people look after their own spiritual affairs.

"Good gracious, Zachary! what an idea! no, no, Henry, you may be sure you will never see me in such a ridiculous position!—turning grand inquisitor, indeed! I leave that to others who have no American blood to boast of!"

"But apropos to religion, Henry," resumed Zachary, with a furtive glance at his father, "I hear you were quite young yourself on the occasion of Susan Flanagan's death. They say you actually went to confession in your Uncle Tim's parlor that morning."

"I deny it," said Henry, laughing. "I have other fish to fry."

"Do you mean to say, then, that you did not go to confession?"

"I do mean to say so. I have never bent my knee to a priest, as my Uncle Flanagan would say, since—"

"Since you and I went to College, Henry—eh?"

"Exactly! I leave that part of the business to my old mother. Indeed she has done the confessing of the whole family for the last ten or twelve years. When I was a boy, I used to go every once in a while, and settle accounts with the priest, but since I came to be a man, I have somehow got out of the way of such things."

"I rather think it must be queer work," observed Pearson, "that same confessing of one's sins. I should never know how to set about it. Well for me I wasn't brought up a Papist, for that's something I think I could never get along with."

"But you see, my dear sir, there are many Catholics who do not go to confession; witness myself, and many of my professional acquaintances."

"I'm sure, Henry," he replied, thoughtfully, "but I always had an idea—I don't know how I got it—that all Papists were obliged to go and tell their sins to a priest at certain times."

"Certainly sir, the Church of Rome does command her members to go to confession now and then, but, of course, we are not obliged to obey. It is still optional with us whether to go or stay."

"Well, you know best. After all, the matter is of little importance; these old relics of medieval, if not heathen superstition, are fast disappearing—at least from our favored country. The number of their votaries is every day growing less, and if it were not for the yearly influx of these ignorant Irish emigrants, with their old legends and traditions, we should have had, years ago, a thoroughly evangelized nation. Those inveterate Irish Papists are the heaviest clog on our national progress; they really are."

"Why, pa!" said Jane, "what a dull topic you have got to—do let us have something of more general interest. Eliza and I are really sick of that tiresome religion!"

"Bravo, Jane!" cried Zachary, "you're just of my notion—give religion to the dogs," said I, "I'll none of it!"

Religion, thus voted a bore, was kicked down stairs, and the conversation was turned on other topics of greater moment, as the company, one and all, agreed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONE MIDNIGHT MASS.

I had been sitting for some time in the shelter of a dismantled fishing smack that was lying on the shore, its days of usefulness past, watching an old man who was trimming his boat and making ready for departure. I wondered how one so old could venture alone on the bay in such weather, for quite a gale was blowing. Out beyond the protected harbor the billows rolled and tossed in a most threatening manner. Something in the garb and movements of the old gentleman made me think that I had seen him before, and that he was not an ordinary fisherman, though he went about his work in quite a sailor-like fashion.

When his sail was ready for hoisting he gave a tug at the halyards and then, without turning, called me by name and

said: "If you are not too tired you might give an old friend a pull on this rope." I recognized the voice, and in less time than it takes to mention it I was in the boat giving and receiving in return a warm hand clasp, not from a fisherman in the usual sense of the word, but from Father Hoyle, who is known and respected from one end of the peninsula to the other.

"Why, Father, what in the world brought you over here? I mistook you for a fisherman."

"Young man," he said, "The Prince of Apostles was a fisherman. So also am I; I fish for souls, and it is just for that purpose I am here. My old friend, Father Gardner is sick; he is getting most too old for active duty anyway. He wrote me that if I had a foot under me to come and help him over the holidays. A young man lately from Rome, whom the Bishop is breaking in, will take care of my people while I am away. A passing boat left a message here this morning that a priest was wanted at the old Mansell plantation across the bay. The Mansells were decent people. I said Mass in their house many a time twenty-five years ago. I hear it is sadly altered since. Father Gardner is sick, so I arrived just in time.

All the men of the village are off with the fishing boat over in the lumber-camps; otherwise some of them would accompany me. Not that I have any fear, as I am a pretty fair sailor. It is some one to be in the boat with me that I would like. Maybe you would come along?"

He looked at me quizzically. I looked out over the threatening waters. He saw my hesitation. "Never mind, my son; I was only joking. Sure I have made many longer trips than this by myself."

"That decided me," I am with you," I said. "How far is it?"

"Well, it is not quite to Cuba, so you can compose your face and not look so frightened."

I gave a tug at the halyards and said: "Hoist away; I am willing to follow Father Hoyle to Patagonia."

"I thought you wouldn't let me go alone. To tell you the truth, I was very lonely here; if the case was not really urgent I would hardly venture to make the trip by myself. It is now 10 o'clock. I hope to reach Mansell's place by sundown. As for this breeze, it is nothing to be afraid of; it will only rush us through that much quicker. I saw the time that I liked nothing better than a day in a boat, and the stiffer the breeze the better; but of late years—"

Here he paused and looked wistfully out over the bay, looking back, perhaps, to the time when, full of the ardor of youth and zeal for religion, he volunteered for the then wild Florida mission; and, truth to tell, parts of it are little better to-day. He roused himself with a "Well, well! it is childish I am getting. I fear the Bishop will soon be retiring me; though God knows when we are retired in this country it is generally in a wooden box we go."

Poor Seggarth! And there are many such among the blistering sands and malarious swamps of the South, and parching plains of the West, telling along uncomplainingly in the cause of Christ for the souls of men.

After hoisting the sail, and examining closely to see that everything was in good condition and working properly, he left me in the boat while he went back to see Father Gardner. When he returned I inferred from his actions and studious avoidance of conversation that he had fetched the Blessed Sacrament.

As he was about to shove off, he paused and said: "Have you still courage enough for the trip, my son? It may be 6 o'clock to-morrow morning by the time we get back here again."

I hesitated as I compared my comfortable room at the hotel, and the lazy loiterings about the sleepy little town which I had contemplated, with a day and a night spent in an open boat on the treacherous Gulf. Father Hoyle looked at me questioningly. I noted his gray hair and spare figure. Surely, I thought, if one so old and seemingly frail can make such a journey I can also. Then, could I refuse the offer of escort to the Sacred Presence that I knew was concealed in the pax, the string of whose case I saw peeping above Father Hoyle's collar? I answered, "I am with you, Father." He smiled in a pleased way; then with a "Mind yourself," gave the boat a vigorous push, leaping aboard at the same time. In another moment our boat was speeding across the white-capped waters of the bay on its errand of mercy.

The trip had more of excitement than comfort in it. Many times I trembled for our safety, and once, when the deck was almost perpendicular and the low rail under water, I suggested, in a voice whose anxiety I could not conceal, the advisability of shortening sail. Father Hoyle shook his head and replied: "There's some one dying across the bay; we can get there none too soon. I pray God we may arrive in time."

It was exactly 4 o'clock when Father Hoyle dropped sail at the mouth of Rattlesnake Bayou, which, from its narrow and tortuous windings, well deserved its name. An hour's polling and rowing brought us to the Mansell place. An old colored man who all his life had been a faithful son of the Church was dying. Father Hoyle immediately prepared him for the end. After ministering the sacraments he repeated the prayers for the dying. The faithful old black passed away a few minutes later, clasping the crucifix in one hand, and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

and the other held tenderly between the palms of Father Hoyle.

When we again reached the mouth of the bayou it was so dark that we could see but a few rods ahead. The roar of the waters rushing up the bay and the wind through the pines, to me, at least, was frightful. That, with the darkness, completely unnerved me. I turned to Father Hoyle and said: "Father, you surely will not attempt to cross the bay to-night?"

He looked at the sky, which was overcast, then at me, and replied: "I must go. To-morrow will be Christmas, and people will come for miles along the coast to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. I also promised Father

Gardner that I would surely be back in the morning to say Mass for him, as he is not able to leave his bed. God help us! I never thought I would see the time that a bit of wind like this would make me hesitate; and, while I am not really afraid, I can't deny feeling a strange quiver—old age, perhaps, running through me. A man going on seventy years hasn't the heart he had at thirty."

His large, beaming eyes, undimmed by age, had now a very thoughtful expression. "My son, I must make this trip alone, as there may be some danger, and I do not wish you to share it. You can go back to Mansell's for the night. In the morning makes you over to St. Andrew's. From there you will have no trouble in getting across, as there will be many leaving to spend Christmas in town. Help me to close reef the sail and I'll be off."

"I will not budge an inch, Father; nor you either, if I can prevent. The idea of our risking our lives for that bunch of daques over there!"

"He was stooping over the tuckle in the boat, and before I could say more he straightened like a flash. I thought he grew several inches taller, and his eyes shot a look at me I had never seen in them before—a look that a mother might have when her child was assailed. "Young man, I am ashamed of you! I thought you were made of better stuff. I did not ask you to risk your life; and as for the people whom you designate as a 'bunch of daques,' there is not a better or braver or more Christian set of people in the country to day than is contained in that village across the bay. They are plain fisher folk, to be sure, but I would not give them, with their honest hearts and simple ways, for the richest congregation of kid-glove Catholics in the country, and, if God spares me, I will bring our Blessed Lord to them in the morning."

He stopped again over the tackle. I was thoroughly abashed for my hasty words, as I well knew that he spoke truly, and know also that he had so desired he could long ago have had his "kid-glove" congregation, and, perhaps, much higher honors; but he preferred to spend his life on the mission among the simple, honest people who looked upon him as a saint, and who asked his advice on all matters, whether spiritual or otherwise.

In a moment I was in the boat helping him with the sail. His rebuke had knocked all thought of fear out of my mind. I would face a much greater and more immediate danger to be reinstated in his good opinion. After fastening a small jib-sail he reached his hand to me and said: "Jump out." Instead I threw off the fastening and pulled the boat from the shore.

"No, no, young man," he said. "You must not venture. You will be little help except for company. I will not have you take the risk."

"Well, Father, I am going for company's sake, if you will forgive me for my nasty words."

"You were forgiven before you asked; but I would rather you'd not go. It blows no harder than now there is no fear; but if it grows much worse, which it may at any moment, then I will have very grave fears."

"Were it blowing a hurricane, Father, I would not let you go alone."

"Bless you, my son. We will put off in God's name."

When we got beyond the shelter of the land we felt how really bad the storm was. A fierce gale was blowing from the west. At about 10 o'clock it changed to the north-west, bringing with it lightning flashes and rumblings of thunder.

This shift of wind was blowing us out of our course, and we could make no head against it. Father Hoyle lowered the mainsail, but with jib still up was running before the wind. It looked bad enough now, and if it grew any worse I felt nothing but a miracle would save us. Each wave that rushed upon us from out the darkness appeared a mountain in height and must inevitably send us to the bottom. There was a steady hand at the tiller, however, and each flash of lightning a pair of watchful eyes could be seen peering anxiously ahead.

The boat plunged and tossed through the heavy seas, one particularly large wave almost knocking me overboard. Father Hoyle saw my fear and spoke encouragingly, telling me to hold fast; that the boat was a staunch one and that God was in the storm as well as in the calm. He said that he thought we were heading towards Point St. Blas, and that he would risk beaching the boat if he got a chance. A short time later, during a flash of lightning I was startled by an alarmed cry from Father Hoyle: "Stand clear and be ready to jump!"

"It is all up with us now," I thought. As I turned to look ahead a huge wave picked up the boat and tossed it high upon the shore. Father Hoyle landed safely, grasping his mission case containing his vestments and other articles necessary in the celebration of Mass, and which he had brought along in case something unforeseen should prevent his returning to Apalachicola Christmas morning.

I was thrown on my head and partly stunned, but quickly recovered. After looking about we found we were on a little island, or key, but a few acres in extent. We had escaped from the dangers of the deep. For so much we were thankful; but it did not take us very long to realize that there were no new dangers assailing us. The sea was slowly swallowing the bit of land upon which we were thrown.

Father Hoyle returned to the boat and began taking everything movable out—pole, oars, a loose seat and some strong fishing twine, remarking: "We may have to swim for it yet, and an oar or so will come in handy." Shortly after a tremendous wave rushed in, picked up the boat, then rushed back into the darkness with it.

Father Hoyle made a trip around the small circle of sand and returning, said: "This is very serious; an hour from now this spot may be under water, and we battling for our lives. My son, I am now very sorry that I brought you on this trip." Here I tried to check him,

but he continued: "I expected it to be rough; but not dangerous; and as it would be a long trip I wanted you to keep me company. If it comes to the worst will ye forgive me?"

I grasped his hand and told him, as well as my emotion would allow—for I loved Father Hoyle very dearly; as, indeed, who wouldn't?—his kindly nature and heroic unselfishness endearing him to all—that had I let him go alone and anything had happened to him, I would all my life have felt myself a murderer. And now, let the end come as soon as it may, I thanked God that I was with him. A gentle pressure of my arm was his answer.

He picked up the pole that he had taken from the boat and cut a notch about four feet below the smaller end. Into the notch he set an oar which he lashed fast with the fishing twine; the oar and pole forming a crutch. He then directed me to take the other oar and with the blade to dig a hole in the sand, which was soon accomplished, and into this he dropped the end of the pole. I packed the sand tightly about it, and made it more secure by heaping it around the base. From the arms of the cross with several wrappings of twine he suspended, shell-like, the boat-seat, forming as it were a table; above this he fastened a crucifix. The wind had ceased blowing, but overhead it was as dark and threatening as ever. The waters were steadily creeping nearer and spray from an occasional heavy sea fell about us. Father Hoyle lit the lantern which he always had on these watery journeys and hung it from an arm of the cross; then turned to me and said:

"It is now midnight. We have the privilege in this diocese of saying Mass at that hour on Christmas morning. In a short time the waves may be dashing over the spot where we are now standing. I am going to celebrate Mass—it may be for the last time. While I am getting ready you kneel down and prepare for confession and the reception of the Blessed Sacrament. If the end comes we will meet it as Christians should."

Father Hoyle then proceeded to dress his impromptu altar. Taking the heavy oil-cloth from around the case he carefully laid it, wet side down, over the boat seat, which it completely covered, forming at the same time a rude antependium; next his altar linens were displayed, and before I was aware of it he had an altar "dressed" for the celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

When through his preparations he heard my confession, and, then, finishing vesting, began the Mass whose ending we might not live to see. After receiving Communion I felt strangely calm; fear gave place to peace; if it was God's will that this should be the end, I was resigned.

At the Elevation a succession of blinding flashes and terrific peals of thunder, followed by a dash of cold rain, followed by my knees, made me think our time had come. I thought of Mass at home; the well-trained choir, the incense and soft-toned bells warning the kneeling worshippers that the sacrificial moment was at hand. Here, the improvised altar on a speck of sand, amidst a seething cauldron of angry waves; the deafening thunder and dazzling lightning; an old, gray-haired priest with a look of profound exaltation upon his face, seemingly oblivious of his surroundings, reading Mass by the dim light of a lantern.

When Father Hoyle turned to give his blessing at the conclusion of the Mass a huge wave that seemed a mountain in height, rushed towards us. Father Hoyle stood with hands outstretched, his lips moving in prayer, looking toward but not seeming to see the avalanche of rushing water. Perhaps behind that wall of water he saw the reward of his years of faithful and uncomplaining ministrations. A few yards passed an instant within a few moments of the altar, then sank back leaving its crest to topple over at our feet.

And who will say that that blessing, made so impressively over the warring elements, did not bring peace? Yet so it was; the tremendous billows disappeared, the thunder rumbled faintly in the distance, and the sound of the waves died down into a solemn rustle. At the blessing of that humble priest. Was it not the voice of God in his representative whispering to the mighty waves, "Peace, be still; and they, recognizing the Authority, obeyed as on a former occasion?"

The Mass was ended. Father Hoyle knelt in grateful thanksgiving. I joined him for a few minutes, then, being completely exhausted, I stretched myself upon the sand and in a moment was sound asleep.

When I awoke two hours later the scene was comparatively peaceful, only the great, long swells of the sea giving evidence of the recent storm. Father Hoyle had placed his coat over me while I slept; he was still kneeling before the cross, his gray head encircled in an aureole of moonlight, for the moon was now shining brightly and lending much beauty to the scene. As I watched him kneeling there with eyes fixed upon the crucifix, I could not but think that God's holy angels were not far away.

He arose when he heard me moving. When I spoke of our spending this Christmas day on earth, after all, a look which I took to be the resignation came upon his face as he replied: "Well, my son, our work is not yet done."

During the remaining hours of the night Father Hoyle spoke of his work on the mission, of his revivings of some through the hard-heartedness of some who remained deaf to his call to come to the sacraments, and his rewards in the shape of an occasional stray sheep brought back to the fold. He had ambitions once, he said; he gave them up—that was his hardest trial—for his humble and scattered flock.

At the first glint of the morning sun upon our humble Calvary he began a Mass of thanksgiving. About 10 o'clock boats were seen approaching from different points. Soon about a dozen men were gathered around Father Hoyle, offering such sincere expressions

of joy at his safety as brought tears to the old priest's eyes. He thanked them for their interest and affection, and said: "It will be too late to say Mass when we get back to town. I have already said two Masses this morning, but on this day we have the privilege of celebrating three. I will offer up this for the repose of the souls of those lost at sea."

I will venture to say that throughout the broad land there were few more fervent worshippers than were those humble fishermen kneeling before Father Hoyle's simple altar that Christmas morning. And since then I never bear the bells at the Elevation, but my thoughts involuntarily go back to one Midnight Mass on the Gulf coast some years ago.—James M. Keating, in the Catholic World Magazine.

IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT.

The readers of the Glasgow Observer are being favored nowadays with a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First Impressions." More interesting and readable matter than is furnished by this particular convert's experience on joining the Church we have not met with in a long while. In the latest issue of the Observer, the writer discusses the spontaneity and naturalness of Catholic piety, and illustrates his point by many a graphic picture—among others, the following:

Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of the earth) and there you see how simply and naturally the people practice their religion. There is an easy, unconverted style about the whole thing which is truly edifying. Not one morning, but seven mornings in the week, whether in crowded cities or quiet villages, the church bell summons the faithful to Mass and Holy Communion—not after an ample breakfast of ham and eggs (according to the principle of that typical Presbyterian, Dr. Guthrie "porridge first and then prayers") but with an unbroken fast—at 4 or 5 or 6 a. m., when Protestants are snoring in their beds. Cheerfully the people respond and Scotch folk would be astonished if they beheld the numbers who morning after morning without any obligations but purely out of devotion begin the day with Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. At midday the Angelus bell peals forth through streets and hills and valleys. In the afternoon there is a constant stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament, some remaining for long periods of time, so sweet do they find it to be in the presence of the Holy Saviour.

At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass. On the country roads you suddenly find yourself kneeling before a wayside crucifix or shrine of our Blessed Lady; in the fields and on the hillsides you hear the pious workers singing their sweet and simple hymns to Mary; and even the little children run up and take your hand and beg a holy picture or a rosary in a way that is not to be resisted.

These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practicing their religion. I am not copying this from a guide book but writing what I know and have seen myself. They do not put on long faces and a special black suit and look preternaturally solemn when they pray. They live on one day out of seven. They are in constant remembrance of their religion; and by rosaries, scapulars, crucifixes, medals and the Agnus Dei, it is kept before their minds and eyes.

If the best of Catholics to the manner born were to be thrust into the darkness and barrenness of Protestantism or unbelief for a brief period, they would love their religion more than they do, be more faithful in practicing it and a more zealous for its propagation. We hope that "A Convert's First Impressions" will be republished in book form for the good that they are calculated to do among Protestants as well as Catholics, for whose benefit they were primarily intended.—Ave Maria.

THE SEASON OF ADVENT.

So callous and materialistic have many Catholics become nowadays, that they are as indifferent to the sacred festivals and seasons of the Church, as they are obtuse to the sentiments of a pure piety. Our rising generation will tell you glibly why they "celebrate." Thanksgiving day, reciting, perhaps, every dull particular in the gruesome hardships of the so-called Pilgrim "Fathers." But ask them, "What are the ember days?" or "What do we mean by Advent?" and they will complain of our asking them difficult theological questions!

The ecclesiastical year, with its beautiful festivals and evocative meanings, is something which we all want to understand. And if we have a soul that has been deadened by materialistic pursuits, we owe it to this higher part of our nature, to study the soul's institutions. Here we are now at the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, and as the time passes slowly away in a progress from feast to feast, from one sacred season to another divinely instituted festival, let us take pains to understand what these facts mean. What religion most fears is ignorance, because ignorance of religion is the parent of indifference.

Advent is the season immediately preceding Christmas, and it commemorates the Incarnation and coming of Christ. Its object is to invite our meditation upon that supreme event—to give us an opportunity to prepare for it and to celebrate it in the proper way.

Formerly, Catholics observed this season more strictly than they do, or are required to do at present. They made it almost as penitential as the season of Lent now is. Some religious communities preserve this strict observance of Advent even in our own day. As it is, all merely hilarious and turbulent amusements are discontinued, and also weddings, dances and concerts. These are well enough in their season, but some time should be given to God.—Catholic Citizen.

One Million Dollars

Have Been Spent to Give Ligozone Free to the Sick.

When we purchased the rights to Ligozone, we decided to buy the first bottle and give it free to each sick one we learned of. We published the offer in nearly every newspaper in America, and 1,800,000 people have accepted it. In one year it has cost us over one million dollars to announce and fulfill the offer.

Don't you realize that a product must have wonderful merit to make such an offer possible? We have never asked a soul to buy Ligozone. We have published no testimonials, no physician's endorsement. We have simply asked the sick to try it—try it at our expense. And that is all we ask you, if you need it.

Kills Inside Germs.

Ligozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are extraordinary, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

France to Observe Sunday.

The Sunday rest movement has assumed a practical phase in France through the vote of the superior council of the ministry of public work recommending parliament to enact a rigid law providing for one compulsory day's rest weekly. Sunday is the prescribed day of rest unless the nature of a person's occupation compels it to be otherwise. The movement is the result of the growing disregard of Sunday observance, it now being customary in Paris and throughout France for building operations, shop trade and most other branches of industry to continue Sundays the same as on any other day.

A CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Parmed's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disgusting growths on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA!!
Treat with
K.D.C. THE MIGHTY CURE

A GREAT DOCTOR'S OPINION

The Pope's Physician Endorses a Canadian Medicine.

Dr. Laponi Uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills In His Practice Because Results Meet His Expectations.



DR. GIUSEPPE LAPONI.

In the realm of medical science there is probably no better known or more respected name than that of Dr. Laponi, the trusted physician of the Vatican. He is loved and esteemed throughout the entire Catholic world for its unwearied attention to His Holiness, the late Pope Leo XIII. He is the esteemed physician of the present Pope, His Holiness Pius X. But above all he is a man of commanding genius and a fearless exponent of views which he holds as right. He is not afraid of so called professional "etiquette," and having used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in his practice with good results, he freely avows the facts and endorses the great Canadian medicine with an authority which no one will venture to question.

DR. LAPONI'S LETTER.

"I certify that I have tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in four cases of simple anaemia of development. After a few weeks of treatment the results came fully up to my expectations. For that reason I shall use them in the future to extend the use of this laudable preparation, not only in the treatment of other morbid forms of the category of simple anaemia, but also in cases of neurasthenia and the like."

"DR. GIUSEPPE LAPONI,
"Via dei Gracchi 331, Rome."

The "simple anaemia of development" referred to by Dr. Laponi, is, of course, that tired, languid, bloodless condition of young girls, whose development to womanhood is tardy and whose health at that period is so often imperiled. His opinion of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at that time is of the highest scientific authority and it confirms the many published cases which prove that these pills cure anaemia and other diseases of the blood and nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, and the new blood goes right to the root of the trouble and cures such diseases as indigestion, rheumatism, kidney troubles, general weakness, nervousness, neuralgia, and the ailments which afflict women alone. But you must get the genuine pills which Dr. Laponi praises, and these always have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box.

Fever—Gall Stones Tumors—Ulcers
Gout—Gout Yellows
Gonorrhea—Gleet Women's Diseases
All diseases that begin with fever—Hidradema
all atarrh—all contagious diseases—all the result of impure or poisoned blood.
In nervous debility Ligozone serves as a vitalizer, accomplishing what no drug can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Ligozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Ligozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON
For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail to the Liquid Oxygen Co., 128 West Wabash Ave., Chicago. My disease is _____

I have never tried Ligozone but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

305 Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital you wish using Ligozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

Educational

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

We teach full commercial course. As well as full shorthand course. Full civil service course. Full telegraphy course.

Our graduates in every department are to-day filling the best positions.

Write for catalogue. Address: J. FRITH JEFFERS, M.A., Principal, Belleville, Ont.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL. TERMS including all ordinary expenses \$15 per annum. For particulars apply to Rev. D. (THEODORE) O'SHEA.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN, ONT., CANADA (GTR.)

Commercial Course with Business College features.
High School or Academic Course—Preparation for Professional Studies.
College or Arts Course—Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries.
Board and Tuition per Annum \$160.00
For Catalogue Address: REV. JOHN FEHRNBACH, C. R., R. 300

CENTRAL Business College

STRATFORD, ONT.

A large, successful and influential commercial and shorthand course.

Write for catalogue. ELLIOTT & MCLACHLAN, Principals.

THE WINTER TERM AT THE NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Owen Sound, Ont., begins on MONDAY, January 24, 1905. Every young man and woman should take a course at this institution this winter. It is a most substantial foundation for a successful life.

Four fully equipped departments: Business Department for general business work.
SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING for the training shorthand writers.
TELEGRAPHY DEPARTMENT for those who are to become telegraph operators.
PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT for those who are far back and who wish to improve their education.
Full particulars will be sent to any address free.
C. A. Fleming, Principal, Owen Sound.

THE DOMINION BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

4 Richmond St. E. TORONTO

Canada's highest grade Business, Shorthand and Telegraphy College.
Don't delay getting FREE BOOKLET

LEARN Telegraphy

AT NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Owen Sound, Ontario.

The Telegraphic Department is in charge of an operator of years of experience on the regular telegraphic lines. The equipment is the best that can be purchased, just the same as the large companies in United States and Canada. The course includes Telegraphy, Penmanship, Letter Writing and Spelling. Full particulars regarding any of our courses address, C. A. FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

COWAN'S COCOA and CHOCOLATE

Good in summer time

Maple Leaf Label Our Trade Mark.

\$4.50 WOMAN'S SUITS

And up to \$10.00. Assorted Jacket, etc. and Waist. Send for catalogue samples and new styles. Southcott Suit Co., London, Can. Dept.

The Catholic Record.

Published Weekly at 481 and 483 Richmond Street, London, Ontario.

Price of Subscription—\$1.00 per annum.

REV. GEORGE H. NORTHGRAVES. Author of "Mistakes of Modern Catholicism."

THOMAS COFFEY. Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey.

Managers: Luke King, John Nigh, P. J. Naven and Miss Sarah Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John.

Advertisements—Ten cents per line each insertion, scale measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Oshawa, N. Y., and the Clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and must reach London not later than Monday morning.

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

Subscribers who changing their address should notify this office as soon as possible in order to insure the regular delivery of their paper.

Agents or collectors have no authority to stop your paper unless the amount due is paid. Matter intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach London not later than Monday morning. Please do not send us money. Obituary and marriage notices sent by subscribers must be in a condensed form, to insure insertion.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, OTTAWA, CANADA, MARCH 27, 1893.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

In matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believe me to remain, Yours truly, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1904.

THE DELEGATE'S VISIT TO LONDON.

Last week the Diocese of London was honored with a visit from His Excellency Most Rev. Archbishop D. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

A full report of the different functions attending his presence in London will be found in another column. His welcome by the beloved Bishop of London, by the priests of the whole Diocese, and by the laity of the city, was in every regard a most warm one.

The personality of the distinguished visitor would claim respect and admiration of clergy and laity, but, coming as the direct representative of His Holiness Pope Pius X., an added emphasis was manifested, for faithful Catholics keep a warm place in their hearts' affections for the successor of St. Peter, the Father of Christendom.

Mgr. Sbarretti is not only a great ecclesiastic, but one of nature's noblemen. A beautiful simplicity blended with a rare dignity—a warmth of manner interlocking the kind heart, combined with great zeal and prudence of character—such are the distinguishing traits of the Holy Father's representative in Canada.

A short acquaintance with his Excellency leads to the conviction that the choice of Rome has fallen upon one most worthy.

The Delegate was pleased beyond measure to note the flourishing condition of the Church in this city, and he will be equally delighted to witness a similar condition in all other parts of the diocese which may be honored with his presence.

This happy state of affairs is the outcome of a spirit of unity, of love, of singleness of purpose on the part of Bishop, priests and people. Where there is respect for authority—the people towards their faithful and zealous priests, and love and esteem and loyalty of all towards their Bishop—the result must necessarily be the rapid advancement of God's Kingdom in this favored diocese.

Long may such a happy and consoling condition of affairs prevail.

TROUBLES OF M. COMBES.

There was a stormy time in the French Chamber of Deputies last week arising out of remarks made by a professor of history at the Lycee Condorcet before his pupils, in reference to Joan of Arc, and derogatory to the heroine.

The professor was one of the staff of the Lycee, and we presume he was supposed to be a teacher according to M. Combes' own heart, since he has secularized the schools of France.

But the people of France as a whole regard Joan as a champion of the nation, not merely from a religious, but even from a patriotic point of view, and the professor's remarks were badly received by the students, who raised such a riot that the Minister of Education, after investigating the matter, deemed it advisable to remove the professor who had spoken disparagingly of the national heroine.

He was dismissed from the school for failing to show due respect to the convictions of the people of Paris.

A motion of censure was thereupon made in the Chamber of Deputies against M. Combes, the Minister, the charge of espionage being brought against him.

The motion was withdrawn, on protest from Premier Combes, who declared that the Opposition should not now bring charges of espionage against the Government, as the system of

espionage had been abolished simultaneously with the resignation of General Andre.

The discussion on Joan of Arc was, however, continued, and several Ministers declared that the action of M. Chaumie, the Minister of Public Instruction, was a weak concession to the Nationalist or Catholic party, and made a demand that Republican educators should be protected by the Government against Nationalist assaults.

M. Chaumie's action they declared to be an assault upon freedom of speech.

M. Chaumie declared that the professor had unquestionably manifested a great want of tact in attacking one held in such general veneration as the maid of Orleans. Boys in a schoolroom, he said, cannot be spoken to with the same freedom which may be used when men are addressed, and the punishment which had been inflicted on the professor would show that it is necessary to respect public opinion, which deservedly holds Joan of Arc in high esteem.

The character of Joan of Arc, he said, is a matter of politics and not of religion, and it is not to be supposed that he had dismissed the teacher for his religious views, but for having introduced objectionable politics into the school. He declared that so long as he is Minister of Public Instruction he will take care to preserve the political neutrality of the schools, and in such matters he will insist upon due respect being paid to public opinion, which regards Joan of Arc as one of the greatest heroines whom France has produced.

The matter was closed by a motion of confidence, which was carried by a large majority, among whom were many of the Nationalist party, though most of the extreme Socialists voted against the Government.

The incident proves how precarious is the position of the Combes Government, and it will not be surprising if it should meet with a defeat before it is able to carry through its measure for the separation of Church and State, which is disagreeable to the Nationalists because of its drastic character, yet does not please the Socialists because it allows four years before the Budget of Public Worship shall be entirely abolished.

The incident itself of the dismissal of a teacher in the Lycee is not of great magnitude, and it does not appear that it should greatly affect the stability of the Government, but the seriousness with which so small a matter was taken up in the Chamber shows on what an insecure footing the Government stands.

Here may be mentioned another incident which has recently come to light, and which is also being seriously discussed to the discredit of the ministry.

It will be remembered that Premier Combes very narrowly escaped defeat in the Chamber on the question whether or not he had suggested through his son that the monks of the Grande Chartreuse should pay him a bribe in consideration of which they would be allowed to remain in the country.

Even the commissioners who had been appointed to examine into the matter had found that he was compromised in the transaction, but he was saved by the servile majority which he has behind him in the Chamber, and which voted that he was not guilty of the crime charged against him.

But in connection with the Grand Chartreuse there is at the present moment a new scandal from which it does not seem that the Government will escape with a clean record in the eyes of the public, even if their majority in the Chamber should continue to stand by them with its usual pertinacity.

Messieurs M. Riviere and Co., in a letter to the London Times, speak of the truth of the story, which if true will bring home to the Government the guilt of both meanness and dishonesty which must greatly discredit them.

A liquidator was appointed by the Government, to dispose of the property of the monks, when they were dispossessed of it. But of that property the most valuable part which excited the cupidities of the Government was the manufacture of their celebrated liqueur known all over the world as the "Grand Chartreuse."

The liquidator, acting on behalf of the Government, sold the right of manufacture and sale of this liqueur to a certain firm and it is now issued under the trade-mark and label formerly used by the monks.

Of course this is an open theft of the property of the monks, but the Government majority could see no crime in this, and the Government's dishonesty is easily condoned so far as the Chamber of Deputies is concerned.

But now it appears that the Government has sold a property which it had not succeeded in acquiring, and its dishonesty and meanness have overreached him.

It is well known that the celebrated liqueur is made by a secret process which only the monks themselves are acquainted with, and they have guarded

their secret so carefully that the Government has not the knowledge of it, and therefore could not impart it when it sold the right of manufacture and sale.

The monks were not so simple as to inform their enemies of the great secret, and they have carried it with them to Tarragona in Spain, where alone the real Grande Chartreuse liqueur will in future be manufactured.

The French label and trade-mark, which have been stolen by the Combes Government, and sold to a French firm, are therefore simply a fraud, as the liqueurs now made in France are merely imitations of those which were made by the monks of the Grand Chartreuse and have not the tonic properties which made the real Chartreuse so famous.

The monks are beyond the control of the French Government and the Government cannot prevent them from publishing to the world the full particulars of the dishonesty and fraud of M. Combes' Government, and this, it is said, is just what they intend to do. It is a question whether any Government in a civilized country could survive this exposure; but in France, where the public are so sensitive to ridicule, it can scarcely be able to outlive the exposure of this infamy and fraud.

At the very least, even should a servile majority in the Chambers of Deputies sustain the Government through this exposure, it would seem to be inevitable that the Treasury department will be forced to disgorge the ill gotten gain which it has absorbed by selling a piece of property of which it had no possession, even by dishonest means.

A BLUNDERING (OR WORSE) JOURNALIST.

The Toronto Mail and Empire made itself rather ridiculous last week by attempting to throw ridicule upon His Excellency Sir Elzear Taschereau, the Chief Justice of Canada, who for the present is acting Governor-General, pending the assumption of the office of Governor-General by Lord Grey.

Sir Elzear insisted that he should be designated "His Excellency" in certain official documents; but as the members of the Cabinet seemed to doubt whether this would be proper for an acting Governor, the matter was referred to the Colonial office, and a reply was sent stating that "His Excellency" is the proper title to be used. It appears, therefore, that Sir Elzear Taschereau was right, and there is no reason why the Mail and Empire should regard his insistence upon the proper title being used as a freak or eccentricity.

But this matter seems to have been brought forward by the Mail and Empire in order to expose another supposed eccentricity. It appears that the Church regularly attended by the Acting Governor General in Ottawa is the Church of the Sacred Heart, and the Mail and Empire stated that the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, intended to visit that Church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was added that Sir Elzear Taschereau desired to force the Cabinet of the Dominion to give an official reception to the Apostolic Delegate on the occasion, but that the Cabinet refused.

It was already well known, when the Mail and Empire made this statement, that Mgr. Sbarretti had no intention to visit the Church of the Sacred Heart in Ottawa on Dec. 8, as complete arrangements had been made for some time before that His Excellency should visit London on that day, and the invitations to all the priests of London diocese had been already issued and received before the Mail and Empire's eccentricities had been announced. The Mail and Empire should be more careful in its statements.

THE ASCOLI COPE.

It was announced some time ago that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan had given orders that the beautiful antique cope which he had purchased, and placed on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum, was to be returned to the Cathedral of Assoli, from which it had been stolen, and it was further stated that in consequence of this generous act the King of Italy had conferred a knighthood on Mr. Morgan.

It does not appear that orders have as yet been given to the director of the museum to return the cope, as it still remains in the museum. The director of the museum when spoken to on the subject said:

"We have heard nothing about the surrender of the cope beyond what was published in the press. Some time ago it was fully identified as the famous treasure of the cathedral of Assoli, and information on the subject was conveyed to Mr. Morgan."

Mr. Morgan purchased the cope from a dealer in London who received it in the ordinary course of business. He paid \$10,000 for it; but it is understood that if he gives up the cope the money he paid will be returned to him by the dealer, who must then look to

the person from whom he made the purchase to be recouped, this being the law governing the recovery of stolen property when the right owner has been discovered.

There is no doubt regarding the identity of the cope as being the property of the Church of Assoli to which it was presented in the thirteenth century by Pope Nicholas IV.

We cannot suppose for a moment that Mr. Morgan will hesitate to restore the property as soon as the evidence is brought to his notice that it really belongs to the Cathedral of Assoli.

Some of the missionary priests of the North West have a herculean task before them in spreading the light of the gospel. Rev. Father Guerin, O. M. I., of Saskatoon, has charge of a parish with a radius of eighty miles. This necessitates very long journeys, and he is obliged to come back every two weeks to Saskatoon to celebrate Mass there. That place has grown very rapidly. From a population of one hundred and fifty last March it now numbers three thousand inhabitants. The Missionary has no residence, and his church is of necessity a very modest one with a considerable debt hanging over it, while his people are very poor. Those who could spare a little money for charitable purposes would be doing a most admirable work by sending their contributions to the Rev. Father Guerin, O. M. I., Saskatoon, Sask., N. W. T.

MODERNIZING PALESTINE.

So associated is the Holy Land with our notions of antiquity that it undoubtedly strikes us as somewhat incongruous when this region which is so intimately connected with the life of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and afterwards of Samuel, Saul, and David, and of Our Lord and His apostles, should become modernized. But, after all, the earth was given by Almighty God to man to be utilized, and it is better that this region should be improved than that the immobility noticeable throughout the Turkish Empire should be permanent. But we may at least express the hope that the great landmarks of antiquity which connect the Holy Land with the sacred associations of past ages may be preserved inviolate amid the improvements which are to be introduced into that country. It would be a greater loss to religious sentiment than gain to the people, if the relics of ancient Jerusalem and Bethlehem, the Dead Sea and Lake Genezareth were replaced by objects of modern utilitarianism, but there is danger that these relics of the past will disappear in the rage for modern improvement. Steamboats are to be placed upon the Dead Sea to make Jerusalem a distributing centre for the whole of Palestine, and a great part of Arabia and Syria. A steam railway is to be built to Bethlehem which will certainly interfere greatly with the ancient associations of the country with the life and labors of Our Lord.

The consent of the Turkish Government is also wanted for before these supposed improvements are carried out.

Even from a secular point of view, Palestine will lose much of its interest if the points which are religiously interesting are hidden or destroyed by the zeal for modernization, and there will be fewer travellers to the Holy Land in future should this change take place, as at the present moment it seems highly probable will be the case before long.

CREMATION.

It was recently stated by the London Chronicle that the Berlin Cremation Society had sent a petition to the Pope signed by about ten thousand persons begging the Holy Father to abolish the official disapproval of the practice of cremation issued by Pope Leo XIII., some years ago.

The Chronicle indicates its opinion that this petition is a hopeless one, because, as it remarks, "the Roman Catholic Church, as is well known, still refuses its last rites to those who defy one of the dogmas of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, and students will be interested to learn the fate of the petition of the Berlin Cremation Society."

We have no means of knowing what may be the final decision of the Holy Father in reference to this matter, or of predicting what answer may be given to the Berlin petitioners, but we think it right to point out to the Chronicle and to all who may be inclined to believe the reasoning of that journal to be correct, that there is a very great difference between the two cases of which it speaks. The two creeds, the Athanasian and Nicene, relate to the faith of the Church, which is fixed and unchangeable. The truths which Christ taught to His apostles are those which He commanded them to teach all nations, and there is no authority in heaven or on earth which can change them.

The Athanasian and Nicene creeds

were not, indeed, composed by Christ, but they contain a summary of the truths which Christ revealed. They were composed by their respective authors for the purpose of making clear, doctrines which Christ had revealed, but which were afterward denied by hair-splitting heretics, making it necessary for the Church of Christ to define them in terms which could not be misunderstood. The Nicene creed is the work of the authorized teachers of the Church, and the Athanasian creed, though not composed by a Council of Bishops of the whole Church, as was the Nicene creed, has, nevertheless the sanction of the Church, so that both these formularies of faith, having the sanction of the infallible Church which Christ established on earth, that they are the teaching of Christ, cannot be denied by any true Christian.

The prohibition of cremation is an act of a different kind. It is not the definition of a dogma of faith, but the forbidding of an act which the Holy Father as Head of the Church deemed likely, for many reasons, to diminish the piety of the faithful. Cremation is undoubtedly a departure from the traditional usage of the Church, and it is, besides, likely to be a cause of our forgetting or neglecting to pray for the dead. For these and other reasons, the Holy Father forbade it; but there is no doubt the same authority which issued the prohibitory decree could remove the prohibition, which is disciplinary and does not regard faith. The case is not, therefore, to be regarded in the same light as the unchangeable truths of the Athanasian and Nicene creeds. Nevertheless, Rome does not lightly change its decisions, even in matters of discipline, and it may not, and probably will not change its decision on the question of cremation, even on the petition of a highly respectable local association, such as the Berlin Association undoubtedly is.

SOCIAL POWER OF LIQUOR.

One cause of the extension of liquor drinking among men is that it has social features which give it power over the individual and make it a popular habit difficult to escape. Liquor which intoxicates has in it that which stimulates and pleases the palate, and is regarded as affording a feeling of good cheer. It is an ancient custom, and is still practiced, to extend an invitation to "have a drink together" or to offer the glass of wine as an expression of good will and hospitality. To decline is considered the rude refusal of a courtesy and the rejection of good fellowship, and kindles a feeling of resentment on the part of the one who "treats" or entertains.

Social drinking prevails among the laboring classes and in circles of wealth and luxury. Among laborers there is a tendency to drink strong liquors because of a sense of thirst produced by exhaustion of the body in severe toil. The saloon becomes the convenient and natural resort and offers also social features that are attractive. Fellowship at the bar and the exchange of political ideas with discussion of other important affairs, connected with the events of the day, are especially young men. It is indeed difficult for a young man to stand out against the practice and refuse the invitation "Oh, come along and have a drink." In the Wild West it has been hazardous to decline a man's hospitality at the bar. Liquor drinking has a strong social influence over laboring men.

Among people of wealth who are able to gratify all tastes there is a natural development of a feeling of freedom and largeness in the enjoyment of life. This liberal or broad sentiment in the use of the good things of human experience tends to relax strictness of thought and conduct. Wine and other liquors, being among the good things of life, are regarded as to be used and enjoyed. On the same ground they are to be offered to guests in the spirit of unstinted hospitality; they are used at public dinners and at social events. To withhold them is regarded as indicating lack of generous hospitality, and to decline them as refusing to accept good fellowship.

Thus the practical difficulty with the young man of strict principle and careful conduct who wishes to avoid the peril of drink lies in the way of his social relation to those who drink whether as a fellow laborer when urged to take a friendly drink, or as an invited guest in circles of wealth where he must appear as rude and crude if he declines. The power of liquor is not merely in its stimulus, but in its social pressure on the individual.—Watchman.

Irish in Greece.

Rev. Daniel Quinn, head of the Leonie College at Athens, in Greece, who is at present visiting in this country, is a native of Yellow Springs, O. Father Quinn has spent the last ten years in Greece, and speaks far better Greek than he does his mother tongue.

He tells a story bearing out the assertion that no corner of the earth is so remote that an Irishman or an Irish woman cannot be found there. Several years ago Father Quinn sought a vacation on the island of Cephalonia, one of the seven Ionian groups of the west coast of Greece. One day while wandering over the island he came upon an institution of learning for women. Father Quinn was invited in by the Sister Superior whose name proved to be Murphy. She was reading a history of the Irish race written in Greek. Father Quinn continued his journey to the principal town of the island. There he found that the leading merchant and exporter was a man named O'Toole, of Irish extraction, who spoke no other language than Greek.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE AT LONDON.

Imposing Celebration of the Jubilee of the Proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

AT ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

The hearts of the Catholics of London were excited to the highest point last week on account of the special honor conferred on us by His Excellency, Most Rev. Donatus Sbarretti, D. D., Archbishop of Ephesus and Apostolic Delegate to Canada, in coming to our city to assist at the celebration of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. Especially gratifying must have been the visit of His Excellency to our beloved Bishop and his faithful clergy, since His Lordship had the happiness of celebrating the anniversary of his birth on that beautiful feast-day.

The joyful pealing of the Cathedral bell on Wednesday morning announced the arrival in our midst of our distinguished guest.

In the evening the gentlemen of the congregation, composed for the most part of the various societies, assembled in St. Peter's school, and wearing the badges of their order and the Papal colors, marched to the Bishop's Palace, where, so great was their number, they formed in a double line along Dufferin avenue to the Cathedral steps, making a guard of honor for His Excellency. En route from the Palace the Delegate was accompanied by the Bishop, Dr. Sinnott, Father O'Bryan, S. J., and the local clergy.

The spacious Cathedral was crowded to the doors. The altars were magnificently decorated with roses and chrysantheums of the Papal colors, together with lights and tapers, producing that indelibly charming and gorgeous, at the same time chaste and simple effect seen rarely except in churches where Sisters have charge of the altar.

Arrived at the Cathedral the Bishop received His Excellency at the door in the order prescribed by the ritual for such occasions, after which he was escorted to the sanctuary, the procession entering in the following order, led by Rev. Father Egan: cross-bearer, acolytes; the Bishop, attended by Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S. J., of Montreal, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of the Cathedral; the Papal Delegate, accompanied by his Secretary, Rev. Dr. Sinnott, and Fathers McKeon of St. Mary's church and Stanley of the Cathedral.

After a short time spent in prayer, the Bishop cordially welcomed His Excellency to our fair city.

The following is His Lordship's address: "May it please your Excellency, on the eve of the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, when the Catholics throughout the world are rejoicing 'with exceeding great joy' on the occasion of the jubilee proclaimed by the Holy Father, the Bishop, priests, religious communities and faithful laity of the Diocese of London, have special reasons for joy and thanksgiving, since we have with us the worthy representative of the Sovereign Pontiff for this glorious Jubilee celebration.

We extend to your Excellency a most hearty welcome and desire to express to you, our love, obedience, sympathy, veneration and admiration for the present illustrious successor of St. Peter, His Holiness, Pope Pius X., who, in the midst of trials and persecutions on the Papal throne, is earnestly striving 'to renew all things in Christ.'

Your Excellency has ably filled many important offices connected with the government of the Church, and in your present position as Apostolic Delegate to Canada you will be pleased to hear that in this portion of the Dominion, Catholics possess equal rights with their fellow-men.

The right to adore God according to the teaching of the Holy Catholic Church, the right to give Catholic children a Christian education in the school, the right to enjoy both religious and civil liberty is granted and appreciated, and as a result of justice and freedom being given to all good citizens, there exists peace, harmony and good-will among all classes of the community in which we live.

Although the diocese of London is in its infancy when compared with many others, still it is fairly well supplied with beautiful and solid churches, with Catholic schools and educational institutions and with homes for the aged, the infirm and the orphan, and both priests and people are ever ready to co-operate and make the generous donations required for religious, educational and charitable purposes.

We sincerely thank your Excellency for the honor of this visit, and we must trust and pray that you may be long spared to adorn the high and holy office in which an all-wise Providence has placed you, and we also cherish the hope that the devotion of Canadian Catholics to the See of Peter, as well as the fairness, courtesy and generosity of all true Canadian citizens, will help to make your burden light and render your stay in Canada a blessed, peaceful and pleasant one.

In conclusion we humbly ask for ourselves and clergy and people the blessing of the Holy Father and of your Excellency.

His Excellency graciously replied as follows: "My visit to you at this particular moment is destined to leave in my soul an impression that no event in life—no, not even death—will be able to efface: it will remain indelible."

I thank you, Right Reverend Bishop, most cordially for the words of welcome which you have addressed to me as the humble representative of the Holy Father in this country. It is a pleasure and a consolation for me to learn of the progress of the Church in this part of the Lord's vineyard and also to hear from you that priest and people work together to promote the interest of our religion. I thank you for reminding me that this is a free country, where rights are respected and where we can worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. In a country where every man's right is respected, and where justice is the foundation of society, the hope is rea-

reasonable that that country will prosper and that the united efforts of its people will be conducive to its moral, temporal and civil welfare.

I have said that all the circumstances of this day combine to make an imposing and touching spectacle. They withdraw our thoughts from ordinary and temporal considerations of life and lead us upward into an atmosphere of a superior and purer order. They lead us to the contemplation of supreme principles and revealed truths that lay like a living force in the depths of the Christian soul.

The majesty of this temple, your presence, your attitude of devotion and respect, the music the warm and eloquent words that have been spoken—what do they all mean? They are but the exterior manifestations of something hidden and unexpressed put forth under the impulse of that supernatural force that dwells deep in our souls; Faith—the faith that is more precious than gold that has been tried by fire—the faith that is so potent that it can transfer mountains—the faith through which we are justified and by which Jesus Christ dwells in our hearts; through which saints "conquered kingdoms, wrought justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions and quenched the violence of fire, escaped strength in battle, put to flight the armies of foreigners," (Heb. xi. 33-34)—the faith "through which the just man liveth." How much man is consoled, enabled and transformed by this superior light shining with a dazzling splendor in his soul! Compared with it, how small and low appear the considerations of this world—either in a social, political or scientific order. Faith elevates us above the whole created order to the contemplation of the very nature of God Himself—to know and love Him as our first beginning, Our Redeemer, our Supreme Master, and our last end. Through faith we enjoy some measure a foretaste of the joys of heaven. By it we unite ourselves to God, and the more united we are to Him the more alienated we become from this world.

The enemies of the Church had previously, and at the time of the definition of this dogma, waged a furious war against religion. Teaching contradictory doctrines, conflicting with one another, their only point of agreement was opposition to the Church. "If they have persecuted Me, you too they will persecute." Some of them blinded by their unbounded pride sought in the theories of pantheism and transcendental rationalism to deny human nature and to substitute poor human reason for the immensity and infinity of God; for the immensity and infinity of God; others, too much attached to their passions, dared to lower human nature with the systems of materialism and positivism to the level of the brute creation. *Comparati sunt jumentis insipientibus.*

In the midst of such a disorder and confusion, such a strife of theories and such a riot of errors that under false appearances sought to attract humanity, Truth calm, solemn and dazzlingly bright rose from the impregnable rock of the Vatican, as a rising sun—the Immaculate Virgin whom the Holy Father has solemnly proclaimed to have been conceived without sin.

This dogma strikes the pride of philosophers who wish to deny human nature. It recalls our weakness, it reminds us that we are subject to the stain of sin from the moment of conception. But on the other hand it upholds and vindicates the dignity of human nature against the debasing theories of materialists. It is the triumph of the Virgin, our mother, over error.

Let me exhort you, my brethren, to be faithful in your religious duties, to be united to your priests, to be obedient to your ecclesiastical superiors and to be strong in your spiritual life to the Holy See. You are devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and I hope you will continue fervent in that devotion. I trust that from this feast which we celebrate will date your spiritual perfection; that here and now you will lay the foundations upon which you will build the solid fabric of moral regeneration.

Finally, I hope that God will bestow His blessing upon you, upon your families, upon your city and upon your country. And as a gage of the Divine blessing I will impart to you now the Apostolic benediction.

After the bestowal of the Papal blessing by Mgr. Sbarretti Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency, attended by Fathers Aylward and McKeon.

On Thursday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, His Lordship the Bishop celebrated, as is his custom when in the city on Sundays and holidays, the 8.30 o'clock Mass. The earlier Mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Sinnott.

His Excellency pontificated at the 10.30 o'clock Mass. Rev. Father Aylward acted as Arch-Priest, Rev. Fathers Cherrier, C. S. B., and Tobin as deacons of honor; Rev. Father McKeon, deacon of the Mass and Rev. Father Stanley subdeacon. The Bishop was attended by Dr. Sinnott, secretary to the delegation, and Rev. Father Devlin, S. J., of Montreal, who, in conjunction with Father O'Bryan conducted—the latter in the Cathedral and the former at St. Mary's church—a triduum in preparation for the feast we were that day so joyfully celebrating. Rev. Father Egan made an efficient master of ceremonies. The morning services were concluded by the chanting of the Te Deum, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the favors He had that day so beautifully conferred upon the congregation.

AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

In the evening of the feast of the Immaculate Conception Monsignor Sbarretti celebrated the Vespers at St. Mary's Church, Rev. Father Egan of the Cathedral acting as deacon and Rev. A. McKeon, P. P., St. Columban subdeacon. His Excellency was attended by Rev. Dr. Sinnott. His Lordship the Bishop was also present, together with Rev. Fathers O'Bryan, S. J., Devlin, S. J., Montreal; D. Forster, Mount Carmel; Russell, Staples; and Tobin, St. Mary's Church. The pastor, Rev. Father McKeon, acted as master of ceremonies. Rev. Fathers L'Heureux of Belle River, and Stanley of the Cathedral assisted in the choir.



MOST REV. DONATUS SBARETTI, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF EPHESUS, AND APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CANADA.

The Vespers of the Feast of the Blessed Virgin was well rendered by the choir of St. Mary's Church, with Rev. Father L'Heureux as soloist, Mrs. J. P. Murray, organist, and Mr. Joseph Leach, director. A chorus, "O Maria," was well sung by the school children, under the training of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

His Excellency very kindly showed how much he appreciated the programme so well rendered by the children. In his address to the little ones he courteously remarked that it was a nice idea to terminate the day's reception to the children. Continuing, he earnestly hoped that they would all live to see another Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin—Mary conceived without stain of sin. This lovely feast should impress upon every one the great blessing given to us by Almighty God in allowing us to assist at its solemn commemoration which is being celebrated all over the world. The children are in a special manner dear to the Catholic Church and to our Immaculate Mother. Her first love, her strongest love, her intensest love was for her only Child, the Infant Jesus, who was also her Saviour. The Blessed Virgin loves all of us, but she loves in an especial manner the little ones. His Excellency in conclusion counselled the children to take the resolution of being always devoted to the Blessed Virgin. In every condition of life, in every sorrow or temptation we will thus have her by our side. He urged them to cherish in their hearts a tender, filial devotion to the Blessed Virgin and she will overcome all difficulties and conquer all the enemies of our spiritual welfare. Keep the resolution of being always devoted to the Blessed Virgin; say always some prayers in her honor, but especially the rosary—that magnificent and beautiful devotion so highly recommended and which will ever be a source of grace and comfort.

His Excellency then blessed in a special manner the children of St. Mary's. This was followed by the personal presentation to the Delegate, first, of the young ladies who were that day received as members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, then the school children and lastly a large number of the people of the parish.

The Tony Cortese (jr.) orchestra rendered in a pleasing manner several selections throughout the evening.

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

On Friday morning at 8 o'clock the children of the Separate schools of the city, together with their teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph, assembled in the Cathedral to assist at the Mass celebrated for them by the Apostolic Delegate. He was attended by his secretary, Rev. Dr. Sinnott, and Rev. Father

AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A Song of Welcome was the greeting of the nurses, who, at its conclusion were each presented by Rev. J. T. Aylward to His Excellency, who then gave his benediction to all present and addressed to the nurses a few words of encouragement in their noble and laborious calling.

The visitors then proceeded to the chapel where the decorations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the preceding day yet presented a handsome appearance.

The fine operating room of the hospital was next visited, where everything seemed to interest the Delegate and his Secretary who asked many questions of the house surgeons. Next and last, the Community room was visited, where, after saying the adieux, they left for Mount St. Joseph.

During his progress through the hospital, His Excellency was met in the halls by all the patients who were able to leave their rooms, with each of whom he shook hands and spoke words of kindest sympathy.

AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

The Delegate, accompanied by Bishop McEvay and several priests, reached Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, about 6 o'clock, p. m. He immediately entered the chapel where the Sisters had assembled. His Excellency delivered a short discourse, after which he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Afterward they proceeded to the school room where fifty orphans were assembled, presenting a most pleasing sight with their bright faces and prettily colored dresses. A beautiful welcome song, and appropriate address accompanied by the presentation of flowers were soon over, when the little ones surprised and delighted the listeners by singing the "Magnificat" in a manner that could well serve as a lesson for an older choir.

During the visit of His Excellency to our city he was called upon by His Worship Mayor Beck; the call being returned by the Delegate, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Sinnott on Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A Song of Welcome was the greeting of the nurses, who, at its conclusion were each presented by Rev. J. T. Aylward to His Excellency, who then gave his benediction to all present and addressed to the nurses a few words of encouragement in their noble and laborious calling.

The visitors then proceeded to the chapel where the decorations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the preceding day yet presented a handsome appearance.

The fine operating room of the hospital was next visited, where everything seemed to interest the Delegate and his Secretary who asked many questions of the house surgeons. Next and last, the Community room was visited, where, after saying the adieux, they left for Mount St. Joseph.

During his progress through the hospital, His Excellency was met in the halls by all the patients who were able to leave their rooms, with each of whom he shook hands and spoke words of kindest sympathy.

AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

The Delegate, accompanied by Bishop McEvay and several priests, reached Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, about 6 o'clock, p. m. He immediately entered the chapel where the Sisters had assembled. His Excellency delivered a short discourse, after which he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Afterward they proceeded to the school room where fifty orphans were assembled, presenting a most pleasing sight with their bright faces and prettily colored dresses. A beautiful welcome song, and appropriate address accompanied by the presentation of flowers were soon over, when the little ones surprised and delighted the listeners by singing the "Magnificat" in a manner that could well serve as a lesson for an older choir.

During the visit of His Excellency to our city he was called upon by His Worship Mayor Beck; the call being returned by the Delegate, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Sinnott on Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A Song of Welcome was the greeting of the nurses, who, at its conclusion were each presented by Rev. J. T. Aylward to His Excellency, who then gave his benediction to all present and addressed to the nurses a few words of encouragement in their noble and laborious calling.

The visitors then proceeded to the chapel where the decorations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the preceding day yet presented a handsome appearance.

The fine operating room of the hospital was next visited, where everything seemed to interest the Delegate and his Secretary who asked many questions of the house surgeons. Next and last, the Community room was visited, where, after saying the adieux, they left for Mount St. Joseph.

During his progress through the hospital, His Excellency was met in the halls by all the patients who were able to leave their rooms, with each of whom he shook hands and spoke words of kindest sympathy.

AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

The Delegate, accompanied by Bishop McEvay and several priests, reached Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, about 6 o'clock, p. m. He immediately entered the chapel where the Sisters had assembled. His Excellency delivered a short discourse, after which he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Afterward they proceeded to the school room where fifty orphans were assembled, presenting a most pleasing sight with their bright faces and prettily colored dresses. A beautiful welcome song, and appropriate address accompanied by the presentation of flowers were soon over, when the little ones surprised and delighted the listeners by singing the "Magnificat" in a manner that could well serve as a lesson for an older choir.

During the visit of His Excellency to our city he was called upon by His Worship Mayor Beck; the call being returned by the Delegate, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Sinnott on Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A Song of Welcome was the greeting of the nurses, who, at its conclusion were each presented by Rev. J. T. Aylward to His Excellency, who then gave his benediction to all present and addressed to the nurses a few words of encouragement in their noble and laborious calling.

The visitors then proceeded to the chapel where the decorations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the preceding day yet presented a handsome appearance.

The fine operating room of the hospital was next visited, where everything seemed to interest the Delegate and his Secretary who asked many questions of the house surgeons. Next and last, the Community room was visited, where, after saying the adieux, they left for Mount St. Joseph.

During his progress through the hospital, His Excellency was met in the halls by all the patients who were able to leave their rooms, with each of whom he shook hands and spoke words of kindest sympathy.

AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

The Delegate, accompanied by Bishop McEvay and several priests, reached Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, about 6 o'clock, p. m. He immediately entered the chapel where the Sisters had assembled. His Excellency delivered a short discourse, after which he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Afterward they proceeded to the school room where fifty orphans were assembled, presenting a most pleasing sight with their bright faces and prettily colored dresses. A beautiful welcome song, and appropriate address accompanied by the presentation of flowers were soon over, when the little ones surprised and delighted the listeners by singing the "Magnificat" in a manner that could well serve as a lesson for an older choir.

During the visit of His Excellency to our city he was called upon by His Worship Mayor Beck; the call being returned by the Delegate, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Sinnott on Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A Song of Welcome was the greeting of the nurses, who, at its conclusion were each presented by Rev. J. T. Aylward to His Excellency, who then gave his benediction to all present and addressed to the nurses a few words of encouragement in their noble and laborious calling.

The visitors then proceeded to the chapel where the decorations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the preceding day yet presented a handsome appearance.

The fine operating room of the hospital was next visited, where everything seemed to interest the Delegate and his Secretary who asked many questions of the house surgeons. Next and last, the Community room was visited, where, after saying the adieux, they left for Mount St. Joseph.

During his progress through the hospital, His Excellency was met in the halls by all the patients who were able to leave their rooms, with each of whom he shook hands and spoke words of kindest sympathy.

AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

The Delegate, accompanied by Bishop McEvay and several priests, reached Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, about 6 o'clock, p. m. He immediately entered the chapel where the Sisters had assembled. His Excellency delivered a short discourse, after which he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Afterward they proceeded to the school room where fifty orphans were assembled, presenting a most pleasing sight with their bright faces and prettily colored dresses. A beautiful welcome song, and appropriate address accompanied by the presentation of flowers were soon over, when the little ones surprised and delighted the listeners by singing the "Magnificat" in a manner that could well serve as a lesson for an older choir.

During the visit of His Excellency to our city he was called upon by His Worship Mayor Beck; the call being returned by the Delegate, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Sinnott on Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A Song of Welcome was the greeting of the nurses, who, at its conclusion were each presented by Rev. J. T. Aylward to His Excellency, who then gave his benediction to all present and addressed to the nurses a few words of encouragement in their noble and laborious calling.

The visitors then proceeded to the chapel where the decorations for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the preceding day yet presented a handsome appearance.

The fine operating room of the hospital was next visited, where everything seemed to interest the Delegate and his Secretary who asked many questions of the house surgeons. Next and last, the Community room was visited, where, after saying the adieux, they left for Mount St. Joseph.

During his progress through the hospital, His Excellency was met in the halls by all the patients who were able to leave their rooms, with each of whom he shook hands and spoke words of kindest sympathy.

AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH.

The Delegate, accompanied by Bishop McEvay and several priests, reached Mount St. Joseph, the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, about 6 o'clock, p. m. He immediately entered the chapel where the Sisters had assembled. His Excellency delivered a short discourse, after which he bestowed the Apostolic Benediction. Afterward they proceeded to the school room where fifty orphans were assembled, presenting a most pleasing sight with their bright faces and prettily colored dresses. A beautiful welcome song, and appropriate address accompanied by the presentation of flowers were soon over, when the little ones surprised and delighted the listeners by singing the "Magnificat" in a manner that could well serve as a lesson for an older choir.

During the visit of His Excellency to our city he was called upon by His Worship Mayor Beck; the call being returned by the Delegate, the Bishop and Rev. Dr. Sinnott on Friday afternoon.

On Saturday morning His Excellency celebrated Mass at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinnott and Rev. Father Aylward, and at 11.35 left for Chatham—accompanied by the Bishop and several of the priests—where he will visit the Catholic institutions. On Sunday they will assist at the dedication of the new Church of the Immaculate Conception, Windsor, with Rev. Father Downey as pastor.

AT WINDSOR.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 11.—The new Church of the Immaculate Conception was dedicated to-day with appropriate ceremonies by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate to Canada, who was assisted by Bishop McEvay, of London. At the morning service the church was crowded to the doors. Rev. Father Downey will take charge of the new church as parish priest. After Pontifical Mass was celebrated the Ablegate was presented with an address read in French and English by Very Rev. Father Meunier, of Windsor, Vicar-General. The address

continued on page one.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL.

Many of the clergy, coming to this city to meet the Papal Delegate, took occasion to visit St. Joseph's Hospital during the afternoon, and among the number were Very Rev. Father Meunier, V. G., P. P., of Windsor, and Rev. Father James, superior of the Franciscan Fathers, Chatham.

At about 5 o'clock p. m. the party, consisting of His Excellency, Monsignor Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, Rt. Rev. F. P. McEvay, D. D., Bishop of London, Dr. Sinnott, Secretary to the Delegate, and Rev. J. T. Aylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, arrived at the hospital, where they were received by the Mother Superior, the Sisters and the House Surgeons—Dr. Alex. McMillan and Dr. W. Anderson—who, after being severally presented to His Excellency by Rev. J. T. Aylward, escorted the distinguished visitors to the spacious hall of the Nurses' Home which was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCXXXI. We have seen that the Republican correspondent is greatly scandalized by the supposition that Christendom has been given into the guardianship of Damascus and Hildebrand, and of "the culpable innocents." That the severity of Protestant theological judgment presents ten innocents out of thirteen as capable and worthy men, and several of them as men of illustrious virtue, means nothing to him. He is preoccupied against the Pope of every name, and twenty Herzog Pitts, no doubt, would not shake him in his opinion.

That Hegelians and Unitarians, no less than the orthodox, view the cause for which a Damascus contended as that on which the very existence of Christianity hung, would probably signify even less to this gentleman. It seems sufficiently evident that he himself is not a Christian believer, and while he doubtless accepts Christianity as an important and perhaps on the whole a beneficent fact of history, and has no present thought of proposing its abolition, unless in the form professed by half Christendom, and is not unfriendly to Protestantism, if only it shows itself sufficiently complaisant towards himself to profess it.

Such a position is the less unlikely in a non-Christian, inasmuch as the famous Lutheran divine Flacius Illyricus could hardly make up his mind whether he the more revered St. Peter as an Apostle or abhorred him as a Pope. As to Hildebrand, it seems hardly reasonable to ask our friend to give up his detestation of him, for, as he might reason, what is anti-papal controversy worth, if we are not to treat Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third as incarnations of Beelzebub? As some A. P. A. friends of mine once dolorously complained to me: "Mr. Starbuck, whenever we let fly at the Papists you bring up some fact of history or some definition of a Council to render us helpless. Now is that fair?" I was touched by their embarrassment, and thereupon let them have their own way, even if they suggested that Leo XIII. might perhaps turn out to be the one that put Lizzie Borden's father and stepmother out of the way. Much of the current Protestant talk is about on a level with such a suggestion.

A Jesuit writer says that he has read, but that he was not sure, that near the year 1600 a Calvinistic synod in France decided that slander is a lawful weapon against the Papists. As I have not been able to verify this statement, I too hardly believe it true. I think that we of the Reformed wing may proudly boast that we have confined ourselves to endless illustrations of the fact of anti-papal slander, but that we have left the theory of it to our Lutheran brethren. These, instructed by their great Founder, used to hold that, as an active Catholic is always very much worse than anything you can say about him, you are really doing him a favor in calumniating him.

To come back now to our correspondent. He takes it very much that a Damascus or Hildebrand, or Innocent III., or Innocent XI., or Innocent XII., can have been thought capable of representing "the simple faith and humane works of Jesus of Nazareth."

As I have said already, this sentence is really the most offensive in the whole long letter. The form of it is such as could never be used by a Christian addressing Christians. There is in it a tone of condescending patronage towards the Redeemer that is simply intolerable. He is evidently viewed as a good man, of a somewhat simpering simplicity, who could only be suitably represented by a line of Quakers, of the most flabby variety. It is language that could not be becomingly used of a Gautama, and that would be wholly inadequate to express the moral dignity of a Zoroaster. Yet this patronizing malice is thought to be good enough for the Son of God!

Strauss, beginning with some such way of regarding the Saviour, but refusing to acknowledge Him as anything more, ended, by logical necessity, with treating Him as having brought His death on Himself, by advancing claims of Divine dignity which were unwarranted, because, as Strauss will have it, He was, indeed, a very remarkable man but only a man, so that by virtually identifying Himself with God, He became a blasphemer, and rendered Him self justly liable to the sentence which the Sanhedrin pronounced upon Him.

As to the Apostles, Strauss has no difficulty with them. Their preaching of the Resurrection, he insists, is simply "ein weltweites Betrug," "a world-wide imposture."

This is logical. Either the human soul and body of Jesus Christ are so absolutely and centrally yielded to God, so completely possessed by the indwelling Word, that He sets forth to us perfectly the character of God, that His words, are the very words of God, and His death is the Resurrection of Mankind to the Father, or, as Strauss blasphemously arrogates, "He who is not excused His claims we can not excuse Him as an amiable heated enthusiast, for in His character and words there is no heat and no other enthusiasm than the high serenity of perfect union with God. And such the Synoptic Gospels present Him throughout, no less than the Gospel of John, although this last gives more explicit attention to the Pre-existent Word.

We may view this letter then as being not a Christian letter, addressed to Christians, but an unbelieving letter addressed to unbelievers, writer and

intended readers, however, being viewed as socially and historically standing within the Protestant pale, and retaining so much of union with Christianity as is involved in an implacable hatred towards its ancient form. The Protestant feeling remains intense, even though Christian belief has ebbed away.

As to "the simple faith" of Our Lord, that phrase naturally means a faith simple because shallow. Otherwise it would seem that its simplicity is the transparency of inexhaustible depth, that the Saviour's faith is a germinal faith, the seed of endless and infinite varieties of development. If the words of Christ are the words of God, we may expect to see them reflected, although with dim imperfectness, in every possible form of human thought, from the humbleness of an ordinary parish sermon to the utmost subtleties of the closing lines of the Paradoxi, although these still leave the triumph of Christ "as far exalted above them as the sun above the dimmest twinkling star.

If this is so, then why should not a great Pope, or a great Schoolman, or a great Father, or a great Poet, be thought in a manner worthy, though yet unworthy, to reflect still farther the Faith of Christ, never, of course, in its perfection or central fullness, but in some appointed measure and form? It really cannot see why we may not be allowed to view the face of Christ, "as in a glass darkly," in the face of a worthy Pope, as well as in the face of a pious Protestant. This gentleman's abhorrence of such a suggestion is to be explained, no doubt, by the assumption that the Popes are an evil line of evil men, working evil works. As honest history sets aside such an assumption, we need concern ourselves no farther about it. In the fragmentary and imperfect sense in which alone the Church allows a sinful man to be viewed as a representative of Christ, many, very many, of the Popes, have represented Him not only worthily, but eminently.

This writer is equally offended that the Popes are supposed worthy to represent "the humane works" of the Saviour. Now Isaac Taylor, at much intense labor, has shown that much of her saving strength has been found in her cherishing of "the benevolent affections." I venture to think that there has been any number of Popes, whether called Pius, Gregory, Leo, Benedict, Clement, Marcellus, Boniface, Innocent, or what not, who have worthily illustrated and extended "the humane works" of the Redeemer.

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

In our review of the Sacrament of Baptism we saw that it was instituted by Our Lord to take away original and all other sin. We saw also that it can be administered but once. We know, however, that the flesh is weak and that even the just man falls many times a day. Therefore, to obtain forgiveness for the sins which are committed after baptism our Lord ordained the Sacrament of Penance.

In the order of nature the body is subject to sickness. For this we have remedies to restore it to its healthy condition. Sin is a disease in the soul, and to cure it we have the Sacrament of Penance. Hence this sacrament is regarded as the fourth necessary means to promote salvation, and corresponds to the fourth necessity of nature.

As in Baptism and the Holy Eucharist, we find that penance also has the essentials of a sacrament, namely, the matter and form. The former consists in the sins of the penitent accompanied with confession, contrition and satisfaction. The latter we recognize in the words pronounced by the priest, namely, "I absolve thee from thy sins, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

We may readily conclude, therefore, from these words that its effect is to free us from sin; to reconcile us to God; to restore and to multiply grace in our soul. It also follows that it can only be administered by a regularly ordained and duly authorized priest, and that we should avail ourselves of its benefits not only as often as we are guilty of mortal sin, but also at frequent intervals, if we would have an increase of grace and advance to greater spiritual perfection.—Church Progress.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

HOW A DESOLATE PERSON OUGHT TO OFFER HIMSELF INTO THE HANDS OF GOD.

O Lord God, O holy Father, be Thou now and forever blessed; for, as Thou wilt, so it has happened; and what Thou dost is always good.

Let Thy servant rejoice in Thee, not in himself nor in any other creature, but alone in Thy joy, Thy hope and my crown, Thy gladness and my honor, O Lord.

What hath Thy servant but what he hath received from Thee, and this without any merit on his side? All things are Thine which Thou hast given, and which Thou has made.

I am poor, and in labors from my youth (Ps. lxxxvii. 16); and my soul is grieved even unto tears sometimes, and sometimes is disturbed within herself, by reason of the passions which encompass her.

THE PRIESTLY STOLE.

The stole is the consecrated emblem of sacerdotal power. As he places it around his neck, the priest repeats this prayer: "Return me, O Lord, the stole of immortality which I lost through the provocation of our first parents, and, although I approach unworthy the Holy Mystery, may I nevertheless deserve to attain to everlasting joy and felicity." As the stole is the outward token of priestly power it is worn by him wherever he exercises solemn jurisdiction. Only those who are admitted to major orders are allowed to wear the stole. The manner in which they wear it indicates the order to which they belong. The deacon, who has as yet no power

to consecrate or absolve, places it over the left shoulder and crosses the extremities under the right arm. The priest, whose power is limited and dependent crosses the stole on his breast. The Bishop, who has received the fullness of the priesthood, lets the two sides hang down. The Pope, alone, has the right to wear the stole always and everywhere, because he alone is the vice-regent of Jesus Christ, our High Priest, who said of himself: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Third Sunday of Advent.

PAUL'S PENANCE.

Bring forth therefore forth worthy of penance.—Matt. III, 8.

St. John Baptist in these words, my dear brethren, teaches us, as he taught those who came to him, that penance, if it be true and genuine, must bring forth its proper fruit. Every repentance, if it be sincere, every confession, if it be really good, must be followed by a good life. If any confession is not so followed, it must needs be a delusion; though it should have been accompanied by torrents of tears, and the sins exposed as perfectly as God Himself knows them.

And, moreover, the tree which brings forth the good fruit should continue to bear it; it should not only for a few days or weeks give this proof that it is what it should be, and then have him who planted it come to seek fruit on it and find none.

Yet how often do we find sinners who come to confession with what would seem to be the best dispositions very soon back just where they were before! How discouraging it is to the priest to find the fruits of a mission which seemed to be so promising reduced down almost to nothing for so many who seemed to profit by it: to spend long hours, to wear away his strength, instructing, exhorting, and absolving, and to have so little return from his labor for God and for souls!

What is the reason of all this failure of what began so well? Of course it is the grace of God in the Sacrament of Penance was not tended afterwards. Its life was not supplied to it, as it should have been, by the frequent renewal of confession and reception of Holy Communion. But there was a difficulty further back than that; a want of something at the start, which, indeed, was the reason that the sinners were not regularly received. What was this difficulty? It was a want of a thorough earnestness; of an understanding of the greatness of the work that was undertaken, and of a real determination to sacrifice everything in order to accomplish it.

It is a great undertaking which one commits one's self to in coming to reconcile himself with God after a sinful life. The basis is not merely to examine his conscience, to tell his sins plainly and without concealment, and to feel heartily sorry for them; that is a great part of it, but by no means all. There is a great deal left, and that is to leave them for good; to quit company with them for ever. And this is not such an easy matter. When one has lived so that his whole pleasure has been in sin, in drunkenness and debauchery, in filthy conversation, in bad actions and bad thoughts, it will perhaps seem almost like giving up life itself to part with all. The penitent sinner has not all at once become an angel; his whole nature has been warped and twisted out of place by sin, and though the guilt of the sin has gone, the effects are there; his soul, like a limb out of joint, has much to suffer before it can get set right again.

A man must make up his mind, when he comes to serve God after serving the devil, that he has got an uphill road to travel; if he does not, he will not persevere. Labor and suffering, self-denial and mortification, he has to face these manfully. His consolation, his happiness, as well as his strength, have got to come from God. If one understands this he will seek that happiness and that strength again where he first found it—in confession and Communion. But if he does not, if he thinks that all will go right now without any more trouble his old nature and habits will claim their dues, and he will soon be back in his sins again.

Yes, we must cut right down to the root of sin if we wish to bring forth the fruits of penance, and must make up our minds to suffer the pain that this cutting will bring. Occasions of sin must be avoided, appetites must be denied, contempt and ridicule must be faced; we must pray, we must struggle, we must resist even to blood; we must put our former life to death, that Christ may live in us. For, as St. Paul tells us, "If one be dead with Him, he shall also live also with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." There is no other way.

Let us not shrink from this pain and this conflict; that would be the greatest mistake of all. But let us understand it, that when the trial comes, as it surely will, it may not find us unprepared.

Every life lived and every work done has somewhere its sufficient explanation. God has never yet permitted an accident in His world. Every deed has its pedigree. So much producing energy in the cause means so much energy in the effect. There is no such thing as luck. Every life has its pedigree.—Rev. R. A. McFadden.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto. Reference to Dr. McTaggart's Toronto Medical and Personal History, permitted by Dr. W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, Rev. John Poir, D. D., Victoria College, Rev. William C. D. D., Knox College, Rev. Father Peck, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Hon. Thomas G. Stewart, Bishop of Toronto, Hon. Thomas G. Stewart, Senator, Ontario, Toronto, Ontario.

Good for Baby. Any baby will thrive on Nestlé's Food. It is wholesome, nourishing and easily digested. Twenty five years of use has proved its value. Nestlé's Food. Sample (sufficient for eight meals) Free. LEEBING, MILLER & CO., MONTREAL.

"IDLE WORDS" AND THEIR RESULT.

A brief item in a New York paper the other day revealed one of those squalid little neighborhood affairs which are often tragic in their consequences but which are nevertheless such ordinary occurrences as not to excite much comment. This item told about two women who were driven insane by the gossip and scandal spread abroad about them by jealous or perhaps merely talkative neighbors, most of whom we may be sure meant at first to harm in the world, but simply gossiped and gossiped and conjectured and interred and piled one thing on top of another, until they had built up a black load of scandal under which the minds of the unfortunate victims, both women of most exemplary lives, finally broke down.

It is amazing how gossip, harmless perhaps at first, spreads and spreads, gathering evil significance as it goes. No wonder our Lord lay such stress upon the accountability of people for their "idle words." He does not say wicked words, but simply idle words, as if He would warn us against gossiping soon degenerates into a habit which is not only bad for the souls of those who are gossiped about, but also bad for the souls of those who do the gossiping. In the case in point the two women, who were sisters, kept a candy store, and were prosperous, good-looking, kind-hearted neighbors to all around them. Then somebody grew jealous, either of their goodness or their prosperity, and began to poison the minds of the neighbors concerning them. The devil had no need to be busy in that neighborhood any longer. The women were doing his work well—more effectively perhaps than he could do it himself.

The two sisters lived alone, and soon scandalous tongues began to mention that fact as though it were significant. Neighbors, who seemed to have plenty of time to watch others in the vicinity and discuss their affairs, kept constant watch on the candy store. Children, too, who had heard their elders' talk, began to act strangely toward the victims, derisively asked them why they didn't get married, yelled at them on the street, and otherwise worried the two women.

The sisters heard the talk and noticed the way in which they were watched. One of them was so much affected that she discussed it with a friend and said she couldn't bear to have the neighbors talking about her as they were doing. She admitted that the talk had worried her and her sister greatly. Her friend said she would try to contradict the false stories that were going around, but the neighborhood continued to talk, and then one sister's health gave way.

The sisters disposed of their shop, but continued to live over the store as they had done, and to brood over the gossip that was making them unwilling to appear on the streets. Soon the health of the other sister suffered, and ultimately both sisters were taken to the insane asylum, where their ravings left little doubt as to what had caused their breakdown.

Now what could be more pitiable than the plight of those two women of excellent character? There they are, their lives wrecked by some contemptible, spiteful neighbor, who very likely began all the trouble by a word or two in a moment of pique, who would be appalled to feel that such grave consequences could flow from such a small beginning, but who is really responsible for the whole sad story.

The Eighth Commandment of the Church strictly forbids the bearing of false witness. We do not have to go publicly and make a solemn false statement against our neighbor in order to injure him. We can do it by Sly innuendoes, by subtle insinuations, by cunning smiles or turns of phrase, just as efficiently.

The result is not always so plainly to be traced to the cause in the New York case which we cite above, but in every city, in every town, in every hamlet in the country, there has been enacted some similar pitiful drama. Broken hearts, ruined lives—these are the results of those idle words, for which says Christ, "we must render an account on the day of Judgment."—Sacred Heart Review.

The coldness, selfishness and indifference of the world has become a common admission among men. Nor is it to be wondered at. Men have to a great measure excluded God from their thoughts, and their hearts are set upon things wholly material. Where such conditions exist there can be no appreciation of God's second great commandment.—Church Progress.

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S COCOA. An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children. The Most Nutritious and Economical.

"Opportunities" Capital often brings within reach opportunities for profitable investment which would otherwise be unavailable. It is not necessary then to point out the wisdom of accumulating capital, but to point out the best way to do this—and it is a very easy, safe and certain way, viz., Endowment Insurance. Would it not be wise, then, for you to obtain a policy—to become a prospective capitalist—and thus put yourself in a position to take advantage of some future opportunity for investment? If you should die, your accumulations would not be lost, but would be returned to your estate, perhaps increased many times. Allow us to send you full particulars of a policy at your age. The information will cost you nothing, and you need not take a policy unless you feel convinced that it would be to your advantage to do so.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. Managing Director. JOHN L. BLAIKIE, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

A Suggestion for the Holidays. During this joyous season we should not forget the ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD, for it is she who makes "our home" bright, cheerful and happy. Tastes differ, but perhaps the wisest and most acceptable XMAS GIFT a man can make to his wife for the protection of the family, is a policy on his life in

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA. No other investment, however good, can be compared with it. When the husband is removed by death, it becomes the mainstay of the home, enabling the widow to educate the children, and maintain the status of the family. Under our laws creditors cannot touch such a policy.

Agencies in all the principal towns and cities of Canada. Full particulars furnished by the Company's agents, or by the HEAD OFFICE WATERLOO, ONT.

The Rosary in Fine Jewels



WE HAVE made a careful selection of Jewels for mounting, and you will find them "rich and rare." Our Rosaries are especially strong in wire and chain connections, and we claim they are the best now offered to the trade. In pure quality of size of No. 1: Amethyst, Topaz, Crystal, Onyx, Turquoise, Smoked Crystal, Agate, Carnelian and Garnet. In the imitation Jewels, sizes Nos. 1 and 2: Amethyst, Topaz, Garnet, Crystal, Emerald, Turquoise, Jade and Jasper. PRICES: In pure stone, mounted in solid gold, \$25.00 each. In pure stone, mounted in 14c rolled gold plate, \$13.00 and \$15.00 each. In imitation Jewels, size of No. 1, mounted in 14c Rolled Gold Plate, \$4.50 each. Guaranteed 12 years. In imitation Jewels size of No. 2, mounted in 14c rolled gold plate, \$2.50 each. Guaranteed 10 yrs. With each Rosary we furnish a most artistic lined case.

CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONTARIO

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Oils; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Sanatorium, 1520 E. Monument St. Baltimore, Md.

Bees-Wax Candles. For fifty years the brands of the WILL & BAUMER CO. have been on the market and their excellence is attested by the ever-increasing sales. "PURISSIMA" "L'AUTEL" "STANDARD" "WHITE WAX." Stearine Candles—patented. EIGHT DAY OIL CANDLE that the market affords. Sold in 5c, 10c and 25c imperial measure. Our goods are for sale only by reliable dealers.

Diamond Buying. Our diamonds can be bought safely by mail as they are all genuine cut stones, bought direct from the cutters—selected by our own expert—and mounted in our own factory. No. 3501. This ring with three fine diamonds sent by mail for \$500. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded in full. Send for illustrated catalogue free. Ambrose KENT & Sons Limited, 156 Yonge St. Toronto, Dept. R.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE. KÖNIG MED. CO., 125 E. 12th St., CHICAGO, ILL. (Inventor of the "FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE" medicine.)

Character i... daily forgiveness... sympathy... for the good of... Oh, it is these... in a picture... music, which... R. Macduff... We cannot... denies in this... us to a higher... out ignoring... being. We... wings of the... to keep it g... ever. The g... hammat... impressed up... the effect of... of the soul to... indeed, is w... in the path... stein... The great... men is this... work on ear... enjoyable... by some n... scorable int... Let every... is a false a... unworthy o... has freely g... A habit o... disagreeabl... takes the c... gives a d... experie... tasteful o... There is... comes fr... have maste... and was ob... have conqu... and have g... A man w... and goes a... of interior... count for... shrinking i... does not r... man who s... whether yo... There is... sense of p... who has f... pathway a... tween his... always tri... and shrin... He ruin's... not capab... There i... one's mim... to the rig... wavering... pose and v... a man... sways wit... but is all... and this... shrink or... culties his... or postpo... destroys... no great... Success... Many... things u... have fin... many ta... large fo... was our... done o... even on... ought to... a duty o... day the... things u... our wish... the wiser... people, l... anti dut... J. R. M... There... attracti... accom... ting of... postp... also de... does s... living... Ther... quality... man wi... duties... resistin... things i... it is s... boldnes... stamin... life... A m... boyboh... gardle... served... pose, s... over b... ity, a... not fo... and a... line of... with... obstac... stamin... Who... encour... not let... witho... slutt... upon... flower... tion o... There... wait... vines... train... kind... helpi... deser... know... a pan... II... and... dolen...

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Character is the product of daily, hourly actions, and words, and thoughts daily forgiveness, unselfishness, kindness, sympathy, charitableness, sacrifices for the good of others, struggles against temptation, submissiveness under trial. Oh, it is these, like the blending colors in a picture, or the blending notes of music, which constitute the man.—J. H. Macduff.

Be Always Ready. Keep on trimming your lamps, tilling your soil, tugging and pegging away. You never can tell when the messenger of success will come.

A Higher State. We cannot, indeed, ignore the tendencies in our nature that would bring us to a higher, broader, truer life without ignoring that which is best in our being. We would thereby clip the wings of the soul in the unholy attempt to keep it grubbing on the earth forever. The progress of the world, the human conscience, the stamp of nobility impressed upon individual men are all the effect of the unending aspirations of the soul to reach a higher state. He, indeed, is wise who rises his life lying in the path above.—Chas. A. Rubenstein.

A Heathen Maxim. The great folly with many Catholic men is this, that they fancy their only work on earth is to look out for themselves, enjoys life to the full, and then by some miracle of God's mercy scramble into heaven as best you can. Let every man take care of himself, it is false and heathen maxim, and one unworthy of a Christian to whom God has freely given the faith.

Procrastination. A habit of always taking up the most disagreeable duties first, when possible, takes the drudgery out of a task and gives a delight to life which is never experienced by those who postpone distasteful or dreaded duties.

There is a sense of triumph which comes from the consciousness that you have mastered what discomposed you and was obnoxious to you, and that you have conquered what seemed difficult and have gotten it out of the way. A man who shirks unpleasant duties and goes around obstacles has a sense of inferiority. He has a sort of contempt for himself, his cowardice, his shrinking nature, and his laziness. He does not respect himself so much as the man who sweeps everything before him, whether uninviting or not.

There is a feeling of strength and a sense of power which comes to a man who has conquered the enemies in his pathway and the obstacles that lay between him and his goal. A man who always tries to avoid the disagreeable and shrinks obstacles is a weakling. He ruins his executive capacity and is not capable of grappling with difficulties.

There is everything in making up one's mind resolutely to turn neither to the right nor to the left of an unwavering aim. It gives direction, purpose and vigor to life which never come to a man who drifts with the current.

A strong man never hesitates or wavers when he comes to a hard place, but is all the more resolute to conquer, and this very determination not to shrink or to turn aside because of difficulties half conquers them. Dreading or postponing them engenders fear and destroys self-confidence, without which no great thing can be accomplished.—Success.

Uncompleted Tasks. Many of the best of us leave many things untouched which we ought to have finished. Most men die with many tasks uncompleted. Life is too large for us; we cannot do all that is our duty to do. After we have done our best we have not attained even our own standard of what we ought to have done. Indeed, there is a duty of omitting. We cannot do any day the one hundredth part of the things we might do. We must show our wisdom in the selection we make of the things which we shall do. Some people, however, omit the most important duties and do the trivial things.—J. R. Miller.

Gives Stamina to Character. There is hardly anything more destructive to effective work and high accomplishment than a habit of "putting off" disagreeable tasks. This postponing of the disagreeable habit is also demoralizing to character. It produces superficial work and superficial living.

There is something lacking in the quality and solidity of character of a man who always shirking disagreeable duties, sliding along the line of least resistance, and just trying to get by with things which are agreeable and easy. It is struggling with difficulties, with boldness and determination, that gives stamina to character and backbone to life.

A man who has been accustomed from boyhood to plow straight furrows regardless of obstructions, who will not swerve a hair's breadth from his purpose, and who will not go around or over but through obstacles, has a solidity, a substantiality about him that is not found in a man who stops when he finds a hard place, and drifts along the line of least resistance. It is struggling with obstacles that give nerve and fiber and stamina to character.—Success.

Encouragement. Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you leave some human flower to suffer for want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can quest for the dew and the sunbeams, vines that will climb without kindly training, but only a few. Uter the kind word when you can. Give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise.—Catholic Home Companion.

Destructive to Energy. If procrastination runs in your blood, and if you have come down from an idolatrous ancestry, you will be obliged to

discipline yourself severely to overcome the "putting off" habit, for every disagreeable task that confronts you will tempt you to postpone it. All sorts of excuses will present themselves to you, and the only way to overcome this fatal tendency is to compel yourself to begin at once the thing you dread. Do not allow the argument which perhaps speaks in your blood to confront you.

Listen to nothing, but begin the work instantly, and you will soon conquer this unfortunate weakness which is fatal to all achievement, and death to any effective endeavor. Force yourself to begin immediately the task at hand. Procrastination is the greatest enemy of achievement. Nothing is more delusive than delay. The man who thinks he is going to do the delayed thing later, especially if it is a disagreeable task, will probably never do it.

People who hesitate, delay, dillydally, weigh, consider, and dread a task, never amount to anything. A habit of delay is destructive to energy, which does things. More boys fail to get on in the world from this fatal habit of "putting off" than from anything else. It induces laziness and mental inaction, and destroys self-trust.

If this fatal tendency runs in your blood, the moment you feel a temptation to postpone a task come over you, jump upon it the instant and go at your work with all your might. Take up the most obvious thing you have to do and never allow your habit to suggest another postponement.

"Putting off" is a dangerous enemy; it is worse than a thief of time, for it robs you of opportunity. It mortgages your to-morrow for the debt that should be paid to-day. Every hour's delay makes your task all the harder.—Success.

Study the Dictionary. How many people are there who pronounce any proportion of their words correctly, not merely by reason of clipping and mounding, but by ignorance of good usage? We find them everywhere, and they lay the accent on the first instead of the second syllable of acclimate, for example, they pronounce the second syllable of acclimate, instead of the first; they do not put the accent on the last syllable of adept, as they should do; they leave the u sound out of buoy; pronounce duke with the sound oo instead of with the simple long u; emphasize the first instead of the second syllable of enervate and sound the t in often. They are astonished to know that precedence has the accent on the second syllable and placed on the last; that quay is called key; that south is said; that the s instead of the sound is to be given in sacrifice, and the reverse in rise; that subtle and subtile are two different words; that the last syllable of tortoise is pronounced "tiss" instead of "tus," that it should be used and not ut; and that it is not the "zoo," but the zoological gardens where one goes to see the chimpanzee, and not the chimpan zee. It is quite time we think, when we hear one of these talkers, for a little hard work in the dictionary.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Kind words are like revelations from heaven, unraveling complicated misunderstandings and softening the hardened convictions of years. Men will live well if their constant endeavor be to die well; that is, in the friendship of God.

There is nothing less welcome to them than sorrow. And yet there is nothing which brings us nearer to God. A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

He who shows justice and charity in his conduct accomplishes the noblest of all works. An upright man is in his own way the greatest of all artists. The ready concession of minor points is a part of the grace of life.—Henry Harland, "The Cardinal's Snuff Box."

Never was right thing done or wise word spoken in vain.

What art thou, in truth, or what dost thou possess, to make thee proud? Yes, what hast thou which thou shouldst not humble thyself? Deeds are the proof of love. Therefore whosoever keeps My commands, the same loves Me in truth.

How busy men are to-day about work, business, money, pleasure and politics! And how busy they were in the same way a hundred years ago! And how busy they will be similarly a hundred years from now! And all these things pass away and they pass with them.—Catholic Columbian.

When you read of a deed heroic or come in contact with a courageous soul, you find yourself wishing that you had an opportunity to prove your devotion to an ideal or a cause. The opportunity lies before you. Say to yourself: "Soul, here is a test for thy heroic qualities." And over all things that heroism demands, stands cheerfulness. Never believe that any hero was dragged to death, however ignominious however unmerited. The martyrs of every cause were chaplets of flowers and went their way singing.—Anna C. Minogue "The Garden Bench," in the Rosary.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY. The Scourging at the Pillar. By LOUISA EMILY DOBBEE.

It was all over in a few minutes, and Dreda clattered quickly down stairs, banged the door after her, and Mrs. Jervis was left to herself, her hat and her thoughts.

Of course in the eyes of the worldly wise her action had been more than foolish; the prudent even had seen the reason of it would have urged her waiting a little and making further investigations. But Mrs. Jervis was quite devoid of either of these qualities, and it never crossed her mind that knowing the danger the girl was in she could have acted in any other way, given the courage to make the sacrifice. No dis-

crepancies in the story had struck her; she had believed each statement quite simply, for she was perfectly unsuspicious by nature, and besides the girl had come so manifestly in answer to her prayer.

Smut, who was pleased at the fire, sat blinking before it, the work-box stood open, the untidy remains of the little meal were on the table. Now it was all over, and Mrs. Jervis realized in cold blood what she had done; tears rose to her eyes, and before she attempted to clear away she sat down and had a good cry. This being a luxury very rarely indulged in, it tired her out, and all the time she had a feeling of contempt for herself at what she severely called her cowardice.

There was the empty compartment in the work-box and the bag was staring at her in the face. There was no mistake about it. But presently comfort came to her in the thought that she had actually been the means of saving the girl from the grave sin she contemplated; and the mystic power of self-sacrifice was destroying the sting which lay in the thought of a pauper's funeral.

"After all," she said to herself, as she rose from her knees that night, "what does it matter how I am buried, so long as the holy prayers are said over me?" That was what her spirit said, but her flesh was weak all the while as she pictured it all to herself. Well, there was no use denying that the sacrifice was a very big one, greater to her than any one could imagine, and she was bound to feel that, glad as she was at having been able to make it.

Altogether as she drew her patch work quilt over her that night, she felt contented and thankful, and soon was fast asleep.

She never doubted for one moment but that Dreda would write, and she listened eagerly for the postman's knock down the street. Hitherto his advent had been extremely uninteresting to her, save twice a year when he brought her her annuity, for she never received any letters. However, now it was different.

The days passed, and if the postman came at all to No. 40 Wickham Street, there was no letter for her.

On the Easter Monday morning when she came in from Mass, the landlady handed her a letter with the remark that she did not get very many.

"No, I do not," said Mrs. Jervis apologetically. "Hope it's good news," said Mrs. King inquisitively.

Mrs. Jervis smiled, holding her precious letter safely in her hand. "The best news I think I ever had in my life by post," said she. "Lor, now!"

"Yes, and I must go upstairs now," said Mrs. Jervis, who was distinctively flurried, and besides, extremely anxious to read the letter.

Her landlady, who was very anxious to know more about it, offered for a while to come up then and there and help to get her breakfast, but Mrs. Jervis refused, and was glad afterwards that she did.

She opened the letter with a trembling hand, then laid it down and fixed her spectacles firmly on before beginning to read it.

It was written in a sprawling hand on very soiled paper, no date or address being given.

"I'm as good as my ward you see written to you when I promised. Me an one of an mites at the place were I spree on Bank Holiday with the money you give me you thought I was going to drown myself no fear I didn't have no such idea only just a bit of a lark when I met you to see if you'd believe me and then I went on an told you all that title about a brother in America never had one, but you were a henry myself very much, they always says I'm a good one and I'm going to be a very rich man, it was lovely when I opened the bag and found such a lot.

Yours dreda.

Mrs. Jervis's face was white when she read the letter and learnt what she had never for one moment suspected, that she had been most cruelly taken in.

"It was a failure," she whispered to herself with trembling lips, "and the sacrifice was of no use at all." All that day Mrs. Jervis sat idle, a very unusual thing for her, for she was generally occupied in one way or another. Her rheumatism made her movements very slow, and it took her a very long time to sweep and dust her room, prepare and take away her little meals, fill her scuttle from the cupboard where she kept her provision of half a bag at a time. Then she knitted so slowly that the stockings she always kept going progressed almost imperceptibly.

Besides these things she read a little, thought very much, and that day she gave herself up to her thoughts, for she had no heart for anything.

taken very ill with an attack of bronchitis. A month later a pauper's funeral left that house, and Mrs. Jervis was laid at rest in the crowded churchyard, her few possessions when sold just sufficient to pay the landlady. Thus as far as one could see ended her earthly story and her failure.

That Easter Bank Holiday on which Dreda or Mary, for that was her real name, had gone out with some companions to have what she called a good time, happened to be a cold but glorious bright and sunny day. The girls were full of spirits, and dressed in their best from a very early hour. Mary, on the strength of the money which was burning a hole in her pocket, had treated them to new hats apiece, gorgeous in hue, wonderful in trimming, and enormous in size. Mary's dark hair had been in curl-papers for two days, and was now in a thick idiot's frill round her face. She had a new jacket and skirt on with a stiffly starched blouse, and altogether she felt extremely pleased with herself, that being her normal state of mind.

Left an orphan when she was six years old she had lived ever since with an aunt, who was not a Catholic and indeed possessed no religion of any kind or sort. She had promised her sister, Mary's mother, on her deathbed, to let her only child be brought up a Catholic, and to a certain extent had kept her promise. Dreda had gone to a Catholic school where she had been fifteen to earn her living by going into service where she had been roughly treated and overworked, and continually prevented from following the practices of her religion. Little by little she gave up all effort to get to Mass or to her duties. Her aunt died, and with her the only person she had belonged to her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mass for Night-Workers.

The first Mass timed for the convenience of Philadelphia's army of Catholic night-workers was celebrated in the church of St. John the Evangelist, Thirtieth street, between Market and Chestnut streets, in the very heart of the business section, at 2 1/2 o'clock last Sunday morning.

Fully three hundred persons were present, mostly employes of newspapers, several of whom acted as ushers. The celebrant was Rev. Nevin F. Fisher, the rector, who expresses himself as being well pleased with the attendance and hopeful that it will increase as the time and purpose of the Mass become more widely known.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF PAINS.—The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant, arising from a multitude of intricate causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas Electric Oil was the outcome of a surgical study for some years, which would speedily relieve pain, and it has filled its mission to a remarkable degree.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so common in this season that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. It is quite a universal cry for some specific which would promptly relieve pain, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

STAMMERS. THE ARNOLD INSTITUTE, BERLIN, GERMANY. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore our cures are permanent. Write for particulars.

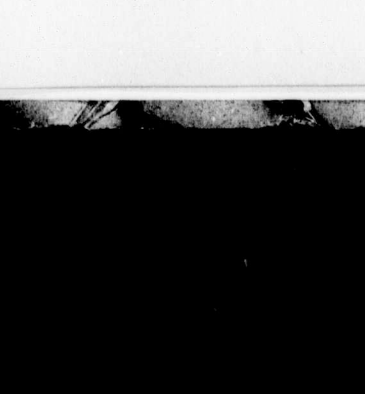
All Run Down. THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists Toronto, Ont.

50c. and \$1. All Druggists



It Cleanses all kinds of clothes—injures none. **Flannels washed with Surprise Soap** never shrink. Laces washed with it are preserved as heirlooms. **It makes child's play of washday.** Keep in mind: **Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.**

GOLD DOLLARS DOES IT PAY TO BUY A CHATHAM INCUBATOR? Yes, better than it would to purchase Gold Dollars at forty cents each. You can get one of the CHATHAM 100 EGG INCUBATORS with BROODER to match for \$10.00 in 1905; \$10.00 in 1906 and \$11.00 in 1907, without interest. These machines will hatch and take care of as many chickens as ten hens. Ten hens will lay sufficient eggs during the time that it takes to hatch and brood their chickens to pay each yearly payment on Incubator and Brooder. Making a moderate estimate of the number of times that the above machine may be used, in each year, as four, you have forty dollars as the earnings, over and above what you would get from the old way, take of ten dollars which is the yearly payment for machine, and you will have left thirty dollars earned on the expenditure of ten—which is gold dollars at twenty-five cents instead of forty cents each. This is only one of the many cases of profit attainable from the use of the CHATHAM INCUBATOR. Head quarters for this district **No. 9 Market Lane, LONDON, ONT.**

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS. 113 Dundas Street, OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. PHONE 58.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONT. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT. Losses Paid Since Organization, \$3,250,000. Business in Force, \$5,000,000. Assets, \$6,000,000. HON. JOHN DRYDEN, President. GEO. GILLIES, Vice-President. H. WADDINGTON, Sec. and Managing Director. L. LEITCH, D. WHEELER, J. HESPEY, SUDS, JOHN KILLER, Inspectors.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is the best made. During the last few months a great many so-called Liquid Extracts of Malt have been placed on the market and sold at prices for which it would be impossible to make a genuine Liquid Extract of Malt. If you want the best ask for "O'Keefe's," and insist upon getting "O'Keefe's." Price 25c. per bottle; 20c. per dozen allowed for empty bottles when returned. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

Thorold Cement and Portland Cement. For building purposes of all kinds including Churches, Schools, Houses, Barn Walls and Floors, Silos, Root Houses, Cisterns, Pig Pens, Hen Houses and Sewers, Tile, Abutments and Piers for Bridges, Granolithic Sidewalks, in fact, for all work that it is possible to do with cement. WHOLESALE IN CAR LOTS ONLY. **Estate of John Battle THOROLD, ONT.**

Question Box in CLOTH at FIFTY CENTS post-paid (Former Price \$1.00) Order early as the stock is limited. Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

HEADACHE Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by **AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE** No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, see and ask. All dealers or direct from **ARVIST & Co.,** Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

Bells 100 lbs. to McShane's 10,000 lbs. Pure Bell Metal, Castings, Brass, Steel, Iron, etc. McShane's Bell Foundry, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Windsor Salt The Perfect Table Salt. Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt The Perfect Table Salt. Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt The Perfect Table Salt. Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt The Perfect Table Salt. Ask your Grocer for Windsor Salt.

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR. Graduate Toronto University. Graduate Philadelphia Dental College, 128 Dundas St. Phone 1381.

DR. M. M. MCGEEHAN, DENTIST, HONOR. Graduate, D. D. S. Toronto University. D. S. Royal College Surgeons, 100 Dundas Street, Phone 385.

DR. J. W. MURPHY, DENTIST, HONOR. Graduate, D. D. S. Toronto University. D. S. Royal College Surgeons, 100 Dundas Street, Phone 385.

DR. A. A. STEWART Successor to John T. Stephenson. Funeral Director and Embalmer. Charges moderate. Open day and night. Residence on premises. 104 Dundas St. Phone 459. Geo. E. Logan, Asst. Manager, Fifteen Years' Experience.

