

The Catholic Record.

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

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SEEING THINGS THAT AINT SO

Some time ago we read an address on the glories of modern civilization. The speaker handled his theme with deftness, and wove into it flowers of rhetoric and facts that looked unprosais, so well did he overlay them with the gold of fancy. Under his spell we began to think we were no mean people. Enlightened, he called us, and forbearing, patient and gentle, and averse to the follies of past ages. We warmed ourselves at the fire of eulogy and then set to work. The first thing that claimed our attention, and incidentally put us on the level earth again was an article by one of those evangelists who wander among Catholics and write of things which they don't see. It boots little to protest against writers of this type. They seem to read neither their own nor our writers, and are, therefore, the prey of prejudice and terrible examples of what men can become if they live long with the hobgoblins of ignorance. In their desire to score against us they hesitate not to bear false witness and to palm off as facts the most grotesque misconceptions of Catholic doctrine. We do not believe they have any influence with the average non-Catholic. But we are of the opinion that one of the causes of the lessening of the power of the Protestant pulpit is the preacher who deals in assumption, and is so far forgetful of his duties as a citizen and Christian as to perpetuate hate and prejudice.

What we believe is not a mystery. One may reject or combat it, but one should not seek it in letters written by men, who, when descending on the Church know neither truth nor justice. If the preacher must run a course against us he should be sure that the men before him are neither men of straw nor phantoms that fit out of bigotry's cave for the occasion.

A CHAPERON WANTED.

We are willing to admit that a preacher of this description is, when left loose, for instance, in a city in South America, bewildered, and for many reasons. He finds evidences of civilization—great colleges, a splendidly equipped press, magnificent churches. At home he had had visions of lazy Spaniards who smoked cigarettes to the accompaniment of castanets and were very poor waiting for his ministrations. The cruel bull-fight shocked up: Mr. Jos. Hoeking inspired him, and so one day he girded up his loins, pocketed a few tracts and a fountain pen and set out to board Rome in her lair. If on his arrival he were taken care of by sensible people, he might be able to do better work, or at least he would be careful not to mistake idiocy for orthodoxy. But he seems to happen upon either the Latin who allows himself to be converted for a modicum of coin, or the fustian one who regales him with stories that fit in with his preconceived ideas. The stories are ancient fiction, but the good man accepts them at their face value and sends them to the *Tabetha Sewing Circle* which has forthwith a series of convulsions over the iniquity of Rome.

He lives in a world of his making. Not a pleasant world, surely, or else he would find something better to chronicle than *Mannhausen yarns*. And he is so certain of the glibility of his public as to talk at nothing in the way of fairy tales.

PROVING HIS ORTHODOXY.

For instance, we know the missionary who visits the villagers who never had a Bible. He says things, then, anent his joy and the outpourings of the Spirit. After recovering from his amazement at their pitiable condition and giving them "The Book" he speaks his piece entitled: "The open Bible"—a stock recitation, and always in the repertoire of the roving evangelist. He has a few lines on *persecutions*, etc., and never fails to give an exhibition of rhetorical fireworks to the effect that the benighted Catholic is advancing towards the truth; and to make the advance certain, more money is needed. That he is a source of wonder to all who have not lost their reason never seems to dawn upon him. With a few exceptions, Rev. Dr. Starbuck, the Protestant theologian, who writes for the *Sacred Heart Review*, says that "Protestant missionaries from Mexico to Argentina almost universally display a greedy desire to turn every fact and

feature of Catholic doctrine, discipline and history to a malignant account and entire indifference, no matter how long may be their stay in these countries, to gaining even an elementary knowledge of the Roman Catholic system."

SCIENCE HAS NO ANSWER.

The scribes who write reams to say that science is the religion of this generation are as ignorant of the definition of science as they are of religion. In all ages the questions which ring out in myriad tones concern our origin and destiny. Since human reason does not suffice, the answer which must be in reach must be heard from something beyond the compass of reason. Science has no solution for these problems. Mr. Tyndal tells us that the question dies without an answer, without even an echo upon the infinite shores of the unknown. Religion, however, shows us the God Who said: "I am the Light of the world. He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of Life."

WHAT A REAL SCIENTIST SAYS.

Sir Oliver Lodge is in no wise chary of unstinted admiration for the character and achievements of the late Lord Kelvin who felt compelled by his scientific researches to acknowledge the existence of a beneficent creator. Among other things Sir Oliver Lodge says that an extract from a speech he delivered at his jubilee celebration is of more than ordinary interest. "One word," he said, "characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts that I have made for the advancement of science during fifty-five years—that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force or of the relation between ether, electricity and ponderable matter or of chemical affinity than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago in my first session as professor."

THE UNIFICATION ORCHESTRA.

A few moons since a contemporary pleaded for more concord among Canadians. An orchestra was formed, and distinguished journalists engaged as soloists. For a time the dulcet strains of the peace anthem agitated the atmosphere, and just when we thought we could have the pleasure of hearing the editor of the *Christian Guardian* tell the truth about the Church without damaging his maxillary muscles, there appeared with musket on shoulder, the doughty Col. who made some remarks on battling. We remember not all the warrior said, but he was for war, bloody, if necessary, but preferably unbloody, because he is more accustomed to it. Then, accompanied by M. Emile Combes, came the editor of the *Christian Guardian* who adjured the audience to beware of clericalism. Stand up for your freedoms and your rights; if hard pressed borrow the Col.'s musket, claim everything in sight and ware clericalism. It was a magnificent exhibition of an intellect improperly exposed. Since then the *Christian Guardian* has been cheering on Cleomeocosa and the French Christians. Lately the editor of this Methodist publication, printed for the household, has been wearing a smile that is childlike and bland because a Jew and a Freemason has been elected Mayor of Rome. Are Methodists proud of a paper that seems to be in sympathy with the enemies of Christianity? Are they satisfied with a publication that refers to blistering blasphemy as not "very sensible remarks," and has never a word against those who revile all that should be cherished by Christians. The editor's tactics are of the days when so called "religious" champions were the most unscrupulously bitter and the most, conspicuously unfair.

THE FACTS.

We cannot give space to a communication in regard to the Y. M. C. A. for the reasons, first, that it is too lengthy, and secondly, it is not accurate in statement.

The Y. M. C. A. is a Protestant association. It excludes Catholics from holding office, and in aspiration and aim is not favorable to the Church. This being so, we do not see how any Catholic can approve an association that is Protestant enough to deny him a place among its officials. And the Catholics who subject either himself or his children to the atmosphere of the Y. M. C. A. is sadly in need of instruction. Here and there Catholics do be-

long to this association, but these are self-opinionated snobs, whining for a word of non-Catholic approval and whittling down the faith which they are afraid to profess before men. Our correspondent is, if we read him aright, of the opinion that a Catholic can, by membership in the Y. M. C. A., do something towards dissipating prejudice against the Church. But omitting comment on the obvious speciousness of this plea is it necessary to join this association to do this? The presumption is that the Catholic becomes a member of the Y. M. C. A., not to help the Church but to help himself, because he cherishes the delusion that the Protestant has ever a gladsome welcome for the back boneless biped.

OVERHEATED IMAGINATION.

Some of the temperance orators should allow the wind of reason to cool their over-heated imaginations. We do not impugn their sincerity, but if they pruned their speeches of exaggeration and misstatements they would have more weight with the public. This subject can be spoken of with quiet reasonableness. Frothy declamation may please the hysterical, but not the average man. Temperance, we know, is a virtue, but it is not the only one, as the preacher who told us that but for liquor there would be no sin would have us believe. While battling against the saloon it is well to remember that charity is also a virtue. Strangely enough some of the divines forget this so far as we are concerned. They tell us that righteousness exalteth a nation and have no hesitancy in bearing false witness against the Church.

WHAT BISHOP SPALDING SAYS.

The worst enemy of the country, says Bishop Spalding, is not the drunkard, but the buyer of votes, whether at the polls or in the council chambers or in legislative halls: not the petty thief, but the capitalist whose insatiable greed urges him on to crush all competitors; not the selfish man who cares not at all for the general good, but the politician who makes his patriotism a cloak to cover him, while he sneaks into public office which he prostitutes to private gain.

The saloon is bad: the worst evil, however, resulting from it is not drunkenness but political corruption: for, if just laws were rightly administered the saloon would cease to be a source of degradation and ruin.

THE DAILY PRESS AND THE CHURCH.

The present number (December 7) of the *Civiltà Cattolica* contains an article which may well be numbered among the most interesting and important of those that have appeared in the great Jesuit Review during the fifty-eight years of its existence. It is not a long article—it fills only sixteen pages of the *Civiltà*; it is not a profound article—any man or woman can read a newspaper and be able to understand every word of it; it is not an article that reveals any truth hitherto concealed from thinkers—when you have read it, you recognize that the sixteen pages of it hardly contain a fact that you did not already know; there is not (at least on the surface) any special brilliancy of style about it—in fact, it leaves on you the (mistaken) impression that you could write as good an article yourself. It is called "The Omnipotence of Journalism" and it begins with the pregnant sentence: "The world is governed by public opinion, and this by journalism." Nine-tenths of those who read newspapers allow their editors to do their thinking for them, and, as the *Civiltà* writer concisely puts it, "in public life to-day there is no other criterion of truth, honesty, uprightness, justice, except that which is coined and administered by journalism."

In Catholic countries where Catholics have been alive to this truth the Church and the cause of religion more than holds its own. The German Catholics have used the press to such good purpose that they have been able to form the great Centre Party, to put an end to the *Kulturkampf*, to send Bismarck to Canossa, to organize the people politically, socially, economically. "German Catholics," said Dr. Barth at the Catholic Congress of Reims, "had with them a great gift from heaven as a harbinger of better days of firm and faithful unity, of unweariness constancy in the struggle, of defense of the supreme interests of the people and of humanity. This gift is the Catholic press, robust, skillful, aggressive. Both as to quality and quantity it has developed until it has become a power in public life which cannot be ignored. . . . In the course of fifty years the number of newspapers resolutely Catholic has increased from 5 or 6 to nearly 330 and the subscribers who after 1890 were not more than 50 or 60,000 divided among about a score of newspapers have since then increased to hundreds of thousands and millions."

The result is that the public opinion of German Catholics is respected in Germany.

In Belgium a Catholic Government has been in power for twenty-three years without a break. Why? In little Belgium, the most progressive country in the world and at the same time noted for its splendid Catholic spirit, the Catholic newspapers (*Nationals* and *Patriote*) sell 17,000 copies every day between them, the *Nieuws van den Dag* sells 70,000 on week-days and 90,000 on Sunday, the *Gazet van Antwerpen* 70,000, the *Pays* 35,000 and the weekly *Vlaaming* 53,000.

France affords an example of the other side of the picture. France up to a couple of years ago was wonderfully rich in Catholic institutions of all kinds—except one. The whole country was covered with churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals, religious houses; French Catholics surpassed those of any other country (not excepting Germany) in the field of science and literature—indeed even now nearly all the best French writers and the most distinguished men of science in France are practicing Catholics. And yet we have seen with our own eyes a long series of hideous outrages, perpetrated by law on the Catholic Church in France, we have seen an overwhaling majority of French Catholics going to the polls to vote the destruction of religion, and we are puzzled to account for this deplorable state of things. It is easy enough to account for it. Throughout the length and breadth of France there is only one great Catholic newspaper worthy of the name: *La Croix*. Seventy years ago the great Montalembert crowed 25,000 francs to save L'Univers, the only Catholic newspaper on the continent of Europe, from death. He did more; he subscribed 1,000 francs a month to the funds of the paper, he gave his splendid pen to its service, he got his friends to do the same, but after a while he was obliged to confess: "I could not get a sou for the work—everybody was ready to give me advice, but nobody would give me money." Forty years later M. Baudouin, President General of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, on December 11, 1877, wrote the following letter, which contained a terrible prophecy.

"In my opinion the great importance of the press is not sufficiently understood by the faithful. We are thinking about building churches, founding congregations, multiplying asylums for the orphan and the poor—all of them necessary; but we forget that he sides all these needs there is one which by the force of things surpasses all the rest; that is the diffusion of the Catholic press. If the Catholic press is not sufficiently supported, encouraged, raised to the position it ought to occupy, the churches, if they be not burned, will be deserted, the congregations will be multiplied only to be driven out, and the charitable institutions and the schools themselves will be taken away from the religion that founded them. . . . If the Catholics put at the head of all their works that of the press, as it is being done in Germany, if they devoted 2,000,000 francs or 3,000,000 francs to it every year, it is safe to say that everything would change at once and that the faith would spring up again in hundreds of thousands of intelligences."

Alas! Alas! What has happened in Italy unless she is doing it? The *Avvenire* of Rome, the *Momento* of Turin, the *Avvenire* of Bologna, are the only important Catholic newspapers in the whole of Italy. For every person that reads them there are fifty who are fed daily on the treacherous anti-clericalism of papers like the *Messaggero* or who breathe the more subtle poison of organs like the *Corriere* of Rome. The Catholic world must have been stupefied on learning a few weeks ago that Rome, the capital of the Christian universe, had fallen into the hands of anti-clericals. Many explanations of this fact have been advanced—but there is one fact which of itself suffices to explain the ugly phenomenon. There is only one Catholic newspaper in Rome, while there are half a dozen organs that are more or less openly their enemies in the Church and the Holy See. Treating of Italian journalism the writer in the *Civiltà* concludes: "If Catholic journalism is not developed, both in value and numbers, in such a way as to wrest from anti-clerical journalism the monopoly of public opinion, history will have to tell our grandchildren that in the twentieth century Italy was reduced so low as to become a mere province of Jacobin and deafoed France."

The article in the *Civiltà* makes no reference to the influence of journalism upon Catholicism in English-speaking countries. The English press is almost unanimously anti-Catholic—of malice prepense; the American press not infrequently shows a similar tendency—usually through ignorance, and because its Catholic news from Europe comes to it mostly from tainted sources. In short, it may be affirmed that throughout the whole civilized world to-day the daily press which makes public opinion is useless, when it is not openly hostile, to the Catholic religion. It would be absurd to put the blame of this on "the Church," but it would be idle to deny that wealthy and influential Catholics have not considered the matter sufficiently. It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even possible, to have great Catholic dailies in the United States or in England, but even short of this a great deal might be done to inform the tone of the press in a Catholic sense. Whenever possible there should be some Catholic share-

holders in great news papers, and in great news-agencies. Catholic readers should make themselves felt whenever their favorite newspaper shows a tendency to go wrong; Catholic advertisers should have nothing to do with journals that are ill disposed to the Church. A great many other things might be done, but first of all the importance of the subject should be brought home to those who are able to influence the situation.

In past times everything that could influence the human mind was employed in the service of the Church and of religion—painting, sculpture, architecture, literature, poetry, philosophy; even to-day we are making untold sacrifices to throw a religious influence around the education of the young. Is it not deplorable that we think so little of the perpetual pervading, all embracing influence of the daily press? Louis Veuillot used to say: "If I knew that the world was to end to-morrow, I would think first of all of getting out my paper, with the certainty that this last effort would not be useless."—Rome.

THE HINDOO MIND.

We have been asked by a subscriber whether it is true as one of our daily papers states that the highest order of Hindu intellect is that possessed by the Hindoo. Really, now, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the Hindu intellect to decide the matter, and we have serious doubts whether the writer who made the statement knows much about its truth or falsity. During the last few years many supposedly learned Hindoos have come to this country and elicited the wonder and admiration of the devotees of mystery and all that passes for "occult science," and "new thought." The "mahatmas" were fakirs pure and simple, but they were more clever than those they deceived. A great deal of the nonsense that enters into the new religions that are springing up around us is of Hindoo origin. Theosophy is of Hindoo origin, and Madame Blavatsky the cleverest fakir that lived in the last century learned much of her cleverness from Hindoo teachers. Eddyism and modern Spiritism have drawn upon the same source for more or less of their religious ideas. This, however, is no proof of the superiority of the Hindu intellect. It only shows that Hindoo fakirs are cleverer and American fakirs are not above learning from them.

There is, however, another side to the Hindoo mind that Americans know little about. The fake "mahatma" no more represents Hindoo thought than do the silly ladies who take him up in this country and enthuse over his utterances—which neither he nor they understand—represent the highest type of American thought. Hindoo philosophy goes back for centuries beyond the Christian era. But it has undergone little change in all that time. Like the Hindoo religion it ceased to grow shortly after its birth and to day it presents unchanged the thoughts of men who lived thirty centuries ago. The Hindoo ideal is "Nirvana" or annihilation, a condition to be reached through absolute inactivity. Hence the true Hindoo is essentially a dreamer—one given to philosophic speculation, if you will, but it is philosophy hardly worthy of the name. The transmigration of souls and the consequent sacredness of all animals—for they may be tenanted by human souls—are some of the absurdities that Hindoo dreamers fall into.

No doubt the Hindoo believes he has the highest religion, and Contrast its teachings with those of Christianity, measure the results achieved under its sway with those wrought under Christian philosophy and ideals, and we can best arrive at their worth. We would not be surprised to find a Hindoo claiming superiority for his philosophy and his intellect. But we are surprised that one who is supposed to know something of Christianity should make the claim for him. But one may expect surprises in those days when will, but it is philosophy hardly worthy of the name. The transmigration of souls and the consequent sacredness of all animals—for they may be tenanted by human souls—are some of the absurdities that Hindoo dreamers fall into.

SOCIALISM AND THE CHURCH.

We received a few days since a letter, the writer of which professed his inability to understand why socialism should be so repugnant to the Catholic Church. He advanced the time-worn platitude that socialism really deserved sympathy and support, inasmuch as its mission, like that of the Church, was amongst the poor and the lowly. A striking and a comprehensive answer to this question is quoted by one of our exchanges from the *London Catholic Times*. It is in the form of a letter which an English priest wrote in answer to an invitation to attend a socialist meeting on the occasion of an address on "A Churchman's Brief for Socialism," delivered by a local Protestant minister. The following excerpts will go far to show to certain "liberal minded" Catholics the impassable breach that separates revealed religion from the principles of socialism:

"Although I am altogether opposed to socialism, I shall never knowingly go to gain a point at the expense of truth, by uttering the garbled nonsense and platitudes of some of your enemies. When I want a pair of boots I do not ask a baker to make them; and when I want to know what is socialism I look for it from recognized authorities. Marx, Aveling, Leale, Engels, Morris, Hyndman, Bax, Herron, Wilhelm Liebknecht, Ferri, and not your enemies. They are the recognized thinkers and authoritative exponents of socialism and from their works I am perfectly

convinced that socialism and Christianity are mutually destructive.

Of the above-mentioned names, Ernest Belfort Bax, who is the philosophical reasoner and exponent of socialism, declares in 'The Ethics of Socialism,' that 'the association of Christianity with any form of socialism is a mystery, rivaling the mysterious combination of ethical and other contradictions in the Christian divinity himself.' I could quote worse from the other recognized authorities, but will agree that I have some real grounds for affirming that socialism is opposed essentially to Christianity.

"With many things you plead for I am in complete sympathy—a living wage, better a justing of the relations of labor to capital, pension housing of the poor, old age pensions, etc.; but he is indeed a singularly 'green' socialist who foolishly imagines such things to be socialism.

"One word to conclude. The 'green' whose enthusiasm is greater than his knowledge foolishly believes that socialism considers religion 'a private matter,' and that the ethics of socialism and Christianity are identical. The real socialist knows that such a definition. I am aware that at the Socialist Congress at Erfurt in 1891, religion was declared to be a private affair. This is necessary tactics. An authoritative American socialist journal, the *Comrade* (New York, May, 1903) stated: 'Socialism needs no religion to support it, and if it did it could not receive support from outward dogmatic Christianity. When we have the courage to take hold of it, socialism will become for each of us religion immeasurably grander and truer than what we call religion to-day.'

"Many are led to the door of socialism in the hope of finding that elixir to cure the sufferings of the race. It cannot succeed because it rests on a materialistic basis and ignores God in His own creation."—New World.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The convent of St. Anne and St. Remi, near Montreal, was completely destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. The loss is \$50,000.

Francois Marie Benjamin Richard, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, died in that city on Jan. 23 of congestion of the lungs, after a short illness. Cardinal Richard was born at Nantes, March 1, 1819, and he was made Cardinal in 1889.

The venerable Archdeacon Jones, P. P. Fethard, County Tipperary, died in Dublin the other day, after a long and painful illness. The Archdeacon took an active and practical part in the work of the National organization. His sympathies were strongly with the Gaelic League movement.

On January 29, the pallium will be conferred upon the Most Rev. Archbishop O'Connell. The ceremony will be performed by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in the Boston Cathedral. Archbishop O'Connell was an altar boy and was present when the pallium was conferred on the late Archbishop Williams, about thirty-three years ago.

Another remarkable cure is reported from Lourdes, the fabled being an American, Miss Daisy Ginet of New York. For nine years Miss Ginet has suffered from paralysis, the physicians pronouncing her case incurable. Recently she visited the shrine of Lourdes, and in a letter to friends in New York, her father states that she was completely cured.

Brother James of Mary (Peter Donnelly), died at Ulia last Thursday night. He was born in 1829 at Carnally, Ireland, and became a Christian brother in 1863 at Montreal. Once he was director of St. Vincent Orphan Asylum in Baltimore and also sub-director of the Catholic Protectory in New York. He founded St. Vincent Orphan Asylum in Ulia in the early days of the Civil War.

One priest was injured and another overcome by smoke in a fire which caused \$10,000 damage to St. Mary's Church at Evanston, Ill., on Jan. 19. Rev. Thomas Egan a band was severely burned when he tried to remove a chalice from the altar. Rev. Patrick Hennessy was twice overcome while endeavoring to carry to safety vestments and other valuables. The fire started near the altar, supposedly from a candle.

It is announced that Rev. Father Maria Bernado of the Capuchin order, who was sent by the Pope in July last to Addis Ababa with a decoration for King Menelik, is returning here with an autograph letter from Menelik and two lions as a present for the Pontiff. Father Bernado will bring with him to Rome an Abyssinian Catholic priest who suffered persecutions and imprisonment at the hands of the Coptic priests and whose liberation was secured through King Menelik.

Another of the missionary sons of St. Ignatius answered the last call, when the Rev. John B. Gaffney, S. J., departed this life at St. Andrew-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 14, aged eighty-one years. Father Gaffney was born in Ireland, but came to this country when quite young. For forty years he was engaged in missionary work in Maryland, where he built several churches and rode thousands of miles in the saddle to reach his scattered people. He was the first Catholic chaplain appointed to Randall's Island, after the passage of the Freedom of Worship bill in New York State.

wish to go to know at home, or the United States; and she, I am glad, and God know I may be a home, an' poor fumbling in his; this to your voice and love, no, sir."

"I said John Little package own silk in his and over her, then her opened folded wither and gold. "I retained, white res."

"Her brother and I were great friends, and many times I found myself welcomed at their little home, and found my heart gradually becoming more and more engaged, as I saw her in her home life, sweet, simple, charming, unaffected."

"The struggle was a fierce one. Prudence said: "Pull back, don't be a fool." The voice of the world rang in my ears: "You've no right to ask her to engage herself. Coward I pass on of her life, and lose yourself!" And "Let Phyllis decide. It is for her to speak."

"My heart won the day. I am looking at Golly now; her curls, her chubby fingers, her pink cheeks, her perfect mouth."

"And again the picture of the old bachelor haunt comes before me. There is a Stoddard at the card table; how he sneered when I told him it was the parting of the ways; that I was embarking on a new life. Dodson, handsome, dashing, but cynical; what horrible views he held on life! Ascher, doubting, combative, pugnacious; why I wonder now, how I ever came to chum with such a lot. But there was one—Darnell; he to whom my heart warmed from the very first moment; musical, literary, poetical, humorous, dramatic; what friends we became and how he wrung my hands when I told him I was getting married! "The best of good wishes to you both," he said. I undertoo it."

"I am thinking of it all now, whilst poor little Golly lies asleep in my arms. The words Phyllis spoke, "Dear, I'm nothing greater in this world than yourself, if it comes to that; I don't want a fortune. We love each other and that will be a great help to us."

"That love was a great help; it meant everything. Phyllis was so good and such a housekeeper, and what a knack she had of making the house pretty, and running a very little corner to advantage. She brought the sunshine in her into that little house; it was very tiny, but Phyllis said we'd make it so happy that no millionaire's palace would be equal to it. God bless her. She did her share. How I looked forward to the evening, returning from the city; there was the piano open after tea, and Phyllis was singing and playing all the music she knew! I loved. Happy! The thoughts of the bachelor days and the bachelor club vanished; where Phyllis was, happiness existed as it had never been before."

"The clock is ticking softly. Four o'clock! I put Golly very gently by Phyllis's side. How sweet they look, mother and daughter! How I wonder I can only wonder! Phyllis so gentle, true, faithful, uncomplaining. Her hand I place gently round Golly's neck; that hand with the little rings; tokens of affection and plighted troth. The little engagement ring! How I smile when I think of the superb gifts of millionaires; this little ring, so poor, so unworthy of the sweet hand that was to wear it! How poor it was, and yet to buy it, to show the dear girl that my affection was real and honorable, what stinting, what husbanding of resources!"

"How happy, how proud she looked when I placed it on her finger! That was nearly seven years ago; our engagement was to be a long one; for the means were not forthcoming, all at once, to enable us to get married. She put the clothes round them comfortably, kissed them both, and taking the lamp to the door, she stepped into the little parlor. I am going to have a smoke for a few minutes. The bad temper was gone! What a selfish wretch to think of myself, when she, the dearest creature who had ever come into a man's life to make him happy, had sacrificed herself for his sake. Given up, perhaps, better prospects, for a tidy home; so small, but yet, made by her so happy. So happy! And then the coming of Golly! Golly with her blue eyes, those wonderful depths that seemed to reflect the mysteries of eternity; her lovely curls; her pink fingers and toes. Ah! I've nearly known! My Phyllis was very nearly leaving me! What an anxious time it was! How my heart gripped at the grave face that seemed to prepare me for the worst! How pale my darling was! Would the roses ever return to those wan cheeks? Those whose eyes greet me again with their wonted brilliancy? She mustn't die! Dear God! Phyllis mustn't leave me, after all the happiness she has brought it to my life! And the good God heard my prayer. The anxious time passed; the crisis was over; Phyllis was herself again, and soon able to come out in the little garden whilst I worked at the roses to prepare for the golden summer. The house is very quiet now. I have opened the window; the first glimpse of the morning sun comes into the room. On the table is the Noah's Ark with which Golly had been playing last night, the little figures tossed here and there, here Mrs. Noah; there, a lamb; for Golly has acquired a whimsical fancy of making incongruous groups. And in the little corner, the little piano. I seem to see Phyllis seated, whilst she turns to me and asks me what I would like her to play? What a sympathetic heart, and marvellously responsive temperament! If I wanted my favorite "Tannhauser"—there it seemed to see the tremendous struggle of the angels and demons for the immortal soul; if I were in a

lighter vein, then Schubert or Mendelssohn delighted me, and if, on an "off night," I wanted something very simple, very homely, and shall I say it? something very "catching," why then there was "My Irish Molly" or "The Little Wooden Hut," or one of the myriads of tunes which seem to haunt the memory. And over the piano are some photographs of Phyllis at different times; a sweet girl with long plaits; then a little later, with her hair up—that wonderful day when a girl thinks the whole world is looking at her; and then as I know her so well, my Phyllis!

"And I sit opposite the piano, so that I can gaze on her picture, and my thoughts go back with pity to the fellows at the club, who have missed all this happiness and who are still wearing out their lives and frittering away the glorious years of existence. The sun is now brilliant; it lights up the whole room. I am not in the mood of tanning in, so I go out to the garden and start working at my beloved flowers."

"Our garden—I say ours, for Phyllis has her share in this lovely work—has been very ambitious, but I pride myself that it has been laid out to advantage; roses, crocuses and a little plot for a perfect bit of Nature; for this is Golly's special corner, and she has brought her Noah's Ark and sometimes her box of soldiers, sometimes her little kitten with his pink rusions and tiny bell and played about for hours together."

"Our garden! Phyllis has worked hard, too; and I wouldn't be surprised if the flowers were jealous of her sometimes; and she is so gentle, sweet, true and faithful. And I wonder to myself, now what she could have seen in me to win the love of that beautiful heart. Still, I am anxious. She has not been so well; the anxiety, sometimes the worry over money matters has weighed, I fear, heavily. I should love to take away to the country for a month; shut up her hand; get into the midst of a rich, smiling landscape; settle in a dear old farm house, where we should be miles from anywhere; surrounded by glorious flowers, delicate hawthorn, tulips, lilacs; with the cows grazing meditatively; and Golly should somersault all day in the brilliant sunshine, amidst the daisies, the buttercups, watching the butterflies, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, and then rushing to her mother's arms to rest after the tremendous activity of the morning."

"And—happy thought—I would get down the little plan for the month, and Phyllis would play, as in the happy days of yore until twilight deepened into the evening shadows, and our thoughts would go back to the happy incidents of those most happy days."

"And my Phyllis would wear the roses in her cheeks again, and her eyes would regain their lovely softness, and Golly would become so strong! Seven o'clock! I must come down from the clouds; the world has to be thought of. I must face the day. So I go upstairs to "brush up," whilst the maid, who is accustomed to my early hours, prepares the breakfast. Before descending, I look again at Phyllis and Golly. Still sleeping! I sit by their sides for a moment. Dear, dear Phyllis! sweetheart, wife, mother! Oh, it's a little wonderful to dwell on it! Golly, lovely now, in all the sweet unconsciousness and innocence of babyhood. She will be growing up presently, to be, I hope, such a joy and comfort to that mother who idolises her with an idolatry that only mothers know of—and yet not idolatry, for has not that God, from Whose hands these little people have come, over and over again spoken of His love for little children?"

"I am well through my breakfast; the window is open; the birds are singing in the trees; the sun bathes the room in a flood of golden light; the flowers exhale delicious perfume; it is good to be alive at all, leaving aside every thought of wealth, position, luxury, friendship, love—my thoughts are broken by the sound of the post-man's knock; the maid answers the door; there is a slight delay, and presently she enters with a green slip of paper. "A registered letter for you, sir." I sign the slip, and she hands me a letter with the Transvaal postmark. For a few minutes I turn the envelope over and over in my hand. The handwriting is unfamiliar, and the letter is addressed to my old bachelor quarters."

"I won't open it for a few moments. Who do I know in South Africa? Several of my uncles have gone to America, Australia, but—South Africa. I put the letter aside for a moment, finished my breakfast, and then feeling at peace with myself and the whole world, light my pipe and sit at the window. The letter? Why, I am for getting that a registered letter is at my elbow. I have no rich uncle, and my expectations are certainly far from great."

"Dear old chap—" Who in South Africa knows me so familiarly? I turn to the end of the letter—"Your old ohm Harry Ferrars!" Harry Ferrars! How wonderful, and I had nearly forgotten him, he had so long passed out of my life. We had been such friends, and then one day he went away; never wrote, and so I imagined that he must be dead, or that, like so many others, he must have forgotten me completely. Harry Ferrars! Let me hear what he has to say. "Dear old chap—Of course by the time you'd have forgotten me too-

totally, I deserve your forgetfulness, for I have been an ungrateful wretch, but believe me, though I have experienced every phase of sadness and suffering, since last I saw you, now, I think almost ten years ago, I have never ceased to thank your kindness in helping me at a time when I was in a terrible corner. Perhaps you've forgotten the circumstances, I don't care, for they are branded into my memory. "I was in a tight corner; tight, terrible. I wanted money to help me, not much, but I did not know to whom to turn for assistance. My father would have shown me the door if he thought I was so strapped up. Drink had nothing to do with it, and somehow I thought of you, who through my senior, had been my kindest and truest friend. "Shall I forget your action? You told me you had a little cash lying by, doing no good, and I fled it to me, being to do so, dear old chap, you didn't tell me, but I knew you had drawn on your resources to provide me with the means of getting out of my difficulty."

"Somehow, the gov'nor heard of my trouble; we had a tremendous row, and I left the old home, joined some fellows who were making for South Africa, and commenced a new life on the veldt and on the ranches. What a dog's life it had—hunger, thirst, starvation, rags; and all the time there was one thought before my mind—the generous fellow at home who had lent me the money and the horrible thought that I had sunk in your estimation for not repaying what I had asked you to consider as loan."

"I shall not weary you with details of what seemed to me to be a God-forsaken existence; no home, no friends; a wanderer whom no one knew or cared for. Then, I made a last effort! All the time I had shunned drink, and all the rascally crowds. I went further inland; a stroke of luck put a few pounds in my way. I got a small patch of ground and set to work when—God Almighty, what saved me from losing my reason! I struck gold—lots of it—gold enough to make me rich beyond the dreams of avarice!"

"When I recovered from my delirium, my thoughts flashed upon the whom I had left; the old people; how I could repay them for all the trouble I had caused them, and then a friend, a true, staunch friend—you, dear old chap—who had in your possession an I. O. U. from a worthless seaport. I want to redeem that I. O. U.—I want to redeem my own character. I want you to forget my seeming ingratitude; my apparent interest at, say 100 per cent for ten years. It works out at the rate of 2500 per cent. I enclose cheque for my devoted friend. "Here I am, in a way, as rich as Croesus, a stranger in a strange country, and my heart thirsts for a sight of the old home and the old faces. I suppose you are married, old chap; if so, I wish you have all the happiness that life can give. Before I left, I think she cared for me, but I was poor and proud, so I never spoke of love to her. "This story of my wealth is a great secret, and I trust you to keep it to me. I shall be in Pretoria in two weeks; address reply to Postoffice, with all news that you know will interest me. In two months, please God, I shall leave for home, and then I shall set out that dear, sweet girl, and if she cared for me when I was poor, I shall still be a poor man, and find if she can give me a place in her heart. If she can, how I shall repay her love? "Best regards, old fellow. "Ever sincerely, "HARRY FERRARS."

"The pet robin had come through the window, and was hopping about the table picking up the crumbs. I hadn't been dining after my morning pipe; I had not fallen asleep last evening, and remained in the chair all night, and now awoke up with strange dreams. The open letter; the foreign postmark; "By Charles Parker, Esq., or I could not come, and when I should be at the wonderful land, and all the fairy stories vanish at one moment. Then—Phyllis and Golly! Now, I could put all my schemes and thoughts into execution. Dear wife and sweetheart, your patience, your uncomplaining heart, your generous sacrifice, your devotedness, your love shall be repaid with generous interest. That little farm house! Before the week is over, she shall be there with Golly. Already it appears before my view. The simple thatched roof; the trees forming a natural bow; the well trimmed hedges; the beehives; the little flower garden; and then away the glorious ocean. I go upstairs; Phyllis will regain her health; surrounded by the roses and the dear wild flowers; and Golly will play all day with the dog and the cat and the kittens. And the piano. Phyllis shall play in the evening time all the sweet songs she sings with such art and taste. Happy! We are going to be happier than princes."

"I go upstairs with a bunch of flowers to place on the table beside Phyllis. Neither she nor Golly has yet waked. I stand at the side of the bed and place the flowers near them. I can't wake them, they look so beautiful in that perfect unconsciousness. I will not wake them. I take the letter and bring across the envelope the words "To my darling," place it in Phyllis's hand; and placing the handkerchief with little Golly's neck, kiss the dear lips. I look at each one more. The sleep of the good, the pure, the innocent! I go to the door, but return to take another look at those dear creatures, Phyllis and Golly! Once more I kiss them and then leave the little home to start for the City and the battle of life—Stephanie de Maliste in The Irish Monthly."

"This is the sort of faith the world needs—the faith that endures beyond the ordinary limits of everyday belief. The faith that is held not because it may be of good use in time of need, but because it is entrenched in the right and opposed to the wrong. One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important thing."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCHIEVOUS DABBLER IN THE THEOLOGY.

DR. BOK OF THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

Each New Year we are in the habit of making an inventory of our mercantile or business on hand, of last year's profit or losses, of our family happiness, of our conscience and its operations and manifestations, of our enjoyments and bereavements. Humanity makes an inventory of its progress; each nation does in particular and humanity in general. The great progress in every department in life is made by specialists in the various sciences and industries excepting in journalism. The modern journalist is a walking encyclopedia. He is ever ready to discuss the most vital question of the day, he acts as if he were a trained metaphysician, a disciplined philosopher, an erudite historian and an equipped theologian. We are used to it and are undisturbed. There is so much good in the modern free press that we are willing to overlook the defects. But when a journal mainly devoted to explain the Fluffy Kiddles and the preparations of farina pudding enters into theological or dogmatic exposition altogether uncalculated for that in an offensive manner, it is not that the expanded patience strikes back at the exhortator."

"The Ladies' Home Journal for the month of December in a Christmas editorial evidently dictated by the learned Bok while devouring a ham sandwich at noon, loosely written, full of glaring mistakes, attempts to settle in a dogmatic manner the burning question of the Virgin Birth of Christ as an introduction to "What Dolly Found in London," "Christmas Appons and Pinatofes," "Pretty Girls' Questions," "Guns and Christmas Doll Cases," "Grandmothers' biscuits and Fly Buns. Recently we had here a learned professor from Europe to deliver a series of lectures on The Virgin Birth; several other professors of fame have recently published learned books on the subject and the great Dr. Harnack treats the subject in a learned manner. All this is settled by Dr. Bok in his fashion paper."

"The Ladies' Home Journal informs us that "nineteen centuries ago, in an Asiatic village, a poor woman, the wife of a Nazareth carpenter, gave birth to a Babe, a Child Who came to be known as Jesus, and again the son of the poor carpenter's wife." In a word Bok sends forth into the many homes of Christian people his fashion plate paper declaring that Mary was not the "espoused wife" according to the Gospel, but the wife married to Joseph and hence there was not a Virgin Birth and hence there is still believe upon the grounds of the authentic narrative of two evangelists and a very ancient tradition, but that Christ was the son of Joseph. This is indeed an audacity as offensive as it is uncalculated for. Does Bok know anything of the subject? Is he prepared to talk on intelligently? Is he familiar with the literature on the subject? By what right and under whose auspicious reasoning does he attempt to dogmatize on that most difficult and to Christians most sacred subject with readers who only expect to be amused by stories, fashion plates and Christmas buns?"

"The Rev. Dr. Craspey (former Episcopalian) of Rochester, was untraced, lost his position and his livelihood and life's calling for asserting the very thing for which a superficial journalistic dreamer gathers in the shelves in the form of sub-scriptions. The people of Dr. Craspey's parish had to stop paying their pastor a salary because he denied the Virgin Birth of Christ, and as an easy substitute they pay Mr. Bok for doing the same thing. Many honorable and learned Protestant divines had denunciations when they complained to the Pope of Rome when they complained to pay for their wives' subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal which declares their celebration of Christmas and the sermon on that day a lie. How inconsistent we are! Orthodox Protestant ministers look with disfavor on Prof. Harnack's theory on that subject, yet do not warn their flock against that journal."

"The Jews deny the Virgin Birth of Christ, and hence were unwilling to have their children participate in a Public school celebration by those who do believe in it. Everyone knows the stormy meetings of clergymen and the vehement denunciation of the Jewish people. Is the denial of that doctrine by Mr. Bok more tolerable?"

"And we Catholics are equally conservative. Anything approaching a denial of the Virgin Birth by a Catholic would carry with it severe reproach, and even excommunication and such a publication would be placed upon the Index Yet our women pay for that denial in the Ladies' Home Journal. An historical slip in a Protestant publication, a slighting remark on something Catholic, a favorable comment on Henry VIII., an historical comment apparently favorable to the Reformation by a man like Lord Acton would raise a storm of protest in Catholic papers under the headlines "Poisoning the Wells," but poison administered to the wife, sister and daughter delivered promptly for 15 cents a package leaves us untroubled. A Franciscan Friar has recently warned Catholic parents against permitting their boys to sell the daily papers in the street because things which they read may have a debasing effect on their youthful mind. What effect will the denial of the Virgin Birth have upon the mothers and daughters in the Christian home?"

"One thing is quite certain, and that is that the Ladies' Home Journal is not the place for the discussion of that question and Mr. Bok is not the man in mental equipment to settle it. But if dogmatic theology is his field then let us stop paying him a salary for denying ignorantly and offensively things we believe in. There is much we have to put up with in this life, but we need not put up with Christmas buns stuffed with B. K. theology.—P. F. O'Hare in Boston Pilot."

"One's personal enjoyment is a very small thing; one's personal usefulness is a very important thing."

A RIOT OF "GRAFT."

The French Parliament continues to occupy its time in long debates concerning the details of the consummation of the plunder of the Church and the living beneficiaries. In one of his speeches this week M. Briand summed up the situation by declaring that "by virtue of the separation law the patrimony of the Church has become the patrimony of the poor." One would like to believe him, even though it would be a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, but nobody who knows anything of the methods of M. Briand and his friends have any illusions on the subject. One of the very first things they did, after passing the separation law and lightening the budget of the sun set apart for public worship, was to vote themselves a salary of 15,000 francs a year as Deputies, and to increase in other ways the expenses of Government. His far more suggestive are the latest results of the "liquidation" (a truly appropriate word) of the famous "millionard" of the religious congregations, which was also to have been allotted to the poor—and to the aged poor, to boot. That brilliant "liquidator," M. Menage (not a good name for a "liquidator," for it means "economy, parsimony" and a variety of other domestic virtues) announces that he has "liquidated" already the property of a number of congregations. By "liquidating" them M. Menage means that he has sold them under the hammer; that he has collected the money, paid the expenses and balanced the accounts. But M. Menage's book-keeping will bring out cold comfort "to the aged poor." His twenty-seven sales by auction realized 3,710,000 francs, but on the other hand, his little bill of expenses totted up to 3,755,000 francs. So that the French State, instead of gaining something handsome of these twenty-seven bargains, has already lost 65,000 francs on M. Menage's expenses alone. But there are other little bills to come in. All the lawyers whose services have been engaged for the sequestrations have not yet been paid—and French lawyers paid by the Government know how to make up a bill as well as M. Menage. Then again, these properties have been "liquidated" with out any regard to the fact that they had been heavily mortgaged before the State had decided to annex them, and there is a decision of the French Court of Cassation of July 17, 1907, which lays it down that the payment of such mortgages must be made by the "liquidators."

"Was more? Well, there is still another interesting feature in these liquidations," and that is the difference between the Government estimates of the properties and the sums they have actually realized. Here are some instances: A house belonging to the Dame de St. Mare at Liesse, officially valued at 191,610 francs, was knocked down for 23,000; the convent of the Capuchin Nuns of Aix, valued at 190,000 francs, was sold for 35,000; the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Mar-eilles, valued at 1,235,000 francs, was given away for 65,500; all the properties of the Brothers of the Christian Schools at Paris, estimated at 18,000,000, found a joyful purchaser at 320,550 francs; the house of the Sisters of Mary Immaculate at Marseilles, valued at 200,000 francs, brought in 23,300; the convent of the Jesuits at Marseilles, the convent of the Jesuits at Soerist, valued at 248,500, fell at 8,550; the college of the Mademoiselles at Rennes, estimated at 1,145,000 francs, produced a round sum of 100,000; the convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Laval, valued at 350,000, was sold for 73,270. But it is not necessary to continue, for the other results show the same proportion between the Government valuation and the sale price. And the moral of this colossal robbery and waste? Oh, the moral was admirably expressed the other day in the Chamber of Deputies by the Socialist, Paul Constant: "You are tearing the civil code to fragments; you are partly abolishing the rights of heredity. And we are with you, and we intend to abolish capitalism altogether for the benefit of all." Which is very logical, but not reassuring for that large portion of the French people the inheritance of which have acquired even a small property.—Rome.

Raskin beautifully points out God has lent us the earth for our life and yet how many wish to own it.

Advertisement for Galt "Classik" Ceilings. Features an illustration of a room with a decorative ceiling and text describing the benefits of 'Classik' metal ceilings over wooden ones.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.
Apostolic Delegation,
Ottawa, June 18th, 1905.
Mr. Thomas Coffey:
My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have read with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles, and its authority is the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families, with my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.
Yours very sincerely,
Domenico, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.
Mr. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to Catholic families, wishing you success believe me to remain.
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Delek.
LONDON, SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1906.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.
In this age of societies approved, tolerated, and condemned by the Church, many men write the CATHOLIC RECORD for information and we are always ready to give such information when we can.
Recently many want to know why the Knights of Columbus have no Council on this side of Belleville or Peterboro, and on making inquiry we find that the matter has been under consideration for a considerable time, at least as far as the diocese of London is concerned. Several months ago some Catholic gentlemen in Stratford desired to form a Council there and consult the Very Rev. Dean McGee, who wrote the Bishop of London and received the following reply:

St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.,
March 11th, 1907.
My Dear Dean—In reference to the request you made the other day on behalf of some Catholic gentlemen in your parish—namely, that I approve of their starting a Council of Knights of Columbus, I wish to reply as follows: It is taken for granted that the gentlemen are good practice Catholics, anxious to work in harmony with their Bishop and pastor for the good of religion.
Although there are plenty of Catholic societies in Stratford at present, still I am prepared to give favorable consideration to the request provided the members are able and willing to comply with the diocesan regulations regarding Catholic societies.
As you know one of these important regulations is that the pastor of each parish is held responsible for the proper conduct of every society under his jurisdiction, and hence it follows that the pastor must have the right to attend all meetings, whether he is a member or not a member of any particular society, and where there are two parishes, as in Stratford, the Bishop names the priest who will be responsible.

According to the present Constitution and Ritual of the Knights of Columbus, either by oversight or by design, it seems that a pastor is excluded from the meetings unless he first becomes a member of the Knights, and as this is contrary to the regulations and practice in this diocese I am obliged to refuse my approval until such time as the right of the pastors is admitted. I am sure the gentlemen making the request will see that this manner of acting is just and proper, and in the interest of all concerned, and when they have this serious difficulty removed I am prepared to treat the Knights with the same kindness and consideration that we extend to the other Catholic Societies in this diocese.
With best wishes,
I am, My Dear Dean,
Yours very sincerely,
F. P. McEVAY,
Bishop of London.

This letter shows that the Bishop of London is favorable to the Knights, but he does not wish to change a diocesan law relating to Catholic Societies and the rights of pastors as chaplains, and hence he requests the Knights to comply with what seems to be an ordinary diocesan regulation regarding all Catholic Societies in the several parishes.
From our knowledge of the Canadian Knights we are sure there will be no hesitation to obey the laws of any diocese where they have Councils existing, but the Executive of the Knights in the United States and hence the Canadian Councils cannot comply until the American authorities of the Knights give consent. This, no doubt, will be secured in due time and the Stratford Council will be started, and those wishing to join the Knights of Columbus in these parts can then conveniently do so.

THE FRENCH SOREW.
That the persecution in France is becoming severer is evident from many different quarters. First of these to be noted is a change in the personnel of the French Government. The Minister of Justice, M. Gayot-Dossaige, died suddenly the first week of the year. This portfolio falls to the lot of M. Briand, who, as is well known, is also minister of worship. He holds very strong views in regard to the action of the courts upon the revocation of pious bequests the duties of which are no longer fulfilled. His appointment indicates greater vigor in carrying out the law of separation. The Standard (London) foretells that Briand will reconstitute the French magistracy "in order that it should give judgment entirely in harmony with the expressed sentiments of the Ministry." This simply means that Briand will make a political tool of the law courts. Whether a minister in this twentieth century will attempt such a dictatorial policy is hard to say; for no matter how opposed the age may be to such methods there is a democracy which hates religion more than it fears political dictatorship. And that democracy is the French republic.

The next incident which shows the fearful anti-religious spirit of the majority is the attempt to deprive the dying of the last consolations of religion. Military hospitals are not only deprived of religious nurses but likewise of their chaplains—so that it is no easy matter for a patient to obtain the ministrations of a priest. The question is regulated by the Minister of War. In the first circular a patient had to make a formal demand himself before a priest would be admitted to his bedside. The uncharitable method is evident. Many a patient unconscious through the raging of fever or through some accident to the brain is unable to formulate any request. Yet nothing is so desired by the majority of Catholics and their friends as the consoling rites of religion and the sweeping ministry of the sacraments. A respect for liberty of conscience which refuses such comfort to the dying is the most cruel tyranny. Take a case in time of war. A poor soldier fighting for his country in the trench of duty is wounded. His country would send him to the portals of eternity without the pardon he so much craves, unbathed and unanointed. Case after case occurred showing the cruelty of such an order. A young lieutenant was mortally wounded in the performance of his duty. The young officer, who was deeply religious, was taken to the hospital in a dying condition. Some fellow officers who knew his family demanded that a priest should be sent for. But the hospital authorities acting upon the regulations, which required a formal request from the patient, refused, notwithstanding the fact that the officer wore a medal beneath his uniform and had been at holy Communion the day before leaving the barracks for the scene of the strike where he received his wound. It was only when stratagem was employed that a priest was admitted. A telegram was sent purporting to come from his wife asking for a priest. Facts like these are innumerable. The only reply to them by the Minister of War in the debate upon the regulation was that the Minister did not know anything about the cases and that the hospital authorities had interpreted the rules too rigorously. A strong answer was given to this flippant play upon words. Senator DeiaHaye informed the under Secretary that it was not lip tolerance they wanted, but as sure respect of their rights as citizens. The right to die religiously in France depends upon a hostile Government and its servile subordinates. The meanness of the Government comes out in trying to throw the odium upon its slaves. Tolerance upon the life, cruelty in the heart to Religions in health, to all when dying or dead—this is the turn of the French screw.

Another scheme showing the bad faith of the governing body is the complete vanishing of large sums derived from the sale of religious property. This vast amount—two hundred millions of dollars—was to be applied to the payment of old age pensions for the poor. As far as can be ascertained this has gone into the pockets of the liquidators whilst the laboring classes to whom it was promised have not gained a cent. In fact they have been losers in many districts where they were helped by the charity of monasteries and convents which are now closed and sold to rapacious absentee landlords. Up to the present the amount received from these sales by the Exchequer of the Republic is not more than forty thousand dollars for six years. This represents the liquidation of 115 congregations; there still remain 562 to be liquidated. Out of the forty thousand dollars less than nothing will be left since the Government has had to pay one million six

hundred thousand dollars for lawsuits. It is not by any means a paying business. The Government tries to throw the blame of the small returns upon the Church, as it, so says the Government, has threatened with excommunication any buyers. This is a strange theory when one of the reasons advanced by the Government for its whole anti-religious policy is the claim that Catholicity has departed from France and its people. The lawyers engaged in the suits connected with these liquidations did not lose their opportunities. M. Clemenceau, brother of the Premier, would not speak for less than one hundred dollars. Liquidators and lawyers gained throughout the nefarious transactions. The poor, trustful, laboring classes gained nothing but unfounded hope and broken promises; the Government gained only the odium heaped upon the highwaymen who, mightier than his victims, plunders him and enjoys for a time his ill-gotten goods. Throughout the history of it all the real loser is France, robbed as she is by the policy of much that endeared her to the Catholic world and ennobled her for monuments of learning and virtue.

WHAT THE POPE DID SAY.
This refers to the words of our Holy Father at the audience given to the Italian anti-Slavery Congress. It will be remembered that the Sovereign Pontiff was reported as having said that "A good government to govern well must be despotic and tyrannical." We said last week that we did not believe that the Pope ever held such ideas or used such language. As our contemporary, Rome, is at hand with an account of the whole affair we can contradict the calumny more explicitly and trace its history somewhat definitely. The audience took place, says Rome in its issue of Jan. 11, some weeks ago; so that it was a full month after the event before the story started on its rounds of the English press. A highly sensational account of the Pope's address was written by some one who obtained his information second hand, not in Rome, but in Paris. There is a Modernist paper in Rome called *Giornale d'Italia* whose emissary was back in the crowd during the Pontiff's address. He says nothing particular in his paper about the address, but in a few weeks writes an account to a worthy friend who in turn writes to the Times. Out came the Blunderer or Thunderer with the astounding statement that the Pope was in favor of despotism. What did the Pope say? The two witnesses quoted by Rome were the Secretary of the Biblical Commission and the President of the anti-Slavery Congress. Both of these dignitaries were close to the Holy Father at the time; both heard distinctly every word of the reply; and both of them were astounded at the misinterpretation of what they declared to be a most noble speech. "From beginning to end," said Mgr. Scialdoni, President of the Congress, "it was a splendid defence of civil and Christian liberty," "that liberty," said the Pope, "which is not the wild license that gives hand in hand with slavery, nor anarchy which is the next neighbor of despotism."

NO CATHOLIC NEED APPLY.
The spirit which animates the O'ange city of Toronto was made manifest the other day when a man named Levee undertook to be the cat's paw and draw the chestnut out of the fire. It seems that through oversight the redoubtable James L. Hughes, Minister of Education for the city of Toronto and would-be minister for Ontario, had actually admitted a Catholic young lady upon the teaching staff of the Public schools. The Inspector had not weakened in principle; not he. He had lacked vigilance. At any rate the young lady was appointed, and was at work, giving satisfaction. Her name had not attracted much attention; it was non-committal so far as the O'ange guard could judge. Her father was a supporter of the Public schools, he not being a Catholic. It would take all the Hughes family to watch the Catholics of Toronto. But if in the course of forty years or so one deserving person was advanced, people might let it pass and allow the candidate to stand or fall upon her merits as a teacher. Not so the lynx-eyed Levee. If the Inspector had failed in vigilance, Brother Levee would not fail. He would show the electorate of the O'ange capital of Ontario that one member of the Board of Education was alert, that he was true to his Protestant principles, and his exclusive protection of Public schools for Protestant teachers. His name is Levee, a Daniel come to judgment, calling for his bond and his pound of flesh. Toronto is a proud city. Like everything proud, however, there is an overweening vanity about it and a cramping meanness which prevents its

higher growth and more public spirit. From generations back it has been nothing better than an O'ange lodge, and it is only now that it is beginning to rise above it—with a higher ambition and a better example to the rest of Ontario. Brother Levee's bigotry, narrowness and ignorance throws it back to days that many should never forget, but which none should wish to revive or perpetuate.

EDUCATIONAL REGULATIONS.
There is a general feeling of relief at the new regulations issued by the educational department of the Province. From the small boy in the primary schools to the teachers themselves worrying as to how much stuff they can cram in the shortest time there will be a word of satisfaction and comfort. Examinations are henceforth to be lessened in number, and thereby prevented from assuming too great importance in the work of education. They are not done away with, nor should they be. They are not the chief end to be aimed at. They are second, not first—though at the turning points of educational work they contribute to the sifting of the grain and the advancement of clever, bright students who by nature are called for the higher cultivation of their talents. To require every pupil to undergo examinations at every hour, to keep them back a whole year if they failed even in a single subject rendered school life odious to young children, unprofitable as instruction and exceedingly onerous to many a painstaking teacher. It was a leveling process which unfortunately levelled down instead of levelling up. Efficiency in teaching was judged by the number of candidates a teacher had successfully trained and passed. The ability and force of a pupil were measured by the same standard. Subjects were estimated according to the value they had in examinations. If a particular subject was not on the programme of examinations it was completely ignored or minimized to make room for others. It was time to correct this impractical system. The regulations propose to attend more to character formation. Very good. How the character of young people is to be formed without religion is our difficulty. We quite agree with the Department in the necessity of emphasizing character formation. It is sorely needed. The point we maintain is that character will be only partially formed, and therefore badly formed, because there will be no religious training. Yet these same regulations insist that trustees shall provide facilities for giving every pupil the kind of education for his life-work which he has a right to receive. If there is a life work, and if there is a receptive right which the State and the parents should respect it is religious education. Nothing else can take its place. All the formative elements which go to build up character are, without religion as first and most necessary, more dangerous than secure to society and more injurious than beneficial to the individual. Morality, honor, patriotism find in religion the power which secures their observance, the magnificence of their sanction and the presentation of their brightest models. One more point. It is useless to plead before a prejudiced court, although that does not weaken the justice of our cause. In vain will Educational Departments gather fruit from their sowing. Character cannot be formed by departmental regulation without religion. There is another phase of these regulations beneath which lies a danger to all our private educational institutions. It will surely be admitted by the most zealous supporters of State education, and it has been demonstrated by all ordinary tests that many of these establishments have done and are doing excellent work. They make more carefully and more efficiently for the formation of character than any State school can do. Yet this formation is the point which the Department rightly encourages. Now in requiring examinations from all candidates for entrance to Normal schools who are not educated in high schools or collegiate institutes the Department discriminates very seriously against all other schools. It accepts certificates from the principals of the public system, but will not recognize such certificates from these others. This is not in the interests of freedom or even education. Admission to Normal schools becomes a serious need for many, who, having been trained in convents, wish to devote their life to the work of education in our Separate schools. No matter how well fitted they may be by their own work and that of their teachers they are not placed upon an equality with others from the secondary schools. Thus the Department puts a double handicap upon Religious. It requires examinations and certificates for entrance, attendance and examinations. In the same breath it proclaims that the work of education is largely and properly de-

voted to the formation of character. No class in the world understands and appreciates this portion of educational work better than our Religious, formed as they are in the spiritual life for the one ideal—and devoting themselves to the one purpose with unwearied assiduity and undoubted success. The Department treats them as unequal to others. And what makes their lot harder, many of our own people stand quietly by without a protest. Some yield because they are confident of the ability of those in question; others would recently not regret to see the whole system secularized.

EXPULSION OF ACADIANS.
Halifax Herald January 17, 1908.
To the Editor of The Halifax Herald:
Sir—As the quotation from Chief Justice Becher made by Dr. George Johnson in his letter published in your issue of the 11th inst. raises the general question of the loyalty of the Acadians, I beg leave to call the attention of those of your readers who may be interested in the matter to a collection of documents published in 1906 as a Blue Book by the Dominion Government. It is entitled "Report concerning the Canadian archives for the year 1905, volume II." The peculiar paging of this volume makes it difficult to direct readers to it, but all my references will be to the last section, where the pages are numbered consecutively from 1 to 372.
On pages 49-52 I find instructions from the King to Governor Cornwallis concerning the Acadians, dated April 29, 1749. The first article after acceding to the demands of the Acadians for five individuals, such as Captain de la Valiere says accompanied an Indian raid on Halifax, do not count when we are speaking of a population of seven or eight thousand. As to those who were found in arms at the taking of Fort Beausjour, the fourth article of the capitulation expressly declares that they were pardoned because they had been forced to take up arms. Their pardon lasted exactly forty-two days, that being the interval between the capture of Beausjour and the decree of expulsion.
In divers places I find that the Acadians sought to leave Nova Scotia, in order to be at greater liberty, but the Lords of Trade were so unwilling as to Parish to let the people go. Governors Cornwallis and Hopson use the strongest language in speaking of their usefulness, nay, their necessity, to King George in Nova Scotia.
Governor Lawrence was not of their mind. His Chief Justice, Becher, in the report which is found on pages 63-5, admits that there is no warrant for the expulsion. The instructions from the Home Government, but thinks it may be presumed that, if the situation were better understood in London, instructions for an expulsion would be issued. No matter what oaths they might take, they could not be depended on "if they should take the oaths it is well known that they will not be induced by them after a disquisition."
In other words, being Catholics, their professions of loyalty were not to be trusted. The same argument was being used to justify the penal laws in England; the same argument would justify the deportation of every French Canadian if Great Britain had the power to do it to day.
As soon as the Governor-in-Council had received Chief Justice Becher's report, the expulsion of the Acadians was decreed on July 28, 1755. Nearly five thousand of them were crowded into transports having accommodation for two thousand and shipped off without proper supplies of food or water. A Massachusetts state paper published on page 81 of the volume cited, shows their wretched condition when the ships reached Boston. The hasty and ill-considered scheme of Governor Lawrence could not possibly be carried out in a humane fashion in the time and with the means allotted by him for its execution. The natural conclusion is that he did not care how much they suffered, or what became of them, so long as he was rid of them.
D. V. PHALEN,
North Sydney, January 14.

THE LAST SACRAMENT.
"Two weeks ago we meditated on the most serious and solemn subject that can engage the attention of man—death," said the Rev. Joseph Chartrand, in the preface to his sermon at the Cathedral last Sunday. "There is a softer, easier side to this question which we did not then have the time to consider, and this we will take up to-day. By dying on the cross Christ made death comparatively easy to everyone, even to those whose souls are to be rejected immediately after dissolution."
The subject of the discourse was Extreme Unction, the sacrament left to the Church for the help and consolation of the sick and the dying. The Sacrament was represented as a Good Samaritan who in the persecution of His representative, His appointed priest, comes to the room of the sick person to anoint him with the holy oil. "The sacrament," said the speaker, "is conferred in order to give the soul strength in that last hour; to enable the sick person to bear patiently the discomforts of illness and finally to bear the onslaughts of the demon. Often it acts for the cure of the body."
"Extreme Unction takes away mortal sin that the sick person is unable to confess. It takes away venial sin and it is the opinion of the tradition of the Church, that, if received with the proper disposition, it takes away the punishment of sin, so that the soul is admitted at once to heaven."
Father Chartrand spoke of the strange phenomena often met with by the Catholic priest, the superstition that comes from culpable ignorance. To the Catholic who is ignorant of his religion the administration of this sacrament is looked upon as a death warrant, and the family of a sick or dying person often begs the priest not to mention the subject of death to the one whom he has been called to see. It was made clear that the sacrament of Extreme Unction never excites the person who receives it, but that on the contrary, it brings a wonderful peace. A great change takes place in the person who receives it, peace and total resignation to the will of God.—Columbian-Record.

Happiness can only be found where contentment reigns. Both have an affinity for each other, as the magnet and the steel. Let us then be content in no matter what position we may be placed, whether humble or exalted. Let us do our duty in that position and duty will bring happiness.—Rev. M. C. Peters.

letter from a River to acquire at 40, begging... The following article from the London Saturday Review... Not a year ago the English press assured us that Pius X. had destroyed Papal authority in France by his refusal to sacrifice the apostolic constitution of the Church at the orders of a Jacobin Ministry...

THE CHURCH MILITANT IN FRANCE.

Not a year ago the English press assured us that Pius X. had destroyed Papal authority in France by his refusal to sacrifice the apostolic constitution of the Church at the orders of a Jacobin Ministry. To day the battle between atheism and Christianity across the Channel is not over. The Church is still in a perilous position; but the thing which has suffered most in the fight has been the conception of the omnipotent State. When it essayed its last attempt to rob the Church of her divine constitution, it had behind it the prestige of centuries of triumph, the support of democracy in Legislature, and the forces of a great bureaucracy and a great army. More over it knew well that French Catholics are the most law-abiding of French citizens, and it counted, not altogether without reason, alike on their loyalty and their fears. So Messieurs Clemenceau and Briand blew their trumpets and proclaimed their ultimatum. Let the Church renounce to control the France of apostasy which the acceptance of the associations cultuelles would have involved, and she should, they vowed, be driven from those cathedrals and churches which for many centuries had been her heritage. And many Christians in France and Europe who remembered what things the French State had done in its former wars with religion, and recalled the brutalities of Anagni when Boniface VIII. was done to death, and the infamous orgies of a later age when the "goddess of reason" was enthroned at Notre Dame, shuddered when the tidings came that the Pope had refused to compromise with the new law of sacrilege.

POSITION STILL ONE OF DANGER.

While, however, French Catholicism has won a great victory, it is needful to remember that its position is still one of danger. There is now little fear of direct persecution; but there is a certainty that the Republic, which was too cowardly to harass the faith in the grand manner of Diocletian, will continue to pin prick it according to the more feline methods of Julian the Apostate. M. Briand has in his latest measure of sacrilege confiscated even the modern ecclesiastical endowments which a year ago he was prepared to respect, and incidentally given a fresh illustration of the policy of French Jacobinism, which has ever striven to make an outlaw of the priest. Money left for Masses may still (though with difficulty) be recovered by the direct heirs of the donors. The rights given by the common law to all collateral heirs (and a celibate priesthood can only have collateral heirs) to wrest back from the sacrilegious robbers the pious bequests of the departed, is taken away from the face of the protests of the great jurists of France. M. Briand informs the world that the plunder is to ease the lot of the poor. Judas Iscariot talked similar Pecksniffianism. In like manner our French Jacobins now propose to deny to the ministers of the Christian religion the right to conduct schools. From their own standpoint they are right. The aim of the only education that they mean to tolerate, and for the support of which French Christians are heavily taxed, is, as M. René Viviani would say, to l'honneur à la société fondée sur la volonté de Dieu. But if in consequence of this cruel persecution in the French priesthood looks more tenderly to Rome than of yore, French Jacobinism and its Protestant allies have only themselves to thank. As Taine said, the "French priests were Galileans, the revolutionaries have made them Ultramontanous."

COMMANDMENT YOU; AND I, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD.

The Professor concludes: "It is evident, therefore, that the power of St. Peter and his successors was shortened by power and right given to the Apostolic ministry of the Church." I reply. The power given to Peter was not shortened by words spoken to the Apostolic ministry of the Church. Concessions made to the entire Apostolic body do not annul or take away those made to Peter apart from the others, to Peter exclusively. Power and rights which he receives in common with his brethren he will hold and use in common with them; but powers and rights which he alone receives he will hold and use as his peculiar possession. The peculiar possession of Peter is marked out in the words spoken by Christ to Peter exclusively: words not repeated to the other Apostles. "Thou art rock, and on this rock I will build my Church; and I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven." Later to the Apostles collectively: "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven." Jesus put first in one Apostle what later He was to put in several. But what was done later did not alter the beginning, did not take away what previously had been conceded. The words to Peter had already brought under his Government each one of those whom afterwards it was said: "Whosoever ye shall bind." The promises of Jesus, as equally his, are without repentance. I should rather remark that the form of words to Peter was very different from that used later in addressing the Apostles collectively. To Peter it was said: "To thee I will give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven." Christ made no grant of "keys." The concession to the Apostles, is clearly, far less comprehensive than that made to Peter alone. The absence of mention of "the keys," in the address to the Apostles, is most significant. The contention of Professor Briggs that all the primitive Councils were summoned by Emperors and not by Popes, was clearly disproved by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the council, not called by the Pope, was not considered valid until the Pope had confirmed it. Concluding Archbishop Ireland says: It is true, as the Professor remarks, that all baptized persons are in a manner members of the Church, subject to its jurisdiction; but only are they such in the sense that rebels and schismatics are members of a society from which they are cut off. It is true, also, that in certain Churches separated from Rome, Bishops and priests are recognized as having valid orders; but they too, are rebels and schismatics—outside the fold, under obligation to return to unity. Of course, when I speak of members of separated Churches as rebels and schismatics and repeat to them the obligation incumbent upon them to return to unity, I speak of matters as they exist "in foro externo." As to the responsibility of each one "in foro interno," I do not decide; of the inner conscience God alone is the judge. The Renunciation of Christendom! It is the prayer, the hope of all who love Christ and put faith in His mission. But that renunciation may become a reality, a centre must be chosen toward which the divided element may be drawn, around which they may coalesce to form unity. What that centre should be thought of, but the one which Christ Himself did provide, which alone possesses the innate power to attract and to hold, which alone has for itself the testimony of Scripture and of history? How great the need of the Papacy in the Christian world is evidenced to day as, perhaps, never before during its history. Outside the Fold over which the Papacy presides, there are people, there are ministers; but what of the sacred duty, the teaching of which is so imperiously commanded by the Lord—"Teaching all things, whatsoever I have commanded you?" Adolph Harnack speaks for a large section of Protestantism when he reduces Christianity to the "Fatherhood of God." Where something more of the olden doctrines yet remains, how timid often and uncertain is the voice of him who proclaims them! And when, here and there, the earnest and sincere echoes of a conservative pulpit still recall the Incarnation, the Virginal Birth of Christ, the Redemption, the Resurrection, a cruel denial is heard near by, going forth from neighboring pulpits within the same religious communion. The mockery of Christian faith is the boast of so many Churches, separate from Rome, that theirs is a latitudinarianism which cloaks all beliefs and all denials. Nor is there remedy within reach. There is no authority—from the very principles of Protestantism there can be none—to

PROHIBITION AND THE SALOON.

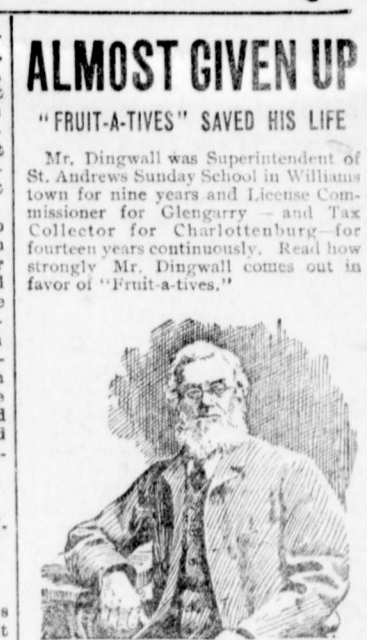
Michigan Catholic. It is the constant boast of the saloon-keepers of Michigan, when backed up in their fight against the corner by Prohibition workers, that only for the sale and distillation of whisky and the product of the brewery, when sold over the bar, the Public schools of the State would be closed for want of funds. Maine is a Prohibition State. It possesses a Public school system equal if not superior to that of Michigan, yet not a dollar earned in the sale of intoxicants goes to the education of the children. The facts are stubborn proofs to argue against, figures backed by the approval of sworn officialism are difficult to dispute. The following statement describes the consideration not only of saloonkeepers, but of all who fear that the reduction of saloons or the introduction of Local Option or Prohibition into a State entails a loss to public taxation and danger to material interests of the people. "After forty-five years of no license, Maine, had in 1900, more banks and \$22,000,000 more deposits than license Ohio with six times the population. Maine is the only State which has more savings bank depositors than voters, and the savings deposits are more than \$90 for every man, woman and child in the State. She has, without a dollar of revenue from saloons, more schools and more teachers in proportion to her population than any other State, and her newspapers have a larger circulation in proportion to population. Kansas, after twenty-seven years of no license, has eighty-four of her 105 counties with no paupers, thirty-five empty jails, twenty-one have no criminal cases on their dockets. Next to Maine she spends more money in proportion to population for schools than any other State." Mr. F. L. Seely, of Atlanta, Ga., publisher of the Georgian, who helped to make Georgia "dry" was recently in Detroit. Mr. Seely, during the course of an interview given to a representative of the Detroit Times, said of the benefits of Prohibition to his native city: "In Georgia we had to combat the arguments that Prohibition would rob us of sufficient revenue to run the city and State, but we have found that the city will have in the neighborhood of \$50,000 or \$70,000 more revenues next year without the liquor license than we had in the last twelve months. This will come from the natural growth of our values and from taxing the general utility companies, such as street car, electric light and gas companies." Thank God children who attend Catholic schools have not to depend on the manufacture of drunkards for an education. Neither have the Public schools to be closed in Michigan, or any other State, if the voice of the people demands a reform of the disgraceful, law-defiant traffic of the saloon. But for the saloon there would be little crime in the country. But for the saloon and its satanic annex, that harbors young girls and brings them into the association of brutes in a heinous form, few daughters would go astray. But for the saloon there would be a scarcity of broken up

THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES IN ENGLAND A SUCCESS.

The mission work for non Catholics after the diocesan method in which it is organized in this country is working its way to a very notable success in England. A recent published report shows "that during the last three months the Westminster Diocesan Missionaries gave more missions than were given during the entire first year of their existence, and in September last for the first time there were three missions to non Catholics going on at once." This bit of ecclesiastical news has a greater significance than at first may appear. In this country it is natural to expect, that the work as it is organized in the Apostolic Mission House in this country with its trained Missionaries and with a policy altogether expository in its character, that is avoiding controversy and a contentious tone and confining one's efforts to the explanation of Catholic doctrine would succeed, as it has done in a marvellous way. But in the old country where religious principles are stronger and religious lines more definitely drawn it is good to have a demonstration of success too. The policy of St. Francis de Sales is bound to succeed wherever it is tried. It succeeded in a wonderful way in the Chablais, and what heretics could have been more bitter than those Calvinists were, and for sixty years with a ruthless hand they tore down and dug up and swept away every vestige of their old Church. Yet St. Francis de Sales went among them with kindness and without rancor, with explication of Catholic doctrine and without any attack of their beliefs and in five years converted 75,000 bitter Calvinists and made of them most devoted Catholics. It succeeds in this country, too, everywhere the stories of the missionaries to non Catholics are stories of wonderful triumphs: twenty-five converted after such a mission: 25,000 converts last year in the United States. And now comes the story of the growing success of the Diocesan Missionaries in London. They follow the same policy, no rancor, no contention, no controversy and they make friends everywhere. It is the cheapest kind of preaching; to denounce, to calumniate, and to drag up out of their graves of 300 years the dead bodies of Luther and Calvin and Co., and give them another kick, but it makes no friends for the faith nor does it make any converts to the Church. The success of the diocesan missionaries in London may induce the Bishops to introduce the same work into other dioceses of England. And it in England why not in Ireland too. Over a quarter of the people of Ireland are non Catholics; a number running very much beyond the million mark, and who ever heard of any effort made to convert them. It would be a curious investigation to find out how many priests in Ireland do their work for a score of years and do it well, but have

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE. Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrew's Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glengarry and Tax Collector for Charlottetown for fourteen years continuously. Read how strongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives." Williamstown, Ont., April 5th, 1907. I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured those complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action. 147. Sgd) JAMES DINGWALL. "Fruit-a-tives" — or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box — 6 for \$2.50 — or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. never received a convert into the Church and would scarcely know how to go about it. It is passing strange that a missionary spirit among the Irish clergy would be content without an organized effort to bring this million of non-Catholics within the Church. The success of the Westminster Diocesan Missionaries may lead the way to the inauguration of a similar movement in Ireland. In this spirit of hopefulness lies the significance of the success of the English experiment. Necessity of Union. From "The Prince of the Apostles," a work published last year by two distinguished Anglican divines, we take the following extract on the necessity of Christian unity, and the best and only means to attain it: "Every effort looking towards the reunion of Christendom assumes at the outset that the existing divisions and contradictions among Christians constitute a broad reversal of that state of unity which is prescribed for us by our Saviour in the New Testament, and that consequently they demand the attention of all Christians. "The present state still further assumes that the Church of Rome, which is at once the largest and most famous in Christendom, a church so constituted that it cannot formally change, and so closely related to the English people as to be the mother of their Christianity, has a first claim upon the consideration of all Christians, and more particularly of ourselves. "In regard to our divisions, we should be amazed and shocked by them were it not for the dead weight of custom; and no theory of unity that the wit of man can devise will serve to excuse them, or to explain them away."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th, 1907.

homes, less hungry and ragged children, and less grief-stricken wives. The saloon fills inns, asylums, jails, "pook," upon which Christ had built; abandoning it, they built on the sand, and the edifice they raised has crumbled into ruins. How little time it would take, even within the Roman Fold, to hurl into a similar chaos "people and ministry" were the Papacy to cease or to suspend its teachings, is made evident by the recent rise, even here, of those errors against the faith, which the Encyclical of Modernism in religion has so severely rebuked. The Roman communion is saved from the dogmatic chaos in which Protestant churches are so helplessly engulfed, because in it the Papacy reigns and teaches.

This will Keep the Boy on the Farm. It Will Give Him a Real Start in Life. You Needn't Hurry in Paying For It. QUIT worrying about how you're going to give the boy a better chance in life than his father had. Let up wondering how you're going to manage to give him a start. Fix it so he can make his own start—and have fun doing it. He will stay on the farm if you go to it the right way. This way: Any normal, healthy boy likes to "fool round" with live things—chickens for instance. Make him work at it, and he'll tire of it quick. But give him a little business of his own—set him to raising chickens on his own hook, and he won't let up till he makes a success of it. I can arrange the whole thing for you,—teach your boy how to succeed at poultry-raising for profit,—show him where to save work and worry doing it,—stand right back of him and coach him along,—and find him a good, quick-cash buyer who will pay the highest prices for all the poultry he raises or the eggs he can sell. Write To-day To The Manager of The LEE-HODGINS COMPANY, Limited 354 Pembroke Street, Pembroke, Ontario



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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

FREQUENTING THE SACRAMENTS

Let the peace of Christ reign in your hearts. (Gal. iii 15)
Frequent confession and Holy Communion are, my dear brethren, the food which we need to take with us in climbing the mountain of heaven.

But some good people do not seem to understand it as all; and there is a remark, common enough, and which I suppose you may have heard made about this matter of frequent confession.

Of course they will be likely to have venial faults, which, though the Eastern penitent might not think matters for absolution, really are so.

They go so often, also, in order to get light, as well as strength, to avoid sin; to know beforehand what they ought to do.

You consult a lawyer, or a doctor, about your temporal matters; why not consult a priest about spiritual matters, in the place where he waits to help you as far as he can, and where the Holy Ghost also will help him to help you?

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE CHRISTIAN FATHER.

When St. Basil faced, then called Winifred, was about to leave his native land to go to preach the Gospel to those German tribes which are yet wrapped in the darkness of Paganism, his relatives tried to dissuade him from his purpose.

A French lady was once asked, whence it came that in France, more than elsewhere, the women are good, religious, and pious.

supplied them with clothes, relieved their hunger and had them educated in science and art.

"For these acts of kindness the children felt very grateful, and one day they went to their benefactor and addressed him thus: 'Great is the kindness which you have shown us in our distress; tell us, then, what name shall we call you henceforth?'

No wonder that the relatives to whom Winifred told the story praised the kindness of the merciful man.

Thus Winifred spoke and went away to that far distant land, where he became a great missionary, the celebrated Basil, the powerful propagator, and organizer of the Church in Germany.

King Alexander of Macedonia had in his army a soldier who also bore the name of Alexander, but who was very cowardly.

These petty schisms and heresies of the First Age were, however, of little moment; their membership was always small, and in the course of a short time they always disappeared.

During her entire history, since the fourth century, there has scarcely been a moment when the Eastern Church did not admit Arianism.

Among the things that are now-a-days very lightly thought of is the responsible relation of the father to his family.

A French lady was once asked, whence it came that in France, more than elsewhere, the women are good, religious, and pious.

circle as well as the solemn retirement of the Church; they care only to associate where they can give a loose to their unrestrained passions; their heart is not at home, but amidst the exciting and degrading pleasures and amusements of the world.

This is a cause of the ruin of religion and morality in the rising generation.

THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

One of the most surprising things in the history of the Church is the fact that, despite the very clear evidence contained in the Scriptures and in the earliest councils of the Church, the schisms relative to the unity of the Church, from the very beginning heresies and schisms have existed in Christendom.

The schism which was perhaps the worst of all, was that which separated the East from the West, and which has existed ever since the time of the Council of Chalcedon.

But the greatest misfortune of the Greek schism was perhaps yet to come. Evil communications, corrupt dogmas, and the example of a great portion of the Church long in schism at length had its effect in the West also.

These petty schisms and heresies of the First Age were, however, of little moment; their membership was always small, and in the course of a short time they always disappeared.

During her entire history, since the fourth century, there has scarcely been a moment when the Eastern Church did not admit Arianism.

Among the things that are now-a-days very lightly thought of is the responsible relation of the father to his family.

A French lady was once asked, whence it came that in France, more than elsewhere, the women are good, religious, and pious.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine which does not irritate the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

ity and therefore it is un-Christian. The spirit of nationalism in the Church has, in consequence, always been essentially schismatic.

"We are your superiors in every regard," he said, "take one example, ever the cry of the Easterns, and thinking that highly of themselves they lost sight of the importance of the indispensable Christian virtue of humility.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

YOUTH NEEDS FAITH, WORK AND CHIVALRY.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON DWELLS UPON YOUNG MAN'S ESSENTIALS IN LIFE. The admirable quality, blending gentleness, partly and courage, which may be termed chivalry, when combined with faith and disposition to work, was described as essential for the young man to win in his life's struggle.

AGIN, just as morning and spring-time are robed in innocence, light and promise, so are the hearts and lives of children filled with hope and brightness. The heavens whence we came are about us in our infancy.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY. BY REV. GEORGE HAMPTDILL. CHAPTER IV, CONTINUED.

When the first insanity had passed, the question arose how best to spend the day. Some were pleased and some not when the decision came from the older boys: "Cricket at Lord Crankie's and the band to go down."

TOO early for cricket, were the cries, "too cold, too warm." However the aristocracy had decided it; there was no time to be lost; and the boys were soon marching through the town in very good order to the music of their band.

Now, my friends, I am willing to admit that there is much of truth in these statements, yet I feel they are exaggerated, for in the first place, no one is naturally irreligious, and it is through the first outbreak of passion in a young man that he may be led to obscure his faith in God and deaden his sense of duty.

Through it all, though he may for the time being set little value on rules or formulas, in his heart he hears his hopes and prayers for the opportunity which later years will bring when he may, with good grace and sincerity, perform all the duties he even now knows obligate him.

COURAGE TO CONQUER. "Now, I would put down as among the very first qualities of the young man, as we would wish him to be, that he would in those early days have the courage and the faith in God's name to conquer himself, to break through the gloom and the fog, to cast of the chains with which passion had bound him, and be able to face his friends and his God with an honest heart and a clean conscience.

Next I would have a young man distinguish himself by his willingness to work. You know to-day every body is preaching the gospel of the importance and dignity of labor, yet the preaching is largely regarded as academic, and the result is that there is more preaching than practice. While the preachers preach work, the unions preach the shortening of the hours of labor, and the vast majority would prefer not to work at all.

AGIN, the 'get rich-quick' people furnish but a feeble example to honest labor for honest recompense. The young man who hears of the quick returns for little labor finds the plodding, every-day task irksome, and is tempted to seek a short cut to wealth—or the penitentiary.

It must remain true—truest perhaps in the immediate future—that success for most of us—in fact, practically all of us—can only follow honest labor, steady, humble, unremitting toil. The young man who hopes to succeed must remember this: no labor, no reward. Neither a millionaire faith nor his own shrewdness, nor worldly influence will count for much unless first he is willing, and second knows how to work.

RIVALRY AN ESSENTIAL. And now to faith and work. I would add another feature that should distinguish the young man of to-day, a quality quite comprehensive, but some what difficult to describe; that quality of life and work which blends gentleness, purity and courage: the old name for it was chivalry.

I do not mean the physical strength which will come from the field of athletics, nor the prowess thereby created, but a courage fiercer and deeper, wherewith shall be blended gentleness in dealing with others, humility and thoughtfulness. I admit it is a rare quality—some think it is growing rarer—yet it is one that should mark the young man who in those days would successfully face the stern life struggle.

With qualities such as these, the young man of to-day will find there is a place awaiting him, wherein if he does not see as a great fortune, he may at least

achieve an honorable career, creditable alike to his parents, his friends and his faith. Indeed his limitations will be largely of his own creation, for though growing materialism has entered into the world's ways, yet the man of faith, and a sense of duty, and an honest character will ever be in demand, and must in the long run dominate.

It is for such as these that the cry goes forth to-day from the world of materialism and greed to come to save it ere it perish, and it is to such as these that the older generation turns to consign to them the ever-increasing burden that they now grow weak in carrying. Hence with the springtime and the morning of the new year arise also the word of cheer and advice to the youth, in life's morning, may make or mar their future according to their treatment of their present.

THE MINDFUL WORD tells us we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth. The young man of to-day may not make a better resolution than that he shall enter the arena armed with faith in God, willingness to serve, respect for others, purity of thought and tongue—in a word, all gear to a divine restlessness to serve all noble ends and work it way to God.

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CHAPTER IV, CONTINUED.

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ginger-bread, nuts and a glass of wine, not to mention the condolences half playful, and the praises quite sincere, of his school-fellows, consoled Johnny mightily for the pair of black eyes in store for him. And his spirits were as high as ever, and his praises of him: as loud as ever, when they re-entered the town in marbling order to one of their most inspiring tunes.

THROUGHLY ready for him was Johnny when bed time came, and spite of the stiff feeling about his forehead he whispered to Wraggle as he went up stairs, "I say, Corney, I don't think I shall run away yet. It ain't so bad."

CHAPTER V. THAT BULL.

A few days after the events of St. George's Day, which we have related; when Johnny's bump had almost gone, and when the bright spring was still brighter and more cheerily, the boys went down again; this time, not only for cricketing but for swimming also—most free and pleasant of all exercises, most refreshing of all labors, most happy meeting of rest and action in this world. Truth to tell, the swimming pond in his Lordship's grounds was not all that a swimmer could desire.

You could not from the bank look in air during a pair of intervals, if you intended to dive and pick up a coin you could not take a leisurely swim of some twenty minutes upstream: there was neither lock or lasher to hurry you along deliciously with its furious rush; the real delight and luxury of river-bathing was all unknown. Lord Crankie's was but a tiny pool; twelve strokes carried you across, and forty added for the complete circumnavigation of the island seen following every creek and winding of the circumambient shores, as little Jagers said, a youth who amused himself and his fellows by using the biggest words he knew. As for depth, there was a tradition that Father McReady himself, taking an eager plunge somewhat unscientifically into the very centre, was seen struggling convulsively with his feet in air during a pair of intervals, until he was pulled out—his reverend features masked in mud—by a charitable pupil. It was the best, however, the Thornbury boys could get; and there was as much fun and chatter, and perhaps as much learning of the art which ever English boy should know, as on the banks of Medway or o' Thames.

But it is not for its own sake that we sing the glories of the pond, but because from it flowed out of the sorrows and dangers of Johnny's time at school. The road from the cricket field to the water led through fields, pleasant at most seasons, but now in the fresh spring-tide of an unusually warm and forward year more than commonly inviting. But the boys were bound to resist the invitation. On the cricket field they might have done well; the other fields were sacred; and Lord Crankie had made special agreement, when he invited the Thornbury lads to come as often as they pleased, that they should content themselves with the bounds he gave them.

Poor little Johnny! the sight of the pleasant fields filled him with longing to enjoy himself in the forbidden ground. When he came back from the pond, he had lost its charm for him. Perhaps, it was this that made him so unlucky. When the other side was in, they knocked his ball without mercy, and when he went in himself, he was out at an early and easy ball which he ought to have driven into the next field. His side had a long innings; boys who could not play half so well as he sneaked at the wicket, blocked the most enticing balls that came; the play dragged, and he was stupid; and over his restless little hero, tired of playing a game which reflected no glory on himself, was soon lolling with two or three friends over one of the field gates. There was plenty to feed the eyes of a Bermondey boy. The wild flowers in the hedgerows—those winged flowers, butterflies—birds playing chivy chase with aerial chatter, or wrangling over some tit bit of a worm—Jagers suddenly breaking out into a maniac snigger—a thoughtful old bull, "standing," Corney declared, "for his photograph," and—greatest amusement of all—a defiant little squirrel, conscious of his quickness and impudent with liberty. The squirrel set the boys talking of trees, which stood like sentinels in the hedgerows, or spread their broad arms in wild shelter to the castle; and Thomas Hardwin, who had been admitted into the firm of Popwiche, Wraggle & Co., with full share in all profits of the concern, sweets, parcels, newspapers, secrets, and other boyish possessions, promised to teach Johnny how to tell tree from tree if he would come over the gate and all round the hedgerows.

"We mayn't," said Corney, "Lord Crankie set so." "Lord Crankie's a fidget. It's only when the grass is long that we can do any harm," said Corney. "Stop there, you long coward," answered Hardwin. "Pop isn't afraid, come along, Pop." And with his hands on different bars the strong thickest lad twirled himself over the gate in an instant, and was crawling along in the ditch with Johnny, till they were safely out of the masters' sight.

"All right," said Hardwin at last, "they don't see." "No," said Johnny, "Brother Cathbert was bowling, and Placidus was in." "Oh! Placidus! he never sees anything," and leaving the ditch the two boys sauntered along happy with all the sweetness of stolen liberty.

What trees, that said Johnny. "Oh! you awful little d-dger, Pop! you know the trees to come to; that's a wild pear tree." "Any pears on it?" said Johnny. "Bravo, Johnny! that's Bermondey all over; fancy pears in May! there's lots of pears in the pro-er time; and look here Johnny—down there, nearer the house—you see that old ram! well, just a little to the left of him, there's a cherry tree, wild you know; but they're hard to get, because Lady

Crankie can see us from her window, and she's always looking out of the window when she isn't saying her prayers. Down beyond there by the brook in the other field, there's a crab apple, I'll show it to you by and-by; and there's no end of a nice tree—fine! and blackberries, oh! gallopings! any amount. But what the dickens is the matter with Spider? Look! he's bearing across the field with his legs and arms flying about like a windmill. The brothers must have twiggid us."

The faithful Wraggle had continued to lean over the gate, gazing after the two boys, and arguing with his conscience whether he might go after them. So gazing he saw what they did not see. The thoughtful bull who had been standing for his photograph, "had either grown tired of that amusement, or had resolved that at all events Popwiche and Hardwin were not the photographers for him. He had faced to wards the two boys, and was giving short angry stamps upon the ground, and uttering deep moaning sounds which sounded very much like threats.

Now there were three gates to the field; over one the boys had come, "you can't go back," gasped Corney, "Brother Cathbert is looking for you;" a second was opposite her Ladyship's window, and she might or might not be saying her prayers; at the third the bull stood guard. Over the hedge was impossible. "Through the hedge," said Corney, "quick!" as the bull gave a louder and more angry snort and came one step forward. The boys' fears now magnified the danger. Bulls, Masters and Ladyships, seemed to surround Johnny on every side. He pulled at all thought; and only knew that he was being pulled at the longer, as indeed he was, Hardwin before with bull like neck and shoulders and brave Corney thrusting him through behind—through boughs and sticks and thorns, that bruised and scratched him, and beat him about head and face. However through he was at last; and the three boys stood, bleeding from face and hands, their boots and clothes covered with mud from the ditch, and the unhappy Wraggle with a long stare, which rent all down one leg of his new summer trousers. So they stood, gazing at each other, and at the great gap they had made in Lord Crankie's hedge. The satisfied bull on the other side had resumed his thoughtful expression, and was again waiting for his rightful photograph.

"Brother Severus!" shouted Hardwin, as that master appeared coming from the yard towards the cricket field; and the boys fled, poor Corney's face flying in the wind, in the only direction possible—right into the enemy's camp.

"Where have you been?" said Brother Cathbert; and Brother Severus coming up told all about the gap in the hedge; and Corney's torn trousers, and Johnny's bleeding cheeks confirmed the tale.

"I must report this to Father McReady," said Brother Cathbert; "if there is one thing which he dislikes, it is that displeasure should be given to any benefactors, and especially to benefactors so kind as Lord and Lady Crankie."

"You'll catch it," prophesied comforting friends to Johnny all the way home. "Young men," said Jagers, "prepare yourselves for the utmost extremity of the law."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Speaking of alms deeds, Father Faber in his Spiritual Conferences remarks that an alms which does not put the giver to inconvenience is rather a kindness than an alms; and certainly the alms which is to be a satisfactory evidence of inward repentance ought to reach the point of causing some palpable inconvenience of involving some solid self denial's.

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It Cleanses all kinds of clothes—Flannels washed with never shrink. It makes child's play of washday. Keep in mind: Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

A STORY OF NEWMAN.

The following story of Newman has been often told, but we do not remember to have heard the name of the challenger before. It is the Pall Mall Gazette which tells it now:

That Presbyterian stalwart, the late Dr. John Cumming—better known as "Tribulation Cumming," from the title of one of his books and the tenor of his preaching—once visited Birmingham on a lecturing tour, and sent a note up to the Oratorian challenging him to a public debate on any point of religious controversy at issue between them. The place of encounter was to be the local Town Hall, where the Suffragettes got such a demilition with their own weapons on Wednesday night and some such result would have come about if Newman had accepted, for sectarianism ran pretty high in the Ironopolis of forty years ago. Dr. Newman, however, was not to be drawn. He sent a polite reply to Bonnerges, written in that twinkling Greek hand of his, and worded (so the story goes) to something like the following effect:

Dear Sir,—As I am no theologian, I must decline the honor you do me; but my friends credit me with some proficiency on the violin, and I shall be happy to meet you in a trial of skill on that instrument.

Yours faithfully, JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Gift of Tongues.

One of the most interesting of the recent "religions" is the sect known as the "Gift of Tongues." They sprung up around Spokane and Seattle a short time since, their bell-f being that they were called to God to go into foreign countries and convert the heathen, and that no matter what strange language they encountered God would instantly put that language into their understanding when the time came to use it. Of course there was the invariable preliminary of giving up their worldly possessions, and when the show-down comes it will be found that those "on the inside" have grown rich on the credulity of their dupes. One day this week came news of the awakening of a band of these "apostles" who went last fall from Spokane to China, Japan and Korea. When the fanatics were ready to begin work on the benighted Confucians they could speak in no other tongue than plain United States, and they will trickle back as best they can—unless, indeed, some of them do as so many other "missionaries" have done—stick it out and trade to thief; enrichment on the ignorance of those whose souls they are ostensibly seeking to save.—Buffalo C. Thiel Union and Times.

Pearl Rosaries

We have just received a large consignment of Pearl Rosaries which we are offering at extremely low prices. Below will be found description and prices.

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SIGHT RESTORED AT LOURDES.

Amongst several well attended miracle cures lately effected at Lourdes, one of the most striking was that of a blind young man named Vincent Phillip...

TRADITIONAL CRITICISM AND THE MODERNISTS.

The Encyclical of Pius X. is not only a condemnation, but also a vigorous refutation of the errors which it deals with, says Mr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, writing in Le Correspondant, (Paris).

dition against the rash theorizations of the Modernist school. It is in one opinion a conclusion the Bishop of Nice, that a time is not far distant when the boldest of the innovators will be forced to admit again...

FROM MGR SBARETTI.

HEARTY APPRECIATION OF RAIL GUY'S GREAT NATIONAL UNDER-TAKING. His Excellency the Governor General has received the following communication from Mgr. Sbaretti...

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DIocese of Hamilton. Death of Dean O'Connell. Mount Forest, Feb. 1.—The Very Rev. Dean J. O'Connell, pastor of St. Mary's Church, died suddenly during Sunday morning services...

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Standard Catholic Literature Father Sheehan's Works Geoffrey Austin Triumph of Faith My New Curate Luke Delmege Glenshar

CATHOLIC RECORD, LONDON, CANADA

VOLUME 9 The Cath LONDON, SATURDAY THE RELIGIOUS ULAR The Christian Gory of the M... Mayor of Rome, is Pope Pius X's Modernism. The Pall Mall to be Christians, Protestant—should X. for his outsp... views which are... believed in the... fundamental doctr... faith.

THE EDITOR A correspondent from the Oservatore queries "What do you ant policy of the toward the Jew?" The excerpted approval of Eru of Rome. It conta hostile policy tow... saints Nathan's su... is a Jew, but beca... of the most virtua... Jew has ever fou... Vatican is a matte... out citing many f... Marquis de Font... first member of... ever obtained a... nobility resolved... Pope Leo XI., wh... riciate, a Jew of t... The latter at the... filled the office o... while still a profes... which may be re... diaeval counterpa... by his co-religion...

THE MONTR In a note appended reader in the Mon... we notice that j... from the path of j... When he says, an... Roman Catholic C... to record "puerl... moral significance... led in asking for p... We are, of course... dietam, but we are... an influential pap... the clothes of arg... it naked into the... ers. The editor is... scoff at miracles, a... because they are t... once, but because... fees, that if the... money they must a... with them the Ch... only illustrate... nes, can he prov... which at one time... people has been e... of physical mirac... drawn from the C... portents" we con... saying that the e... what the Church... lieve in the ques... deference to his r... abetala from disse... tion, not to say...

UNAFAID AN Despite the p... Church in France... by tyrannical an... ally stuyed det... London Saturday... Church is still i... but the thing wh... in the fight has... of the omnipotent... of the gaudiest th... Jacobinism was a... herosim. To-day... churches of Fra... more earnest con... they held in the... Empire.

THE LADIES In the Ladies H... gives much and... about anything fr... ant. He tells th... scrabble eggs... crate houses—tc... to cost about 300... Not content with... ion and gastrono... world's conqu... doctor's cap on... into the domain