my Name but Catholic my Surname.)-St. Pacian, 4th Century. "Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen"--(Christian Is

VOLUME XXIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, JULY 20 1907

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1907.

A QUOTATION.

Said Earl Spencer, who a few years ago was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: land. I have been there for over eight years and I do not know of any specific instance where there has been religious intolerance on the part of the Roman forwarded to Ontario, in care of Dr. Catholics against their Protestant fellow countrymen. But religious intolerance has been shown, and where? It did not go to Rome at all. When has been shown in Ulster, where more all danger of a relapse is over, than half of the population belong to keeping up the animosity." A d Lecky in his "England in the Eighteen Century," makes the statement: "Among the Catholics at least, religious intolerance has never been a prevailing vice. In spite of the fearful calamities of the Reformation, it is a memorable fact that not a single Protestant suffered for his religion in Ireland during all the period of the Marian persecutions | Holy Father. in England."

SERIOUS ORANGEMEN.

We submit these quotations as evidence that some non Catholics do not place any value on the grandiloquent declarations of Orangemen in favor of themselves or as against others. As we said before, Canadian Orangemen, true to Belfast traditions, speak a language unintelligible to freemen. Rich in denunciatory epithets, and saturated with bitterness and hatred, it is, however, well adapted to the requirements of an ignorant mob, not on the lips of men who are not priest baiters and revilers of creeds to which they yield no allegiance. If Orangemen dissociated themselves from professional politicians they might understand that they do not own this country and that we are not here on sufferance; they might even begin to think for themselves and to realize that it is time for them to give over clowning and pawing the air and shouting frenzied nothings at their conventions. If they must persist they should learn new antics and hire orators who can talk sanely on questions affecting us.

ORANGEMEN ON PARADE.

The other day, however, Vancouver, B. C., witnessed the Orange Grand Lodge show in all its pristine brilliancy. All the old scenery was there, and the old spirit flamed out in the speeches. The Grand Chaplain, a Rev. Mr. Walsh, let loose one of those longlong thoughts when he spoke of "equal rights to all and special privileges to genius enraptured the brethren and caused them to make a most gladsome Bravely, however, he re-arranged his gray matter and read a letter which stated that Mr. R. L. Borden wished to bid a long farewell to Col. S. Hughes. He did not know that the statement was true, but as an object lesson in Orange courtesy he gave it to the audience. Orangemen are curious people. And the talk of equal rights is nauseating to those who know that in the old land Orangemen plotted to put the Dake of Camberland on the throne, and threatened to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne, if Gladstone disestablished their pet church, and in this country are supporters of any discord-breeding movement.

Dr. Sproule also spoke a piece. Col. Sam Hughes repeated what he said in Parliament about French pricets. As there was no Bourassa among the auditors he blatherskited his way unrebuked and unashamed.

What a farce is this kind of convention. It teaches nothing but bigotry; it represents nothing save mental slavery. It wastes time in knocking down men of straw, chasing dreams and listening to men who, by senseless bigotry, have done not a little to impede the progress of Canada.

TOO ACUTE.

With an acuteness truly marvellous some scribes detect the note of bitterness in a recent speech of Mr. John Redmond, M. P. But men who strive to keep alive the fires of patriotism and the tactics that were in honor when who fight for a nation's rights use Christ was hunted down and nailed to they do brood over the memories of the to discontent and rioting, robbing them Morley said that if we do not give a is never absent from their plan of

away the obstacles that bar the passage of Home Rule.

OUR NERVOUS FRIENDS.

It takes a little thing to excite some of our separated brethren. For instance, a rumor that Hon. Mr. Fielding had visited Pope Pius caused a flood of words that swamped their common sense and sent them adrift on a sea of hysterics. If rescued they should be Sproule. As a tonic, give them the information that the Hon. Mr. Fielding they should be warned to not allow the Protestant faith. I believe the their anxiety for the welfare of this Protestants have been the chief cause of country to interfere with their health. The task of guiding the public men who stay at home is arduous enough without undertaking to keep watch and ward over those who go abroad. To save their nerves, to husband their vitality, they should petition Parliament to appoint an official to act as travelling companion to our public men, or have an act passed prohibiting visits to the

We submit these suggestions to the consideration of our delicately constituted brethren who live either in Toronto the Beautiful, or in near by districts which support that ornament to journalism-the Orange something or

CRUSADES DON'T PAY. Writing in the Tribune (London) Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., says of the Mussulman rule in the Holy Land, that it would be something comical, if it were not still more repulsive, in the idea of the Christian Great Powers taking the Sultan under their tutelage to teach him the principles of good government in Crete and Macedonia while they are themselves dependent upon a Turkish policeman to maintain law and order among their own subjects in what all the powers of Christendom alike believe to be the holiest land on earth. Christian diplomacy sits by as contemptuously indifferent as the Mohammedan guard of the Holy Sepulchre, while the processions of all nations cross and clash." We agree with him in his opinion that Christian interest in the Holy Land has so far weakened that Christendom has no longer the meaning it had for the Tancreds and the Godfrey de Bouillons and the Coeur de Lions. Modern Europe will no more undertake crusades except for the sake of trade or pleasure.

When Christians sound now and then the tocsin for a crusade against something or other we may be certain that its directors see a dollar or so in it to and honor was more than gold or broad to the pain of eternal deprivation by acres. To-day the nations are not in the crusading business for either amusement or glory. Stocks and bonds and investors and political considerations have more influence with Government than the pleadings of those who are dubbed impractical sentimentalists. The Dutchmen, for instance, compassed the destruction of Christianity in Japan because they feared that the missionaries might divert trade into non-Dutch channels. Marshal Mac-Mahon was no friend to the missionaries of Algiers, and Lord Kitchener was not exactly a fount of encourage ment to those who wished to evangelize the Soudan. France and England coddle the sick man of Europe because it pays. A crusade against him would disturb the national pocket, and this, however Armenians or Macedonians suffer, must be guarded against.

THE VALUE OF ORGANIZATION. The Catholics of Europe have surprised their enemies. Enboldened by their success in France the anti clericals-that is, the athiest and socialistcarried their banners into other countries, confident that victory would crown them. Their plan of campaign never varies. However great their resources, the champions of revolt adopt words with blood in them. What if a cross. Slander-provoking the people past. If we remember aright Mr. John of all that gives value to life-all this

celebrate their triumph : and the papers told us, so politely, that priest and prelate who, of course, retarded the progress of the country, should have to take a lesson from the live nations. But Spain did not yield to the blandishment of the atheist who found out at first hand that this country was, though poor in present-day trophies of commerce and war, rich in the arts of genuine civilization. It the arts of genuine civilization. refused to open the door to legalized adultery, and to schools without God. And a land whose women are pure and which still retains a faith and belief in God and in His eternal mercies and infinite awards, has more than all the craft of the enemy can give or take

In Austro-Hungary the Lodges were repulsed. In Belgium, the Catholics, organized and determined, have made their country the most prosperous of the world and have frustrated all attempts to oust them from power. In Switzerland and Germany the triumph of united effort is unquestionable. Wherever Catholics show an unbroken front, and are loyal to authority, and give no quarter to new-langled ideas, they are able to hold the aggressor in check, and while safeguarding their interests and defending their principles, are the best assets of any country. This is religion in action, giving the world the benefit of its experience and light. There is no room among these Catholics for the "lackadaiscal" piety which lazily awaits a at hand entreating to be made efficacious by our own co-operation. "We ous by our own co-operation. "We must pray, and pray earnestly," to quote Archishop Ireland, "but we must work and work earnestly. We must work and work earnestly. We likewise we fail if we pray and do not work, if we are on our knees when we should be fleet of foot, if we are in the sanctuary when we should be in the highways and market-places."

THE CONSPIRACY OF ATHEISTIC

other issued since the invention of printing went to demonstrate how a rigid adherence to certain definitely laid-down principles and the execution of them according to their logical conception, by a practical, an energetic and a selfah minority, could in the end involve the bulk of humanity in its toils, as the culminating effect of the old Roman "system" proved.

It may be said that then, for the first time, it became possible for ordinary men to study and realize the meaning and the method of the greatest material system which had thereto

THE CONSPIRACY OF ATHEISTIC JEWS, MASONS AND

SOCIALISTS. Coercion in the matter of religious belief, is a policy unknown to the Cath-olic Church. On points of dogma that controvert each other, the Catholic is so certain of the authority for the faith he holds, that he rarely oversteps the limits of zeal in an endeavor to coerce his fellow into an enceavor to coerce his fellow into an acceptance of his own point of view. Since attacks are constantly being made, however, and as every attack justifies a corresponding defence, the controversialist who is of the true faith will always find it a good policy to pursue a Socratic method in disillusioning the aggressor, or in other words, to allow the opposition to condemn itself from out its own mouth. It will be found then that the inherent tenth of Cathalicity is more than and duite possible that sundry good souls believe the tale of "Congo atrocity," never suspecting that "rubber prosible for many of its But the chaplain was tired. avely, however, he re-arranged his y matter and read a letter which ted that Mr. R. L. Borden wished to the control of the control o

We cannot, therefore, conceive anything more injudicious or unfair than the attempt by any Christian body to impose its point of belief upon an Orthodox Jew. Early Christianity drew many of its inspirations from Judaism, and a very cursory knowledge of ancient history informs us that many of the Christians under the earlier Cresars were either the relatives or ier Casars were either the relatives or the descendants of the men who cruci-fied Christ—Himself related to one of

the princely Jewish houses.

Orthodox Judaism is, it must be ad-Orthodox Judaism is, it must be admitted, with Catholicity, the best remnant of those phenomena, scientifically called phychic, which go to demonstribe beyond controversy that man is untuitively religious, in other words, that the sense of the Supernal within him comes as a gift from God.

Judaism that has, on the contrary, degenerated into mere nationalism, that is to say, which has abdicated its faith as in some measure an apology for the

as in some measure an apology for the impossibility of divesting itself of its nationality, such Judaism, we repeat, has been instrumental more than any has ben instrumental more than any other influence in the modern social economy, in introducing into the life of to-day, a hard materialism which has of to-day, a hard materialism which has debased the souls and minds of men and made the progress of godlessness and spiritual irresponsibility the easiest of descent down the slope that leads, first to the demoralization of the individual and, ultimately, to the disintegration of the nation. That such integration of the nation. That such has been the case in respect of at least one nation, would seem abundantly clear on the evidence of authentic modern history. In point, we urge that a study of the history of France for the past few generations will show what an extraordinary role the Jew has played in its various Governments since the Great Revolution.

since the Great Revolution.

There anent we cannot do better than quote the Jewish Encyclopedia, assured will insist on looking backwards. But
Mr. Redmond is looking forwards—to
the day when public opinion will sweep

campaign.

Spain, we were informed, was ready
to accord them a joyous welcome. The
to accord them a joyous welcome. The
to accord them a joyous welcome. The
to accord them a joyous welcome to been most conspicuous in connection

with Freemasonry in France since the Revolution. One of the branches of the craft, the Supreme Council of the Orient, had Adolphe Cremieux as its Sovereign Grand Councillor from 1868 to 1880. He introduced the practice of having the S. G. C. confirmed by the lodges instead of being arbitrarily

In regard to the importance of this anterior fact, to wit, that some fifty years previously, there had taken place in Europe a revival of Freemasonry—to be exact, about 1725.

The new masonic movement claimed

to be but a continuation of that ma

selected by his predecessor.

sonry which, as the modern historian of the Order airily tells us, was as old as Solomon and came into being at the building of the Temple. There is, however, an obvious lack of co-relation in this so-called history of Freemasonry, particularly in the attempt of modern freemasons to prove their claimed descent from the ancient; so obvious a blank, indeed, that the humblest student of the causality of history feels justified in assuming that the Jew of the philosophic period which preceded the French Revolution, with his keen eye for the occasion, availed himself of a distinctly valuable opportunity to turn to the advantage of his race, a secret organization which is conceived not only on the theoretical idea of advancing the material interests of those vancing the material interests of those belonging to it, but also on an avowed aim by its adherents, to create for themselves a body politic which shall work so exclusively in its own behalf, as to make its efforts purely and practi cally individualistic and, consequent

ly, the reverse of utilitarian.

Another important fact occurs to us daiscal" plety which lazily awaits a in this connection, as being worthy of especial consideration. It is the fact efficacious grace, while God's grace is his "Grandeur and Decadence of Rome," a work which more than any other issued since the invention o

est material system which had uncreto-fore appeared in the world. The great masses of men, it was shown, were virtually at the mercy and exploitation of any body of individuals who were ingenious enough to invent and apply a set of material principles which should gradually circumscribe humanity in its action and in its aspirations and, to all intents and purposes, enslave it to the will of an unscrupulous minority.

France in her present evolutionary stage may be said to be in such a position. It is not to be denied that the majority of the French people is at the majority of the French people is at the mercy of an unscrupulous minority. That minority, we have abundant evidence to show, consists of a fusion of unorthodox or godless Jews and infidel freemasons who have obeyed the call of a community of private interests to a community of private interests to rule the French nation without refer-

Such a power is far more readily ac-Such a power is far more readily acquired in cur times than it; could possibly have been in the past, and it may be said that the side which has subsidized and enlisted the popular press, has made a bold bid for victory. This the governing force in France of to day has done, and it is unfortunate. to day has done, and it is unfortunate-ly one of the ablest strokes of its sinister policy, that it has so closely bound up the dependent press of France with its own fortunes and policies, that there cannot be said at the present moment to be a non Catho-lic organ which can express an inde-pendent view on any measure, political,

economic or religious.

In this, as in other measures of the present work of dechristianization, we easily distinguish the subtlety and trained calculation of the Jew, as distinct from the ponderous jugglery, with its serio comic mysticism, of the free mason, always a medicerity in the matter of real accomplishment and one who by his adherence to a secret society the advantage of which rarely takes a practical form, is a public con-fession of the fear that is in him to stand boldly upon his own particular

merits, Even the Christian-born freemason of to day sees and realizes to what ex-tent he has compromised his own for tent he has compromised his own for-tunes. He knows now, says the well-known French writer, A. Tilloy, that he has been practically dispossessed of his power and on all hands expropriated by the eternal Jew. There is no de-partment in the public service in France of to-day that is not overrun with Israelites who believe in neither a God nor in justice. Upon the ruins of the old aristocracy, they have created a "feudality of cash" which dominates the nation and has no nationality of cash.

ality and no religion.
Of the extremists among the rapacions anti clerical Jews of to-day, not one can be found who is either orthodox or commercially without suspicion and taint; under their auspices, modern France has assumed her gay robe of indifference to morality and the family life and the laxity of her women is 'Infant, Who points towards him saying:

'Go to Joseph!'' I say the same to you:

Go to Joseph! Have recourse with to be the godfather of the Hereditary Prince of the Crown, as is usual under show all that he is the Patron of the show all that he is the Patron of the Spain is anything but ripe for anti clericalism.

passing to the other great capitals of

Usury, market rigging, legalized robbery, the sale of pornographic literature, the laicisation of public instruction, all these have been principles in the propaganda, calmly thought out as the most certain methods of the Christian social fabric and assuring the hegemony of godless

assuring the negemony of gottess usurpers.

This Jewish supremacy, powerfully seconded by the subdued masons, has become, says M. Tilloy, one of the most terrible scourges of the present day, not only for France but for civilization. These Jews, French only in name, have remained as, indeed, they must, Jewish in their nature and are, consequently, naturally hostile to the consequently, naturally hostile to the Christian spirit and influence and have combined among themselves for the destruction of nationalities in order to raise upon the ruins a new Kingdom of Israel.

Catholicity, as the first and greatest teacher of Christianity, is the especial object of its enmity and so it is we find that with its usual trained acumen, it has gone to the most civilized and en-lightened of all nations, to eradicate the Christian notion and make its progress more assured and easier in other countries. The fact is that France remains to-day the facile tool of the Jew, his most servile instrument being freemasonry.

The Jew, and we emphasize the Jew

The Jew, and we emphasize the Jew we write of, as the purely materialist Jew, that being who knows no power nor good on earth but money, and who believes in neither God nor future state, writes M. Lasalle, the author of "Truths about Freemasonry," this Jew, we repeat being neither French, German, English nor of any other nationality but the widely scattered Jewish race, finds that his only salvation is to be sought in denationalizing other be sought in denationalizing other nations, in making of all other peoples citizens of the world like himself.

Though the body must inevitably fall In their attempt to undo the work of Providence, they still continue to dis-turb and to modify the conditions of existence of those nations that harbor them. Here in France, they have totally altered the relations that previously existed between Capital and Labor. They have robbed the coun-Labor. They have robbed the country, these unbelieving Jews of their best asset—Christianity.

Formerly religion gave to men the hope of a future life and sanctified the

family life as it enhaloed the state.
A perfect understanding subsisted between employers and employed. Now, however, all is changed. Since there is to be no God there can be no hereafter. Men therefore, endeavor to extract all they can from the satisfaction of those passions which "Nature placed in their hearts."

In order to do this, money is the

first essential. In the whole social economy it is King. It is God in a society which knows no other. The consequence is that capital modifies its role towards labor; it becomes a hard and tyrannical task master. The work-

man is but a tool.

Hence the sweat-shop; hence the Sunday-labor evil, hence the lack of holidays, of vacation, of family re-unions, hence ill-health and hence the

and, consequently, the power of the world the centralizing in the hands of a few, of the resources and instruments of Christian civilization. They have not the same benevolent aspirations of the Socialists who would rob the mealth. Christian civilization. They have not the same benevolent aspirations of the Socialists who would rob the wealthy in order to enrich the poor. They are now masters of at least one-third of the fortunes of France and they are still pursuing their conquest. We still pursuing their conquest. We have no quarrel with the Orthodox Jew be it remembered, who is content to live and let live. But, adds M. Tilloy, we weep for the fate of nations that come within the fatal power of a conspiracy of godless Israelites and atheistic Freemasons.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The True Cross.

Often has it been asserted that many of the relics of the true Cross are shams, that there are more than could be carried by three hundred men; that a house or a battleship could be built with them, etc. Calumnies innumerable and baseless as these are circulated among non-Catholics, and are accepted by many without doubt or question, simply because they heard them in their childhood. A learned Passionist Father performs a valuable service, therefore, when, in concluding and article on The True Cross, in the Record of Louisville, he asserts that, counting all the relics, only two hundred and ninety one cubic inches of the true Cross ar still in existence, and would weigh, if brought together, only five pounds and two ounces. The average size of a relic of the true Cross is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and as thin as ordinary thread.

I have seen a little picture which represents St. Joseph with the Divine Infant, Who points towards him saying:

CATHOLIC NOTES.

1500

At the church of Corpus Christi, in London, Benediction is given each after-neon a 1:15 o'clock, for the benefit of visitors and business men, who have their lunch hour at that time.

The Brothers of St. John of God. atheistic officials, has just been established in Metz, where they have been granted a subvention by the German government.

The Redemptorist Fathers will build a new college in New York to be known as St. Alphonsus on the Hudson. In this college young men will be trained for the work carried on by this cealous order of priests.

The memory of Father Ryan, the oet priest of the South, is to be further perpetuated in Alabama by a monument raised by popular subscription. The Mobile Register states that a not inconsiderable sum has been subscribed already, although the plan for a memorial to this singularly gifted poet is yet in its infancy.

In reply to a letter from the Rev. Dr. John J. McCoy, of St Ann's Church, Worcester, Mass., asking for a descrip-tion of Cardinal Gibbons' colors in order that they might be used for decorative purposes during Old Home Week, during which the Cardinal haā arranged to be in Worcester, His Eminence replied through his secretary "Dear Mr. McCoy: I beg to say that the Cardinal has only one flag, the Stars and Stripes." order that they might be used for

Stars and Stripes."

The Germans are returning some of the jokes of Bismarckian days to the French. This is from the Jugend of Munich: "S ranger to French Soldier: Are you marching out for parade to day?" French Soldier: "No, to day we fight the Capuchins, to-morrow we besiege a nunnery, and next day we storm a hospital and an orphan asylum." orphan asylum."

orphan asylum."

At Carthage, Africa, on June 20, Mgr. Combes, Primate of Africa, will confer the priesthood on three young French Canadians who have gone to that country to become missionaries of the Order of White Fathers. The names of those to be ordained clergymen are Eugene Dery, Joseph Dery and Ernest Paradis, and they were reared in the Archdiocese of Quebec.

Pilgrimages to Lourdes continue in Pilgrimages to Lourdes continue in great number. During the year of 1906, 161,831 pilgrims visited the famous shrine, among them being a Cardinal, 46 Archbishops and Bishops and 27 other prelates. Masses during and 27 other prelates. Masses during the year numbered 40,800 and 407,000 the year numbered 40,800 and 407,000 communions were received, while the Medical Bureau alone has registered 116 cures. Among those who visited the shrine were 280 physicians of repute, who came to examine and report on the miraculous cures.

Dr. William Duthoit, who died at Hove, England, the other day, was a convert to the Catholic faith. He enconvert to the Catholic faith. He en-tered the Church through a very strange door. Purcell's "Life of Car-dinal Manning" did the work. There is no accounting for the visitations of divine grace. Hitherto the biography in question has been counted a harmful book, and one designed to keep the Romeward - inclined from entering the Cabolic Church.

unions, hence ill-healt, and hence the germ of social hatreds.

This danger, we read in recurring to the pages of M. Tilloy, is a peril for Catholicity, not only in France, but the world over. It is a question for us of our social salvation. The Jewish masonic propaganda confines itself not alone to France, but is active in every great centre of the world.

The fundamental principle on which it works, is the acquisition of the wealth and, consequently, the power of the The Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo., informs us that a Methodist minister was dismissed from his pulpit in that city last week for persistently attacking the Catholic Church. He defended himself by alleging that he never said anything about the Church of Rome that the Methodist standards

The London Monitor and New Era announces the reception into the Church of Mr. George Grossmith, Jr., whom it describes as "a notable convert." "Even the rumor of his conversion excited considerable curiosity in London," says our contemporary, "and, of course, the announcement which we are now able to make will be received with great interest. The movement to-wards Rome has been making steady progress of late, and the number of distinguished men who have joined the true Church recently is remarkably

It is now nearly seventy years since the famous Oxford movement began in England. From the beginning of the movement to 1899 there have been received into the Catholic Church in England 446 clergymen, 417 members of Parliament, 205 officers of the army, of Parliament, 200 162 authors, poets and journalists, 129 lawyers, 69 doctors, 39 naval officers, 29 baronets 27 peers. Tota officers, 29 baronets 27 peers. Total 1,517. From these conversions, 158 have become priests in various religious orders, while 290 have joined gious orders, while 250 have joined the secular priesthood. Four hundred and forty-five of these converts came from Oxford, while Cambridge Univers-sity gave the Church 213.

Two months ago the press of the whole world was talking about the imminence of an anti clercial attack on the Church and the religious orders in the Church and the religious orders in Spain. Lately the King of Spain in opening the new session of Parliament uttered these words: "The paternal solicitude which the Roman Pontiff shows for the Spanish nation and which is answered by the firm resolve of myself and my government to maintain concord between the two powers, has

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.P.P. ager. ager.

Dr. Haux so much and that is

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something, and man she that turned the "I wish she ha

way," said Father 'tis screwed on the "Father Mart

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and nonsense—
"Father Marthim," said Father well of an informer

LUKE DELMEGE

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

A NOVEL THESIS.

"There is the Angelus, Luke," said
Margery Delmege, anxiously, as Luke
came in from the fields holding his came in from the heids not not finger.

Brieviary open with one finger.

"Hurry up, you'll hardly be in time; and it won't do to keep grand people and it won't do to keep grand people. waiting.

Luke did not reply. He had read somewhere of a saint who was reading the Mirabilia of None when a great monarch was announced, and he went on calmly reading. "He was in audience with the 'King of Kings." So

ience with the 'King of Kings.'" So
Luke read on to the end, not noticing
his sister's anxiety. Then he said the
Sacrosanctae, and then:
"Well, Margy, [you were saying
something?"
"I said you'd be late, and that
won't do. There are your cuffs, and I
put in your best sleeve-links; and let
me see your collar. You must change see your collar. You must change at. Why 'tis all damp. What have

you been doing?"

Luke looked calmly down on the black tresses of his beloved sister, as she jussed and worried about his toilette.

" A regular Martha!" he whispered "A regular Martha!" he whispered.
"Martha or no Martha, you must be turned out of the house decently. Mind, come home early—that is, as early as politeness will allow. And if that horrid Miss Wilson says anything offensive—I'm sure she will—treat her the superforment."

with silent contempt."

"All right, Margy. That's just in "And come home early, mind.
Father Pat will be here to tea; and Father

-what else?

"Never mind, Margy. We'll resume the thread of our narrative in

another chapter."
Margy watched his fine, tall figur

se he swung down along the road, and then went back to get the tea things but with many misgivings an rebodings.
The irritation of the morning had

The irritation of the morning nad one good effect. It had steeled Luke's nerves, so that it was quite in a self-confident, jaunty way he pulled the bell vigorously at the Canon's residence, and then gave a more timid knock. He was ushered into the drawing room by the tidy little servant, and announced as "Father Delmege." Then he was frozen into ice. The two elderly ladies, dressed in black silk, with thin gold chains around their necks, looked at him for a moment, and turned to each other.

As I was saying, my dear, the report is that they are separated, or going to be. It couldn't end other-wise. All these naval fellows, coming

wise. All these naval fellows, coming up there at all hours—well, well, we mustn't be uncharitable."

"The only other occupant of the room was a young lad, about six and twenty years of age, who, faultlessly dressed in evening costume, leaned languidly against the mantlepiece, and would have looked ineffably bored but would have looked inellally bored but that he appeared to derive untold grat-ification from the contemplation of his face in the looking-glass over the mantlepiece. Indeed, to further this ecstatic reverie, he had put aside carefully two vases that held summer flowers, and had even pushed away the clock with the singing birds that had fascinated Luke a few days be fore. And let it be said at once that the reflected image was without doubt, a beautiful one. A face, olive pale, was surmounted with a dark mass of hair that fringed and framed it to perfection; and through the tangled curls a faultlessly white hand was just now running, and tossing them hither and thither with careful indifference. Two blue-black eyes looked steadily out from that white face, or rather would look steadily to if they were allowed. But just now it seemed an effort to look at anything but that fair figure in the quicksilver. Languor, deep, som-nolent languor was the characteristic of this youthful face and figure; and a pained expression, as if the anticipa-tion of the evening's pleasures was an unmitigated annoyance. He looked calmly at the young priest, and then resumed his studies. Luke, chilled and frozen, sank into a chair, and began to turn over the leaves of an album.
Alas! he had not unloosed the clasp, when a very musical box chirped out.
"Within a mile of Edinboro' Town." He closed the album hastily, but too late. On went that dreadful tinkling. He took up a book called "Celebritie of the Century." He was beginning to be interested, when the door shot open, be interested, when the door shot open, and another guest, a solicitor, was an nounced. He was warmly welcomed by the ladies, got a languid nod and "Howda" from the Phidian Apollo, and took no notice whatever of Luke. He sank quietly into the sofa, and commenced the "clitter clatter" of good register. Then the door senter. society. Then the door opened again. me to reveal unannounced a fair girlish form, and a face very like that of Apollo, but toned down by feminine into features that were singular in their beauty, but excluded all ap pearance of singularity. Luke was prepared for another cold douche of od society manners; but Barbar Wilson walked straight towards him, held out her hand and said :

Father Delmege, you are ever kind to come. Mother, this is Luke Delmege, of whom we have heard so This is my aunt, Father Del-Louis, have you met Father

Phidian Apollo turned languidly around; and without removing his hand from his pocket, he nodded and

" Howda ?" " Mamma, you missed such a trea this morning. It was Father Del-mege's first Mass; and oh! it was beautiful! And dear Father Pat was

Miss Wilson, it is not customary to preach at one's first Mass-" "Ah, of course, on ordinary occasions. But we wanted to hear you, you
know. Where is the blue ribbon?
Why don't you wear it?"
"The 'blue ribbon?' said Luke, in

"Yes. Didn't you carry off the blue ribbon' in Maynooth? Father Martin said that there hadn't been so distinguished a course in Maynooth for over fifty years." " Father Martin is too kind," mur

from his icy loneliness, and felt grate ful beyond measure to this gentle girl, who had, with the infinite and unerring who had, with the infinite and unerring tact of charity, broken down all the icy barriers of good society. Mrs. Wilson and her sister woke up, and manifested a little interest in the young athlete. The solicitor rubbed his hands, and murmured something about his old friend, Mike Delmege, "as good a man, sir, your respected father, as is to be found in the Petty Sessions District." and even Apollo paused from District; and even Apollo paused from his hair-teasing, and looked with a little concern and some jealousy at

Then the Canon entered with one or two other visitors, who had been trans-acting business with him, and dinner

"No, no," said Barbara to her uncle in reply to an invitation; "I intend to sit near Father Delmege during dinner.

have lots to say to him."

Ah, Margy! Margy! thought Luke, what rash judgments you have been guilty of! Won't I surprise you with all the goodness and kindness of this

contemptuous young lady?
The dinner was simple, but faultless. The dinner was simple, but faultless. The conversation simmered along on the usual topics—sports, which occupied then a considerable share of public interest in Ireland. One young champion was especially applauded for having thrown a heavy weight some incomputable distance; and his muscles, and nerves, and weight, and training were all carefully debated. If ever we become a wealthy people, our national become a wealthy people, our national cry will be that of the ancient Romans

—Panem et Circenses! Then came the HorseShow that was to be held in August. Here the ladies shone by their delightful anticipations of the great Dublin carnival. Then the Flower Show, just coming on in a neighboring town Here the Canon was in his element, and said, and with an air of modest depreciation, that he had been assure

"My Marshal Niel-ha-shall cer-My Marshal Niel-Ila-a-shall tainly carry First Prize; but I know that my Gladiolus Cinquecentus will be beaten. A happy defeat! for Lady—ha—Descluse has assured me that this time at least I really must give her the—ha—victory."
"But, my dear Canon," said the

solicitor, as if giving not a legal, but a paternal advice, and in a tone full of the gravest solicitude, "you ought not you know. I assure you that a victory of this kind is not to be lightly sacri-Consider now the money valu

of the prizes-'
"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Canon, "the legal mind always runs into-ha-practical issues. The days of chivalry

are gone."
"Well, now," said the solicitor, humbly, 'fof course, sir, you must have your little joke; but seriously now, consider the importance of gaining a prize in such a contest. After all, you know, horticulture is a branch of æsthe tics; and you know, sir, with your vast experience, how important it is for the Church nowadays to be represented, and represented successfully, before our separated brethren, in such a de lightful and elevating and refining pur uit as the culture of flowers.' "Ah: well, Mr. Griffiths; but chi-

valry—where is chivalry?"
"Chivalry is all very well," said Griffiths. driving hon but our first interest is-our one in terest is—the Church. And consider your position—the leading representa-tive of the Church in this district—I might say in this country. See what a dreadful injury to religion it would be if you were defeated, sir, Of course 'tis only a flower; but it's defeat! and the Church, sir mustn't be defeated in

anything or it succumbs in all." "There is something in what you say
ha—indeed," replied the Canon,
"and I shall—ha—give the matter further consideration. But take a

this is wine," said Griffiths snifting the glass and holding it up to the light. "Now, if I may be so im-polite as to venture to guess, I should

polite as to venture to guess, I should say that wine cost a centum at least."
"Add—a—twenty," said the host.
"I thought so. Very unlike the stuff we have to drink at our hotels, even on Circuit. Vinegar and water, and a little logwood to colour it. This is

"Mr. Sumner, you are taking noth-ing. Try that Madeira!" Mr. Sumner was saying nothing, but titles of wine. He was one of those calm, beautiful drinkers, whose senses never relaxed for a moment while the new must was poured into the old med to evaporate as speedily as it was taken. Luke watched him wonderingly, and with Luke certain amount of admiration, and was stricken into silence partly by the surroundings, which to him were unique and awful, which tripped lightly fron the muscles and calves of athle to the fine points of a horse; and from the age of a certain brand of wine to the barometrical rise and fall of stock and shares. He had been hoping in the beginning that the course versation would turn on some of those subjects that were of interest to him self—some great controverted point in the literature or philosophy of the past, or some point of heresy, or some historical fact that he could lay hold on, and perhaps enchain the interest of his Wouldn't some one sa nearers. "Canossa," or "Occam," "Liberius," or even "Wegscheider"? Would they beautiful! And dear Father Pat was there, and the sun was resting on his beautiful white hair like a nimbus. And we all got Father Delmege's blessing, and why did'nt you preach? We were dying to hear you—"

We were dying to hear you—"

Well," said Luke, "you know, tion from her aunt that she was killed

from ennul in that country place, said Lady Clare Vere de Vere If time hangs heavy on your hands, Are there no beggars at your gate? Are there no poor about your lands?"

But, alas! that was but a little puff of intellectual smoke that speedily vanished in the clear atmosphere of outer inanity. And Luke was bending

over to say a complimentary word to Barbara, when the silent signal was given and the ladies arose. Luke was so absorbed in what he was saying that he did not heed a gesture from Canon. Then he awoke to under:

"Father Delmege!" "Father Delmege!"
and saw the Canon pointing angrily to
the door. Poor Luke! He had studied all his rubrics carefully, and knew
them down to every bend and genufiction; but he had never been told of
this rubric before. He blushed, stammered, kept his seat, and said —
"He group reader. I do not prefer "I beg your pardon. I do not under

stand-

To add to his discomfiture, he found that Miss Wilson's dress had got en-tangled around his chair. Blushing, humbled, confused, he tried to disenhumbled, contused, he tried to discherangle the gray silk; but he only made it worse. Then the Appollo arose with a calm smile; raised the chair, gave the flounce a kick, and opening the door with a bow that would have made door with a low that would have make the laughing ladies from the dining-room. The canon was so pleased with the achievement that he almost forgave luke; and luke was questioning him-Luke: and Luke was questioning him-self angrily - Where now is all your learning and useless lumber? And why the — do not the professors in our colleges teach us something about the practical issues of daily life?

practical issues of daily life?

"Anything new in your profession,
Louis?" said the Canon, airily, as the
gentleman drew their chairs together
and lighted their cigars.

"Oh, dear, yes!" said Louis, leisurely, "We are always forging ahead,
you know; moving on with express
speed, whilst you gentlemen of the Law
and the Gospel are lumbering heavily
along in the old ruts."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Canon,
"Very good indeed! Lumbering along

"Very good indeed! Lumbering along in the old ruts! And what might be the newest discoveries now in me

science? Some clever way of shortesting human life?
"Well, no! We are beginning to touch on your prevince, I think. Our sappers and miners are beginning to dig under your foundations."
"But you won't stir the grand old fabric, Louis?" said Griffiths. "You won't you'll find bones and

can't, you know. You'll find bones and skulls, of course ; that's your province but you'll never shake the foundations Will he. Canon?

"Oh, dear no! Oh, dear no!" said the Canon, feebly. "But those men of science are really—ha—very enterprising, and, indeed-ha - aggressive But I cannot see, Louis, how your noble science can conflict with theolog The schools of medicine and the school f theology are-ha-so very distinct.

of theology are—ha—so very distinct."
"They merge in the psychological school, I should say," said Louis.
"And psychology becomes physiology."
At last, at last, Luke, cometh your chance! Here is what you have been dreaming of the whole evening.
Psychology! The very word he had rolled under his tongue a thousand rolled under his tongue a thousand times as a sweet morsel. The soul! the soul! Psyche, his goddess! whom he had watched and studied, analyzed, synthesized, worshipped with all the he had watched and studied, analyzed, synthesized, worshipped with all the gods of science from the "master of those who know" downwards. No hound that had been seen or scented his luarry was ever strung to such

of muscle or nerve as Luke, when at last all the twilight vistas opened, and he saw the broad fields of knowledge and science before him, and Psyche, Psyche, like Atalanta in the fields at Calydon. chology merge in phys

"How can psychology merge in pays-iology?" said Luke, with ary lips, and in a nervous manner. "I always con-sidered that physiology treated only of animal mechanism.

"And psychology treats of?" said Louis Wilson, blandly. "Of—of—the soul, of course," said

Luke. "And is not the soul a part of the animal mechanism?" said his antagon-

"Certainly not," said Luke, "It is conjoined with it and distinct from it."

"Conjoined with it! where? said
Lonia. "I have made nost mortone Louis. "I have made post mortems again and again, and I assure you, rentlemen, I have discovered other part of human anatomy; but that which you pleased to call the soul, I have never found. Where is it? What

Now, now, Louis," said the Canon with feeble deprecation "this is going far, you know. But, of course, this is only for the sake of the of — ha — ha far, you know. argument. This is only a — ha—post-prandial academic discussion. Proceed

Mr. Delmege."

Poor Luke was now getting a little excited. He had never been taught that first of accomplishments, self control and reserve. Indeed, he had been so accustomed to success in the theses that had been arranged for students in his college, that he quite resented the very idea of being opposed or cate-chised by this young foppish doctor. When he folded his soutane in May nooth and said, half sarcastically, in the scholastic form:
"Sic argumentaris, doctissime Domine!"
his antagonist, had goes down. very idea

his antagonist had gone down pell-mell before him. And the idea of this young freshman attacking the fortresses of Catholic philosophy was intolerable. In a word, Luke was losing temper.

"The veriest tyro in philosophy,' he said (it was a favorite expression o his, when he wanted to overwhelm utterly an antagonist,) the soul is a simple substance, residing whole and indivisable, in every part of

"This is part of the human frame raid Louis, pulling a long black hair from his forehead, "is my soul there? Then go, thou soul, into everlasting nothingness." He placked the hair in

member carries with it a soul."
"Do you not hold that there is a separate creation for each human

Yes. That is of faith.' "Where's the necessity? If life springs from antecedent life (that is springs from antecedent life (that is your strong point against biologists,) and if the soul is existent in every part, when there is life, does not the soul pass on to the new life, and be-come the animating principle in its

come the animating principle in its embryonic state?" "That is heresy," said Luke. "That is the heresy of Tertullian. St.

"I thought," said his antagonist, blandly, "we were arguing as to facts, and not as to opinions."

"But I deny that opinions are prosed to facts," said Luke, timidly. opposed to facts," said Luke, timidly.
"You may not be aware," said Wilson, "that the greater part of your treatises on Moral Theology are arranged with the most childish ignorance of physiological facts that are known to every school boy who has passed his first medical."

"And are you aware," said Luke, hotly, that many of your profession who have passed their last medical are wis and humbled enough to acknowledge that what you call facts are still the cana and mysteries of Nature?

"Perhaps so," said Wilson, air But writers that lay down moral la for the world, and base these laws on the operations of Natural Law, should to understand these latter first. By the way, have you read anything of electro biology?"
" No!" said Luke, humbly.

"Have you read anything about psychic forces through Animal Meg-

No," said Luke. "Have you heard of Reichenba and his theory of Odic Forces?" Luke shook his head humb'y. He was stunned by the noisy emptiness of

Wilson threw him aside as a worthles antagonist and addressed Sumner.
"Did you see the last by Maupassant, Sumner?"

sant, Sumner?"
"The last you lent me," said Sumner.
"It is pretty tattered now. But really,
you know, Wilson, I think these French
fellows go a little too far, you know, I'm not squeamish, you know; but really you know, that fellow makes your hair stand on end

Wilson laughed rudely and shrugged his shouldars.
"Mea of the world mustn't be squeamish about trifles-

"Gentlemen," said the Canon, "I think we shall join the ladies at tea."
"I shall give you a volume by Gabriele d'Annunzio, our latest Italian writer," Luke heard Wilson saying to Sumner, as he stood in the porch to finish his cigar. "Pity those young clerical gentlemen don't read up with the recigar. "Pity those young clerical gentlemen don't read up with the requirements of the day."

"If think you read too much, Wilson," said Sumner. "You can't keep straight, you know, if you are too well acquainted with these things, you

know."
"Sumner, you have a hard head for liquor.' "It is not in the power of whiskey

to make me drunk," said Sumner, modestly.
"Well, I have a hard head in other
"By the way,

matters," said Wilson. "By the way, did you ever try laudanum?"
"No!" said Sumner. "I wouldn't vonture beyond the bounds of honest "You ought. Nothing braces a man

like it. You see there's a total want of agility in these clergymen because they are so afraid of stimulants. I'm sure, now, my uncle would be alm clever; but you notice, he touc but you notice, he touches And that young greenhorn—'

"That young elergyman — a mere farmer's son — do you know that there is not on earth such a geeenhorn as a clerical student? Now, if he took a little opium, according to De Quincey's prescription, well boiled, and with plenty of lemonade or orangeade, he would be passable—"
"Well, Louis, you bowled him over

cretainly."
"Yaas! I should say so. And good

Lord! what an accent! I wonder will

CHAPTER VI.

ADIEUX. Mortified and irritated, vexed at him-Mortified and irritated, vexed at himself for his short-comings, savage with others for their unkindness, Luke passed into the drawing-room. Somehow, his anger gave a tinge of pallor to his brown, healthy face, that made him look quite interesting; and it was with something like kindness that Mrs. Wilson beckoned him to a seat near herself on the sofa, and chatted affably with him for a few moments. She also with him for a few moments. She also engaged his services in helping around engaged his services in helping around the tea from a dainty wicker work table; and he was beginning to feel a little more comfortable, though still determined to escape at the first opportunity, when the Canon asked hin abruptly to turn over the leaves of the music on the piano, at which Barbara was now seated. Luke was about to excuse himself by saying with perfect truth that he knew nothing about music; but in a weak moment he rose, and whilst Miss Wilson's fingers wandered over the keys, he stood, statuelike, and motionless, near her. In few seconds she nodded, and he turne the leaf with the air of an expert; and then the full absurdity of the situation then the full absurdacy of the situation broke suddenly upon him, and dyed neck and face and up to the roots of hair in deep crimson of shame and con-fusion. For he remembered that at the last retreats picture of a worldly priest last retreats picture of a worldly priess was held up to their reprobation—a picture, not too highly colored, but grimly painted by a strong and merciless hand. There it was, lurid and ghastly, or pitifully iludicrous, as you choose or your mood may be—the limp, unmuscular, artificial cleric, who, with all the insignia of Christ and the Cross, from his forehead, "is my soul there? Then go, thou soul, into everlasting nothingness." He plucked the hair in pieces and let it fizzle away at the glowing end of his cigar.

"This is flippant, if not worse," said the manners and conversation is forever changing and shifting, like a mime on the stage. Ah! Luke! Luke! and hither hast thou come, even on the day hither

Luke. "No one holds that a separated of thy first Mass. Burning with shame of thy first Mass. Burning with shame and self-scorn, he had sense enough left to whisper, "You will excuse me!" and retreated ignominiously to a corner, where, over the pages of an album, he thought unutterable things. He woke up, after what appeared to be an hour, by hearing the Canon say:

"That duet from—ah—Trovatore, Barbara; or, perhaps Louis would sing, 'Hear Me—ha—Gentel Maritana'!"

The two voices blended beautifully, and at another time Luke would have listened with pleasure, but not to-night.

and at another time Luke would have listened with pleasure, but not to-night. Oh, no! it has been a day of humilia-tion and suffering, and even the gentle spirit of music for once fails to bring peace and healing on her wings. There was a hushed and whispered collogy between Barbara and her

colleduy between Barbara and mother, and then the former, mother, and then the former, with some hositation, approached to where Luke was sitting, and said timidly, helding her hands pleadingly before her:

"Mother would like to hear you sing, Father. I'm sure you sing well -"

"I assure you, Miss Wilson, I'm quite unaccustomed to--"

"Now, I know you have a lovely baritone from the way you said the 'Prayers' to-day. Do, Father!"
What could he sing? "Believe Me, If All?" Hush! "Oh! Doth Not a Meeting Like This Make Amends?"
Absurd! "There's a Bower of Roses
by Bendameer's Stream?" Sickly and by Bendameer's Stream?" by Bendameer's Stream?" Sickly and sentimental! Yes, he will, by Jove! He'll take a subtle revenge by ruffling the placidity of this smooth and aristocratic circle. Won't they laugh when they hear it at home? Won't Father Pat smite his leg like a Valena and

He goes!
And drawing himself up to his full height, and leaning one arm on the mantelpiece, Luke sang out in the noble baritone, that had often echoed at Christmas plays around the gloomy

Pat smite his leg like a Vulcan, and declare that it was the best thing he he ever heard in his life? But it will

be impolite and shocking! No matter!

halls of Maynooth-"From Howth away to famed Dunboy,
By Kerry's beetling coasts.
With lightning speed the summons flew
To marshal Freedom's hosts.
From Limerick's old historic walls
To Boyne's ill-omened tide
The long watched signal swelled their
hearts
With Vengeance, Hope, and Pride."

The Canon was gasping and his face lengthening as in a spoon; the ladies smiled in horror; Appol o looked up, angry and contemptuous; Griffiths was about to say : " Now, you know, Father Delmege

that's rank treason, you know "-but on went Luke, his rich voice thundering out the song of rebellion in the ears of these excellent loyalists:

"They're mustering fast—see, Slievenamon Its serried lines displays; Mark how their burnished weapons gleam In morning's ruddy blaze; While proudly floats the flashing green Where purl the Mague and Lee, Hurrsh! my boys, we've lived thank

God. To set the Old Land free!"

The Canon was shocked beyond expression; yet a tender old-time feeling seemed to film his eyes, for the Mague was rolling past his door, and the summit of Slievenamen could be seen from the window. Luke rapidly shook hands with the ladies, whilst Barbara, in her

enthusiasm, asked:
"Who wrote it? You must give me the words and the music, Father! 'Tis worth all the operas ever written.' He nodded to Griffiths, took no notice of the Apollo, shook hands with the Canon and thanked him for his hos-pitality, and dashed out into the cool

ir with a throbbing heart and a burning forehead. He was pushing along in his swift striding way, and had reached the road, when he heard a flutter of silk behind

him; and there was Barbara Wilson. little out of breath and very white. He "Father," she said pleadingly, "I understand you are going on th Eng-

"Yes," he said wonderingly.
"Might I ask where will you be?"
"I cannot say," he said, "but in one of the south-eastern counties."
"Thank God," she said fervently. Then after some hesitation, and gulping down some emotion, "I want you

" If I may." nake a promise. "You may meet my brother in England. He has been in Brighton, an assistant to a physician there. He is now in London attending St. Thomas' Hospital. If you meet him, will you be

kind?"
"I'm not much attracted by your brother, Miss Wilson," Luke bluntly.

"I know; but you are a priest, and his soul is at stake. You do not know, but I am afraid that he is—that he is—

out I am arraid that he is—that he is—oh! my God! weak in his faith. You may be able to help him!"

"Of course, if I come across him in the course of my ministrations—" The Good Shepherd sought out the lost sheep," said Barbara.

"But, you know, one does not like repulse," said Luke.
"It is a question of a soul," said Barbara, her eyes filling with tears.
"Say no more, Miss Wilson," said
Luke, "you shame me. I heard your brother give expression to some shocking things this evening; and I confess I conceived a strong and violent

aversion to him; but now that you have appealed—" "Thank you, oh, so much! And there's something else about poor Louis-She put her fingers to her lip, mus

ing. Then, after a pause, she said : "Never mind. You'll find it out for yourself; but you promise?"
"I promise," he said.
"And you won't allow his arrogance

and pride to repel you?"
"I hope not," said Luke. "God bless you!" she said fervently

clasping his hand. "Hallo, old man! Alive and kicking?" was the cheery welcome of Father Pat, who, snugly ensconced in a capacious arm-chair in the parlor at

looked to Luke's eyes, dazzled and dimmed by the splendors of the Canon's house, and half-brinded from the emotions aroused during the evening. The image remained imprinted on the retentive retina of Luke's memory for retentive retina of Luke's memory for many a day, and came up, amongst strange scenes and sights, to comfort him with its holy beauty. Often, in after years, when sitting at the tables of noblemer, who traced their blood back to the invaders, who bit the sands at Hastings, that cloud dream of his seaside home rose soft and beautiful as a nice of emphantment reseal. a piece of enchantment raised to the witchery of soft music; and often, on the streets of Southwark at midnight, when the thunder of the mighty stream of humanity rolled turbid and stormy along the narrow streets, did he as in a far-off picture, parrowed in the perspective of memory, the white farm-house above the breakers, and the calm, beautiful, twilight holiness that slept above it—a canopy of peace and rest, He saw two windows that ventilated the parlor—the one looking northward over soft gray meadows and golden cornfields, that stretched away till they were lost in the purple and blue of th shadowy, mysterious mountains; the other looking southward over masses of purple heather, to where the ever-lasting sea shimmered in silver all day long, and put on its steel blue armor against the stars of night. There was the tea-table, with its cups and saucers and its pile of dainty griddle cakes, cut in squares, and fresh from the hands of Margery; and golden butter, the best that was made in the Golden Vale: and thick, rich cream; and fragrant strawberries, nestling in their grape-like leaves. And there was his good like leaves. And there was his good father, a stern old Irish Catholic of the Puritan type, silent and God fearing and just, who never allowed a day to pass without an hour of silent com-munion with God, in his bedroom after the midday meal, and on whose lands the slightest whisper of indelicacy was punished by immediate expul There sat the kindly mother, her tiful white hair arranged under her snowy cap, and the eternal beads in her hands. There, gliding to and fro, was Margery—a perfect Martha of housewifely neatness and alertness; and Lizzle, the grave, thoughtful Mary of the household; and there was Father Pat, best and kindest and truest of friends to whose arms children sprang for affection, and in whose hands the wildest collie or sheepdog was glad to lay his wet nozzle, after he had valorously defended his premises. Luke flung him-self into the arm chair by the southern window and asked Margery for a "decent cup of tea."

"Well, I suppose now you are fit to dine with the Duke of N——," said Father Pat. "You have passed your entrance examination into decent scciety to-night."

"It wasn't so severe an ordeal as supposed," said Luke. "The Canon was kind; and Miss Wilson—" Margery paused with the teapot high

in air. " Miss Wilson made everything

Margery drew a long, deep breath of

Margery drew a long, deep breath or doubt and shook her head.

"Do you know what I think, Father Pat?" said Luke.

"No. Go on," said Father Pat.

"That there's a lot of real kindness. under all the Canon's formalism; and that he is at heart a good natured

man."
"Humph!" said Father Pat. "How did you come to that conclusion? For I have longer experience of him than you, and I have not reached it yet." "Well, I don't know," replied Luke.
"It is a little thing; but it is little
things that tell. A straw, you know.
I was singing—"
"You were singing?" said Father

Pat. "Did you really sing?" said Mar-

gery.
'What did you sing, Father Luke?''
said Lizzie, who was a more obedient

pupil than her sister.
"I was just saying that when I was singing 'The Master'—" Father Pat jumped from his chair.

'You don't mean to say that you sang that red hot rebel song in the

Canon's presence?" he said.
"Every line of it," replied Luke,
"and I have promised the words and
the music to Barbara Wilson." He looked in a quizzical way at his sister.
"Well, I'm blessed," said Father
Pat, resuming his seat, "but that
beats Banagher. Wait till I tell Tim

He looked at Luke with a certain feeling of awe during the rest of the

oning. 'Well, I was saying,' said Luke, coolly, "that I thought—perhaps 'twas only imagination—that the Canon's eyes softened, and that something like

eyes softened, and the some some the memory of the past."

"Ay, indeed! and so well there might," said Mrs. Delmege. "I well remember when there wasn't a more than the said that the sa tinder or more loving priest in the diocese than you, Father Maurice Murray. Sure 'twas well known that his sister had to lave him because he had not two shoes alike; and he used to stale the mate out of the pot to give it to the poor.'

"I mind well the day," said old Mike Delmege, in a musing way, as if he was trying to call up a fast-vanishing picture, "when he wint in, and took up that poor girl, Bride Downey are the of the final (she is now the mother of the firest childhre in the parish), out of her sick-bed, sheets, blankets, and all, and she reeking with the typhus, the Lord be-tune us and harm, and spotted all over like the measles, and took her over and put her in the van for the hospital, while all the people stood away in fright, and even the man from workhouse wouldn't go near her. And it was you, Canon Murray, that arranged her bed in that workhouse van; and sure you took the faver, and

went hear dying yourself at the time."
"He's not the same man, Mike, since thin. They say the faver turned his head, and he got tetched," said Mrs. Delmege.
"No! but his grand sister, who ran

, Why, thin, one knows as we that there 'ud be the roadside to do the control of see his grand w with the turkeyo letther, and two they'd give him And sure whin th served last autinothing before he
and the Canon w.
he had only pl:
turkey-cock, the
of him than if he ounthry parish to? He took t whin they saw ran into rat-hole you me, Father priests in will ever sleep cover betune it
"That's all
Father Pat; "b his grand airs fo he must practice practice but on " Well, he mi days and holiday hated the who
grand sister and
Dublin, and s
people."
"True, Marg
"we're a plain
want plain, sim
But somehow
that either. that either.
"Luke," said not joking, an Muster' to-nigh I was never said Luke. You sang i

" Every line " Down to— To despot, le God shields the 'Tie for our " Quite so! And he did have a sick-c Jove! what w Well, let me se Tim will have Wednesday. ma'am, on Tright?"

"The best c strolled down t the stile and came backing, and Luke Father Pat h voices, and paide the wind Rosary beads prayer that from end to stole away q stile.
"By Jove

the trees on

lieve he's in

believe it? tin say? We Christmas." On Tuesda Canon and r not quite so his future o appointed. after they h ies, "to say ing on Sun hardly appro

you were n your profess after dinner they—ha—d said Luke. spirit of log him. "Bes at the time "Grace." This was he didn't " I can re

the Canon. learn, by—l The Can few momen broken onl clocks. " your rend nephew was

body and :
-philosoph
'' Your n to deny tha soul at all, by this of never hear than Tong " Ha! t prandial ar But you And you Odic force

There v during whoof justice, professors sils."

and the Canon wrote to the agent, but he had only plain paper without the turkey-cock, they took no more notice of him than if he was an ordinary poor country parish priest. What did he do? He took the train up to Dablin,

you me, Father Pat, there are very

"Well, he might keep them for Sur-days and holidays," said Margery, who hated the whole lot, "or when his grand sister and niece come down from Dublin, and speak plain to plain people."

people."
"True, Margery," said Father Pat;
"we're a plain, simple people, and we
want plain, simple priests."
But somehow Margery didn't like

But somehow Margery didn't like that either. "Luke," said Father Pat, buttoning

up his coat, "do you mean to say you're not joking, and that you sang 'The

"I was never so serious in my life," said Luke.

Muster' to-night ?"

Every line !

" Down to-

You sang it all ?"

"Quite so!"
"And he didn't get a fit?"

Well, let me see! You're off on Friday.
Tim will have you to-morrow; Martin on Tuesday; you'll be with me on Wednesday. We'll leave him to you, ma'am, on Thursday. Is that all right?"

right?"
"All right said Luke.
"The best crachure that ever lived,"
said Mrs. Delmege, as Father Pat
strolled down the moonlit field. Just
at the stile he thought of something
and came back. They were all kneel
ing, and Luke was reciting the Rosary.
Father Pat heard the murmur of the

voices, and paused. And there out

side the window he took out his own Rosary beads and joined in that blessed

prayer that echoes night after night from end to end of Ireland. Then he

stole away quietly and mounted the

stile.
"By Jove!" he said to himself, as

he crossed shadow after shadow from the trees on the high hedges, "I be-lieve he's in earnest. But who'd ever believe it? What will Tim and Mar-

hristmas."
On Tuesday Luke called to see the

his future conduct. Nor was he dis-

appointed.
"I think it my duty," said the Canon

after they had exchanged preliminar-ies, 'to say—ha—that there were a few things at our little—domestic meet-

ing on Sunday, which I—ha—could hardly approve of. Is it possible that

you were never—ha—instructed by your professor to rise with the ladies after dinner, and hold the door open as

This was really good for Luke; but he didn't see how his rapier struck

"I can really hardly credit it," said the Canon. "It is painful to reflect that we alone should be supposed to learn, by—ha—some kind of intuition, the amenities of social intercourse."

The Canon was so pained that for a few moments there was dead silence,

broken only by the ticking of the

"Then," he resumed, at length,

"your rencontre with my-ha-clever nephew was hardly a happy one. I

thought the inter-relations between body and spirit were part of your—ha

"Ha! that was only for a post-prandial argument," laughed the Canon.

"But you lost temper and got confused,
And you never heard of these—ha—
Odic forces? Dear me! What are
our professors doing? And with what

singular equipments they furnish our young men for the battle of life!"

There was another spell of silence, during which Luke drew up to the bar

-philosophical curriculum.

departed ?

cover betune it and the stars.

he must practice; and where practice but on you and me?"

the white farm , and the calm, eace and rest. that ventilated king northward ws and golden I away till they and blue of th nountains; th over masses of n silver all day ht. There wa griddle cakes, len butter, the re was his good Catholic of the and God fearing llowed a day of silent comiate expulsion. nother, her beau-nged under her

ernal beads in her to and fro, was lartha of housealertness; and oughtful Mary of here was Father t and truest of hildren sprang for hands the ad valorously de-Luke flung himrgery for a " deof N—," said have passed your into decent sc-

ere an ordeal as Wilson th the teapot high

ng, deep breath of head. at I think, Father id Father Pat.

made everything

ot of real kindness a's formalism; and t a good natured Father Pat. "How t conclusion? For rience of him than reached it yet." ow," replied Luke.

straw, you know ing?" said Father sing?" said Maring, Father Luke?"
s a more obedient

ng that when I was d from his chair. an to say that you rebel song in the 'he said.

'he said.
it,' replied Luke,
ised the words and
rbara Wilson.'' He
al way at his sister.
ssead,'' said Father
s seat, "but that
Wait till I tell Tim

uke with a certain ring the rest of the saying," said Luke, ought—perhaps 'twas
— that the Canon's
that something like

to them, as from the and so well there. Delmege. "I well there wasn't a more

oving priest in the lave him because he es alike; and he used out of the pot to give the day," said old

a musing way, as if call up a fast-vanish-hen he wint in, and r girl, Bride Downey mother of the firest arish), out of her sickkets, and all, and she typhus, the Lord be n, and spotted all over and took her over and van for the hospital, people stood away in the man from the in't go near her. And Canon Murray, that ed in that workhouse ou took the faver, and yourself at the time."
same man, Mike, since
the faver turned his
ot tetched," said Mrs.

s grand sister, who ran ickness, and wint up to she got into a castle or

something, and married a big man, 'tis ahe that turned the poor man's head."
"I wish she had turned it the right way," said Father Pat, "for certainly 'tis screwed on the wrong way now"
"Father Martin says, too, that he is a rale good man under all his airs —ill timed and rather vulgar—melody to which you treated us; but you are— ba—going to England, and your mission will be—ha—inoperative and ineffectual if you import into the ministrations of is a rale good man under all his airs and nonsense—
"Father Martin? No one minds him," said Father Pat; "he'd speak well of an informer or a landgrabber.", 'Why, thin, now, Father Pat, no one knows as well as your reverence that there 'ad be many's poor family on the roadside to day but for the same Canon. Sure they say that when they see his grand writing up in Dublin, with the turkeycock on the top of the letther, and two swords crossed, that they'd give him all he ever asked for. And sure whin the Widow Gleeson was served last autumn, and there was nothing before her but the workhouse, and the Canon wrote to the agent, but

if you import into the ministrations of your daily ministry such treasonable principles as those contained in that—ha—street-ballad. You were never taught operatic music in Maynooth?"

"No, sir," said Luke; "it was sternly interdicted."

"Dear me! how reactionary! And it is so—ha—refining. Did you notice that pretty duet, 'Ai nostri monti?"

The Canon placed the tips of his fingers together. together.

Yes, it was pretty," murmured Luke.
"And my nephew's rendering o

"And my nephew's rendering of 'Hear Me, Gen—tel Maritana'?"
"I did not follow that," said Luke.
"And then to compare that flery Marseillaise, which you so unwisely, but, indeed, rather melodiously rendered! Do you think now really—ha—that 'Hurrah, me boys,' is an expression suited to a drawing room audience, or do you not see that it would be more fitting in a street-corner ballad or the heavy atmosphere of a—ha—tap-room?" Luke was silent and angry.

and walked into the office. Phew! whin they saw his grand figure, they ran into rat-holes before him. Believe heavy atmosphere of a—ha—tap-room?"
Luke was silent and angry.
'It is quite possible," continued the Canon, "that you will be thrown a good deal into—ha—English society. You may be invited to dine with the—ha—aristocracy, or even the—ha—nobility. I hope, my dear young friend, that you will never forget yourself so far as to introduce into such lofty and refined circles such dithyrambic and—ha—revolutionary ballads as that under discussion." lew priests in the country can make the Canon's boast, that no little child will ever sleep in his parish without a cover betune it and the stars."
"That's all right, Mike," said
Father Pat; "but why doesn't he keep his grand airs for grand people?—"
"Why," said Mike Delmege, "sure

discussion."

Luke said nothing, but continued tracing the pattern of the carpet.

"You must slak your extreme national sensibilities," said the Canon, "in the superior ambitions of the Church, and the care not to offend the preand take care not to offend the pre-judices of our dear English brethren by too-pronounced references to those —ha—political issues on which we—ha—differ."

There was truth in all that the Canon was saying, though put rather brutally, and Luke had only to listen. Then there was a surprising change of

"I have written to the Bishop and obtained the requisite permission for you to celebrate three Masses in your father's house, not only now, but on all subsequent occasions when you may—ha—be resident in your paternal "No more as craven slaves we bend To despot, king, or queen; God shields the right—strike sure and fast, 'Tis for our native Green.'"

home—"
"Oh, thank you so much, Canon,"
said Luke, most gratefully; "that's a
great favor."
The Canon went on, not noticing the

"And he didn't get a lt?"
"Not up to the time I was leaving."
"Well, he has got one now. I'll have a sick-call to him to night. By Jove! what will Tim and Martin say?

The Canon went on, not noticing the ebullition.

"As I was saying—ha—I think this arrogation of rights that are parochial seems hardly consistent with Canon Law; but I have not insisted too warmly on my privileges as parish priest, lest I should seem wanting in the respect due to the lofty dignity of the episcopal bench. But I took—ha—the opportunity of remonstrating with the opportunity of remonstrating with HisLordship for having set aside one of my parishioners, and selected one of rather mediocre abilities, if I am rightly informed, for a position in the diocesan seminary which demands both talent and character."

Luke was at first bewildered. Then he saw through the Canon's kindered.

he saw through the Canon's kindness beneath his coat of buckram. "I'm sure I'm greatly obliged to you,

sir, for such trouble. I confess I did feel some annoyance at first, but now I should prefer to go to England.

"And I quite approve of your decision," said the Canon, suavely; "indeed, it is one of the chief regrets of my life that I was public to my life that I was unable to graduate on the Eaglish mission. Nevertheless, the slight to my parishioner remains, and I shall not forget it." Here the Canon sank into a reverie,

believe it? What will Tim and Martin say? We'll be talking about it till as if as if meditating a subtle revenge against the Bishop.
"Do you know," he said, waking up suddenly "anything of the science of heraldry?"
"No," said Luke, promptly.

not quite so nervous as on previous occasions, but he expected to receive a severe reprimand and a long lecture on "That's a very serious loss to you," replied the Canon; "what did you learn, or how did you employ your time?"

"To tell the truth, I'm beginning to think," said Luke, "that whatever I learned is so much useless lumber, and that I must get rid of it somehow and commence all over again."

"A very proper resolution," said the Canon. "Now, let me see !—Delmege! That must be a French or Norman name. Could your family have been "It is not only possible, but a fact," said Luke, with the old contentious spirit of legic chopping coming back to him. "Besides, sir, I was engrossed at the time, and didn't hear you say 'Grace.'"

"They were Palatines," said Luke.
"They lived over there at Ballyorgan in the valleys, and became Catholics several generations back."

"How very interesting!" said the Canon. "Our family, as you are aware, are Scotch—Murray, Moray. It was one of my ancestors who held the painter of the boat for Mary Queen of Scots when she was escaping from that castle, you know; and it was the great queen who, extending her gloved hand to my—ha—ancestor, gave our family its motto. 'Murray,' she said, 'Murray, sans tache.' I hope," continued the Canon, after a pause, "that I and my family will never bring a blot upon the amily will never bring a blot upon the

fair escutcheon of our noble house."

Luke did not know exactly what to reply, but he was saved the trouble; for the Canon rose, and saying, in his most grandiose manner, "that he most grandiose manner, "that he understood it was customary to demand -philosophical curriculum."

"Your nephew was Christian enough to deny that there was such a thing as soul at all," said Luke, flushing. The idea of being catechised on philosophy by this old man, who probably had never heard of a more recent writer than Tongiorgi or Liberatore! And all this to a "First of First"!

"Ha! that was only for a post-—ha—a young priest's blessing," to Luke's consternation, the old man knelt humbly on the carpet. Luke repeated the words, but dared not, from old veneration, touch the white hair. And

veneration, touch the white hair. And the Canon, rising, placed an envelope in his hands, and said:

"When you have said your three Masses, kindly say ten Masses for me! Good bye! I shall hope—ha—some! times to hear of you from your excell-

ent father. Good bye !"

The astonished and bewildered young priest opened the envelope when he had passed out of sight of the presby-tery, and took out, with mingled feel-

vexed humanity from the beginning and shall remain insoluble to the end. Find your work and do it. But who was ever content with this? Or what greatest sage was ever satisfied to look at the Sphinx of life without asking the meaning in her eternal eyes?
TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GLORY OF GOD" AND THE KING.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN. His Majesty King Heinrich of Spiel His Majesty King Heinrich of Spiel-berg-Schloppe, one of the smaller semi-independent kingdoms of Central Europe, strolled out of the gates that gave entrance to the courtyard of his palace, with a squashy felt hat upon his head and a big cigar between his teeth. The King, still a youngish man—who had only lately succeeded, by the grace of God and of Kaiser Wilhelm—had spent a tedious, worrying day in the spent a tedious, worrying day in the company of his Lord High Seneschal, making arrangements for his forthcoming coronation. He felt, therefore, that it would be a welcome relief and refreshment to saunter out alone into the adjoining park and to lone awhile. the adjoining park and to lose awhile the cares of the King in the negligent freedom of the private citizen. His

Majesty had proceeded but a few paces beyond the courtyard gates when he was accosted by a small boy, apparently about eight years old, who carried his hands deep in the pockets of his knickerbockers, and his sailor hat far on the back of his curly head. He was looking at the King timidly, withal

eagerly.
"I beg your pardon, I wish to ask
you something," he said, with childish

you something," he said, with childish courtesy.

"Well, my little man, what is it?" inquired His Majesty, kindly.

"I saw you coming out of the gates of the palace, and I thought that p'raps you knew the King. Do you?" he cried with evident eagerness.

"Yes, I do. Why do you ask?" smiled his Majesty.

"'Cos I want to see the King ever so much, only the sentry at the gate wouldn't let me in, and I thought that p'raps you wouldn't mind taking him a message from me.

"I dare say I could," replied King Heinrich, "What is the message that you wish to send?"

"I want to ask the King if he'll give me and mother places in the church, so

me and mother places in the church, so as we can see him crowned," said the little boy. "Would you—would you really—ask him for me?"

"Oh, yos! I dare say I could," answered King Heinrich, both amused and touched by the agger loyalty of his ouched by the eager loyalty of his

little subject.
"And do you think that he'll—say
—yes?" exclaimed the child, with anxious excitement. "I think so. The King pays a good

deal of attention to me."

"Does he? Oh, that is splendid.
I 'specks you're the Chancellor, aren't
you? Father says that the Chancellor
runs the Kirg?" His Majesty's eyes twinkled, but he

answered, gravely:

"No, my little man; I'm not the Chancellor, At present I am merely a private individual, like yourself."

"Oh!" said the little boy, with a puzzled look. "But, please, is what father says true? Does the Chancellor my the King?"

father says true? Does the Chancellor run the King?"

"No, that's not the case," replied His Majesty, smiling. "The King has a very decided will of his own, and he exercises it, I can assure you."

"Im glad of that," said the child, with a sigh of relief. "I think ever so much of the King; so does mother. But I couldn't think anything of him if he was run by some one else. Could

he was run by some one else. Could

King Heinrich laughed.

"You may tell your father from me,"
he said—" and I know His Majesty
well—that the King has to work as hard
as any of his subjects, and harder than
most of them. While, as for his having
a good time out of the taxes—well, the
necessary expenses of his court are so necessary expenses of his court are so large that he has, after all, a very moderate sum left over to spend upon

That's what mother says." "Then your mother is a very sensi-

ble woman."
"Sensible? Oh, yes," cried the
little fellow with enthusiastic conviction. "I don't think there's anybody

tion. "I don't think there's anybody in the world quite so wise as mother."

"That's good," smiled the King, patting his curly head. "Stick to that, little man; you can't do better. But about those places for the coronation." (His Majesty produced his pocketbook and pencil.) "If you will give me your name and address, I will forward you the tickets to-morrow."

"My name, is Eric Ericson," said the little boy, "and I live at Platz Imperial."
"Very well. The tickets 'shall be sent to you there—one for yourself and

sent to you there—one for yourself and one for your mother. Or perhaps your father might like to come, too," added His Majesty, slyly, "even though he does entertain such a poor opinion of Kings."

"I-I think father would come if the King sent him a ticket," answered the child. "Father thinks very little of Barons. But when Baron von Kraut-Barons. But when Baron von Krautfeld asks h m to dinner, he always goes.
I should like him to come, too. I should
like him to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head. It might
make him think differently of the King
after that, mightn't it?"
"Eh? The glory of God?" exclaimed King Heinrich.
"Yes. Father says, you know, that

There was another spell of silence, during which Luke drew up to the bar of justice, and solemnly condemned his professors as a set of "effete old fossits."

"I should hardly," said the Canon, resuming, "care to allude to that—ah let the mighty problem alone! It has such thing, but that the King Heinrich. "Yes. Father says, you know, that the coronation is only a silly and 'spension,' care to allude to that—ah let the mighty problem alone! It has

goes to church on purpose to receive God's blessing. And when the Cardi nal anoints the King, she says, the glory of God descends upon the King's head, and follows him, afterwards, all the days of his life."

The little boy spoke with earnest and reverent solemnity. His Majesty was silent. He felt embarrassed. To tell the truth, this was an aspect of the coronation that had hardly occurred to him. The child went on:

him. The child went on:
"Oh! I am so longing to see the "Oh! I am so longing to see the glory of God come down upon the King's head. Please—oh, please—do you think the King will be like Moses?" "Like Moses? Eh? What? I don't understand."

"I mean will his face be so bright with God's glory as no one won't be able to look at him; and will he have

able to look at him; and will he have to wear a veil, so as people's eyes sha'n't be blinded?"

'I fancy not," said the king, with unwonted gravity. "In fact, I doubt whether you will see the glory of God at all, my little man."

'Why not?" cried the little boy, eagerly. "The children of Israel saw it when it came down on Moses."

'Yes," said the king, in some embarrassment. "But—well, the times have changed since then, you see,"

"But God hasn't changed."

"No—I suppose ——Ahem! I mean,

"No-I suppose ——Ahem! I mean, of course, God hasn't changed."

"I shall ask God to let me see His glory descend upon the king's head. Then it's sure to be all right, isn't it?" "Yes, yes! Do that!" replied His Majesty quickly. The king would like

you to do that."
"Would he? I'm so glad. But how
do you know? You haven't asked the king."
"Little boy," said His Majesty. "I

am the King?'

The blue eyes opened their widest in wonder — in disappointment. "You! But you don't look a bit like a king!"

"Don't I?" smiled King Heinrich.

"In what way?"

"Why, you've got on an or'nary felt hat and a grey suit, just like father's and—and you're smoking a cigar. But I see how it is," he cried, with sudden glee, a light dawning upon him. "It's because you haven't been crowned yet, and the glory of God hasn't come down upon you. Mr. King, please, after that, you'll be quite different, won't you?"

"Yes," answered His Majesty, thoughtfully, "I hope that, after that I shall be quite different."

"Of course you will!" exclaimed the little boy, "for the glory of God will follow you all the days of your life. Mother says so. I 'specks it will hover round your head like the circles in my Sunday picture book. Please, don't you, Mr. King?"

"I hope so; "said the King. "Good, bye, my little man. I will not forget about those tickets, and don't you forget about that prayer."

Then His Majesty proceeded on his way. And the little boy, wild with delight and happiness, ran off to his home in the Platz Imperia', which was only a few hundred yards distant.

There he found his mother, and with her, his father, who had just returned from business. He told them eagerly of In what way?" "Why, you've got on an or'nary felt

There he tound his mother, she with her, his father, who had just returned from business. He told them eagerly of his wonderful experience. At first even his mother could hardly believe him. His father made no secret of his incredulity, treating the whole story as an extraversant just.

"Some one has been playing a joke with you, sonnie. That's about the truth of it," he laughed.
"No, father. Really no!" protested little Eric, earnestly, the tears coming into his blue eyes. "It was the King. He told me himself he was."

"Oh, yes. The gentleman told you he was. I don't doubt that. I might pass myself off as His Majesty, if that's

chai nor the Chancellor, but by a ser-vant wearing the royal livery, and they were enclosed in a large envelope in-ascribed with royal arms. Of their genuineness there could be no doubt. Even Papa Ericson did not try to dispute it. He knew what the co tickets were like, for some of his friends who had obtained them had shown them to him, and he himself had been moving heaven and earth - all in vain- to neaven and earth—an in value to secure one. But now the coveted treasure had arrived through eight year old Eric. He was delighted to have it, but the way in which it had solicit. come (when his own persistent ations had failed so ignominiously) rather annoyed, not to say galled, him. So he affected to pooh pooh the tieket. He glanced at it with a show of peev-ish irritation. He tossed it contemptnously on one side. "Oh, father," cried the little boy,

in great distress at his parent's con-duct; "you will go, now the King has ent you a ticket, won't you?"

"Oh, don't worry me! Don't know, I'm sure. Great nuisance, I call it.
Why the thunder and lightnirg couldn't
the King have left me out of it? I
don't want to seem uncivil to His
Majesty, but I do so loathe these stupid functions. There, Eric, run away. I've other and more important matters to attend to." So Eric ran away, quite c.ntented. He knew now that his father would go. This was the way in which he expressed himself when Baron von Krautield sent him an invitation

The succeeding days were days of The succeeding days were days of great preparation. Erio's father spent hours with his tailor fitting on and fussing over his court suit. His mother must, of course, have a special frock and bonnet for the occasion, and Erie himself must have a new velvet jacket and knickerbockers. But although the little boy, as a rule, was keenly in terested in his new clothes, as children are, on this occasion he seemed quite are, on this occasion he seemed quite indifferent to the matter. One thought occupied his mind, one sentence he kept repeating to himself with happy, eager

"I am going to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head."
"Twas this prospect alone that engrossed his fancy. All else seemed tr fling and immaterial. And again and grain he properted smilling softly, to e repeated, smiling softly, to

himself:
"I am going to see the glory of God descend upon the King's head."

Also, when he said his prayers each night and morning, he never forgot to

ask:
"Please God, let Thy glory descend upon the King's head; and please, please, let me see it. And please let it follow the King all the days of his

it follow the King all the days of his life, like the golden circles in my Sunday picture book."

Once, as he uttered this prayer at his mother's knee, he felt a warm tear drop upon his neck. He looked up at her, puzzled and wondering.

"Why do you cry, mother?" he said.
"Don't you like me to ask God that?"
"Yes, was, dear: very much. But

"Yes, yes, dear; very much. But you see I am afraid that my little boy will be disappointed."
"Oh, mother. Then don't you believe that the glory of God will descend upon the King's head? And it was you who told me it would!"
"Yes, Eric, I am sure it will. But I don't think that you will see it, dear. The glory of God is invisible. It cannot be seen with these our earthly eyes."

eyes."
"The children of Israel saw it on Moses," answered little Eric, "so why shouldn't I see it on the King?"

why shouldn't I see it on the King?"

"Things are different now, my darling," said his mother.

"But God's not different," he replied. "I asked the King if he was, and he said, 'No.' What God did for Moses He can do for the King. And I know He'll make it so as I can see His glory descend upon the King's head."

When Frau Ericson told her husband of this conversation he laughed alond of this conversation he laughed aloud

of this conversation he laughed aloud in his scoffing, contemptuous way.

"That's a good one," he said. "A man of the world like the King and the glory of God! Who ever heard of so incongruous a combination?"

"I—I wish you wouldn't talk like that," expostulated his wife, earnestly. "After all, if the coronation service has any meaning..."

service has any meaning—"
"It hasn't," interrupted her husband, with impatient scorn. "It is just a grand spectacular show—an imposing function, calculated to impress the minds of the vulgar. By the way, my new court suit has just come home from the tailor's. I must go and try it on, I should like your opinion as to how it fits."

About the same time the King in his "But it was the King—I know it was official had found it necessary to conserve the monarch, with befitting modesty.

"What!" cried the little boy, his opening wide in pained astonishment.

"Don't you think much of the King, then? But 'praps you are a Socialist, like father. Father says—though mother and me's sure he's all wrong—that the King is a useless idler, who does no work, but has a good time out of the taxes."

King Heinrich laughed.

"You may tell your father from me," he said—"and I brow He first and the first was the King Heinrich laughed.

"But it was the King—I know it was official had found it necessary to constitute fellow, turning to her appealingly.

"Perhaps the child is right," she said to her husband. "Perhaps it was the King to be extremely particular. One of the questions raised by him was the precise quality and kind of oil wherewith the King desired to be amointed, His Majesty replied: "I must leave all those points to you, my Lord High Seneschal. Order them as you will. The formal details of the ceremony rather concern the spectators. For my nagh. I shall the lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. Official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to constitute with the Lord High Seneschal. That official had found it necessary to palace was engaged in an interview with the Lord High Seneschal. That

with them or will it be the Chancellor?
What do you think, sonnie?"
"I don't know how he'll send them,"
answered the little fellow with quick
confidence. "But I know Mr. King
will send them. He promised."
Next afternoon the tickets duly
arrived. They were left at the house,
cot, indeed, by the Lord High Senes
chal nor the Chancellor, but by a servant wearing the royal livery, and they portant considerations. But to-day he talks of them with contempt. What has came over His Majesty?" To this question he could find no answer. His ideas were entirely circumscribed by ceremonial. That the glory of God should have entered into the King's thoughts never crossed the mind of the Lord High Seneschal.

At length the day of King Heinrich's coronation arrived. The Cathedral was packed. Princes and ambassadors, was packed. Princes and ambassadors, peers and courtiers, all in gorgeous apparel, thronged every available inch of nave, of transepts, of chancel. Twas an impressive scene, an imposing spectacle. But two, and two alone, in that wast and splendid concourse had neither eye nor thought for this contract prompt and circumstance—a outward pomp and circumstance—a little boy in a front seat of the chancel and the King, who knelt at the altar railing with bowed head.

Slowly, solemnly the Cardinal Arch-bishop read on until at last that point

was ordered to anoint the King. conscious impressiveness, as if he should invite and challenge comparison for his dignity and presence in the face of this great occasion. His Eminence per-formed the sacred office, and as he did so, lo! the midday sun, bursting through a curtain of heavy clouds, struck aslant the great painted win-dow behind the altar, so that a stream of colored light fell upon the King, and a shrill, childish voice, clear and dis-tinct in the scleme willness, evaluing

tinct in the solemn stillness, exclaimed:
"Mother! Father! Look! It is the glory of God descending on the King's head!" All heard it. Perchance it carried

their thoughts on a sudden to Him Whose presence among them they had till now forgotten. I know not. But this I do know. Tears were in the King's eyes, and great thoughts, high resolves in the King's heart as he kneit before the altar, bathed in the crimson light.

So when at length the service was ended, and the King had retired into the Lady Chapel, which had been fitted up as a royal robing room, he sent a messenger with full directions to find the little boy and bring him into His Majesty's presence; and by and bye the messenger returned, leading the child by the hand. Then the King said to his attendant courtiers: "My Lords and gentlemen, will it

please you wait on me here again in five minutes' time? I desire a few

words with my little subject."
At His Majesty's word the courtiers

At His Majesty's word the courtiers, dissembling their curiosity, bowed and withdrew, and the King and the little boy were left alone.

"So you have had your wish, my little man?" said King Heinrich, gravely, "You have seen the glory of God descend upon the King's head?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the child with breathless eagerness. "I saw it ever so plain. And it was splendid—splendider even than I 'spected. Do you know, I thought the glory of God would be white, like the 'lectric light is. But, oh! it was all in beautiful, shining colors, like a rainbow. I was so surprised and glad. Please, wasn't you surprised and glad, Mr. King?"

"Yes, I was surprised, and I was your yell of the place wasn't year, year, yell of the place wasn't year, year, year, year, year, year, yell of the place wasn't year, "Yes, I was surprised, and I was very, very glad," rejoined His Majesty,

smiling.
"You're not like Moses," said the "You're not like Moses," said the little boy, gazing earnestly into the King's face. "I can bear to look at you, and there's no ring round your head like there is in my Sunday picture book. But still you look quite — quite different from what you was the other day. Then you looked just an or'nary man, like father. But now you look a real King. Please, that's cos of the glory of God, isn't it?"

"Yos," answered the King, thought-

"Yes," answered the King, thought-tully, "that's because of the glory of God."

"And, please, it will follow you all the days of your life, won't it?" in-quired the child, with eager anxiety. "And it won't never let you look like you was before you was crowned, will it, Mr. King?"

"Indeed, I hope not, my little man,

replied His Majesty, very gravely.

And, perchance, he would have said more of that whereof the King's heart was full, but at that minute the observations of the said in again. quious courtiers thronged in again-so the King, stooping, kissed the little boy upon the forehead and directed the Lord in Waiting to escort him back to his parents. Then took place the re-cessional progress through the great Cathedral, the King leading. And in

thought:
"How regal the King looks!" All had known him as a courtly and gracious prince, but this majestic dig-

gracious prince, but this majestic dignity in him was something new.

"Surely 'tis the weight of his high position," said they. "Now it comes home to the King for the first time."

So much they noted. It was too evident to escape remark. Yet they saw not the glory of God in the King's face. Perchance it was not there to see, or perchance it was there; but they perchance, it was there; but they wanted eyes to see it, not being little boys of eight years old. Let that, if you will, remain uncertain. But this at least is sure, and history recordeth it, that the careless and worldly prince became, when crowned, a good and righteous King, and so continued all the days of his reign.—The Austral Light.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Obtawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It stream onely defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following the best interests of the country. And it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, carnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very stracerely in Christ, Yours very stracerely in Christ, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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 the faithful.
Blessing you and wishing you success, believe
may to remain.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ † D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa, LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1907.

PROGRESS OF THOUGHT. We like the term. It indicates our activity and flatters our vanity. Fleeting may be its progress and evanescent its durability, but the idea that thought has advanced and enlarged the scope of its vision is a gratification to numan nature, encouraging to its efforts, though dangerous to its best interests. Thought as a term is varied in its meaning according to the school of philosophy by which it is employed. The Cartesian school extended its sig nification far beyond its wonted limits. With the French sceptic and his disciples it is not merely an act of reason or even of the will : it is every act of the soul. Thought is the soul itselfthe antithesis of the body. The two thought and body-stand in direct con tradiction with each other. Union is impossible. Dualism is the result. What progress, therefore, can thought show with this extended meaning in view? Again, thought has been made co relative with knowledge, and knowledge exclusive of religious belief. Persons and things which are objects of belief cease to be objects of thought. Belief is not knowledge, nor are be lievers thinkers. According to both these theories religion is relevated to the lumber-room. Scepticism turns away from religion as too insistent in its demands of certitude, and too exacting in its principles. The other school, claiming the relativity of knowledge as its first principle, leaves religion to the simple and ignorant : God alone is absolute, and the absol tion of knowledge. If we turn our attention less to the method than to the St. Augustine's writings. Certainly is bounded by the range of the telescope ought to give this extract, or his mason the one hand and the microscope on magnifies the minims of creation until other school is still left-Kantian in its methods-but no more satisfactory in its achievements. Amongst the legacies which Kant left was the courthouse of reason-where thought was judge, jury and accused. For a long time this court lay idle, especially so far as Catholic thinkers are concerned An evil day came-and first one and then another held session there - upon subjects which till then had been thought too sacred for investigation, too well established for criticism. It was no use. Thought is thought, and must go on. An idea will live. Its life may be poison to all around, and destructive of higher thought and supernatural vitality. It matters not. The old hero expected to reach the sun, but fell to earth with the melting of the wax. So does Kantian thought, flying to the sun, fall back to materialism, unable to explain a problem or heal the wounds caused by its own fall. We see no great progress. It is only when we limit thought and keep it within proper bounds that we find progress. Progress has marched with vigor and triumph along the path of material and utilitarian comfort. It has been medicinal to mankind, not spiritual. It has ministered to the body, not the soul. Its efficacy is more apparent with the wealthier classes, for the impedi menta, the baggage, with which it marches is heavy and ill suited to the poor. Whilst admitting the progress of thought we are doubtful about the extent of its progress. Thought which

looks no higher than the earth, or has no range for its purpose, no other strength to offer the soul than earthly food, is to our mind vanity and vexa tion. The plane in which it operates is too low, the gait it assumes too sluggish, and the goal to which it tends not high enough for an immortal soul or sure enough. Thought, to make true progress, cannot labor in a school of cepticism or grovel in materialismnor any more struggle in the self sufficiency of Kantian criticism. Thought, to make real progress, and still more to lead mankind along higher paths, must turn backward for a new start. Investigations must be made upon other subjects, with stronger methods and a higher purpose of truth and love. Progress along the valleys of earth is not the progress which humanity's Judge will demand of thought. He taught it higher things, and he will on his return demand that it shall have traded with its talent and not buried it. To progress in thought is to cling closer to Christ's truth, to be more faithful to His law, to turn by zealous sacrifice and good example His light upon the darkness of earth and the shadows of sin, and not only heal suffering humanity, but raise it to a new life.

THE CHURCH AND CARE OF

We publish elsewhere a letter from 'Inquirer' calling our attention to an extract from the last Report on Education. This quotation we give again as it concerns both St. Augustine and our Province of Ontario. The Report says:

"As a dummy therefore our deaf man was treated . . . and banned by the great apostle of Catholicism, Augus tine, on the ground that as faith co by hearing, it was impossible for the deaf man, not hearing the word of God, to have faith, and therefore, according to the Pauline Theory, he must be eternally damned."

The premise may be St. Augustine's, but the conclusion is not. The conclusion is gratuitous impertinence of the superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville. It origin ated in a brain of a peculiar turn, more versed in distortion of Catholic questions than in theology and St. Augustine's writings. We fail to see what relevancy the holy Doctor's hypothetical case has to do with the deaf and dumb of Ontario. If it was given as history it is only a partial statement, doing injustice to St. Augustine, whom it pretends to quote, and to the Catholic Church, against which its poisoned shaft is directed. St. Augustine discusses a text of St. Paul: "Faith cometh by hearing," and he maintained that a deaf man could not have faith. This is the ordinary mode of receiving faith—but the deeper question of a deaf man's salvation could not enter into the case. Neither St. Paul nor St. Augustine was discussing salvation in the text. The great Bishop of Hippo knew well enough the power of God, and the efficacy of Christ's grace, to have confidence that the deaf man would have a ute cannot be a quantity in the equa- chance of salvation offered to him. We call for the full extract from term of thought, we find that the limit either the superintendent in Belleville ter, the Hon. Dr. Pyne, who is undoubtthe other. Thought stretches out with edly skilled in medical lore and versed every advancing ray of light to world in patristic learning. We regard the which lately lay hid in darkness. It inputation as a slight on the Catholic Church. No doubt in St. they assume proportions unwarranted Augustine's time the medical view by their nature and threatening to of mutes was wrong. No one should higher forms. Is this progress? One insinuate, as this superintendent, that the Church therefore excludes, or ever did exclude this class from baptism and salvation. It is a question of giving them instruction. Here is again where the superintendent shows his bigotry. Had he gone on with the history he would have seen how Catholic monks started instruction to poor mutes, and how Catholic countries are to day far ahead in their care of these unfortunates. As early as the time of Venerable Bede we read that St. John of Beverly taught a dumb man to speak by making the sign of the cross upon him. St. Bede also describes a manual alphabet. The first attempt at systematic instruction is that of a Spanish Benedictine monk, Pedre Ponce de Laon, in 1580. He taught them to speak and read from the motion of the lips: and he taught them Latin and Greek as well as their own language. The famous Abbe de l'Epee opened the first school for mutes in Paris in 1778. Such was the veneration in which he was held that the revolution spared him. To him is attributed the invention of the present method of the sign language. These are points of history to which the superintendent makes no reference. He goes back to the fourth century and rakes up a hypothetical case from which he draws, an un-

> After what we have said we need all God's gifts, it is not given without a touch upon only one or two of Inquir- sacrifice from us or a responsibility. Church's infallibility is not confined to

the rest. This officer requires special

attention. Catholics are not safe in his

hands.

er's questions. All reports of the various departments of government are published by order of the Legislature, and are distributed throughout the country for information and criticism. It is the only way the public have of knowing how the various intsitutions are managed. Concerning St. Augustine we do not place him as the only great apostle of Catholicism. He was no doubt possessed of both these attributes. He was great and he was an apostle-light of the Western Church and conqueror of Pelagianism. Few of the Fathers were more learned or possessed of keener intellect. But there were many both amongst the Greeks and Latins who merit the double title of greatness and apostleship.

CATHOLIC FAITH. It does not do to live in a fool's para-

dise. Notwithstanding the charm of present surroundings a far-off voice is heard with such distinctness that it cannot be mistaken, and with such seriousness that it cannot be despised. Here, we have been talking about thought and its progress, which may be found elsewhere-and now we are met with Faith-that infallible guide of thought and corrective of conduct. Thought may progress, but [whither does it tend? What pilot guides it, what seas does it traverse, what burden does it carry, what harbor does it seek? These and many more are the vexing questions spoiling our vacation and harrowing our weary soul as we reflect upon modern philosophy and sketch the efforts of material science. Fishing is no respite, for the fish will not bite; and the last novel is no comfort, for it has neither plot to develop nor thought to expound. Let us growl as we may in the heat of the summer and search for pleasure where in our heart of hearts we know it cannot be found; as the eye is not satisfied with seeing so neither is the soul fed with sensible pleasure or filled with earthly thought. Our thought is not on the express train of progress. Away beyond the stars whose indefinite orbits the telescope seeks with unerring accuracy, lies a world so bright that eye hath not seen its beauty or ear heard the music of its spheres. Thought's inward gaze, more limited, is no less misleading. Its vision, narrowed by assumed principles, reaches not to that inner temple of spirit and of truth which alone was erected within for the worship of God. There are limits to actuality, but none to the faculty and power of man. Shall the mind picture what it can never realize? Or the heart yearn for that which it can never attain? Far beyond thought marches faith, torch in hand, a light delicate, certain and searching. Where thought engenders scepticism, faith bestows certi tude. Where thought limits its gaze to earth and things material, faith raises our vision to heaven and the world beyoud the grave. Where thought holds court over its own deeds and all the world beside, faith bows to authority and submits to the guidance of supreme Truth. Is there real antagonism between thought and faith? Are they at war with each other? Or is the competition more apparent and wordy than otherwise? Surely, as all the great thinkers of the Church put it, there can be no opposition between the two. God is the author of both and the finisher. It is only when thought strays away without its neavenly guide, or seeks to constitute itself judge of everything, that objection may be taken to its zeal or the field of its action. Thought-rational thought-"is the second not the first." Impetuous, flery, misguided, she rushed into the sanctuary to tear the robe from religion and secularize the highest function of man's soul. With no test for her decisions she sits in the judgment seat, where she does not even hesitate to ask the Christ Himself, "What is truth ?" Faith is reason's crown and the diadem of thought. It is a new energy added to thought, reaching out with power and mighty sweep to Him whose truth, whose love, whose mercy encompass all who seek not in self-will and intellectual pride to transgress the circling bounds of God's higher action upon our soul. Faith is the light by which the world's history and our own life's problem may be read with intelligence and to advantage. It is a telescope further reaching than scientist ever devised—a microscope more searching, which, turned in upon ourselves, shows us God so near, our soul so wonderful, eternity so great and time so limited. It is God's glit-better than gold and precious stone-of greater value to the scholar than his earning, better to the rich than their wealth or to the sovereign than his crown-consolation to the poor, refuge to the tempted and mercy to all. How it is to be valued, or warranted conclusion. He skips all how its principles are to shape life and

conduct, must be of serious con-

sequence to each and everyone. Like

But the gravest responsibility would be to reject its offer or fail in corresponding to its demands. Bright is thought within us, but brighter far with the light of faith upon our soul and the hope it inspires within our

THE DOCTRINE OF SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE HERETICAL.

REV. P. J. HENDRICK. The religious crisis in France has, as might have been expected, brought out a great amount of politico-theological literature in that country, and even the theologians and journalists in the United States and Canada have considered it a policy if not a duty to contribute their mite in the matter. However, we have not seen where any of them dwelt on the dogmatical import of the Pontifical condemnation of the doctrine of separation of Church and State. One would imagine that when the Roman Pontiff condemns any doctrine as erroneous, that it should be hard, if not impossible, to find one calling himself a Catholic, who would question the correctness of the Pope's judgment. Yet some such people are to be found, and while they profess an unfaltering attachment to the Pope and the Holy See, nevertheless, if a doctrine which happens to be in harmony with their notions of modern life and thought, and with their national but un-Catholic spirit, should be condemned, they immediately rise up in arms, and hug more closely their pet idea like a baby would its doll, and proclaim its superiority to the rest of humanity while the crowd stands around and laughs.

Surely if there is one who ought to know what the Church should believe and practice, he is the Roman Pontiff, and if there are people in the world who should listen to him and chey his mandates, they ought to be the clergy. Nevertheless, there are some among them who, when he censured the doctrine of separation of Church and State, affirmed and maintained that the separation of Church and State was the ideal doctrine for America, and that in separation Church and State, here found peace and advancement. As we shall see later on, this teaching is anti-Catholic and strikes a blow at the very foundation of all religious authority, and is subversive of the su. pernatural order.

Pius X. in one of his encyclicals to the Catholics of France, says that "The Roman Pontiffs never neglected to con demn the doctrine of separation whenever circumstances and the times demand it. This is especially true, he says, of Leo XIII., who maintained that the same union which exists between body and soul should exist between State and Church, and that those nations which live apart from the Church and treat her as unworthy their consideration are altogether criminal." This is the doctrine which has been uniformly inculcated by the predecessors of Leo and taught in Catholic schools.

Speaking of the separation of Church and State in his encylical to the French Church, Feb. 11th, 1906, Pius X. says that "the doctrine of separation of that "the doctrine of separation of the right but above all the duty, of not tolerating but of proscribing and of this unseemly social disturbance. To us it seems that were a minister of our non-Catholic sects to do his whole absolutely false, a most pernicious error, ir jurious to God, for it subverts the order which he so wisely estab lished in the world, besides being the manifest denial of the supernatural order, and the cause of many woes to

civil society itself." Now, it is well known that it is an article of Catholic faith that the Pope is infallible when, as pastor and doctor, he defines a doctrine regarding faith and morals to be held by the Universal Church. Cardinal Manning, in his Vatican Council, gives us a good idea of the extensiveness of the object of infallibility when he affirms that it may be expressed in the following and various formulas: 1. Concerning faith. 2. In things of faith and morals. 3. Things which pertain to faith. 4. Things necessary to salvation. 5. Precepts of morals binding the whole Church. 6. Things pertaining to piety. 7. Things of religion. 8. Things of faith speculative and practical. 9. Things pertaining to doctrine. 10 Controversies of religion. 11. Things pertaining to the natural and divine law. 12. Things pertaining to the spiritual health of souls. 13. And to the salvation of the faithful. 14. To the good estate of the Church. 15. The deciding of controversies and the ex termination of errors. 16. Things which regard piety and the whole Church. 17. Matters of religion.

As is evident, these may be greatly increased, and they go to show how extensive in its application is the simple formula of faith and morals by which the object of infallibility is generally

expressed. All these formulas mean one and the same thing, and that is that the Pope is infallible when he treats of faith, morals, piety, and the general welfare of the Church. By them we can see that the

matters of revelation, but that it exthe Pope allows a doctrine to he tends to positive truths which are not revealed, whenever these are necessary to the defence and custody of the Depositum. In other words, since the divine mission of the Church is to protect and make known God's revelation, she has a divine right to all the mean necessary to do so : and her judgment of the necessity and utility of such means is infallible, otherwise Saint Paul would not have been able to call her "the pillar and the ground of truth." How any one can limit these words of the apostle to revealed truths alone we cannot understand, for they certainly contain nothing that can justify such limitation.

Since the great end of the Church then is to teach all truth necessary to salvation and to guard whole and entire the sacred deposit, it follows that when she approves any doctrine as being conformable to it, or condemns any doctrine that detracts from it, she is infallible, for this is a part of her doctrinal authority. The same is true of propositions that contradict theological certainty, that is, a truth which follows from two premises of which one is revealed and the other evident by the light of reason. To deny either of these would be heretical.

The infallibility of the Church in censures less than for heresy is main tained by all sound Catholic theologians. They differ in this, that some hold this to be of faith and the denial of it to be heresy; others maintain that it is of faith as regards the condemnation of heretical propositions, but in all others to be of theological certainty so that the denial of it would not be heresy but error. But if the Church has an infallible discernment of truths which are theologically certain we fail to see why the denial of her infallibility in censures less than beresy should not be heretical. For in every censure the Church proposes to us some truth concerning faith and morals; and whether the matter of such truths be revealed or not, it neverthe less so pertains to faith that the deposit could not be guarded if the Church in such judgments were liable to error. When the Church condemns a proposition as rash, scandalous or erroneous etc., it is not credible that it should not be so, otherwise she would not be "the pillar and ground of truth," as St. Paul calls her. To deny the infallibility of the Church in censures less than for heresy is held to be heretical by De Panormo, Malderus, Coninck, Diana, Oviedo, Amica, Mattenci, Viva, Nannetti. Murray calls it objective heresy. De Lugo in one place says that it is erroneous and in another heresy.

Pius IX. in a letter to the Archbishops of Munich and Friburg, confirms what we have hitherto said. He

affirms :

" For the Church by its divine insti tution is bound with all diligence to guard whole and inviolate the deposit of divine faith, and constantly to watch with supreme zeal over the salvation of with supreme zeal over the salvation of souls, driving away therefore, and elia inating with all exactness, all things which are either contrary to faith or can in any way bring into peril the salvation of souls. Wherefore the condemning all errors, if the integrity of the faith and the salvation of souls should so require. . . The opinion which teaches contrary to this we pro-nounce and declare altogether erroneous, and in the highest degree injuriou to the faith of the Church, and to its authority.'

Here we see that Pius IX, affirms that the Roman Pontiffs can condemn all errors, whether they be of the natural or supernatural order, when the integrity of faith or the good of souls demand it. Hence we may logically conclude that when the Roman Pontiff condemns any proposition he does so because it is injurious to the salvation of souls or to the deposit of faith. This procedure falls within the limits of his infallibility.

Now if we apply the foregoing teaching of theologians and of the Roman Pontiffs to the doctrine of separation of Church and State, the heretical nature of the latter may be seen at a glance. Hence it is that Pius X. was perfectly justified in branding it as pernicious, er roneous, injurious to God and subversive of the supernatural order. The Roman Pontiffs have condemned the doctrine of separation not as prvivate theologians but as Doctors and Pastors teaching and feeding the lambs and sheep committed to them. In fulfilling this duty they are endowed with that infallibility which Christ bestowed on Saint Peter, and he who would maintain that it is lawful for Americans to believe that Church and State need not, or should not be united, would be guilty of heresy.

The Pontifical condemnation of the doctrine of separation is universal, and it could not be otherwise, for, as Pius X. says, it subverts the whole supernatural order. To say, as the editor of the Rome says, "that the doctrine insulting procedure connected with the of separation is not absolutely condemned in America," is to say that Battle of the Boyne? Mr. Dixon

preached in the American Church which is destructive of all religion, This is simply absurd. Such a doctrine cannot even be tolerated. That the Church and State here cannot be united because of political and other reasons which render the Church authorities powerless, is one thing, but to teach and maintain that they need not or should not be united, is quite another. But it may be asked, how is the doctrine of separation of Church and State subversive of the supernatural order? To this question we give the following brief and we hope convincing answer. Submission is absolutely necessary if we would have union. If we wish to be united with God we must submit to His laws, if we desire to be united to the Church we must obey her laws, and this is true of any society we would be members of. If we desire a certain teacher to instruct us, we must submit to his rules and method, otherwise he cannot teach us. Now if we believe that that teacher has a divine right to teach us, and that he is infallible in his teaching, we are bound in conscience to accept his teaching as true -and accepting it as such, and submitting ourselves to it, we become united to him. Now the Church is just such a teacher; she has a divine mission given to her by Christ to teach the nations, for when He said to the Apostles, 'Go, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded," He gave the Church the great Charter of her life work. And when He said to the Apostles : "He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me, and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me," He made it known that the Church has a divine right to our submission in all that she teaches. But she teaches in the name and by the authority of Christ that the union of Church and State is necessary. And if we deny this we deny the authority of Christ ; denying His authority we deny His Divinity, and denying His Divinity we deny the Supernatural Order. Hence it is that the Americanism which holds that Church and State

> Athelstic. AN UNLOVELY ANNUAL. It passes all understanding why our friends of the Orange Order still persist in carrying on the fanfaronade of the 12th of July. That it is senseless goes without saying. At least such will be the verdict of all who, with an intelligent mind, wish well to our country. Indeed we may go farther and claim that, even among the class who may not be called intelligent, it would be a rare thing to find a grown-up man who, in his heart of hearts, believes that the Catholic Church and the Catholic people have any designs upon his liberties, either civil or religious. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the celebration is to find clergymen, claiming to be meek and lowly followers of the God of Peace, entering into the spirit duty he would advise the Orange brethren to put away the drums and the fifes and the flags in some " Old Curiosity Shop " as relics of a barbarous, social warfare carried on centuries ago in a green little isle across the ocean. What a power has prejudice ! What a power has superstition born of prejudice! The Orangeman is endowed, in all its fulness and unloveliness, with this superstition. The Rev. Canon Dixon preached lately to the Orangemen of Toronto, and the press informs us that he is County Chaplain

need not or should not be united is

of the Loyal Orange Association. "The principles of Orangeism," he said, "were the same to-day as when laid down in 1795. To maintain the open bible and to put down anything and everything that is contrary to the word of God."

Just here we may say to the reverend gentleman that the Bible teaches us to love our neighbors, and we ask him does the average Orangeman, particularly on the 12th of July, bear a friendly feeling towards his Catholic fellow-citizen. The aim of the Association," he continued, "was not to put down or destroy those who are opposed to them, but to bring the world to Christ." It will be hard to convince those who watch the proceedings of a large number of Orangemen on the evening of July 12th, that the object of the association with which these men are connected is to bring the world to Christ. "We desire," continued Rev. Mr. Dixon, "to live at peace with all men. We do not wish to be at war with our Roman Catholic brethren." Then why, in the name of common sense, are Rev. Mre Dixon and his brethren at war with their Roman Catholic brethren? What have they done to justify the rude and resurrection of the memories of the

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ELY ANNUAL.

JULY 20, 1907.

strongly urged his hearers to keep the Bible on the table at home and let a portion of it be read every day, and recommended them if they wished to celebrate a good 12th of July, to rise an hour earlier than usual and read the Bible during that time. This they will not do, and no one knows it better than the rev. gentleman, for the hour earlier will be devoted to practising on "Croppy Lie Down " on the fife, beating the drum and refurbishing the old yellow flag. The average deliverance of an Orange speaker would lead one to believe that Catholics have nefarious designs upon the Orangeman and his Bible. We hasten to reassure the rev. gentleman. Catholics do not intend to interfere with Orangemen's Bibles; in fact they have as little notion of touching it as has the Orangeman himself. We can assure Rev. Mr. Dixon that such is the case, and, to prove that we mean what we write, we are willing to select from our book department a nicely bound copy of the Holy Bible and present it to the County Grand Master of the Lodge to which he belongs if we receive intimation from him that he will accept it.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

The "Children's Protection Act of

Ontario" was placed on the statute

books of this province so long ago as

1893, and yet there appears to be, in some localities, a vagueness of knowl edge as to what this Act means. We sometimes speak slightingly of paternal legislation, but here is a sample of paternal legislation that could not well go farther along that particular line. Children are taken from their parents and are given to others to rear and bring up as their own. The old idea that parents possessed an absolute property in their children has been exploded, and now we have come to recognize that children have rightsthe right to nourishment and protection until able to take care of them selves; the right to grow up under good influences so that they will not be forced to adopt a life of crime without at least a chance to become something better; and the right to a reasonable share of education. The community also has the right to protect itself against the probable pauper or criminal of the future. To maintain and enforce these rights is the work of the Children's Aid Societies which have been established under the authority of the Children's Protection Act. These Societies are voluntary associations of public spirited citizens which are licensed by Government, practically, to be guardians of all the children in the communities in which they are formed. Besides the many causes that naturally suggest themselves for which parents are held guilty of criminal neglect, the follow ing is the most general . . . (whose child) "is suffered to be growing up without salutary parental control and education, or in circumstances exposing such child to an idle and dissolute life." An organization armed with such wide powers must necessarily act with discretion, because the success of their work depends on the good will of the community. All law rests ultimately for its enforcement upon the acknowledgment of the people that it is good and for their benefit as a whole.

Therefore, this law which disturbs the close relationship, the sacred ties binding parents to children, must be carefully administered.

It is suggested that the powers pos sessed by Children's aid societies could be used for proselytism. If they were at whose door would the blame be laid? The act is fair and definite: "No Protestant child shall be placed out in any Roman Catholic family as its fosterhome, nor shall any Roman Catholic child be placed out in any Protestant family as its foster-home." Any respectable citizen, man or woman, may become a member of a Children's Aid Society by paying the nominal fee of membership, and Catholics are as much interested in this question as Protestants. To state the matter in its lowest terms, Catholics, as tax-payers, ought to be interested in preventing as far as possible Protestant children growing up to be paupers or criminals and becoming a burden upon the public of which they form a part. How much more interested should they be in preventing Catholic children growing up in that way! They may, under Divine Providence, be the means of rescuing children from conditions which, so far as human wisdom can discern, admit of no future but vice and crime, and place them where have a chance to develop they naturally into a life of industry, sobriety and good citizenship. In addition, they would be helping these children to save their immortal souls.

Have great, great trust and great gratitude. When we see all that we have to be grateful for it will be too late.—Father Dignam, S. J.



RIGHT REV. FERGUS PATRICK MCEVAY, D. D., BISHOP OF LONDON, WHO CELEBRATED HIS SILVER JUBILEE ON JULY 9, 1907.

the humblest layman. Such is the

To celebrate the silver jubilee of the

Bishop his priests came with tokens of

regard-and heart tokens too-which

bespoke the love of children for a father

-which bespoke a confidence and a re

gard which go deeper, much deeper,

than words of mouth. The silver jubi-

lee of the Bishop of London was not

celebrated as a matter of custom or

courtesy. It was the outpouring of a

spirit of gratitude to the Almighty for

having placed in this western part of

Ontario one whose joy is to bring joy

to others, one whose life is simple

as also Dean Mahoney, who came to

represent His Lordship Right Rev. Dr.

Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton. High

Mass was celebrated by Bishop McEvay.

The binging at the Mass by the Separ

feature and was most impressive. At

figures "25" emblematic of His

Lordship's Silver Jubilee. These ladies

also presented him with a magnificent

set of vestments worth \$600. The boys

ing, accompanied by an address, which

was read by Master Christopher Hevey.

Other presents of a valuable and appro-

priate character were made by a number

of the laity. The Bishop and his clergy

were entertained at dinner at the Sac-

red Heart Convent. The assemblage

was remarkable in that the entire

priesthood of the diocese were present,

all imbued with the spirit of the occas-

The address presented to his lord-

"To the Right Rev.F. P. McEvay, D.D.,

"My Lord,—We come before you on this auspicious day, with feelings of great pride and pleasure, there is

great pride and pleasate, there is gratification in the sight of even a product of human effort when wrought out to a rounded, perfect finish. Na-ture presents objects of still higher admiration. Solomon in all his glory

cannot compete with the chaste beau-ties of the modest lily, and the good seed, soon sprouting into the healthy

blade, to be in due time crowned with

is more wonderful in its completeness of perfection than the dome of the greatest cathedral. And yet this completeness that the second perfection than the dome of the greatest cathedral.

plex phenomenon is used by divine

wisdom itself as but a weak similitude of the higher and nobler things found in the life of the good Christian man.

"Sprung from sound Catholic stock, a youth full of brightness and hard

ship by the clergy was as follows:

Bishop of London, Ont .:

was as follows :

diocese of London,

SILVER JUBILEE OF BISHOP McEVAY.

On the 9th of July was celebrated in his cathedral city, the 25th anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Right Rev. Fergus Patrick McEvay, Bishop of London. He was born at Lindsay, Ont., on Dec. 8, 1852. He was educated there, at St. Michael's College, Toronto, at St. Francis' Seminary, Milwaukee, and at Montreal Co!lege. He was ordained a priest at Trenton in 1882, and served as parish priest at Fenelon Falls for a time, after which he was appointed rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, and chancellor of the diocese. In May, 1889, when Bishop Dowling was translated to Hamilton, he accompanied His Lordship thither, where he became a member of the Bishop's council and rector of St. Mary's Cathedral. In his early years the Bishop of London had an extensive missionary field which required zeal, firmness of purpose, a truly apostolic spirit and strength of body and mind. With all these he was richly endowed. On his transfer to the diocese of Hamilton a large measure of responsibility was placed upon his shoulders. His energetic work in Peterboro and his wide experience in the management of Church matters were most useful to him when he accepted this responsible post. On every hand, within a short period, was visible the work of a trained mind and willing hands. He earned the respect and confidence of his Ordinary, his brother priests and people. When the chief pastorate of the diocese of Londen became vacant by the elevation of the Right Rev. Denis O'Connor, D. D., to the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto, our Holy Father appointed in 1899

ion-all anxious to testify by word and faithfully carried on by his predecesact the love they bore their chief passors was taken up with a zeal-we may, indeed, say enthusiasm-which brought magnificent ring, pectoral cross and joy to the hearts of every member of the flock of Christ. The country was chain. The Vicar General, Right Rev. J. E. E. Meunier, P. P., Windsor, read in the hey-day of prosperity and it was the address accompanying the gifts. It of paramount importance that the Church, in both spiritual and temporal matters, should keep pace with the general progress. The new Bishop of London was equal to every call on his time and attention. The greatest interest was taken in all movements having for object the building of new churches, improving the old ones, encouraging the religious engaged in works of education, in caring for the sick, in educating and supporting the orphan, and providing homes and sustenance for those who are approaching the winter of life unprovided for. In all his undertakings the new made Bishop of London had the loving cooperation of a priesthood whose attachment to his person and to his office makes for the glory of the Church. Added to this was the whole-hearted co-operation of the laity. On all hands there was that feeling of confidence, of trust, of regard one for the other, which made the entire diocese, as it were, one happy family. It is no wonder, then, that with these links of unity forged strong and abiding, Catholic thought and action took on a phase which brought joy to every Catholic heart from the chief pastor to

Father McEvay to be Bishop of London.

The good work which had been so

"The step of sound, full health, whether of body or spirit, is free, elastic and far-stretching, making long journeys short; and this healthy and vigorous spirit, unabashed by difficulties, and accomplishing great projects, in a little time we recognize and salute in your lordship's clear and steady judgment in selecting the right means, and in your fearless, tireless energy, in pushing to completion whatever is for the great good of your flock.

"Our schools, the seed ground of the church, recognize it in the firmness

step of sound, full health, whe

"Our schools, the seed ground of the church, recognize it in the firmness with which you changed at least many of them into better accord with human and divine laws. The clergy feel it in the members added to their ranks and in the special efforts, on every fitting occasion, to discover and cultivate vocations. Present always at our conferences, you have made them conferences, you have made them inchools of instruction and stimulators of zeal for the local captains of Christ's host.

'We forbear allusion, for the facts d improvements and stimulated our cood works by the contagion of high xample. There will be another occa-ion for saying these things, and to-

our purpose is different. ay our purpose is different.
"Napoleon said his first communion
ay was the happiest of his life, and
rithout suggesting comparisons, what,
we may ask, must the priest think of he day of his ordination, when he was not only multiplied into so many char-acters, as teacher, physician, pastor, out also, amazing thing, was made participator in so many of the pre-rogatives of his Creator? Made God's ambassador, able to forgive sins, and at the altar to 'evoke,' as it has been called, even the Eternal himself.

There is nothing, except itself, like to this upon the earth, this lodging of so much of divine power in human hands, making its possessor what the oly fathers, with appalling boldness speech, have not hesitated to cal nother Christ.' Twenty-five years this dizzy height, and now we gath ound you with warm but subdued earts, to assist in the thanksgiving are offering to God for so lofty

"We appeal to the sacred heart, the ly true and adequate thanksgiving, hear our prayer, and present it to be Eternal Father, that the marked ssings he has sent you so abund ntly in the past may be increased an nultiplied in a long future, and the rightness of the morning be forgoten in the greater brilliancy of the alm and rich evening, which we hope

Bishop McEvay's Reply. His lordship, in reply to the clergy

aid, in part: said, in part:
"Right Reverend and Dear Fathers,
-Not long since, when I was preparing to visit the Holy Father, you gave

and unostentations and whose model is He Who gave up His life for the love such generous proofs of your goodwill that I did not expect another demon On the morning of the 9th of July St. Peter's cathedral was filled with a large congregation. Many of the priests of the diocese were present,

that I did not expect another demon-stration on the 25th anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood.

"I counted on your prayers, especial-ly during the holy sacrifice of the mass, and this morning the children were invited to join in the mass of thanksgiving—for we all know how pleasing must be the prayers of the little case to the heart of the loving little ones to the heart of the loving Master. And now you present a beau-tiful address—beautiful in artistic de-sign, and beautiful in expresisons of good wishes—and you remind me of so ate school children was a notable many important events in my life that the conclusion the ladies of the Altar scarcely know where to begin to Society presented the Bishop with a beautiful floral offering which bore the

thank you.
"The promotions you are enough to mention came without ef fort on my part, and credit for them must be given to the good bishops must be given to the good bishops under whom I served, and especially to my friend, Bishop Dowling, with set of vestments worth \$600. The boys of St. Peter's school also presented His over twelve years of my life as a Lordship with a beautiful floral offer- priest.

"The zealous and learned Archbisho Cleary of Kingston conferred on n holy orders 25 years ago this morning and for the great honor of sharing i the priesthood of Christ I am gratefu to God and to the good archbisho who ordained me.

who ordained me.

"The gentle and saintly Bishop Jamot of Peterboro was my superior also
for a considerable time, and I recall
with affection and gratitude the many with affection and gratitude the many favors received from these great prelates and from my brother priests of Kingston, Peterboro and Hamilton, and these good old friendships made in the ranks of the priesthood are still strong and true, and will last, I hope, until the end, and it is a pleasure and a happiness to recall them on this day of thenksquipe and joy. tor. The clergy presented him with a

thanksgiving and joy.

"It is almost eight years since I was consecrated Bishop of London by my zealous and illustrious predecessor, the present Archbishop of Torontowho gave many years of great service in this diocese—and it is only simple truth to say that from the first play to the present day I have been made to feel yery much at home, and have to the present day I have been made to feel very much at home, and have been very well treated by the clergy, the religious communities and the peo-ple in general, both Catholic and non-Catholic Catholic.

"While many churches, schools and "While many churches, schools and presbyteries have been erected, we must not forget that a large share of the credit must be given to the faithful and generous laity, and a still larger share to the priests themselves, so that the bishop's part of the burden became easy and light. became easy and light.

"In a diocese like this it is right and proper that we should have first-class churches and schools and institutions for the works of charity and education but the all-important point is to se-cure devoted and zealous and obedient priests, for the right kind of a priest will soon build up what is required in the work of saving souls in his parish, and will strive with all his energies to restore—as our Holy Father says, all things in Christ. I take this occasion study, qualifying for an early ordina-tion; then almost immediately admit-ted to the innermost council of your tion; then almost immediately admitted to the innermost council of your bishop; next a prelate of the Roman court, and, after a brief interval, promoted to the episcopal chair. This is what we learned of your lordship when God was sending you to be our spiritual ruler and head, a few years ago. We believed it then, but now we know not only its truth, but also the reasons

the Master, who is a Priest forever, according to the Order of Melchisedec. cording to Grateful to All.

Grateful to All.

"Today I appreciate your kindness and generosity in helping me to thank the giver of all good gifts. I appreciate and thank you for these magnificent and appropriate presents—I appreciate and am grateful for the kind expressions contained in the address, for I know they come from loyal and faithful and devoted priests in the Church of God—priests who are ever ready and willing to do their duty and to give their lives, if necessary, for the salvation of one immortal soul. Your interests are my interests—we must be united to do God's work, we must stand or fall together—we must fight
the same enemies—we must face the
same trials and difficulties—must do
the will of the same Divine Master—
must be true to the teachings of the
same Holy Father—the successor of
St. Peter in the see of Rome, and in a
word we must strive and hope and
pray for the same eternal reward. Let
each one do his duty, and God will do
the rest."

Speeches were also made by Rev. J. M. Maheney, Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, and Very Rev. R. McBrady, C. S. B, of Assumption College, Sandwich. Altogether the celebration was one which will leave pleasant recollections.

The CATHOLIC RECORD wishes to join in heartiest felicitations, coupled with the wish that the Bishop of London will be spared to the priests and people for years even far beyond the alloted span.

THE KING IN IRELAND.

As was expected, the visit of the King and Queen to Ireland during the past week was an event most gratifying in every regard. His reception was those unfortunate persons who, through despair, or hatred, or prejudice, fiee the hearts of the people. It was not an occasion-and many such have occurred in Ireland-when the blare of trumpets and the shouts of officialdom, at so much per shout, were in evidence. The Irish are a warm-hearted race and no man loves a friend more dearly and more constantly than a son of the Emerald Isle. Recognizing King Edward as one who has a sincere desire to promote the welfare of Ireland, the greeting he received was in every way appropriate. That His Majesty will use his great influence to bring about better conditions in Ireland, that he will, as far as in him lay, clip the wings of that miserable oligarchy who now rule that country, is the conviction of all who make a close study of current events. "Gratton's Parliament for Ireland " and " Long Live the King" are the expressions now heard in every corner of the land.

EX-PRIESTS AND EX-MINISTERS. One of the most recent converts to

Catholic Church, Dr. Lloyd, says of himself and his old-time brethren :-"For twenty five years I labored in the Episcopal Church, and when I became a member of the Catholic Church I made a solemn resolution that no unkind word, no word of bitterness, no misrepresentation of the people I loved and whom I still love and with whom I and whom I still love and with whom I still love and with whom I still love and with whom I still love or so many years, would ever cross my lips. I have no word of criticism for the people of any religion, and yet I am hoping that many will yet see the logic of the situation as I have seen it, and come home to the Church that has done more for the uplifting of

that has done more for the uplifting of humanity than have all the other combined influences of the world."

Dr. Lloyd has, of course, adopted the proper attitude toward his former correligionists, and this spirit of charity for those who are still astray from the Church is common to most of those who come to us from Protestantism. Occasionally, however, we find a man who wants to assail his former friends with bitterness, but he soon finds that very few Catholics are interested in that sort of thing. How d fferent is all thi from the virulence and malice vented against the Catholic Church by pervert Catholics, and eagerly listened to or read by those whose credulity in that direction has been often abused but who still are ready to believe anything evil uttered against the Church. Sacred Heart Review.

POPE PIUS X ON THE READING OF THE GOSPELS.

From the Sacred Heart Review The hatred which Rome bears to the Bible is one of the favorite subjects of certain ill-informed Protestant writers and speakers. A recent letter of Pius X. to the Society of St. Jerome would, we are sure, be rather surprising to such people. The Society of St. Jerome was organized for the purpose of print-ing and distributing in Italy and other countries copies of the New Testament. The Pope's letter commends the Society for this work, and says:

We, who, as Patriarch of Venice blessed the pious Society of St. Jerome and conceived happy wishes for it, now, after a few years, looking at it from the Supreme See of the Church, and reason for much satisfaction, in seeing how, in such brief space of time, it has made so much progress and has brought such notable advantages. For with its edition notacie advantages. For with its edition of the Gospels, the Society of St. Jerome not only has over run italy. . . . but it has also penetrated into America, caring for the dispatching of its volumes. umes wherever the Italian tongue resounds, and aiming to help especially the emigrants.

"It is certainly necessary to recognize that the fact of having published and

Safest Medicine for Women's Complaints

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

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

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

of the Skill—and thus purify
the blood.

'Pruit-a-tives" take away those distressing headaches, backaches and bearingdown pains, and make women well and
strong. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices,
intensified, with tonics and antiseptics
added, soc. a-box-6 for \$2.50. At all
druggists'—or from Fruit-a-tives Limited,
Ottawa.

the least advantage of such publications to be able to say that, in virtue of their diffusion; and of their consequent read-ing, the echo of the voice of God goes and makes itself heard even among despair, or natred, or prejudice, flee from any contact with the priest. This is a thing which, to our eyes, is of precious and very desirable usefulness, in so far as it gives us a way to secure the salvation of souls. If not with the voice, at least with the books, and with the teachings, emanating from the life.

voice, at least with the books, and with
the teachings, emanating from the life,
of Christ, we heal the evils of society
and of the individual.

"It goes without saying that this fact
will help also to rebuke the known prejudice, namely, that the Church does
not wish to permit, or opposes, the
reading of the Sacred Scripture in the vulgar tongue."

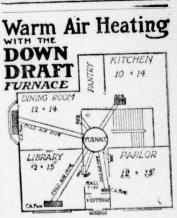
ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE FROM THE DIOCESE OF KINGSTON TO THE FAMOUS SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, QUEBEC.

The above pilgrimage will take place this year on the 23rd inst. As usual it will be under the patronage of His Grace the Most Revd. C. N. C. Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston. The pilgrims can go by the G. T. R. or C. P. R. as in former years at specially reduced rates. Both companies will run two special trains along their lines, and to which will be attached first class sleeping and dining cars. The very best accommodation will be provided. The dining cars will be under the supervision of the good under the supervision of the good ladies of the parish of Gananoque, who will spare no pains in looking after the will spare no pains in looking after the wants of their patrons. No doubt a great number of people, not only from the diocese of Kingston, but from the surrounding districts will avail themselves of this grand opportunity now afforded them of visiting, in the easiest way possible and at the lowest rates. way possible and at the lowest rates, the famous shrine of good St. Anne, that they may obtain for themselves and their friends great favors, spiritual

To those who may not desire to go on the pilgrimage a splendid opportunity will be given to visit the historic and beautiful cities of Montreal and Quebec, as well as many other places of interest along the route. All persons desiring information can obtain it applying to the agents of the C. P. R. or G. T. R. or to the Rev. J. P. Kehoe, pastor, Gananoque, director of the pilgrimage.

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profits is needed to protect a man's estate, and life insurance admittedly

No man whose life is well insured need fear the ups and downs of bus-iness, because should he chance to die

during a period of commercial de-pression—when the balances for a time have been on the wrong side of the books—the work of a lifetime would

not be swept away. Life insurance is the business man's best auchor to

average business presents itself.

supplies the need.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Nineth Sunday after Pentecost. RICHES ARE GOD'S.

Brethren, a rich man is entitled to the ownership of his wealth. Every civilized nation rightfully guarantees to each of its citizens the possession and use of lawfully acquired proparty. But let let us ask a question: Why is it that the evident, the irresistible providence of God makes some men rich, and many men poor? Why is it God's will that there should be such a painful inequality of the goods of this world? Why are some men ready to perish of want, and others overflowing with superfittles? I tis true to say, and ought often be said, that a good government will hinder the rich from getting richer and the poor from growing poorer. But nobody except a dreamer will hope for a state of things in which there shall be neither rich nor poor. Why, then,

for a state of things in which there shall be neither rich nor poor. Why, then, does God permit this? A solution of this difficulty is found when we ask, What says the Christian religion of the relation of the needy and the affluent? Just this: As long as the poor man lacks the necessaries of life he holds a mortgage on the rich man's superfluities. So that, for example, the taxes paid for support of public charities are due by virtue of divine, natural right to the virtue of divine, natural right to the community's poor. What does Cardinal Manning say? "Even goood and generous people do not know or remember that such a natural right, with its correlative natural obligation, exists. They pay their poor rate, as they think, as a tax or out of pure benevolence and gratuitous charity. This habit of mind rests on a denial of the rights and obligations of nature, and generates an essentially erroneous, and generates an essentially erroneous, and even immoral, habit of mind. To combat this pervesion of moral and to recall people, if possible, to a higher sense of duty, I affirm that the foundation of our poor law is the natural right of the poor to work or to break it. And the poor to work or to break it. And this is the plain teaching of the Gospel.

So much for the principle. We only wish to apply it against the rich man's extravagance, reminding him that by the law of God the poor have a claim upon what he wastes. Be it remembered, brethren, that the righ man is only the steward of the Lord. Let him live fairly up to his state of life. But live fairly up to his state of life. But let him beware of reckless expense, princely state in a republic, the aping of lords and nobobs where such conditions of life are plainly antagonistic to the providence of God. Let the wives and daughters of the rich bear in wives and daughters of the rich bear in mind that every penny they spend has somewhere back, on its journey to their delicate hands, been stained with the painful sweat of the poor. Cardinal Manning quotes St. Ambrose: 'It is the bread of the famishing that you keep back, and the clothing of the naked that you put by'; that is to say your wasteful extravagance hinders you from that charity which the fact of superfluity makes an obligation.

Brethren, after so many words that

Brethren, after so many words that may sound harsh, listen to a few that are pleasant. Thank God that our rich Catholic people are so often exceedingly charitable, and that they so often resent to their fellow-citizens the cood example of wealth combined with implicity of life and manners. And how often do we find men and women whose wealth would, as the world goes, put them at ease and luxury, devoting put them at ease and invary devoting not only their money but their time and their personal attention to the noblest works of charity! Still, where there is wealth we know that there is a tendency to luxury, to sloth, to selfish ness of the most extreme type, and not only to forgetfulness but utter contempt for the poor of Christ. Against these tendencies it has been our purpose to protest in giving you this sermon.

A BUSINESS MAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE

John Murphy, general Superintendent of Pittsburg Railway Company, has given the country a temperance lecture from the standpoint of the business man who always requires a clear brain in his employees.

Mr. Murphy recently issued an order

forbidding the employment by his com-pany of men who use liquor or cigar-ettes, and in explanation of his drastic

ber of passengers. Having for some time back noticed that our accident were increasing upon investigating the cause I satisfied myself that the standard of our men who did not the liquor or tobacco (the latter in the form cigarettes) was much above that of those who used either. I therefore deemed it my duty to abate the evil so deemed it my duty to asset the evil as far as lay in my power to do so, and tried to uproot it and sast it out through discipline, but found this method inadequate and ineffectual. I then went further, and concluded the desired end could be attained only by desired end could be attained only by removing from the service or refraining from employing all men addicted to the objectionable habits alluded to.

"It is my aim and intention to purticular the parameters of the could be added to the could be a service of the could be a serv

sue this policy without abatement since I have by it proved beyond all doubt that it has raised the standard of our men. I have been criticised for the stringency of the order, especially the prohibition of the use of cigarettes, but on the other hand I have the assur-ance of our division superintendents (of which we have twelve), aided by my own observations, that persons addicted to the use of cigarettes, especially young men, are the most careless in their duties and less able to perform them than men using liquor in moderation. I may also mention that in seventeen recommendations as manager of teen years experience as manager of public utility corporations I have had occasion to promote many of our men from the rank of conductors and motermen to officers, and in no case has a man using whiskey come up to the re-quirements."

"I PAY AS I GO."

From the Parish Visitor. I met a fellow-man the other day who was very severe on another who had failed to pay a debt due him, and who puffed up as he said with a good deal of fervor. "I pay as I go." This suggested some questions, and I began to fire them at him.

" How much did you pay the priest last year?"
"Nothing, 'cause I don't owe him

nothing."

'What did you contribute to missionary work during the year?"

'Not a cent; it is none of my busi-

ness."
"What did you give to charity in

"Nothing. I believe in charity be-ginning and remaining at home."
"Did you help the cripple begging in our community the other day?" "No. Let all such go to the free hospital."

"Did you ever contribute to the sup-port of a free hospital?"
"No. It's no home of mine, and I

don't ask shelter from any of them."
"Did your offer to help the p widow who lives near you, and whom you know to be in want?"
"No; for the poorhouse is the place

for all such."
"Did you help nurse that neighbor who suffered such long and painful illness?"

'No. Doctors and nurses are paid

for that work." " Did you ever give a word of cheer to a discouraged brother man?"
"No: don't ever bother with such

folks. "Did you ever speak a word of sym-

pathy to a sorrowing soul?"
"Never did, and never expect to."
"Did you ever offer a hand to a fallen fellow-man?" "No; my hands are busy at work."
"And yet you say you pay as you

Hopelessly insolvent! Criminally in debt! Many times a bankrupt! Selfish spendthrift! Faithless to a high and sacred trust! Cowardly dodger of duty! False to God and man? Miserable miser! Repent! Ask for mercy, or soon you will stand in the presence of a just Judge and be prepared an eternal bankrupt. pronounced an eternal bankrupt.

A PROTESTANT EDITOR PRAISED THE CHURCH.

A remarkable tribute to Archbishop reland and the Catholic Church in the North-West appeared recently in the Bellman, a non-Catholic paper of Minneapolis. It was written with re-ference to the laying of the corner-stone of new St. Paul's cathedral. Fol-lowing are some characteristic extracts:

"The Bellman is a Protestant, technically, perhaps, a 'heretic,' al-though the word seems harsh when considered in connection with the spirit of religious toleration and freedom which finds expression in the North West under the leadership of such men as Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Cotter, Bishop McGolrick, Bishop Schwebach and other clergy of Catholic faith. Nevertheless, when the spleadld ach-ievements of the Catholic Church, both spiritual and material, are considered, the Bellman bows in reverent and respectful admiration to the great religious organization which celebrated with such fitting honor and such devout fervor the laying of the corner-stone of its St. Paul's cathedral-

"There are those who affect to see in the might and power of this grand organization, which bears the banner of the Cross, a menace to American insti tutions; a temporal allegiance to an alien power which may demand from American citizenship such sacrifices as are incompatible with true fidelity to This sentiment, once more prevalent than it now happily is, occa sionally finds expression from Protest tant pulpits.

testant in the discharge of the citizen's duty to his country. If there be any, duty to his country. If there be any, it is certainly not to the disadvantage of the former. In the upbuilding of the Northwest the Catholic has done at least an equal share. In all that con tributes to the better and nobler ambi ettes, and in explanation of his drastic action gives this explanation:

"Being an officer of a company that carries—and of course is responsible for the safety of—over two hundred and twenty-five million people per year, it becomes my moral and legal duty as well as my public duty to use all reasonable means to protect the lives and further the comfort of this large number of passengers. Having for some

"The narrowness of soul, the smalless of mind that would detract by dis trust and doubt from the splendid achievements accomplished through achievements accomplished through the Catholic faith by its priests and laymen, must be pitiful indeed not to be able to recognize that an underlying spirit of humility and true right-eousness is the very mainspring of all these good works which this Church has done in deing and will continue has done, is doing, and will continue

NEEDS THE CATHOLIC ' AMERICA

Referring to Archbishop Ireland's words that " America in its turn needs rel'gion; it needs good and virtuous men and women, loyal and trustworthy men citizens," the Bellman continues: "He might also have added that America needs the Catholic Church. Never in the history of this land was there greater need than now for the there greater need than now for the great restraining, conservative influence which that Church is able to exercise upon the wayward spirit of the nation, It is doing what no other religious body oi less inflexible stan dards and inferior power of organization can attempt to do successfully; a service to mankind the value of which is beyond all power of estimation.

is beyond all power of estimation.
"It stands immovably in a world of

from following the dangerous paths which lead to chaos, and bids them find their anchor for the present, and hope for the future in the quiet and sanctity of the Church's influence.

for the future in the quiet and sanctity of the Church's influence.

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT CHURCHMAN.

"The Protestant as well as the Cathclic has reason to be gratified by the evident growth and prosperity of the Church as indicated by the erection of St. Paul's noble cathedral. As for Archbishop John Ireland, we of a somewhat different faith will not consent to be non-participants in the satisfaction which the contemplation of such a character affords humanity. We must insist that he belongs to us, also—is of us: a part of the same national family.

In the nation if not in the Church, we share the benefits of his tolerant goodwill toward mankind; the results of his devotion to the cause of humanity; the value of his example; the healthful influence of his optimism and the inspiration of his sound counsel.

"We who are not of his Churc, yet within reach of its benign influence, acknowledge the power for good which he exerts and his exalted and eunobling standard of citizenship. We honor the great Churchman, reinice in the suc-

standard of citizenship. We honor the great Churchman, rejoice in the suc-cess of his efforts and join fervently in the hope that he may long be spared to carry forward the work of the Master whom he valiantly serves.

THE ABUSES OF CONTROVERSY.

PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN READS LESSON TO BIGOTS-CITES A SAMPLE INSTANCE.

We take the following from one of the scholarly articles contributed in the Sacred Heart Review by Dr. Starbuck, non-Catholic clergyman, and pro-essor at Andover seminary. It is curious and humiliating, that

the habit of insulting Catholies, especially of high rank, whenever a difference of opinion eccure, is so deeply rooted among us, that we find it on levels where we should not expect it. For instance I remember a controversy once arising on some point between The Nation and Cardinal Gibbons. The Cardinal who ought to know declared that the journal had misrepresented

that the journal had misrepresented the matter, and exhibited some not un-natural resentment.

The editors sneeringly replied, that no doubt the Archbishop would burn them alive if he could, but that luckily

Now the Cardinal was either right or Now the Cardinal was either right or wrong. If right, it was the business of The Nation to own its mistake and express regret for having made it. It has done so for me before now. But then I was not a Catholic. If the Cardinal was wrong, it had but to adduce the higher Catholic authorities which contradicted him.

In neither case was it excusable to taunt him with the unhappy facts of bygone centuries. In reality of course the editors no more believed that he wanted to burn them, than he that they

wanted to burn them, than he that they wanted to burn him. But the habit of insulting a "Papist" when we are out of temper with him is so fixed among us, that it is hard even for a gentleman

to cure himself of it.

It must be owned that this "short and ready method" of controversy saves a good deal of trouble. For instance, if I am at odds with a Presby terian and he floors me in argument, all I have to do is to say: "Sir, if you could, you would burn me, as Calvin burned Servetus." So also if I had the worst of it in dispute with the Cor gregationalist I need only say: "Gentle men if you could, doubtless you would hang me on Boston Common, as your predecessor hanged the four Quakers. Or else you would sell me to Barbado as the Congregationalists once under-took, although unsuccessfully, to sell my lineal ancestor in a double line, Daniel Southwick of Salem." Of course Daniel Southwick of Salem. Or course such logic would shut the poor men's mouths hopelessly. Baring Gould gives the same retort to some Catholic journal that contradicts him. He may not be far cut, for he is such a trumpery writer that it would be no great crime to burn alive not him, but his books.

Catholics, in their turn, could use the same method. Thus if they were the same method. Thus it duty white hard pressed in argument by a Scotch Presbyterian, they need only say: "Reverend Sir, if you could you would doubtless throw us over the bridge into the water, as the Scotch Presbyterians the water, as the Scotch Prespyterians of 1641 threw over eighty wives and children of Irish soldiers in one day." That should be an end of controversy. So it should be for any one who did not care to answer a fool according to his folly. I do not remember, however, to have seen contumely so turned into logic by Roman Catholics, at least of a class answering to the editors of The Nation.

THE CHURCH RIGHT AFTER ALL Commenting on the return of Protes

commenting on the return of 1 rocard tant churches and individuals to some fragmentary parts, at least, of Catholic beliefs and practises, the Calendar of the Paulist church, Chicago, says: "Yes the old Catholic Church knows best after all. Don't you see, you poor wayward protesting children of Luther and Wesley and Henry VIII., and the two or three hundred other hunan founders of human religions, that the Holy Spirit is within and around and about this great Catholic Church and that 'He reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly?' The Catholic Church is right about the divorce problem. It is no 'problem' to her. And your Protestant minister admits it; but it is one of the "hard sayings" of Jesus, this teaching,
'What God hath inined together let no
man put aunder,—and too few hear it
and live it. And the Catholic Church
is right about the confessional, and she is right about the confessional, and sne is right about prayers for the dead, and she is right about St. Peter and his successors. And Scripture and history and tradition, and the up-to-date higher criticism and learning, of which some said our Church was afraid, are forcing the very ones who once said these things to accept the Church teachings which they once denied. These are the mutable, changing purposes, pointing steadily to the value of law, discipline and order; proclaiming the beauty and worth of self-sacrifice and service; teaching the lessons of obedience and humility. With its strong arm it gently but firmly restrains its peoople

STRANGE WORK FOR SEMIN-ARIANS.

We talk a good deal about supporting the Catholic press in this country but certainly they have a unique way of spreading Catholic truth over in Spain, as we glean from a Spanish ex-

Spain, as we glean from a Spanish exchange.

In the diocese of Murcia there is a movement called "the Crusade of the Good Press." It is an organization composed of young seminarians organalized into "decurias," or groups of ten, each decuria having a director. There are twelve groups with twelve directors, and over all there is a director general.

The duties of those future priests? Strange as the fact may seem, they are (1) to solicit subscriptions for Catholic journals approved by Episcopal authority; (2) to persuade Catholics to cease patronizing Liberal or socialistic journals, (3) to request Catholics to give up dangerous infidel or immoral periodicals, pamphlets or books; (4) to collect a fund and use it in circulating safe Catholic journals, pamphlets and safe Catholic journals, pamphlets and publications. This work they are obliged to continue during their vacation and make report, each to his director, who reports to the general director, who reports to the Bishops of the

This is a strenuous apostolate of the press but it has several points in its favor. Full as Spain is of bleak Liber-alism,Red Socialism and black anarchy, alism, Red Socialism and black anarchy, those young men get a grasp on conditions and do much good in rescuing the wavering from peril. Last vacation the twelve decurias secured 178 subscriptions to Catholic papers, killed 206 subscriptions to the Radical press, captured 230 Radical books, immoral novels and Protestant Bibles, and distributed 3,000 copies of Catholic journals and 16,500 pamphlets bearing on the propaganda of the good press.

This country is not Spain, of course, but much work of the kind might be done here. The Spanish Catholic

out much work of the kind might be done here. The Spanish Catholic press is not, we must confess, singularly interesting, being heavy devotional and dull; but it is waking up and will improve. Apparently the Bishops of Spain are convinced that the Catholic press can help.—Syrange Catholic Catholic Press can help.—Syrange Catholic Press can help catholic Pres press can help.— Syracuse Catholic

CONVENT DISCIPLINE.

A writer in the Living Church (Protestant Episcopal), of a recent date expressed the opinion that the Reformation, suppressing as it did the stately caremony of the Catholic Church, caremony of the Catholic Church, made the English the worst mannered race in Europe. This is in agreement with the saying attributed to Guizot, the French historian, that the Catholic lie Church, with its principle of obedience and its ceremony, is a great school of manners. Corroborating this opinion is a little story told by Maurice Francis Egan in the June Rosalina distribution of the control o ary Magazine, about a very dis-tinguished Hebrew gentlemen who de-plored, the other day, the suppression of a well known convent school for girls in Paris. Mr. Egan declares that this Mr. Egan declares that this gentleman denounced the Hebrew French Government in impassioned language. "I have always sent my language. daughters and neices to that school," he said. "Why," asked Mr. Egan, "do you want them to be Christians?" "Oh no he answered, "it is because in "The June there in the ceremonial. sisted on exact observance of ceremonial. The pupils there were never allowed to lose their self con rol. And then, they were all obliged to attend high Mass which is a training in itself." -Sacred Heart Review.

THE POPE ON DIVORCE.

HOLY FATHER SENDS LETTER TO SOCIETY WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

Pope Pius X. has issued a call to so ciety women of New York to aid in preventing the spread of the divorce

The Pope's letter was written to Miss Eliza O. B. Lummis, founder of the Daughters of the Faith, and was read by her at a meeting of the organization on April 17, presided over by Msgr. Lavelle and addressed by Archhishon Farley.

blahop Farley.
In his letter the Pope lays down rules governing the duties of society women in connection with divorce

women in connection with divorce. He says:

"Among these duties we mention particularly that of protecting Christian marriage against the diagraceful stain of divorce; of providing for proper education within the schools; of checking those pests of society, namely, the shameless licence of spectacular representations and immoral books, of idle and wanton conversation and gatherings, and the shameful extravagance of dees."

The Daughters of Faith was founded by Miss Lummis, with the approval of

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The duties of those future priests

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Pope Pius, with a view to bringing women of high social position in o the movement to check the divorce and to wage war against frivolity and license.

Mary, in her quality of Mother, has a certain right to all the graces of the Heart of Jesus .- Suarez.



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CHATS WITH YO

Plain Speakin Plain Speakirg is so wholesome. We heard a cently. Four young me ed in business. The b small one, and not able t all as "bosses," but it think it was. Last sum them; went off on a v same time, leaving the bor three employees. One of them called to neighbor, and said: "Hello, Mr. Smith. take a vacation?"

JULY 20, 1907.

take a vacation?"
"Not when I have a lework on hand," he repli
"Well, I think ever take a vacation. He better for it," said the "Say," said the neighb et angry when one hat he thinks, do you "Of course not. Bes get angry at you." Mr. Smith looked at and said:
"You're an ass!"

The young fellow fell that, but Mr. Smith sai "See here! There a in your shop than yo work. Each one is dra salary each week, and in. How long can you that? You young felle work and hustle, if you The advice was good

ly good to our oldest will soon go out into the a livelihood. Almost that, for even tramps One must have the more. He must mean only in the business gages, but in building for honor and manline capital for a young ma That term includes a and if he strives to do ever department of br engaged, he will succe Success does not als

and riches does not alv and integrity; and secured when one b right in all the busin Boys, by being thou themselves much of fortune.—Our Young Intentions th

The paving of the r comfortable place is posed of good inter else has this materi paving, though it is for almost any purpopeople whose house are "just going to a cow or a horse whe going to " mend the gate, who are "justock when it goes who are "just going when it goes to protegoing to" help a dies, who are "just some flowers to a s it proves too late. lives, but never get be always intending but never find time says Tilliotson, "is put off drinking and starved to death." starved to death."
in a factory at C
motto, "Do it now
lived up to by eve
the world much tro
thousands of good d penings, save many ruptcy through bar dreds of pictures on books without name out half the tangle social life. The ha agreeable duties much needless un bugbears weigh or vent the satisfied from duty well tasks promptly un difficult than we an

of accomplishment any hardship expe to be known for un tions. Good inter come the good d useful, loved and fa rather than just all the difference failure. Vanity is not, li ate idea of our ex-ordinate desire even when we kno serve either. It which is so great,

to our own consci symptoms? Never be disc things get on never fail to do lies next to your a hurry, but be the sublime p Learn to endure may come upon

duce the objects

Ingratitude is pense; but soon be rewarded by

All Past Ages The man who throb with grati life for being bo age of the world that he owes a t past, to all struggled and before him, is kind of stuff. I a man, and he

drone, a thiel of Everything th enters into yo enjoy the sum moment of your told thousands their lives to forts, the bless you now enjoy. blood that have sands who have misery of priso

Plain Speaking. Plain speaking is sometimes very holesome. We heard an instance rewholesome. We heard an instance recently. Four young men were engaged in business. The business was a small one, and not able to support them all as "bosses," but they seemed to think it was. Last summer all four of them; went off on a vacation at the same time, leaving the business to two

same time, leaving the business to two or three employees. On their return, one of them called to his next door neighbor, and said:

"Hello, Mr. Smith. Don't you ever take a vacation?"

"Not when I have a large amount of work on hand," he replied.

"Well, I think every man ought to take a vacation. He feels so much hetter for it," said the younger one. "Say," said the neighbor, "you don't get angry when one speaks plainly

get angry when one speaks plainly what he thinks, do you?"
"Of course not. Besides, I wouldn't get angry at you."
Mr. Smith looked at him a moment,

'You're an ass!"

The young fellow felt like resenting that, but Mr. Smith said:
"See here! There are more 'bosses' in your shop than you have men at work. Each one is drawing out a good salary each week, and putting nothing in. How long can your business stand that? You young fellows need to go to work and hustle, if you expect to succeed."

The advice was good; and it is equally good to our oldest boy readers who will soon go out into the world to gain a livelihood. Almost anyone can do that, for even tramps succeed thus far. that, for even tramps succe One must have the ambition to do more. He must mean to succeed, not only in the business in which he engages, but in building up a character for honor and manliness. The name of being a Christian gentleman is the best capital for a young man to begin life on. That term includes all of the virtues, and if he strives to do his best in what-ever department of business he may be

engaged, he will succeed. Success does not always mean riches, and riches does not always mean honesty and integrity; and yet all may be secured when one bears himself up right in all the business of the world. Boys, by being thoughtful, may save themselves much of sorrow and misfortune .- Our Young People.

Intentions that Count.

The paving of the road to a very uncomfortable place is said to be com-posed of good intentions. Nowhere else has this material been tried for else has this material been tried for paving, though it is plentiful enough for almost any purpose. We all know people whose houses burn when they are "just going to" insure, who lose a cow or a horse when they are "just going to" mend the fence or close the gate, who are "just going to" buy stock when it goes up like a rocket, who are "just going to" pay a note when it goes to protest, who are "just going to" help a neighbor when he dies, who are "just going to" send some flowers to a sick neighbor when it proves too late. In fact, they are proves too late. In fact, they are just going to " do things all their lives, but never get them started. "To be always intending to live a new life, but never find time to set about it," says Tilliotson, " is as if a man should put off drinking and eating until he is starved to death." Under every clock starved to death." Under every clock in a factory at Cleveland, O., is the motto, "Do it now!" Such a motto, lived up to by everyone, would spare the world much trouble. It would add the world much trouble. It would add thousands of good deeds to daily hap-penings, save many firms from bank-ruptcy through bad debts, paint hun-dreds of pictures only dreamed of, write books without number and straighten out half the tangles of our complicated social life. The habit of putting of disagreeable duties is responsible for much needless unhappiness, for these bugbears weigh on the mind and prevent the satisfied content that come vent the satisfied content that comes from duty well performed. Mostly tasks promptly undertaken prove less tasks promptly undertasten prove less difficult than we anticipated, and the joy of accomplishment often compensates for any hardship experienced. Don't get to be known for unfulfilled good inten-Good intentions carried out become the good deeds that make men useful, loved and famous. Doing things rather than just planning them makes all the difference between success and

failure. Vanity is not, like pride, an inordinate idea of our excellence; it is an inordinate desire for honor and praise even when we know that we do not deeven when we know that we are serve either. It is a kind of voice which is so great, that in order to produce the objects of our desires, we lie to our own conscience. Have you any

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily the good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be dilligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Learn to endure meekly whatever trials may come upon you in your every day life.

Ingratitude is the world's recom-pense; but sooner or later merit will be rewarded by God.—Western Watch-

All Past Ages have Worked for you.

All Past Ages have Worked for you.

The man who does not feel his heart throb with gratitude every day of his life for being born in the very golden age of the world, and who does not feel that he owes a tremendous debt to the past, to all the people who have struggled and striven and sacrificed before him, is not made of the right kind of stuff. In other words, he is not a man, and he ought to be treated as drone, a thief of other men's labors.

Everything that has gone before you.

dom of action which you enjoy to-day. How many lives have been lived in solitude and misery in order to develop sciences which are to day beacon lights of the world! And think what multior the world! And think what muttings, manufacturing and forwarding your clothing, your furniture, your food, the tropical fruits on your table, the foreign textiles, the brica-brac, and all the things which come from foreign lands to minister to your comfort and convenience.

venience. You buy an orange on the street for 2 or 3 cents, but did you ever think of what it has cost to bring it to you? Did you ever think of the number of people who have aided in its production and its transcortation as that tion and its transportation so that you might buy it for a few pennies?

might buy it for a few pennies?
You buy a yard of cotton cloth for 10 cents; but did you ever think of the toil and the hardships of the poor people in the South, of the operatives in the mill, the packers, shippers, and clerks who have handled and rehandled. and shipped it by steamship and rail road to bring it to you for a song?

Worth Thinking About. A loving heart will make a thought

ful head.

The most unprofitable thing to hold in this world is a grudge. What we get from the world depends

upon what we give to it.
Success is utter failure If achieved

Success is utter failure if achieved by the sacrifice of moral principle. He who wishes to be happier than others must first consider others. To be a good talker one must first learn how to be a good listener. Good companionship does not de-pend upon accident but upon selection. Let your means overrun your wants,

not your wants overrun your means.

Every duty which is hidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its Its more useful not to know things and make people think you do, than to know them and not have anybody be-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

lieve it.

" Mamma," said Edith, " may I go and spend the afternoon with Alice."
"Have you mended the rent in your best dress, and darned your stockings?

best dress, and darned your stockings? If so, you may go," was the answer.
"It's a shame for that old mending to spoil my whole Saturday afternoon," said Edith, crossly.
"Why did you leave it so long? You tore that dress last Sunday. I reminded you of the rent twice, but you always prefer doing something else rather than the particular work which is most necessary. I really must inrather than the particular work which is most necessary. I really must insist upon your mending being finished each week before Saturday evening. You know you can always choose your own time, and have yourself to thank if your Saturday is spoiled," remarked

Mrs. Stein. Edith silently left the room, and, returning with her dress, began gloomily looking at a long rent in the skirt.

"It will take an age to darn that,"

she muttered.
"Edith," called grandma cheerily from the bay window where she had been hitherto a silent littener, "bring your work here, where there is the best light, and I will tell you a story. The girl's face brightened at once. She found a seat near the old lady and

said:
"You're very kind, grandma, but
really I don't think I'm young enough
to enjoy." The Three Bears' or 'Hansel and Gretel' any longer. Why, I'm almost fourteen

almost fourteen."
Grandma smiled and said:
"Don't you want to hear the true
story of how your fortune was lost?"
"That's different: of course I do."
"Well, then," began the old lady,
"my grandfather was a very well-to-do
silversmith and jeweler, who lived in
Bremen, one of the largest and most
important towns in North Germany. In his day it was much smaller than it is now, but he thought it would grow; so he bought a large piece of land lying just outside the town, borrowing part

of the money to pay for it.

"A short time afterwards times were of the money to pay for it.

"A short time afterwards times were very hard in Germany, on account of the wars of Napoleon. People bought only the most necessary things, and of course, no one would buy any jewelry or silverware. So it happened that, when my grandfather was called upon to pay \$100 on this debt, he could not do so, and none of his business acquaintances were able to lend him even so small a sum. Finally, three days before the money had to be paid, he thought of a certain rich friend of his and going to his house, asked him to lend him \$100, telling him how he had failed to get it elsewhere. His friend said: 'Why, of course you shall have the money. Why didn't you come to me long ago? I can get it for you from my office at once, it you must have it, but I think you said you have until day after to-morrow? Yes? Well, really, I want to finish this interesting day after to-morrow? Yes? Well, really, I want to finish this interesting book this afternoon, but, if you will

call at the office come time to-morrow morning you shall have the money.'
"My grandfather went home feeling happier than he had done for months. happier than he had done for months.

Next morning, as he was starting to
go to his friend's office, he heard that
his friend had been found dead in bed,
having died of heart disease during naving died of heart disease during the night. He went to the man who managed his friend's business and asked him for the money, but the man said he had no right to lend it without any order from the owner.

any order from the owner.

"So the piece of land was sold at auction, and, as no one wanted to buy, the man to whom the money was owing bought it in for just \$100—that is, he took it for the debt, and grandfather lost all the money he had paid for the land, and the land besides. To day there stands upon this land a handsome

finish his book! It's too bad!" said laugh and turn away; but that colored man's question has been like a dagger in my heart ever since.

Edith, emphatically.

"Take care, my dear. 'People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones,' you know." The girl looked grave a minute, then

"I'll move out of my 'glass house," and mend my clothes by Tuesday every week—see if I don't!" The Three Portraits. In a convent school in Italy, a very vain and conceited girl was being educated. Nature or rather God, had endowed her with rare beauty, but instead of thanking her Creator for so gracious a gift, because of it she de spised her less beautiful looking com-

panions. Times without number had she been reproved for this serious fault, but to no purpose.

no purpose.

Her parents, who fondly loved their child being anxious for her future welfare, had recourse to a stratagem.

On her birthday they sent her three little parcels, on each of which was marked a number. No. 1 on one parcel; on another, No. 2; and on the other, No. 3, thus indicating the order in which they were to be opened,

On receiving the presents, Mary (for such was the girl's name) ran hastily

such was the girl's name) ran hastily to her little room to open the parcels.
When she opened the first she danced for joy, on seeing herself in a beautiful hand mirror. Underneath the clear, bright glass was written: "As you are."

Her overflowing joy being restrained by her desire to examine the other parcels, she opened the second. What as her horror on beholding an empty skull-hideous and terrible it appeared to her—a cruel witness of the insig-nificance of life.

She burst into tears as she read the words written underneath: "As you

How sad for one who has centered How sad for one who has centered all her happiness in this world's pleasures, to think she will one day come to an end so bitter. The poor girl was disconsolate, and with great reluctance opened the third parcel. What a contrast! It contained a beautiful picture of our Blessed Lady, who smiled upon her. Underneath were the words: "As you ought to be."

"Yes, beautiful Lady! dear Mother Mary!" she exclaimed, drying her tears, "I will began to serve her faithfully from this very moment, and I shall think more of that bright Land where true beauty never fades, bebecause it is of the soul and where all the saints rejoice forever. And she kept her word.—Our Young People.

A Reputiful Face. "Yes, beautiful Lady! dear Mother A Beautiful Face.

A good heart makes a good face perhaps not a beautiful or classical face, but one that is fine, sincere and noble, one that will shine with God behind it.

There are some faces that are quiet that at times even have a warm glow upon them. There are faces that are quiet and uninteresting in repose but that light up amazingly with the ani mation of talking. There are some eople who can never get a good photo-

people who can never get a good photograph because the camera cannot catch the subtle sparkle of the eye, in which the whole individuality lies.

There are some whom you would not at first call handsome, whose faces grow on you with constant acquaint ance until they become beautiful to you, for you see the soul shining, you see the splendor of noble character glorifying every feature. A true beauty in the soul will come out in the sweetness, the brightness, the quiet glory of the face.

CLEAR THE PATH OF OBSTACLES.

The following extract from the reminiscences of Archbishop Keane, printed in the Dubuque Apostolate, touch upon one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the faith of Christ. He is speaking of the evils of drink and of sploon keaning.

saloon-keeping:
Previous to the Third Plenary Council, Providence had made me Bishop of Richmond. It was not long before proofs in abundance came to me of the

proofs in abundance came to me of the need of combating this great evil. I will mention only two of them.

During my first visitation of the diocese, on arriving in a small town where I was to preach that night and adminster confirmation next morning, I tound at the house where I was to ledge adminster confirmation next morting, found at the house where I was to lodge, a letter awaiting me which was simply this: "List of the licensed liquor dealers in this town at date." It gave their names, and their religion; and out of the seven, six were marked "Roman Catholic." That was considered by the authors of the letter a sidered by the authors of the letter a sidered by the authors of the letter a sufficient reply to anything I might say in behalf of the Catholic Church. Some may think it a bad argument; but to the great majority of the people of that town it was a valid argument, and a refutation of the assertion that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ. Those poor saloon-keepers might protest as much as they liked; the fact remained that they brought the fact remained that they brought scandal on the Church in the minds of scandar on the Church in tre minds of those people who considered that they were rightly applying the test given by our Lord Himself: "By their fruits you shall know them." It is easy

fruits you shall know them." It is easy to imagine what my feelings were in addressing the people that night and the following morning.

Another day, I was walking on a street in Richmond, when I noticed three colored men approaching me. They saluted me respectfully, and I greeted them cordially. One of them, who had the appearance of a preacher, asked me if it was not I that preached to the colored people in the cathedral I answered him yes, that I preached to them every Sunday evening that I kind of stuff. In other words, he is not a man, and he ought to be treated as a drone, a thief of other men's labors.

Everything that has gone before you, enters into your life and time. You enjoy the sum of all the past every moment of your life. Think of the untold thousands who have laid down their lives to make possible the comforts, the blessings, and the immunities you now enjoy. Think of the rivers of blood that have been spilt, of the thousands who have perished or lived in the misery of prison and dungeon to purchase the liberties of speech and free-

AN OXFORD DEBATE

The great and famous University of Oxford, one of the most ancient and renowned seats of learning in the world, has just recently been the scene of a remarkable and significant demonstration in favor of Ireland's claim for National self-government. Oxford is National self-government. Oxford is the place where the sons of the British aristocracy, the lords, dukes and earls and merchant princes of England receive their collegiate education. From such a quarter one would hardly pect a declaration in approval of Home Rule for Ireland. Yet so it has been. The occasion was a debate on the Home Rule Question at a meeting of the Oxford Union, a society composed of students of the University, the meeting being held in one of the halls of the institution. John Redmond, the Irish leader, was present by invitation and delivered the closing speach of the debate which was upon the proposal or motion: "That, in the opinion of the House, Ireland should have the right to manage her own affairs."

An interesting feature of the assem blage was the fact that the chair was occupied by a grandson of Mr. Glad-stone—Mr. W. G. C. Gladstone— who, it is gratifying to know, is as ardent a Home Ruler as was his illustrious a Home Ruler as was ins instances grandfather. But the most gratifying fact was that the motion on being put to a vote at the conclusion of Mr. Redmond's speech, was carried by a big majority, the figures being three hundred and sixty nine for and two

nundred and sixty nine for and two hundred and twenty-six against.

This undoudtedly must be regarded as a very important manifestation of sympathy with the cause of Ireland, considering that the young men who voted are all English, and of the class supposed to be interpoly heatile to Irich. supposed to be intensely hostile to Irish national sentiment. Those of that class who are members of the House of Lords unquestionably are hostile, but evidently their juniors—the young blood of the so-called nobility of the country—are to a large extent imbued with a different spirit, a spirit of just appreciation of the right of the Irish people to the control of government in

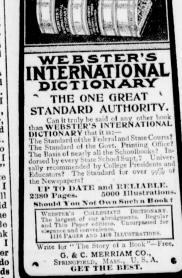
PROTECTING THE HOME.

Chicago has now a Home Protective League, one thousand strong, sccret as to membership and bent on fulfilling the aim suggested by its title. Its aim is not to induce abstinence; what it proposes to do is to put a stop to the practise of some drinkers of drinking up the contents of their pay envelopes. practise of some differences of their pay envelopes in a corner saloon. In other words, it makes an attack on drinking, leaving the moral issue and the physical issue strictly alone. It hopes to protect the home by protecting the pocket book; the drinker who can afford the indul-gence whether such indulgence is right or wrong, will not be interfered with by this league. The names of the members are kept secret in order that they can best pursue the ends sought. One only of those interested is known by name to the public; he is the city attorney attached to the juvenile court, and ahead of the Junior Business College for Delinquent Boys. "The league is made up of one man from every precinct in Chicago with the excepti

families in spite of drink. We are only going after the men who drink up their wages and make their wives and WILSON'S

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children suffer in Precinct members will refer all complaints to me. I shall at once notify the saloon named in the complaint that no more liquor is to served to the man mentioned. If the saloon keeper does not heed the warning he will be made to answer in court."

The Lord's Day.

The Lord's day is a day of rest, but it is also a home day for sealing the sweet domestic ties between the members of the family. It is a special day of religion, devotion and prayer. Re-member — that word, "remember,"

member — that word, "remember," seems to ring in our ears—remember that you keep holy the Sabbath day.

The Sunday is a day of reflection. Not long will the scrupulous reverence for its sanctity prevail if loud and large gatherings during the greater part of the day are encouraged, ostensibly, for an elevating purpose, but in truth, only for the purpose of amusements.—Bishop McCloskey, Louisville, Ky.

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THE PROPHECY OF PIUS VII.

A WARNING FROM HISTORY. om the Lamp, Protestant Histor

From the Lamp, Protestant History.

M. Clemenceau, M. Briand and their associates would do well to remember that history has a way of repeating itself, and take warning from the swift retribution which overtook Napoleon Bonaparte for his treatment of Pope Pius VII., holding the venerable Pontiff a prisoner at Fontainbleau for five years. It was there that the celebrated interview took place in which the successor of St. Peter said to the then master of Europe: "Emperor, take care. The God of old still lives. When your measure is full He will break it in pleces." Twelve years later, when himself a prisoner at St. Helena, Napoleon said to an attendant, who as a page had been present on the occasion when the Pope had spoken: "Do you remember those words of Pius VII.—his terrible prediction?" "Yes, sire," the young man answered; "he said, 'The God of old still lives; He will crush you to pleces."

"He was no false prophet." added

pleces.'''
"He was no false prophet," added
the fallen Emperor. "My scepter has
been broken, not by man, but by God."
Dom Gueranger thus completes the

wonderful story:
"A messenger from the Island of St. Helena was one day ushered into the presence of Pins VII. The exiled Napoleon, whom he had consecrated Emperor in the church of Notre Dame, peror in the church of Notre Dane, and whose after conduct had brought him under the ban of excommunication, now besought the Pontiff to allow him to be readmitted to those spiritual blessings of which he had been justly denrived.

prived.

"Pins VII., who had so courageously braved public opinion by giving hospitality at Rome to the members of the unfortunate Napoleon family, readily complied with the request thus made of him, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was shortly afterward offered up in the presence of the illustrious exile of St. Helena.

"But before granting pardon the jus-

of St. Helena.

"But before granting pardon the justice of God had required a full and public explation. He who had been the instrument of salvation to millions of souls by restoring religion to France was not to be lost, but he had implously imprisoned the Sovereign Portiff in the castle at Fontainbleau, and it was in that way castle that he had tiff in the castle at roll although a sit was in that very castle that he had afterward to sign the deed of his own abdication. For five years he had held captive the Vicar of Christ, for five years he himself had to endure the suf ferings and humiliation of captivity. Heaven accepted the retribution and left Mary to complete her victory. Reconciled with the Church, and fortified by the holy sacraments which pre pare the Christian for eternity, Napol-con yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker on the 5th day of Maythe month that is sacred to Mary,"
May as good an ending come to the
present political foes of Pope Plus X,

BLOOD WILL TELL

Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood. The column had been winding all the morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass.

The captain of the company acting as advance guard, knew that trouble was probably lying ahead. He called to his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the

been saving through all the day for the time when "best" man was needed.
"Sergeant O'Hara," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead. You can have anybody you time when "best" man was needed.
"Sergeant O'Hara," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead. You can have anybody you want—only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills."

Sergeant O'Hara's ever searched the

nne. Big, nonest swedes, burly reu-tons, lanky Yankees there were in plenty. But where—oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright eyed pug-nosed, red-headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twisted-up face. The sergeant's brow cleared.

brow cleared. "Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is thim, sorr," added, turning to the captain.

Welcome Home.

After an absence of some three months Rev. Father Crinion, of the Sacred Heart Church, Paris, Ont., returned on Monday from his European tour. The and the recipient of a very complimentary address by the children of the school to which he made a feeling reply.

AN HONOR FOR CANADA

WINNIPEG MUSICIAN GOES TO WALES AS

A JUDGE AT THE EISTEDDFOD.

It is not generally known that Canada possesses a number of musicians of internatural reputation. Yet such is the case. One of them is Mr. Rhys the case. One of them is Mr. Rays Thomas, of Winnipeg, a man of great knowledge, wide experience and exceedingly artistic taste. He has been selected by the committee of the Royal Eisteddfod to be held this year at Swansea, Wales, as one of the adjudicators. The others similarly honored are Dr. Cowap, the composer; Dr. Payles, and Dr. Protheroe. The

GREAT MEN AND THE "IMITATION

Sometimes it is thought that the "Imitation of Christ," the little book which, because it is now generally conceded that Thomas a'Kempis is the author, is called "Kempis," is usually supposed to be the favorite reading only of women and of men who are very religiously inclined and not very practical in their views. Ordinarily there would be no idea that great influential thinkers in present day life should have it as their favorite reading. I am reminded, however, to note the falsity of this opinion by the death of M. Pobledonostseff, who was for so many years the head of the Holy Synod in Russia. He is said to have exerted during the past generation more influence in Russia than the czar. That influence, of course, was in favor of the rights and privileges of the old nobility and against the people; but then this was his firm persuasion, and he could see no benefit to be obtained by letting the people share government in the present state of their education and feeling. His favorite reading, at least one chapter a day being done, was the "Imitation of of their education and feeling. His favorite reading, at least one chapter a day being done, was the "Imitation of Christ." I am tempted in this matter to mention that England's greatest jurist in the nineteenth century, the tamous Charles Russell, who afterward became Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord Chancellor of England, had the castom of reading a chapter of the became Lord Russell of Killowen and Lord Chancellor of England, had the custom of reading a chapter of the "Imitation" every day, and for that purpose constantly carried a small copy of it with him. Another distinguished modern thinker, who perhaps least of all would be suspected of such a custom, but who yet not only read himself, but recommended to all his disciples the reading of a chapter of the "Imitation" every day, was August Comte, the famous French positivist. It is very evident that such men would not have given so much time to his little book nor recommended it so freely to others, only that they felt that its meaning was so deep that it was well worth the attention given to it.—J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in the Helper.

God never forgets, and the Heart of Jesus feels for St. Joseph at this moment the affection and gratitude that moment the allection and gratitude that filled it when beating against St. Joseph's heart during the flight into Egypt and through all his life on earth. May the dear Saint's holy patronage help us to live and help us to die!—Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

RANDALL OF "MARYLAND"

Next to "Dixie" Southerners love the song "Maryland, My Maryland." The author of this war song of the South, James Ryder Randall, a strong South, James Kyder Rannail, a strong and vigorous personality, is a convert to the Church, a force in Cathelic journalism, and at present editor of the Morning Star of New Orleans. In the Baltimore Sun of recent date we find, from the pen of "The Bentztown Bard," the following poem celebrating "Mary the following poem celebrating "Mary land" and it's author:

Maryland, My Maryland," I heard the bugles nd oh, the golden music turned my heart the golden way;
I saw the old State gleaming in the beauty as

Beside her rippling rivers and beside her dreamy shore;
The sweet old song woke echoes of her beauty in my breast.
The song of Randall's "Maryland," may the wreath upon him rest!

The song of Randall's "Maryland," how it

Sergeant O'Hara's eyes searched the company.

"Sullivan!" he called. "Mc-Carthy, O'Donnell, Moriarity, McGinnis!" He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lanky Yankees there were in And my soul was filled with longing for the valley that I knew.

The tenderskies above them, with their balmy breath of blue;
I heard the rivers calling, saw the green fields by the shore.
And felt the old emotions that I felt in days of

O Randall, God be with you, for we owe you much who know
The glory of your "Maryland," the rapture of its glow;
The world should give you comfort and the land reward your worth
With all the goodly blessings of the golden dream of earth—
For all the world is beauty when the bugles and the band
Ring out the stately measure of the song you gave the land!

Maryland, My Maryland," I heard the echo ring. I saw the little hills of home grow green with breath of spring : I saw the orchards ripen in October's golden

sun,
I saw the shores of Edenland unto the blue
bay run;
My heart re-echoed, "Maryland," and my soul
responded, too,
O Randall, of the golden song, God's grace be
unto you!

An Able Catholic Lawyer.

An Able Catholic Lawyer.

The Law Society of British Columbia, which requisites the admission to the bar of that province, has prescribed as one of the text-books for the final examination, a book of Mr. J. J. Kehoe of Sault Ste Marie, entitled "The Law of Choses in Action." There are six books on this final examination and Mr. Kehoe's is the only Canadian book. The book has been highly praised by the law journals, but the action of the British Columbia Law Society is a commendation of the strongest kind, and Mr. Kehoe can feel deservedly proud of the high standing his book has thus attained.

BUSINESS TRAINING

Swansea, Wales, as one of the adjudicators. The others similarly honored are Dr. Cowan, the composer; Dr. Davies, and Dr. Protheroe. The Eisteddfod is one of the most remarkable of festivals. There are special ceremonies in honor of the old Celtic bards and heroes, and all wales is en fet for the occasion. Mr. Thomas for some time has been an ardent lover of the Gourlay Plano. Recently the firm of Gourlay, Winter and Leeming received from him this letter: "When I wanted a piano some time ago for my studio, I examined a number of instruments by various manufacturers and finally selected a Gourlay solely on its merits. Its tone is remarkably rich, the touch very responsive, and the mechanism perfect. After using it for several months, I am more than ever convinced that it is the finest plano made in Canada." Mr. Thomas evidently is a judge of pianos. SCHOOL THAT FITS FOR THE DEMANDS-OF



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WANTED FOR THE OPENING OF school, the 3rd of September next, two Catholic lady teachers, holding a second class orefessional certificate, and having sufficient knowledge to teach and converse in the French inanguage Salary \$375.00 per year. Apply to Rev. Father Denis Dumesuil S. J., Sec. S. S. of St. Ignatius, Steellon P. O., Sault Ste Marie

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W C. S. S. S. No. 3. Tilbury East. Duties to commence August 19, 19, 7, for balance of year, one cepable of teaching English and French preferred. Apply, giving recommendations and salary required, to Peter Simard, Fletcher P. O., Ont. 1500 3

TEACHER WANTED FOR THE R. C. SEP-arate Union School. Sections 8 & 5 Maid-stone, Duties to begin after holidays, Salary, Salary, Salary, and per annum. Applicants please state qualifica-tions with references. Address M. J. Kan-Sec. Treas. Maidstone, Onc. 1499 tf.

A CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHER FOR Public school at Byng Inlet North, Ont. Salary \$35). Duties to begin after holidays. Apply, stating qualifications, recommendations, etc., to C. E. Begin, Secretary, Byng Inlet North, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC S. S. No. 5. McKillop. Salary \$350, Duties to commence after vacation apply stating qualifications and references to J. J. Nolan, Secretary, Beechwood, Ont.

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Regina. First or second class professional certificate. Musical ability preferred. Duties to
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QUALIFIED TEACHER (ROMAN CATH-olic) wanted for S. S. 2, Granite Hill, Ont. Salary, \$3:90. Attendance of pupils 12 daily. Duties to commence after midsummer holi-days. Apply to Joseph Boller. Secretary, Granite Hill, Ont.

TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S. S. No. 4. Township of Mornington, Duties to commence after summer vacation 1907. Apple stating salary and qualifications to J. Gaus chene, S. S. Treas., Hesson, Ont., 1499-t.1.

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sional teacher for Separate school, No. 5.
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A GENEROUS GIFT.

On June 30th, Rev. P. T. Ryan, P. P. Ren frew, was presented with a cheque for \$1500. by his congregations in that place and in Springtown and Calabogic, Mr. F. W. McGerry, M. P. P., read the address companying the gift. His faithful flock recognized that the time had come when Father Ryan should take a rest from his many years of energetic and faithful labor in their Ryan should take a rest from his many years of energetic and faithful labor in their sentences and princely donation of which he had been the object that every fact showed all the more generosity of his people's hearts, and increased all the more the debt of gratitude which he owed them. He would indeed, follow out their wishes and take the trip they wished him to take. Is would be a pleasure for him to gaze on the land of his ancestors and of his own birth, to visit the Eternal City, and the many shrines with which God had decorated the Old World. In Sur mich God had decorated the Old World. But much as he might enjoy the scenes of foreign lands, he was sure he would return with the firm conviction that there is no country in the world like Canada, and no place in Canada like Renfrew.

The CATHOLIC RECORD sends best wishes to the pastor of Renfrew for a pleasant voyage and a safe return to his flock.

DEAF MUTES AND THE CHURCH.

ED. CATHOLIC RECORD—In the report of the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, for the year 19.6, part I, page 41 Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, says:

"As a dummy, therefore, our deaf man was treated and damned by the great apostle of Catholicism, Augustine, on the ground that as faith comes by bearing, it was impossible for the deaf man, not hearing the Word of God, to have faith, and therefore, according to the Pauline theory, he must be eternally damned."

Is such insanity taught by St Augustine? Is Augustine the great apostle of Catholicism? Is this the Pauline theory? I's this extract of the report an honor to the Honorable R. A. Pyne, M. D?... Has this really been printed by order of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario?

P. O., Ont. 1500 3

TEACHER WANTED FOR PUBLIC School Section No. 1, near Massey. Ont. holding second or third class certificate. Duties to commence August 1st. Salary \$800. Apply, Alex Faubert, Sec. Treas, S. S. No. 1, Massey Station, Ont. 1500-1

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HEVEY.—In this city, on the 12th inst. Mr. Christopher Hevey of the Postofile Dept., aged fifty two years. May his soul rest in peace!

Peace:

FOLEY—In your charity pray for the repost of the soul of Mrs. Mary Foley, who died at her late residence, it Barton street east, Hamilton, on the 8th inst. May she rest in peace!

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