

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### A QUOTATION.

Said Earl Spencer, who a few years ago was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: "I have had some experience in Ireland. 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 Catholics against their Protestant fellow countrymen. But 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 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 long-winded thoughts when he spoke of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none." This magnificent display of genius enraptured the brethren and caused them to make a most gladsome noise. But the chaplain was tired. 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 Duke of Cumberland 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 priests. As there was no Bourassa among the auditors he blathered his way unrestrained 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 who fight for a nation's rights use words with blood in them. What if they do brood over the memories of the past. If we remember aright Mr. John Morley said that if we do not give a nation something to look forward to it will insist on looking backwards. But Mr. Redmond is looking forwards—to the day when public opinion will sweep

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 drifting on a sea of hysterics. If rescued they should be forwarded to Ontario, in care of Dr. Sproule. As a tonic, give them the information that the Hon. Mr. Fielding did not go to Rome at all. When all danger of a relapse is over, they should be warned to not allow their anxiety for the welfare of this 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 Holy Father.

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 other.

### CRUSADES DON'T PAY.

Writing in the Tribune (London) Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., says of the Moslem 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 Tancred 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 repay them for their exertions. It is quite possible that sundry good souls believe the tale of "Congo atrocity," never suspecting that "rubber profits" are responsible for many of its alleged facts. Time was when swords leaped from scabbards to redress wrong, but this was when the world was young and honor was more than gold or broad 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 McMahon was no friend to the missionaries of Algiers, and Lord Kitchener was not exactly a fount of encouragement to those who wished to evangelize the Sudan. 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. Emboldened by their success in France the anti-clericals—that is, the atheist and socialist—carried their banners into other countries, confident that victory would crown them. However great their resources, the champions of revolt adopt the tactics that were in honor when Christ was hunted down and nailed to a cross. Slander—provoking the people to discontent and rioting, robbing them of all that gives value to life—all this is never absent from their plan of campaign.

Spain, we were informed, was ready to accord them a joyous welcome. The correspondents wrote epic poems to

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 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 away.

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-fangled 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 "lackedaisical" piety which lazily awaits a zephyr from the sky, the bearer of efficacious grace, while God's grace is at hand entreating to be made efficacious by our own co-operation. "We must pray, and pray earnestly," wrote Archbishop Ireland, "but we must work and work earnestly. We fail if we work and do not pray; and 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 JEWS, MASONS AND SOCIALISTS.

Coercion in the matter of religious beliefs is a policy unknown to the Catholic Church. On points of dogma that controvert each other, the Catholic is 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 acceptance of his own point of view. Since attacks and every attack 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 disilluminating the aggressor, or in other words, to allow the opposition to condemn itself from out its own mouth. It will be found that the inherent truth of Catholicity is more than sufficient to confound unauthoritative doctrine. Nevertheless in its all-embracing charity, the Church teaches and has always taught, that the sincere of heart who are undecided in their faith and hope in God are not unacceptable to and are not condemned to the pain of eternal deprivation by the Eternal Judge.

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 Crusades were either the relatives or the friends of Jews who had converted to Christianity. It is not to be admitted that Orthodoxy Judaism is, it must be admitted, with Catholicity, the best remnant of those phenomena, scientifically called phylis, which go to demonstrate beyond controversy that man is intuitively religious, in other words, that the sense of the Supernal is 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 impossibility of divesting itself of its nationality, such Judaism, we repeat, has been instrumental more than any other influence in the modern social economy, in introducing into the life 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 a 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.

There is a note we cannot do better than quote the Jewish Encyclopedia, assuredly a work that is not to be regarded as suspect in regard to its Semitism: "Jews, says that excellent work, have 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 Concllleur from 1808 to 1880. He introduced the practice of having the S. G. C. controlled by the lodges instead of being arbitrarily selected by his predecessor. "In regard to the importance of this Jewish revival in France, we venture to point out as a fact of great significance, that its momentum seems to have been derived from an important 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 a continuation of that masonry which, as the modern historian of the Order acutely 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 French Revolution, which preceded the revival of Freemasonry, was 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 belonging to it, but also on an avowed aim by its adherents, to create for themselves a body politic which shall make its efforts purely and practically individualistic and, consequently, the reverse of utilitarian. "Another important fact occurs to us in this connection, as being worthy of special consideration. It is the fact that in 1734 Montesquieu had published his "Grandeur and Decadence of Rome," a work which more than any 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 selfish minority, could in the end involve the bulk of humanity in its tolls, 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 heretofore appeared in the world. The great masses of men, it was shown, were virtually at the mercy of a few 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 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 rule the French nation without reference to its welfare or its future, and solely with the end in view of assuring the pre-eminence in the country of a certain group of men who have conspired together to think alike, careless whether their methods or reasoning are in the interests of the governed, or not. "Such a power is far more readily acquired in our times than it could 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 that there is no closely bound 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-Catholic organ which can express an independent 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 mediocrity 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 confession 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 extent he has compromised his own fortunes. He knows now, says the well-known French writer, A. Tilloy, that he has been practically dispossessed of his power and on all hands appropriated by the eternal Jew. There is no deification 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 and no religion. "Of the extremists among the rapacious anti-clerical Jews of to-day, not one can be found who is either orthodox or commercially without suspicion and talent; 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

passing to the other great capitals of the world. "Usury, market rigging, legalized robbery, the sale of pornographic literature, the legislation of public instruction, all these have been principles in the propaganda, calmly thought out as the most certain methods of undermining the Christian social fabric and assuring the hegemony of godless usurpers. "This Jewish supremacy, powerfully seconded by the subjoined 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 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 enlightened 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 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 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 disturb 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 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 ennobled 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 role towards labor; it becomes a hard and tyrannical task master. The workman is but a tool. "Hence the sweat-shop; hence the Sunday-labor evil, hence the lack of holidays, of vacation, of family reunions, hence ill-health; 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 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 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 have no quarrel with the Orthodox Jew he is 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 an 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 are 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: "Go to Joseph!" I say the same to you: Go to Joseph! Have recourse with special confidence to St. Joseph, for his protection is most powerful, now above all that he is the Patron of the Universal Church.—Pope Pius IX.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

At the church of Corpus Christi, in London, Benediction is given each afternoon at 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, recently driven from France by the 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 zealous order of priests.

The memory of Father Ryan, the poet 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 description of Cardinal Gibbons' colors in order that they might be used for decorative purposes during Old Home Week, during which the Cardinal had 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."

The Germans are returning some of the jokes of Bismarckian days to the French. This is from the Jugend of Munich: "S ränger 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."

At Carthage, Africa, on June 29, 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 are Eugene Dery, Joseph Dery and Ernest Paradis, and they were reared in the Archdiocese of Quebec.

Pilgrimages to Lourdes continue in great number. During the year of 1906, 161,331 pilgrims visited the famous shrine, among them being a Cardinal, 46 Archbishops and Bishops and 27 other prelates. Masses during 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 Datholt, who died at Hove, England, the other day, was a convert to the Catholic faith. He entered the Church through a very strange door. "Parcell's 'Life of Newman'" 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 Romenard inclined from entering the Catholic Church.

The Western Watchman, of St. Louis, Mo., informs us that a Methodist minister was dismissed from his pulp in that city last week for persistently attacking himself by alleging that he never said anything about the Church of Rome that the Methodist standards and the leaders of the sect did not say before him. All of which is true, but with Methodism, as with everything else, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis*.

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 towards Rome has been making steady progress of late, and the number of distinguished men who have joined the true Church recently is remarkably great."

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 146 clergymen, 147 members of Parliament, 205 officers of the army, 162 authors, poets and journalists, 129 lawyers, 69 doctors, 39 naval officers, 29 baronets of 27 peers. Total 1,517. From these conversions, 158 have become priests in various religious orders, while 290 have joined the secular priesthood. Four hundred and forty-five of these converts came from Oxford, while Cambridge University gave the Church 213.

Two months ago the press of the whole world was talking about the imminence of an anti-clerical attack on the Church and the King of Spain 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 been once again shown by his accepting to be the godfather of the Hereditary Prince of the Crown, as is usual under such circumstances." It is quite clear that Spain is anything but ripe for anti-clericalism.



LUKE DELMEGE

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

CHAPTER V.

A NOVEL THEATRE.  
"There is the Angelus, Luke," said Margery Delmege, anxiously, as Luke came in from the fields holding his Briefary open with one finger.  
"Hurry up, you'll hardly be in time; and it won't do to keep great 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 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 that. Why 'tis all damp. What have you been doing?"

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

"A regular Martha!" he whispered.  
"Martha or no Martha, you must be turned out as 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 with silent contempt."

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

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

Margy watched his fine, tall figure as he swung down along the road, and then went back to get the tea things ready, but with many misgivings and forebodings.

The irritation of the morning had 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 tiny little servant, and announced.

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 then 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 otherwise. 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 mantelpiece, and would have looked ineffably bored but that he appeared to derive untold gratification from the contemplation of his face in the looking-glass over the mantelpiece. Indeed, to further this ecstatic reverie, he had put aside carefully two vases that had summer flowers, and had even pushed away the clock which had fascinated Luke a few days before. 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 it if they were allowed. But just now it seemed an effort to look at anything but that fair figure in the quicksilver. Languor, deep, somnolent languor was the characteristic of this youthful face and figure; and a pained expression, as if the anticipation 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 loosened the clasp, when a very musical bow chirped out: "Within a mile of Edinburgh Town." He closed the album hastily, but too late. On went that dreadful tinkling. He took up a book called "Celebrities of the Century." He was beginning to be interested, when the door shot open, and another guest, a solicitor, was announced. He was warmly welcomed by the ladies, got a languid nod and "How do's" from the Phidian Apollo, and took no notice whatever of Luke. He sank quietly into the sofa, and commenced the "clitter clatter" of good society. Then the door opened again, this time to reveal unannounced a fair girlish form, and a face very like that of Apollo, but toned down by feminine taste into features that were singular in their beauty, but excluded all appearance of singularity. Luke was prepared for another cold douche of good society manners; but Barbara Wilson walked straight towards him, held out her hand and said:

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

"Mamma, you missed such a treat this morning. It was Father Delmege's first Mass; and oh! it was 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't you preach? We were dying to hear you—"

"Well," said Luke, "you know,

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 amazement.  
"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," murmured Luke who had now thawed out from his icy loneliness, and felt gratefully beyond measure to this gentle girl, who had, with the subtle 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 his hair-teasing, and looked with a little concern and some jealousy at Luke.

Then the Canon entered with one or two other visitors, who had been transacting business with him, and dinner was announced.

"No, no," said Barbara to her uncle, in reply to an invitation; "I intend to have Father Delmege during dinner. I 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 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 incompatible distance; and his muscles, and nerves, and weight, and training were all carefully debated. If ever we become a wealthy people, our national cry will be that of the ancient Romans—*Panem et Circenses!* Then came the Horse Show 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 deprecation, that he had been assured that:

"My Marshal Niel—ha—shall certainly carry First Prize; and I know that my *Gladiolus Cinequecentus* will be beaten. A happy defeat for Lady—ha—Desolace 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 to know. I assure you that a victory of this kind is not to be lightly sacrificed. Consider now the money value 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, "of course, sir, you must have your little joke; but seriously now, consider the importance of gaining a prize in such a contest. After all, a know, horticulture is a branch of aesthetics; 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 delightful and elevating and refining pursuit as the culture of flowers."

"Ah! well, Mr. Griffiths; but chivalry—where is chivalry?" said Griffiths, driving home the argument, "but our first interest is—our own interest—is the Church. And consider your position—the leading representative 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 it is only a flower; but it's defeat in 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 glass of wine."

"Ab, this is wine," said Griffiths, sniffing the glass and holding it up to the light. "Now, if I may be so impolite as to venture to guess, I should say that wine cost a centum at least."

"Add—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 wine."

"Mr. Sumner, you are taking nothing. Try that Madeira!"

Mr. Sumner was saying nothing, but he was steadily absorbing vast quantities 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 bottle, and seemed to evaporate as speedily as it was taken. Luke watched him wonderingly, and with a certain amount of admiration, and was stricken into silence partly by the surroundings, which to him were unique and awful, which tripped lightly from the muscles and calves of athletes to the fine points of a horse; and from the age of a certain brand of wine to the barometrical rise and fall of stocks and shares. He had been hoping in the beginning that the course of conversation would turn on some of those subjects that were of interest to him—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 hearers. Wouldn't some one say "Canossa," or "Occam," or "Liberius," or even "Wegscheider"? Would they never return the conversation into something intellectual or elevating, and give him a chance? Once, indeed, Barbara, in reply to an observation from her aunt that she was killed

from ennui in that country place, said laughingly—

*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 utter insanity. 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 the Canon. Then he awoke to the t and under:

"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 genuflection; but he had never been told of this rubric before. He blushed, stammered, kept his seat, and said—

"I beg your pardon. I do not understand—"

To add to his discomfort, he found that Miss Wilson's dress had got entangled around his chair. Blushing, humbled, confused, he tried to disentangle the grey silk; but he only managed to do so by a fumble, and gave a bounce, a kick, and opening the door with a bow that would have made Count d'Orsay die with envy, ushered the laughing ladies from the dining-room. The Canon was so pleased with the achievement that he almost forgave Luke; and Luke was questioning himself 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?

"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 your 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 in the old ruts!" and what might be the newest discoveries now in medical science? Some clever way of shortening human life?"

"Well, no! We are beginning to touch on your province, 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 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 theology. The schools of medicine and the schools 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 a sweet morsel. The soul! the soul! Psyche, his goddess! whom 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 quarry was ever strung to such tension 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 Caldon.

"How can psychology merge in physiology?" said Luke, with dry lips, and in nervous manner. "I always considered 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 antagonist.

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

"Conjoined with it! Where?" said Louis.

"I have made post mortems again and again, and I assure you, gentlemen, I have discovered every other part of human anatomy; but that which you pleased to call the soul, I have never found. Where is it? What is its location?"

"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—ha—ha—practical 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 accustomed to success in the *theses* that had been arranged for students in his college, that he quite re-ented the very idea of being opposed or catechized by this young foppish doctor. When he folded his soutane in Maynooth and said, half sarcastically, in the scholastic form:

"*Sic argumentaris, doctissime Dominus!*" his antagonist had gone down pell-mell before him. And the idea of this young freeman 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 of his, when he wanted to overwhelm utterly an antagonist), "knows that the soul is a simple substance, residing, whole and indivisible, in every part of the human frame."

"This is part of the human frame," said Louis, pulling a long black hair from his forehead. "Is my soul there or not?"

"No! it is not there, and it never was there. The soul is a simple substance, residing, whole and indivisible, in every part of the human frame."

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Luke. "No one holds that a separated member carries with it a soul."

"Do you not hold that there is a separate creation for each human soul?"

"Yes. That is of faith."

"Where's the necessity? If life 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 become the animating principle in its embryonic state?"

"That is heresy," said Luke.

"That is the heresy of Tertullian. St. Thomas—"

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

"But I deny that opinions are 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 wise and humbled enough to acknowledge that what you call facts are still the *arcana* and mysteries of Nature?"

"Perhaps so," said Wilson, airily. "But writers that lay down moral laws for the world, and base these laws on the operations of Natural Law, should try 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 Magnetism?"

"No," said Luke.

"Have you heard of Reichenbach and his theory of Odic Forces?"

Luke shook his head humbly. He was stunned by the noisy emptiness of words.

Wilson threw him aside as a worthless antagonist and addressed Sumner.

"Did you see the last by Maupas-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 shoulders.

"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 requirements of the day."

"I 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 matters," said Wilson. "By the way, did you ever try landrum?"

"No!" said Sumner. "I wouldn't venture beyond the bounds of honest liquor."

"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 almost clever; but you young men, he touches nothing. And that young greenhorn—"

"That young elergyman—a mere farmer's son—do you know that there is not on earth such a greenhorn 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—"

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—*Travatore*, Barbara; or, perhaps Louis would sing. Hear Me—ha—Gentle Maritana!"

The two voices blended beautifully, and at another time Luke would have listened with pleasure, but not to-night. Oh, no! it has been a day of humiliation and suffering, and even the gentle spirit of music for once falls to bring peace and healing on her wings.

There was a hushed and whispered colloquy between Barbara and her mother, and then the former, with some hesitation, approached to where Luke was sitting, and said timidly, holding 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 sentimental! Yes, he will, by Jove! He'll take a subtle revenge by puffing the plausibility 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 Vulcan, and declare that it was the best thing he has ever heard in his life? But it will be impolite and shocking! No matter! 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 halls of Maynooth—

"From Howth away to famed Dunboy, Wholly Kerry's best and truest, With lightning speed the summons flew To marshal Freedom's hosts. From Limerick's old bastion walls To Boyne's all-omened tide, The long watched signal swelled their soul With Vengeance, Hope, and Pride."

The Canon was gasping and his face lengthening as in a spoon; and the ladies smiled in horror; Apollo 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 Their serried lines display; From Limerick's old bastion walls To Boyne's all-omened tide, The long watched signal swelled their soul With Vengeance, Hope, and Pride."

The Canon was shocked beyond expression; yet a tender old-time feeling stirred to rim his eyes, for the Mague was rolling past his door, and the summit of Slievenamon 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 dashed into the cool air 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, a little out of breath and very white. He waited.

"Father," she said pleadingly, "I understand you are going on the English mission?"

"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 to make a promise."

"If I may."

"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 said 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—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 a 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 appeased—"

"Thank you, oh, so much! And there's something else about poor Louis—"

looked to Luke's eyes, dazzled and dimmed by the splendor of the Canon's house, and half-blinded from the emotions aroused during the evening. The image remained imprinted on the 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 nobles, who traced their blood back to the invaders, who bit the sands at Hastings, the cloud-dream of his seaside home rose soft and beautiful as 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 see, as in a far-off picture, narrowed in the perspective of memory, the white farmhouse above the breaker, and the calm, beautiful, twilight holiness that slept above it—a canopy of peace and rest. He saw two windows that emanated 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 see, as in a far-off picture, narrowed in the perspective of memory, the white farmhouse above the breaker, and the calm, beautiful, twilight holiness that slept above it—a canopy of peace and rest.

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something, and married a big man, 'tis she 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 rare good man under all his airs and nonenses."

"No one minds him," said Father Pat; "he'd speak well of an informer or a landgrabber."

"Why, then, now, Father Pat, no one knows as well as your reverence that there 'ud be many a 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, see his grand turkeycock on the top of the letter, and two words crossed, that they'd give him all he ever asked for. And sure when the Widow Gleeson was served last autumn, and there was nothing before her but the workhouse, 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 Dublin, and walked into the office. Phew! when they saw his grand figure, they ran into rat-holes before him. Believe you me, Father Pat, there are very few priests in the country can make the Canon's boast, that no little child will ever sleep in his parish without a coverlet and the stars."

"That's all right, Mike," said Father Pat; "but why doesn't he keep his grand airs for Delmege?"

"Why," said Mike Delmege, "sure he must practice; and where would he practice but on you and me?"

"Well, he might keep them for Sundays 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."

"True, Margery," said Father Pat; "we're a plain people, and we want plain, simple priests."

"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 Muster-to-night'?"

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

"You sang it all?"

"Every line!"

"Down to—"

"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."

"Quite so?"

"And he didn't get a fit?"

"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? 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?"

"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 kneeling, and Luke was reciting the Rosary. Father Pat heard the murmur of the Rosary beads and joined in that blessed prayer that echoes 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 hedge. "I believe he's in earnest. But who'd ever believe it? What will Tim and Martin say? We'll be talking about it till Christmas."

On Tuesday Luke called to see the Canon and made his adieux. He was not quite so nervous as on previous occasions, but he expected to receive a severe reprimand and a long lecture on his future conduct. Nor was he disappointed.

"I think it my duty," said the Canon, after they had exchanged preliminaries, "to say—ha—that there were a few things at our little—domestic meeting 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 they—ha—departed?"

"It is not only possible, but a fact," said Luke, with the old contentious spirit of log-hopping coming back to him. "Besides, sir, I was engrossed at the time, and didn't hear you say 'Grace.'"

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

"I can really hardly credit it," said the Canon. "It is painful to reflect that we alone—ha—were 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 clock.

"Then," he resumed, at length, "your rencontre with my—ha—clever nephew was hardly a happy one. I thought the inter-relationships between body and spirit were part of your—ha—philosophical curriculum."

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

"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 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 of justice, and solemnly condemned his professors as a set of "efete old fossils."

"I should hardly," said the Canon, returning, "care to allude to that—"

—ill timed and rather vulgar—melody to which you treated us; but you are—ha—going to England, and your mission will be—ha—inoperative and ineffectual 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—re-acting. Did you notice that pretty duet, 'A nostri monti?'"

The Canon placed the tips of his fingers together.

"Yes, it was pretty," murmured Luke.

"And my nephew's rendering of 'Hear Me, Gen—tel Maritana?'"

"I did not follow that," said Luke.

"And then to compare that fiery Marcellaise, which you so unwisely doted! Do you think now really—ha—that 'Honor 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.

"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."

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

"You must sink your extreme national sensibilities," said the Canon, "in the superior ambitions of the Church, and take care not to offend the prejudices 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 front.

"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 home."

"Oh, thank you so much, Canon," said Luke, most gratefully; "that's a great favor."

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 to the lofty dignity of the respect due to the lofty dignity of the episcopate. Nevertheless, in the opportunity of commemorating with His Lordship 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 kindness beneath his coat of backcrack.

"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."

"I'm quite approve of your decision," said the Canon, suavely; "indeed, it is one of the chief regrets of my life that I was unable to graduate on the English mission. Nevertheless, I lieve he's in earnest. But who'd ever believe it? What will Tim and Martin say? We'll be talking about it till Christmas."

Here the Canon sank into a reverie, 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.

"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 Huguenots?"

"They were Palatines," said Luke.

"They lived over there at Ballygarry in the valleys, and became Catholics several generations back!" said the Canon. "Our family, as you are aware, are Scotch—Murray, Murray. 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, sons take.' I hope," continued the Canon, after a pause, "that I and my family 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 understood it was customary to demand—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 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—sometimes to hear of you from your excellent father. Good-bye!"

The astonished and bewildered young priest opened the envelope when he had passed out of sight of the presbytery, and took out, with mingled feelings of surprise and gratitude, a note for five pounds.

"'Tis a queer world," said Luke. "I wonder when shall I understand it? If you value your peace of mind, Luke, let the mighty power alone! It has 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 Spleberg-Schlopp, 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 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 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 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 perhaps 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 my 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, yes! I dare say I could," answered King Heinrich, both amused and touched 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 speaks you're the Chancellor, aren't you? Father says that the Chancellor runs the King?"

His Majesty's eyes twinkled, but he answered, gravely:

"No, my little man; I'm not the Chancellor. I present an 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 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 expresses it. I can assure you."

"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 you?"

"I should entertain an even poorer opinion of him than I do now," answered 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? Don't 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.

"What! 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 large that he has, after all, a very moderate sum left over to spend upon himself."

"That's what mother says."

"Then your mother is a very sensible woman."

"Sensible? Oh, yes," cried the little fellow with enthusiastic conviction. "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 forward 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 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—think father would come if the King sent him a ticket," answered the child. "Father thinks very little of Barons. But when Baron von Krautfeld asks him to dinner, he always goes. I should like 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 the coronation is only a silly and 'spensive sham. But mother says—and mother's always right—that it's no such thing, but that the King really goes to church on purpose to receive God's blessing. And when the Cardinal 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:

"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 to wear a veil, so as people's eyes shan't be blinded?"

"I fancy not," said the king, with unwonted gravity. "I fancy, 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, 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're got on an ordinary 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 gloom, 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 speaks it will hover round your head like the circles in my Sunday picture book. Please, don't you hope so?"

"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 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 extravagant jest.

"Some one has been playing a joke with you, sonnie. That's about the truth of it," he laughed.

"No, father. Really not!" 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 all."

"But it was the King—I know it was the King. It was mother, wasn't it? Say it was," cried the little fellow, turning to her appealingly.

"Perhaps the child is right," she said to her husband. "Perhaps it was the King who talked to him, after all."

"I'll believe it," laughed Eric's father in his derisive way, "when I see those tickets that are coming here to-morrow. Perhaps, His Majesty will send the Lord High Seneschal round with them or will 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, of course, by the Lord High Seneschal, not the Chancellor, but by a servant wearing the royal livery, and they were enclosed in a large envelope inscribed with royal arms. Of their genuineness there could be no doubt. Even Papa Ericson did not try to dispute it. He knew what the coronation 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 secure one.

At length the day of King Heinrich's coronation arrived. The Cathedral 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 vast and splendid concourse had neither eyes nor thoughts for this 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 Archbishop read on until at last that point

of the service was reached whereat it was ordered to anoint the King. With conscious impatience, as if he should invite and challenge comparison for his dignity and presence in the face of this great occasion. His Eminence performed the sacred office, and as he did so, to the midday sun, bursting through a curtain of hoary clouds, struck against the great painted window behind the altar, so that a stream of colored light fell upon the King, and a thrill, childish voice, clear and distinct 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 knelt 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, 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—splendid even than I expected. Do you know, I thought the glory of God would be white, like the electric 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 very, very glad," rejoined His Majesty, smiling.

"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 ordinary man, like father. But now you look a real King. Please, that's eos of the glory of God, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered the King, thoughtfully, "that's because of the glory of God."

"And, please, it will follow you all the days of your life, won't it?" inquired the child, with eager anxiety. "And it won't never let you look like you was before you were 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 obnoxious 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 recession progress through the great Cathedral, the King leading. And in the minds of all who saw him was the thought:

"How regal the King looks!"

All had known him as a courtly and 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 the obnoxious courtiers had 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 recession progress through the great Cathedral, the King leading. And in the minds of all who saw him was the thought:

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

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, 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 human nature, encouraging to its efforts, though dangerous to its best interests.

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 vexation. 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 scepticism or grovel in materialism—nor any more struggle in the self-sufficiency of Kantian criticism.

THE CHURCH AND CARE OF MUTES.

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, Augustine, on the ground that as faith comes 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."

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 institutions 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.

CATHOLIC FAITH.

It does not do to live in a fool's paradise. 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 [whether] 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.

But the gravest responsibility would be to reject its offer or fall 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 heart.

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 dwell 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.

matters of revelation, but that it extends 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 means necessary to do so: and her judgment means is infallible, otherwise Saint Paul would not have been able to call her "the pillar and the ground of truth."

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.

The infallibility of the Church in censures less than for heresy is maintained 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 heresy 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 nevertheless so pertains to faith that the deposit could not be guarded if the Church in such judgments were liable to error.

Pius X. in one of his encyclicals to the Catholics of France, says that "The Roman Pontiffs never neglected to condemn the doctrine of separation whenever circumstances and the times demanded 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."

Speaking of the separation of Church and State in his encyclical to the French Church, Feb. 11th, 1906, Pius X. says that "the doctrine of separation of Church and State is a thesis which is absolutely false, a most pernicious error, injurious to God, for it subverts the order which he so wisely established in the world, besides being 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 extermination 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 Church's infallibility is not confined to

the Pope allows a doctrine to be 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 need not or should not be united is Atheistic.

AN UNLOVELY ANNUAL.

It passes all understanding why our friends of the Orange Order still persist in carrying on the far-far-far 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 of this unseemly social disturbance. To us it seems that were a minister of our non-Catholic sects to do his whole duty he would advise the Orange brethren to put away the drums and the flags and the "Old Curiosity Shop" as relics of a barbarous, social warfare carried on centuries ago in a green little island across the ocean. What a power has prejudice! What a power has superstition born of prejudice! The Orangemen are 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 of the Loyal Orange Association.

"The principles of Orangism," 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 was to bring these men "are connected 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. Mr. Dixon and his brethren at war with their Roman Catholic brethren? What have they done to justify the rude and insulting procedure connected with the resurrection of the memories of the Battle of the Boyne? Mr. Dixon

strongly urged Bible on the portion of day, and they wished of July, to usual and regular. This one knows it gentleman, devoted to Down "on the and refurbish. The average speaker would Catholics have the Orangemen hasten to res Catholics do with Orangemen have as little as the Orange Rev. case, and, to we write, we our book d copy of the to the Cou Lodge to receive intim accept it.



doctrine to be... Such a doctrine... cannot be united... other reasons... to teach... need not or... quite another... how is the doc... of Church and... the supernatural... hope convincing... is absolutely... have union, if... with God we must... if we desire... the Church we... laws, and this... ty we would be... desire a certain... we must submit... how if we believe... a divine right to... he is infallible in... are bound in... teaching as true... such, and submit... we become united... church is just such... vine mission given... teach the nations... to the Apostles... ons, teaching them... whatsoever I have... the Church the... er life work. And... e Apostles: "He... nearness me, and... despise me, and... me despise him... made it known that... divine right to our... that she teaches... n the name and by... rist that the union... is necessary. And... deny the authority... g His authority we... y, and denying His... y the Supernatural... is that the American... Church and State... ld not be united is... ELY ANNUAL.

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 "Crosby Lie Down" on the sife, beating the drum and refurbishing the old yellow flag. The average delverance 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. gentlemen. 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 knowledge as to what this Act means. We sometimes speak slightly 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 rights—the 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 following 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 possessed 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 foster-home, 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 they have a chance to develop naturally into a life of industry, sobriety and good citizenship. In addition, they would be helping these children to save their immortal souls.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

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, B. D., BISHOP OF LONDON, WHO CELEBRATED HIS SILVER JUBILEE ON JULY 9, 1907.

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 College. 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 London 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 Father McEvay to be Bishop of London.

The good work which had been so faithfully carried on by his predecessors was taken up with a zeal—may we indeed, say enthusiasm—which brought joy to the hearts of every member of the flock of Christ. The country was in the hey-day of prosperity and it was 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 co-operation 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

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

"The step of sound, full health, whither of body or spirit, is free, elastic and far-reaching, 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 with which you changed, and of others benefited and made fit for an increased splendor of worship; nor do we dwell upon the ever-friendly and cheerful spirit in which you have answered our many, perhaps sometimes importunate, calls upon your time and labor. How you marked defects and suggested improvements and stimulated our good works by the contagion of high example. There will be another occasion for saying these things, and to-day our purpose is different. Napoleon said his first communion day was the happiest of his life, and without suggesting comparisons, what, we may ask, must the priest think of the day of his ordination, when he was not only multiplied into so many characters as teacher, physician, pastor, but also, amazing thing, was made participator in so many of the prerogatives 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 this upon the earth, this lodging of so much of divine power in human hands, making its possessor what the Holy Fathers, with appalling boldness of speech, have not hesitated to call 'another Christ.' Twenty-five years ago this morning you were promoted to this dizzy height, and now we gather around you with warm but subdued hearts, to assist in the thanksgiving you are offering to God for so lofty a favor."

"We appeal to the sacred heart, the only true and adequate thanksgiving, to hear our prayer, and present it to the Eternal Father, that the marked blessings he has sent you so abundantly in the past may be increased and multiplied in a long future, and the brightness of the morning be forgotten in the greater brilliancy of the calm and rich evening, which we hope is so distant."

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 enthusiastic and the acclaim rose from 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. "Grattan'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 the 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 unimportant word of bitterness, no misrepresentation of the people I loved and whom I still love and with whom I labored for 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 of humanity than have all the other combined influences of the world."

POPE PIUS X ON THE READING OF THE GOSPELS.

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 printing 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 such brief space of time, it has made so much progress and has brought such notable 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 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 spread among the people about five hundred thousand copies of the Gospels, constitutes splendid proof of the extraordinary zeal manifested by the members in said enterprise, and of the very large sphere of action touched by the Society. We wish to add that, considering

the Master, who is a Priest forever, according to the Order of Melchisedec. 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 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. Mahoney, 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 heartfelt felicitations, coupled with the wish that the Bishop of London will be spared to the priests and people for years even far beyond the allotted span.

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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.

Fruit-a-tives

OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.) remove the CAUSE of these diseases. "Fruit-a-tives" sweeten the stomach—make the bowels move regularly every day—strengthen the kidneys—improve the action of the skin—and thus purify the blood. "Fruit-a-tives" take away those distressing headaches, backaches and bearing-down pains, and make women well and strong. "Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices, intensified, with tonic and antiseptic, and sold in bottles for \$1.00. At all druggists—or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

the present times, certainly it is not the least advantage of such publications to be able to say that, in virtue of their diffusion; and of their consequent reading, the echo of the voice of God goes and makes itself heard even among those unfortunate persons who, through despair, or hatred, 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, of Christ, we heal the evils of society and of the individual.

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

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

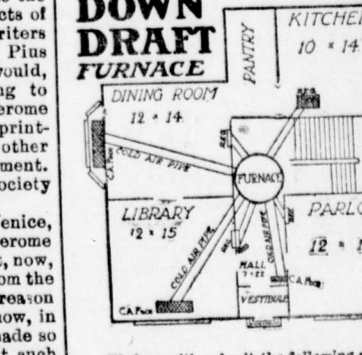
The above pilgrimage will take place this year on the 23rd inst. As usual it will be under the patronage of His Grace the Most Rev. G. N. G. Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston. The pilgrims can go by the G. T. R. or C. P. R., as in former years at specially reduced rates. Both companies will run 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 ladies of the Parish of Gnananque, who 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, the famous shrine of good St. Anne, that they may obtain for themselves and their friends great favors, spiritual and temporal.

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 by applying to the agents of the C. P. R. or G. T. R. or to the Rev. J. P. Kehoe, pastor, Gnananque, director of the pilgrimage.

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We herewith submit the following estimate: 1 No. 2 Down Draft Furnace, 1 Ceiling complete, tin and asbestos lined, 1 No. 3 Monarch register in parlor, 1 No. 9 " " in library, 1 No. 9 " " in dining-room, 1 No. 9 " " in hall, 1 No. 9 Register and border in kitchen, 1 12x12 Face in hall, 1 12x12 Face in library, 1 12x12 Face in dining-room. The above furnace, registers, cold air faces, hot air pipe, cold air pipe, and smoke pipe, installed complete for \$100.00. We will cheerfully give you an estimate if you will let us have a plan of your house. Our catalogue describes our furnaces and the improved methods of heating. Send for a copy.

The Down Draft Furnace Company, Limited, GALT, Ontario, Canada.



**FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.**

Ninth 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 property. But let us ask a question: Why is it that the evident, the irrefutable providence of God makes some men rich, and many men poor? Why is it that God 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 superfluities? I try to say, and ought often to 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, 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 necessities 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 community's poor. What does Cardinal Manning say? "Even good 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 even immoral habit of mind. To combat this perversion of conscience, and to recall people, in a possible, to a higher sense of duty, I affirm that the foundation of our poor laws is the natural right of 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 rich man is only the steward of the Lord. Let him 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 nobles where such conditions of life are plainly antagonistic to the providence of God. Let the 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, hear 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 present to their fellow-citizens the good example of wealth combined with simplicity of life and manners. And how often do we find men and women whose wealth would, if they were devoted 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 selfishness 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 Pittsburgh 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 company of men who use liquor or cigarettes, 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—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 time back noticed that our accidents were increasing, upon investigating the cause I satisfied myself that the standard of our men who did not use the liquor or tobacco (the latter in the form of cigarettes) was much above that of those who used either. I therefore deemed it my duty to abate the evil so far as lay in my power to do so, and tried to uproot it and cast 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 removing from the service or refraining from employing all men addicted to the objectionable habits alluded to.

"It is my 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 assurance 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 seven years experience as manager of public utility corporations I have had occasion to promote many of our men from the rank of conductors and motormen to officers, and in no case has a man using whiskey come up to the requirements."

**"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 business."

"What did you give to charity in 1906?"

"Nothing. I believe in charity beginning 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 support of a free hospital?"

"No. It is no home of mine, and I don't ask shelter from any of them."

"Did you offer to help the poor 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 sympathy 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 go!"

Hopelessly insolent! 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 pronounced an eternal bankrupt.

**A PROTESTANT EDITOR PRAISED THE CHURCH.**

A remarkable tribute to Archbishop Ireland and the Catholic Church in the North-West appeared recently in the Bellman, a non-Catholic paper of Minneapolis. It was written with reference to the laying of the cornerstone of new St. Paul's cathedral. Following are some characteristic extracts: "The Bellman is a Protestant, technically, perhaps, a 'heretic,' although 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 McGlockrick, Bishop Schwabach and other clergy of Catholic faith. Nevertheless, when the splendid achievements 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 cornerstone 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 institutions; a temporal allegiance to an alien power which may demand from American citizenship such sacrifices as are incompatible with true fidelity to the State. This sentiment, once more prevalent than it now happily is, occasionally finds expression from Protestant pulpits.

"It is unworthy and un-Christian. . . . We can not recognize any distinction between Catholic and Protestant in the discharge of the citizen's 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 contributes to the better and nobler ambitions of humanity, to charity, to loaning, to the relief of the sick, to the care of the orphan, to the comfort of the distressed and the peace of the soul, where shall we justly place the Catholic Church but in the very front rank of human agencies directed toward the development of divine beneficence?"

"The narrowness of soul, the smallness of mind that would detract by distrust and doubt from the splendid 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 righteousness is the very mainspring of all these good works which this Church has done, is doing, and will continue to do.

"AMERICA NEEDS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

Referring to Archbishop Ireland's words that "America in its turn needs religion; 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 great restraining, conservative influence which the Church is able to exercise upon the wayward spirit of the nation. It is doing what no other religious body of less inflexible standards and inferior power of organization can attempt to do successfully; a service to mankind the value of which is beyond all power of estimation.

"It stands immovably in a world of 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 people

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.

**TRIBUTE TO GREAT CHURCHMAN.**

"The Protestant as well as the Catholic 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—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 Church, yet within reach of its benign influence, acknowledge the power for good which he exerts and his exalted and ennobling standard of citizenship. We honor the great Churchman, rejoice in the success 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.**

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN READS A 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, a non-Catholic clergyman, and professor at Andover seminary.

It is curious and humiliating, that the habit of insulting Catholics, especially of high rank, whenever a difference of opinion occurs, is so deeply rooted among us, that we find it on our lips, and 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 the matter, and exhibited some not unnatural resentment.

The editors sneeringly replied, that no doubt the Archbishop would burn them alive if he could, but that luckily he could not.

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 address the higher Catholic authorities which contradicted him.

In neither case was it excusable to taunt his opponent with unhappy facts of his own century. In reality of course the editors no more believed that he 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 Presbyterian 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 Congregationalist I need only say: "Gentlemen 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 Barbados, as the Congregationalists once understood, although unsuccessfully, to sell my lineal ancestor in a double line, Daniel Southwick of Salem." Of course such logic would shut the poor men's mouths hopelessly. Baring Gould gives the same rebuff to some Catholic journalist that contradicts him. He may not be far cut, for he is such a truculent 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 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 of 1611 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, having seen contumacious 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 Protestant churches and individuals to some fragmentary parts, at least of Catholic beliefs and practices, 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 human 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 joined together let no man put asunder,'—and too few hear it and live it. And the Catholic Church is right about the confessional, and she 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 high 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 signs of the times, and they are momentous to the Catholic Church."—Paulist Church Calendar.

**STRANGE WORK FOR SEMINARIANS.**

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 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 organized 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 these 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 socialist periodicals, pamphlets or books; (3) to collect a fund and use it in circulating 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 diocese.

This is a strenuous apostolate of the press but it has several points in its favor. First as Spain is of bleak Liberalism, 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 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.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

**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 ceremony 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 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 Rosary Magazine, about a very distinguished Hebrew gentleman who deplored the other day, the suppression of a well known convent school for girls in Paris. Mr. Egan declares that this Hebrew gentleman denounced the French Government in impassioned language. "I have always sent my daughters and nieces to that school," he said. "Why," asked Mr. Egan, "do you want them to be Christians?" "Oh no he answered, 'it is because of the exact observance of cereimonial. The pupils there were never allowed to lose their self control. And then, they were all obliged to attend high Mass which is a training in itself.'"—Sacred Heart Review.

**THE POPE ON DIVORCE.**

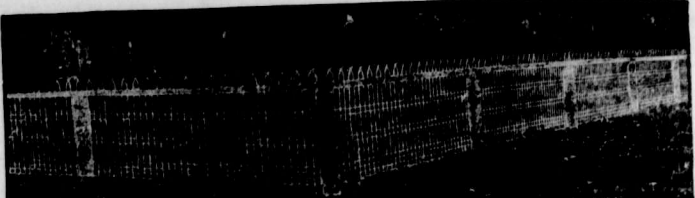
HOLY FATHER SENDS LETTER TO SOCIETY WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

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

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 Archbishop Farley.

In his letter the Pope lays down rules governing the duties of society women in connection with divorce. He says: "Among these duties we mention particularly that of protecting Christian marriage against the disgraceful stain of divorce; of providing for proper education within the schools; of checking those pests of society, namely, the shameful licence of spectacular representations and immoral books, of idle and wanton conversation and gatherings, and the shameful extravagance of dress."

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



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The profits of a business are often uncertain and irregular; large sums are sometimes quickly made and then again as speedily lost. When to this uncertainty is added the ever uncertain tenure of life, the situation of the average business presents itself.

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Pope Pius, with a view to bringing women of high social position into 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 YOU**

Plain speaking is so wholesome. We heard a recently. Four young men in business. The business is not able to all as "bosses," but they think it. Last summer they went off on a vacation, leaving the business to their employees. One of them called to neighbor, and said: "Hello, Mr. Smith, take a vacation?" "Not when I have a lot of work on hand," he replied. "Well, I think ever take a vacation. He better for it," said the "Say," said the neighbor get angry when one what he thinks, do you? "Of course not. Boss get angry at you." Mr. Smith looked at and said: "You're an ass!" The young fellow felt that, but Mr. Smith said: "See here! There's a salary when one is in your shop one is drawing each week, and in. How long can you that? You young fellow work and hustle, if you need." The advice was good. The young fellow will soon go out into a livelihood. Almost that, for even when one Oao must have the more. He must mean only in the business gages, but in building for honor and manliness being a Christian gentleman capital for a young man. That term includes all And if he strives to do ever department. He is engaged, he will succeed. Success does not always riches does not always integrity; and you secured when one is right in all the business themselves much of fortune.—Our Young

Intentions the paving of the comfortable place is posed of good intention, also has this material paving, though it is for almost any purpose people whose houses are "just going to go to a cow or a horse when going to" mend the gate, who are "just stock when it goes who are "just going when it goes to prote going to" help a dies, who are "just some flowers to a it proves too late. "Just going to" lives, but never get but never find time says Tilton, "is put off drinking and starved to death." In a factory at Cl motto, "Do not live up to by the world much of thousands of good penings, say, and raply through hundreds of pictures out half the tangles social life. The ha social duties much needless unbighours weigh on vent the satisfied from duty well p tasks promptly un difficult than v ant of accomplishment any hardship expect to be known for un. Good inten come the good d useful, loved and fa rather than just all the difference failure.

Vanity is not, it ste idea of an ex ordinary desire fo even when we kno serve either. It which is so great, dnce the objects 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 pr Learn to endure may come upon life.

Ingratitude is pence; but soon be rewarded by C man.

All Past Ages h The man who d throub with grati life for being bo age of the world, that he owes a t past, to all t struggle and before him, is a kind of stuff. In a man, and he drone, a thief of Everything that enters into you enjoy the sum moment of your told thousands their lives to forge, the blest you now enjoy, blood that have sads who have misery of pris chase the liber



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Plain speaking. Plain speaking is sometimes very wholesome. 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 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,' said the younger one. 'Say,' said the neighbor, 'you don't 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, and said: '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.'

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 multitudes of people are engaged in producing, manufacturing and forwarding your clothing, your furniture, your food, the tropical fruits on your table, the foreign textiles, the bric-a-brac, and all the things which come from foreign lands to minister to your comfort and convenience.

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 transportation so that you 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 railroad to bring it to you for a song?

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 depend 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 back.

It is more useful not to know things and make people think you do, than to know them and not have anybody believe it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. 'Mamma,' said Edith, 'may I go and spend the afternoon with Alice?'

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

A beautiful face.

finish his book! It's too bad!' said 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 said: '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 despised her less beautiful looking companions.

Her overflowing joy being restrained by her desire to examine the other parcels, she opened the second. What was her horror on beholding an empty snuff-hidion and terrible it appeared to her—a cruel witness of the insignificance of life.

PROTECTING THE HOME. Chicago has now a Home Protective League, one thousand strong, secret as 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 in a corner saloon.

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 saloon-keeping.

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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.

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.

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Archbishop O'Brien. (Man and Statesman). We have now on sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD office, this most interesting life of a great Canadian churchman, written by Miss Katharine Hughes.

children suffer in consequence. 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 be served to the man mentioned. If the saloon keeper does not heed the warning he will be made to answer in court.'

It may be assumed, of course, that Mr. Redmond's speech had much to do in influencing the vote, but this does not lessen the credit and honor due to the majority who in addition to giving the cause a fair hearing, recognized its justice and pronounced judgment accordingly.

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Just Out. The Catholic Confessional and the Sacrament of Penance. By Rev. Albert McKeon, S. T. L. 15 cents post-paid.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. LONDON, CANADA.



THE PROPHECY OF PIUS VII.

A WARNING FROM HISTORY. 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 Fontainebleau for five years. It was there that the celebrated interview took place in which the emperor said to the pope: 'The God of old still lives; He will crush you to pieces.'

"He was no false prophet," added the fallen Emperor. "My scepter has been broken, not by man, but by God." Don Guaranter thus completes the wonderful story: "A messenger from the Island of St. Helena was one day ushered into the presence of Pius VII. The exiled Napoleon, whom he had consecrated Emperor in the church of Notre Dame, 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 deprived.

"Pius 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 justice of God had required a full and public expiation. 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 implicitly imprisoned the Sovereign Pontiff in the castle at Fontainebleau, and it 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 sufferings and humiliations of captivity. Heaven accepted the retribution and left Mary to complete her victory.

Reconciled with the Church, and fortified by the holy sacraments which prepare the Christian for eternity, Napoleon yielded up his soul into the hands of his Maker on the 5th day of May—the month that is sacred to Mary."

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 sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when "the 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 eyes searched the company. "Sullivan!" he called. "McCarthy, O'Donnell, Moriarty, McGinnis!" He hesitated. His glance wandered across and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, 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.

"Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is him, sorr," he 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 rev. gentleman reports a most enjoyable and interesting trip. He was made 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 ESTIBODOFF. It is not generally known that Canada possesses a number of musicians of international reputation. Yet such is the case. One of them is Mr. Rhys Thomas, of Winnipeg, a man of great knowledge, wide experience and exceedingly artistic taste. He has been selected by the committee of the Royal Estibodoff to be held this year at Swansea, Wales, as one of the adjudicators. The others similarly honored are Dr. Cowan, the composer; Dr. Davies, and Dr. Protheroe. The Estibodoff is one of the most remarkable ceremonies in honor of the old Celtic bards and heroes, and all wales is on let for the occasion. Mr. Thomas for some time has been an ardent lover of the Gourelly Piano. Recently the firm of Gourelly, Winter and Looming received from him this letter: "When I wanted a piano some time ago for my studio, I examined some twenty and finally selected a Gourelly 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 piano made in Canada." Mr. Thomas evidently is a judge of pianos.

GREAT MEN AND THE 'IMITATION OF CHRIST.'

Sometimes it is thought that the "Imitation of Christ," the little book which, because it is now generally conceded that Thomas à 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, however, 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. Poble-donosteeff, 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 Christ." I am tempted in this matter to mention that England's greatest jurist in the nineteenth century, the famous Charles Russell, who afterwards 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 the time of the affection 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, James Ryder Randall, a strong and vigorous personality, is a convert to the Church, a force in Catholic 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 "Maryland" and its author:

'Maryland, My Maryland, I heard the bugles play And the golden music turned my heart the golden way I saw the old State gleaming in the beauty of the day Beside her rippling rivers and beside her dreamy shores The sweet old song woke echoes of her beauty in my breast— The song of Randall's "Maryland," may the spirit breathe on him rest! The song of Randall's "Maryland," how it rings upon the air When from the sweet old valleys of the dear old State we fare; Amid alien cities or on hills and seas afar, It waxes the heart's affection and it wakes you where you are To the home's tender beauty, and the spirit breathes a cheer For those who in whose music rings the old home love so clear! I heard the bugles play it and I heard the voices sing The words of Randall's "Maryland," and my heart began to ring, And my soul was filled with longing for the valley that I knew, The tender skies above them, with their balmy breath of blue; I heard the rivers calling, saw the green fields by the shores, And felt the old emotions that I felt in days of yore! 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 to the world be beauty when the bugles and the band Ring out the steady measure of the song you gave the land.

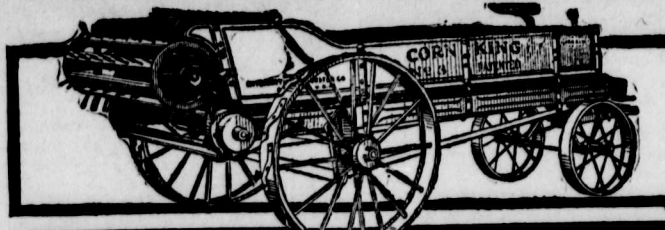
'Maryland, My Maryland,' I heard the echo I saw the little hills of home grow green with breath of spring I saw the orchards ripen in October's golden sun I saw the shores of Edenland unto the blue My heart re-echoed, "Maryland," and my soul responded, too, O Randall of our golden song, God's grace be unto you!

AN ABLE CATHOLIC LAWYER.

The Law Society of British Columbia, which requires 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. Kibben of Saint Ste Marie, entitled "The Law of Choses in Action." There are six books on this in the examination, and Mr. Kibben's is the highest praised by the law journals, and is a commendation of the strongest kind, and Mr. Kibben can feel deservedly proud of the high standing his book has in the profession.

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A GENEROUS GIFT.

On June 30th, Rev. P. T. Ryan, P. P. Renfrew, was presented with a cheque for \$1900, by his congregations in that place and in Springtown and Cabotville. Mr. F. W. Medley, M. P., read the address accompanying the gift. His faithful flock recognized that the time has come when Father Ryan should take a rest from his many years of energetic and faithful labor in their midst, and the congregation was more than glad to see him taking a trip across the ocean. In reply Father Ryan said that while he looked in vain for any merit on his part to justify the flattering address and the generous donation of which he had been the object, he would indeed follow in their wishes and take the trip they wished him to take. I would be a pleasure for him to see 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 earth. In all his wanderings he would think of his people and remember them in his prayers. 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 people in Canada like Renfrew.

DEAF MUTES AND THE CHURCH.

ED. CATHOLIC RECORD.—In the report of the Minister of Education for the Province of Ontario, for the year 1906, part I, page 44, Superintendent of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb says: "As a dumb mutes, our deaf mutes were treated and trained by the great apostle of Catholicism, Augustine, on the ground that as faith comes by hearing it was impossible for the deaf man, not hearing the Word of God, to have faith, and therefore, according to Augustine's theory, he must be eternally damned. In such insanity taught by St. Augustine! Augustine the great apostle of Catholicism! Is this the Father of Lies? Is this the Father of the lie which has been repeated in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario?"

DIED.

DEMPSEY.—Of your charity pray for the happy repose of the soul of Rev. Father Aidan Dempsey, S. M., who died, fortified by the rights of Holy Church, at St. Alphonsus hospital, Boise, Idaho, on July 19th, in the 52nd year of his age and the 25th year of his religious profession. SWEENEY.—At his late residence, Lot 11, St. Nicholas, Toronto, in the 57th year of his age, died on the 12th inst. Mr. HEVRY.—In this city, on the 12th inst. Mr. HEVRY, aged fifty-two years. May his soul rest in peace! FOLEY.—In your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Foley, who died at her late residence, 4 Barton street, East Hamilton, on the 8th inst. May she rest in peace!

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