

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

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A BLASPHEMOUS ATTEMPT.

The journalistic world is awaiting the outcome of Rev. Mr. Sheldon's attempt to conduct a newspaper "on Christ like lines." We are so optimistic, however, as to believe that he will not persuade many to follow in his steps. And we may say, also, that to advance one's own views, and to publish them under the title "How Christ Would Run a Modern Newspaper," requires an amount of blasphemous assurance that is bewildering.

CHANGE OF RELIGION.

"We will live and did as did our forefathers; we will not unchurch ourselves by embracing Catholicity," say many Protestants. Werner, the celebrated convert, was once told by friends that he never thought much of a man who had changed his religion. "Nor I either," replied Werner; "and this is the very reason why I have always despised Luther."

THE CHURCH AND NON-CATHOLICS.

The good news from non-Catholic missions is certainly a sign of the times. The missionaries are full of zeal that is tempered with charity. They restrict themselves to expositions of Catholic faith and practice, which are listened to with the greatest attention by large audiences. The traditional fictions, sophisms, calumnies, and mockeries with which it is customary to assail Catholicity, are, much to the amazement and instruction of our separated brethren, given their true value.

The Church, as represented by the ordinary preacher, and as she is, are two very different things. We know that the up-bringing and constant recital of nursery tales invented centuries ago have woven into the texture and fibre of the Protestant brain the idea that Catholicity is inimical to all that is holy and true.

The wonder is that educated men and women have so long accepted so unsubstantiating the fanciful creations of diseased minds and neglected to give to the all important affair of religion the attention they devote to the most ordinary business affair. And it is all the more astonishing when we read their own writers have told them that "forgery seems to have been the peculiar disease of Protestantism." Whittaker, from whom we have taken the above quotation, declares that forgery—though he blushes to say it—"is peculiar to the reformed." But our friends are beginning to find that the old stories have not the same interest for them and are beginning to enquire. That is exactly what we want. The man who sees that he has been living in the dark—and he will see that after a few moments with a little catechism—and prays honestly for light, will not remain long outside the fold.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

The editor of the Presbyterian Review is, judging from his comments on non-Catholic missions, in a glad state of mind. The Paulist Fathers, many of them with "all the advantage of an inner knowledge of the system," are given a few gracious words of praise, but are reminded that while not without plausible arguments to sustain their claims, they are, on a free appeal to reason and Scripture, bound to lose.

He then goes on to beat the ecclesiastical drum to the tune of the old hoary charge about the Bible—its dissemination, etc. The editor, despite his pretended good humor, is one of the theological partisans who, according to Canon Farrar, are the most unscrupulously bitter and most conspicuously unfair. What boots it to prefer charges that have not a scintilla of evidence to support them? He should know, as every man with any semblance of education does know, what value is set on the Bible by the Catholic Church, and how she has, in greed and storm, preserved it and guarded it from the defacing fingers of both fanatic and rationalist. Let the editor attend the lectures,

and he will find out that the Bible—the only infallible rule of faith and practice, as runs a clause in his Confession of Faith—is the most unscriptural thing in the world, and has been regarded as such by most eminent Protestants.

The Bible, says Dr. Navin, is not the principle of Christianity, nor yet the rock on which the Church is built. It never claims this character, and it can be no better than idolatry and superstition to worship it with any such view.

Dr. Delbouck is no less emphatic in his teaching when he declares that "He who will take the Scriptures of the New Testament as the highest source of a knowledge of faith, he declares it to be something which in its very nature it cannot be; which is not in consonance with the intentions of the Lord; and which, from its own evidence, it does not wish to be; and I add, which in the first centuries, when Christianity arose in its primitive vigor and strength, it was not."

We might go on, but we hope that the above quotations will convince the editor that there have been sincere Protestants who could not swallow the fable that the Bible has no authoritative interpreter.

Then follow some incoherent remarks about freedom of thought, and perfect freedom of thought—the last kind labeled dangerous. Dr. Briggs must have been guilty of "perfect freedom." And yet the minister, despite the breadth of mind and wise toleration, must down on his knees before the man made Westminster Confession or be adjudged a heretic.

OUR SOCIETIES.

Why do not our societies exercise more influence? is a question that seems to go begging an answer. We do not deny they are doing good work, and that their existence in some instances are evidences of sterling pluck and courage; but that they are capable of doing much more will not be denied by their staunchest friends. Now, why isn't it done? It may be of course in some favored localities, but in regions we wot of the average society is simply an organization of young men who pay their dues, more or less regularly, play billiards and have a strong conviction they belong to the greatest show on earth.

It is perfectly right to feel that our particular organization is superior to all others, provided we may be able to adduce proofs that may convince outsiders that our claim, boastful perchance, rests nevertheless upon a certain modicum of truth. We must confess, and without any wish to be captious, that, so far, we have not happened upon any aggregation of young men that realizes our ideal of a Catholic society.

One obstacle to their progress is that too often they are left severely alone by what are termed "influential Catholics." Our separated brethren are ahead of us in this respect. We have been edited time and again by the earnest and hearty assistance they give to their organizations. They render, it with gloves off—ungrudgingly—not money only, but time, counsel, everything that can shape and strengthen character. Here and there, we admit, we, too, have big-souled men who throw in their lot with our struggling societies, and who labor to energize and to direct the human activity that is either wasted on trifles or directed to ignoble ends, but they are so few as to give us just cause for shame.

We do not expect every individual who spells culture with a big C, to consort habitually with the young fellows who are tussling with the world for a livelihood. In the old Catholic times, when the brotherhood of humanity was a fact and not a fad, the poor were linked to the rich by the golden chains of charity, but in our days of utilitarianism, of sham and pretence and naturalism, believed in by those who have not courage to either deny Christ or to follow Him, this mode of action is looked upon with contempt. A corner in soap, a rise in what or an income derived mayhap from the sale of much and sundry liquors bring oftentimes intense yearning to get above the sordid aims of the moneyless—to whine and to cringe before people who have more money than themselves and above all to never be guilty of enthusiasm on the subject of Catholic interests. They

profess a great respect, for which the societies we were deeply grateful; but cooperation and cash, which would be a good deal more to the point, are lavished on movements started by the Hon. Miss— or My Lord Mogul for the purpose of teaching the Hottentots the value of Pears' soap.

Home Hottentots are overlooked because they are not so picturesque-looking as their foreign brethren. But they must not despair. Some day a scheme will be hatched for their uplifting and improvement, and they will have an opportunity of participating in the delights of ple-socials and of assisting at concerts, patriotic and otherwise, eucure parties and various other functions indicative of culture and a high state of civilization.

Admitting the fact that the lukewarmness of Catholics make the way stony for our societies, yet we must not assign that as the chief and only cause of their slow advancement.

In every society there are liable to be elements, such as the kicker, the orator and deadhead, which are as drags on the wheels of its progress. The kicker, with his continual Mr. Chairman; the orator, with his everlasting harangues, and the deadhead, who contributes nothing but criticism; are not only a nuisance but a menace also to the stability of any organization. Organization means business, and business does not thrive on rhetoric. Another difficulty to contend with is the apathy of the average member. Keen in athletics and past master in billiards, he is a veritable "sleepy hollow" when anything demanding mental exertion is thrust before him. He gets into a lazy out of elbows way of living. Rest no trouble are his watchwords—and the red blood is drained from his brains—and he becomes a milk-sop—a thing destitute of ambition, and craving for nothing save sleep and provender. You meet him everywhere. He has no backbone and he doesn't want any. That is what makes his disease a very difficult one to grapple with. He is a negative quantity not to be reckoned with in computing the good done by the society. Then the cliques that spring up, either through negligence of officials or through ambition of a shrewd wire puller who is a member solely for his own interests, are a fruitful source of disunion and discord.

RUSKIN AND THE CHURCH

Cardinal Manning and Ruskin were warm friends. On one occasion the great Art Critic describing a luncheon with the Cardinal says: "He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare and currant jelly, puffed pastry, like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—and those lovely preserved cherries, like kisses preserved in amber."

In his earlier writings, Ruskin evinced much anti-Catholic bigotry which he inherited from his Scotch mother. But his travels and sojourns in Catholic lands while pursuing his art studies broadened his mind in this respect and caused his religious prejudices to vanish. We have always held that it is almost impossible for the true poet or artist to be other than Catholic at least in spirit. They are irresistibly drawn to the sanctuary—their paintings, statues, music and architecture—there they feel at home and find inspiration for their noblest achievements. All the poets have sung of Christ's Virgin Mother in loftiest strain; and what could be more tenderly Catholic than Longfellow's sweetest of domestic stories—Evangeline? It would therefore be a matter of large surprise if Ruskin, with his poetic temperament and artistic genius, were not attracted to the Church, as the mistress, inspiration and patroness of all that is noblest in all the arts.

And so we find him dreaming dreams of exquisite beauty and indulging in meditations of a profoundly religious nature as he gazes upon the marvellous mosaics and other works which adorned the roof and walls of the storied sacred structures of Italy. "They were before the eyes of the devotee," he exclaims, "at every interval of his worship; vast shadowings forth of scenes to whose realization he looked forward, or of spirits whose presence he invoked." And the man, he adds, "must be little capable of receiving a religious impression of any kind who to this day does acknowledge some feeling of awe as he looks up to the pale countenances and ghostly forms which haunt the dark roofs of the baptistries of Parma and Florence, or remains altogether untouched by the majesty of the colossal images of apostles and of Him Who sent apostles that look down from the darkening gold of the domes of Venice and Pisa."

Ruskin saw also the utter fitness of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin, for in "Fors Clavigera" he asserts that "after the most careful examination" he finds that this devotion "has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character."

And thus, as the mellowing years gathered over him, his mind and heart daily grew more Catholic. Indeed, some years ago, as we learn from the London Catholic Times, Ruskin's neighbor, the venerable Father Laverly, between whom and the great Art Critic the warmest friendship existed, was able to announce that Ruskin accepted all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. It is sad to think that men like Ruskin—and there are many such—thoroughly convinced of the truth of her doctrines, go up to the very door of the Church, but never enter. Why? Because faith is a supernatural gift, which, in the inscrutable decrees of Providence, it is not always vouchsafed as a supplement to intellectual culture.—Buffalo Union and Times.

NO HOODLUMS THERE.

Writing from San Angel, D. F., Mexico, Mr. Frederick R. Guernsey said in last Sunday's Boston Herald: "A contrasting point of Mexican and American's all towns is that here we have no hoodlums or toughs. People are too polite to be so disagreeable. The insolent swaggerers of the pavement, the tobacco-spitting brutes of the street corners, and the bad small boys, old in devilry, are not in evidence in the Mexican small town. Even the poorest peon you meet answers a salute with the grace of an old Hidalgo. We wear out hat brims in a continual salutation. Very bad boys disappear; it is rumored that they have been sent to work on hot country plantations, or, if big enough, have gone into the army. All the new fellows are sought out by the town authorities and turned over to the recruiting officers. After a few years in the 'crops' they come out, usually, better men, for they have been thoroughly disciplined. But the active, arrogant, insolent and menacing hoodlum, we have him not.

"And so there are peace and pleasant walks for the ladies and young girls. Women are well treated here, and are sweet and gracious. But they are not clubbable. They are by trade house-keepers, mothers of families, and not reformers, intellectual leaders or faddists. The Mexican woman is respectful of the home, and useful as the ornament of the home, and useful as well. For her the great stone houses, the wide and inner sunny corridors, the gardens and the fountains and the birds. And she is happy in her quiet way. I have written much of the Mexican woman, but have never been able to depict her worth as it should be related. She is a home goddess, still believes in her ancient faith, and is the cheerer and counsellor of the men. People who regard the Mexican woman as sorely oppressed do not know her. She rules often by a sweet influence, and is honored in her old age, for here it is still proper to regard elderly people as the chief persons in the community. Old age is honored.

"The women go to Mass in the morning at various hours, according to their habits of early or late rising; their social status or their plety. But they all go. The church is their second home, and they love it with a deep and abiding love.

"Many of the men, even of the upper class, are diligent in church attendance, and, as a rule, the strongly religious men are the solid citizens, humane masters, and pay their bills. On Sunday mornings the town turns out to Mass, and the church at every Mass is full of men, women and children.

"Church life here has no special 'social' side; people do not have to be lured to church by any entertainment or device outside of the religious functions. There are no 'Eucaveors' or 'King's Daughters.' There is no Sunday-school (religious instruction is given in the day schools.—E. I. Review) but just plain sermons (always brief), the rites of the Church and its invincible attraction for the mass of the people. The clergy are apart: they live in the parish houses, and, with the exception of the senior priest, or cura, they do not visit the homes of the people. It is not 'good form' for the clergy to be intimate with the members of the flock. 'The soldier in his barracks, the friar in the convent,' runs the popular proverb. Yet the clergy are profoundly respected. A mystic light of reverence crowns them, and everybody is courteous to them. The young priests are hard workers, abstemious and self-denying men. They give rise to no evil report.

"So the intercourse of clergy and people is on a different basis than in the United States. Here the clergyman is a being set apart in a high and holy calling, and commands reverence for his office. He is not a manager of popular entertainments, and rarely hustles. He looks after the poor in his parish, and acquints the well-to-do with the necessities of the humble sufferers. Beggars are well treated and are of our town family. They are de-

serving, and get aid every day. It is a virtue, in these lands of the South, to bestow alms, and to do it yourself.

"So intimate is the connection of the family and the Church that the clergy come to occupy a place of affectionate regard in the people's mind. They bear the confessions of the faithful, they baptize, marry and bury the people. They are as essential as food and drink, and stand, in a way, as between feeble humanity and the celestial powers. That is the scheme, and it works out well in practice. Nobody in these parts is 'curious about God,' as Whitman said, nobody talks metaphysics or enunciates novel theories about life and destiny. It is all supposed to be well understood, and, if you go to hell, you must have made up your mind pretty deliberately to reach that place. But the Church does not abandon the sinner; he is watched and visited in sickness, sometimes counselled with, and in the hour of death he is the subject of affectionate care to win him back from the evil one even at the last moment. So rarely does anyone feel abandoned. The big old Church broods over humanity with great and abounding kindness. Elderly priests get to be indulgent and regard humanity as a father does his naughty children. But they do not abate a whit of their dignity or lower their priestly standard. They feel that they stand for the celestial powers, and are often plain spoken when necessary.

"Governor Rollins of New Hampshire would find no lack of religious interest in these little Mexican towns. They compare well in morality, home comfort and happiness and in every essential of human well-being, with small American towns. They lack the aggressive, inquiring spirit of our race, and do not share our irreverence. I was struck with some articles in the Atlantic Monthly on New England country town life, and it seemed to me that Mexico could make a good showing in comparison. Religion is not decadent here, and there is a general courtesy worth imitating. And yet we read of the lack of true civilization in Mexico's rubbish. That will do to talk to ocean cavalrymen, not to men who know Mexico as it really is."

AN ALTAR MADE OF ICE.

Outdoor Russian church services, with the altar made of ice, are common all over the dominions ruled by the Czar. They begin at the season of Whitsuntide, in May, and are held at intervals during the month that follows.

The altar of ice is supposed to be typical of Whit (or White) Sunday, and the services are held by the priests of the Russian Church to induce the people to give up their evil habits and live a pure and holy life. The sight of one of these gatherings, with the priests and choir arrayed in spotless white garments, is indeed an impressive one, and the singing and chanting which accompany the kneeling of the congregation before the altar are never forgotten by those who have been present.

Many people attend this service who do not go to church as a rule. They are anxious to let the world know that they believe in religion, and they imagine by thus publicly attending the open-air service of this kind they prove their love for God and their church. The services often last for several hours owing to the large congregations.

Some of the altars look a great deal more beautiful than others, for some men are masters of the art of ice cutting and are able to model the altar just as they please. In the villages it generally consists of a rule block of ice surmounted by a cross.

The decorations of some of these altars of ice are as beautiful as those which appear in the church. Russian churches are famous for their great beauty, and the costly ornaments and vessels in ordinary use look very striking as they rest upon this remarkable altar of ice.

THE INCHICORE CRIB.

Each Christmas the Church of the Oblate Fathers at Inchicore has, within the memory of the vast majority of the present generation, been the scene of the visits of innumerable gatherings of the Catholic people of Dublin, for all of whom the centre of attraction has been the beautiful "Crib." Last Christmas Day the Crib was visited during the morning and all through the afternoon by many people. St. Stephen's Day, a public holiday, has always been the special day of pilgrimage on the part of the citizens. The Crib has been constructed in a fine spacious building which formerly served as a chapel before the handsome church, of which the people of the district are so justly proud, had been erected. On entering the Crib, the visitor's attention is at once attracted to a large building on his left representing the Inn at Bethlehem. In one of the windows of the hostelry is the innkeeper repelling the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Through the archway of the Inn one gets a view of Bethlehem, with a rugged road leading to it. In the centre of the building is the grotto stable, in which are the wonderful figures of the Divine Infant in a rough manger, of the Virgin Mother, of St. Joseph, and the adoring Shepherds. To the right

of the cave are the Kings or Wise Men, clothed in gorgeous eastern robes, and all in attitudes of prayer and adoration. Behind them are their attendants, appropriately robed, and bearing gifts. A little further on there is a striking life-like figure of a shepherd pointing in the direction of the stable, and in the act of calling to his fellow-shepherds, who are represented in a fine scene-painting witnessing the apparition of the angels, and listening to their tidings of great joy. At the extreme end of the building there is a representation of the City of Nazareth in Galilee, from which, as recorded in the Gospel of St. Luke, the foster-father of the Divine Saviour set out on the journey to Bethlehem. Great care has been bestowed upon the grouping of the figures, and the scene by the roadside is elaborated with palms and oriental vegetation, producing a very beautiful effect. The general effect is most life-like and forms a strikingly realistic representation of the first great scene in the stupendous miracle of man's Redemption.—Missionary Record, O. M. I.

A GREAT EVIL.

William J. Phipps recently spoke as follows upon "Obscene Story Telling" at a meeting of the Holy Name Society in Albany, N. Y.

"A companion evil to the evil of profanity is the practice of obscene story telling. The man or woman who is profane is generally fond of stories that are immoral, indecent and filthy. As cursing and swearing is excused because it is a habit, this evil is tolerated because it is so common. It invades every station of life and is so prevalent that we lose sight of its enormity.

"Will any one question that the inventors of these obscene stories are governed by the baser instincts of their nature and degrade their talents that might be used for nobler purposes? The wit or the humorist is the sunshine of life, and when he is clean in speech he appeals to the best and highest qualities of our nature; but when he wallows in the filthy slime of indecent story telling, he seeks to gratify the lowest and basest passions of mankind.

There are men so given to the practice that they do not hesitate to reel off their vile stuff at any time or place, and without the slightest regard for the feelings of those who are obliged to hear them. They become so habituated in the evil that they lose all notion of propriety, and do not consider whether they are pleasing to their auditors or whether they are regarded as foul mouthed bores. Any man, unless he is absolutely devoid of all gentlemanly qualities, would hesitate to say anything personally displeasing to any one in his company on any subject; but still men who call themselves gentlemen will insult another's intelligence and sense of decency without the slightest hesitancy. He knows that if he did offend another by saying anything displeasing or insulting on other lines, the person so offended would resent the insult; and why, when we are thus insulted by a positively vile creature—aye, I may say best—do we not resent the insult? St. Francis de Sales, writing on this subject, says: 'If some fool should address himself to you in a lascivious manner, convince him that your ears are offended, either by turning immediately away or by some other mark of resentment, as your discretion may direct.'

"Everywhere is the evil to be found. Nor is the evil found among men alone. What a shame that it contaminates the gentler sex! It is indulged in by the learned men as well as the unlearned. It puts the loafer who practices it on a par with the so-called gentleman in whom it is found. Nor is station in life a barrier to its influence: it is found with the rich and with the poor. The boy full of life and energy, whose mind should be bent upon the highest and noblest sentiments of human life, is tainted with the evil; and the gray-beard, with life ebbing from him and with energies wasted, standing upon the brink of the grave, whose waning days should be spent in prayer, will shake his feeble old frame with laughter at a filthy story."

OF INTEREST TO "ESCAPES."

The news dispatches announce that a corporation has been formed in Wisconsin for the purpose of building "a refuge for priests, monks, and nuns who have been converted from the Roman Catholic Church." As Catholics, we appreciate the efforts of our Protestant friends to care for these brands snatched for the burning, and we hope the best and most modern methods will be adopted in the management of the refuge. It need not be a spacious building. So far as we know, the Keely Cure is still the most effective method of treatment when a real desire for improvement exists in the patient. Where this last factor exists, the Cure will reconstruct the general health of the average convert, "brace him with tonics, quiet his nerves, regulate his diet, and tell him how to keep well." But no remedy has been discovered that will cure a drunkard against his will.—Ave Maria.

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Bishop Angaran, C. S. P. - Letter from the Centre of the "Dark Continent." - III. - Our "88. Leo XIII" Resolves - Pastoral Visitation.

IV.

Dublin Irish Catholic. And so, through all sorts of difficulties and perils, our steamer "Leo III" reached at last Bangal—that is, the gates of the rapids, which now barred our passage. Our Mission station of St. Paul's is three miles beyond this spot, higher up the river. The small prugon can manage to pass the rapids, and so Father Gourdy was not long coming up with his tiny boat. On meeting me he told me of the narrow escape he had from getting too near the grailion of his ferocious parishioners. Still, would you believe it, notwithstanding the dangers he had run, he was not a bit the less cheerful and contented than when he first set foot on the banks of the river. He was simply sublime, or sublimely simple, but did not suspect it.

My first visit was to the little cemetery where our beloved martyred brother is awaiting his glorious resurrection. I was inclined to pray to him rather than for him; for we love to think that he is in Heaven with the holy martyrs praying for the conversion of those savages for whom he laid down his life so courageously. Whilst I was praying there, another grave was being opened for a little orphan who had died the previous night. Now, whilst the grave-diggers were at their work, other men, watchmen armed with guns, were beating the air round the Mission in order to prevent a nocturnal attack from the Bondjos, always ready to seize human flesh, dead or alive. It was a truly mournful sight. These precautions are necessary. An armed patrol all round the Mission house and premises must put the cannibals off the scent that a burial is going to take place. They seize every opportunity to get a human prey. Not long ago a boy was fetching water at the spring close by the house. As he filled his pitcher he heard some Bondjos whispering to one another: "Guana!" (meat). And looking around he saw the fellows staring at him with their assegais. He gave the alarm, fired off his gun, and put the aggressors to flight. On another occasion one of the poor orphans of the Mission was killed at twenty yards from the house, but the Bondjos had no time to carry away his body. Isn't this a fearful life of ours? But do you not think that Almighty God has reserved special seats in Paradise for the Missionaries of the Bondjos? I think so, at all events. Such are our difficulties; yet, withal, the good work is progressing, and there is not a week when we cannot save some little creature or other from the flesh pot of those horrible cannibals. What a consolation for us to rescue these little ones from the horrible fate always impending over them!

But alas! our resources are not commensurate with the work to be done or with the desires of our hearts. For this reason do I hope that every charitable and humane soul who comes to know of our work and wants to assist us in this most humanitarian enterprise. Yes, Christian charity will enable us to rescue the bodies of the little children, whilst we shall rescue their souls from sin and hell, and make them become children of God by holy baptism. Thus, by our united efforts, we shall deliver them from the double slavery of man and demon.

In the course of my last pastoral visitation I had the happiness to administer the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and fifty children, and at present a good many more are preparing for the same blessing. Since 1890 we have snatched over a thousand children from slavery and, therefore, from the butcher's block. Of this number about one-half died after receiving baptism. Those poor children had had to undergo such sufferings; and had been so awfully ill-treated before they came to us, that they were mere walking skeletons. In this case we can get the children for very little, as the price of a slave depends on his physical condition; 'tis flesh that's wanted in the market, not bones. Now, when these children see the care we bestow upon them in our orphanage, they are simply nonplused. They cannot understand how a free man can take such an interest in miserable slaves as they are. When once at home with the older orphans they show a charming simplicity. We speak to them of God, of the soul, of a heaven for the good, of a place of punishment for the wicked, by little and little they come to understand us; their hearts open to hope, they believe. Then, we tell them that to go to God in heaven after death we must be marked with the Precious Blood of Our Saviour who sends us to them. Soon they desire to "become friends of God"—they ask for baptism especially after seeing a baptism of orphans, and their happiness is then truly great. Now, those who die after having been regenerated in the holy waters of baptism go straight to heaven, where they are our patrons and intercessors. They surely pray especially for the kind benefactors of the Mission, to whom they are mainly indebted for salvation. They pray for their companions, for us the fathers in God, and for the conversion of the poor blacks. Those, on the contrary, who continue to live, thank to the care which is bestowed on them, become, or are destined to become

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERRIDAN KNOWLES. CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

At his words of scanty praise, a glow of pleasure rushed warmly through her frame. You will say so when you hear all, when you learn what a dark and solitary place the world was to me. You do not know, and if you are satisfied, Estace, you need never know, what difficulties I had to face. I had not been trained to fight the battle of life. What the balmy air and warm sun of early summer are, after the long blowing of east winds, that is my husband's love to me. After all I had gone through, I was still so proud, I spurned and flung him back his love. And what a prize I was throwing away! Why he is a man apart, his character is unique. How brave and gentle, generous and strong, open and free of soul he is! For my sake never despise him, but treat him as a brother.

"And do you feel no pang, poor girl, to think that your marriage has cut you off forever from the social rank in which you were born?"

"It was not my marriage cut me off. Poverty had done it long before. On that dreary time when my mother and I were trying to live up to a position, and to keep up an appearance we could no longer maintain. And through it all to find our friends dropping away one by one! When my mother died, her small annuity died with her, and I had no power, even if I had had the heart, to continue the struggle. I fled away from it all, and at last found a hiding-place here. The position which you see me has never been so full of humiliation as my former one had grown to be; I have cares and responsibilities, but how different from the ignoble cares which filled my life before! Oh, yes, I have found peace here, and happiness."

"I have not come home a beggar. The tide of fortune had turned in my favor before I left Australia. I shall go back there with new life, shaking once more with an ambition—the ambition to restore you to that position in which you were born."

"Was it poverty deprived you of it? then wealth shall give it back; and this husband of yours after all will not, I think, be so great a hindrance as I thought. This is a splendid place hardly heard of in the outer world; not known even by the birds of passage that fly through it in the summer-time. No one need ever learn that you are married to a peasant's son. And for the rest—I have been jealously watching this alert, active, bright-eyed and well-tempered youth, and believe me, you will find in him fine traits in his character. His intelligence is quick, he has a natural good taste, and these will tell him what to do and what to avoid. His sympathetic temperament will make him friends. His physique, too, and his bearing are in his favor—all, in short, qualities which give ease and grace besides. He is so young, I do not see why these advantages, with the addition of a little venture, should not make him capable after some time of holding his own in society. I remember from my own knowledge, and I have since both heard and read that, given wealth and the power that springs from it, the demands of society are not exorbitant. Conn, with his quick ear, would soon, under good tuition, lose the roughness of his brogue, and bring those cadences of voice under the control of the monotony. With a little experience he would learn not to stammer in company by expressing opinions not generally accepted, or by being too much in earnest. I am told he is a first-rate dancer. Why, the fashionable dances would be child's play to him; and depend upon it, he would make himself an agreeable partner; wait, wait—he should join some club, Irishmen are born politicians, and he might talk politics; it does not require much knowledge. He expresses himself well enough; he would soon be competent to chat about the last new play, and the private lives of the performers. I have no doubt whatever but that he will acquire himself well in all many games and pastimes. No man with a figure like that, continued Estace, could play billiards, could play billiards otherwise than well—in time. With his knowledge of horses, the chances are ten to one he would shine upon the turf. Yes, Janet, would it not be a pleasure to you, would it not be a noble reward to him, when he was poor and knew that you were poor, loved you for yourself alone; that he, I say, through you, should be lifted to your level; that he should be rich, courted, admired, flattered in the great world by you? But this is an ideal to be striven for and to be realized in the future; for the present we can only—"

"It shall never be realized," she interrupted almost fiercely; and then suddenly checking herself and looking at her brother steadily, she added, "perhaps you are warning me; there is no need, believe me."

"Warning you?" he repeated, astonished. "Has the prospect I hold out no attractions?"

"The book-keeper only shook her head. "Have you no ambition, Janet?"

"Only to keep what I have got. Experience has made me coward. Having so much to lose, I cannot risk it."

"You would be content to go on living here as book-keeper in this inn?"

"I ask nothing better. I would be satisfied with even a poorer and a harder life so that it might be passed in Glencoonoge, where my happiness has taken such deep root."

"Thank Heaven! still of the same mind," returned Estace, "I have seen beneath his breath, turning away and beating his foot upon the ground. "Now will fate still be against me? Will my plans at last cease to miscarry?"

Looking up just at that moment he saw a bald head out from behind the point of Brent's Island. Gradually the head was turned in the direction of the inn. "What boat is that out yonder?" he asked.

"It must be Conn and the rest returning from Lisheen. Yes, it is Conn! Oh, how glad I am to see him!"

how surprised and how glad he will be when he hears! Consider, remember you and he are brothers. Once more, for my sake, do not patronize him, but be friendly."

"There must be two parties to a friendship, Janet."

"I will answer for him. Who is that in the boat with the?"

"It looks like Mr. Jardine."

"Or one of the firm of Goble and Lend?"

"Who are they?"

"The people who bear us ill-will, which we should be made to feel if they have bought the inn as we expect. I will tell you about them later on. Oh, you have much to hear! No, you are right. It is Mr. Jardine. What brings him, I wonder?"

"They watched the boat approaching; it was taking straight for the pier; so we need now to creep along the winding channel, for the tide was full. A newer and more pressing interest had suddenly succeeded the one which had possessed the book-keeper's mind for many weeks past, even to an hour ago; and she was less eager now to learn the news of which they in the boat must be the bearers, than to catch her husband's eye, draw him quickly apart, and tell him at once her strange intelligence. Their eyes soon met, and without waiting for the book-keeper's waving of his cap might mean, she beckoned him to follow, and hurried up to the doorstep of the inn."

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE FAIR OF "THE HARP."

Estace Chalmers, on the other hand, sauntered down to the pier's end, which he reached just as Mr. Jardine landed. "Was he?" he said, confronting the lawyer, somewhat to the latter's surprise. Those who had accompanied Mr. Jardine stopped in what they were doing to regard the questioner and hear what passed—their curiosity, which had been whetted by Mr. Jardine's obscurity all the way from Lisheen, being more than usually keen that day.

"Hail my dear sir!" cried Mr. Jardine, shaking hands cordially with "No. 7." "You see I am as good as my word. But, bless my soul! what's the matter? You're looking out of health altogether."

"Never mind my looks. What have you to tell me?"

The lawyer shook his head. "The whole way across I've been moaning and groaning to myself; you never heard of such a price in all your life."

"And have you let the slip?"

"I almost screamed, Estace Chalmers. The lawyer took a step backwards, astonished at this outburst; but a glance or two at the darkness in the stranger's face reassured him, "I am safe," he thought, and he drew himself up and buttoned his coat.

"When Jeremiah Jardine undertakes a task," he said, slapping his chest, "he is not the man to flinch—cost what it may. Sir, I give you joy. The inn is yours. Royal executors for the new master of 'The Harp.'"

you! They say women can't keep a secret. Egad, ma'am, you kept yours close enough all conscience; and if it had not been in the first place that I got a clue elsewhere—looking at Mr. Chalmers—and that the impressions derived from the quickness of my own perception were confirmed by what, without his being at all aware of it, I was able to extract from your husband there—"

"From me?" cried Conn, coloring, and with indignant incredulity.

Every one laughed at Conn's astonishment, which could not have been more sincere if he had been the most reticent and discreet person alive.

"Nonsense, man," continued Mr. Jardine, avoiding at all hazards the expression which his timidity made him think was imminent, "there is nothing to regret or be ashamed of in my good fellow—upon my word, looking Conn up and down as if it struck him now for the first time, 'as fine a young man as ever I saw! Six foot one in his stockings if an inch, and you may thank your husband, ma'am, for your discovery.'"

"Listen!" exclaimed the book-keeper. "What is all that uproar in the hall? And look! the road is full of people!"

It was only that more boats had returned, and the people were flocking in from the village and the hills and the cabins in the immediate neighborhood, and in their eagerness to learn the fate of "The Harp," were invading the precincts of that venerable hostelry itself. When the O'Doherty and I arrived on the scene, the crowd was so dense that we dismounted at some distance off, and made our way to the inn with some difficulty on foot. Everybody was so intent on what they were discussing, that we were hardly noticed, and I passed an instant on the fringe of a group of which old Matt Dwyer was the centre—not now as oracle, but as listener to an excited account of what had happened, delivered by Palsey Hoolahan to those gathered about him. Matt Dwyer listened with open mouth and with an astonishment that was almost apoplectic.

"Ye tell me so?" he said between his teeth. "I'll be bound to see you in Australia! It beats anything I ever heard of! Begor! Dinn, the beggarman's brother, was nothin' to it, nothin' at all!"

Father John apparently had arrived just before us. We found him in the crowded hall, where his bewilderment at the extraordinary state of affairs was increased by the contradictory information which a perfect babel of voices was pouring into his ears. Learning at last where the book-keeper was to be found, he made for the bar parlor, where the O'Doherty and I followed in his wake. His appearance at that hour, when those assembled there, who were consulting anxiously as to how they could clear the house and shut the doors, without hurting the feelings of the people. But Father John was equal to the occasion, and he had a ready-made plan for the moment. He had a half door upon him as soon as he should be outside, he drove the people in the hall before him, and emerging himself last of all, stood upon the doorstep facing the crowd.

"My friends," said he, "you've heard now all that's happened for the present about the events of this day; and I assure you, you know a great deal more about them than I do myself. So now disperse, and go quietly to your homes, and do not be making confusion worse confounded here. Mr. Chalmers, 'tis my duty to you last Sunday—that the station will begin to-morrow. Sure what else have I come for here—to-day, but to hold the same. And let every man, woman, boy, girl, and child amongst you that's old enough, be at Mass to-morrow at 5 o'clock. And for good reason, 'tis I'm putting off your confessions till the end of the time, and then be coming in scores, driving me distracted with the numbers of ye. Remember what I tell ye. So now, my dear people, go quietly to your homes, and bid good-bye to ye."

"We were all at the window within, listening to Father John, and saw the crowd move lingeringly away, casting back glances at him and at the inn windows, and heard the people's conversation as they retreated rise from a murmur to a cry, which presently died away in the distance."

But long before this, our tongues were at work again, and we all found ourselves in a perfect maze of explanations, apologies, congratulations, and invitations.

"I heard Mr. Jardine saying to the O'Doherty, with hardly a trace of trepidation in his tone, 'Private friendship must give way to professional duty'; and at the same moment Mr. Chalmers, with his sister by his side, and Conn standing not far off, looking wistfully at them both, was saying as I gave him joy."

"You must stay to dinner and drink our healths in some of the old wine in the cellar."

"If I dared," I answered. "But it is my last night here. To-morrow I start for England."

"To-morrow!" echoed Conn and his wife.

"To-morrow!" said Mr. Chalmers, "all the more reason why you should not refuse to-night."

"The man would have a heart of stone who could refuse," said the O'Doherty, energetically. "What do you say, Horace?"

Well, no matter what I said. Father John entered at this moment, and the O'Doherty and I hurried home to bid the ladies get ready. But Madame O'Doherty was prostrate with a bad headache, and the O'Doherty refused to accompany Alicia and me to the evening at "The Harp."

It was a very quiet party. Of the dinner itself I will only note that Mrs. Costello, when complimented afterwards, explained that the sight of the new master had put her on her mettle; and that she thought he would be willing to admit that he had learnt something in Ireland, travelled though he might be in foreign parts, and no doubt a judge of good cooking. Father John sat in the centre, on his right Mr. Chalmers, and on his left the book-keeper; and next to the book-keeper her husband, uneasy for a time, and anxious to run away and take part with his brothers in bringing in the dishes; and on our side Alicia was next Mr. Chalmers, and I next Alicia, and next Bell, and next Bell Mr. Jardine, who had come for his neighbor-compliments, and who found Mr. Jardine was the fit and soul of the party, drank wine with everybody, and was particularly attentive to Bell, whose straight answers, and unhesitating expression of her wishes and opinions, filled him from time to time with a startled admiration. The rest were as the truth must be told, were by no means merry, but I think we were all happy enough. We talked in couples for the most part—Bell and Mr. Jardine, as I have said already, Alicia and I, the priest and the stranger, and so on.

It was now past eight o'clock, and my charge warned me it was time to be going home. "And look outside!" cried Alicia; "it is a lovely moonlight night. Why should we not all stroll together as far as the castle gates?"

The book-keeper in the best of spirits jumped up and said she would come, and she brought her hooded cloak. Mr. Chalmers excused himself, saying he must not desert his good friend Mr. Jardine and Father John.

"They don't want you," said I; "they are having a pitched battle, and if you go back you will stop their enjoyment."

"I'll wait for them here, then," and he shook hands with the girls and with me, wishing me a pleasant journey on the morrow.

"There are roses somewhere not far off," cried Bell, sniffing as we emerged into the open air.

"Have you forgotten our famous tree?" said the book-keeper. "It is laden down this year with buds. Someone just opening, and you shall have some to take home."

It was thoughtless indeed of Bell not to have remembered the old white rose tree that for many years had been the pride of "The Harp." Conn had trimmed it year by year till now it grew over the whole of the west wall, and over half the front of the inn. The day and more accessible at the side, the book-keeper said, and we followed her along the garden pathway past the front windows of the inn. Then there ensued a series of cries and laughter as the womenkin in the dark pecked themselves in trying to break the thorny stems, and their fingers bled. But Conn came to the rescue, and with his horny hands and high reach, saved every one a world of trouble. We were returning laden with treasure—Bell leading this time—when just as she was crossing again before the window of the room we had just left, she stopped, and motioning us to make no noise, stood looking in. We all gathered round, following her example. There was no one in the room but Mr. Chalmers. He had thrown himself into Mrs. Egan's arm-chair, and was leaning back, resting on his hand was resting there with closed eyes, as one might for whom a long day's work and a task accomplished have earned an interval of peace and quiet.

"Come away, don't waken him," whispered some one; and we all moved noiselessly on.

"Won't you come, Conn?" I called to him, as he remained upon the door-step, looking after us when we began to walk homewards.

"That I will, sir," he cried, when he saw I had fallen behind the rest, and he joined me just as he was, bare-headed.

The moon high over the lake shone down upon its waters, and on the islands and on the forested hills, and on the distant mountains distinct in the clear air many miles away. It was a still, calm scene, so unearthly beautiful, it seemed a desecration to talk in ordinary parlance, and Conn and I for a time were silent, while the book-keeper, and the two girls in their white dresses, glided on before, like spirits lighting and mocking us with their bright voices and soft laughter.

"To be continued."

THINGS CATHOLICS DO NOT BELIEVE.

Catholics do not believe that any man can obtain salvation by his own good deeds, independently of the merits and passion of Jesus Christ and His grace, or that he can make any satisfaction for the guilt of his sins, or acquire any merits except through the Saviour. Catholics do not believe that it is allowable to break a lawful oath or tell a lie, even for the conversion of a kingdom, or to do anything whatever of a sinful nature to promote the supposed interests of their Church. Catholics do not believe that the "end justifies the means" or that one may do evil that good may come, as utterly condemned by the Catholic Church. Catholics do not believe that Protestants who are baptized, who lead a good life, love God and their neighbor, who avoid evil and do good, who are blamelessly ignorant of Catholic truth, and of the true claims of the Catholic Church to be the only true religion, are excluded from heaven, provided they believe there is one God, three divine persons (or unity in trinity and trinity in unity); that God will reward the good and punish the bad hereafter; that Jesus is the Son of God made man; who redeemed us, and in Whom we must trust for our salvation, and provided they thoroughly repeat of having ever by their sins offended God.—Carmelite Review.

"The Better Part of Valor is Discretion," and the better part of the treatment of disease is prevention. Disease originates in impurities in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. People who take it at this season say they are kept healthy the year round. It is because this medicine expels impurities and makes the blood rich and health-giving. All liver ills are cured by Hood's Pills. 25c.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription & Be Healthy. Includes text: 'DON'T WAIT TILL YOUR LOOKS, EVEN, SHOW HOW SICK YOU ARE BUT TAKE DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION & BE HEALTHY' and an illustration of a woman's face.

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps. Includes text: 'Are supplied in various qualities for all purposes Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.' and an illustration of a soap box.

Advertisement for Menthol D.L. Plaster. Includes text: 'FOR SCALDING, BURNS, STITCHES, BRUISES, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK' and an illustration of the plaster.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt. Includes text: 'The best and most too good, especially if you are sick.' and an illustration of a bottle.

Advertisement for Emulsion. Includes text: 'CONSUMPTION AND ALL LUNG DISEASES, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.' and an illustration of a man carrying a large fish.

Advertisement for Sacred Pictures. Includes text: 'We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 12x22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value for the figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (onl engraving), \$1.50 each.'

Advertisement for The New Testament—25c. For Sale at the Catholic Record Office.

Advertisement for Clarke & Smith, Undertakers and Embalmers. Includes text: 'We have just purchased a LARGE supply of the New Testament, neatly bound with cloth limp cover—price 25 cents each. Translated from the Latin Vulgate, diligently compared with the original Greek and first published by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. With annotations, references, and an historical and chronological index. Hearing the imprimatur of Cardinal Vaughan. Printed on good paper with clear type. Thos. Coffey, London, Ont.'

Advertisement for Brown's Bronchial Trochies. Includes text: 'Relieve Coughs and Colds. Contains no opium, or anything injurious.—DR. A. A. HAYES, Chemist, Boston. In boxes only—Avoid imitations.'

A VOICE FROM AFRICA.

Bishop Angouard, C. S. P., Letter from the Centre of the "Dark Continent." - III - Our "St. Leo XIII's" Resolves Brought - Pastoral Visitation.

IV.

Dublin Irish Catholic.

And so, through all sorts of difficulties and perils, our steamer "Lyon III," reached at last Banghi—that is, the gates of the rapids, which now barred our passage. Our Mission station of St. Paul's is three miles beyond this spot, higher up the river. The small pirogues can manage to pass the rapids, and so Father Gourdy was not long coming up with his tiny boat. On meeting me he told me of the narrow escape he had from getting too near the gridiron of his ferocious parishioners. Still, would you believe it, notwithstanding the dangers he had narrowly escaped, and the continual fears of which his very existence is made up, the good missionary was cheerful and happy, and spoke only of doing the journey over again. He was simply sublime, or sublimely simple, but did not suspect it.

My first visit was to the little cemetery where our beloved martyred brother is awaiting his glorious resurrection. I was inclined to pray to him rather than for him, for we love to think that he is in Heaven with the holy martyrs praying for the conversion of those savages for whom he laid down his life so courageously. Whilst I was praying there, another grave was being opened for a little orphan who had died the previous night. Now, whilst the grave-diggers were at their work, other men, watchmen armed with guns, were beating the wood all round the Mission in order to prevent a nocturnal attack from the Bondjos, always ready to seize human flesh, dead or alive. It was a truly mournful sight. These precautions are necessary. An armed patrol all round the Mission house and premises must put the cannibals off the scent that a burial is going to take place. They seize every opportunity to get a human prey. Not long ago a boy was fetching water at the spring close by the house. As he filled his pitcher he heard some Bondjos whispering to one another: "Gnamu" (meat). And looking around he saw the fellows aiming at him with their assegays. He gave the alarm, fired off his gun, and put the aggressors to flight. On another occasion one of the poor orphans of the Mission was killed at twenty yards from the house, but the Bondjos had no time to carry away his body. Isn't this a fearful life of ours? But do you not think that Almighty God has reserved special seats in Paradise for the Missionaries of the Bondjos? I think so, at all events. Such are our difficulties; yet, withal, the good work is progressing, and there is not a week where we cannot save some little creature or other from the flesh pot of those horrible cannibals. What a consolation for us to rescue these little ones from the horrible fate always impending over them!

But alas! our resources are not commensurate with the work to be done, or with the desire of our hearts. For this reason do I hope that every charitable and humane soul who comes to know of our work and wants to try to assist us in this most humanitarian enterprise. Yes, Christian charity will enable us to rescue the bodies of the little children, whilst we shall rescue their souls from sin and hell, and make them become children of God by holy baptism. Thus, by our united efforts, we shall deliver them from the double slavery of man and demon.

In the course of my last pastoral visitation I had the happiness to administer the sacrament of confirmation to one hundred and fifty children, and at present a good many more are preparing for the same blessing. Since 1890 we have snatched over a thousand children from slavery and, therefore, from the butcher's block. Of this number about one-half died after receiving baptism. Those poor children had had to undergo such sufferings, and had been so awfully ill-treated before they came to us, that they were mere walking skeletons. In this case we can get the children for very little, as the price of a slave depends on his physical condition: "his flesh that he wanted in the market, not bones." Now, when these children see the care we bestow upon them in our orphanage, they are simply not pleased. They cannot understand how a free man can take such an interest in miserable slaves as they are. When once at home with the older orphans they show a charming simplicity. We speak to them of God, of the soul, of a heaven for the good, of a place of punishment for the wicked. By little and little they come to understand us; their hearts open to hope, they believe. Then, we tell them that to go to God in heaven after death we must be marked with the Precious Blood of Our Saviour who sends us to them. Soon they desire to "become friends of God"—they ask for baptism, especially after seeing a baptism of orphans, and their happiness is then truly great. Now, those who die after having been regenerated in the holy waters of baptism go straight to heaven, where they are our patrons, especially for the kind benefactors of the Mission, to whom they are mainly indebted for salvation. They pray for their companions, for us their fathers in God, and for the conversion of the poor blacks. Those, on the contrary, who continue to live, thanks to the care which is bestowed on them, become, or are destined to become the

founders of new Christian villages. For our great object is to multiply these as much as we can all around our great stations and along the lines of communication connecting the centres of our operations. Our work is not confined to our orphanages or missions. We do not neglect the country around us, that is the people around us who are not in a state of slavery—who are free. We are evangelizing a great many villages by means of our catechists, and great hopes are entertained for the near future. We work in this way: We appoint in all the chief centres catechists who are of great help to us. These are our orphans, long trained and well taught, and safe and sound Christians; they reside in the midst of the free people and teach all those who wish to come near them. They teach the catechism, prayers, etc., and prepare the way for the priests, who call regularly, examine, instruct, and win them gently to the faith. Such is our work—two-fold as you see; the orphanage for the redeemed slaves and the catechists in the villages for the free people, the adults. And, oh, how interesting both these works are! And how encouraging these poor creatures when once they begin to know us!

There is still another matter which, I think, will much interest the readers of the Irish Catholic; it is the question how we cater for all our orphans? Well, there is first the bill of fare. Happily the necessities of life are not very expensive out here for the natives; nor is the tailor's bill a very high one. The food stands us about three halfpence per head per day, say two pence on feast days; as for clothing, a yard of Manchester cotton fabric makes a suit of clothes for an orphan, for the sum of one shilling, or a little less. No great extravagance, you will say. Ah! but wait a while. When the bursar has to feed and clothe five or six hundred orphans you will understand that he is frightened when, on balancing his books, he finds the balance on the wrong side. The way we get our supplies is this: In the interior of the country money is useless; goods are the currency. There we order in Europe. The Procurator-General is our banker. He receives for our missions the annual sum allowed us by the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. We sent him our orders and he expedites the goods and pays the bills. If we overdraw our allowance for the year ending, the overdraft is taken from the following year's budget. We are not allowed to make debts and must stretch ourselves only to the length of the rug. Oh! how many more souls could be saved if we had the means! This is what breaks our hearts.

THE ARCHDEACON AND THE ABBOT.

H. F. Shortis in the "Easter Lily," St. John's, Nfld.

As far as I am aware yours is the pioneer-edition of an Easter Number in the city of St. John's, and, in accordance to your request I think I could not oblige your readers better than by contributing a little anecdote in connection with the late venerated and universally respected Archdeacon Forristal. It was my proud privilege to be on terms of the most intimate friendship with the deceased Churchman during the latter days of his life. During this friendship I had ample opportunities of studying the sterling qualities, both of heart and mind, which he possessed to an eminent degree. The Very Rev. Wm. Forristal, while presenting a rough and rugged exterior to the superficial and casual observer, was endowed with qualities which endeared him to the hearts of all those who had the high privilege of coming into close contact with him. It is no mere metaphor to say of him that he was a rough diamond. He did not possess the polish, it is true, but, beneath his homely exterior, he possessed all the brilliancy of the cardinal virtues, as well as high scholastic attainments. He was a man whose heart and purse were always open to the wants of the needy and afflicted. He possessed an unbounded charity, and had the rare gift of effectually concealing the good he had performed in private. He was humble and unassuming, and though a gifted and polished scholar he never aspired to any higher character than that of a simple Irish priest. But to come to my story!

It will be remembered by the general public of St. John's that during the last years of the Archdeacon's life, he undertook an extended tour on the continent, and, of course, in undertaking this tour, his first step, after visiting the land of his nativity, was to the Eternal City—Rome—that centre of Catholicity—the home of the Popes—the land of the Caesars. As may be readily understood, the Archdeacon had the distinguished honor of being most cordially received by the Holy Father—the great Pontiff—Leo XIII. As a result of the high appreciation in which he was held by the distinguished Pontiff, he was given a mandate from the Holy Father's own hands, addressed in general terms to the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, and all clergy in touch with the Holy See, that he was to have free access to all sacred buildings, whether private or public, for the purpose of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. In many places it was not necessary for the Archdeacon to produce this authority, but, as every intelligent Catholic is aware, there are certain places so hedged round by stern and inflexible discipline as to render it almost impossible for a stranger, no matter how exalted, to enter their precincts. One of these the Archdeacon ran against in the shape of a Monastery in the mountains

of Switzerland. Having been admitted to the presence of the Abbot, whom the Archdeacon described as a man of splendid physique and having a long, flowing, gray beard, the thought entered his mind that he would like to celebrate Mass in the venerable and historic edifice, which dated back to medieval times. Accordingly, the Archdeacon suggested to the Abbot that it would afford him extreme pleasure to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice amidst the historic surroundings. The Abbot, in the most courteous and affable manner, assured him that the rules and discipline of the institution were entirely adverse to strangers participating in their sacred offices. The Archdeacon, with that dry irony for which he was proverbial, remarked "that it did not apply to him"; and, on receiving the assurance that the rule was of general application, there was nothing left for the Archdeacon but to produce his authority. Immediately upon examining the document the learned Abbot became a model of politeness and humility, and, amidst the most profound assurance of his desire to accommodate him in every possible manner, most unhesitatingly acceded to his request. In fact, to use the words of the venerable Archdeacon himself, in his dry, Irish way, he assured me that "he didn't know but they took him to be a Cardinal." The Archdeacon himself was fond of relating this story to me, and he looked up on it as one of his greatest victories; and in finishing the recital he would say to me for personal, which he handed to me for personal, and which bore at its foot the sign manual of the illustrious and sainted Pontiff, Leo XIII.

THE UNDOING OF A BARON.

Received as a "Convert" From the Catholic Faith. He Proves to be Several Other Things.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

As a "convert" from the Roman Catholic Church to Episcopalianism, "Rev. Theodore O'Brien McDonald, Baron de Suard," has come to an untimely end. The Episcopalian have cast him out. The Rev. Theodore, General is our banker. He receives for our missions the annual sum allowed us by the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. We sent him our orders and he expedites the goods and pays the bills. If we overdraw our allowance for the year ending, the overdraft is taken from the following year's budget. We are not allowed to make debts and must stretch ourselves only to the length of the rug. Oh! how many more souls could be saved if we had the means! This is what breaks our hearts.

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The religious movement inaugurated by St. Francis of Assisi has been described as "the greatest and purest religious impulse the world had known since the death of St. Paul." Mankind was captivated by St. Francis—"A life so purely selfless, so exquisitely gentle, so full of tenderest compassion, that it must ever remain one of the unsurpassed glories of Christianity." He became a power in the world because of his contempt of the world's maxims and his perfect renunciation of the world's goods and gifts. His only possession of earth was Lady Poverty, "widowed now," says Dante, "a thousand years and more." The greatest need of the world to-day is living examples of the evangelical counsels so perfectly followed by the Poor Man of Assisi. That need is realized even among those not of the household of the faith. "One trusts that in more than his own, wherever tenderness, courage, purity and humility and Christ like life are held in reverence, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women ready to echo St. Francis's prayer: 'Sweet St. Francis of Assisi! Would that he were here again!'" These words occur in a recent lecture by the Rev. W. H. Shaw on "Rome in the Middle Ages."

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Received as a "Convert" From the Catholic Faith. He Proves to be Several Other Things.

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

As a "convert" from the Roman Catholic Church to Episcopalianism, "Rev. Theodore O'Brien McDonald, Baron de Suard," has come to an untimely end. The Episcopalian have cast him out. The Rev. Theodore, General is our banker. He receives for our missions the annual sum allowed us by the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood. We sent him our orders and he expedites the goods and pays the bills. If we overdraw our allowance for the year ending, the overdraft is taken from the following year's budget. We are not allowed to make debts and must stretch ourselves only to the length of the rug. Oh! how many more souls could be saved if we had the means! This is what breaks our hearts.

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Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Law, Richmond, Quebec.



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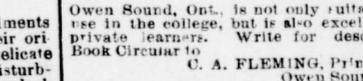
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You may have heard about SCOTT'S EMULSION and have a vague notion that it is cod-liver oil with its bad taste and smell and all its other repulsive features. It is cod-liver oil, the purest and the best in the world, but made so palatable that almost everybody can take it. Nearly all children like it and ask for more.

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looks like cream; it nourishes the wasted body of the baby, child or adult better than cream or any other food in existence. It bears about the same relation to other emulsions that cream does to milk. If you have had any experience with other so-called "just as good" preparations, you will find that this is a fact. The hypophosphites that are combined with the cod-liver oil give additional value to it because they tone up the nervous system and impart strength to the whole body.

Scott's Emulsion is sold in all drug stores. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

GOUGH'S PERORATION.

A Climax by which the Famous Temperance Lecturer Thrilled His Hearers.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Many and many a day ago, on the then frontier line of the Valley of the Minnesota, in the at that time beautiful village of Mankato, word went out that Gough had been engaged by the local lyceum bureau to lecture on temperance. Gough came. He was received by a committee of men who had fought Indians and "seesh," swam rivers, spoiled the virgin forest, opened new soil, endured poverty, suffered hunger and never surrendered their belief in the right. They escorted him to the opera house and stage. His speech was slow at first, gestures few, illustrations not many. The village toppers were out in force, and some more decent men for whom women were praying to give over the habit of drink. He told something of his own life, of the misery brought by drink, of the laws of self denial and self-sacrifice. He was intense at all times, and this intensity bore down upon the listeners until he had made them one with himself. Even the small village boy inclined to cat calls and gurgling whistles was silent, and there came through the sepulchral hall no sound but the raw cry of the winter wind from outside. He made some slight comment on the condition of a drunkard's family—the want which came upon them, the loss of self respect. He described the degradation of spirit which rested with the habitual drinker, and how if that spirit was not destroyed mere signing of the pledge would not redeem. He pleaded for exercise of will power more potent in affecting reform than all the drugs and medicines in the world. This was but developing the minds of his hearers for a climax. Suddenly he swung one arm high in the air and shouted: "A drunkard and his fall to the depths of everlasting hell is like the man who climbs to the top of St. Peter's in Rome. He is on the very summit of the great dome, the blue sky above and the world far, far beneath. He looks down from his perch, and having nothing to grasp, to hold to, grows dizzy. "Everything is whirling now before him. His senses leave him. He is swooning. His feet slip. He is off the dome. He is in the air. He is falling. "Down! "Down! "Down! "To the earth beneath and the ruin of himself. "Thus descends the drunkard— "Down! Down! Down! "To the fires of hell and the ruin of his soul!" The whole exclamation was accom-

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Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, a Souvenir, The Private Instruction of the Blue, The Catholic Church (the Only True Church of God), "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Popular Objections Against the Catholic Church." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Orders may be sent to: THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

also St. ... the returned property of the Israelite maiden ...

CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the St. Thomas Times: Sir—With "Onlooker's" own particular ...

In this newspaper reading age your widely read and esteemed paper penetrates into ...

"Onlooker"—With the change of the philosophical world and itself confronted with ...

"Onlooker"—Who are they that are to dwell in hell ...

"Comment"—This is the very reverse of what the Catholic Church teaches ...

"Comment"—It is well known that they who labor in vain ...

"Comment"—The fact is that the true field to the ...

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not require of us impossibilities, though. The Church, therefore, teaches that one may be baptized by water, or by blood as in the case of many pagan converts ...

With St. Thomas of Aquino, probably the most famous of medieval theologians, we may say that Almighty God demands nothing of us that we deliberately turn away from Him ...

"Onlooker"—And what is to be done in heaven? ...

"Onlooker"—Clearly this is not the heaven described in Revelation ...

"Onlooker"—You have to look back over them, not any heat, but the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne ...

"Onlooker"—There is no more death, no more disease, no more wasting of the poor body, no more crippled limbs ...

"Onlooker"—There yet remains another joy; but it is one which I can hardly speak, because I can hardly understand ...

"Onlooker"—The fact is that the true field to the ...

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The choir, which was especially strong for the occasion, sang Mozart's "Twelfth Mass" ...

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, concelebrating with the Bishop of Antigonish ...

Archbishop Begin of Quebec, assistant bishop; Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, assistant bishop; Bishop of Rimouski ...

Very Rev. M. J. O'Rourke, C. S. S. R., and Very Rev. F. N. Macdonald, C. S. S. R., concelebrating with the Bishop of Antigonish ...

Very Rev. R. A. Moshan, Monast. Dean, and Very Rev. Canon Z. Racicot, V. G., and Very Rev. Luke Callahan, representing the Archbishop of Montreal ...

Very Rev. A. Roy, C. S. C., superior of St. Joseph's Convent, and Very Rev. J. J. Walsh, Bishop of Antigonish ...

Very Rev. L. N. Dugal, V. G., St. Basil, and Very Rev. J. J. Macdonald, V. G., St. John's ...

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down to us a grand history. This congregation had today witnessed the ceremony of adding two more to the list of the number of the hierarchy. They had been appointed by the Vicar of Christ on earth, the Pope ...

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reminded the pupils that on that day two they had addressed in words of exhortation by the late Father Howe, who had been so suddenly called away ...

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, concelebrating with the Bishop of Antigonish ...

Archbishop Begin of Quebec, assistant bishop; Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, assistant bishop; Bishop of Rimouski ...

Very Rev. M. J. O'Rourke, C. S. S. R., and Very Rev. F. N. Macdonald, C. S. S. R., concelebrating with the Bishop of Antigonish ...

Very Rev. R. A. Moshan, Monast. Dean, and Very Rev. Canon Z. Racicot, V. G., and Very Rev. Luke Callahan, representing the Archbishop of Montreal ...

Very Rev. A. Roy, C. S. C., superior of St. Joseph's Convent, and Very Rev. J. J. Walsh, Bishop of Antigonish ...

Very Rev. L. N. Dugal, V. G., St. Basil, and Very Rev. J. J. Macdonald, V. G., St. John's ...

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CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

On Feb. 12th the following young ladies, having passed the required examination at St. Michael's hospital, received their diplomas as trained nurses: Miss Louisa Harkin, Stacey, Miss Elizabeth Harkin, Toronto; Miss Agnes Hughes, Toronto, and Miss Agnes Walsh, Peterborough.

Among those present, besides the medical staff of the hospital, were His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, Rev. Fr. Ryan, Rev. J. Cruise, Rev. J. Canning, Rev. W. Healey and Mr. M. O'Connor. Short addresses containing much good advice to the nurses, were delivered by the Archbishop, Rev. Fr. Ryan, Mr. O'Connor, Doctors Dwyer, O'Rourke, and King.

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CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS BARRY AND CASEY.

Solemn and Imposant Ceremony in the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

By His Lordship Bishop McEvay.

St. John Monitor, February 10.

In the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, St. John's, on the 10th inst., in the presence of a vast assemblage, and with the imposing ceremonial of the rite, two prelates were added to the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Very Rev. Barry, V. G., and Very Rev. Casey, V. G., are now their Lordships, the Bishops of Ugenta and Thuzaga, respectively, and will be consecrated in the Cathedral, St. John's, on the 10th inst.

The consecration ceremony began at 9 and ended a few minutes after 1 o'clock. Before it began the Cathedral was filled to overflowing with the faithful. The altar was entered the sanctuary, a perfect sea of faces, and the air was filled with the voices of the choir.

The ceremony was presided over by His Lordship Bishop McEvay, who, in the presence of a vast assemblage, and with the imposing ceremonial of the rite, two prelates were added to the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in Canada.

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REV. WM. HOWE, O. M. I.

Father Howe is dead! Such news that spread like wildfire through the parish of St. Michael's, was a blow to the hearts of all who knew him.

It was his illness was of short duration that few were aware of it till the fatal announcement was made on the 10th inst.

On the 10th inst. the Rev. Father Howe, O. M. I., died at his residence in St. Michael's, after a brief illness.

He was born in the parish of St. Michael's, and was educated in the same parish. He was a devoted member of the parish and a zealous worker.

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UPPERGROVES HISTORIC CEMETERY.

As Mr. Gillespie has dropped his pen on this subject, we are enabled to realize some of the things that would be of interest to the public.

The cemetery was founded in 1840, and was the first of its kind in the city. It was founded in 1840, and was the first of its kind in the city.

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1900. SOUVENIR OF THE HOLY YEAR. The Catholic Almanac of Ontario and Clergy List. Splendidly Illustrated Throughout.

APPROVED BY THE APOSTOLICAL DELEGATE AND BISHOPS OF ONTARIO.

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PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

BY A PROTESTANT MINISTER.

LXXIII.

We have thus far seen three stages of Luther's position towards the common people. We shall now see a fourth and a fifth.

First, when the peasants first rose, he reproved them for rising on the ground that no excess of tyranny can justify insurrection, but at the same time he mocked the lords, telling them that the hour of retribution was coming upon them for their unbounded oppressiveness in the past.

Second, when the revolt began to threaten the utter disintegration of society, Luther advised the princes to shoot down the peasants as if they were "mad dogs."

Third, as soon as the revolt was quelled, Luther begins again to scold the princes and lords for their past misgovernment, but now no longer for tyranny, but for harmful indulgence to the peasants. As his denunciations at the beginning of the revolt are absolutely irreconcilable, and as he knew the facts perfectly, being himself a peasant, being the companion and counsellor of nobles and magistrates, and being in the most intimate correspondence with every part of Germany, it follows that, for the sake of his own movement, he lied, either at the beginning of the rebellion or at the end. All authorities allow that the princes and nobles (which latter had largely the power of life and death over their vassals, were, in fact minor princes) had been excessively tyrannical. They could not, therefore, as a body, have been excessively indulgent. Luther's lies, therefore, appear at the end of the revolt, while he told the truth at the beginning. As his whole career shows, truth and lies alike were told, not in the interest of humanity, but of Lutheranism, and as he himself is on record as having said that no good Protestant would shrink from "a good plump lie," told for the sake of the true religion, his unscrupulousness is perfectly explained.

Fourth, with the suppression of the rebellion, Luther's whole concern for justice and humanity towards the common people seems to have permanently disappeared. After having bemoaned the wretched condition of the peasantry (which no one now disputes), he now turns upon them and nicks at them for not having known when they were well off. What if the prince did take away one of your two cows, says he, why were you not thankful that you were allowed to enjoy the other in peace? No, you took arms to maintain your right to both, and the consequence is that now you have neither. You have only suffered what you deserve. And, says he, now addressing the princes, you must deal with the peasants as men deal with asses. They load them down heavily, they are careful not to give them too much to eat, but what the beasts lack in fodder is amply made up to them in flagging.

So must you deal with Master Omnes. If you don't load down the common man with heavy burdens, you will soon lose all control of him. What is the sword put in your hand for but to use? Use it, therefore, with a will. Smite, slay, hang, burn, strike off heads, break men on the wheel. That is the way to keep them down. Master Omnes is a rude, unbridled creature, and it is your business to drive and coerce him, or any other beasts. Luther's dearly beloved and suffering brethren have suddenly been transmuted into brutes, except that they are to be handled with a hideousness of cruelty which no one thinks of using towards brutes.

Luther, however, did not stop with this counsel. In the following year, 1527, he openly advocates the reintroduction of slavery. Like certain Southern economists before 1861, he proposes to settle the question between capital and labor by having capital own labor. Then, says he, we shouldn't be having this perpetual trouble about domestic service. As things are you can't get anything done thoroughly in the house or field, without perpetual wrangles, either over the work or the wages. And if the men marry, their wives are more absolutely unmanageable than themselves. Now if all these people were only made slaves, no one of them would dare to peep, for he would be looking for his master's fist to come down upon his skull, and so the dispute should be settled in short order.

Where Luther was not led by a political interest, he had extraordinary powers of Scriptural interpretation. Any one, Protestant or Catholic, may profit by his commentaries, after discarding the bigoted delusions in them. When he has an object, however, no man can be more consummately regardless of Scripture, either in letter or in spirit. He "tosses the Book of Esther into the Elbe" as unceremoniously as he counselled the Elector to toss the idiot child, whom he pronounced to be "a mere lump of flesh." He reproves Saint John for his anathemas against the man who should add to the Apocalypse or take from it. He regards the epistle of James as "an epistle of straw" compared with St. Paul, because he maintains that James contradicts Paul as to justification.

Whether he does or not, it is certain that both contradict Luther, so that his arbitration here appears rather unprofitable to himself. However, I believe that he finally thought himself to have been too hasty here, and graciously received James back into full canonical standing. We have seen how scornfully outrageous he was when

taken to task for his falsification of Paul.

Now if Luther had been interested in opposing slavery, instead of commending it, he never would have suffered himself to be put down by an anachronistic appeal to the Old Testament. He would have reminded his opponents that our Lord pronounces the least in the kingdom of heaven to be greater than the greatest of the prophets. He would have remarked that, in comparison with New Testament fulness of grace, even the divinely instituted Old Testament ordinances are pronounced by St. Paul to have been but "weak and beggarly rudiment." What then, he would have said, since the Son of God has come and has established the brotherhood of all men in His Church, can excuse our reverting to the heathen division of men into owners and chatties, which the Church, led by her Popes and bishops, has at last well outgrown? Abraham was great and good, but what is he, compared with his divine Son, whose day he rejoiced to see in vision, but never lived to see on earth? And are we to take Gentile kings as instructors in Christian morals?

This is how Luther would have reasoned had he wished to keep in line with the advancing mind of Christendom. He would not have allowed that either slavery or polygamy could lawfully be revived where it had once been abolished. Now, however, that he has an object in commending slavery, he suddenly discovers that to oppose it is to be disrespectful to Abraham and to Abraham's worthy pagan friend King Abimelech, not to speak of Isaac and Jacob.

We can not suppose that this pitiful pretence of Scripture argument really imposed on Luther. He would have liked to have slavery revived, and as he did not find much comfort for his project in Christ and His apostles, he fell back upon the twilight times and twilight examples of the patriarchs, and was even willing to have recourse to a King of the Philistines. He owns, to be sure, that he does not expect to be listened to, and even the Lutheran princes did not venture to follow him so far, as only one Lutheran prince ventured to take advantage of his sanction of polygamy. Yet he owns that he yearns for the good time to return when a venter could say: "This boy is to be had for a guinea, and this strong fellow for eight; this little girl for one, and this capable maid of all work for six." "If the world only stands long enough," he concludes, "we shall have to come back to that yet." I hope none of us are such enthusiastic Protestants as to be sorry that in this respect the Reformer of Wittenburg has turned out a false prophet.

Charles C. Starbuck.
12 Meacham street,
North Cambridge, Mass.

NON CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

What the Paulist Fathers are Doing in New York.

During the last week in January one of the most gratifying missions for non Catholics was given in the Paulist church, New York city. The vast building was filled and for the most part with strangers in search of the truth, or attracted to the services by curiosity. In a metropolitan mission of this sort the charm which the Catholic religion possesses for the merely inquisitive is frequently the indirect means of arousing an intelligent interest, and ultimately a conviction of the truth. The cruel realism of city life, instead of destroying the attractiveness of what is mysterious and unknown, whets the appetite, and a half-daring inclination to investigate a system about which maligners have told so many gruesome stories is born of the urban thirst for excitement and untold sensations. Those attending the exercises from this motive are usually led on to receive the explanations advanced from the pulpit, and the surprise and approval they avoke pave the way for earnest desire to learn more. The New York and Brooklyn papers freely announced the mission just closed and these notices, together with the large sign above the church's open doors, are responsible for many a serious view of life's meaning and responsibility now awakened after having long since fallen into the disturbed sleep of Protestant orthodoxy. Upon the city itself, more noticeably than elsewhere, Protestantism has lost its grip. According to Helen Clark only 7 per cent of the population of Greater New York is affiliated to the Protestant churches, and the falling off is steadily continuing, despite the moving and uniting of their congregations. The class for inquirers, begun at the close of the week's exercises, is attended by one hundred and fifty persons, and at its first assembling, upon a demand for those thoroughly convinced, twenty announced themselves anxious for immediate reception into the Church.

One of the prominent features of the Paulists' mission was the large attendance of people from Brooklyn whom the long, late journey of an hour or more could not deter from embracing this opportunity for instruction. No doubt the recent missions given in all the churches there contributed to this result. This belief is confirmed by the fact that in the one church which deferred a week to non Catholics, after its regular mission for Catholics, fifty-nine converts were received and thirty persons are now under instruction for baptism. The work of the mission is continued in the inquiry class, and all converts and candidates for admission are pledged to a regular attendance for one month at least. This insures the permanence of the week's results and a thorough grounding in the de-

votional life of the Church, so often meaningless to the ill instructed, even among Catholics bred in the faith.

The incidents of a non Catholic mission are often as consoling and edifying as any apostle's heart could desire. In this connection, one of the mission Fathers mentions the case of an old man of sixty, his white head bowed with humility, contrite joy of conversion rather than with the burden of his years, who approached the baptismal font after one the mission for non-Catholics. His son, a fine, stalwart man of thirty five, witnessed the ceremony with tears in his eyes, and at its close, grasping the priest's hand with deep emotion, exclaimed: "Thank God, Father! This is the fruit of the prayers of a life-time!" Surely, by affording the opportunity for even one such blessing the labors of a week are well worthy of the missionary's humble gratitude to God, and the facts are bound to reawaken in our hearts the often dormant enthusiasm of the missionary spirit.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

SPIRITUAL BLINDNESS.

"Lord that I may see." (Luke 18, 37.)

These are innumerable persons, my dear brethren, who can justly be compared with the blind man of today's gospel. They are in possession of good corporal eyesight, but their souls have no eyes to see and to understand what is beneficial for them. They are these spiritually blind? They are all those unfortunate sinners who, having separated themselves from God, walk in the darkness of their impotence, on the broad road to perdition. In the Old Testament, the prophet Sophonias speaks of these impotent, saying: "They shall walk as blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord." (Soph. 1, 17) Truly, brethren, it is a blindness without parallel when a worm of the earth dares to continue in enmity with the Creator, who at any moment can command the angel of death to strike with the scythe and behold, the daring sinner will lie buried in hell! Is it not a blindness apt to move us to tears, if we are daily performing good works which would insure the great heavenly reward, and yet we must say to ourselves: "It is all in vain, we are separated from God, and hence no rewards awaits us hereafter. It is not a blindness indescribably sad when God daily offers His mercy, pardon and reconciliation, and you deliberately close your eyes to every ray of heavenly grace, and stubbornly refuse to take the saving hand of God which is held out to you? Ah! must we not fear that the command of God through the prophet Isaias be accomplished in you. "Blind the heart of this people, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes: lest they see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted, and I heal them." (Isaias 6, 10)

The philosopher Seneca relates of a servant girl who suddenly lost her eyesight from the effect of a flash of lightning. The poor girl would not believe that she was blind, but she had capacities of self-delusion are almost infinite, and we are constantly tempted to think of ourselves as more highly than we ought to be, but it is also well to remember that the main difficulty comes from gaining a correct perspective of ourselves with reference to the true and worthy standard. The capacities of self-delusion are almost infinite, and we are constantly tempted to think of ourselves as more highly than we ought to be, but it is also well to remember that the main difficulty comes from gaining a correct perspective of ourselves with reference to the true and worthy standard.

One always feels like asking himself at the close of the year, "Just what has this twelvemonth meant for me?" It is easy enough to reckon up gains and losses, joys and sorrows, but it is not so easy to estimate and estimate as to one's development in the best elements of character, and that, after all, is the main thing, and with reference to it all material things whatever are only like the marbles with which we learned to count. The main difficulty comes from gaining a correct perspective of ourselves with reference to the true and worthy standard.

Self-Judgment.

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blind. Do not look back with a longing desire to the world and its illusive pleasures, but steadfastly keep your eyes on Jesus, your Divine Model, on Mary your blessed mother, on Heaven your eternal home. Then certainly you will retain the glorious sight of your soul during your whole life, and for this be recompensed by seeing the true God in Heaven above, face to face, amidst glory of His saints, in an ocean of bliss and eternal happiness. Amen.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Confidence in God.

Although a diffidence of ourselves be absolutely necessary, we must also join a firm confidence in God, the author of all good, and from whom alone the victory must be expected. For if it be certain that of ourselves we are nothing, dangerous and continual misfortunes will attend us; and reason will suggest a diffidence of our own strength; but if we are fully convinced of our weakness, we shall gain, through the assistance of God, very signal advantages over our enemies, nothing being of greater efficacy for obtaining the assistance of heaven, than placing a noble confidence in God. We have four means of acquiring this excellent virtue.

The first is to ask it with great humility.

The second is, to contemplate with a lively faith, the immense power and infinite wisdom of that Supreme Being, to whom nothing is difficult, whose goodness knows no limits, whose love for those who serve Him is ever ready to furnish them with whatever is requisite for their spiritual life, and gaining a complete victory over themselves. All that He demands of them is to have recourse to Him with an entire confidence.

The third means of acquiring this salutary confidence is frequently to call to mind what we are assured of in the holy scriptures, those oracles of truth, in a thousand different places, that no one who puts his trust in God, shall be confounded.

The fourth means of acquiring both a diffidence of ourselves and confidence in God, is that when we have any good action to perform, or some failing to encounter, before we enter upon it, we cast our eyes upon our own weakness on one side, and on the other contemplate the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of God, and that balancing what we fear from ourselves, with what we hope from God, we courageously undergo the greatest difficulties and severest trial. With these arms joined to prayer, as we shall see hereafter, we shall be enabled to execute the greatest designs, and gain complete victories.

SELF-JUDGMENT.

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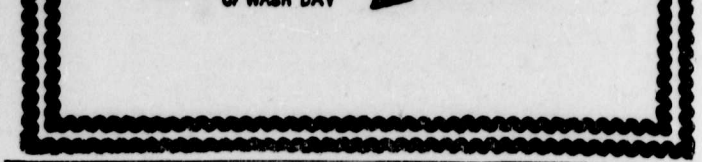
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SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

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Catholic Home Annual for 1900.

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1. Yearly subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$100. 2. Legacies by testament (payable to the Archbishop of St. Boniface). 3. Clothing, new or second hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools. 4. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material, or by paying \$1 a month in case of a girl, \$0.50 in case of a boy. 5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting the charge of any school on Indian Reserves - a small salary attached. 6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians. 7. For North-Western Canada: the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal and the Franciscan Nuns (Quebec), etc. 8. Donations either in money (clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Langevin, St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy Who Recommended Himself. John Brent was trimming his hedge and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smooth, level lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive modern structure, which had cost him not less than \$80,000.00.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy Who Recommended Himself. John Brent was trimming his hedge...

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge...

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits...

Instead of being stingy he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises...

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work...

"Halloo, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket," one of them said...

"Only \$6.00 Charlie," was the reply. "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for \$1.50," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you \$3.00 for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he simply promised to pay for it I suppose? I'll give you \$3.00 cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can't if you want to. A \$1.50 more is not to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racket to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it. Neither will Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment.

"He places proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation.

"Fred Fenton was again a participant in it."

"Fred, let us go over to the circus to," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You'll not be disobeying her orders."

"But I'll be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one of whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply. John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys, and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits...

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

It may be Power for Evil. The idea that knowledge is power should not obscure the fact that knowledge is like an edged weapon that may hurt the one who holds it.

A knowledge of poisons drugs is useful to the chemist and physician who use it only for the good of mankind. It becomes dangerous knowledge when imparted to the criminally inclined.

We should seek knowledge with the consciousness that it may be used for good or for evil, and that in itself it has no power to make us better men.

It is a weapon whose power depends upon the skill with which it is wielded—a word, not a rapid firing gun. It will make us better if in its use we are guided by high purposes; it may help to degrade us if the development of moral force has not kept pace with the growth of knowledge.

Speed Less. Almost every man at some time in life has to learn the bitter lesson of poverty, not perhaps in its severest form, but in the limitations of his income and the inability to keep up with a former style of living.

He has not to face failure he has to meet unpleasant debts and pressing creditors, to feel the pinch of accounts of our readers, undoubtedly many of our readers will note the total with dismay.

But learn your lesson, however hard it is. Cut down expenses until there is a safe margin and then brace yourself to the work of the future. The quicker such matters are taken in hand the better, for debts breed debts and kill a man's courage, and pride goeth before a debtor's destruction.

It is surprising how many things a man calls "needs" when they are only wishes. If men do not form habits of saving while young they will be taught to do so by some severe and humiliating lesson.

Benjamin Franklin's words on economy of life are always worth reading: "There are two ways of being happy; we may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either way, the result is the same. It is for each man to decide for himself and do that which happens to be the easier. If you are idle, or sick, or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous, or young, or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants."

But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are wise, you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society."

Lack of Sociability. The question of the lack of sociability among Catholics is thus treated by the Northwestern Chronicle:

"From within and without the complaint is often made that Catholics are not sociable; that they have no eye nor hand for the Catholic stranger in the city or for the newcomer in the parish; that, in fact, the members of the same congregation, and even the occupants of adjoining pews, often have for years and years only a bowing acquaintance with one another. The substantial truth of these statements cannot be denied. Time and again we have heard the sad story of how Catholic young men, migrating to cities new to them, were obliged to seek among non-Catholics relief from the isolation to which their own cruelly abandoned them. The sufferings endured by those who, leaving home, find themselves alone among strangers, can be appreciated adequately only by the graduates of the school of bitter experience. It is not surprising that some of these, neglected by their Church and taken up by others, are lost to the faith of their childhood. This is an important point in which Catholics neglect what is more than a mere social duty to one another."

The line of defense usually followed in explanation and palliation of the non-sociability of the Catholics as Catholics, is that they consider divine worship as personal rather than social: that is, the Catholic goes to church to discharge an all-important obligation to God and not to pay a petty social debt to man. The Catholic does not ignore the social aspect of religion, but he looks upon it as appertaining to the solemn expression of worship rather than to the mundane amenities of life. To him the church is a house of God and not a merry meeting-place; to him the sermon has effect as the word of God and not of the advanced thinker or the sensational preacher; to him true worship is an awful act of sacrifice and not the laudatory utterance of rhetorical prayers or the harmonic execution of polyphonic anthems. According to the Catholic view, divine service is directed to the Creator and not to the pews. Therefore about the church and the functions of the church is an air of silent solemnity and over-awing sanctity. It is believed that the church is not the place for chattering and flattery and flirting. For these reasons Catholics are not inclined to

mix sociability with their religion, but they make a grievous mistake if they jump to the extreme conclusion that they have no obligation whatsoever toward the fellow-members of their parish. There is imperative need of more attention to the "social" question among Catholics—to the social question in its thousand and one bearings.

"Champs" and Sharpers. I am surprised that any young man possessing health and strength should ask me the question which one of my correspondents did last week. He is one of the heirs to a little unsettled property and wants to realize on his share at once, so that he can have a good time. He asks me how he shall do this, and if the advertisements which he sees in the daily papers offering to advance money to heirs are worth considering. I judge from his letter that he has no occupation and wants to live on the proceeds of the property left him, until they are all exhausted. In the first place, I must say decidedly that he is a lazy, selfish, unprincipled fellow who will never do good unless he finds it in his way. I presume that he is fond of loafing round saloons and smoking cigarettes. His kind of money he will never find, metaphorically speaking, this kind of work for idle hands to do.

If he wants money for immediate use, why does he not go to work and earn it like a man? He is laying out a life for himself that will bring him nothing but sorrow, for a lazy man is never happy. He is always dissatisfied because everything is not cushioned for him, and is continually finding fault with other people because they are not administering to his comfort. To him the highest exertion is an affliction. No doubt my young correspondent is calling me an executor of the property, in which he is interested, all kinds of hard names, because they will not furnish him with plenty of money before the estate is settled. If he had his way all the bills against it would remain unpaid, so that he might gobble up whatever income there might be, to waste in professed and sinful pleasure. I venture to say that this young fellow rarely if ever goes to church, eats meat on Friday and other days of abstinence, and like the fool says in his heart there is no God. When young fellows begin to go to the bad they always scoff at religion, because its precepts are opposed to the vile lives they are leading in open and secret sin. The man who has no higher aspiration than to be a loafer and a boaster in disreputable resorts is on the highroad to ruin here and hereafter.

Now as to raising money on his share of an unsettled estate. Does he know how many money sharks there are waiting to swallow a gudgeon like my foolish young correspondent? They advertise to let money at low rates, but that is only a promise that the rate to be broken? What are the rates that they talk about? Let us see. In the first place, if you want to borrow, say \$600, they will make out two notes of \$300 each, which they will make you sign. Then for the use of \$700, they will charge you 12 per cent. a year. Mind you, \$100 of this sum you never get at all. That goes to the agents of the loan, for so-called commissions, always exorbitant, and for searching the records, the real cost of which would be about \$20. You will see by this, if you have any brains at all, that you have been egregiously sold. And this is not all. If you do not pay the interest regularly, these financial sharpers will foreclose on your portion of the estate, offer it for sale, when it will be probably bought up by some interested party at a fourth of its value. At any rate, you will have paid for the use of \$600 for two years about one-half of the whole amount. Do you think this is a profitable thing to do, and do you believe that the money that your father accumulated by hard and unceasing toil should be wasted in this way? You would probably begrudge to put 25 cents in the box for some deserving charity, and yet you will insure have the bulk of the money that your father left you to establish yourself in a business, or perhaps to buy a home, where you might rear a decent family.

I write all this more in sorrow than in anger, though I may have spoken harshly. I ask you now to retrace your steps, and to give up all idea of virtually using your little property before it comes into your possession. Begin to labor at once, and overcome your indolent habits, for laziness can be cured, like everything else, if one sets about it resolutely. You will find yourself happier in the end by pursuing this course, and will have something to show for when you really come into your inheritance.

It is often a curse for a young man to inherit money, and especially so if he has no fixed principles and looks upon the world as only a place for indulgence in illicit pleasure. It often brings him to the state prison in the end, for the spendthrift, if he does not die early, almost invariably turns into a worthless vagabond who will swindle or steal, if indeed, he does not commit some greater crime. He goes from bad to worse until he has not a shred of character left, and is shunned by all reputable men. Don't be either a spendthrift or a chump.—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

WE CLAIM THAT The D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

GOOD NEWS comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, dyspepsia and rheumatism. Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES.

INFIDELITY, NOT SECTARIAN CHRISTIANITY.

The report of the Connecticut missionaries to non-Catholics in the Missionary (Epiphany number), just to hand, contains a very important suggestion, and one which we consider peculiarly appropriate to the present time, and applicable to other localities besides Connecticut. The report says: "The experience of the past three months has taught the Fathers of the Connecticut apostolate that more than Scriptural arguments are needed at times to win over those who do not profess our faith. Much has been seen in print recently about the waning Christianity of the descendants of the Puritan. So far as the rural districts of Connecticut are concerned, we are learning that the barriers which divide us from our separated brethren must be lowered with the sledge hammer of reason before revelation can make an effective appeal. The character of the questions which we are called upon to answer; the personal interviews with those who come to seek further information; the objections which the resident clergy are requested to convey to the preacher, all evince that we are struggling with infidelity rather than with sectarian Christianity."

Yes, infidelity, rather than sectarian Christianity, is the powerful enemy with which we have to contend everywhere. What is the use of quoting Scripture to men who don't believe in the Bible, or whom the higher criticism has led to doubt the authenticity and divine inspiration of the sacred books? Perhaps there is a small minority of orthodox people whose faith is still unshaken, but that the great majority of the descendants of the old Puritans are strongly infected with infidelity and agnostic principles there can be no reasonable doubt. Of course, in dealing with them it is necessary to appeal to reason, and to answer the thousand and one objections which the very foundations of Christianity which are working in their minds.

Unfortunately it is to be feared that too many of our own people are in danger of being more or less affected by the popular indifference and even doubt which pervade the whole community. Nor is it very much to be wondered at. The mass our people have not been thoroughly instructed in the grand, distinguishing features of their religion. They are Catholics, as it were, by inheritance. They are living in a Protestant community, they breathe an atmosphere impregnated with Protestant prejudice, skepticism and doubt. Their principal reading is of the secular papers, which, to say the least, do not exert a very powerful influence in favor of Christian faith and morality. Their companions in the workshop, their partners in business, professional life are skeptics, infidels, sometimes even scoffers, and it would be a miracle if they were not more or less affected by it all.

What is the lesson that this state of things seems to teach, and which it ought to bring home with great force to every intelligent, loyal Catholic? Is it not the indispensable necessity of the minds of our people being fortified by a more thorough instruction in the great distinguishing features of their religion? The minds of our young men, especially, should be fortified against the insidious and dangerous reasonings and objections of skeptics and infidels.

And can any good reason be given why our interest should be extended to outsiders? Surely the condition of our Protestant friends at the present time may well appeal to our sympathies, and every Catholic who realizes the blessedness of having a sure and undoubted faith, and who is naturally religious. Purely of them are groping in the dark, looking for some sure foundation for faith. What they need is just what the Catholic Church can furnish them. The experience of the missionaries to non-Catholics proves abundantly that they are ready to listen to the exhortations of the Catholic faith made for their special benefit, and multitudes are embracing that faith with joy and thanksgiving. Does not Christian charity, as well as a feeling of Christian sympathy and brotherhood prompt us to do everything in our power to extend to them the unspeakable blessings which we enjoy.—Sacred Heart Review.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

"An admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible means of the very standard rising and falling, the tunes and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject, yes, as to imitate them that, whether it resembles unto the same state wherein our mind is already, or a clean contrary, we are not more contented by the one confirmed than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue or vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are, at the hearing of some, more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some, more mollified and softened in mind; yea, another kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affection, there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; yea, it is also that carried, as it were, into ecstasies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration

LABATT'S PORTER.

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PALE AND LANGUID.

The Condition of Very Many Young Girls in Canada. THEY ARE SUBJECT TO HEADACHES, HEART TROUBLE, AND AN INDISPOSITION TO EXERTION—PARENTS SHOULD ACT PROMPTLY IN SUCH CASES.

Miss Alma Gauthier, daughter of Mr. Adelard Gauthier, proprietor of a well-known hotel at Three Rivers, Que., enjoys a wide popularity among her young friends, and they have recently had occasion to rejoice at her restoration to health after a serious illness. When a reporter called to ascertain the facts of the case Miss Gauthier was out of the city on a visit, but her father very gladly consented to give the story of her cure. He said:—"I believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my daughter Alma might now have been in her grave, and I would be ungrateful indeed if I did not at all times say a kind word in favor of the medicine that restored her to health. My daughter's health first began to give way several years ago. At first the trouble did not appear to be serious, and we thought she would soon regain her accustomed health. As time went on, however, this proved not to be the case. She grew weaker, was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness and a feeling of almost constant languor. She seemed to be gradually fading away. If she walked up stairs she would have to stop several times to rest on the way. She lost all her color and her face was as white as chalk. Her trouble was clearly that which afflicts so many young women entering womanhood, and we feared it would develop into consumption. One day a friend of the family urged her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she consented. Before they were quite gone there was a slight improvement in her appetite and we looked upon this as a hopeful sign. Another half dozen boxes were procured, and under their use she day by day acquired new strength and new interest in life. She is now as healthy a girl as there is in Three Rivers, with every trace of her pallor and languor gone. This is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am rejoiced to be able to say so publicly."

The case of Miss Gauthier certainly carries with it a lesson to other parents, whose daughters may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the on-coming progress of anemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They act promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthening the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

CHILDREN WILL GO SLEIGHING. They return covered with snow. Half a dozen full of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent all effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

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The Holy Bible containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate; diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in diverse languages. The Old Testament first published by the English College, at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1682. With useful notes by the late Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, D. D., V. G. To which is added an Illustrated and Comprehensive Dictionary, based on the works of Calmet, Dixon, and other Catholic authors, and adapted to the English Version first published at Rheims and Douay, as revised by the Ven. Richard Challoner. With a comprehensive history of the books of the Holy Catholic Bible and Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ, from the New Testament Scriptures, and the Traditions of the East as accepted by the Greek and Latin Fathers, by Bernard J. Kelly, D. D., L. B., Graduate of the University, Quebec. An Historical and Chronological Index, a table of the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year, and other devotional and instructive matter beautifully illustrated, throughout with numerous full sized steel plates and other appropriate engravings. This edition has a space for Marriage Certificates, Births, Deaths and other Memoranda, as well as for Family Portraits.

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Cobbett's "Reformation."

Just issued, a new edition of the Protestant Reformation, by Wm. Cobbett. Revised, with Notes and Preface by Very Rev. Francis Adams, D.D., D. C. S. P. The book is printed in large clear type. As it is published at a price of 25 cents per copy in the United States, 50 cents will have to be charged in Canada. Will be sent to any address on receipt of the sum, in stamps.

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ARCHEBISHOP OF OTTAWA.

His Grace the Archbishop preached on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, in the chapel of the Socially of men, Murray street, on the evening of Septuagesima Sunday, and afterwards gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After the Benediction was read to him, and His Grace in reply expressed the hope of a large increase of members.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Official. REGULATIONS FOR LENT TO BE READ BY THE PARISH PRIESTS TO THE FLOCKS AT ALL THE MASSES ON QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. 1.—All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fasting days—one meal and a collation.

MEMORIES.

O! Sing me a song Of former times— Of quicken'g rhymes; A song to cheer my weary heart; And bid a gloomy thought depart; A song whose notes, I feel, will cheer my friends and me. Pray sing: Fond hearts! And bid a gloomy thought depart.

THE TRANSVAL WAE.

From the seat of war comes this week as a surprise the most pleasant intelligence which has reached the people of Great Britain since the outbreak of the war.

FREE BOOK

on CATARRH (WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS) VOLUME XXII. The Catholic Record. London, Saturday, March 3, 1900. WANTED OF UNITY AMONGST THE SECTS.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Official. LENTEN REGULATIONS FOR 1900. The following are the Lenten regulations for the diocese of London: All days of Lent, Sundays excepted, are fast days.

DIOCESE OF CHATEAUX N. B.

Bishop-Elect of Thurga. St. John Monitor, Feb. 10. The Right Reverend Thomas F. Barry, D. D., Bishop-Elect of Thurga, and Coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Rogers, needs no introduction to the readers of this Monitor.

MARRIAGE.

RYAN-McMAHON. On Tuesday morning Jan. 20, Seanforth was the scene of a very pretty event, when Miss Emily Ryan was united in marriage to Dr. Thomas Ryan of London.

OBITUARY.

MARGARET KILGALLEN, WEST WILMINGS. It is our sad duty this week to chronicle the death of Margaret, beloved wife of Patrick Ryan, who died on Feb. 22, aged sixty-one years.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Feb. 22.—Wheat, per cental—Wheat \$1.30 to \$1.40; Corn, 70c to 75c; Barley, 80c to 85c; Oats, 70c to 75c; Beans, 1.10 to 1.15; Clover, 85c to 90c; Hay, \$1.50 to \$2.00; Potatoes, 1.00 to 1.10; Live Stock—Live hogs, \$1.00 to \$1.25; Cattle, \$1.00 to \$1.25; Sheep, \$1.00 to \$1.25.

Rev. M. McCormack's Departure From Woodstock.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 18, St. Mary's Church, Woodstock, was filled to its capacity to contain all who came to assist at the Holy Mass offered for them for the last time by their beloved pastor, Father M. McCormack.

CONGRATULATORY RESOLUTION.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 130, C. M. B. A., held on Tuesday, January 2nd, 1900, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Moved by Bro. P. J. Veniot, seconded by Bro. E. L. O'Brien: That the members of this branch be requested to send a letter of congratulatory address to His Excellency, the Bishop of Thurga, on the occasion of his appointment to the See of Thurga.

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Dear Rev. Father:—With feelings of the deepest sorrow, we, your devoted parishioners, have this morning to take leave of you. When you announced to us two weeks ago that His Lordship had decided to remove you from Woodstock, we were all surprised and grieved.

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FREE BOOK

on CATARRH (WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS) VOLUME XXII. The Catholic Record. London, Saturday, March 3, 1900. WANTED OF UNITY AMONGST THE SECTS.

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