

The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

NO. 984.

VOLUME XIX.

Threefold.

**Mother of grace and mercy,
Behold how burdens thee,
Weigh down my weary spirit,
And drive me here—away—
Three gifts I place before
Before thy shrine:
The threefold offering of my love,
Mary to thine!**

The Past: with all its memories,
Of pain—that stings me yet;
Of sin—that brought repentance;
Of joy—that brought forget-
Of that which has been—forever
So bitter—sweet—
I lay in humblest offering
Before thy feet.

The Present: that dark shadow
Through which we toil to-day;
The slow drops of the chalice
That must not pass away,
Mother! I dare not struggle,
Still less despair;
I place my Present in thy hands,
And leave it there.

The Future: holding all things
Which I can see to-day;
Brings sin and pain, it may be,
Nearer and yet more near.
Mother! this doubt and shrinking
Will not depart from me,
Unless I trust my Future
To thy dear heart.

**Making the Past my lesson,
Guiding the Present right,
Ruling the misty Future,
Bless them and me to-night,
What may be, and what must be,
And what has been,
In thy dear care forever
I leave, my Queen!**

—Adelaide Anne Procter.

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from the fact that, left to themselves they all interpret Scripture differently, and therefore the vast majority wrongly. This cannot be the result of the divinely appointed means to find the truth. On the other hand, authority, as exhibited in the Catholic Church, does undoubtedly produce unity of belief.

This is even made a reproach by her enemies, whereas it is a feature which must necessarily be found in the true Church, if there be a true Church. She alone claims universality, and yet secures this unity.

Two other considerations are worthy of attention on this subject. The Church of the Old Testament was the work of God, though far less complete than perfect than the Christian Church. In it the most absolute uniformity of doctrine and practice, and even of ritual, was enjoined.

It is possible to imagine that the Son of God came down from heaven to establish discord and confusion where He found tranquility and harmony? Yet this is what He would have done if abrogating the Law of Moses He had substituted a rule which would inevitably produce strifes and dissensions.

The utterances of our Lord are clear and emphatic—

"All power is given Me in heaven and on earth—go ye therefore and teach all nations (Matt. xxviii., 19). He that heareth you heareth Me" (Luke x., 16). "He that will not hear the Church let him be to you as a heathen and publican" (Matt. xviii., 17). "The spirit of Truth will guide you unto all truth" (John xvi., 13). "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii., 20).

It is evident that He appointed His apostles to be the instructors of mankind, in His name and under His guidance; and not themselves alone individually, but their successors in office to the end of time. We shall seek in vain for any other rule laid down by Him for our instruction that the Catholic Church is this divinely appointed authority which is to teach us the Truth. We must discover this by the exercise of our reason, which must necessarily precede the exercise of Faith. Our service of God must be reasonable, which it would not be were we to accept blindly and without investigation. Our unenlightened reason cannot, it is true, discover for itself the solution of all problems and doubts, yet it suffices to recognize the teacher who is competent to solve them for us. We act thus in regard to human learning and science, first satisfying ourselves that a teacher is trustworthy and capable, and then accepting with docility what he tells us, however it may exceed our own capacities to reach. In the same way, our Lord Himself claimed to be heard on account of the works He did, which were evidence of His divine mission; and when this argument was accepted He proceeded to demand implicit submission to all He said (as in the case of Nicodemus). Just so with the Church. She bases her claims upon the credentials she bears, which prove her origin to be supernatural and divine; and then, being accepted, she requires us to accept her doctrine, not because of the wisdom and goodness of the men who convey it to us, but because she is the mouthpiece of Christ Himself, and is guaranteed by Him as a guide that cannot lead us astray.

genuine understanding of God's word to every generation of men.

By "Tradition" we do not mean "traditions," i. e., histories or formularies repeated by one man to another, and by him to a third. What we mean is this: that, as in an art or profession, each generation learns its business from the practice of that preceding it, by living and working together, and seeing how things are done, or as children learn their native tongue by hearing their parents talk it—so in the Church, God's truth is ever taught by the pastors and professed by all members of the flock, each in his turn bearing his share in its transmission to posterity. In the case of human tradition, of the sort indicated, it is the wit of man that secures continuance and efficiency. In the case of the Church it is the vivifying influence of God's Spirit ever working out His Divine purposes, and as God's instrument, it is the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, who in virtue of his office, watches jealously over the people of God, to see that the people of God be not defrauded of nothing that is of a Divine nature, and that nothing of man's invention be substituted for that which is Divine.

Such are the grounds of Catholic Faith. We accept implicitly the teachings of the Church, because we are assured that God bids us hear and obey her—God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived. In doing so, we do not abrogate our reason, for our reason leads us to her. We do not subject ourselves to bondage by such submission. Ignorance, not knowledge, is a bondage; and as our Lord Himself tells us, "If you abide in My Words you are then My disciples indeed, and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

MARK TWAIN ON JOAN OF ARC.

The Debt of France and Humanity to the Maid of Orleans.

Mark Twain's book upon Joan of Arc is a splendid panegyric of the celebrated La Pucelle d'Orleans. He was inspired to the writing of the work by the tremendous fact alluded to by Louis Kossoff that "since the writing of human history began Joan of Arc is the only person of either sex who has ever held supreme command of the military forces of a nation at the age of seventeen. The debt which France owes to Joan of Arc, and which she has made some slight efforts to pay lately, is one which Mark Twain never forgets. He thus recapitulates the results of the seven weeks' campaign:

"France was a wreck, a ruin, a desolation. One half of it belonged to England, with none to dispute or deny the truth: the other half belonged to nobody—in three months would be flying the English flag; the French King was making ready to throw away his crown and flee beyond the seas.

"Now came the ignorant country maid out of her remote village and confronted this hoary war, this all-consuming conflagration that had swept the land for three generations. Then began the briefest and most amazing campaign that is recorded in history. In seven weeks it was finished. In seven weeks she hopelessly crippled that gigantic war that was ninety-one years old. At Orleans she struck it a staggering blow: on the field of Patay she broke its back.

"Think of it. Yes, one can do that; but understand it? Ah! that is another matter: none will ever be able to comprehend that stupifying marvel.

"Seven weeks—with here and there a little bloodshed. Perhaps the most of it, in any single fight, at Patay, where the English began six thousand strong and left two thousand dead upon the field. It is said and believed that in three battles alone—Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt—nearly a hundred thousand Frenchmen fell, without counting the thousand or two that were slain in the thousand list—an interminable list. Of slain in the field the count goes by tens of thousands; of innocent women and children slain by bitter hardship and hunger, it goes by that appalling term, millions. It was an orgy that war: an orgy that went about for near a hundred years, crunching men, and dripping blood from its jaws. And with her little hand that child of seventeen struck him down; and yonder he lies stretched on the field at Patay; and will not get up any more while this old world lasts."—Sunday Democrat.

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with the true, if it exist at all. Hence no proposition, even a false one, can be formulated without having some truth in it. What is more false than to say, "God is not?" And yet the first two words of the proposition express a truth, namely, "God is." Thus even the atheist cannot deny the existence of God without first affirming it. It is the same with all false propositions: they must first affirm a truth before they can distort or deny it. The difference between a true and a false proposition is this: the first affirms a truth without distortion or denial, the second affirms a truth with distortion or denial. Something in both will be found a truth. This is necessary, for without first affirming a truth as the object of thought, the mind cannot begin to think. What! some one may say, can I tell a lie without telling the truth? Try it. Well, "Man is a bird, with four wings and a peacock's tail." Is there any truth in that? Certainly. You say a truth when you say "Man is." No amount of feathers can cover this truth. The fallacy of what you say is found in what you add over and above that—in the trimmings, as it were.

"You are a liar!" Is there anything true in that? Yes, the affirmation that I am is true. The remainder are mere trimmings, incorrectly located. Thus you see that every fallacy, every untruth, must have a truth to rest on. Fallacy is the parasite of truth.

From these considerations it will be seen that it can be truly said that every proposition ever uttered or written contains some truth. So, when Dr. Abbot says "There is some truth in all creeds," he pays them a poor compliment. He says of them only what he could truly say of the writing of Voltaire, Paine and other infidels and atheists.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF THE CHURCH.

Teaching of Scripture and Tradition—An Examination of the Catholic Claim.

The Rev. John Gerard, M. A., S. J., the editor of the *Month*, in a recent lecture on the subject said: By the term "The Church of Christ" we understand two things distinct but not different—the whole body of those who believe what Jesus Christ taught, and what He wished them to believe; and secondly, the institution which He designed to carry on His work upon earth, and propagate this belief. Therefore, if we take the phrase in a first sense all are included in the Church who accept in every respect, the teaching of our Lord. If we take it in the second we have to consider by what means Christ intended men to learn His truth, so as to believe what He came to teach, and nothing else.

It is with this second point that we have to do. Christian Faith can be founded only upon the authority of Christ. To have the faith is to believe what He teaches and what He teaches us. To know what He teaches, or else we cannot believe with certainty—that is to say, we cannot believe at all.

We must, therefore, ask what means did Christ appoint by which all men might learn His teachings, and have it with such certainty as to make such knowledge a ground-work on which to base Faith?

FANATICAL SABBATARIANISM.

An esteemed correspondent sends the following interesting bit of history, which illustrates Dr. McAllister's idea of liberty.

"Rev. D. McAllister is one of the principal men of the National Reform Association. That association and the Women's Christian Temperance Union held a joint convention at Lakeside, Ohio, in July, 1887, and, speaking on the subject of a national Sunday law, Dr. McAllister said:

"Let a man be what he may—Jew, Christian or heathen—observe the day of rest, but let the law apply to every one, but there shall be no public desecration of the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath, or of rest for the nation. They may hold any other day of the week as sacred, and observe it, but that day which is the one day in seven for the nation at large, let them observe in common, by the authority of an officer in the Government, or by private citizen, high or low, rich or poor.

"Then some one stated from the audience that 'There is a law in the State of Arkansas enforcing Sunday observance upon the people, and the result has been that many good persons have not only kept their lives,' to which Mr. McAllister coolly replied: 'It is better that a few should suffer than that the whole nation should lose its Sabbath.'

MORE SISTERS FOR ALASKA.

"We Don't Expect to Find Gold Nuggets, but Help Win Souls and Aid Our Fellow-Beings."

Two prominent Catholic Sisters arrived in this city from Massachusetts yesterday on their way to Alaska, where they will establish a convent of the order of St. Anne, an extensive Canadian order founded by Bishop Bourget in 1848.

The distinguished Sisters who have thus left their Massachusetts homes and offered their services in the far North are known as Sister Mary of the Cross and Sister Mary Magdalen of the Sacred Heart. The latter was the leader in an interview with the *Call* yesterday at the home of the Sisters of the Family of Holy Names. Speaking of the contemplated trip and of the work of the Church in Alaska, she said: "We are going largely as pioneers for the Alaskan work is new to us. The founder of this work was Sister Mary Stephen, who has been in the far North for many years. We are establishing in the fifth home and school of this character in Alaska, and our headquarters will be at St. Michael's. I have had a great deal of experience in teaching, but not among Alaskans, but children are about the same all over the world. Where I taught last year we had 1,200 children in the parochial school. My companion does not speak very much English, as she is French. While I am Irish, I speak French, and we get along all right.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"There is some truth in all creeds and some virtue in all communions," says Dr. Abbott.

"This has a very liberal look at first sight, but in reality it is a condemnation of all creeds and all communions. To say that there is some truth in all creeds is to imply that there is also some error in all creeds. To say that there is some error in a creed is to condemn that creed, for a creed must be judged and accepted, or rejected, as a whole. To reject any part of it is to reject that authority or church which offers the whole as a correct formula of belief.

In things on which depend eternal life no sane man wants a creed that contains only some truth. It must, so far as it goes, contain truth, and truth only; otherwise it is not only useless, but dangerous, because misleading. The truths that it may contain are confidence and mislead the unsuspecting to accept the errors that lurk among them in the same envelop. In the words of Ecclesiastes, 'Dead flies spoil the sweetness of the ointment.'

THE BLACK GOWN OF POVERTY.

Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer took his final vows as a member of the Society of Jesus at St. Francis Xavier's church in New York City last week.

Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer took his final vows as a member of the Society of Jesus at St. Francis Xavier's church in New York City last week. Father Van Rensselaer is a descendant of the old Dutch patron who founded the family in New York eleven generations ago. He became a Catholic about

CATHOLIC PRESS.

The establishment of a royal residence in Ireland and the extinction of the "castles" with all its odious memories and infamies, are confidently expected to pacify the Irish people and to make them as loyal as the people of England and Wales. We should all love dearly to see the Dublin nest of crime and plunder cleaned out, but for the rest a royal residence would be no more effective in crushing the spirit of nationality than were the persecutions of Cromwell. Ireland must have Home Rule. She will be content with nothing short of that.—Boston Review.

Irish wit of the genuine stripe is not extinct in Ireland, and it is not likely to become so if we may judge from the sayings of some of the present generation. An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal. "And now," he said, "what is latitude?" After a brief silence, a bright youngster with a merry twinkle in his eye, said: "Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. The British government would allow us any."

Speaking of the Pope's recent poem on frugality, the Episcopalian paper, the *Churchman*, says to this effect:—"That the Pope, in the midst of his cares and his prayers, with the world for his parish and the distresses and dissensions of the race upon his conscience, should vary the solemn business of writing bulls by the pleasant diversion of matching rhymes, is an incident worth noting. It is a testimony to the value of leisure. It means that, in the judgment of the patriarch of Rome, the most occupied of public men, it is a benefit and a help to better work to take some quiet time to read old books and to write simple verse. This is of itself the best part of the Holy Father's prescription for a wise and hale old age. It prevents hasty judgment. It guards against that waste of time which comes from the undoing of things which ought not to have been done. It is an aid to faith and piety, keeps the spirit sweet and sympathetic, and illustrates anew the economic fact that when the working day was shortened from twelve hours to ten, men were found to do more work and do it better."

—Sacred Heart Review

A woman in Georgia deliberately drowned her four-year-old son because, as she explained, he was too ugly to live. The child was not deformed in any way, but his features were not in accord with her tender maternal ideal of beauty. The woman represents a type of civilization several shades lower than that of the lowest order found in pagan China. Yet the creature calls herself a Christian and was an active adherent of an Evangelical sect. Of course we do not pretend to hold Protestantism responsible for her fiendish act, but we like to remind our separated brethren that the influence of their system is not always precisely what they would fain persuade themselves it is.—Catholic Universe.

The Rev. C. A. Eaton, of Toronto, Canada, preached in Boston last Sunday on the relations of England to the United States, and severely condemned the American school histories for giving so much prominence to the Revolutionary War, to which the United States owes its existence as a nation. He also censured the American press, and the country in general for making "a supreme blunder in holding too long to the old superstitions that she must avoid entanglement with the affairs of other powers." The "supreme blunder" alluded to was made by the supreme blunderer George Washington, but he did not know any better and the correct Father of his country. Luckily we of a wiser generation can take our instructions from Toronto.

Cardinal Gibbons' stay at Southampton, Long Island, has been attended by a striking demonstration of respect from all classes. Commenting on this the *Brooklyn Eagle* says:

"It is interesting to note how sectarianism has temporarily broken down in Southampton. Cardinal Gibbons has been in the village several days and Protestants and Catholics have united to do him honor. The Catholics have long known that he was a man worthy of their respect and the Protestants have learned by looking at him that they could not well withhold their esteem if they would. The talk of the Cardinal and the tales that they heard about the evils of Catholicism and say to themselves there must be something wrong somewhere, for the great prelate is evidently a man who is kind and charitable and humane and could not possibly be guilty of any of the wrongs with which Catholicism is accused. Contraversial sermons will not make non-Catholics or Protestants half so soon as a kindly life will convert them, to the religious faith of the man who lives it."

Every Catholic can make himself worthy of the respect of Protestants as was Cardinal Gibbons has done at Southampton. Of course, the Cardinal is more prominent than the individual Catholic layman, but still that layman, no matter how obscure he may be, has it in his power to edify non-Catholics by his example.—Catholic News.

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Her credentials over and above the utterances of our Lord already cited, are her "Marks" or "Notes," which stamp her as the creation of God, and herself as the work of man; her totally unlike any other work of man; her universality, or (Catholicity) of time and place; her unity; the holiness of her doctrine; the sanctity exhibited in all ages by so many thousands of her children; her miraculous history and constant triumph, without worldly resource over the powers of the world, continually aiming at her destruction. Moreover, the very charges brought against her by her enemies suffice to prove that she alone can possibly be the Church of Christ.

We have seen that this is true in regard of the unity of belief upon which she insists. So it is likewise to her claim to be infallible and indefectible. A body that acknowledges its own liability to error cannot be the divinely instituted teacher and witness of truth. A religion which is based upon the supposed failure of her representative, if she cannot be His ever prevailed against His Church His solemn assurances were falsified, yet the assumption that this was so is the starting-point of all bodies hostile to her. By such an assumption they condemn themselves—judgment for her goes by default, for she alone claims to have been ever preserved from error, and to be so to the end.

The manner in which the Sabbath was to be observed can be culled from the following laws.

"21. No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently and from meeting."

"22. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day."

"23. No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day."

"24. The Sabbath shall begin on sunset on Saturday."

"25. If any man shall kiss his wife or wife her husband on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the Court of Magistrates."

"It is enacted by the Court that any person or persons that shall be found smoking tobacco on the Lord's day going to or coming from the meetings, within two miles of the meeting house shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the Colonies' use."

The doctor's intended compliment to creeds, that there is some truth in all of them, may be said with equal truth of every composition that was ever written and of every complete sentence that was ever uttered. Error pure and simple cannot exist or stand alone. It is like a cancer in that it must have something to adhere to and prey on. The false must exist in association

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so much for Sabbath laws. Here are a few on other subjects showing the liberal spirit of the Puritan saints:

"No priest shall abide in this dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant."

"No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to vote for the election of magistrates

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REMEMBRANCE OF ST. ANNE'S.

(For the CATHOLIC RECORD.)

Another day was dead—was gone away to eternity! Truly an ideal day it had been, and was followed by a clear bright evening. Reluctantly we left it to go to the arms of Morpheus, for it is the custom in St. Anne's "early to bed and early to rise." When I reached my little room, before retiring I could not resist one parting glance at St. Anne and her beautiful church. Then away from it, out to the river, my eyes went. Perhaps it was the tide that bore my thoughts so far away to other places, other things and other people. When I turned from the window with a sigh, all sleep had left my eyes. How I wished for a book, one of the dear old things which have so often soothed a tired mind. As that pleasure could not be had the next best thing was to think of one, so I threw myself on the lounge to do so. Why did Longfellow come to my mind? I could not appreciate him that night, as I could not forget that though his legends and stories are beautiful and in imagery very Catholic, as is also Commedia, yet he remained outwardly an unbeliever. Ah! why will men forfeit the best gift God has given, so rashly. Next came Goldsmith. What truthfulness and sincerity characterize his works! There is nothing superficial about them. They are pictures taken from nature and life by a master-mind and painted by beautiful thoughts. Many of them are illustrations of incidents and adventures in his early life. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is very good, but his "Deserted Village" is perfect. It would take too long to write my review of it. In his "Traveller," how nicely he shows each place in a certain beauty of its own. His large heart could appreciate and admire each, though it is not hard to see that "His first best country ever was his own." It has been said of him, and is very true that, "he was one of those who regard books as the only, or even the principal, source of knowledge. He recognized and delighted to study the unwritten love so richly spread over the volume of nature and shadowed forth so variously from the scenes of every day life and the teaching of individual experiences." Moore came next with his sweet "Lalla Rookh." I next listened with care to the lovely songs of the Poet of Cashmere. "The Veiled Prophet" we will pass over. I wonder "Lalla Rookh" let him sing it. "Paradise and Peri" is short but very sweet. Sad and weeping was the Peri, for the gates of heaven were closed. A beautiful Angel came to her and said

"One hope is thine
"Thine written in the book of Fate
"The peri yet may be forgiven
"Who brings to this Eternal Gate
"The gift that is most dear to Heaven."

Happy in hope away she flew,
determined to get the key that would open the gate. Alas! she knew not where to find it. Long and persevering she sought. At length she brought the tear of repentance. The gates are passed—

"And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
"The triumph of a soul forgiven."

May such be our fate when we have passed the portal of death! Yet there are some for whom even the tears of repentance cannot open Heaven, because baptism has never washed original sin away. Evidently they do not realize the loss. If they could only understand that

"From world to luminous world, as far
"As the universe spreads its flaming wall,
"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres
"And multiply each through endless years,
"One minute of heaven is worth them all."

"The Feast of the Roses"—This song is, as the critic (Faldsteen) says, "rather nonsensical," still we must admit such things will happen sometimes in real life.

"The Fire-Worshippers" is a very romantic little song. How sad the fate, how true the love of the Arab maid—a d her sorrowful her sacrifice and save God to accept his bride, on which the King of Cashmere won the heart of his intended bride, Lalla Rookh. Some of Moore's other poems and sweet melodies passed through my mind—but enough, I thought, of romance for tonight. Dickens, perhaps, would suit my mood better, for he can suit any mood. Go to him when you will you will always find comfort. He seemed to understand poor human nature so well, and in his warm heart found sympathy and kindness for all. Beyond I knew him I disliked him very much, for it seemed to me that there was a certain rather ridiculous humor verging on his tiresome. However on reading much of his works I saw how wrong I had been. There is an innocent humorous strain in most of his writings, but it is as necessary to them as a ray of sunshine is in some pictures. His English is simple and harmless, and he pictures some beautiful characters. "Little Dorrit" (The Child of the Marshes), amid all kinds of danger, grew to womanhood pure and beautiful. It seems almost as impossible for one to do so as for a flower to live among weeds. In "Old Curiosity Shop" little Nell was another such character.

What a little (I might say) angel child she was, gitted with wisdom far beyond her years. How very sad is the description of her death! How beautifully the author speaks of death in this and many of his other works.

He says of little Nell:
"She was dead, no sleep so beautiful
"and so free from trace of pain, so fair
"to look upon. She seemed a creature
"fresh from the hand of God waiting for
"the breath of life, not one who lived and
"suffered death. She was past all help

or need of it. We will not wake her."
In "Tale of Two Cities."
"Even when the golden hair lay in a halo on the pillow round the form of the little boy he said with a radiant smile, dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go. Thus the rustling of an angel's wing got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven."
In "Nicholas Nickleby."
"The dying boy made answer I shall soon be there. He spoke of the beautiful gardens stretched out before him with figures of men, women and many children, all with light upon their faces, and he whispered that it was Eden, and so died."

There was something in this faraway view of death which reminded me of Tennyson. Have you ever thought that this poetry seemed in another world? It is so softly ethereal that one can only see it away in the distance. Some of it is like a message to me, perhaps because most of the poets have painted their poem-pictures so perfect that you can see them as clearly as if you looked on some of Michael Angelo's work. However, his poetry is so delicately written that in its sweet, dreamy softness it is indeed very lovely. Tennyson has some very fervent (perhaps partial) admirers. Some time ago I heard a lecturer say that if he were going on a long journey and could only take one book that one would be Tennyson. If I were in the same difficulty it would take me a very long while to choose. There are so many, and, like all about equal, my conclusion would be not to take any. Perhaps I might be sorry after, as I was this night, when I could only think of them, the only visible one being "Manual of Good St. Anne." It had not occurred to me before that since it was the only one I had perhaps it was the only one I should read, so I began to do so. It must have charmed me to sleep, for very soon there were a number of other books around me, large and small. One exquisite volume had a rare and third cover; another the well worn old green one was it. The land pictured was almost too beautiful to be of earth—more like fairy land, it seemed; but the story written there was of a people unacquainted all the world over for goodness and purity; yet for hundreds of years they have suffered the most cruel wrong and persecution. So sad was the history that I put it aside with a prayer that before it was finished the sun of justice and freedom might shine resplendent on that isle of saints. Next came a little book—bright and clean it was—with a maple leaf on the cover. Interesting and lovely was the story within, and some very beautiful places were pictured there. One of which I will pick out just now, at a first glance seemed all most hidden amid the mountains, but the glimpse of a statue surrounded by church towers made me wish for a nearer view, which surely was a sight that might charm not only the pilgrim but also the poet and painter. It was the village of St. Anne de Beaupre. St. Anne is built on the shores of the St. Lawrence, about twenty one miles below Quebec. A number of mountains and the Isle of Orleans separate it from the busy world, and the soft clouds seem to give a veil of gauze and gold to the mountains to hold over the shrine. Ah! how peaceful, how holy, it looked—surely a fit place to rest mind, heart and body. Truly the road to heaven might be as smooth as the divided part of the St. Lawrence which washes Beaupre's shore, and which always is so calm that the boats appear just to glide along. How different is the river beyond Orleans. Very bright and alluring it looks, yet wild storms are lurking round the Gulf. They steal up the river, and the bright, sparkling waves become dark and fierce. They attack and often wreck the best of boats. What a likeness the picture had to religious and worldly life, I thought;—and just then awoke! The candle had burnt nearly to the socket. In its flickering light the room seemed so quiet time to go to bed, rather displaced with myself for having gone to sleep or even in a dream compared the bright, beautiful world with that dark river. Very few lives are all sunshine, for as the poet says:
"Into each life some rain must fall."
Some days must be dark and dreary. Yet if we try to brighten the darkened lives of others, the clouds in our own are forgotten.

Have I given you an idea of St. Anne's?—a rather vague one, I am afraid; perhaps a wide-awake description would have been better, but probably you have read some of the many which have been written. Perhaps you have knelt at that dear holy shrine, or perhaps you are one of the incredulous people who say our churches are all the same—we can pray to St. Anne as well in any of them. Certainly our churches are the same the world over, as our God is ever in His vision of love on the altars. Perhaps you can pray to St. Anne as well in any of them, but perhaps she has chosen the spot where the shrine has been placed—her own. Tradition tells us of her long ago, when Canada was in its babyhood, some Breton sailors were coming up the St. Lawrence when a dreadful storm arose. With firm faith in their patroness, St. Anne, they besought her to save them, and promised that wherever they were cast ashore they would erect a church in her honor. St. Anne was pleased to hear their prayers and guided them

out of the storm into peaceful waters. With the first rays of morning they landed, and in fulfillment of their promise built a little chapel. Long years have passed since then. The old wooden chapel became small, so a stone church was erected on the hill side, where it still stands, having been rebuilt two or three times of the same material. The devotion to St. Anne grew with the years, and so many wonderful cures occurred at her little Canadian home) Beaupre's shrine that pilgrims came from far and near in such numbers that soon the church could not hold them all. So it was decided to have a large one built on the spot where the ruins of the first one were. In 1876 the Basilica was opened; then it was not much more than a roof and four walls, but gradually it has been so magnificently finished and furnished that to day in place of the little wooden chapel built by the mariners centuries ago, stands a temple of exquisite beauty crowned with glittering steeples and a colossal statue of St. Anne which from afar up the river is the first glimpse of the shrine that greets the eye. It appears to be watching for and guiding to her sanctuary the sick, the sinful, the sorrowful, the Bonnet Sainte Anne, only you need know what peace, what happiness comes to one there! How appropriate the lines of Mrs. Hemans:
"Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,
"The conflicts and the pains of years,
"Which at thy sacred shrine revealed,
"Have washed from human hearts unsealed,"
And a's:
"Hushed in the anthem, closed the vow,
"The votive wanders withered now,
"Yet holy still to me thou art,
"Thou that has soothed so many a heart."
The zealous Redeemptorist priests guard the shrine and are ever ready and willing to do what they can for the pilgrims. St. Anne, surely, has given them special power to preserve the life of many a wayward soul and many a suffering body; and I think she has also imparted to them a secret power to cultivate plants for adorning her altars are grown nowhere else on the continent. In formation the flower resemble the lily of the valley, though much larger. One or another they cover from top to root the stalk, which of most plants is about five feet high; some are a pale mauve, some white, all are very lovely, and it is nice to think they only grow at St. Anne's.

Beyond the church on the opposite side, beautifully situated on the hill, is the convent. I have two pictures from there—one I call "An Idea of Heaven," the other "An Idea of Earth." Perhaps you will ask what they are like? So I will try to tell you how they look to me. It is Benediction hour and in the quaint little chapel, the sparkling monstrance on the altar is surrounded by many lights which shine out clear and bright amid the flowers, and there we know

"Angels group in awe around Him,
"Round the throne whereon He stands."

At the foot of the altar a priest is kneeling, and on both sides of the chapel, dressed in white, with snowy veils around them, are the nuns bowed low in adoration, while to soft music low sweet voices are chanting the Vesper Hymn.

From the convent balcony we will take our view of rural life.

The last rays of sunshine are bidding adieu to the busy village and beautiful church, yet they linger round its towers reluctant to go. The streets of the village wind in and out, far away amid the hills, but the centre is full of life—here people are hurrying back and forth. There are many little stalls, and those in charge are kept busy. The gently ebbing river waves are kissing the shores good night.

Away up the river we see a boat coming, and down the long pier vehicles are going in numbers to meet it. Round a curve of the river, Mount St. Anne rises its blue peak and the clouds have crowned her "Queen of the Hills."

Far away on the other side the sun has given a halo of glory to the spires in the dim distant city of Quebec.

Which picture do you like best? I wonder. Perhaps you will condemn both.

"Let mercy season justice," for the artist is only Winnifred.

Sayings of Christ.

Speaking of papyri recently discovered which contain sayings of Christ, a London correspondent writes:

"These papyri are strange looking refuse. Some of them are in rolls perhaps fourteen inches in length and a couple of inches broad, looking something like a huge old cigar, dry, dusty and weevil eaten. But those that have been dampened and opened assume their look like pieces of fine yellow mangan—not a bright yellow, but a dark brownish hue. But what strikes one most strongly is the ink. There are these leaves dug out of the soil where they have been lying utterly unprotected for 1,800 years, and yet, where the surface of the papyrus is unruined, the ink shows up as black as though it had flowed from the pen only a week ago. The writing, too, is beautifully clear, especially in the ecclesiastical manuscripts, which are the work of educated men."

Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

STORY OF "ROBIN ADAIR."

Written From the Heart and to a Real Robin Adair.

The famous song, which has sung itself into so many hearts, was written from the heart and to a real Robin Adair. The little tale reads like a fairy story and ends as happily. Robin, according to S. J. Adair Fitz Gerald (*McClure's*, February), was a native of county Wicklow, Ireland, and getting into trouble of some kind in Dublin while studying medicine, fled to London. On the way he rescued a fashionable lady whose coach had been overturned, and from her he secured entrance into London society. The story proceeds as follows:

"Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection at the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, and one night at a party he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight, mutual love, and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden. Her kinsfolk were stupefied with amazement. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her of her folly, but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health (about 1750) she wrote the verses now so popular and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill that, upon the doctor's despairing order, her life and her mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to."

Some Women Who Were Professors.

In view of the foundation at Washington of the proposed Trinity College for the higher education of women, and because of the fact that such an institution has been spoken of in some places as "a new departure" on the part of the Catholic Church, it may not be amiss to recall certain matters which are proven by the pages of history.

In the life of St. Teresa we find it recorded that she was made a doctor of divinity because of her great knowledge of theological questions, and it is also stated that she wore at times the doctor's cap. Norella d'Andrea, the daughter of a celebrated professor of the University of Bologna, who lived in the 14th century, was so well versed in philosophy and law that she often lectured on those subjects to the students of that institution, filling her father's chair when he was obliged to absent himself from the classroom. Four centuries later this same university had a professor of mathematics and philosophy Laura Bassi, who had previously won her doctorate by passing a brilliant examination in those studies, and in the same century, but somewhat later in it, Clotilda Tamboni was appointed professor of Greek at Bologna, and the chair of anatomy and surgery was filled by Madame Manzolina.

One might mention St. Catherine of Siena, the patroness of philosophers, as another example of the highly educated Catholic woman, and she is by no means the only one that can be cited. The truth is that ages and ages ago the Church opened to all women who desired to enter them the doors of the great universities that were founded under her auspices, and she stands ready today to do the same whatever it is feasible, as the proposed chair of Tamboni in the establishment of Washington proves.—Catholic Column

Relieved.

The *Congregationalist* tells a story of the old and the new way of giving out church notices. An old-fashioned clergyman supplying a church had announced in the habit of making the announcement and everyone was couched in a manner like this: "If it be in accordance with the will of Divine Providence, there will be a meeting in this house this evening. The subject will be 'Scripture Promises,' and there will be a short address by the pastor, no unforeseen accident preventing." After this sort of thing for several weeks everybody drew a long breath when his successor remarked in a pleasant, conversational tone: "I haven't yet decided whether or not it's advisable to continue the evening meetings during the coming month, 'tennaryte,' we'll hold one to-night, and let's all try to be there."

One of Mr. Pulitzer's young men called on a New Haven minister some time ago and asked him to give the *World* a fifty-word interview on "Hell." He didn't get fifty words. He got just nineteen, but they expressed more sense and more truth than would one thousand other words. Here is the interview: "Hell in my opinion is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated.—Boston Republican.

Throat Trouble Cured.

"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat troubles," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 24 Bathurst Street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

A PRIEST'S HEROIC SACRIFICE

Endured Exile Rather Than Break the Seal of the Confessional.

In the year 1853 Father Kobzlowicz, was a Catholic priest at Orator, in Ukraine, in Russian Volhymia. From the time of his ordination he was regarded as one of the most pious and zealous priests of the diocese; he had considerable reputation as a preacher, and was generally esteemed as a confessor. He rebuilt his parish church and decorated it, and from the time he was placed in charge of the parish he seemed to redouble his zeal. All at once, to the amazement of everyone who knew anything about him, he was accused of having murdered a public official of the place. The piece of evidence against him was a double-barrelled fowling piece, which was found hidden behind the high altar, which was proved to belong to him, and one barrel of which had been lately discharged. He was convicted of the murder, and the court sentenced him in penal servitude for life in Siberia. His hair was cut off, he was clad in convict's apparel, and incorporated in the chained gang of criminals who made their long weary march to Siberia.

Years passed away, and everything about the occurrence had been forgotten, except by a few persons. Then the organist of the church of Orator, sent for the principal persons of the district, and in their presence confessed that he was the murderer of the official. He added that he was led to the crime by the hope of marrying his widow. After committing the murder, he took the gun with which he had shot the unfortunate man, and hid it where, upon his suggestion, the police found it, and he ungenerously managed to fix suspicion on the priest. But the strangest part of the story remains to be told. After the arrest of the priest, being torn with remorse, he visited him in prison and went to confession to him, disclosing that he himself was the criminal. He had then the purpose of acknowledging his guilt before the tribunal, but his courage failed him and he allowed things to proceed on their false course.

Thus the poor priest, Kobzlowicz, knew well who was the real murderer, but he knew it only through the confessional. A word would have set him free from the terrible chain of the confessional, and he preferred to undergo penal servitude for life, and lose his good name and be regarded as a shameless criminal.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Grave.

The memory of John Boyle O'Reilly still lives. The grave of the poet in Holywood cemetery, at Brookline, constantly bears floral emblems, mute testimony of a lingering affection, says the *Boston Globe*.

The ample burial lot, which is 88x40 feet in extent, is located in the handsomest spot in Holywood. It is planted with Irish grass, while the real shamrock and the beautiful Irish daisy grow round and in profusion. The lot is shaded with shrubbery transplanted from the poet's native land. Among the trees are golden cedars, from Newtown Ards, County Down, Irish junipers, Irish yew trees, rhododendrons and many young Irish purple beeches. The beds beneath the shrubs and trees are studded with a wealth of pansies and forget-me-nots. Nature herself, however, has given O'Reilly his most appropriate monument in the ledge underlying his burial lot. This huge pentagonal mass of stone springing about seventy-five feet, represents better than any work of art all that O'Reilly's life and nature meant. His face, as planted in the rock makes a complete emblem of remembrance as could be desired.

The 100 ives from Louth Castle, the poet's native home, planted three years ago, together with the two ivies from the grave of Martha Washington, have clambered around the rock in mingled profusion, giving the boulder the appearance of a huge green bush. The poet sleeps beneath a luxuriant floral bed a few feet in front of the bronze medallion, and at some distance from his grave two bronze vases will soon be filled with palms and flowering plants of all kinds. The scenery around the grave is very attractive. Open wooded and rugged, it recalls his intense love for the beauties of nature, while the cultivated flowers in the burial lot brings to mind the poetic development which surrounded his later years.

The face in the medallion is shown in profile. The shapely head, with close cut hair, is firmly and gracefully poised on the shoulders, which are more than life size, stands out from the medallion in prominent relief. It is altogether one of the most beautiful of graves.

Nervous Prostration

Is a deplorable condition of body, to which the mind to some degree responds; the sufferer becomes a victim to a legion of disagreeable sensations, arising from the impairment or exhaustion of nerve or vital force. Sleeplessness, too, comes to rob the sufferer of nature's sweetest solace and restorer, and a disordered digestive function contributes its quota to the already full cup of misery. Cure is possible in one way only—the nervous system must be strengthened; the digestive and assimilative function must be restored. Maltine with Coca Wine, more than any preparation known to science, combines the two essentials required in these cases. Maltine with Coca Wine possesses tonic properties that are directed in a very special way to the nerve centres, giving them tone, vigor, and the staying power so much needed, while just as efficaciously does it aid and strengthen all the processes of digestion. Thus we have the production of all the elements of adequate nutrition, which, inevitably, is certain to give healthy strength and vigor. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

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...XX.
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DUELLING IN FRANCE.

The duel which took place last week in Paris between Prince Henri, of Orleans, and the Count of Turin, a son of the late Duke of Aosta, and nephew of the King of Italy, has again called public attention to the absurd and criminal practice of duelling, which, unfortunately, has not yet been eradicated from the continent of Europe.

Prince Henri of Orleans, whose position as representative of the royal line of Orleans does not support him under the Republican government of France, finds some revenue by writing for the *Paris Figaro* and the *New York Herald*, and it was through his newspaper articles to these journals that the difficulty arose which resulted in the recent duel.

The prince was appointed member of a Commission for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with King Menelik, offering favorable terms of commercial intercourse between France and Abyssinia, and for this purpose he went to the latter country last February. He was not as successful in his mission as he expected, as a more favorable treaty was made by Menelik with England on a basis of mutual concessions, and the prince's temper seems to have been somewhat soured by the issue, so that in his newspaper correspondence he made some caustic remarks on the evil dispositions entertained by Italians against the French.

He said that the Italians boasted, before the battle of Adowa, that if they entered Addis Ababa victoriously, they would give no quarter to Frenchmen whom they might find there, even to the small tradesmen, but that they added ironically "they would not inflict the death penalty on French women." He ridiculed the Italian officers for taking part in the celebration of their defeat at Adowa, and drinking a toast to the victorious Menelik. He repeated also the sarcastic remark of a French officer who was at the banquet and who is reported to have said: "Mon Dieu, Monsieur, I never saw a Frenchman drinking to the health of the Emperor William."

These criticisms were very offensive to a number of Italians, among whom were the Count of Turin, who is a Major in the Italian Army, also General Albertone and Lieut. Pini, all of whom sent challenges to the Prince to meet them in combat. The challenge of the Count of Turin was accepted, the others remaining in abeyance until the first encounter should be decided.

The meeting took place on the 15th inst., at 5 o'clock in the morning, swords being agreed upon as the weapons. Both combatants began the fight so vigorously as to astonish the seconds, and their determination to kill is described by Major Leontieff, Prince Henri's second, as terrible.

The fight lasted twenty-six minutes, and both combatants were wounded, but the injury to Prince Henri was most severe, his antagonist's sword having penetrated his abdomen, and coming very near to his intestines. When he received the wound, he clapped his hands to the spot and sunk back to his seat exclaiming that he could do no more. The doctors also, who were in attendance, declared that he was rendered by the wound clearly inferior to his antagonist, and the combat was accordingly stopped by mutual consent.

The Count of Turin's wound was on the back of his right hand, and it is stated that he would have been dangerously hurt only for the chance that Prince Henri's sword struck a button by which it was bent and rendered unfit for use, so that for the time being the combat ceased until he was supplied with another weapon.

Owing to the severity of the wound inflicted, General Albertone has withdrawn his challenge to the Prince, and though the latter is now in a fair way of recovery it is thought that the matter will not be pushed any further.

It cannot be denied that the Count

of Turin has shown a good deal of animal courage in going into France itself, his adversary's own land, in order to assert against a Frenchman the virtue and magnanimity of his countrymen. But duelling is none the less a folly as well as a crime against God and man, against religion and society.

If the Italian officers in Menelik's capital have been really so mean and so malicious as Prince Henri represents them to have been, the personal victory gained by their champion over Prince Henri will not prove them to have been either virtuous or magnanimous. The design attributed to them, to murder the Frenchmen of Menelik's capital, is none the less base because Prince Henri was unable to withstand the point of the Count's sword. If, on the other hand, they had no such intention, it would have been better, and the world would have admired them more, if they had shown that the Prince's accusation was a calumny.

The violation of the law of God which prohibits the crime of murder, and as a consequence that of duelling, does not prove that the accusation was unjust. It is therefore not at all creditable to that portion of the people of Italy who have made this unlawful duel a matter of national rejoicing, as if by the honor of Italy had been completely vindicated.

The vengeful feeling displayed against France, if Prince Henri's statements are true, is just as discreditable now as it was before the duel took place, and it is not made any the less so by the triumphant display of flags on the public buildings and across the chief streets of the cities of Italy, by the playing of military bands and the praises lavished on the Count of Turin by the official press. The courtesies shown to King Menelik we do not regard as discreditable. King Menelik deserves to be honored for his manliness and bravery in defending his people against foreign aggression, and there is no disgrace to the Italians if they have accepted their defeat at Adowa with a good grace, and if they paid due respect to the brave Negus who gained an honorable victory over them on a fairly fought field of battle. It is more disgraceful to have made the cause of the Count of Turin their own, and to have shown approval of his disregard of divine and human law. No long existing custom can make duelling lawful or reasonable.

The duel has fallen into disuse in England, and there is no reason why it should not be made unfashionable on the continent, but it is to be feared that inveterate habit will continue to prevail over good sense and Christian morals, as long as kings and princes and military commanders hold it to be the only salve to wounded honor, that the individual who has been insulted must recover his honor either by killing or maiming the insultor, or by giving the latter an opportunity to shoot or seriously wound himself. What can be more absurd than the declaration of one of the Count's seconds while the preliminaries were being arranged, that "it is now a quarrel between the two countries, and we wish that the whole Italian army could assist at this duel."

Prince Henri is no more than a private person, and it was a private person that he spoke disparagingly of the Italian officers. Why should there be a quarrel between two nations on account of this? It was far better that the two who were most concerned should fight the matter out by themselves than that the inoffensive soldiers of both nations should be drawn into slaying one another because one hot-headed soldier shows his poor wit while another takes him to task for his indiscretion.

THE MEANEST OF EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.

The news reaches us through a cable despatch that the Czar has refused to receive Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria owing to the quarrel of the latter with Austria arising out of M. Stoloff's remarks on the attitude of Austria in regard to the trial of Captain Boitcheff, a former aide de camp of Prince Ferdinand.

Captain Boitcheff had been guilty of the murder of his paramour, who was an Austrian subject, and owing to his position as an officer of Prince Ferdinand's staff a disposition was shown by the Bulgarian Government to shield him from the consequences of his crime, but the Emperor of Austria insisted that justice should be done, and the result was the Captain's conviction. This gave offence to M. Stoloff, the Bulgarian premier, who then made

some very insulting remarks concerning the Emperor and his family.

In an interview with the representative of a paper M. Stoloff said that the Austrian Government had been over officious in meddling with the Captain's trial, and that Austria cannot afford to be over paniculous on the score of morality, as the world has not forgotten the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Hapsburg.

These remarks gave great offence to Austria, and an apology was demanded, but M. Stoloff made matters worse by intimating that he is indifferent to Austrian opinion on the subject, though at the same time he denied that his sayings had been correctly reported. Diplomatic relations were not completely ruptured by the occurrence, but they were suspended, and the Austrian charge d'affaires at Sofia left the city as a protest against such an insult, leaving his secretary to attend to the business of his department.

Thus the matter stands at present, and no doubt Prince Ferdinand expected to gratify Russia by supporting M. Stoloff in the insult to the Austro-Hungarian Emperor. Russia, however, does not see fit to encourage impudence of this kind, and has inflicted this snub on Prince Ferdinand, notwithstanding his mean subservience which led him not long ago to hand over his infant son Boris to be "converted to and confirmed" in the Greek schismatical religion, for no other purpose than to please Russia.

But even this is not the last of Prince Ferdinand's meanesses. He is the first Catholic prince who has degraded himself so far as to pay a visit to King Humbert in Rome since the Pope has been kept a prisoner in the Vatican, and when he had thus descended as low as we would have supposed it to be possible for any man to go down, he found in his lowest depth a lower depth still in which he could show himself to be the meanest of Christian sovereigns. He went next to Constantinople, where he enjoyed for several days the hospitality of the assassin of the Armenians, Creteans, Thessalians, and even of his own countrymen, and has made with Abdul Hamid an interchange of courtesies and royal decorations. It is said also that he has formed with the Sultan an alliance offensive and defensive. This has been even unblushingly admitted by M. Stoloff, who said in another interview with an Hungarian paper:

"Bulgaria first set her hopes in Russia and then in Austria; but she found it useless to expect help from Europe. Prince Ferdinand, therefore, turned to Turkey, who, in event of war, will support Bulgaria with 100,000 soldiers. Prince Ferdinand would rather kiss the hand of the Sultan than abase himself before Europe."

It serves Prince Ferdinand right that he has received this last snub from his self-willed and mutable master.

THE UNITY OF CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Under the title "A Plea for Unity," there appears in a recent issue of the *Presbyterian Quarterly* a well-written and able article which is copied approvingly into the Toronto *Presbyterian Review*. The writer is Rev. Robert Ker. The very ability with which erroneous teachings on so important a matter as the extension and unity of the Church of Christ makes the errors thus maintained all the more dangerous and deceptive.

Mr. Ker's thesis may be stated in his own words. In the name of Christians of all sects or denominations, he says:

"We are one family; let us acknowledge it; so far from being ashamed, let us all glory in it. Any denomination may declare that it is nearest to the Scripture model, and lovingly endeavor to persuade all others to believe all which itself believes, and yet cordially acknowledge that we are all one family in Christ, and members of one another. . . . In view of these great things which we hold in common, let us love and acknowledge one another. Let us preach the gospel in each other's pulpits, join in a common communion at our several tables of the Lord. Let us assemble around one common mercieseat in prayer. Let us co-operate in all evangelical missions, and let us show to the world, to each other, and to Christ, in every way, that His prayer is being answered in which He asked for His people that they might be one."

By itself the meaning of all this might not be perfectly clear, but taken in connection with the context of which it is a summary it is made evident that the writer's view is that the Christian Church is composed, not of members believing the same truths, and having the same sacraments as instituted by Christ, but of all denominations, whatever may be their

creeds and modes of Church government. Hence he says:

"It is a mistake to seek consolidation of organizations, and absolute uniformity in forms of creed, sacrament, worship, and government. . . . It is based upon a misunderstanding of what Christian unity is. It is not the acceptance of a form; it is a common union with Christ."

These views are not altogether new among Protestants, and latterly, as the adherence to specific doctrines has become less prevalent, they have been more openly upheld than ever, and they are now very generally maintained by most of the advocates of Protestantism, though they are certainly not the teaching of the divines who issued the Westminster Confession of Faith, and it is a surprise to find them thus upheld by Presbyterians of the present day.

The Westminster Confession and the declarations accompanying it set forth plainly that Presbyterianism is the only true religion, and the Confession of Faith contains the only true doctrine of Christ; and they certainly do not tolerate such laxity of belief as Mr. Ker recommends in the following:

"I appeal to psalm-singing Presbyterian communions: Have you a right to refuse Church fellowship to those who sing uninspired hymns? And to the Baptists: Have you a right to deny communion to non-immersionists, and to rebaptize members of other denominations when they come to you, and to rebaptize and reordain their ministers when they ask orders in your denomination, when you acknowledge that they are Christians? I appeal to the Episcopalians: Though you accept the baptism of other denominations, have you a right to treat those going from us to you as if they had never been Church members, and to refuse the admittance of ministers of other sects into your pulpits? Do you not cordially concede that we are Christians, and do you not declare that when we die we go to heaven? How, then, can you say that we are not a Church, and that our ministers are not ministers at all? Can this be justified before Christ? Or would the great Apostle of the Gentiles approve it?"

It would occupy too much space in our columns to treat at length the whole theory of Church unity, and to refute all the plausible pretexts here set forth for the purpose of showing that Protestant sects generally are to be considered as constituting one Church of Christ, notwithstanding all their diversities of belief. There are, however, some points on which we deem it useful to make a few remarks. We are told by Mr. Ker that absolute uniformity of creed, sacrament, worship and government is not to be looked for among Christians, and that therefore the consolidation of organizations, that is, the unity of sects into one body, ought not to be aimed at among Christians.

In regard to this we must say that the writer totally misunderstands the nature of the Church of Christ. It is very true that where Christ has not given us a revelation of creed, form of worship and of Church government, man is at liberty to believe as he will, and to adopt such modes of worship, and such details of Church government as are not repugnant to Christ's institution. But even in the last mentioned case, if the institution of Christ is not definite, it does not pertain to private individuals or to sects humanly instituted to settle for themselves the manner in which the Church should be governed.

It is agreed on all hands that Christ established a Church, and that He appointed His Apostles to be its first ministers, and the dispensers of His mysteries. He appointed His Apostles giving them power to continue His work on earth, saying, "As the Father sent me so I send you" (St. John xx, 21).

So we are expressly told by St. Paul that it is Christ's ordinance that there are Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers in the Church, "for the perfection of saints, for the work of the ministry . . . till we all meet in the unity of faith and knowledge of the Son of God." (Ep. iv.) The same Apostle tells us, elsewhere, (Heb. v, 4,) that "neither doth any man take the honor of the Christian priesthood) to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was."

From all this it follows that only such ministers of religion as derive their authority from Christ by succession and mission through the Apostles, are to be regarded as the ministers of the Church of Christ. None others have authority to dispense the mysteries of Christ, which are the sacraments and the channels of grace which Christ has instituted for the use of Christians to the end of time. Just as under the old law, the priesthood to which Aaron was appointed as the original stock, passed by lawful succession to the priests of later times, so

under the new law, the Christian priesthood must be transmitted and perpetuated by succession from the Apostles, and all who claim to be ministers of the Church of Christ must be regarded as impostors if they have not thus derived their authority in a lawful manner.

It is therefore not a matter of human choice, or fancy, or mere courtesy to offer fellowship in the administration of Christian sacraments, to ministers of every denomination which may claim to possess a lawful ministry; and if we are to obey the law of God we must say of those who have not the regular authority coming from the Apostles, that they are not Christian ministers at all. It was strictly forbidden under the old law for those who were not of the priestly order to offer sacrifice, or to take part in the performance of priestly functions. The same law holds in regard to the Christian ministry, and the Rev. Mr. Ker's appeal to the sects to introduce community of ministry by the interchange of pulpits, is contrary to the whole conception of the Christian ministry as taught in Holy Scripture, and by the practice of the Christian Church in all ages.

With regard to Mr. Ker's proposal that differences of doctrine should not be regarded as an obstacle to Christian unity, our remarks must be somewhat similar to what we have already said of the Christian ministry. Christ is the author of the Christian religion. He delivered His doctrine to the Apostles and commanded them to teach it in its entirety to all nations, saying: "Going, therefore, teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. xxv, 20)

Elsewhere our Lord declares that "he that believes and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." And the "Apostle of the Gentiles" declares that "without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. xi, 16.) This faith of which St. Paul speaks is defined (Heb. xi, 1) to be "the substance of things hoped for, the conviction of things that appear not." We must, therefore, pay the homage of our understanding to God, believing on His word, all things that He has revealed, even though they "appear not;" that is, even though they be incomprehensible to us. It is not for man, therefore, to agree to overlook some doctrines which God has revealed, and to permit them to be deliberately rejected from the Christian creed. Totally different from this is Mr. Ker's teaching. He gives us to understand that there are certain doctrines essential which all must believe, and on which all sects agree, but the doctrines on which they disagree he calls "non essentials," and says:

"The elevation of non-essentials into the place of essentials has the effect of obscuring the one great truth that the soul is saved by faith in Christ alone, and it places stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners trying to find their way to God."

It is at once evident that this theory that some doctrines of Christianity are essential and others non-essential was invented, not because it is the Christian truth, but because it serves as a kind of cloak to conceal the irreconcilable beliefs of the sects. It was first invented by the Lutheran Jurien for this purpose. Protestantism was re-proached by Catholic divines for the inextricable confusion it produced by its innumerable divisions on the most slender grounds, and it was to cover up the absurdity of so much self-contradiction that Jurien invented his theory. But Mr. Ker carries it a greater extreme than even Jurien contemplated, for, according to this new presentation of the case, there remains only one essential doctrine in Christianity, which is the necessity of faith in Christ, and Christians are free to reject everything else — apparently even Christ's Divinity and the inspiration of the Bible itself, as it has recently become the common practice to do.

Such a theory of Christian unity has no foundation either in scripture or in the constant belief of the Christian Church, by both of which it is strongly condemned, as we have seen above. Further, it is injurious to Almighty God, who is Truth itself, and who can neither deceive nor be deceived. We must therefore pay to Him the homage of our understanding by accepting His teaching without reserve, and without rejecting a single doctrine which He has revealed. Hence the revealed doctrines which some sects reject are just as necessary to true Christian faith as are those which Jurien and Mr. Ker

are pleased to call fundamental or essential.

How are we to reconcile what we have said here with those passages of Holy Writ wherein salvation is promised to those who believe, or who believe in Christ? To this we answer that this belief which is insisted on includes the acceptance of everything which Christ teaches, and it is only the impossibility of knowing the truth in full which can excuse some persons from mortal sin who do not believe all that Christ has taught, not from lack of good will, but because they are in a state of invincible ignorance, and do not and cannot know exactly all that God has taught. But the Church of Christ, which has been commanded to teach all that Christ has revealed, cannot enter into any bargain, even for the sake of unity, to gloss over or keep in the background any doctrine which its Master has inculcated.

JUSTICE VINDICATED.

Michael Angiolillo, or Colli, the Anarchist assassin who shot and killed Senor Canovas del Castillo, the Spanish Prime Minister, on Sunday, the 8th, was executed in his prison on Thursday, the 20th inst.

The cable despatch which announces the closing scene of this tragedy states that he heard calmly the news that he was to be executed so soon; and though he must have been aware that the execution of the sentence would not be delayed, as an announcement to this effect was made early in the week, it is said that he appeared to be surprised when on the preceding day he learned that it was to take place on the morrow.

Against the priests who offered their services to prepare him for death, he seemed to entertain a deep resentment, and he complained that they annoyed him, but said that they would obtain nothing from him, as he would die in his anarchical faith. He refused to enter the chapel, as he declared he was comfortable enough in his cell. This was, of course, bravado to show that he would die as he had lived, without the fear or love of God.

The execution was done by garotting, a mode of punishment often employed in Spain, the operation being performed by an official from Burgos. Just before this took place, a priest for the last time offered him reconciliation with God, exhorting him to repentance, but he again refused the offer, saying: "Since you cannot get me out of prison, leave me in peace. I myself will settle with God." In this deplorable state of mind he was summoned to eternity. We are not, however, greatly surprised at the obstinate spirit manifested by this assassin, as he had evidently hardened his heart against the "grace of God long before his last fearful crime, the resolution to perpetrate which, he declared at his trial, he had formed at Barcelona more than a year before, namely, on May 4, 1896, when five Anarchists were executed for participating in the throwing of a bomb into the ranks of the Corpus Christi procession of the preceding year, thereby causing the death of twelve men, women and children.

At Barcelona Angiolillo was known by the name of Jose Santos, and, according to his own statements, he planned there the murder of Signor Canovas as an act of vengeance on account of the execution of his Anarchistic friends and associates, and it is known that he was implicated even in their plot. As he did not understand the management of explosives he used the revolver in perpetrating his crime. At his trial last week, Angiolillo's counsel presented the plea that he was demented when he committed the murder. The culprit himself repudiated this plea, but it was rejected, not on the ground of his repudiation of it, but because though it was known that he was a fanatic in the principles of Anarchy, it was held that he was not insane to the degree that would excuse him from responsibility for his deed.

Angiolillo attempted to justify his conduct before the Court by a political speech in which he arraigned the Government in regard to their management of the wars now going on in Cuba and the Philippine Islands, but the presiding judge stopped his attempted speech, saying that it had no relevance to his case, and that it was no justification. The calmness of the judge and his moderation in speaking to the accused were remarkable in view of the excitement which prevails throughout the country on account of the atrocious deed so recently committed.

Angiolillo assumed a bearing of bravery at and before his execution, but this appearance which did not show itself at the close of the trial when sentence was pronounced against him. He is said to

have become deathly

to be supported by the promptitude in vindication of their judicial character, and credible to Spain.

It is seemingly a eagerness to express indignation of the capital punishment, but we cannot so on the present penalty is the only of which will keep beasts of Europe upon mankind.

Angiolillo declined to accomplish in his profess to have that the deed was chist meeting, and been made of us among whom is a companion of Signor er, named Isidoro

EDITORIAL.

"New Protestants adopted by Professor man teacher of the of interpretation advocates; but it found to be nothing of Episcopalianism."

An esteemed one that he considers to give the Catholic subscriber is through self, to a Protestant; and asks us bers not to neglect "co operating light."

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Utah has been the semi-centennial of Mormonism, reported that the ators in the women—rather it is considered degraded by the polygamy. It the past year t converts to M true it demon hold religion he the so called C State.

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have become deathly pale, and he had to be supported by the bystanders. The promptitude of the proceedings in vindication of law and order, and their judicial character, are highly creditable to Spain and its institutions. It is seemingly a sign of hard heartedness to express gratification at the infliction of the supreme penalty of capital punishment on a fellow creature, but we cannot refrain from doing so on the present occasion, as this penalty is the only restraint the fear of which will keep the Anarchist wild beasts of Europe from preying upon mankind. For self-preservation Angiolillo declared that he had no accomplices in his crime, but the police profess to have certain information that the deed was ordered at an Anarchist meeting, and several arrests have been made of suspected conspirators, among whom is an intimate friend and companion of Signor Canovas' murderer, named Isidoro Ricci.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"New Protestantism" is the name adopted by Professor Harmack, a German teacher of theology, for the system of interpretation of scripture which he advocates; but on investigation it is found to be nothing else than the old atheism of Epicurus.

An esteemed clerical friend writes that he considers it an excellent plan to give the CATHOLIC RECORD, after a subscriber is through reading it himself, to a Protestant friend or neighbor; and asks us to remind our readers not to neglect this opportunity of "cooperating in spreading the light."

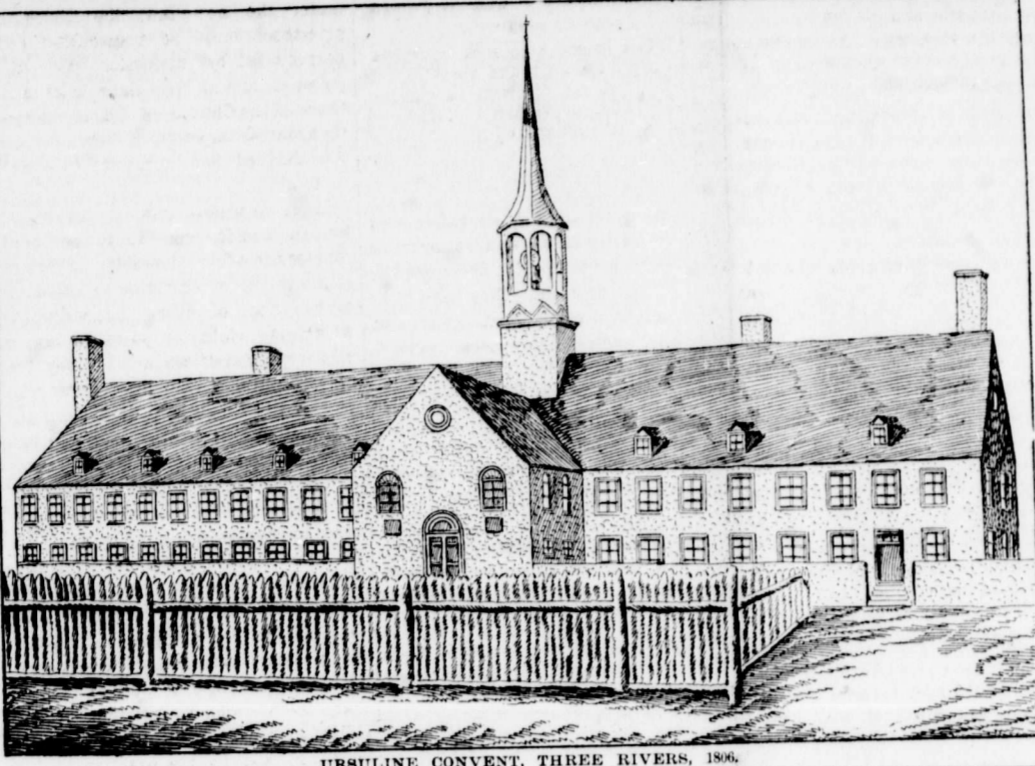
In the Church of England parish of Lambury, in Wales, the patron who has the power to appoint a rector left the choice in the hands of the ratepayers whose tithes maintain the Church. As the dissenters by far outnumber the Churchmen, the candidate of the dissenters was elected by a large majority and duly installed, and in this way the Church is now practically in the hands of the dissenters, who pay the piper. The event is one of the curiosities in the history of a Church establishment which depends entirely upon Parliament for its doctrine and disciplinary laws.

Utah has been recently celebrating the semi-centennial feast of the establishment of Mormonism in that territory under Brigham Young. It is reported that the most earnest participants in the celebration were the women—rather a surprising fact when it is considered that woman is grossly degraded by the Mormon practice of polygamy. It is claimed that within the past year there have been 10,000 converts to Mormonism. If this be true it demonstrates what a slight hold religion has on the majority of the so-called Christian settlers in the State.

It is stated that recently at Chrystal Falls, Michigan, a Pinkerton detective, disguised as a priest, induced a tramp to make a confession of murder, which was overheard by witnesses who had been purposely placed in an adjoining cell. This story has been published in the American daily papers, and so far it has not been contradicted, but if true, a most unjustifiable method has been adopted to find evidence. The office of a priest, whose duty it is to administer the sacraments of Christ, and to reconcile the repentant sinner to Almighty God, is most sacred, so that there should be no simulation of it for any secular purpose, and such a simulation is sacrilegious. The legal authorities should prohibit such an abuse as the detective in question has been guilty of, and the evidence gathered in such a way should not be made use of for the purpose of securing a conviction. The crime of the detective who employed such a device is, at least, as great as that of the criminal who was subjected to such a deception.

Regarding the religion of Edmund Burke, it is a curious fact that the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in a paper in the Dublin Nation in 1851, stated that the distinguished statesman died a Roman Catholic, having been attended in his last illness by a priest. It is strange that such a circumstance should not have been mentioned by any of the many biographers of Edmund Burke, but it would be stranger still if McGee should make the statement without any warrant. We are certain he did not do so, and we think if the matter be further inquired into our belief will be found to be justified.—Catholic Standard and Times.

We blame little things in others, and pass over great things in ourselves.—The Imitation.



URSULINE CONVENT, THREE RIVERS, 1896.

THE TWO HUNDRETH CELEBRATION OF THE THREE RIVERS' URSULINES.

The close of the scholastic year, and the commencement of the midsummer vacation, was this year celebrated by the Ursulines of Three Rivers with a grand festival of three days duration, commemorative of their existence in that city. For nearly a year preparations for this event have been going on, foremost of which was the pulling down of the old chapel, the massive walls of which have been built in the time of Louis XIV., and the erection in its



Mgr. St. Valier, Bp. of Quebec, founder of the Ursuline Convent in Three Rivers.

place of a fine edifice in grey stone capable of seating five hundred persons. This church, which is between two ancient portions of the monastery, one the community, the other the chaplain's house, has been so arranged, as regards the tinting and ornamentation of the stone, that it does not clash with the different styles of architecture of the other buildings. The interior has been delicately and appropriately frescoed by Signor Capellonow of Montreal, and does credit even to the brush of that clever artist. The statues and appointments are in perfect harmony with the whole, and over the high altar is a remarkably beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, under whose invocation the chapel is.

On Wednesday morning the fête began with a High Mass sung by Bishop Laflèche, the music of the Mass being rendered by the choir of the school, consisting of nuns and pupils. At this Mass the entire body of the church was filled with priests—priests not only of the diocese of Three Rivers, but of the neighboring dioceses in Canada, and also from the French Canadian parishes in the United States. The academic hall is a very fine one—and was appropriately decorated with wreaths, portraits, palms, potted plants, coats of arms and mottoes. At the entrance two "sweet girl graduates," dressed in the pure white uniform of the school, distributed programmes, and pretty commemorative medals to the guests.

Within the hall about two hundred white gowned girls in simultaneous "curtsey" greeted the entrance of the

Bishop and the priests, who had dined at the monastery.

The first item on the programme, after the musical overture, was a very well-delivered address by Mademoiselle Marie-Méthot—an address which spoke of the early days of the now flourishing institution, of its foundation by Mere Marie Drouet de Jésus in 1697, of the fostering care given to it by Monseigneur de St. Valier and of how that fatherly care had been handed down through the succeeding Bishops of Quebec and of Three Rivers until the present time when the community laid their grateful thanks at the feet of Monseigneur Louis François Laflèche. "Les Ursulines doivent tout à l'Épiscopat Canadien" was the refrain of the address.

A very pretty scene followed, when three dear little girls dressed as troubadours, before the scenic representation of the town of Grenoble, the native town of Monseigneur de St. Valier, played the part of crusading ancestors of the great Bishop. After this came St. Jean Baptiste, who delivered an address, the refrain of which was taken up by two angels—the angel of Canada and the angel of the monastery. Their recitations over a charming tableau vivant of a group of angels was shown, after which more music. The musical selections were well chosen and well rendered, causing many flattering comments on the style of teaching in the monastery. In this section of the programme came also a very fine tableau representing a naval combat, and Monseigneur de St. Valier taken prisoner of war. More music and then an English poem extremely well recited by Mlle. Alice Boire. A very beautiful tableau was one which represented the well known "Vision of St. Angèle." An address by Mademoiselle Claire Vanasse was delivered admirably. More music and then the gem of the programme—The Concert of the Flowers.

hours so agreeably spent among them.

His educational institutions are very dear to the heart of Mgr. Laflèche, and the evidence of the education and training imparted by the Ursulines of Three Rivers to their pupils must have been very gratifying to His Lordship.

Thursday, the second day of the festival, was devoted to the old pupils, who had come from near and far to do honor to their alma mater. From the chief cities of the Dominion, from its country parishes, from busy centres in the neighboring republic, from even as far as New Orleans, came those whose teachers still speak of them as "Ursulinettes," and for them that day the Mass, the séance and then the rare and delightful privilege of visiting the



Rev. L. S. Rheault, Vicar General, Chaplain of the Ursuline.

monastery, of peeping behind the cloister. And they did not come empty handed. Costly and useful and beautiful gifts were presented to the community. The evening closed in with illuminations, and a general spirit of fête reigned in Three Rivers. Friday was the day for the parents and citizens generally to enjoy the séance and visit the monastery. Not being an "old pupil," although hav-

ing a strong bond to the convent in the persons of six little daughters among the performers, your correspondent can speak only of this day's performance from a personal experience.

To begin with, the first impressions I received were from elbow, handles of parasols, fans, etc., as the elite of Three Rivers, Quebec, and various other places, struggled in concert (with the thermometer at eighty eight degrees) to mount the somewhat narrow stairs leading to the noble academic hall. The second impression was at the strange coincidence in the fact that the first superior of the order in Three Rivers was Mere Marie Drouet de Jésus, in 1697, and that the lovely and beloved little Mother who holds that venerated place in 1897 is another Mere Marie de Jésus. This fact is called to our minds by the names of the superiors during the last two hundred years, being entwined in golden letters round two columns which support the roof in front of the stage. The programme of the séance was the same as that of the two preceding days. At 1 o'clock began the visiting of the monastery, and as the needle of the old sun dial on the gable of the ancient

shadow of peace and learning threw its shade over the first hour of the afternoon hundreds of people might be seen wending their way to the monastery. The entrance was by the door of the academy—a fine, modern brick building of lofty rooms and modern comforts of all sorts, which is attached to the eastern end of the dear old stucco monastery. One enters a spacious hall and sees reception rooms—already well known on one side of the grating to us all—but to the surprise of many, the other side of the grating shows just as lofty rooms, just as well ventilated corridors, just as many fin de siècle inventions in the matter of desks and heating and lighting as can be boasted by any educational establishment in a large city. Perhaps some practical readers will shake their heads when I confess that I did not linger here—not even to investigate a second storey. My little girls spend ten months of the year in that building, their health is perfect, they are well content—why then wait to take a lengthy inspection of what I knew to be perfect of its class and kind, when rooms the walls of which were built in the reign of Louis XIV., were thrown open to me, when I could walk where Governor de Ramesay had walked, where the wife of the courtly Riedegel had lived, where the daughters of the de Hertels, the Robineau, de de Tonnancours, the Babys had received their education, where the early Recollets and the earlier Jesuits had passed in and out, where Mere Marie Drouet de Jésus had lived her useful life, where the saintly Abbé de Calonne, brother of the Finance Minister of Louis XVI. had breathed out his holy soul to God—rooms like these are not often opened to the profane intruder. The last time that secular foot had trod these precincts was when the gentle and good Philippe de Bourbon, Comte de Paris, came here in 1890. How to describe this old house is difficult, indeed to me it is impossible. Imagine all that is old and quaint, thick, thick walls, so thick that there is generally a very convenient cupboard built into the wall on each side of each door, not along the wall, but sideways with the door, in the thickness of the wall. Some of the floors have been renewed but others are the same floors of the olden time, the knots of the wood worn into little slippery knobs. The halls are narrow, the nuns' cells on either side, small and plain, but very well lighted and aired. The community room was Governor de Ramesay's, but very low. Here I observed that the religious sit on benches, not on chairs, as in most convents. In the community-room many of the presents were displayed. Some, of course, could not be put there, as for instance, one hundred and fifty yards of magnificent crimson Brussels carpet, the gift of the old pupils, which is laid in the church. Another very nice present was that of the Town Council of Three Rivers, a large red flag, bearing on its four corners, respectively the arms of the community, those of the City of Three Rivers, a wreath of maple leaves surrounding the date 1697, and one of laurel surrounding the date 1897, which waved over the monastery during the three days of the festival. Here in the community room were a magnificent cope of cloth of gold, a ciborium and chalice richly gilt, a very large Mass gong, a beautiful crucifix and candelabra, books, paintings, embroidery, illuminated addresses—one in French, which had had been read at the séance on the "old pupils' day" by one of their number, Mrs. Cooke, the wife of the mayor of Three Rivers; the other in English by Miss Lanigan, also an old pupil. In the community hangs a painting of the Abbé de Calonne; also one of the second superior, Mere Marie des Anges, who has the face of a very clever woman; and one of Mgr. de St. Valier. Upstairs in the novitiate hangs the crucifix of the Abbé de Calonne. We had a peep into the study of the secretary and archivist of the convent—a lady who has written the history of her community in two octavo volumes, and who has, besides, published several historical works. The walls of this room are lined with books; it is the "Canadian Historical Library" of the convent.

"We all come here to die," said my guide, as she led me into the infirmary. The idea strikes one as pessimistic, but the full meaning was that this special infirmary was a specially quiet and retired nook, for incurables. From it led a room in which was an old, old chimney. It is, I think, the refectory or dining room of the sick. In the old chimney an equally old stove, probably cast in His French Majesty's Royal St. Maurice forges, was let in. At one side of this was an odd little niche, built also in the chimney. My guide opened the oven of the stove, and produced a tea pot, from which she brewed me as good a cup of 5 o'clock tea as I have ever enjoyed. Fancy, afternoon tea in the inmost recesses of an Ursuline monastery!—an experience, which, as the saying is in these parts, "only occurs in the week of three Thursdays."

From these peaceful scenes we proceeded, visiting rooms, noting every where the great wealth of books, until we arrived at the kitchen. Such a stove! It bears the same proportion to ordinary stoves as the St. James Cathedral, of Montreal, does to ordinary churches. Possibly even its capabilities were tested the day previous, when over seven hundred sat down to dinner.

From the kitchen to the garden—where stands the oldest house in Three Rivers—built before the coming of the Ursulines. The monas-

tory was originally the residence of Governor de Ramesay, and this old cottage was for the soldiers of his guard. Beside it stands another old house in which in the early days the insane of the town were kept under the care of the devoted Ursulines.

The garden of the convent is vast and beautiful. There are arbors and grass plots, and lovely flowers, and a quaint little oratory with a very, very old altar. In one part of the recreation grounds is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, enthroned in a butternut tree, and known as "Notre Dame du Noyer." At 5 o'clock the bell of the beautiful new church of the Sacred Heart rang to call all to Benediction, which was given by Bishop Laflèche, and as the choir sang "et nunc et semper, et in secula seculorum. Amen" an invisible hand gently closed the iron gratings of the cloister upon the visitors from the outside world.

A. M. P. Bellinguet.
Three Rivers, July, 1897.

Address From the Former English Pupils on the Occasion of the Bicentenary Celebration at the Ursuline Monastery at Three Rivers, July 1, 1897.

WRITTEN AND READ BY MISS AMELIA LANIGAN.

Reverend and beloved Superior and Mothers.—We, your English pupils of former times very gladly and heartily join our congratulations with those which have already been so fully and so eloquently expressed.

We esteem ourselves happy in being present with you on this joyful occasion which you celebrate with just pride and thankfulness, the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of your house.

In this world of change, in this new world where changes are so frequent and so rapid, two centuries of continued existence, of constant service, and of steady growth amid many difficulties form a grand retrospect, and we rejoice with you to-day that the crown of well-deserved success rests upon your endeavors. Nothing else has stood unchanged, the test of Time and its ravages, but the Ursuline Convent, in this old city. The little twig, planted with faith and prayer by three brave and devoted women two hundred years ago, has grown into the stately tree whose branches have sheltered thousands. And now we are privileged to sit beneath its pleasant shade for a few hours, and live again the happy days of youth. There is many an absent English heart that joins with us to-day in our congratulations, and in grateful remembrance of the wise and loving counsels and instructions received within these walls we invoke

"The angel of the backward look,
And voices of scenes far away,
And voices of scenes far away,"

hidding her unclasp the brazen covers of her book, and let us read again on Memory's page the cherished record of our convent school days.

And the page is all illuminated with the kind faces of well-loved mistresses, and the bright countenances of merry class-mates. And the other face, grave and reverent, smiles kindly upon us as of old. We feel the touch of the vanished hand, and hear the sound of voices that are stilled.

"O! Death in Life, the days that are no more,
But we must turn from our buried Past,
To greet your brilliant Present, all glowing
With life and energy."

Surrounded as you are by young and happy faces, busied with the noble task of teaching a new generation and training them in the fear of God, yours is a perpetual youth.

"With all our hearts we say: Peace be to this house. As the centuries come and go,
May the family of St. Angela still gather
Within these walls, and still pray before their altar,
Hallowed by so many sacred memories
And associations."

May God, who has blessed and protected you in the past, guide and prosper you throughout all your future!

"Two Hundred Years."

POEM WRITTEN BY DR. J. K. FORAN, FOR THE URSULINE CELEBRATION.—(READ BY MADAMEISSELLE ALICE BOIRE.)

I.
Like St. Lawrence that rolls to Atlantic's fast
deep,
Its ceaseless, unchanging, voluminous might,
Two centuries were seen, by you gray walls,
to sweep.

With their burden of years,
With their smiles and their tears,
From the day-light of time to oblivious night.

II.
From that cloister to day, the religious looks
out,
And beholds the same stream that the founders
admired:
But changed is the scene, since the Iroquois
about,
Awakened to life,
All the demons of strife
And terror stood guard, as contempt expiring.

III.
These walls have beheld the advance guard
of truth,
Raised the cross where the savage and pagan
held sway,
They beheld the aged chief, and the warrior's
youth,
In the forest hold trust
With the envy of Christ,
And the night disappears in the dawning of
day.

IV.
The founders, her helms, no longer are
there,
Their places have all been repeatedly filled,
But the soul of community meets them in
unity,
And the cloister's grim wall
Calls its shadowy pall
On the moorlands where their true hearts forever
are stilled.

V.
Individuals die, the community lives,
Unshaken by time, like the monastery's walls,
And each one, in sacrifice, heartily gives
Her remains to that soil,
Her life unto God,
And in labors and watchfulness waits till He
calls.

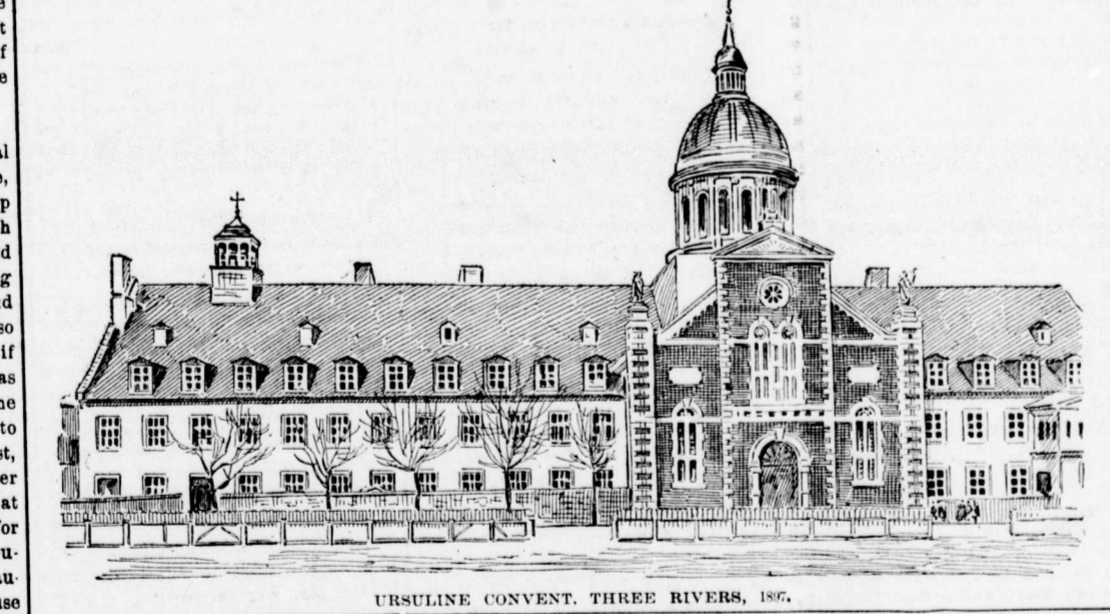
VI.
Two centuries have gone, but that cloister still
stands
Like the Church all unchanched and ever sub-
sistent,
The same in all ages the same in all lands,
Most triumphantly towers,
An Arrarat Mount o'er the deluge of Time.

VII.
And that Church will go on 'till the tpeost of
years,
Proclaims the last hour of this perishable
world,
May the children of St. Ursule, when eternity
nears,
Still inhabit these gray walls,
Unshaken till earth into chaos is hurled.

VIII.
Roll on, broad St. Lawrence, your tide to the
sea,
Reflect in your bosom the cross on your spire,
Sing the requiem of those who now sleep all-
quietly,
Beneath this monastery's name,
And the Ursuline's fame,
Till your waters are dried by the pre-ordained
fire!

Montreal, 1897.

He that would well and duly weigh
his own deeds, would have no room to
judge harshly of others.—The Imitation.



URSULINE CONVENT, THREE RIVERS, 1896.

AUBREY DE VERE'S SUBMISSION.

The Story of His Entrance into the Church, as Told by Himself.

Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the poet, is contributing a series of autobiographical articles to the *Aze Maria*. In the course of them he describes his submission to the Church, which took place in November, 1851. Mr. de Vere says:

As regards the precipitation with which I was credited, let me place a fact beside the theory. Soon after the Gorham case had been decided, I saw one of a party of High Churchmen who met at a breakfast in the house of Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. After he and some of his guests had gone upstairs, we discussed the question which was to be done by those who agreed that the Church of England had formally repudiated High Church principles, unless she distinctly repudiated that judicial tribunal which had set them at naught—a tribunal to which, whether she approved of it or not, she long remained subject. Some affirmed that as "Church principles" had always admitted that the Roman Catholic Church, whatever its defects might be, was a true part of Christ's Church, we had no choice save that of accepting her authority if the Anglican body had ceased to be a part of it. Others said that we should now, on the contrary, learn to distrust "Church principles," since we had accepted them first in the full belief that they did not lead to Rome. I was asked my opinion. I answered that it seemed to me equally true that "Church principles" could no longer be reconciled with the new position of the English community; and also that many of us had probably accepted them more easily than we should otherwise have done in the full belief that that body sincerely held them, and that they did not lead to Rome. Their position, I thought, rendered any precipitate course wrong. The duty of persons so placed was, it seemed to me, to renew a study of "Church principles" themselves, giving a considerable time to it, but meanwhile renouncing avowedly, as a temptation, what had, till the late judgment, seemed a duty of loyalty—namely, all "Anglican" prepossessions. It would be our duty as openly to discard those principles if they could not stand the test of that renewed study; and, in case they did stand it, then to renounce, at any cost to ourselves, a body which had either practically repudiated them or had never really held them. Robert Isaac Wilberforce (the Bishop's elder brother), whose learning had earned for him the name of the "walking dictionary of the Church of England," after a pause, replied to this effect: "That would be the wise and honest course." I gave two years to that renewed study before I took the final step.

What affected me most during my two years of renewed study respecting "Church principles" was not found mainly in controversial works: it was found first in the Holy Scriptures. Daily I felt more and more how marvellous was the blindness of the many to the large degree in which the teaching of our Divine Lord, especially in His parables, related to His Church, in them commonly named His "kingdom." His teaching had evidently been to a great extent a preparatory teaching concerning that Church which was to spring into existence on His ascension into heaven and on the descent of the Holy Spirit—that Church which He had commanded to teach the nations. Not less striking was the degree in which the unity of that teaching was connected with the unity of that Church, and also the degree in which both these unities were connected with that one great Apostle who was to "strengthen his brethren" by being an abiding principle of organic unity. The aid I received from uninspired writers came to me also, not from writers of the polemical but from the philosophical school, and chiefly from Coleridge, Bacon, and St. Thomas Aquinas.

St. Thomas led me on and up into regions of thought far above the "polemical." He taught me that the real question at issue was not that of a single doctrine, however sacred. It was this: Is faith certain? If so, it can move mountains. Is it but opinion? If so, even a true opinion, it can not add a cubit to a man's stature. It was not for mere opinions that the martyrs died.

Returning after a period of independent thought (an independence not challenged by me but forced on me), and after study of long-honored and not recent authorities, the arguments used by many of our more eminent writers during this season of distress acquired for me a character not theirs before, especially the arguments of High Churchmen, which tempted me often to say, "Their poverty and not their will consents." They seemed plainly rhetorical, and often contradictory. Strong statements by which I had once been caught now appeared but bravura phrases, not what was needed—exact thoughts. One old friend—a man of great learning and great rectitude—met my arguments by a statement that he had long since come to the opinion that "scientific theology was an impossible thing."

I had lay advisers as well as clerical. I may as well mention that Carlyle was one of those who gave me the most curious form of warning: "I have ridden over here to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole." I said: "But you used always to tell me that the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian body that was consistent and could defend her position." He re-

plied: "And so I say still. But the Church of England is much better notwithstanding, because her face is turned in the right direction." I answered: "Carlyle, I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one."

THEY WILL BE DONE.

With uplifted hands, it may be, but in many cases, we fear, with no uplifted heart, the Christian prays: "They will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." For many Christians do not evidence in their speech, or disposition that they possess the sweet content which the heartfelt utterance of these words implies.

Often, we hear it said that he or she "just worried himself or herself to death." Or, "such a one is very ill, but it is nothing but pure worry that has made her so." And yet what does this worrying into sickness and death, or worrying at all, for that matter, indicate?

To our mind it is more often wilfulness, or seeking one's own will, instead of "Our Father's will," notwithstanding the declaration of that our daily prayer—that surrounds with annoying circumstances, and one's fretfulness, therefore, though not so intended, is really self-accusing.

In itself worry indicates "little faith." In some "exaggerated nature" it is simply an hysterical habit that makes slight and temporary inroads into their own systems, but cruelly lacerates the feelings and strains the generosity of friends and relatives.

A decent solicitude for the welfare of home and family, or the success of an honest enterprise, is proper and commendable; but what is known as worry is unbecoming in Christians, who have been taught that if they seek first the kingdom of God and His justice all else will be added to them, and who must know, therefore, that their trials come as results of their neglect to do so, or that they are loving tests, and a change of heart in the first case, and a little patience in the second, will bring out the bright clouds again; or that, at any rate, their burdens will become easy to bear by reason of the special graces which will be given them.

Has not Christ Himself said that His yoke is sweet and His burden light? Of what use are fret and worry? These cloud the mind and drive peace from the home circle, and leave all affected by them unable to discover opportunities. A truly brave spirit recognizes what sacrifices the moment calls for, accepts and bears them gracefully; meantime watching with hopeful gaze and cheery heart for the silver lining that clings to every cloud.

His bright face grows brighter still, he never moopes or groans despondently, but keeps "up and doing." His heart goes with his prayer. To him, in God's good time, the needed answer comes.—Catholic Review.

The Lay Catechist.

There seems to be a growing demand for the catechist, who, whether he be one of the laity or one consecrated in religion, can follow up the work of the missionary and attend to the practical details of instruction.

A missionary's choicest work is, by careful exposition and attractive presentation, to captivate the hearts and minds of his listeners. He forms into the inquiry class those who have been, as it were, half convinced that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ. "Inquirers" have come to that state of mind in which they say "I want to know more of the teachings of the Church."

To learn the doctrines of the Church thoroughly requires both time and attention. The missionary's call to other fields cuts short his time, and his multifarious duties prevent him from giving the attention to the inquiry class that it demands; and yet the work of the inquiry class is in a sense more important than platform preaching. Who is there, therefore, that will step into the breach and consecrate time and attention to this evangelical work?

In the economy of all Divine work the Holy Spirit provides the supply for the demand. May we not hope, then, that devoted souls who are fitted by their special knowledge and earnest zeal will be inspired to offer themselves for this work?

A convert thoroughly instructed in his religion often makes the best catechist. Such a one is generally very intelligent, and he is one who has been over the road and knows the landmarks, and therefore can ordinarily answer the difficulties and meet the objections of his catechumens. The ancient discipline of the Church provided for a class of lay helpers that took on themselves these special duties. Why in our modern work should not this urgent need be supplied? We believe that it is only necessary to voice the want, and the ones adapted for this special want will volunteer for the service. Already we find a number of the very best young men and women giving their time in Sunday schools for the instruction of children. The art of the Sunday-school teacher carried to a still greater perfection will make the competent catechist.—The Missionary.

You cannot say that you have tried everything for your rheumatism, until you have taken Ayer's Pills. Hundreds have been cured of this complaint by the use of these pills alone. They were admitted on exhibition at the World's Fair as a standard cathartic.

A WORD TO THOSE IN DOUBT.

Years ago we were acquainted with an estimable young woman who called herself a Protestant, but we do not remember now to what sect of Protestantism she claimed to belong.

She was of a pleasant disposition, not given, naturally, to worryment; had a bright mind, and, it seemed to us, an exceeding good-will. Needless to say, we became deeply interested in each other, and, being so, our conversations frequently took on a very serious character and the doors of our hearts were often left ajar in each other's presence.

Religion became a principal topic of our not infrequent little talks—others might have thought them long—and thus it became apparent that, as a matter of fact, she was really in doubt, as to whether she was in the right or not.

"And why remain so?" we asked. "Oh," she answered, "I would indeed be glad to set my heart at rest; but when I think of the number of religions to be examined into, I become hopeless ever to settle the question as to which is really the right one."

Would that she had taken the advice we then gave her, and which we now repeat for the benefit of the many like her who find themselves in a similar state of doubt and hesitation.

You will admit that all other religions, as you call them, while differing from each other, agree in opposing the Catholic Church. Would it not be a wise proceeding, therefore, on your part, to begin by examining her claims upon your allegiance? Doubtless, with that examination, your investigation would end, your doubts be all dissolved. This has been the result for all sincere doubters who have recognized their consequent duty to investigate and who have begun by examining the claims of the *one true Church*.

For the benefit of any romantic reader that may wish to know about it, we admit the fact that the young woman herein alluded to—and the writer were afterwards married—but to others. In the full tide of our own happiness in being blessed with the life companionship of one who was "born in the faith," still do we long to hear if that other one has at last found the peace exceeding great for which her fresh young heart so ardently yearned. Alas! how many are crying to their hearts: peace! peace! But there can be no real peace for them until they rest on the bosom of the Church established by Christ, which hath all peace to bestow upon mankind.—Catholic Review.

Holy Rollers.

A new religious sect known as the Holy Rollers has taken root on the shores of Canandaigua Lake, New York state. According to the Holy Rollers regeneration is effected in several ways, the course of treatment including prayer, bathing, rubbing and baptism by immersion. When these remedies prove futile in cleansing the soul of the sinner the penitent is obliged to perform what the believers call the "holy roll." The unregenerate lies upon the floor at one end of the building and rolls over and over, like a log, until everyone present is satisfied that the devil has been shaken out. Sometimes the ceremony lasts a quarter of an hour, but if the convert has been an unusually tough customer he may be compelled to roll for four or five hours—a most heroic method of securing salvation. As the subject rolls by the kneeling audience every person has the privilege to ask such questions as he sees fit, and the convert must make satisfactory answers before he is allowed to rise. The sins of a lifetime must be confessed in detail and the innermost secrets of the soul made public.

The Holy Rollers have operated extensively in central and western New York, and the country is in a state of religious excitement not unlike that which marked the beginning of Mormonism.

Perhaps the strongest feature of this frenzy is the establishment recently of a series of religious principles, the adherents of which call themselves Kneer Benders.

The Kneer Benders are a very small sect and live along the eastern shore of Seneca Lake. This sect originated about two months ago. At that time a Swedish farmer named Burson, a man of considerable education, commenced to act in a strange manner. He claimed that he had visions and refused to assist in work, and spent most of his time on a knoll near the lake. He remained on his knees, and, in answer to all inquiries, he said that the Great Jehovah had commanded him to spend the rest of his life in that position. Shortly after receiving this revelation he began to preach, his themes being on socialistic lines. Gradually his relatives began to be imbued with the sincerity of his preachings and espoused the strange religion. The entire family soon commenced to remain on their knees. The enthusiasts now number about twenty.—Catholic Citizen.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Carwell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

HIS IDLE DAYS.

The Interesting Way the Pope Uses Them.

Notwithstanding the intense heat, which in Rome has this year really assumed extraordinary proportions, Leo XIII. maintains his usual health, feeling, indeed, rather better and stronger than in the winter. His Holiness passes the hot hours of the day in the apartment especially prepared for him in the tower of Leo IV. in the Vatican gardens, where, by reason of the thickness of the walls, the temperature is always fresh.

Prof. Lapponi, his personal doctor, has often remarked to me that the summer seems to benefit him, and that the season to be feared is the winter, when it is almost impossible to keep an even temperature in the immense apartments of the Vatican, and to prevent draughts, the lightest of which is felt by His Holiness.

Besides this, the Pope leads in the summer months, without doubt, a much easier life than in the winter, because of the comparatively small amount of business to be transacted and the almost entire suspension of functions and receptions, which are for him most exhausting.

Now the Pope rises rather early, and immediately receives a resume of news coming from all parts of the world, prepared purposely for him in the most condensed form, by a special office in the Vatican, which works from midnight until his hour for receiving it, summarizing it from telegrams, letters, and newspapers. The general outlook over the world is shortly after completed by a visit from Cardinal Rampolla, with whom he discusses the most important affairs.

After a frugal breakfast, accompanied by his private attendant, he descends to the garden and is driven to the tower of Leo IV., escorted only by a member of the Noble Guard, with whom he converses amiably about the doings and gossip of the town. He usually descends from the carriage to take a walk in his flower garden, which, though not large, is bright with blossoms and in which he is said to take a great interest. He occupies himself also with the growth of his grape vines, speaking personally on the subject with his gardeners. Grapes are among his favorite fruit, especially the "pizutello," an oblong white grape, found almost exclusively near Rome. In the tower he attends only to ecclesiastical or literary work, especially Latin poetry, in which he is such an adept, and a little before sunset returns as he came to the Vatican Palace. If nothing of great importance has occurred he is not disturbed with politics until the next morning.

It is asserted that the Pope's attention at present is again directed toward the subject of international arbitration, of which he is such a staunch advocate, and which he considers a principle peculiarly appertaining to the domain of the Papacy. He says that the duty of the common Father of the Faithful and of the Head of Catholicism is to work for the establishment of permanent peace among nations. He seems to think that the concert of the powers, which has so long succeeded in remaining unanimous with regard to the Levant question, is a step toward the realization of his cherished ideal.

Love for Protestants.

We should cultivate a spirit of love for our Protestant neighbors. They are our brethren. We are, in a measure, responsible for their salvation. If we have good will for them we should try to be of service to them. Most of them, we believe, are sincere in their belief. If they thought for a moment that the Catholic Church was the one true and only Church of Christ, they would, so we want to believe, reject their errors and seek admission into it. Living, possibly without fault, under the conviction that the Church is not all that it claims to be, they must follow their conscience. We, therefore, should be gentle and considerate towards them, doing them every kindness in our power, avoiding unnecessary and acrimonious controversy, but making opportunely plain statements of the Catholic faith and so living in opposition to worldliness—to pride, to vanity, to sensuality and to all other sin—that they may be struck with the power of the grace of God that abounds in our sacrifice and sacraments.—Western Catholic News.

Another English Archbishop.

The London *Daily Telegraph*, which has good inspirations in regard to Catholic news, has received information qualifying it to print as follows: "His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan presided at a full meeting of the Southern Roman Catholic bishops at St. Mary's Oscott, when matters of considerable importance were discussed. The question of the appointment of a second Archbishop for England and Wales has been for some time under the consideration of Leo XIII., and it is expected that the fiat of His Holiness will shortly be received, and that the honor will doubtless fall on the See of Liverpool." Mgr. Whiteside, a young Bishop, fills the See of Liverpool.

Popular Hotel Man.

"I was troubled with pimples on my face and head which caused me much annoyance. After trying many remedies without benefit I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle helped me and I took four bottles. I am now completely cured." James Reilly, Proprietor Chapman House, Sarnia, Ont.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

Newman and Renan.

The Rev. Dr. William Barry, in the London *National Review*, draws the following contrast between Cardinal Newman and Ernest Renan: "Plutarch has written 'Parallel Lives'; and history, no less than drama, delights in contrast and coincidence. But seldom, perhaps, did it execute in this line a stroke so remarkable as when, in the month of October, 1845, and almost on the same day of the month, it led John Henry Newman to the door of the Catholic Church whilst Ernest Renan was issuing thence, and bidding his early faith an everlasting farewell. We may figure to ourselves the 9th of October as a famous and a fatal day in that year, shining for Catholicism with brilliant light and setting in deep shadow. Newman has long been recognized as one of the crowned and sceptered kings of English prose literature, without a competitor save Ruskin; but as a spiritual teacher, a light in the world of religious development, he is by far the greatest that has risen during our century. On the other hand, which among illustrious French writers has excelled Renan; I speak of the extreme French achievement, again of prose, not of poetry; and I call to mind Chateaubriand, George Sand, Victor Hugo—these are the highest modern names—but can we praise them beyond the choice, and endlessly cunning artist who, by a secret known to himself and none other, has combined the Celtic and the classic eloquence, stolen the hearts of friends and enemies, hidden the charm of his persuasiveness in words as simple as they are touching, and given to a phrase or an epithet power so strange that, once heard, it will never be forgotten? But such was Renan. He has wrapped himself in the cloak of the wizard Prospero, borrowing for the nonce his staff and magic volume, not unsuccessfully. Now, if we should think of Newman as Ariel, a spirit most delicate, detached, and filled with heavenly light, the terms of our comparison would not be wanting."

Falling Away From His Faith.

The *Catholic Citizen* in an article on "Falling Away From the Faith," says: "Here is a man who ceased to practice his religion because of a dispute regarding the location of a new church site; another, because some 'good' church man owed him money and did not pay; another, because he disagreed with his local pastor on the school question or in politics; and another because sermons were not preached in English. These cases and a hundred others result in disaffection from religion, and people, otherwise good, fall away. A truly Catholic spirit is something not to be gained without effort or kept without care. It is not distributed by personal feeling; it bows to authority in matters of faith and discipline."

Ritualism in Scotland.

A member of the Scottish Church Society, the Rev. M. Charleson, Thornliebank, has introduced into his church a service book of "Mattis and Evening-song" in which devotion to the Blessed Virgin, prayers to the saints and prayers for the dead form prominent features. Such bigoted opposition was stirred up by the *auld lights* of the Kirk that the book had to be withdrawn from circulation. Still Scotland boasts of a "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament," numbering three hundred and nine members who recently assembled in Edinburgh to celebrate their annual festival, when various "high" services were held in three of the principal Ritualistic churches in the city.—London Catholic Monitor.

There's no question about it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier. This is proven by its wonderful cures of blood diseases.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children feeding. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera, if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. It is safe, sure and effectual.

12 STEARNS' BICYCLES

AND 27 GOLD WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH TO THOSE WHO SEND THE LARGEST NUMBER OF

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

Your Grocer will give you particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER BROS. Limited, 23 Scott St., Toronto

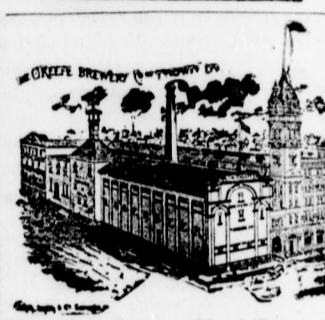


Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore which carried the story far and wide, of certain cure for the loathsome disease that bubbled up from the tainted tide of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name and his sarsaparilla, that all now know, that was just beginning its fight of fame with its cures of 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record.

50 Years of Cures.



The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd. SPECIALTIES: High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales XXX Porter and Stout. Pilsener-lager of world-wide reputation.

High-Class Church Windows Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont. ASK FOR DESIGNS

NEW YORK CATHOLIC AGENCY The object of this Agency is to supply, at the regular dealers' prices, any kind of goods imported or manufactured in the United States. The advantages of price and convenience of this Agency are many, a few of which are: 1st. It is situated in the heart of the wholesale trade of goods, and each customer has the opportunity of seeing and touching any quantity at the lowest wholesale rates, thus getting its profits or commissions from the importers or manufacturers, as it please.

2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made for them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the actual price charged.

3rd. Should a patron want several different articles, embracing as many separate trades or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and correct filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge.

4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a particular line of goods, may get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency.

5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the transient army of missionaries, who are allowed the regular or usual discount.

Any business matters, outside of buying and selling goods, connected with the operation or management of this Agency, will be given and conscientiously attended to by your strictly confidential and reliable agent, who has authority to act as your agent. Write for want to buy anything, and your orders to THOMAS D. EGAN, Catholic Agency, Barclay St., New York, N.Y.

WESTERN ONTARIO'S SUMMER RESORT "THE FRASER," PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO. (ESTABLISHED 27 YEARS.) WAS built in 1870, and is now open for the season. People who have heretofore gone to the expense and inconvenience of long and wearisome trips to the seaside, and other distant summer resorts, are gradually awakening to the fact that they have near their own doors one of the prettiest spots on the Continent, where they can obtain all the advantages most pleasantly upon a lofty hill overlooking Lake Erie from a height of 150 feet, and commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful scenery surrounding it every side.

The handsome dining-room of "The Fraser" has a seating capacity for 300 guests. The proprietor recently erected an addition to the house, which will increase the accommodation by ten rooms. The bar room has been removed from the hotel, and a barber shop and other accessories have been provided. Three Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway trains leave the Port daily, connecting at London and at St. Thomas, running east, west and north to all important points. WM. FRASER, Proprietor.

DR. WAUGH, 57 TALBOT ST., LONDON, Ont. Specialty, Nervous Diseases. DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVE. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes tested, diseases adjusted. Hours 11 to 4. LOVE & DIGMAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 118 Talbot street, London. Private funds to loan.

FIVE-MINUTE The Twelfth Sunday LOVE FOR

The Gospel of today, tells us the famous Samaritan. To which our Lord will this would seem to that true charity ers every one as is ready to do good to cost a good deal of This is a lesson wd difficulty and easi priest is obliged, imd ing it all the time, coming to him wd troubles, and cut of profession from th family, he has to brethren and to tr such. But you w whom you are obli very naturally tal and the cares whi have to be continu there are other family circle whos allow you to neglig But here someth is a little strange made for the orp foreign missions, by some calamity, seem to step to the without much diffi complain that they able aims, especial that plenty of peop are helping to th ones get along w these who suffer ar are so in every ste in your own strees few blocks away; over, who have no help them. Now strange.

For this is real most necessary ar we have to mak parish work is th Catholic, after the household are rea to. To help in th is, to put in, ea fair share to the which parish wo done, calls for.

Now, some peo must say most p get hold of this contrary, they a of their own wh one, and which lous were not th gravity and the perhaps, I may they often ru fused mass. On or no parish wor of a kind that w when the priest all the time, he himself; the ot work, but that himself to do it.

My dear bre will you wake there are few millionaires, or that want t work's sake? were a million obliged to put Church work u the people. H life to the servi but is not oblig put all the mo inheritance or less in order t But really the that is not wor real state of th is an immense for the Church and in every priest will do here for; but do it—money spend on his knows. And count for his y, exactly account if y from doing it means to wor We beg of and for your shoulders to scul's sake, d ment seat o account of p dollars by th yourselves.

On the 10th ment was de land, to the gave their li fame fever-city in 1847 broke out a in Liverpool twenty-four tion to their months the been sacrific more three grave. On of had all the O'Reilly, la

Not one made by th illa accordi more, we b which it h So say hun the country cure you.

Faggd become figg miserible fe and respon ars. The live for. T of Parmelee in restoring and Dandel ing into the



Years Ago. The letter bore the story far and wide...

Sarsaparilla. It is a record for cures of any blood purifier...

High-Class Church Windows. Hobbs Mfg. Co. London, Ont.

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FRASER'S. FRASER'S. FRASER'S. FRASER'S.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

The Twelfth Sunday After Pentecost. LOVE FOR OTHERS.

The Gospel of to-day, my dear brethren, tells us the familiar story of the good Samaritan.

But here something happens which is a little strange. If an appeal is made for the orphan, or for some foreign missions...

For this is really the principal, the most necessary and urgent appeal that we have to make.

Now, some people, indeed I fear we must say most people, do not seem to get hold of this idea at all.

My dear brethren in Christ, when will you wake up to the truth that there are few priests indeed that are millionaires...

On the 10th of last month a monument was dedicated in Liverpool, England...

Not one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsaparilla according to directions.

Faded Out.—None but those who have become faded out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Pray to the Blessed Virgin.

All who are in need of spiritual assistance, pray to the Virgin Mary.

An Indian's Advice. A paper edited and printed by Indian lads for Indian young people...

Speaking the Truth. Never tell a lie, or a half or quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie.

Young Girls and the Stage. The stage has a wondrous fascination for many young girls.

The Sin of Idleness. There seems to be a tendency nowadays to forget that sloth is one of the seven deadly sins.

Profanity. One of the most disgusting and prevalent vices which is growing to alarming proportions...

Profanity. One of the most disgusting and prevalent vices which is growing to alarming proportions...

Profanity. One of the most disgusting and prevalent vices which is growing to alarming proportions...

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

earn an honest living, and the money they need to administer to their vices...

Frank McLaughlin's Start. The value to young people of cheerfulness and zeal in the service of their employer...

Pious Prigs. The Catholic Church is God's democracy. The money-changers are driven from her portals.

A Church that Cannot Err. A convert in California, the Rev. C. A. Ramm, lately gave a lecture in San Francisco...

ALCOHOLISM... The Liquor Habit. A new home treatment, known as the "Dyke Cure," by which every victim of the liquor habit...

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS. An Opportunity to Possess a Beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent...

THE HOLY BIBLE. (A SMALLER EDITION) Translated from the Latin Vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth...

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WELL-BEGUN IS HALF DONE. Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

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SURPRISE SOAP. It's made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

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ESTABLISHED 1848. State University 1866. Created a Catholic University by Pope Leo XIII. 1889.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA. Under the Direction of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate.

WESTERN FAIR. LONDON, SEPTEMBER 9th to 18th, 1897. CANADA'S FAVORITE LIVE STOCK AND AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

ALCOHOLISM... The Liquor Habit. A new home treatment, known as the "Dyke Cure," by which every victim of the liquor habit...

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS. An Opportunity to Possess a Beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay.

THE HOLY BIBLE. Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent...

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THE HOLY BIBLE. (A SMALLER EDITION) Translated from the Latin Vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth...

Windsor Salt. Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence. At the last regular meeting of Branch 57, Orillia, the following resolution of condolence was moved by Brother R. L. Lynch...

I. C. B. U.

Toronto, Aug. 22, 1897. At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 2, I. C. B. U., held on Monday, Aug. 17, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

DIocese OF PETERBOROUGH.

Episcopal Visitation of Outlying Parishes of the Diocese. We learn from the Peterborough Examiner of August 21, that His Lordship Bishop O'Connor has returned from one of his periodic visits to the outlying missions of his large diocese.

effort as to get to shore and elude his pursuers. At one time he was almost caught when one of the guides threw the Bishop's tent over the animal's head. The bear had a hard time of it in defending himself in such a peculiar mode of warfare, and as soon as he could free himself from the tent, he no longer got in getting as far away from the canonists as possible. His escape was facilitated by the fact that no one was willing to get too near as one might be shot.

At Fort William the church and convent, which were destroyed several years ago by fire and were rebuilt, look very handsome. A large orphanage for Indian children has also been erected at this point. The town seems to be prosperous and its business men are generally well-to-do. The Bishop's visit was not so favorably impressed with the activity in Port Arthur and other towns and villages along the line.

novices. Miss Moylan, youngest daughter of V. M. Moylan, of 283 Horton street, London, and Miss Agnes Keating, daughter of Mr. R. Keating of Ingersoll, exchanged their beautiful bridal costumes for the poor habits of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and will henceforth be known, respectively, as Sister Mary of Mount Carmel and Sister M. Francis Regis. Miss Hussey, of Kingsbridge in the religion Sister Mary Philomena, sister of Sister Elizabeth, pronounced her vows.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Toronto, Aug. 22. Special services in connection with the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science were held in St. Michael's cathedral yesterday. In the morning High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Father John Joseph, assisted by Rev. D. Tracy as deacon and Mr. Augustus O'Donoghue as sub-deacon.

fruit farm in Florida, whether the family moved six months ago. The deceased lady was a practical Catholic, always ready to die—charitable to a fault, ever eager to relieve distress. Although apparently strong, she died for some weeks previous to her death, being troubled with weak spells occasionally, which she regarded as a premonition of sudden death; and so it proved.

FORGIVES THE ASSASSIN.

Madrid, August 13.—Senor Canovas's body was laid away today in the family vault in the St. Isidore Cemetery, amid salvos of artillery and the tolling of all the bells of the city. As the pall bearers lifted the coffin to remove it from the house Senora Canovas, in a clear, firm tone, said: 'I desire that all should know I forgive the assassin. It is the greatest sacrifice I can make, but I make it for the sake of what I know of my husband's great heart.'

DISEASE CONQUERED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gain Another Great Victory—A Reporter's Searching Investigation into a case at Orangeville—The Claims made on Behalf of this Medicine Fully borne out—The Greatest Healing Medicine of the age.

WHY WILL IRISHMEN ALLOW IT?

Dear Sir—While glancing over the columns of one of the Catholic papers recently my attention was drawn to the fact that Irish still continue to be targets of ridicule. Much has been said and much has been written in condemnation of those who caricature the Irish for the sake of making a laugh.

FATHER McPHILLIPS' FUNERAL.

From the Caldwell Sentinel of Aug. 5. We copy the following reference to the late Rev. Father McPhillips: The funeral of the late Father Henry J. McPhillips, of Upper Gore, which took place Thursday, was largely attended by the clergy of the diocese and by the public generally.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

On Saturday afternoon last, His Grace the Right Rev. J. Hubert de la Rivière, Archbishop of Ottawa, arrived in Almonte on his regular pastoral visit. He had been previously in the parishes of Richmond and Huntley, in each of which he had administered the sacrament of confirmation. He was received in Almonte with the usual formalities, the church, inside and outside, being neatly decorated for the occasion.

MONEY TO BURN.

Chicago. "Oh, yes, there's plenty of money in Chicago—all kinds of money." With this in the man from the Windy City took a cigar from his pocket and holding a ten-dollar bill to the gas calmly lit his cigar. A couple of bystanders offered him a light.

sheep, 64 cars through, 20 on sale; market closed for the week steady and firm; veils scarce and steady, at 4.25 to 4.50. Hops—Receipts 1,000,000 lbs.; pig, at 25 to 30; others, 42.25 to 45.25; rough, 35 to 40; sheep, 4.25 to 4.50; lambs—Receipts, 8 cars through, 7 sheep; market strong, but few good ones here outside of five decks of Canada lambs that arrived late; native lambs, culls to good, 2.50 to 3.50; sheep, 2.50 to 4.50; wethers, 4.40.

Coleman's SALT. Celebrated DAIRY HOUSEHOLD SALT. PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

FOREST CITY BUSINESS & SHORTHAND COLLEGE. LONDON, ONT. Reopens Sept. 1st. Our course, methods and facilities are unsurpassed. Fine teachers' rooms specially planned for health and convenience. Can accommodate 200 pupils.

Peterboro Business College. The satisfaction given those who attend the school. Nowhere can a better Business Education be obtained. The fees are low, and terms of payment easy.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE. MONTREAL, QUE. Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Complete Classical Course. Taught in French.

CLASSES OPEN ON SEPTEMBER 1st. Address: REV. A. D. TIRRELL, S.J., Director. 445 DOLLARS. 845.

CENTRAL Business College. You will pay an invaluable course of training in the shorthand, telegraphy and general commercial subjects in the hands of the best teachers.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED. In Affiliation with the University of Toronto. Highest Musical Standing in Canada.

SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION. Dr. Carlyle, Principal. Send for New Catalogue free.

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Disorders. orders concealed; self-entirely vegetable treatment. Particulars by mail or office. Much valuable matter in 100 page book, all free.

WANTED. Queen Victoria; Her Life and Reign. Extraordinary testimonial from the most eminent men of the day. The Queen of the Queen is seen in Her Majesty's private life. Order at once. Sold by the thousands; gives enthusiastic satisfaction.

TEACHER WANTED. Immediately for the Roman Catholic Separate School, No. 22, Gloucester. One that can teach French and English preferred.

C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London. Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at the hall, Ashton Block, Richmond Street. G. Barry, President.

WANTED. Queen Victoria; Her Life and Reign. Extraordinary testimonial from the most eminent men of the day. The Queen of the Queen is seen in Her Majesty's private life. Order at once.

WANTED A QUALIFIED TEACHER. Immediately for the Roman Catholic Separate School, No. 22, Gloucester. One that can teach French and English preferred.

SOCIETY SEAL AND STAMPS. Finest work, lowest price in Canada. Wholesale prices of 6 Victoria St., Toronto.

FALL TERM—SEPT. 1st. CENTRAL Business College. A live, go-ahead school that thoroughly prepares young men and women for business life.

J. E. BRUXER & CO. Toronto's Leading Fashionable Tailors. 222 QUEEN ST. E. All work guaranteed first-class and up-to-date.

NEALON HOUSE. 197 and 199 King St. W. TORONTO. J. O'Connell, Proprietor. Lately renovated and furnished throughout.

CURRY, BAKER & CO., ARCHITECTS. CURATORS, HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS, ETC. 70 Victoria St., Toronto.

DETOIT. Wheat, No. 2 red 81c; No. 1 white, 85c; No. 2 yellow, 78c; oats, No. 2 white, 20c; rye, 30c; hay, No. 1, timothy, \$8.50 per ton in car lots; honey, best white comb, 10 to 12c per lb.; cheese, full cream Michigan, 10c per lb.; eggs, strictly fresh, 12 to 15c per dozen; green corn, 50 to 60c per bush; butter, fancy dairy, 18c; first class dairy, 1c; creamery, 10 to 15c per lb.; beans, city hand picked, 80 to 85c per bush; buckwheat, \$2.50 per bush; new potatoes, 60 to 65c per bush; cabbage, 30 to 40c per doz.; peaches, \$1.25 per bush; apples, new, \$2.25 per bush; poultry, alive, 10c per lb.

WEDDING BELLS. On Tuesday, August 17, Rev. M. J. Tierney officiated in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. John Crooks and Miss Teresa Graham, youngest daughter of Mrs. Marshall Le Gar, 177 Kent street, London. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's cathedral, which was well filled with friends and good-wishers of the happy young couple. As the bride was a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin the marriage ceremony was performed before the altar of Our Lady, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with pink and white flowers; and the Sodality choir sang appropriate hymns during the Mass. The bride, who was prettily attired in white mulin, trimmed with lace and ribbons, was assisted by another Sodality, Miss Annie Muckler; while Mr. Wm. Nolan attended the groom. The wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mrs. Le Gar.

THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF PIUS IX.

Editor of the Pilot.—In your issue of the 7th inst. your Rome correspondent expresses surprise at the fact that, in none of the half-dozen Lives of Pius IX. his possession of a supernatural gift of foresight, and occurrence of April 12, 1858 (not 1854) when the late Holy Father and so many of his suite and others miraculously escaped the hands of the assassins. It is to be regretted that no reference is made to this remarkable occurrence of April 12, 1858 (not 1854) when the late Holy Father and so many of his suite and others miraculously escaped the hands of the assassins. It is to be regretted that no reference is made to this remarkable occurrence of April 12, 1858 (not 1854) when the late Holy Father and so many of his suite and others miraculously escaped the hands of the assassins.

OBITUARY.

MISS NELLIE DILLON, LONDON. Died, at the residence of her mother, Waterloo street, London, on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, fortified by all the rites of the Church, Miss Nellie, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Dillon, of Mass, was celebrated for the repose of the departed soul on Tuesday, August 17, by the Rev. Father McCormack, in St. Peter's cathedral. She was only 18 years of age and was engaged to be married to Mr. D. G. Donaghue, a respectable young farmer of Emily town, when she died.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON, Aug. 26. — Wheat, 78 to 81c per bushel. Oats, 25 to 27c per bushel. Peas, 36 to 38c per bushel. Barley, 24 to 25 1/2 per bushel. Rye, 28 to 30 1/2c per bushel. Corn, 30 1/2 to 33 1/2c per bushel. Two milk cows were offered for \$75. Apples were scarce, and sold for 1 to 2 1/2c per bushel. Peaches sold for 20 cents per basket. Potatoes were in large quantities, and sold for 10 to 20 cents per bushel. Tomatoes were scarce, and sold for 70 to 75 cents per basket (half bushels). Celery sold for 2 1/2 cents per doz. Cabbage, 20 to 25 cents per doz. Cauliflowers, 20 to 25 cents per doz. Eggs fresh, 11 to 12 cents per doz. Basket, 10 to 12 cents per doz. Butter, fancy dairy, 18 to 20 cents. Crock, 15 to 18 cents a pound.

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WEDDING BELLS.

CROOKS-GRAHAM. On Tuesday, August 17, Rev. M. J. Tierney officiated in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. John Crooks and Miss Teresa Graham, youngest daughter of Mrs. Marshall Le Gar, 177 Kent street, London. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's cathedral, which was well filled with friends and good-wishers of the happy young couple. As the bride was a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin the marriage ceremony was performed before the altar of Our Lady, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with pink and white flowers; and the Sodality choir sang appropriate hymns during the Mass.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION.

The pretty little chapel of Mount Hope Orphan Asylum was the scene of another solemn ceremony on Wednesday morning, August 14. The occasion being the reception of two young ladies into the congregation of the Order of St. Joseph, and the pronouncing of the final vows of one of the

Creator, God Immense

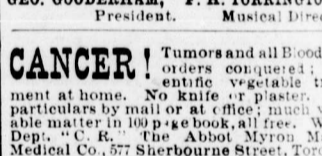
BY CARDINAL. O God from God, and from Thyself, Why art Thyself the Creator? Our chaunts shall break, He with us while we pray: Chase, than the gloom of The throbbing shades, The sloth and drowsiness, The senses with a spell: Lord, to their sins indu Who, in this hour for By faith in this hour for With songs prevent it: Grant this, O Father, of And Spirit, God of god To whom all thy worship al In every time and place

PRIESTHOOD AND

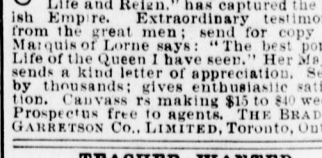
Recently His E Vaughan delivered mon on "Priesthood He took for his text ad intelledum pro living to make in Jesus Christ, he said to make intercession beginning there From the days of read that sacrifice God; and there we our kinds offered the whole length of the people of God sacrifice. God will should always offer should be the adequate worship cept. We may sacrifice is the sig God, so that if or multitude or worship God conclude therefor the people of God as he had stated, in the Old Law, sacrifice here was The sacrifices of were correlative, priest offering st between God and very common this life that the peop persons to rep who speak in the act in their ma make themselves welfare of those to represent, so ical life we ar persons who sh who shall stand object which is tain for us—betw objects of our d wishes. And so r religion. The p stood between They, the peopl their priests; their priests; t were offered for so that without their priests the in the spiritu stood between God, and this the great legis Hence we see that there are priests who are not so much for people. Great thought it fellow—creat tween them w these were the doctrines of our sixteenth cent away with p That was, th knew, the ca Prustant "I see where the in respect to n and sacrifice.



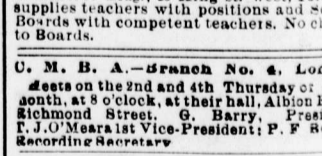
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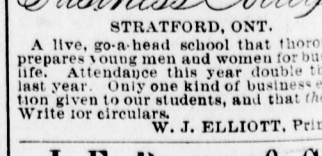
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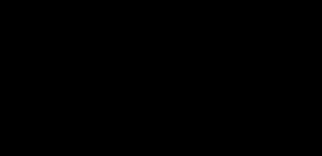
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