

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 23 1906

1444

The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906.

LESS TALK—MORE WORK.

Some scribes seem to think that Socialists are men with tousel heads and a vocabulary bristling with words of the blood and thunder character. There may be many of them who are not given to the use of bomb and razor and who may use on occasion terms to frighten the sleek and well fed. A few Socialists, however, are good citizens—that is, they pay their taxes and are, according to the tenets of later-day religion, on the way of salvation. They have nothing bizarre in their appearance and can make a speech without waxing melodramatic. But they wonder at the attempt to destroy socialism with a joke. They are indignant at the gentlemen who sit in well-appointed rooms and kill social-ism with their mouths, unnoticed by the while, the misery and starvation at their doors. It is easy to talk about the long hair of the socialist and the fatuity of his schemes; but while Greed dominates the factory and counting room and peoples the city streets and binds men to the wheel of labor far more securely than ever iron did the slave to an ear, Socialism will thrive and cast about for a leader to fuse its discontent and hopes into a mighty reform instrument. It is not to be pushed out of the way by jokes which are libels on humor. More—these exhibitions of tactlessness rankle in the hearts of men who are willing to work for a living wage, and who cannot understand why when they cease to be of use to the business wheel they should be cast aside to swim or to sink. It is strange, indeed, that a citizen who gives of his best to his country, can, when he puts by the tools of life, expect no other reward than a ticket to the poor house. And stranger still is that the brotherhood of which we hear so much on the platform is so little seen in everyday life. We may save our conscience with the assertion that the cries of discontent are provoked by the professional agitator. We admit that many who are stumbling along with their burdens wait on words that tell them of the good time coming. But these cries are caused not a little by Christians who take no account of their brethren and who so long as their sky is blue, care not what clouds obscure that of others. Less talk and more work would be a barrier of socialism. And when we get it into our heads that we are members of one family—that the man who works for us, and the gamins who sell us the papers, and the young woman who faces the problems of how to live with honor on a starvation wage, are our brethren—we may feel inclined to do something to prove that we detest the "don't care" policy of the pagan.

A WORD IN TIME.

William Jennings Bryan says that the ambitious young man should discard everything which in the least degree weakens his strength. He can well afford to leave liquor to those who desire to tickle the throat or to please the appetite; it will be no help to him in his effort to advance the welfare of his fellow-beings. He does not need to swear; logic is more convincing than oaths.

The men who succeed know the value of this advice. The brain unclouded by liquor is ready for any emergency. The non-drinker is healthy as a rule—is keyed up to meet the demands of com-petition. He is where the men are—in the firing line, and not around the hospital seeking for some remedies for kidney and liver. And the law—more and more widely promulgated—decrees that the man who frequents the road-house and lingers long o'er the wine cup is not wanted.

LET US PUT THE BLAME WHERE IT BELONGS.

A correspondent writes us for information as to why Catholic writers are not represented in the Booklovers Library. On the supposition that our friend knows what he is talking about we suppose that the absence of Catholic writers may be accounted for by the carelessness or ignorance of the Catholic reader. Publishers are not in business for sentimental reason. They may be non or anti-Catholic, averse to all religion, but they wish to satisfy the public. Let our correspondent and his friends call for Catholic literature and report. It may ease the burden of our responsibility in this matter to declaim against bigotry; but we know,

or ought to know, that drivelling anent our rights is not the course taken by men who know their rights and how to get and guard them. Grievances are largely of our own making. With our energies bent on organizing our forces and persuading our brethren that the civil service is not comprehensive enough to enhance all the young men who have a tendency towards immaculate linen and creased trousers, we might have little time for complaint and whining, which are to our mind a confession of apathy and cowardice. One thing is certain that with a serious generation the Booklovers Library would never be noticed.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Public Library, whose praises have been hymned often and eloquently by the representative citizen, has many and various uses. It is a testimony to the consuming zeal of the toiler for knowledge. It is a rebuke to the materialism of the age and a reminder that the sceptred kings of thought direct and inspire the minds of millions. As our readers have heard this before, we hasten to say that we insert it to please a subscriber.

The toiler is too tired after his work to devote much time to intellectual pursuits. His sons read the "sporting extras," or, if studiously inclined, use up gray matter over "Spalding's Official Guide." But the aforesaid toiler pays for the upkeep of the library and its officials. He pays for the amusement of the young things who dote on fiction and think that Mrs. Wharton, or some other producer of dirt, is "just too sweet for anything!" He pays for the books taken out by people who can well afford to purchase them. He contributes his share towards making the time pass pleasantly for the individuals whom we see with two or more books tucked under their cultured arms, on their way to the library. This is somewhat of a compensation.

A PUZZLE FOR THE NEXT CENTURY.

When the coming generation reads the history of this it may be disappointed at not finding adequate grounds for our self glorification. Our neighbors of the United States especially, are, when dilating on their country, never at a loss for picturesque language. Honored orators and pre-lates raise up their voices in praise of the liberty which is theirs with a vehement eloquence which to us seems altogether unnecessary and unjustifiable. That our brethren have made a name for themselves wherever there is a dollar to be earned, and have developed a capitalism which is the chief propagator of Socialism, and though in art and literature they have done more than their critics are accustomed to acknowledge, yet to our mind they are far removed from a democracy that can be viewed optimistically. Divorce men-aces the family and the greed of gold the faith of the people. Corruption exists both in the financial and political world: the millionaire, whatever his offences, mocks at law. Behind his money bags and the men who do his will in the legislature he laughs at the publicist and at the voluble average citizen who can be bamboozled at all times by the politician. But the other day a negro lynching occurred in the city of Springfield, Mo. When the work of the mob was done, hundreds of men and women appeared on the scene in search of souvenirs. Buttons from the clothing of the victims were carried away. In the centre of one group was a man with a skull. Some of these people would perchance sneer at Catholic relics. But what a picture for a satirist! Men and women of this enlightened generation—inhabitants of a land which we are told time and again, is the home of liberty groping among charred ashes for souvenirs of men who had been done to death in defiance of law. One would think they should be ashamed to keep such reminders of their social savagery. Having neither parted with our respect for law nor disrupted the family, we may be pardoned for viewing with pride the flag that guards our unity and liberty.

Very Rev. Thomas B. Donovan, superior of the St. Joseph Society for Negro Missions, in speaking of the progress of his work among the colored people of the South, says that in the eighteen years of its existence the society has grown from three priests to forty, and the churches and schools have multiplied proportionately. The child cannot run before it has learned to walk. Neither can it become a Christian citizen without a Christian education.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE MIRACLES OF LOURDES.

Editor Freeman's Journal:
N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is out again in another article against the Church. Some time ago he gave us, in the Sun, what he said and what his friends must have hoped would be his "last word" on religious controversy; for his attempts at this kind of writing have sadly impaired his reputation as a scholar and a thinker, but it is hard to overcome what Juvenal calls the "in-satiable cacothese scribendi," of which the professor has long been the willing victim. A few months ago Prof. Smith endeavored to discredit the annually recurring miracle at Naples—the liquefaction of the blood of St. Janarius. Relying to his strictures, I said in the Sun:

It were fruitless to adduce the evidence in which Catholics rely to establish this miracle. Mr. Smith is doubtless familiar with it, yet he refuses to accept it. Now the question is, what is the precise intellectual value of this refusal? Has it any at all? Christian miracles may not have the approbation of Prof. Smith, but his criticism does not believe in miracles. Neither does he deny them, yet he admits that he is "biased against belief in miracles."

I had supposed that a philosopher of Prof. Smith's pretensions would not admit being "biased" in his judgments about anything—that his decisions would be determined absolutely by the evidence free from all bias. "Not me," says he, "or as I am sure that medical experts have seen, raising to life, or an amputated limb restored, and I shall be convinced."

See how the astute professor would safeguard himself against fraud! Even in a case of raising the dead to life, or the restoration of an amputated limb, he must have the evidence, either of his own eyes or of medical experts, who have witnessed the prodigy. Yet he gives us no reason to believe that his eyesight is more reliable than that of any other person whose vision is unimpaired; and as for the testimony of "medical experts," the judges of our courts have learned, from ample experience not to attach much importance to it. The learned professor would make his own terms with the Almighty. He only a miracle, but a miracle of his own choosing. I fear he is destined to be disappointed. The Almighty is not easily coerced. In the gospel of St. Luke we read:

"And others, tempting asked of Him a sign from heaven, and He replied: 'This is a wicked generation; it asketh a sign, and a sign shall not be given it except the sign of Jona the prophet.'"

Nor is it by any means certain that the professor would be "convinced" even if he saw a miracle of his own choice. If he has read "Les Grandes Guerisons de Lourdes," and is not convinced by its evidence, his cases hoped for by his own eyes, or of medical experts, who have witnessed the prodigy. "Let me see," says he, "or as I am sure that medical experts have seen, raising to life, or an amputated limb restored, and I shall be convinced."

They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them. But he said: "No, Father Abraham, but if one went to them from the dead they would do penance." And he said to him: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead."

What is there to prevent Prof. Smith from attributing the resurrection of a dead person to the clever juggling of the ecclesiastical authorities, just as he does in the case of the standing miracle at Naples? Besides, it must be borne in mind that whether Mr. Smith is "convinced" or not, has very little bearing on any truth. "Can you convince me of that?" asked a skeptical pupil of his preceptor. "No," replied the master, "I can only prove it to you." So that, whether Prof. Smith believes in Christian miracles or not, is a matter of no consequence to any one but himself.

"The cure of a mortal disease," says the professor, "by dipping in the pool of Lourdes, would no doubt be as real a miracle as a raising from the dead, or the restoration of a limb; but how can we be sure that the disease was really mortal?"

Why does Prof. Smith, who is supposed to be an adept in the use of language, use the word "mortal" here instead of "incurable"? That the healing of a malady may be considered miraculous, it is not necessary that the malady be mortal: it suffices that it be incurable. Now, although, as he implies, it is very difficult to tell when a disease is mortal, there is no difficulty whatever in pronouncing many diseases to be incurable. It is not even necessary that the malady be incurable in order that we may say with certainty, that its healing would be miraculous. If a malignant ulcer of years' standing be healed instantaneously, there can be no doubt as to the nature of the cure, notwithstanding the professor's implied assertion to the contrary.

Mr. Smith continues: "To medical evidence which was given in some cases I should, of course, defer, if I were assured that the medical man was un-biased, and that his opinion was con-

firmed by the profession. This seems not too much to ask when we are called upon to believe a miracle."

These words look innocent and fair enough at first sight, but what do they really mean? Simply this: that if Mr. Smith be allowed to pack the jury, he is willing to accept the verdict. The medical man must be "unbiased," but if he differ from Mr. Smith he is surely biased; and his opinion must be "confirmed by the profession," but by "the profession" he means only his professed infidels. Goldwin Smith knows perfectly well that many of the miracles of Lourdes have been subjected to the most searching scrutiny by medical men eminent in their profession, who were forced to admit that their science could not account for the facts before them.

Take the case of Louis Bourriette—one out of a thousand—which was widely known, as he had been a sufferer for over twenty years. The sight of his right eye had been almost entirely destroyed by an explosion in a quarry where he was employed. He suffered great pain, and was under the constant care of a physician. He heard of the wonderful cures effected by the water of the new spring, he procured some of it and bathed the affected eye, with the result that he got instant relief. He continued to use the water at intervals during the night, the next morning he was overjoyed on finding that his sight was perfectly restored. When the poor man announced the good news to the doctor as his next visit, that functionary gravely assured him he need never expect a cure, and when the patient insisted that he was already cured, the doctor took out his diary, wrote some words, and tearing out the leaf handed it to the patient saying:

"Close your left eye and read this; then I'll believe you are cured."

Imagine the doctor's amazement when the man took the paper from his hand, closed the left eye as directed, and read aloud the following words which the doctor had written:

"Bourriette has incurable amaurosis; he will never be cured."

Now note the effect of this extraordinary testimony on the "unbiased" who read it in the official report of a Commission appointed to examine the case. We are assured that some maintained that Bourriette was not cured; others again that he only imagined he could see; whilst a few went so far as to assert that no such person ever existed. History repeats itself; Bourriette's case recalls the gospel narrative of the man who was born blind.

Prof. Smith's allusion to the Church "launching defiance against the leading principles of modern civilization" is the veriest clap-net, unworthy of a third rate pettifogger. He cannot name even one principle of modern civilization which the Church antagonizes. Not only so, but he knows that many eminent non-Catholic writers have freely borne testimony to the beneficent influence of the Church in this regard.

Surely he must have read Samuel Laing's standard work on the "Social and Political State of the European People." One chapter in this imperishable work of Mr. Laing is entitled "The Church of Rome, the Source of Liberty and Civilization in Europe." In this work Mr. Laing acknowledged that "the Church and her establishments were the only stay of independence of mind were lodged, kept alive, and nursed to their present maturity. All that men have, of social, political, and religious freedom, may be clearly traced in the history of every country, to the working and effects of the independent power of the Church of Rome."

Guizot says that the Church "powerfully assisted in forming the character and fostering the development of modern civilization"; that her monasteries were philosophical schools of Christianity in which the human mind, beaten down by the storm, took refuge.

The Protestant historian Rankin, says of the Church: "A slow but sure and unbroken progress of intellectual culture had been going on within its bosom for a series of ages. All the arts and productive energies of human culture were here united and mingled."

Even the rationalist, Lecky, admits that "Catholicism laid the very foundations of modern civilization," and that "the Catholic Church was the special representative of progress." Now, in the face of this testimony gathered from opponents of the Church—but honorable opponents who have the honesty and the manhood to admit the truth—what are we to think of Mr. Smith's reckless assertion about the Church "launching defiance against the leading principles of modern civilization"? We may condone a misstatement made in good faith, but we can have nothing but contempt for the man who deliberately falsifies with the truth starting him in the face. Poor old garrulous Goldwin Smith! He seems determined to stay on the stage till he is hissed off.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

In 1876 Cardinal Gibbons, then bishop of Richmond, Virginia, published a book called "The Faith of Our Fathers." It was intended to prove the chief doctrines of the Catholic church. Throughout the work the author quotes the Bible, because, as he says, it was accepted by non-Catholics generally as an authority.

In 1881 the Cardinal issued a second book of religious instruction called "Our Christian Heritage." This second book starts at the very foundation of all religion, the existence of God, G's providence, the immortality of the soul, man's free will, and kindred subjects. In proof of these truths the author does not appeal to the Bible, but to reason. "Take two books, my dear brethren, in-cised the trend of religions thought at the periods in which they were written. When the first was published, non-Catholics generally admitted the fundamental truths of religion, like the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and free will, and they admitted the Bible to be the word of God. Within twenty-five years however, after the appearance of the 'Faith of Our Fathers' non-Catholics in large numbers had drifted farther and farther away from the truth. Today there are many who do not accept the Bible as the word of God, and in order to make them practice any religion we must begin by proving that there is a God, that he cares for us, and that we have an immortal soul."

The same motives, therefore, which impelled the Cardinal to treat the basic truths of religion in his second book impel me to treat them from the altar.

You are Catholics and admit these foundation truths of religion. That is true. It is also true that you sometimes meet people who do not accept them, who are at least in doubt about them, and also to satisfy you that we are not afraid to let you, therefore that these subjects should be discussed from the Catholic pulpit, to supply you with arguments in case you need them, and also to satisfy you that we are not afraid to let you inspect the foundations on which the edifice of Christianity is built. The Catholic Church is a divine institution and can bear the closest examination from foundation stone to pinnacle.

Two weeks ago I gave you one proof of the existence of God. To day I intend to give you another. Briefly stated, it is this: The evidence of design in the universe proves the existence of an intelligent designer. A plan, a design, is evident in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. It is evident in the earth as a whole. It is evident in the universe as a whole.

Among minerals we see that one combination of chemical elements produces coal, another combination produces marble, another gold, another the diamond, another the emerald, and so on indefinitely. Like combinations will invariably produce like results. In the vegetable kingdom, if you plant one seed it grows into a lily; another seed grows into a bush of roses; another into a luxuriant vine; another into a tree laden with luscious fruit; another into a giant oak. If you plant an acorn, you know that an oak will be the result, not a lily or a rose.

In the animal kingdom you know that like begets like. A wolf will not beget a lamb. A hare will not beget a lion. You know that the offspring of human beings will be human, not a flower or a beast.

So it is all through the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms of nature. Like produces like. Like combinations produce like results. In other words, uniformity reigns throughout. This is what makes physical science possible. The sciences of mineralogy, botany, zoology, physiology, and all the other physical sciences are based on the uniformity of the laws of nature.

Law and order, method, plan, system, design, are everywhere manifest, and argue the existence of an intelligent Being who made the different creatures in such a way that they follow certain laws of combination, generation, and growth. In brief, the design apparent in the universe proves the existence of an intelligent designer whom we call God.

Here is a watch. Suppose I place it in the hands of one who never saw such an object before. After he had examined its different parts, observing how they are combined and how they co-operate to accomplish the end in view, what would he say if I told him that the watch was the result of chance, that pieces of metal came together by chance and formed it? He would say, "Nonsense! The evidence of a design, of a plan, of the adaptation of means to an end, point to an intelligent designer. His common sense would tell him that some intelligent being had made the watch."

Gazing aloft at the heavens, we find the same evidence of design, though on a grander scale. The materials used are the most massive, the proportions the grandest, the combining forces the most powerful. We see an alliance of elements the most opposed, and a marshaling of different forces, yet with a perfect harmony of parts and unity of plan. The sun is the center of the solar system. Around it the earth and several other worlds are revolving. Astronomers tell us that the stars are so many other suns, each with its system of planets. All these suns, with their planets, are in turn revolving around one great central sun, which is the center of the universe. All these myriad worlds and systems of worlds are circling through space at

a terrific rate of speed; all are connected, all influence one another, yet never interfere. It is a most intricate combination, yet evidences a perfect unity of design.

This earth has three motions. First, it revolves on its axis once every twenty-four hours, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Secondly, it revolves around the sun once a year, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand four hundred miles an hour. Thirdly, as a part of the solar system, the earth travels with the sun and other planets around the great central sun of the universe at a rate of speed that is simply beyond calculation.

Will anyone tell me that all this was the result of chance? As well say that atoms of matter came together by chance and formed this watch! As well say that the letters of the alphabet were thrown together haphazard, and produced that wonderful book the Bible! To everyone of common sense, it is clear, that, as design in the watch points to an intelligent designer, so design in the universe points to an intelligent designer—God.—Chicago World.

Protestant Lady Will Build Catholic Chapel.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has announced that she will build a Catholic chapel not far from her country home at Hempstead, L. I. Mrs. Belmont is not a Catholic and decided to build the chapel through the influence of an old servant. The woman was so anxious to have a church at Hempstead that she went to Rev. Father Farrell, in whose parish the place is located, and offered him her life savings to build a chapel there. The priest, after thanking her warmly, said he thought he would be able to raise the necessary money to build the edifice and advised her to keep her money in the bank, where she would have it if she needed it. She then went back to the Belmont house and told her story to Mrs. Belmont and so interested her that she later asked permission to build the chapel herself.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Very Rev. David Macdonald, D. D., rector of the Scots' college, Valladolid, lately celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood.

Lord Justice Mathew, of the Queen's Bench, London, who has just retired after an honorable career, is a nephew of the great Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. One of his daughters is a nun and the other is the wife of John Dillon, M. P. Sir James Mathew occupied the bench for twenty-five years.

A notable confirmation took place recently in Dublin, Ireland, at the pro-cathedral. Archbishop Walsh conferred the sacrament of confirmation on nearly a thousand children. The actual conferring lasted over two hours, and the ceremony was concluded by the administering of the temperance pledge.

Right Rev. John B. Delaney, Catholic Bishop of the diocese of Manchester, N. H., died in that city on June 11th.

It is stated in a leading coal journal that Father Hennepin, the Franciscan missionary, was the first to discover coal in America the site of this primitive mine being in the vicinity of what is now Ottawa, Ill. It was not until nearly a century and a half, however, that this discovery was made of practical use.

Rev. Father O'Leary of Quebec, who was one of the chaplains with the first Canadian contingent to South Africa during the war, has unearthed so many historically valuable documents, of Continental interest, that the United States government has called him to Washington, and desires to employ him in the same capacity.

The Very Rev. Lawrence Shapote, O. P., has been re-elected Prior Provincial of the English Dominicans for another term of three years.

The Stanislaus Julien prize of 1,500 francs, offered for the best work dealing with China and Japan, has been awarded by the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres to Rev. Emile Ragnet of the Paris Society of Foreign Missions. Father Ragnet is doing mission work at Nagasaki, Japan.

All necessary arrangements have now been made for a visit to the Vatican by the King of Spain and his bride during their honeymoon. The visit will be made during the summer and the royal couple will be received with great honor. Arrangements are made that the King shall be a guest of the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican and that during his short stay in Rome he shall absolutely ignore the Italian officials.

The new history of the Society of Jesus, which is being compiled, originated entirely with Father Martin. A dozen brilliant Jesuits have been at work on it for many years. The Jesuit world has been divided into six parts and two Fathers have been delegated, for each.

There is comfort in the assurance that, whatever trouble may come, it might have been worse.

God did not spare Mary poverty, work, sorrow and shame. Yet she was the dearest creature to Him of all He ever made.

The shortness of even the longest life on this earth, when compared with eternity, is a thought which should frequently be in our minds.—Pittsburg Observer.

Keep the children off the street at night, is a safe rule for mothers to follow.

Only the ignorant are intolerant.

ANK
est
count
ager.
pits
Brass Pulpits
requirements.
prices of our
Simply state
Limited
ada
re and clean. The
ED
food in the world
no chemicals or
fluids, but on
feviging qualities
at wheat.
IN CANADA BY
Falls, Ont.
SALE
of N. L. in the
tion of the month. The
ia within the month.
chapel of St. James,
are. Post with some
backstitch shop, and two
Tortoise shell, where
24 x 36, 30 x 36, 36 x 36,
barn 74 x 10 with base-
new brick, horse and cow
water to its and a new
roads from barn. On the
age barn, horse and cow
also do solid brick base-
new roof in good repair.
24 x 36, 30 x 36, 36 x 36,
at 500 yds of hardwood
have 100 lbs. of
and slings. The farms
and will sell either
John H. Williams,
1112-3
R WANTED
ED, MALE OR FEMALE,
sary school, No. 1, 11
French and English.
summer holidays. Please
salary and references.
cuneur, P. P. Secretary,
s Creek P. O. 1112-3
& Ontario
stment
gs Society
ed A. D. 1876.)
ICE:
m and Cork Sts.,
PH, ONT.
PER CENT.
half yearly on
periods of 3, 4 and 5
is from date money
of Society.
res of this Society
stment for trust funds.
ion, address
McLEDERY,
ng Director,
- ONTARIO
AN'S \$4.50
TS
4.50 Suit \$3.25 Skirt
of suit of silk and wool from
and also desired, reduced to
on the manufacturer's. Many
skirt \$3.25. Waist \$2.50. Suit
to \$4.50. Waist \$2.50. Suit
style waist in china silk with
black, \$4.50. And the popular
soutie suit Co.

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SHILLMAN, S. J.

CHAPTER III.

JOYOUS PLANS AND SAD FOREBODINGS.

Meanwhile Father Montmoulin had installed his mother in the large easy-chair, and submitted to be minutely questioned by her as to his health and general well being. The result of the interrogatory was on the whole satisfactory; the old lady thought her son looking rather pale and thin, but otherwise fairly well. She told him she must take more care of herself, take the greatest care of herself, and not sit up at night, and above all not think of fasting. The young priest smiled good humouredly at these motherly injunctions, and quitted her with the assurance that he felt quite well and strong. And in future, he added, she would be able to look after him herself; as soon as she had rested a little, and had a cup of coffee, she would like to go and choose the rooms she would like fitted up for her.

"Let us go at once," she rejoined; "I really am not tired, and the children will be here afterwards, and one can say nothing before them. Of course I should like to be as near as I can to you." Father Montmoulin accordingly showed his mother the two nearest cells in the left wing, which, as we have said, were parted from his own rooms by a narrow passage, for the sake of admitting light to the corridor. The rooms had a pleasant outlook upon the hills, and were comparatively in good repair. Yet Mrs. Montmoulin preferred the two on the other side, and joining her son's bedroom, she said: "An old woman like myself ought to think seriously of death, if I am here I should only have to knock on the wall if anything unexpected happened. And see what a delightful view there is from these windows, all down the valley!"

"Just as you please, mother," he replied. "The other rooms are rather larger and more airy, but we will furnish these up nicely for you; the ceilings shall be whitewashed and the walls papered afresh. I have got a book of patterns, so you shall select the paper yourself. To-morrow I will see about getting the whitewashers and paperhangers, and about mid-day I will be ready for you to move in. Then I hope you will have a tranquil, happy time, after all the storms it has pleased God that you should pass through."

"How kind you are, Francis," exclaimed the happy mother, wiping a tear from her eye. "I never doubted your affection for me. But how will you manage, with your scanty income, to do all this?" "Do not let that trouble you, mother. Mrs. Blanchard, the President of St. Joseph's Guild, a wealthy and charitable widow, somewhere about your age, (who, by the bye, is looking forward with much pleasure to make your acquaintance, and with whom I doubt not you will pass many a pleasant hour, working for the poor) had the excellent idea of presenting me with a good room to make my rooms more comfortable. So you may beat ease on that point, mother; but come along now, the coffee must be ready; I think I hear Julia calling us."

They turned into the dark kitchen, where the little girl had just made the coffee. "You see how good it will be, Grandmother," she cried triumphantly. "But the table is not laid yet, and there are such a few books on it! And Charles has not come back from the baker's. Do please help me!" The books were soon cleared away, a white cloth laid on the table, and the cups and saucers set out. "This one with the gold rim is for Uncle," the child said, as she passed the cups in notes in his throat, like our farm-servant, when he gets drunk. But father had taken nothing but a bowl of soup. Please come at once, Father."

passages and empty cells," the girl answered. "But I shall not want a room for myself. I may sleep with you, to the sacristy, and I will get the holy oils, and to the church, that I may take the Blessed Sacrament, and you must carry the lantern. And you Charles, take the keys of the church—you will find them on the kitchen table, and lock the door of the church after us; I have the key of the house-door in my pocket. Now mother, make whatever arrangements you like. Then turning to the boy, he asked how far it was to the hamlet where he lived?"

"I can go in about an hour, Father," "Well yes," the priest replied, "but you run over the hills like a chamois, and along paths that are too steep for me, especially at night. I may not be back before midnight, or even before morning. So you settle yourselves comfortably for the night; leave this ring here for me in case I return; I have often slept in an armchair. Now God night and God bless you! My His holy Angels watch over us all!" So saying, Father Montmoulin, accompanied by the two boys hurried along the corridors, through which they could hardly see their way, to the church. From a tribune at the end of the choir, whence a view of the altar and chancel with the ever-burning lamp could be obtained, a winding staircase led down to the sacristy. There the priest took the holy oils, and all that was necessary for administering the sick, and put them into a bag which he placed round his neck. Then going up to the altar, he opened the tabernacle, which he adored, and placed in the small silver-gilt pyx upon his breast. He then left the church in solemn silence, bearing his God and future judge hidden under the sacramental veil, preceded by the boy with the lighted lantern. Charles followed reverently to the church door, which he closed carefully, as soon as the priest with his little companion had disappeared in the fast falling twilight.

Passing through the church, lighted only by the flickering rays of the lamp suspended before the tabernacle, the boy re-entered the sacristy. In the church he was not afraid, for as he bent his knee before the altar, he said to himself, "our Blessed Lord is here, he could not possess the church in a more fitting manner, and he would not permit the first object that caught the eye of the trembling boy was the pall, upon which a large skull and cross bones were painted. With a shriek of terror he let the taper fall, turned and rushed up the stairs into the tribune, whence he fled along the corridor until he gained his uncle's rooms."

The old grandmother had no little difficulty in soothing the child, who burst into the room pale and trembling in every limb, as if he had seen a ghost. His sister too was so frightened by what he told her, that she begged her grandmother to let them go home. Mrs. Montmoulin, on whom the deserted impression would gladly have acceded to the children's wishes, had she not been her son to take care of the house and the sum of money for which he was responsible. She decided however to send the children down to the place where they were to meet Mr. Lenoir, and to remain in the house herself for the night. "Quick, children," she said, "run as fast as you can down the hill to the 'Four Ways' inn where we got down. You cannot miss your way, and Mr. Lenoir will not have gone; ask him very politely to be so kind as to take you with him. Tell him I am obliged to stay here to take care of the house, but mind you do not say a word about the money."

Thereupon she put the rest of the biscuits that were standing on the table into the children's pockets, tied a scarf round their necks, and took them down the wide flight of stairs to the door. Then she kissed them both, and stood looking wistfully after them, as hand in hand they raced down the hill, till the village street hid them from sight. Then she fastened the door, and with a heavy heart wended her way back to her son's apartments.

I am most as much of a coward as my little boy," she said to herself as she began to clear the table. Then she opened the desk and took out the handkerchief containing the money. "What a weight it is!" she ejaculated, and unable to refrain from looking at the contents, she unknotted the handkerchief. The good old woman had never in her life seen so large a sum, gold, silver, and a whole packet of banknotes. She felt quite alarmed, and glanced involuntarily at the door, to see whether it was properly closed; then wrapping it up again, she carried the treasure into the next room, and concealed it in her son's bed. "I hope all will turn out well," she soliloquized. "If some unprincipled man knew that I was all alone in this lone house, with all this money in my charge—well, I had better not think too much about what might happen!"

to himself. "Now we will not lose a moment. Come Benny, you go with me to the sacristy, and I will get the holy oils, and to the church, that I may take the Blessed Sacrament, and you must carry the lantern. And you Charles, take the keys of the church—you will find them on the kitchen table, and lock the door of the church after us; I have the key of the house-door in my pocket. Now mother, make whatever arrangements you like. Then turning to the boy, he asked how far it was to the hamlet where he lived?"

"I can go in about an hour, Father," "Well yes," the priest replied, "but you run over the hills like a chamois, and along paths that are too steep for me, especially at night. I may not be back before midnight, or even before morning. So you settle yourselves comfortably for the night; leave this ring here for me in case I return; I have often slept in an armchair. Now God night and God bless you! My His holy Angels watch over us all!" So saying, Father Montmoulin, accompanied by the two boys hurried along the corridors, through which they could hardly see their way, to the church. From a tribune at the end of the choir, whence a view of the altar and chancel with the ever-burning lamp could be obtained, a winding staircase led down to the sacristy. There the priest took the holy oils, and all that was necessary for administering the sick, and put them into a bag which he placed round his neck. Then going up to the altar, he opened the tabernacle, which he adored, and placed in the small silver-gilt pyx upon his breast. He then left the church in solemn silence, bearing his God and future judge hidden under the sacramental veil, preceded by the boy with the lighted lantern. Charles followed reverently to the church door, which he closed carefully, as soon as the priest with his little companion had disappeared in the fast falling twilight.

Passing through the church, lighted only by the flickering rays of the lamp suspended before the tabernacle, the boy re-entered the sacristy. In the church he was not afraid, for as he bent his knee before the altar, he said to himself, "our Blessed Lord is here, he could not possess the church in a more fitting manner, and he would not permit the first object that caught the eye of the trembling boy was the pall, upon which a large skull and cross bones were painted. With a shriek of terror he let the taper fall, turned and rushed up the stairs into the tribune, whence he fled along the corridor until he gained his uncle's rooms."

The old grandmother had no little difficulty in soothing the child, who burst into the room pale and trembling in every limb, as if he had seen a ghost. His sister too was so frightened by what he told her, that she begged her grandmother to let them go home. Mrs. Montmoulin, on whom the deserted impression would gladly have acceded to the children's wishes, had she not been her son to take care of the house and the sum of money for which he was responsible. She decided however to send the children down to the place where they were to meet Mr. Lenoir, and to remain in the house herself for the night. "Quick, children," she said, "run as fast as you can down the hill to the 'Four Ways' inn where we got down. You cannot miss your way, and Mr. Lenoir will not have gone; ask him very politely to be so kind as to take you with him. Tell him I am obliged to stay here to take care of the house, but mind you do not say a word about the money."

Thereupon she put the rest of the biscuits that were standing on the table into the children's pockets, tied a scarf round their necks, and took them down the wide flight of stairs to the door. Then she kissed them both, and stood looking wistfully after them, as hand in hand they raced down the hill, till the village street hid them from sight. Then she fastened the door, and with a heavy heart wended her way back to her son's apartments.

ing. For a long time she lay there without closing her eyes; at length however, she fell into a doze. A sharp gust of wind, rattling the window, startled her into wakefulness; she started up. Was some one trying to get through the window? No, the weather had suddenly changed; the biting north-east wind broke in upon the early spring of Provence with icy breath and heavy showers, had banished the soft breezes of the Mediterranean and covered the heavens with dark rain-clouds. Al-ready the first large drops beat upon the pane. "My poor Francis! I only hope he will not contract some illness from this terrible weather!" sighed the anxious mother. She struck a light; it wanted an hour to midnight. She lay down again, and soon fell into an uneasy slumber. Before long she again started up, aroused this time by a peculiar sound, as if some one in the next room were trying the door. "Is that you, Francis," she exclaimed aloud.

The sound ceased immediately, and all was again quiet. The old lady listened for a few moments, then she laid her head back on the pillow. "I must have been dreaming," she said, and fell this time into a deep sleep, from which she did not awake until the morning.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HER DELIVERANCE.

When Gillian came into the old family lawyer's office that soft June morning that astute gentleman discerned at once that something unusual was the matter. The beautiful young face was quite white and there was a gleam in the blue eyes that was not good to see. "My dear child," exclaimed the senior member of Benedict & Carroll, rising to grasp her hand, "what is it?" Gillian took a seat opposite. "Matter enough," she replied in a hard tone; "Mr. Benedict, I've come to tell you that it is all of no use. Stephen and I will have to separate. Why should we try to pull together?" she added. "He cares no longer for me, I am convinced. If he does, his actions run counter to it. If it isn't his club, it's an appointment after dinner. He is never at home, and I—can't eat my heart out longer in such loneliness. I wouldn't say a word, but it used to be so different. Oh, the beautiful eyes were full of tears. "Why do men lead us to believe that the honeymoon will only fade into deeper joys. It's so cruel to us. No," she went on, "we rarely spend a moment together nowadays. If I plan an especially nice dinner, he never comes to it. At breakfast he is deep in his paper. His evenings are spent away from home."

"Mr. Benedict," the rich young wife faltered. "I grew up in your household. You've always stood to me in the place my own dear father would have occupied had he lived. I come to you first in my unhappiness. I tell you frankly, if this is what married life means I will have none of it. It has come to this, I cannot longer help me to get away from him and—"

The old lawyer rose and paced the floor. His fatherly kind face had upon it a look of pain. "On these poor rich people," he exclaimed. "He stopped to lay a hand on Gillian's shoulder. "My dear child," he said, "I would help you if I could, but don't you see that even if you should be free the old life can never be restored? Stephen may neglect you; I suppose he does, yet you are his wife, Gillian," he went on, "if Stephen and you had both been poor, it would have been a thousand times better for each of you. Money gives you license to go your separate ways; that poverty is impossible of it. The young mechanic who comes home Saturday night and lays his weekly earnings in his wife's lap, after all, a man to be envied. His chance of happiness is far better than that of the man whose future, so far as finances go, is assured. There is no talk of 'affinity' there. When he has a half holiday he spends it with his family on the porch or on a trolley. His Sunday is his paradise—his wife his good angel—his home his heaven. Well, well, perhaps Providence, in the divine order of things, had decreed it. At any rate the divorce court doesn't pass in judgment upon the poor as it does upon those of the higher class."

"Gillian," he asked suddenly, "what are you planning for the summer?" "The Rossettis want me to join them at La Palme Comfort," returned Gillian listlessly, "but I haven't really promised."

"And Stephen?" "Oh Stephen," said Gillian with a bitter smile, "informed me yesterday that he had planned to go for a two months' hunting trip up to Wigwam Gulch. This is the last of June. If I go with the Rossettis I dare say we will not meet until the last of September."

The old lawyer regarded the pretty, unhappy young face with all a father's solicitude. "Wigwam Gulch! Isn't that the place Stephen bought a year ago?" he asked suddenly. "Yes." "No doubt there's good fishing and hunting there?" "The best; that is why Stephen keeps it. When he first bought the place he did ask me to go over with him and spend a month, but I was engaged to the Atwoods, who were at White Sulphur Springs, so I could not."

Gillian, springing up. "Dear Mr. Benedict, can I ever forget what you have been to me?" "And I want to be more," was the almost solemn reply. "I want to save you from future misery if I can. I am convinced, too, of one thing. Perhaps you do not realize it yourself, but, Gillian, you still love Stephen; therefore, my child, if I could arrange a separation it would only make you more unhappy. No, my dear, your lot is cast with his. Bear with him until it is dissolved by the only tribunal that can sever it. I'm a poor advocate of divorces, Gillian. In nine cases out of ten the evil can be remedied, but young people are apt to demand much, to give little, to grow restive and consequently as the day must follow the night the relations between them become strained."

"No, my dear, I can see no deliverance for you. And now for my request, I want you to ask Stephen to night if he will take you with him on this hunting trip over to Wigwam Gulch." "He would refuse," replied Gillian with bitterness. "Never mind, ask him again," was the old lawyer's reply. "And it's ten miles from the post office, and there are absolutely no privileges," protested Gillian. "So much the better. You have been surfeited with privileges, Gillian. Too much money again. If Stephen were a poor man and you were obliged to depend on what he could earn for you, you'd be living in accord this moment."

"You always were a housewife little soul, Gillian. Don't you remember the little cakes you used to make me when you were a little girl, and the cup of custards, too, whenever I was sick?" Gillian's eyes filled with quick tears. "I remember it all," she answered, "and I would love to do things for Stephen now if it were necessary. Do you know, I often long to go into the kitchen and mess around just as I used to years ago."

"You can turn the talent to account on this trip, then," smiled the old lawyer; "and listen, Gillian, you go with Stephen on this trip, and if you find after a month's trial, that you are really of the same mind, I'll agree to help you." Gillian rose slowly. "Agreed," she said. "For your sake, Mr. Benedict, I'll humble my pride and ask Stephen to take me with him. If he refuses—"

"Let us pray he will not," returned the old lawyer solemnly. "Now if you Mr. Stephen Brandon looked across at his wife that evening with unusual interest. She wore an evening dress of some soft white material, but she had taken off her jewels. Save her wedding ring, the beautiful hands were devoid of ornament. She looked singularly sweet and girlish. "I suppose you're slated for the Rossettis," he asked carelessly. Gillian flushed. Now was her time. "No," she said, "I had planned to go with them, but I've changed my mind. I think—if you will agree to it, Stephen—I'll go with you on that trip to Wigwam Gulch. You asked me once, you know? (With a pitiful little smile.) Stephen Brandon looked at her. "I did ask you," he answered coolly, "but that was before you had learned to dispense so easily with my society."

Gillian flushed hotly. "There are two sides to that, Stephen," she replied. "You threw me on my own resources, leaving me alone as you have, but we won't go back of things, until this once don't refuse me." "On your own head be it then," returned he, turning to his coffee. "I would suppose you are aware we go by wagon, camping out five nights on the road, and that the house is only a two-roomed cabin? You will have to take a cook."

"I'll take no one," returned Gillian decisively. "I'll do the cooking myself." "When?" whistled Stephen, looking at her again. "Well, then, I'll be as generous as you are. I'll leave my man. But don't take too much plunder; it's a mountain road, and luggage counts."

"I'll remember," said Gillian; "and may I really go, Stephen?" rising and standing wistfully by his chair. "If you must, but know this Gillian, whatever comes of it, it is your own planning." "I'll not forget," she replied, as Stephen rose and left her. "I guess this is as good a place as any to camp for the night," remarked Stephen as he drew the horses to a halt. It was a few days later, and this was their first night out on their way to Wigwam Gulch. "Hold these lines after a few moments' survey, 'this will do finely. Sit down and I'll have fire going."

to a bed of white ashes. Gillian gave a tired sigh. "I really believe I'm sleepy," she said, smiling a little. "It's strange, too, I'm used to late hours. If you don't mind, I'll creep into the wagon." "The air again," rejoined her husband, "and don't mind me in the least."

She hesitated a little as she stood beside him. Somehow the great world of nature living about them drew her towards him. "Kiss me good night, Stephen," she said shyly as she stood there, and Stephen, drawing her to him, pressed his lips to hers. "I shall sit here for a while and write," he said. When he, too, came into the wagon a half hour later her regular breathing showed him that she stood in need of an early rest. The lantern was burning dimly suspended from aloft. By its uncertain flickering glow he could see the beauty of the perfect features. A forgotten wave of tenderness swept over him as he stood over her. "I wonder what put it into her heart to come with me?" he mused. "And I always thought she did not care."

"Well," said Stephen a few days later, as Gillian surveyed the cabin at Wigwam Gulch, "what do you think of it?" Gillian laughed. "It's fine, Stephen," she answered, "and just look at that view. Did you ever see anything grander?" Stephen came over to her side. There before them rose the mountains, veiled in purple mists. The plains, green as emerald, stretched in boundless waves and billows at their base. "It is grand, isn't it?" he said gravely. "Somewhat one's life seems small and petty beside such grandeur. Well, little wife, where shall we put things?"

Gillian's heart bounded. "Little wife!" She had not heard the dear title since the first season of her married life, three years before. It was "Gillian" now. Was it possible that the old blissful times might come back? She arranged the little cabin herself with more painstaking care than she bestowed on the management of her great house in the city—singing, too, as she went about her humble tasks of dishwashing, bed-making, and sweeping. Stephen heard her clear voice above the strokes of the broom: "John Anderson, my Joe, John, We climbed the hill together."

And his keen face softened as he listened. They had brought only the necessary things, the few dishes, furniture and cooking utensils that would make them comfortable, but she had taken care to bring Stephen's big chair and her own little low one. The two chairs occupied different territories at home. Stephen's chair stood in the library, hers in her own particular sanctum upstairs, but now they stood sociably side by side. A vase of sunflowers graced the rude mantle, a rich Oriental rug covered the floor, the table linen was exquisite.

She had an appetizing supper when Stephen came home that first night, tired and hungry. Her dress was simple and worn with the grace that marked everything she put on. Stephen started when he saw the homelike room. "This is a metamorphosis, Gillian," he cried. "You're not going to wash these dishes alone, remarking Stephen as they rose from the table. "But you're tired," protested Gillian. "No more than you are. Here, give me that dish towel." They grew very merry over the little clearing up. When it was over, they went out of doors. "Sit by me," said Stephen, lighting his pipe. And again there was in his voice that new tenderness.

Together they watched the moon rise over the pine trees. In the days that followed Stephen grew to watch, at the end of the day's sport, for the slight girlish figure in the plain dress. After a while she came out to meet him. "Did you have good sport?" she would ask. "Fine, but it's good to get home, Gillian." And then would come the supper hour and the stillness of the night as it crept over the mountains. As they lived longer the simple life at Wigwam Gulch the coldness and restraint, the bitterness that had risen like a wall between them these last years, melted into nothingness.

"Our time is up to-morrow, Gillian," said her husband one evening. They were sitting on the step, as was their fashion. "Aren't you glad?" "Glad? No." Gillian's voice trembled. Reaching out in the friendly twilight she found her husband's hand. It closed upon hers reassuringly. "Have you really enjoyed it?" asked Stephen, incredulously. "It's been heavenly. I've—I've had you all to myself." "Gillian!" Stephen Brandon put his hand beneath his wife's chin, raising the exquisite face until the eyes looked on a level with his own. "Gillian, do you mean, really mean that under all your coldness you care for me?" "Care," Gillian's voice broke; "too much. I thought you had ceased to love me, Stephen, and so I grew hard and bitter." Stephen Brandon's face darkened with pain. "Child, child," he cried, "we nearly brought our married life to shipwreck by our obstinacy and assumed indifference. Assured, because both of us have cared through it all. Gillian, tell me to-night, and I'll never doubt you again, do you really love me?" "Gillian crept closer in the darkness. "Better than my life," she said, in solemn tones. "Oh, Stephen, we may fight against the fact all of us may—I have, but it's all of no use. Neither of us can be independent of the other. I did not know it fully until Wigwam Gulch revealed it to me." "Blessings be upon Wigwam Gulch, then," returned Stephen, pressing her

to him. "Oh, Gillian, since I know you love me, I hate to leave it."

FREQUENT COMMUNION.

The general intention of the Apostleship of Prayer recommended and blessed by the Holy Father for the month of June is frequent communion.

It is a most salutary food for the soul the most perfect way of worshipping God and the surest means of extending His Kingdom on earth.

In the natural order the frequent partaking of food is absolutely necessary in order that the body may be sustained. Without it sickness ensues, resulting in the withdrawal of life.

Morevoer such food must be whole some. The same is true in the spiritual order. Unless the soul be strengthened by the graces which God dispenses with that purpose it, too, will sicken and suffer.

But as Jesus Christ is the fountain source of all graces and as He is present, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, in the Blessed Eucharist, the Sacrament of His Love, how better can we receive His spiritual life than by receiving Him frequently in Holy Communion?

This is what the present Holy Father urges so ardently in the decree which he issued towards the close of last year. It is what our Lord Himself so earnestly desires.

Many, however, have need that such a privilege can only be enjoyed by those in the religious life. Some out of humility, others through a mistaken notion of their own unworthiness, some out of fear and others to cover their indifference, plead their excuses for refraining from receiving frequently.

In each instance there is lack of justification. Confessors and not the penitents, are the judges. None will be permitted to receive frequently who are not deserving.

Hence there is no danger of receiving unworthily by receiving frequently if our confessions be complete and our sorrow sincere.

Therefore, it should be the ambition of all earnest Catholics to attain the privilege of frequent Communion. It should further be their ardent desire to comply with the wish of the Supreme Pontiff who so well understands what it means for the glory of God, the good of mankind and the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth.

For when frequent Communion has become a universal custom among men, then shall we witness God's will done on earth as it is in heaven.—Church Progress.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AT THE LAKE MOHONK PEACE CONFERENCE.

Last Monday His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore attended the Twelfth Annual Lake Mohonk Conference of International Arbitration.

His Eminence was accompanied by Father Felix, Superior of the Passionist Order at St. Joseph's Seminary near Baltimore. The Cardinal was invited to deliver an address before the Conference, and, accordingly, he spoke last Thursday morning the address which had for its theme the mission of Christ in the eternal wisdom of God, Who directs all things. The Cardinal said:

Nearly two thousand years have rolled by since the birth of the Prince of Peace, Whose advent was announced by the angelic host singing "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to Men of Good Will."

Christ's mission on earth was to establish a triple peace in the hearts of men—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our fellow-men by the practice of justice and charity, and peace within our own breasts by keeping our passions subject to reason, and our reason in harmony with the divine law.

less than one year of tranquility for every century of military engagements.

I may remark in passing that at least three of these four military campaigns might have been easily averted by peaceful arbitration, and that a large share of the responsibility rest at our doors.

What is the history of the Hebrew people as recorded in the pages of the Old Testament, but a narrative of warfare? The sacred chronicle, from Moses to the Maccabees, comprising one thousand four hundred years, presents an almost series of wars of defense, or invasion, or of extermination.

So continuous were the military campaigns that a sacred writer refers to a time in the year when hostilities were annually renewed: "It came to pass at the return of the year, at the time when kings go forth to war."

Prior to the dawn of Christianity, the motto of the conqueror was "Vae victis," "Woe to the Vanquished." The captured cities were pillaged and laid waste. The wives and daughters of the defeated nation became the prey of the ruthless soldiery.

Alexander the Great, after the capture of the city of Tyre, ordered two thousand of the inhabitants to be crucified, and the remainder of the population were put to death or sold into slavery.

How different was the conduct of General Scott after his successful siege of the City of Mexico! As soon as the enemy surrendered not a single soldier or citizen was sacrificed to the vengeance of the victorious army, and not a single family was exiled from their native land.

During the siege of Jerusalem, in the year 70 of the Christian era, under Titus, the Roman general, more than a million Jews perished by the sword and famine. Nearly 100,000 Jews were carried into captivity.

The sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem were borne away by the blood-stained hands of the Roman army. Simon, the Jewish chieftain, with the flower of the Jewish troops, was conducted to Rome, where he graced the triumph of the Roman general, and then a rope was thrown around his neck and he was dragged to the forum, where he was cruelly tormented and put to death.

On the contrary he was regarded as a benevolent ruler, and was called "the delight of the human race."

Let us contrast the conduct of Titus toward the Jews with General Grant's treatment of the defeated Confederate forces. When General Lee surrendered his sword at Appomattox Court House and his grave army were permitted to return without molestation to their respective homes.

Imagine General Lee and his veterans led in chains to Washington, followed by the spoils and treasures of Southern homes and Southern sanctuaries. Imagine the same Confederate soldiers compelled to erect a monument to commemorate their own defeat! Would not the whole nation rise up in its might and denounce a degradation so revolting to their humanity?

The Roman and American generals in their opposite conduct, were reflecting the spirit of the times in which they lived. Titus was following the traditions of paganism. Grant was obeying the mandates of Christian civilization.

And now, friends and advocates of international arbitration, permit me to greet you with words of good cheer and encouragement.

You are engaged in the most noble and beneficent mission that can engage the attention of mankind—a mission to which are attached the most sublime title and most precious reward—"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

I beg you to consider what progress has already been made in the beneficent work in which you are enlisted.

within the last twenty years in which international conflicts have been amicably settled by arbitration. The disputes between Germany and Spain regarding the Catholic Islands was adjudged by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886. The Samoan difficulty between Germany and the United States was settled by a conference held in Berlin in 1889.

A treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was signed in Washington at the close of Cleveland's Administration. And a few weeks ago a war between France and Germany, perhaps a general European conflict, was averted by the Algeiras conference in Morocco.

Let us cherish the hope that the day is not far off when the reign of the Prince of Peace will be firmly established on earth, and the spirit of the Gospel will so far away the minds and hearts of rulers and cabinets that international disputes will be decided, not by standing armies, but by permanent courts of arbitration—when they will be settled, not on the battlefield, but in the halls of conciliation, and will be adjusted, not by the sword, but by the pen, "which is mightier than the sword."

May the nations of the earth study and take to heart this lesson that "Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war"—aye, victories more substantial and more enduring. May they learn that all schemes conceived in passion and fomented by lawless ambition are destined, like the mountain torrent, to carry terror before them and leave ruin and desolation after them, while the peaceful counsels of men, assembled as you are under the guidance of Almighty God, are sure to shed their silent blessings around them like the gentle dew of Heaven, and to bring forth abundant fruit in due season.

CONSEQUENCES OF VIOLATION OF TREATY OF LIMERICK.

ALIEN RULERS WITH GRAFT AND INCOMPETENCY IN IRELAND.

P. A. O'Farrell in Boston Pilot. Limerick, Ireland, May 3. Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

Two and thirty years ago I paid my first visit to Limerick—I knew its story then as I know it now. It was then as now hallowed ground to me. St. Mary's Abbey overlooking the Shannon as it rolled below was interwoven with a thousand years of glorious and of tragic memories.

and letter of the Treaty of Limerick should at least prevail. But they might as well attempt to restore the dead to life. Were full justice to be done to Ireland the tiller of the soil should be given his land absolutely free from all rent. Revolution made the French tenant farmer the absolute proprietor of the soil he tilled, and the English people should have done for the Irish farmer what Revolution did for the French. The English Parliament has, indeed, undertaken to transfer the ownership of the soil to the tillers thereof. But it makes the Irish farmer pay a thousand million dollars of compensation to the descendants of the pirates who snarped the title to these lands centuries ago.

The English Parliament should have paid this compensation. It squandered twelve hundred and fifty million dollars in South Africa for the removal of Paul Kruger as Chief Executive of the Transvaal. It might have spared a similar sum for the removal of the awful incubus of Irish landlordism. The incubus goes, but the Irish farmer is compelled to pay the compensation—and then there are people who wonder why the Irish are discontented.

It will take sixty years more before the Irish peasant shall have paid off the fixed charges imposed upon them for the purpose of compensating the descendants of the adventurers who usurped the title to Irish land in defiance to the Treaty of Limerick.

OVER TAXATION AND ALIEN RULE. The sixty years have passed I see but little chance for any great prosperity in Ireland. Ireland has but three fifths of the territory of New York State and little more than half of the population, yet it pays \$10,000,000 yearly for the support of the British Empire, and some \$50,000,000 in fixed charges to people living in England. It is drained of \$100,000,000 yearly and that drain has now gone on for one hundred and twenty years. No wonder she is poor and the Irish discontented. Moreover, the curse and bane of alien rule makes the drain still worse. Every English Minister foists some political grater or other on the Irish. The Irish Board of works which supervises all public works in Ireland consists of three English politicians.

They receive a salary of \$6,000 a year each and hold their jobs for life, and their sole employment consists in marring and delaying every project emanating from elected Irish boards. An English naval officer who was retired on a pension of \$200 a year was recently appointed to a \$5,000 a year job in Ireland. A grant of \$10,000 a year was made to the Irish Congested Board and the ex naval officer got \$5,000 of the \$10,000 for supervising the other half. These are only instances. But they show that the administration in Ireland is saturated and honeycombed with graft in its most hateful forms.

The clerical force in every Government bureau in Ireland is shamefully overmanned and notoriously incompetent. There are five policemen for every one required and five judges where one could easily do the work. And each judge from the one who presides in the Police Court to the Lord Chancellor is paid five times too much. In truth, Irish administration is rotten to the core, graft and incompetency everywhere and nothing can remedy it save its utter and complete destruction and the inauguration of an entirely Irish administration subject to an Irish Parliament.

When I first saw this ancient city in 1872, I saw all its possibilities of commerce and progress. But it has been stagnating and going backwards ever since. There was no Spokane or Butte or Seattle or Rossland then; these were all in the womb of Time and I have seen them grow lusty and strong and vigorous and rich under the all inspiring influence of free institutions and equal opportunity for all. And when, after a generation I re-visit Limerick—I am filled with melancholy—and thank my stars that my lot is not cast in a country blasted by alien rule.

WHY BUILD CHURCHES? THE CRY OF THE UTILITARIANS. The spirit of age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties as to God and to their neighbor and to the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledging God's dominion over us and our dependence upon Him.

The old law taught sacrifice which was to be offered in places made sacred for that purpose. The new law brought the fulfillment of all the types and figures of the old law and the perfection of sacrifice was in Jesus Christ, the Redeemer. His will is the norm of man's action. His law demanded man's obedience. He saw fit to gather about Him His disciples to be what He called a Church which was to be the teacher of mankind. He constituted His Apostles the priests of the new law and He bade them do in commemoration of Him that which they saw Him do at the Last Supper, the night before He died.

The Christian Church for nigh unto twenty centuries has found its place in all nations, under all skies, near the homes of all mankind. In it, men have heard the call of salvation; in it, they have drunk the waters of eternal life, by it they have received the pardon of God for their sins, their minds have been illuminated, their souls strengthened and their lives sanctified by the grace of Christ's redemption which has come to them through the instrumentality of the Christian Church mission, it has been the propagation of Christ's saving mission. It has been teacher and civilizer of mankind. It has made men

Why build churches? The spirit of age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties as to God and to their neighbor and to the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledging God's dominion over us and our dependence upon Him.

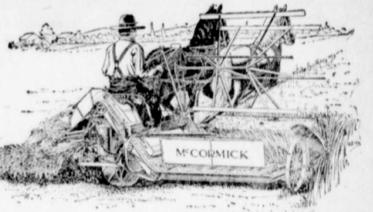
Why build churches? The spirit of age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties as to God and to their neighbor and to the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledging God's dominion over us and our dependence upon Him.

Why build churches? The spirit of age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties as to God and to their neighbor and to the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledging God's dominion over us and our dependence upon Him.

Why build churches? The spirit of age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties as to God and to their neighbor and to the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledging God's dominion over us and our dependence upon Him.

Why build churches? The spirit of age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties as to God and to their neighbor and to the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledging God's dominion over us and our dependence upon Him.

The McCormick Binder



A BINDER is necessarily an important machine. All the more necessary for avoiding mistakes, by getting something of standard kind.

All McCormick harvesting machines are recognized as the standard in their particular line. And especially is this true of the binder. Here are a few of the reasons why:

The main frame forms a rigid and solid foundation for the machine to rest upon. The drive chain is strong and durable. The machine is equipped with roller bearings.

Hence it is exceedingly light in draft. It has an improved clutch, so that the operator cannot become wound with straw.

Wide range of adjustment on reel—lifts high to cut over and under grain and lowers to pick up down grain. Both the main and gear wheels are provided with casing and lowering devices, so that the machine can be adjusted to any height of stubble.

But you want to know, too, about the knottor, the beautiful simplicity, the adjustment, the work. And you want to know them thoroughly and in detail. We can only mention them here, just to put you in mind.

Call on the McCormick Agent for information or write nearest branch house for catalog.

CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO. OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A. (INCORPORATED)

the machine can be adjusted to any height of stubble. But you want to know, too, about the knottor, the beautiful simplicity, the adjustment, the work. And you want to know them thoroughly and in detail. We can only mention them here, just to put you in mind.

Call on the McCormick Agent for information or write nearest branch house for catalog.

EDUCATIONAL Assumption College, SANDWICH, ONT. THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSICAL AND COMMERCIAL COURSE, Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to Rev. D. CUSHING, C. S. B.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN ONT., CANADA. (S. T. H.) Commercial Course with Business College Features. High School or Academic Course—Preparation for Professional Studies, College or Arts Course—Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries. Board and Tuition per Annum, \$100.00. For Catalogue Address—REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R. PRES.

A PRACTICAL EDUCATION AT THE NORTHERN Business College Owen Sound, Ont. will double your earning power. It only requires a few months at this institution to complete a thorough practical Business Course or a Short-hand and Typewriting Course and fit you for a remunerative position. Students admitted at any time. Full particulars at any time free. C. Fleming, Principal. Spring term begins April 2nd.

THE GLOBE FURNITURE CO. LTD. MANUFACTURERS OF SCHOOL DESKS CHURCH Pews OPERA SEATING BANC STORES & OFFICE FITTINGS

Galt Sure Grip Shingles are no puzzle to lock or to lay. Made of best galvanized steel and can't rust. They are fire, storm and lightning proof.

What a sense of security, is an old book which time has criticized for us. Hump Back SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and builds strong bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.

Farm Laborers Farmers desiring help for the coming season, should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau.

WRITE FOR APPLICATION FORM TO THOS. SOUTHWORTH, Director of Colonization, TORONTO, Ont.

The London Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Canada ESTABLISHED 1853 HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO. FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT

COWAN'S Perfection COCOA (Maple Leaf Label) Children like it and thrive on it

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT. CAN. The ARNOTT METHOD is the only logical method for the cure of stammering. It treats the CAUSE, not merely the HABIT, and insures natural speech. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request. Address THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, ONT. CAN.

llian gave believe I'm little, and to late I'll creep d her hus- in the e stood be- at world of now her to- ood night, s she stood ng her to while and e wagon a breathing need of an as burning By its un- could see eatures. A ness "I p- er heart to d. "And I care." a few days the cabin at you think of fine, Step- and just look ver see any- o her side, mountains. The plains, ed in bound- her base. "I said 's life seems gh grandeur, shall we put ed. "Little ward the dear of her mar- fore. It was possible that might come cabin herself are than she ment of her -sting, too, ible tasks of and sweep- clear voice room: "I- e, John, -gether." oftened as he ught only the ishes, fami- ls that would but she had Stephen's big low one. The different terri- s chair stood her own par- but now they le. s graced the ental rug cov- lin was ex- g supper when that first night, er dress was e grace that put on, en he saw the e is a metamor- ried. "You're dishes alone," they rose from protested Gil- are. Here, give rry over the on it was over, "Sit by me," his pipe. And voice that new ed the moon rise in the days that watch, at the t, for the slight in dress. e came out to meet e good sport?" d to get home, e the supper e of the night s obtains. As they e face until the e with his own ean, really men coldness you care voice broke; "Who I had grown to and so I grew hard s face darkened child," he cried, to our married life our obstinacy and e. Assumed, he- ve cared through me tonight, and you in the darkness. "Life," she said, in Stephen, we may act all we may—I no use. Neither dently until Wigwam me. on Wigwam Gulch, Stephen, pressing her

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO BEAR BURDENS.

Cast thy care upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee. (Gradual of the Mass.)

Which of us, dear brethren, is without his burden or his care? Whatever our station in life, however high or lowly we may be, to each comes his portion of sorrow, to each come difficulties and temptations. If we escape one trial we are sure to find another, and probably a worse one, awaiting us. It is our lot here upon earth to suffer, and we ought to expect nothing else, for if we hope for perfect happiness in this world we are doomed to bitterest disappointment. The way in which to carry ourselves with regard to our difficulties is not to seek to avoid them, or when they come upon us to run away from them, but to accept them as the portion of our heritage and to make them a source of merit and sanctification. If we would but cast our care upon the Lord, if we would but willingly submit to what His all-wise Providence designs for us, these apparent miseries would become for us real blessings and bring upon us the choicest of God's gifts—an increase of His grace in our souls, God will help us sustain our burden if we receive it with resignation; if we love it He will make it even sweet to bear.

But, you say, this doctrine is very pretty in theory. How about the practice of it? It is not so easy to be indifferent to the things of this life, to the wants of the body, so as to be quite as willing to be poor as to be rich, to have a good, substantial meal or a morsel of cold victuals. People cannot be expected to prefer misery to happiness.

We are not asking you to prefer misery to happiness, nor even to be indifferent as to what shall happen you. Although this would be far more perfect and would soon make him who had such disposition very holy, still we do not ask so much. What we would wish you to do is what we think all are bound to do—namely, to have confidence in the providence of God; to recognize His hand guiding the course of events in our behalf. We know that He is good and merciful and ready to help us in our need; we know that when He punishes it is not so much in anger as in love that He does so; yet we complain and are discontented, and some even go so far as to blaspheme the God Who, at the very moment when we are treating Him with such indignity, is lovingly working all things together unto good, Who is doing for them more than they would ever hope for.

Oh! what pride is theirs, who set up their judgment against God's and insist upon the Almighty doing things according to their fancy. They see no reason why they should suffer this or that. Why should they be treated so harshly? Other people have comfort; why should not they? Oh! what folly, what blindness is there in the hearts of men and women who speak thus? What ingratitude is theirs! Perhaps the God they are abusing has forgiven them hundreds of mortal sins; perhaps He is withholding what they are demanding because He sees if He granted them the things they ask their salvation would be endangered; yet all that He is doing in loving kindness is being misunderstood, because men are unwilling to bow down to the holy and adorable will of God.

Dear brethren, let it not be said of us that we are ingrates or that we are so foolish as to think ourselves wiser than God; but let us turn to Him with all our hearts and recognize in all He sends us His unspeakable mercy; let us ever see in Him the All-wise God, our Father, and never permit ourselves to be deceived by the rebellion of our lower nature. Let us, in a word, "cast all our care upon the Lord."

TALKS ON RELIGION.

LIVING.

It is not necessary to prove that lying is very prevalent. There may be many men "whose word is as good as their bond," but the business world cries out for the bond and the security before it will place reliance in men's representations. These requirements manifest the state and condition of society.

We read in Proverbs vi. 16: "Six things there are which the Lord hateth and the seventh His soul detesteth * * * a deceitful witness that uttereth lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren."

False testimony is a blow at society, because it is a lie told with deliberation and publicity and tends to pervert justice. We do not go beyond bounds when we state that perjury is a common crime, a crime so common that it is more or less expected, and its detection does not excite the horror or receive the punishment it deserves.

St. John, in speaking of heaven and its glory and happiness, says: "The one shall not enter into it anything done * * * or that maketh a lie." (Apoc. xxi. 27.)

We know in what relationship the

GOOD AS GOLD



95% to Policy-Holders.

The "London Life" was the first Insurance Company in Canada to guarantee 95% of the profits to policy-holders.

You can exchange your earnings for a "London Life" insurance policy in any quantity and know that you are getting value as "Good as Gold" for every dollar.

Investigate "London Life" Policies before taking any other.

London Life Insurance Company

devil stands to a liar. St. John tells us: "When he," the devil, "speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father thereof." (St. John, viii. 44.) When a man tells a lie out of malice, he is performing the office and imitating the conduct of the devil. We may, therefore, apply to those who lie maliciously the words of Holy Scripture: "Their throat is an open sepulchre: with their tongues they act deceitfully, the poison of asps is under their lips." (Psalms xliii. 3.)

There are many different kinds of lies. While there are no "good lies," some lies are not so bad as others. "Lies of excuse," may be considered lies of cowardice. Moral courage is lacking in those who have recourse to them. Yet they may be and we think mostly are of only venial guilt. Those who are not careful to avoid little things may easily fall into greater.

Truthfulness is built in a great measure on the foundation of moral courage, and "lies of excuse" show that those who have recourse to these have not the real virtue of truthfulness or straightforwardness of character. Some people pride themselves on being "always right" and few are always right, and hence they often have recourse to lies of excuse to show that they are never wrong. It is hard, if not impossible, to be half truthful, as it is hard to be half honest or half faithful.

Most people know that some of their acquaintances are in the habit of "romancing" or of "pulling the long bow." They make themselves the heroes of their own stories. This is more or less a childish habit. There may not be much harm in the stories, but if a person gets a name for "romancing," he becomes a subject of suspicion and of derision.

A lie is a statement made with the intention to deceive and is so formed and expressed that it may mislead. Fables, fiction, etc., are not made with the intention to deceive nor are they calculated to mislead and hence cannot be said to be against truthfulness. A serious intention to deceive is essential to a lie.

There are certain forms of speech in common use that are frequently the cause of anxiety and of scruple to servants and to others. The expression or declaration "Not at home," is now the polite way of saying: "I am engaged," "I do not wish to receive visitors," "Come during office hours," etc. For instance, Mrs. S. and Mrs. W. have on her cards: "At home Wednesday p. m." This does not mean that she is elsewhere on the other days of the week.

While a person is not allowed to tell a lie, he is not obliged to tell all he knows. Persons may and should hold their tongues on occasion. Sometimes a person may be obliged to turn aside foolish or impertinent questions, not by a lie, but by indicating that it is none of the business or right of the questioner.

"Know you not that a little leaven corrupteth the whole mass?" The habit of untruth is an intellectual injury as well as a moral injury. Some by persistence in lying have almost lost the power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. "Oh ye sons of men! how long will ye be dull of heart? Why do you love vanity and seek after lying?" (Psalms iv. 3.)

Since "we are never allowed to do evil that good may come from it," we are never allowed to tell a lie "for a good purpose." This can be easily understood when the principle is kept in view.

We should seek to exemplify in our lives the character which the enemies of our Lord gave to Him: "Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest Thou for any man, for Thou dost not regard the person of men." (St. Matt. xxiii. 16)

One day a friend of St. Thomas cried out: "Thomas, look at the flying ox." St. Thomas looked around in astonishment. His friend laughed and said he was surprised to see how credulous he was. The saint replied: "It is much easier to believe that an ox could fly than that a Christian could tell a lie."

CORRECT VIEWS OF LIFE.

Rev. J. H. Thien.

Men create the spirit of an age and in turn are themselves influenced by that spirit. To a certain extent we make our environment, then environment molds our character. Parents are influenced by their children teachers, by their doctrines, players by the characters, they represent, professional men by their practice, the orator by his theme, the poet by his fancy. In a way, man is both cause and effect.

The spirit of an age may advance or retard humanity's progress toward a more perfect state. The history of mankind is not a record of an uninterrupted march toward the goal. It chronicles many reverses, oft repeated delays. The Alp of perfection is not ascended by nations or individuals without many a misstep or repeated stumble without an occasional sliding back or climbing to no purpose. At times a large number of men have mistaken a by-path that leads to the morass of human kind for the way that leads to the mountain top of man made perfect.

As a rule, the mistake is not discovered at once. It is only after a principle has been carried to its logical conclusion that we see its fallacy, after a theory has been put into practice that we perceive its pernicious tendency after the ball of human conduct has been started on its course that we see it heading for the abyss. Mistakes are bound to be fatal, at least for a certain number, before they are corrected. Error must be productive of evil by its very nature—"An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." It is, therefore, necessary that the spirit of the age, of every age, be created and manifested by correct views on the great problems of human life in order that the least possible amount of harm and the greatest possible amount of good may come to man. Humanity's welfare demands that correct views be entertained in regard to the factors, or powers, that tend most effectually toward the formation of character, since it is character that makes individual man desirable and beneficial to the commonwealth and to humanity, and the absence of it that makes him undesirable and detrimental.

THE SACRED HEART.

Two lights on a lowly altar; Two roses of dying red; The morning comes from the east, And the priest bows over his head; O'er a sign of white on the altar— In a cup—or a sign of red.

The sound of a low sweet whisper Floats o'er a little bread, And trembles around a chalice, And the priest bows over his head; O'er a sign of white on the altar— In a cup—or a sign of red.

As red as the red of roses, As white as the white of snow; But the red is the red of a sacrifice, Beneath which a God's blood flows; And the white is the white of a saint, Within which a God's flesh glows.

At words of the olden Thursday: Ye come from the far away; Ye bring us the Friday's Victim In whose love the priest's vestments glow; In the hand of the priest at the altar His Heart finds a home each day.

The sight of a Host uplifted! The silver sound of a bell; The sacred Host on the chalice, Beside, and heart! He kneels, He kneels, and He keeps his promise, With these all days to dwell.

From his hands to his lips that tremble From his lips to his heart, a thrill, Goes the little Host on its love path, Still doing the Father's will; And over the rim of the chalice The Blood flows forth to fill.

The heart of the man anointed With the waves of a wondrous grace; A silence falls on the altar, An awe on each bowed face; For the Heart that hid on Calvary Still beats in a holy place.

The priest comes down to the railing Where brows are bowed in prayer; In the tender clasp of his fingers A Host lies pure and fair, And the hearts of Christ and the Christian Meet there—and only there.

Oh! love that is deep and deathless! Oh! faith that is strong and grand! Oh! hope that will shine forever, O'er the waste of weary land! Christ's Heart finds an earthly heaven In the palm of the priest's pure hand.—FATHER RYAN

Tobacco and Liquor Habits

Dr. McTeggart's tobacco-remedy removes all dependence on the weed in a few days. It is a vegetable compound, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 25 cents. Truly marvelous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. In a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTeggart, 75 Yonge Street, Toronto.

WHERE O'CONNELL'S HEART LIES.

There are many monuments in Rome dear to Irishmen for one reason or another, but we should feel safe in saying none attracts more interest than that in which the heart of Daniel O'Connell is preserved. Within a magnificent structure of white marble the heart of the Liberator is kept embalmed in the ancient church of St. Agatha, belonging to the Irish College. The following is the inscription engraved on the marble:

This Monument contains the Heart of O'Connell, Who, dying at Genoa on his way to the Eternal City, bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome.

He is represented at the bar of the British House of Commons in MDCCCXXIX., when he refused to take the anti-Catholic declaration in these remarkable words:

"I at once reject this declaration: part of it I believe to be untrue, and the rest I know to be false."

He was born VI. Aug., MDCCCLXXV. Died XV. May, MDCCCLXVII. Erected by Charles Bianconi, Esq., the faithful friend of the immortal Liberator and of Ireland, the land of his adoption.

The height of the monument measures about twenty feet, its breadth about eight. The sculpturing on the upper part represents the angel of liberty standing over Erin, who sits leaning dejectedly on her harp, with the Irish wolf-dog and round tower in the background. The angel bids Erin to arise, signifying that the chains of religious slavery are at length broken. Upon the lower half are portrayed the burly figure of O'Connell and those of the peers of England, discussing the anti-Catholic declaration. The Liberator holds the Bible in his hand, and is about to hand it back without taking the objectionable oath.

Charles Bianconi, it will be remembered, was an Italian who introduced the famous "Bianconi cars," so familiar a feature of Irish life fifty years ago.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY.

There is a theory that we make sorrow deeper by giving it to tears, and anger more acute by anger fit. If we are ill or melancholy we increase the evil by complaining. Thus it is not the feeling but what we do and express while the feeling is on, that is important. This theory, of course, advises self-control. Our will power can not prevent the feeling, but it can prevent the prompted expression; and by such prevention it exercises a curative process. The determination to be cheerful promotes cheerfulness and drives away melancholy. A true Christian faith, a submission to the will of God, is the best assurance against fear and worry. Our souls are judged by our acts and our purposes, rather than by impulses of feeling and temptations, by which all of us are beset. Currents of emotion that come from temperament and physical condition need not bother the conscience, but the control we exercise over our will is the thing for which we are held responsible.—Catholic Citizen.

DOERS AND HEARERS.

It was said at the time that this was the verse in the Bible to which United States President Roosevelt pressed his lips when he took the oath of office. "But ye doers of the word and not hearers only. (James, i. 22.)" It would be well if every young man and woman would swear by this same verse to live up to its high meaning.

Passive adherence to anything is little better than no adherence at all. Nature, the thing adhered to, does not count for much. Nothing was ever accomplished for the betterment of the race except through action and those who have done most for men and women are those who were most active. All the great thoughts ever put on paper or spoken by mouth if man would be worthless had they not been lived. Nothing is really worth while until it has been put into practice. Theory and doctrine alike pale before the practical.

Religion and morality are simply terms if they do not stand for work that brings results. And the old, old excuse that one hesitates on account of the possibility of making mistakes or failing altogether is wholly invalid. Suppose one does make mistakes, what of that? Did not Abraham or Moses or Paul make mistakes? And they were pretty good men and excellent servants of God.

Live Christianity. Don't content yourself with listening to it once a week in church. Dog out. Don't spend the best part of your time trying to learn what god is. You are apt to arrive at the conclusion that there is no such thing. Theorizing can evaporize anything short of steel and stone. It is action that makes things grow and bloom and bear fruit. It is action that impresses other men.

If you want to be a home missionary work, it will make small difference whether you labor to save souls or just run your house or your store according to

Wilson's FLY PADS

ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED A BUSHEL OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM ARCHDALE WILSON, HAMILTON, ONT.

A POWER on Every Farm

THERE should be a power of some kind on every farm. It saves labor, time and money, and increases the earning capacity of the farm.

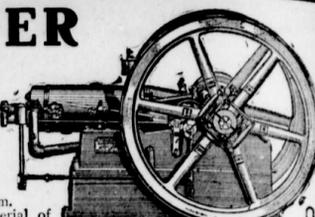
It will work the raw material of the farm into a finished product. All up-to-date farmers agree that the modern gasoline engine is the best farm power.

Our I. H. C. gasoline engine is the best gasoline engine. It is strong, durable, long lived and is of full rated, actual (not estimated) horse power.

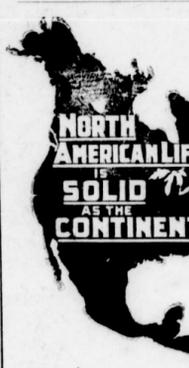
It is easy to operate and is easily kept in working order. It develops the maximum of power with the minimum of fuel.

I. H. C. gasoline engines are made in the following styles and sizes:

Call on the International Agent for information or write nearest branch house for catalog. CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, London, Ottawa, St. John, Winnipeg. INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, ILL. (INCORPORATED)



Horizontal—(Portable and Stationary), 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 & 15 Horse Power. Vertical—2, 3 & 5 Horse Power. Specially adapted to cutting dry fodder and ensilage, husking, shredding and shelling corn; threshing and grinding feed; sawing wood, separating cream, pumping water, etc. Indeed there is no service required of a power that will not be performed most satisfactorily by this engine. If you are not intending to purchase an engine now, you may want one in the future and really ought to know more about them.



You are Naturally Interested

In your financial welfare, present and prospective, and anything that will help toward its improvement. Then why not secure a policy of endowment insurance with the

North American Life Assurance Company?

You would thereby materially enhance your prospective welfare and at the same time provide the necessary protection for dependents. The security is unexcelled and the result is certain to prove satisfactory.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT. L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A. Managing Director. JOHN L. BLAIRIE, President. W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., Secretary.

Advertisement for D & A Corsets, featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and text describing the product's benefits for comfort and health.

Advertisement for Shredded Wheat, highlighting its nutritional value and ease of preparation.

Advertisement for Windmills, emphasizing their power and pumping capabilities.

Advertisement for Telegraphy, offering training and services for railway operators.

Advertisement for Bells, featuring various types of bells and their uses.

CHATS WITH

What do you do moments? The use determines, in a great man is and what moment is taken of measure itself. Some heart, and let's sure love of the do not cease. Others turn interest and amusement has used his leisure self for superior work. Haven't you dep upon appearances, upon recommendations? Haven't you enough on other about time for you tear of all make thing you have be of yourself, and de worth? Haven't you be yourself long eno had enough unof depending upon outside things to real power in y tired of leaving a pending upon this which have called The man who within himself, w himself, is never always will be d depends upon any is one person in never fail you if and are honest w yourself. It is self-reliant everywher. It is interesting who talk most men who like to lazier the man t to say about gre genius. The greatest g greatest workmen considered a genius, the "brilliant" ings" with whic House of Commu polished and rep in his memorand emergency. Genius has b infinite capacity men who have d only reveal to t to day how muc was due to down plodding, what and encourage How often I ha encouraged, strugg of the heart; ach nerve aches, th the discouragem despair involve gain the admic which have tax their author. minutes or a fe with only pleas days and month details and quire to produ And so of achievements—ever been accus pains and persi Go Into Bo We never kn em are put to emergency or t When we feel outside resou absolutely up with all the fo I know a worked for lea comparatively a giant in the ability for com ability comes his own prog carrying out his was comparat his individual gramme. The trouble is the cramp the lack of o original and fear of makin sion lest we constantly the creative S. M., in Su We Here is so our boys le have a hard Your task i The conten spe will so week. So patched tr Your empl always br oddling fa to sit six day Never m getting ex somehow la later, he r life himself tag. Wh for him, h which ever You are go in with Work is not see it say you w days been work, be to do thin over the st their hist compelled toughness and sharp out for th Work

