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"Christianus mthi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen" -- (Christian my Name but Catholic my Surname) -- St. Paclan. 4th Century.

The Catholic Record.

VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1905.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, BY REV. JOHN C. MACMILLAN.

Dr. MacMillan deserves much credit for this contribution to the historical literature of Canada. This book may impel other pens to action, for there are still records which can be the source and inspiration of many a glowing page of history.

English-speaking Canadians, it must be confessed, have done little towards chronicling the stories of other days. We have Parkman, of course; but he was of New England stock ; and, moreover, viewed things pertaining to us through the glass of prejudice. While remembering his tributes to priest and explorer, we must say that he could not understand the motives which actuated the early missionaries of Canada, and he transgressed, notably in his account and attempted justification of the expulsion of the Acadians, the laws of impartial history. There is Dr. Kingsford, but he follows too slavishly in some things the guidance of Parkman.

Quebec, however, towers above all other provinces of Canada for its services to Canadian history. Garneau, Ferland and Faillon are the superiors of any historians who have essayed to transcribe for us the records of our past. Here and there in their writings may be heard the note of self-glorification, but this is easily forgotten when we consider the wealth of achievement at their command—the devotion of the priest, the intrepidity of the explorer, the bravery of the soldier, the learning French Canada, as our friends term

place via the stake, skirmish or battle, with never a thought that supersti tion and falsehood were of the warp and woof of its being. It has written the most glorious pages of our history, which can be read, and with profit, by every true Canadian. It is patient and tolerant, but not to the extent of allowing itself to be walked upon by over, look none the worse for them. every Ontario bigot. It has met ere this the prosleytiser with his pulpit oftimes in a cess-pool of slander who chose exile and suffering rather and knows how to rate him. than prove recreant to their faith, and, And all the talk about Quebec being a barrier to national unity, because for sooth it will not renounce Bishop Plessis, who visited Prince Edits creed at the command of the sects, ward Island in 1812, says in his diary may excite neurotic individuals, but it of the history of this country. We remember what Lord Durham said: "I know of no parochial clergy in the world whose practice of all the Christian virtues has been more universally admitted, and has been more productive of beneficial consequences, than the is meaningless to those who know aught priest and as demonstrative in their Catholic priesthood of this province " These words are as true to day as when they were first uttered. The priest cannot, of course, understand why his people should be preached at and ridiculed by sundry clerical tourists. And to any thoughtful person it must be beyond comprehension the spectacle of a preacher with a Bible, for whose divine inspiration they cannot vouch, and with a commission made out by fallible men, coming to lead us to truth. It is certainly mysterious, and no proof of the "freedom of thought" which is supposed to be the appanage of the non-Catholic. The great trouble with our friends is that they labor under a delusion that the fictions, etc., they battle with are Catholic doctrines. As Cardinal Newman said in 1851, lecturing on the Present Position of Catholics in England: "As little is known of the religious motives, the religious ideas of two hundred millions of Christians poured to and fro among them and around them, as if-I will not say they were Tartars or Patagonians, but as if they inhabited the moon." The little catechism should be read by all those who yearn for our conversion. But to return to the history.

Dr. McMillan sketches rapidly the early beginnings of the history of Prince Edward Island, the labors of the Sulpicians and Franciscans. He adverts to the fact that whereas, accord. ing to Parkman, the English regarded the Indians less as men than as vicious and dangerous animals, the French civilized them and made them their

friends. In 1744 war was declared between

Pré and elsewhere to aid them. Let us remind our readers that, according to the 14th article of the of little consequence in their zeal for treaty of Utrecht, 1713, the Acadians truth. may have the liberty to remove them selves within a year to any other place, with all their movable effects. But those who are willing to remain here and to be subject to the kingdom of Great Britain are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion." Tais article had no weight with many of the authorities in Nova Scotia. We say "many" because we do not wish to put men such as Governor Hopson, who dealt fairly with the any thirst for controversy. Acadians, aside tyrants such as Vetch, Nicholson, Cornwallis and Lawrence. Despite, however, this violation of the article referred to above of Utrecht the Acadians never wavered in their allegiance to England. Though they were tempted and threatened by Duvivier, the Acadians, to quote Governor Mascarene's letter to kept hitherto in their fidelity and in no ways joined with the enemy." As a reward they were a few years later driven from their homes and deported not this grafter in uniform tell Colonel Acadians, and in it Lawrence stands revealed as a brutal and unprincipled our present handwriting impose its ruffian. After the fall of Louisbourg scrupulous observance on all. the Acadians of St. John's Island were,

ship to be conveyed from the country. became a colony of the British Crown." Deftly and eloquently does the author tell the story of the labors of the missionaries. He puts a few purple patches on the gallant Highlanders, who, how But it were a cold heart that would not be thrilled by the memory of those despite trials and difficulties, clung to it with indomitable tenacity and courage.

"that they are as attached to their

Dr. MacMillan rejoins that many of the Catholics who flocked to the town were of the poorest and lowest class. He goes on to say there was another and a stronger reason why sin abounded among them-a reason that Fither Mac Eachren had labored in season and out of season to impress on the authorities at Quebec. It was the complete spiritual abandonment in which they were forced to live since their arrival in this country. Is it any wonder that Virtue waned and Vice waxed strong in such

circumstances ?

Dr. MacMillan says also that Father MacEachren's appeals to Quebec had hitherto been in vain. No Canadian priest had come to share his labors, though he had never failed to impress on the proper authorities the manifold wants of the missions. Even the priests who had come to France were not permitted to remain. The superiors of the Scotch mission to whom Father MacEachren had applied for co-workers thought it was time that the Diocese of Quebec should furnish priests for its priest had yet permanently resided in Prince Edward Island, and surely the souls in this remote region were as precious in the sight of God as those in the parishes that fringed the St. Law-

Anarrangement, indeed, but justified by facts.

We commend this volume to our readers. Not only to the inhabitants
Then the great crux of all is met in of Prince Edward Island should it be interesting, but to Canadians everywhere who wish to learn of what stuff were the Louisbourg's Governor, sent Duvivier and De Gann against the English.

They expected the Acadians of Grand solation was their faith. It may shame us out of our indifference, for it tells of those who recked toil and suffering as

> We welcome Dr. MacMillan to the ranks of Caradian authors. And we speak no word of idle compliment that he can maintain himself therein with honer. Nay, we venture to hope that he may give us further proofs of the ability which amazed while it delighted his friends of former days. This history may bring Quebec men into the lists. If so, they can depend upon getting more information which may assuage

REFORMATION IN THE CHOIR.

HOW SHALL IT BE EFFECTED ?-BOYS MUST BE TAUGHT CHURCH MUSIC-INTERESTING PAPER READ AT PHILA-Rev. Hugh T. Henry, Litt. Doc.

Confining myself strictly to the subject assigned to me, I shall not speak quote Governor Mascarene's letter to either of the propriety or the necestithe Secretary of War, 1744, "have sity of a reform in Church music. The only question before us is: How shall the prescriptions of the Papal instruc-tion on sacred music be effectually car-

It is important to notice in this conby Governor Lawrence—a master of the game of rapine and robbery. Did not this grafter in uniform tell Colonel Church music had proved ineffective, Monkton to distress the Acadians as much as possible, but to save their cattle. Yet Parkman, Hannay Kingstard others was a web of instification round about the conduct of Law-rence. Mr. Richard, however, has given the world the history of the fullness of our apostolic authority, that the force of law be given, and we do by

This is not the language of recom mendation or of exhortation, but of law, as Dr. MacMillan says: "treated as those of Nova Scotia. Deprived of other hand, if they are to be carried which has found expression in prose and poetry.

their homes, they were driven to the seaside and hurriedly crowded aboard seaside and hurriedly crowded aboard is merely to beat the empty air, and ship to be conveyed from the country. accordingly the motu proprio prescribes the institution in each diocese of a French Canada, as our friends term of the control o surrendered to General Wolfe and four music executed in the churches in such years later was signed the Treaty of Paris, by which the whole of Canada dom of this provision, for, obviously, conditions differ very much in different dioceses. The legislation must be so particularized as to meet the difficulties actually confronting the reform move-ment in any one diocese. Many such diocesan commissions have, as a matter of fact, been daly appointed, and some of them have drawn up schemata that bear sufficient witness to the zeal and energy of their authors. The reform, however, has not progressed very notably, and it would appear that some thing more is needed in addition to authoritative legislation, executive

what else, then, is needed? Clearly, a knowledge of the "ways and means;" for while the three things I have men-tioned are essential requisites of reform, they in no wise make that reform easy

that they indeed are abuses. "Remove the abuse" we are commanded, and we ask in some wonder "Where is it?"

A zealous desire to reform sacred music is not, then, sufficient A campaign of education of some kind is desirable, so that when confronted with the enemy in the guise of an old friend. the enemy in the guise of an old friend we may be able to see through the dis guise and know with whom we are commanded to do battle. To draw up a manded to do battle. To draw up a catalogue of objectionable music would, however, be a well nigh endless task, as well as an ungrateful one, and, fortunately for us, the end can be reached to the consider a c quite as satisfactorily by compiling a catalogue of appropriate music. Such catalogues have been already compiled, this particular matter on which I have just been dwelling it would seem that little more is needed than to prescribe the exclusive use of such catalogues for the selection of musical com-

Having taken this preparatory step, we are still confronted by the difficulty of "ways and means." How shall the change be made from the present anarchic state? Nearly every prescription onic state: Rearry every proprio or the motu proprio bristles with practical difficulties. With respect to the introduction of Gregorian chant we face the fact that organists, choir masters, teachers of music know next nothing of its notation, its rhythm, its spirit; are utterly unfamiliar with the aduale texts even in their translation own missions. There was some truth into English; and so far from singing in this contention, for no Canadian such texts with that intimate knowledge which alone can rescue plain chant from a ludicrous misinterpretation of its real function as a more drapery thrown about the text, could scarce even pronounce the words with physi-Coming next to the question of the

Compositions of the polyphonic school, it is certain that most choirmasters know little more of it than its name, and still less of its tonalities and

the exclusion of women from the liturgical choir. What can supply their place? An adult male chorus, even when carefully selected and well

boy voice and is more apt to train it wrongly than rightly, and that he will approach the task without knowledge, without experience, without zeal.

In the preceding paragraph I have tried to being together the principal

me as practicable. First, then. with respect to Gregorian chant. Let us confess that as a rule our organists and singers have no knowledge whatever of its notation, its tandities its above the let of the condition. tonalities, its rhythm, its spirit; that, moreover, they consider it semi-barbaric, embryonic music, quite beneath any serious notice, quite undeserving of any serious study; that the few who know anything about it very mistakenly believe that indifferent voices and the slightest possible training will suffice for its rendition; that finally some singers declare that it tends to destroy a good voice by its monotonous and stentorian recitatives. Neverthe less, this is the kind of sacred song which leads the Holy Father to legis late as follows: "The ancient tradi late as follows: "The ancient tractional Gregorian chant must... be largely restored to the function of public worship, and everybody must take for certain that an ecclesiastical function loses nothing of its solemnity

when it is accompanied by no other music but this." to remove the dense ignorance of the musical world in this matter. The details of executive work in our parishes are too exacting to permit us to become lecturers and teachers, however much we may be looked upon as the natural ecclesiastical exponents of the chant. We, then, cannot under take to teach it, and on the other hand, it is not to proper in musical academic property in the property in musical academic property in the property in musical academic property in the it is quite unknown in musical academies. Who then shall train our organists and singers to a knowledge and

In answer to such a question it may be fairly said that we should not be concerned in such a matter: that the concerned in such a matter: that the demand will undoubtedly create the supply; that it is the business of organists and singers to qualify them selves to discharge properly those functions for which they receive sal ary. And this is apparently the stand taken by an Archbishop in a state adjoining ours in a recently issued pasteral. He directs that during Lent and Advent the chant should be used exclusively, and adds that organists must qualify themselves for such a task if they expect to retain their positions.

This summer the Benedictine monas

This summer the Benedictine monastery at Conception, Mo, advertised a good course in the chant—provided a sort of summer school tor just that pur There both the theory and the pose. There both the theory and the practice of the chant could be studied at first hand. How many of our choir directors attended? I venture to say none. Had they been informed that their positions were in jeopardy unless they should qualify themselves to carry out properly the Papal leg slation, I out properly venture to think that all would have elected that place for their summer vacation, and would have hopefully joined business with pleasure, I have joined business with pleasure, I have said that, personally, we priests can do little in this matter. I think I was in error, and I should rather have said that we can do very much by merely insisting that the Papal reform be carried out with some sincerity of purpose. I see the ultimatum, and let the operation. Issue the ultimatum, and let the organist do the rest. But if we are ourselves seeking pretexts for negligent delay we may rest assured that our organists will not display any fanatical energy.

The Pope next takes up polyphony. The classic polyphony, he says, agrees admirably with Gregorian chant, the supreme model of all sacred music. . . . This, too, must therefore be largely restored in ecclesiastical functions, especially in the more important basilicas, in cathedrals and in the churches and chapels of seminaries and other ecclesiastical institutions in which the necessary means are tions in which the necessary means are not lacking." This last phrase, reference ring to "the necessary means," is comforting. It takes account of the diffi culties in parishes remote from musical centres, poorly supplied with singers or with means to employ them. But it is difficult to see what large comfort can difficult to see what large country can
be drawn from the phrase by the
churches in a great musical centre,
such as every large city is, where both
singers an i money are to be found in
missal, but which, despite the rubrics
recentedly insisted upon, are never sufficient abundance. Once more, then, the burden of reform is laid on our sung by our choirs). All this is overt shoulders. Let us gracefully deposit it and public. But the emulations, heart

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1905 perpetual sameness of quality in their voices, partly because of the restricted compass of their voices and the consequent restrictions thrown about the composer. In addition to all this, even poor tenor voices are not quite as plentiful as blackberries, while good ones can command a higher price than Catholic churches usually care to pay. It is an easy reply to make that boys could be trained to sing the soprano parts. But who is to train them? The local organist? But it is the simplest truth to say that he never has had any difficult task; that he is quite unfamiliar with the physiology of the boy voice and is more apt to train it.

In the preceding paragraph I have tried to bring together the principal difficulties as these might be voiced by a neutral observer, who is at the same time an intelligent musician. Never theless, the legislation stares us in the face, cannot be ignored, forces itself on our attention, binds our consciences and meets every attempt at minimizing with an inexorable reiteration of its legal prescriptions. Since, then, we must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Outrech."

This prescription not only implies, but directly suggests, "choir boys." But the questions immediately precipitated by this will be somewhat as follows: 1. How shall we obtain the services of boys? 2. Who can train them properly? 3. What means will secure their attendance at rehear sals and at the church services and maintain discipline amongst them while there? The answer to the first question is simple enough. Our parish such parishes as may not possess schools will provide the boys, according to tated by this will be somewhat as follows: 1. How shall we obtain the services of boys? 2. Who can train them properly? 3. What means will secure their attendance at rehear sals and at the church services and maintain discipline amongst them while there? The answer to the first question is simple enough. Our parish schools will provide the boys, while such parishes as may not possess schools will merely encounter a difficulty similar to that which our separated brethren have so successfully met both here and in England, in the establishing of their excellent boy choirs. Many practical hints in this matter (as also in the matter of maintenance of discipline. matter of maintenance of discipline, etc.,) will be found in the little volume etc.,) will be found in the little volume published by Novello, Ewer & Co., en titled "Practical Hints on the Training of Choir Boys." The really major difficulty, however, is in the training of the boys. There are very few musicians, and indeed very few voice-trainers who understand the peculiar task implied in the training of boys voices. Here we must take a lesson from our Protestant neighbors, who in this matter have merely continued a this matter have merely continued a shall we do it?

Here I venture a suggestion which seems to me quite practicable, namely, that we should frankly admit our difficulty, employ the services of any one, Catholic or Protestant, who is compe-tent in this special field of voice training, and hand over to him the whole supervision of the training of our boys' voices. If the parishes employ such very great; but if they combine to employ his whole time, it would be employ his whole time, it would be very easy to construct a schedule of supervision of all the schools, which would make it possible for him to visit all the schools in any one neighborhood on one day of the week, the parishes in another section of the dio-cese on another day, etc., with obvious saving of time and effort, and with a corresponding diminution of cost to each school. Such a supervisor would first of all instruct the teachers in the

The parish schools constitute the key of the situation. They furnish us with the material in really superfluous abundance; they have this material ready for us at any time we may choose to select for moulding it into shape. Discipline is part of the air of the school, and will need scarcely any look ing atter. The rehearsals are a part of the school curriculum, and the whole elaborate system or rewards and fines elaborate system or rewards and fines to which Protestant churches must resort in order to secure attendance and attention is for us superfluous. attention is for us superintuos. The children are all of one faith and, so to speak, of one family. An intelligence of the spirit of the liturgical year, so important an acquisition for a success-ful rendering of Church music, is already partly their possession; and where it is not, will become such by the very practice of the rehearsals and the explanations there given of the meaning of the texts to be sung. It is an immense leverage which is thus given to us without any effort on our part, but which is denied to Protestant choir. That these have, nevertheless, been able to attain such satisfactory results, and have thus been able to eliminate women from their choirs in countless places in England is surely a reproach to us. Their sense of the liturgical to us. Their sense of the trageon-proprieties has been much keener than ours, and they have followed the urg-ings of that sense of propriety at a cost of time and labor and money such as we should not now have to encounter. While their services have by these means been rendered decorous, ours have been marked by cheap effects in the sacred music, by tawdry finery and vain estentation in the solo ists, by ludicrous inappropriateness in the selection of the texts to be sung (with the consequent complete ignoring repeatedly insisted upon, are never sung by our choirs). All this is overt shoulders. Let us gracefully deposit it at the doors of our organists and sing ers, where, in the second instance at least, it properly belongs. Our duty will have been discharged by an unbending insistence on the carrying out

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admitted to form part of the choir or of the musical chapel. Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the high voices of sopranos and contrattos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Jourch."

This resemblishment of the parts of the property of t phonic or quasi polyphonic co positions for those now in vog we priests may fairly demand we priests may fairly demand of our organists, choirmasters and singers that they shall qualify themselves prop-erly to earry out the prescribed re-forms. This will require study and effort on their part. Of course, they will meet with difficulties in the study of musical sciences which they now approach for the first time and will need some current periodicals to which they may address their queries and from which they may obtain assistance both in understanding the exact nature of the sciences in carrying out in practice the details of the related arts. tunately this necessity will in the very near future be met by the establishment of a periodical publication to be issued by the Dolphin Press, of Philadelphia, which will concern itself exclusively with the reforms prescribed by the motu proprio and which will therefore appeal to the interest not alone of the clergy, who must see that the reforms are carried out, but as well of the or-ganists, choir masters and singers, who

ganists, choir masters and singers, was are to carry out the reforms.

Secondly, with respect to the substitution of the boys' voices for those of women, it would seem desirable to employ the whole time of a competent pre-Reformation art and practice, which unfortunately we have lost. We must revive it, and the question now is, How shall get a do it? and the results, I should suppose, would be very valuable.

LETTER OF A SALOONKEEPER TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. Xavier, Cin., Calendar. Sir: I have opened apartments fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, wine, gin, brandy, beer and all their compounds. Our object, though different, can be obtained by united action. I, therefore, propose a co-partnership. All I want of men is their money — all the rest shall be

yours.
Bring me the industrious, the respectable, the sober and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars.

Bring me the child, and I will dash
to earth the dearest hopes of father and

mother.

Bring me the father and mother, and

I will plant discord between them and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

Bring me the young man, and I will rain his character, destroy his health, shorten his life and blot out all the highest and purest hopes of youth.

and I will deale the purity of the Charch and make religion a stink in the land.
Bring me the lawyer and the judge, and I will prevent justice, break up the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a by word in the parents. and a by word in the streets.

and a by word in the streets.

Bring me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruc-Bring me the mechanic and laborer,

and his own money—the hard-carned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his own happy home. Awaiting your reply, I am

Yours truly, A. Saloonkeeper.

Who Will Say he Had no Reason? "You dog of a Christian" was the salutation that a Bedouin Arab daily addressed to a French officer whom he had taken prisoner. One day the flicer's patience gave out, and he exclaimed angelly:
"Be silent, infilel, and cease to in-

sult me. I am your prisoner, it is true, but I am a man as well as you and much more of a man."

"You a man!" replied the Arab, ith contempt. "No, you are a dog. with contempt. "No, you are a dog. For these six months you are my slave, and I have never once seen you pray.
Have I not reason to call you a dog?"— Holy Family Church Calendar.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Catholies, Methodists, Congrega-tionalists and Bastists recently held a meeting in St. Peter's Catholic Church at Beaver Daw, Wis., and in-augurated a meeting for the abolition of the treating habit and the enforce-ment of the law against the sale of nent of the law against the sale of

A magnifizent ostensorium, valued at more than \$10 000, has been presented to the Cathedral of Providence, R. I., by the Bishop, priests and parishioners. The splendid git represents the various contributions of gold, silver, jewels and monetary offerings of about two thousand of the laity.

A YEAR OF NOBILITY.

ENTER THE MARQUIS. The Marquis sat by the camp fire peeling potatoes. To look at him, you never would have taken him for a mar quis. His costume was a pair of cordu roy trousers; a blue flannel shirt, patched at elbows with gray; lumber nan's boots, flat footed, shape less, with loose leather legs strapped just below the knee, and wankled like the hide of an ancient rhinoceros; and a soft brown hat with several holes in the crown, as if it had done duty, at some time in its history, as an impromptu target in a shootirg-match. A red woollen scarf twisted about his loins gave a touch of

color and picturesqueness.

It was not exactly a court dress, but it sat well on the powerful, sincey figure of the man. He never gave a thought to his looks, but peeled his potatoes with a dexterity which be trayed a past master of the humble art, w the skins into the fire.

"Look you, m'sien'," he said to young Winthrop Alden, who sat on a fallen tree near him, mending the flyrod which he had broken in the morning the figure of the first tree for the firs look you, it is an affair ing's fishing. of the most strange, yet of the most certain. We have known always that ours was a good family. The name tells it. The Lamottes are of la haute classe in France. But here, in Canada, we are poor. Yet the good blood dies It is buried. not with the poverty. It is be hidden, but it remains the same. like these pataques. You plant good ones for seed: you get a good crop. You plant bad ones: you get a good crop.
You plant bad ones: you get a bad
crop. But we did not know about the
title in our family. No. We thought
ours was a side-branch, an off shoot.
It was a great surprise to us. But it is

Jean Lamoste's deep voice was quie on. His bright blue eyes above his ruddy mustache and bronzed cheeks, were clear and tranquil as those of a child.

Alden was immensely interested and amused. He was a member of the Boston branch of the Society for Ancestral Culture, and he recognized the favorite tenet of his sect,—the doctrine that "blood will tell." was also a Harvard man, knowing al most everything and believing hardly anything Heredity was one of the few unquestioned articles of his creed. But the form in which this familiar confession of faith came to him, on the banks of the Grande Décharge, from the lip of a somewhat ragged and distinctly illiterate Canadian guide, was grotesqu enough to satisfy the most modern taste for new sensations. He listened with an air of gravity, and a delighted sonse of the humor of the situation. "How did you find it out?"

Well, then," continued Jean, " will tell you how the nevs came to me. It was at St Gédéon, one Sanday last The snow was good and hard, and I drove in, ten miles on the lake from our house opposite Grosse He. A ter Mass, a man, evidently of the

city, comes to me in the stable while I leed the horse, and salutes me. Is this Jean La notte?' " 'At your service, m'sieu'.' " Sm of Francois Louis Lamotte?"
" O no other. But he is dead, God

I been looking for you all through Charlevoix and Chicontimi.

Here you find me then, and good-

day to you says I, a little short, for I Cant, chut, says he, very friendly. 'I suppose you have time to talk

would you like to be a have a castle in France t I think I will lick

I laugh.

ouss of logs where my mother tween us."
-you saw it last summer. But of "But certaintly not!" answered e sleigh. All that evening ee. How there belongs to that an enace and a title in France, hereby sears with no one to claim give nothing more to the lawyer until it. How he being an avocat, has re-marked the likeness of the names. How he has bricked the family through and Quebec, in all the ther's great-grandfather, Eti-La Motte who came to Canada two hundred years ago, a younger son of the Marquis de la Lucière. How he has the papers, many of them, with red says he, 'there are others of the family here to share the property. e divided. But it is large s—allions of francs. And the castle larger than mill at Chicoutimi; with and electric lights, and colored he wall, like the hotel at

Vaen my mother heard about that teased. But me—when I was a marquis, I knew it

h ne eyes were wide open now.

urned away his face to light hide a smile. "Did he asy many many of you?"—came en the puffs of smoke.

'' answered Jean, "of

that I had desired up on the lumber

him that. He has gone to France to make the claim for us. Next spring he comes back, and I give him a \$100 more; when I get my property \$5,000 It is little enough. A marquis more. nust not be mean.

Alden swore softly in English, under his breath. A rustic comedy, a joke on human nature, always pleased him; but beneath his cynical varnish he had very honest heart, and he hated cruelty and injustice. He knew what a little money meant in the backwoods; what hard and bitter toil it cost to rake it together; what sacrifices and privations must follow its loss. If the smooth prospector of unclaimed estates in France had arrived at the camp on the Grande Décharge at that n Alden would have introduced him to the most unhappy hour of his life.

But with Jean Lamotte it was by no

means so easy to deal. Alden perceived at once that ridicule would be worse than useless. The man was far to much in earnest. A jest about a mar quis with holes in his hat! Yes, Jean ould laugh at that very merrily ; for about the reality of the marquis! That struck him as almost profane. It was a fixed idea with him. Argument could not shake it. He had seen the papers. He knew it was true. All the strength of his vigorous and healthy manhood eemed to have gone into it suddenly, as if this was the news for which he had been waiting, unconsciously, since he was born.

It was not in the least morbid, vision

ary, abstract. It was concrete, actual and so far as Alden could see, whole some. It did not make Jean despise his present life. On the contrary, it ap-peared to lend a zest to it, as an inter-esting episode in the career of a noble man. He was not restless : he was no discontented. His whole nature was at once elated and calmed. He at all feverish to get away from his familiar existence, from the woods and the waters he knew so well, from the large liberty of the unpeopled forest, splendid breadth of the open sky. consciously these things had gone into his blood. Dimly he felt the premoniions of homesickness for them all But he was lifted up to remember that the blood into which these things had entered was blue blood, and that though he lived in the wilderness he really belonged to la haute classe. A breath o romance, a spirit of chivalry from the days when the highspirited courtiers of Louis XIV. sought their fortune in the New World, seemed to pass into him. He spoke of it all with a kind of proud

implicity.

"It appears curious to m'sieu', no hean so in Canad doubt, but it has been so in Canada from the beginning. There were many nobles here in the old time. Frontenac, -he was a duke or a prince. Denon ville—he was a grand seigneur, La Salle, Vaudreuil—these are all noble, counts or barons. I know not the difference, but the cure has told me the names. And the old Jacques Cartier, the father of all, when he went home to France, I have heard that the king made him a lord and give him a castle Why not? He was a capable man, a brave man; he could sail a big ship, he could run the rapids of the great river in his canoe. He could hunt the be the lynx, the carcajou. I suppose al these men—narquises and counts and barons—I suppose they all lived hard, and slept on the ground, and used the axe and the paddle when they came to the woods. It is not the fine coat that makes the noble. It is the good blood, the adventure, the brave heart." "Magnificent!" thought Alden.

"It is the real thing, a bit of the seven teenth century lost in the forest two hundred years. It is like finding an old rapier beside an Indian trail. I suppose the fellow may be the descendant of some gay young lieutenant of the regiment Carignan-Salieres, who came out with De Tracy, or Courcelles. An amour with the daughter of a habitant laugh. Very well in a name taken at random—who can unand also a handful of ravel the skein? But here's the old mekshot, and the new moon thread of chivarry running through all the tangles, tarnished but unbroken." This was what he said to himself Monsieur Lamotte. I want man talk with you. Do you I accompany you to your talk with you. I accompany you to your marquis or no marquis, I hope this is Residence? You know that little not going to make any difference be-

a pretty good house. It is yearm. So I bring the man sleigh. All that evening While I am au bois, I ask no better than to be your guide. Besides, I must earn those other hundred dollars, for the

> he had something sure to show for his money. But Jean was politaly noncommittal on that point. It was evi dent that he felt the impossibility of meanness in a marquis. Why should he meanness in a marquis. be sparing or cautious? That was for the merchant, not for the noble. A hundred, two hundred, three hundred dollars : What was that to an estate and a title? Nothing risk, nothing gain! He must live up to his role Meantime he was ready to prove that he was the best guide on the Grande

Decharge.

And so he was. There was not a man in all the Lake St. John country who knew the woods and waters as well as he did. Far up the great rivers Peribonca and Misstassini he had pushed his birch canoe, exploring the network of lakes and streams along the desolate Height of Land. He knew the Grand Brule, where the bears room in September on the fire-scarred hills among the wide, unharvested fields of blueberries. He knew the hidden ponds and slow ck ing brightly. He had put creeping little rivers where the beavers build their dams, and raise their silent water than and talking watercities, like Venice lost in the woods. He knew the vast barrens. covered with stiff silvery moss, where the caribou fed in the winter. On the Decharge itself-that tumultuous flood. never falling, never freezing, by which the great lake pours all its gathered must be money to carry on | waters in foam and fury down to the deep, still gorge of the Saguenay—there Jean was at home. There was not a winter, and the mother had curl or eddy in the wild course of the river that he did not understand. The nundred and ten dollars, we gave quiet little channels by which one could

drop down benind the islands while the main stream made an impassable fall; the precise height of the water at which it was safe to run the Rapide Gervais the point of rock on the brink of the Grande Chute where the canoe must whirl swiftly in to the shore if you did not wish to go over the cataract; the exact force of the tourniquet that sucked downward at one edge of the rapid, and of the bouillon that boiled upward at the other edge, as if the bottom of the

river were heaving, and the narrow line of the filet d'eau along which the birch bark might shoot in safety; the treachery of the smooth, oily curves where the brown water swept past the where the brown water swept past the edge of the cliff, silent, gloomy, menac ng; the hidden pathway through the securely and reach a favorite haunt o the ouananiche, the fish that loves the wildes) water—all these secrets were known to Jean. He read the river like book. He loved it. He also spected it. He knew it too well take liberties with it.

The camp, that June, was beside the Rapide des Cedres. A great ledge stretched across the river; the water came down in three leaps, brown ab golden at the edge, white where it fell. Below, on the left bank, there was a little cove behind a high point of rocks curving beach of white sand, a gentle slope of ground, a tent half hidder among the birches and balsams. Down hidden the river, the main channel narrowed and deepened. High banks and deepened. High banks hemmed it in on the left, iron coasted islands on the right. It was a sullen, powerful, dangerous stream. Beyond that n mid river, the He Maligne reared it wicked head, scarred, bristling with skeletons of dead trees. On either side of it, the river brake away into a long fury of rapids and falls in which no boat

could live. was there, on the point of the island, that the most famous fishing in the river was found; and there Alden was determined to cast his fly before he went home. Ten days they had waited at the Cedars for the wate to fall enough to make the passage to the island safe. At last Alden grev impatient. It was a superb morning sky like an immense blue gentian, full of fragrance from a million bells of pink Linnes, sunshine flattering the great river,-a morning when danger and death seemed incredible.

" To day we are going to the island, Jean; the water must be low enough Not yet, m'sieu,' I am sorry, but

it is not yet."

Alden laughed rather unpleasantly
"I believe you are afraid. I though "I believe you are afraid, I thought you were a good canoeman—"
"I am that," said Jean, quietly, and therefore, -well, it is the bac

anoeman who is never afraid." "But last September you took your onsieur to the island and gave him to fishing. Why don't you do it for in fishing. Why don't you do it for me? I believe you want to keep me away from this place and save it for

Jean's face flushed. "M'sien' no reason to say that of me. I beg

Alden laughed again. He was some that irritated at Jean for taking the thing so seriously, for being so obstinate. On such a morning it was absurd.
At least it would do no harm to make an effort to reach the island. If it proved inpossible they could give up. "All right, Jean," he said, "I take it back. You are only timid, that's all. Francois here will go down with me. We can manage the canoe together. Jean can stay at home and keep the camp. Eh, Francois?"

François, the second guide was a ush of vanity and good nature, just sense enough to obey Jean's orders, and just jealousy enough to make him jump at a chance to show his independence. He would like very to be first man for a day,-per haps for the next trip, if he had good luck. He orinned and nodded his head All ready, m'sieu': I guess we can do it.

But while he was holding the canoe steady for Alden to step out to his place in the bow. Jean came down and pushed him aside. "Go to bed, dam" fool," he muttered, shoved the canoe out into the river, and jumped lightly to his own place in the stern.

Alden smiled to himself and said

nothing for a while. When they were a mile or two down the river he re-marked. "So I see you changed your Jean. Do you think better of the river now? "No. m'sieu'. I think the sa ne."

Because I must share the luck with you whether it is good or bad. It is no shame to have fear. The shame is not to face it. But one thing I ask of you—" And that is ?" "Kneel as low in the canoe as you

ean, paddle steady, and do not dodge when a wave comes."

Allen was half inclined to turn back, and give it up. But pride made it difficult to say the word. Besides

the fishing was sure to be superb : not a line had been wet there since last year. It was worth a little risk. The danger could not be so very great after all. How fair the river ran,—a current of living topaz between the banks of emerald! What but good luck could come on such a day?
The canoe was gliding down the last

smooth stretch. Alden lifted his head, as they turned the corner, and for the first time saw the passage close before His face went white and he set his teeth.

The left hand branch of the river. cleft by the rocky point of the island, dropped at once into a tumult of yellow foam and raved downward a ong the northern shore. The righthand branch swerved away to the east. running with swift, silent fury. On the lower edge of this desperate race of brown billows, a huge whirlpool formed and dissolved every two or three minutes, row eddying round in a wide backwater into a rocky bay on the end of the island, now swept away by the rush of waves into the white rage of

the rapids below.

There was the secret pathway. The trick was to dart across the right-

swung backward, and let it sweep you around the end of the island. It was easy enough at low water. But now smooth waves went crowding and shouldering down the slope as if they were running to a fight. The river rose and swelled with quick, un-even passion. The whirlpool was in its place one minute; the next it was

blotted out; everything rushed madly downward—and below was hell. Jean checked the boat for a moment quivering in the strong current, waiting for the tourniquet to form again. Five seconds—ten seconds—" Now!"

The cance shot obliquely into the tream, driven by strong, quick strokes if the paddles. It seemed almost to leap from wave to wave. All was going well. The edge of the whirl pool was near. Then came the crest of larger wave, -slap! -into the boat. cold water, and missed his stroke. eddy caught the bow and shoved it out. The whirlpool receded, dissolved. The whole river rushed down upon canoe and carried it away like a leaf.

Who says that thought is swift and clear in a moment like that? Who talks about the whole of a man's life passing before him in a flash of light? A flash of darkness! Thought is paralyzed, dumb. "What a fool!" "Good bye!" "If—" That is about all it can say and if the about all it can say. And if the moment is prolonged, it says the same thing over again, stunned, bewildered impotent. Then? The rocking waves the sinking boat; the roar of the fall the swift overturn; the icy, blinding strangling water—God!

Jean was flong forward. Instinct ively he struck out, with the current and half across it, toward a point of rock. His foot touched bottom. He drew himself up and looked back. canoe was sweeping past, bottom up

yard. Alden underneath it. himself out into the Jean thrust stream again, still going with the cur rent, but now away from shore. He gripped the canoe, flinging his arm over the stern. Then he got hold of now away from shore. He thwart and tried to turn it over Too heavy. Groping underneath he caught Alden by the shoulder and pulled him out. They would have gone down together but for the boat. "Hold on tight," gasped Jean, "put your arm over the cance—the other

Alden, half dazed, obeyed him. The torrent carried the duncing, slippery bark past another point. Just below it,

there was a little eddy. "Non," cried Jean; "the back-They touched the black, gliddery They staggered out of the eks. vater;

deep ; falling and rising again. They crawled up on the warm moss.

The first thing that Alden was the line of bright red spots on the wing of a cedar bird fluttering silently through the branches of the tree above him. He lay still and watched it, wondering that he had never before observed those brilliant sparks of color on little brown bird. Then he won his legs ache Then he saw Jean, dripping wet, sitting on a stone and looking down the river

He got up painfully and went over He put his hand on the man's "Jean, you saved my life-I thank

you, Marquis!"
"M'sieu'," said Jean, springing up, 'I beg you not to mention it. It was nothing. A n bonne chance! A narrow shave,-but la And after all, you were right—we got to the island! But now how to get off?"

AN ALLIANCE OF RIVALS.

Yes, of course they got of —the next day. At the foot of the island, two miles below, there is a place where the water runs quiter, and a bateau can ing away something of great value cross from the main shore. François which they had just found. The family was frightened when the others did not | name, the papers, the links of the ge come back in the evening. He made his way around to St. Joseph d'Alma, set forth,—all this had made an impresand got a boat to come up and look for their bodies. He found them on the shore, alive and very hungry. But all the marquis? that has nothing to do with the story.

Nor does it make any difference how Alden spent the rest of his summer in the woods, what kind of fishing he had, or what moved him to leave \$500 with Jean when he went away. That is all padding: leave it out. The first point of interest is what Jean did with the money. A suit of clothes, a new stove, and a set of kitchen utensils for the log house opposite Grosse Ile, a trip to Quebec, a little game of "blof Americain" in the back room of the Hôtel du Nord-that was the end of the money.

This is not a Sunday school story Jean was no saint. Even as a hero he had his weak points. But after his own fashion he was a pretty good kind of marquis. He took his headache the morning as a matter of course, and his empty pocket as a trick of fortune. With the robility, he knew very well, such things often happen; but the nobility do not complain about They go ahead, as if it was a baga-

telle Before the week was out Jean was on his way to a lumber-shanty on the St. Maurice River, to cook for a crew of thirty men all winter.

The cook's position in camp is curious
—half menial, half superior. It is no
place for a feeble man. But a cook who
is strong in the back and quick with his fists can make his office much respected Wages, \$40 a month; duties, to keep the pea-soup kettle always hot and th bread pan always full, to stand the jokes of the camp up to a certain point, and after that to whip two or three of the most active humorists.

Jean performed all his duties to per fect satisfaction. Naturally most of the jokes turned upon his great expectations. With two of the principal jokers he had exchanged the usual and conclusive form of repartee—flattened them out literally. The ordinary badinage he did not mind in the least;

it rather pleased him.
But about the first of January a ne hand came into the camp—a big, black-baired fellow from Three Rivers, Pierre Lamotte dit Théophile. With him it hand current at the proper moment, was different. There seemed to be outch the rim of the whirlpool as it symething serious in his jests about

the marquis." It was not fun; it was mockery; always on the edge of anger. He acted as if he would be glad o make Jean ridiculous in any way.

Finally the matter came to a head. Finally the matter take soup one something happened to the soup one tobacco probably Sunday morning - tobacco probably. Certainly it was very bad, only fit to throwaway; and the whole camp was mad. It was not really Pierre who played the trick; but it was he who sneered that the camp would be better off if the cook knew less about castles and more about cooking. Jean answered that what the camp needed Jean it was a joke to poison the soup. Pierre took this as a personal allusion and requested him to discuss the question outside. But before the discussion began he made some general remarks about the character and pretensions of

"A marquis!" said he. "This oagoulard gives himself out for a mar quis! He is nothing of the kind rank humbug. There is a title in the family, an estate in France, it is true But it is mine. I have seen the papers I have paid money to the lawyer. I am waiting now for him to arrange the matter. This man knows nothing about it. He is a fraud. I will fight him now and settle the matter.'

Jean.

If a backet of ice water had been thrown over Jean he could not have cooled off more suddenly. He was dazed. Another marquis? This was a complication he had never dreamed of. It overwhelmed him avalanche. He must have time to dig himself out of this difficulty.

"But stop," he cried; 'you

fast. This is more serious than a pot of soup. I must hear about this. us talk first, Pierre, and afterwards

The camp was delighted. It was a fine comedy—two fools instead of one. pricked up their ears and The men lamored for a full explanation, a debate n open court. But that was not Jean's way. He

ad made no secret of his expectation out he did not care to confide all the tails of his family history to a crowd of fellows who would probably not un derstand and would certainly laugh. Pierre was wrong of course, but at least he was in carnest. That was something.
"This affair is between Pierre and

me," said Jean. "We shall speak of it by ourselves."

In the snow muffled forest, that afteroon, where the great-tree trunks rose ike pillars of black granite from a marble floor, and the branches of spruce and fir wove a dark green roof above their heads, these two stray shoots of a noble stock tried to untangle their family history. It was little that they knew about it. They could get back to their grandfathers, but beyond that the trail was rather blind. Where they crossed neither Jean nor Pierre could tell. fact, both of their minds had been empty vessels for the plausible lawyer to fill, and he had filled them with var ous and windy stuff. There were discrepancies and contradictions, denials and disputes, flashes of anger and clouds of suspicion. But through all the voluble talk,

somehow or other, the two men were drawing closer together. Pierre felt Jean's force of character, his air of natural leadership, his bonhommie. thought, "It was a shame lawjer to trick such a fine fellow with the story that he was the heir of the family." Jean, for his part, was pressed by Pierre's simplicity and firmness of conviction. He thought, "Wha a mean thing for that lawyer to fool such an innocent as this into supposing himself the inheritor of the What never occurred to either of them was the idea that the lawyer had de That was not to be ceived them both. dreamed of. To admit such a thought would have seemed to them like throwsion on their imagination, stronger than any logical argument. But which was the marquis? That was the question. "Look here," said Jean at last, "of

what value is it that we fight? We are cousins. You think I am wrong. I think you are wrong. But one of us must be right. Who can tell? There will certainly be something for both of Blood is stronger than current juice. Let us work together and help each other. You come home with me when this job is done. The la wyer returns to St. Gedeon in the spring. will know. We can see him together will know. We can see him together what If he has fooled you, you can do what I have to him. When — pardon, I will do the you like to him. When — pardon, I mean if — I get the title, I will do the fair thing by you. You shall same by me. Is it a bargain? You shall do the

On this basis the compact was made. The camp was much amazed, not to say disgusted, because there was no fight Well-meaning efforts were made at in tervals through the winter to bring on a crisis. But nothing came of it. The rival claimants had pooled their stock. They acknowledged the tie of blood, ignored the clash of interests Together they faced the fire of jokes and stood off the crowd; Pierre frowning and belligerent, Jean smiling and scornful. Practically, they bossed the camp. They were the only men who always shaved on Sunday morning. This was regarded as foppish.

The popular disappointment deepened into a general sense of injury. In

March, when the cut of timber finished and the legs were all hauled to the edge of the river, to lie there until the ice should break and the "drive begin, the time arrived for the camp t close. The last night, under the inspiration drawn from sundry bottles which had been smuggled in to celebrate the occasion, a plan was concocted in the stables to humble "the nobility" with grand display of humor. Jean was to be crowned as marquis with a bridle and blinders: Pierre was to be anointed as count, with a dipperful of harness oil: after that the fun would be impromptu

The impromptu part of the programme began earlier than it was advertised. Some whisper of the plan had leaked through the chinks of the wall between the shanty and the stable. When the crowd came shambling into the cabin,

snickering and rudging one another. Jean and Pierre were standing by the stove at the upper end of the long

"Down with the canaille!" shouted Jean. "Clean out the gang!" responded

Brandishing long-handled frying-pans, they changed down the sides of the table. The mob wavered, turned, and were lost! Helter skelter they fled. tumbling over one another in their haste to escape. The lamp was smashed. The benches were upset. In the smoky hall a furious din arose,—as if Sir Gala-had and Sir Percivale were once more hewing their way through the castle of hewing their way through the castle of Carteloise. Fear fell upon the multitude, and they cried aloud grievously in their dismay. The blows of the weapons echoed mightily in the darkness, and the two knights laid about them grimly and with great joy. The door was too narrow for the ni Some of the men crept under the lo berths : others hid beneath the Iwo, endeavoring to escape by the win dows, stuck fast, exposing a broad and indefended mark to the pursuers. the last strokes of the conflict were de

"One for the marquis !" cried Jean, bringing down his weapon with a sound ing whack. "Two for the count!" cried Pierre,

livered.

making his pan crack like the blow eaver's tail when he dives.

Then they went out into the snowy night, and sat down together on the sill of the stable-door, and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks.

"My faith !" said Jean. "That was like the ancient time. good wood that strong paddles are made —eh, cousin?" And after that there was a friendship between the two men that could not have been cut with the sharpest in Quebec. III.

A HAPPY ENDING WHICH IS ALSO A BEGINNING.

The plan of going back to St. Gedeon wait for the return of the lawyer, was not carried out. Several o little gods that use their own indiscretion in arranging the pieces on the puzzle map of life, interfered with it.

The first to meddle was that highly irresponsible deity with the bow and arrows, who has no respect for rank or age, but reserves all his attention for

When the camp on the St. Marrice dissolved, Jean went down with Pierre to Three Rivers for a short visit. There was a snug house on a high bank above the river, a couple of miles from the town. A wife and an armful of children gave assurance that the race of La Motte de la Luciere should not die out on this side of the ocean.

There was also a little sister in-law, Alma Grenou. If you had seen her you would not have wondered at what hap-pened. Eyes like a deer, face like a mayllower, voice like the "D" string mayflower, voice like the in a 'cello,—she was the picture of Drammond's girl in "The Habitant:"

"She's a nicer girl on whole Comte, an' jus'
got eighteen year—
Black eye, black hair, and cheek rosee dat's
lak wan Fancuse on de fall;
But don't spik much,—nos of das kin'—I can't
say she love me at all."

With her Jean plunged into love. It was not a gradual approach, like glid-ing down a smooth stream. It was not swift descent, like running a lively rapid. It was a veritable plunge, like going over a chute. He did not know precisely what had happened to him at first; but he knew very scon what to do about it.

The return to Lake St. John was postponed till a more convenient season after the snow had melted and the ice had broken up—probably the lawyer would not make his visit before that. If he arrived sooner, he would come back again; he wanted his money, that was certain. Besides, what was more likely than that he should come also to erre? He had promised At all events, they would wait at So. At all events, they won.

Three Rivers for a while.

The first week Jean told Alma that

she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. She tossed her head and expressed a conviction that he was joking. She suggested that he was in the habit

of saying the same thing to every girl.

The second week he made a long stride in his wooing. He took her out sleighing on the last remnart of very thin and bumpy-and utilized the occasion to put his arm around her waist. She cried "Laisse moi tranquille Jean!" boxed his ears, and said she thought he must be out of his The following Saturday afternoon he

craftily came behind her in the stable as she was miking the cow, and bent her head back and kissed her on the face. She began to cry, and said he had taken an unfair advantage, while her hands were busy. Sae hated him"Well, then," said he, still holding her warm shoulders, " if you hate me, I am contains her warm shoulders, " if you hate me, I am contains her warm shoulders, " if you hate me, I am contains her warm shoulders, " if you hate me, I am contains her warm shoulders, " if you hate me, I am contains her warm shoulders," and the same hard her warm should be a supplementary to the same hard her warm should be a supplementary to the same hard him. I am going home to morrow.'

The sobs calmed down quickly. She bent herself forward so that he see the rosy nape of her neck with the curling tendrils of brown hair around it.
"But," she said, "but Jean,—do you love me for sure ?" After that the path was level, easy,

and very quickly travelled. On Sun-day afternoon the priest was notified that his services would be needed for a wedding, the first week in May. Pierre's consent was genial and hilarious. The marriage suited him exactly-it was a family alliance. It made everything move smooth and certain. The property would be kept together.
But the other little interfering gods

had not yet been heard from. One of them, who had special charge of what remained of the soul of the dealer in unclaimed estates, put it into his head to go to Three Rivers first, instead of

He had a good many clients in different parts of the country,—temporary clients, of course—and it occurred to him that he might as well extract another \$50.6000 History June 18. another \$50 from Pierre Lamotte dit Theophile, before going on a longer jour sey. Oa his way down from Montreal he stopped in several small towns and slept in beds of various quality.

Another of the little deities (the one that presides are present willages).

villages; that presides over unclean

travelling law Three Rivers. He arrived a at the hotel, fee The next mor he was a resolu he was a resonater his own buggy and dre to Pierre's lawagon stop at to see who it. The man face pale, lip chattering. "Get me or " I am dying. They helpe he immediatel

DECEM

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From this he p Pierre took th haste to town The doctor serious, but h Keep hin ten drops of One of these violent. One him all the ti come back in In the mor yet more g patient caref

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IBER 2, 1905. udging one another,

powerful) arranged a surprise for the travelling lawyer. It came out at hree Rivers. He arrived about nightfail, and slept at the hotel, feeling curiously depressed. at the note; teeling carlously depressed.
The next morning he was worse; but
he was a resolute and industrious dog,
after his own fashion. So he hired a buggy and drove out through the mud to Pierre's place. They heard the wagon stop at the gate, and went out

to see who it was.

The man was hardly recognizable:
face pale, lips blue, eyes dull, teeth

ttering. Get me out of this," he muttered. "I am dying. God's sake, be quick!"
They helped him to the house, and he immediately went into a convulsion From this he passed into a raging fever Pierre took the buggy and drove post-

haste to town for a dector.

The doctor's opinion was evidently serious, but his remarks were non com

Keep him in this room. Give him ten drops of this in water every hour. One of these powders if he becomes violent. One of you must stay with him all the time. Only one, you understand. The rest keep away. I will come back in the morning."
In the morning the doctor's face was

yet more grave. He examined the patient carefully. Then he turned to who had acted as nurse.

Jean who had acted as nurse.

"I thought so," said he; "you must all be vaccinated immediately. There is still time I hope. But what to do with this gentleman, God knows. We can't send him back to the town. He

bas the small-pox."
That was a pretty prelude to a wedding festival. They were all their wit's end. While the doctor scratched their arms, they discussed the situation, excitedly and with desperation. Jean was the first to stop chattering and be-

Tiere is that old cabane of Poulin's up the road. It is empty these three years. But there is a good spring of water. One could patch the roof at one

end and put up a stove."

"Good!" said the doctor. "But some one to take care of him? It will be a lorg job, and a bad one."

lorg job, and a bad one."
I am going to do that," said Jean; " it is my place. This gentleman cannot be left to die in the road. Le bon Dieu did not send him here for that. The head of the family "-here he stopped a moment and looked at Pierre, who was silent-" must take the heavy end of the job, and I am ready for it."
"Good!" said the doctor again. But Alma was crying in the corner of

Four weeks, five weeks, six weeks the vigil in the cabane lasted. The last patches of snow disappeared from the elds one night, as if winter had picked up its rags and vanished. The willows along the brook turned yellow; the grass greened around the spring. Scar-let buds flamed on the swamp maples. tender mist of foliage spread over the woodlands. The choke cherries burst into a glory of white blossoms. The bluebirds came back, fluting love-songs; and the robins, carolling ballads of joy; and the blackbirds, creaking

Pierre kept the cabane well supplied with provisions, leaving them just in-side of the gate. But with the milk it was necessary to be a little careful; so the can was kept in a place by itself, under the out of door oven, in the shade.

And beside this can Jean would find, every day, something particular — a blossom of the red geranium that bloomed in the farmhouse window, a piece of cake with plums in it, a bunch of trailing arbutus—once it was a little bit of blue ribbon, tied in a certain square knot—so perhaps you know that sign too? That did Jean's heart good

But what kind of conversation was there in the cabané when the sick man's delirium had passed away and he knew what had happened to him? Not much at first, for the man was too weak. After he began to get stronger, he was think ing a great deal, fighting with himself. In the end he cane out pretty well—for a lawyer of his kind. Perhaps he was desirous to leave the man whom he had deceived, and who had nursed him back from death, some fragment, as much as possible, of the dream that brightened his life. Perhaps he was only anxious to save as much as he could of his own reputation. At all events, this is what he did.

He told Jean a long story, part truth,

part lie, about his investigations. The estate and the title were in the family; that was certain. Jean was the protable heir, if there was any heir; that that was almost sure. The part about Pierre had been a-well, a mistake. But the trouble with the whole affair was this.

A law made in the days of Napoleon limited the time for which an estate could remain unclaimed. A certain number of years, and then the government took everything. That pumber ment took everything. That number of years had just passed. By the old law Jean was probably a marquis with a castle. By the new law?—Frankly, he could not advise a client to incur any more expense. In fact, he intended to return the amount already paid. A hundred and ten dollars, was it not? Yes, and \$50 for the six weeks of nurs ing Voila, a drait on Montreal, a \$160 as good as gold! And beside that, there was the incalculable debt for this there was the incalculable debt for this great kindness to a sick man, for which he would always be M. de la Motte's

grateful debtor!

The lawyer's pock-marked face—the scars still red and angry—lit up with a curious mixed light of shrewdness and gratitude. Jean was somewhat moved. His castle was in ruins. But he remained noble—by the old law; that

was something!

A few days later the doctor pronounced it safe to move the patient.
He came with a carriage to fetch him.
Jean, well fumigated and dressed in a new suit of clothes, walked down the read beside them to the farm house There Alma met him with both gate. There Alma met him with both hands. His eyes embraced her. The air of June was radiant about them. The fragrance of the woods breathed itself over the broad valley. A song sparrow poured his heart out from a blossoming lilac. The world was large, blossoming lilac. The world was large, and free, and very good. And between

the lovers there was nothing but little gate.

"I understand," said the doctor. smiling, as he tightened up the reins, "I understand that there is a title in your family, M. de la Motte, in effec

that you are a marquis?"
"It is true," said Jean, turning his head, "at least so I think." " So do I," said the doctor. " But you had better go in, Monsieur le Marquis-you keep Madame la Marquise waiting."

JUDITH'S DISCOVERY.

LOVE'S VICISSITUDES IN THE DARK DAYS OF TYBURN.

> BY MAGD ALENE ROCK. CHAPTER I.

In one of the stuffy, illventilated rooms of a common hostel situated not far from the Tower, a lady sat waiting one day in the reign of Elizabeth. She was a remarkably handsome woman, of perhaps twenty seven or twenty eight years of age, but a certain look of mockery and scorn in her dark eyes, and a certain hardness in the expression of her well-shaped mouth detracte from the beauty of her appearance. That she was impatiently waiting the coming of some person was indicated by the restless tapping of her foot on the earthen floor. Suddenly she drew a from her breast and read it

" My good friend," the note ran, "if thou caust meet me at the place thou knowest of on to morrow at noon, I could fain have speech with thee over

important matters.
"ANN, ARUNDEL AND SURREY." "Ann, Arondel and Surrey."
"The Countess of Arundel should keep to the hour of her appointments then," Judith Blount said, rising to her feet. "It is long gone high noon."
Even as ste spoke the door of the

om opened and a tall, majestic woman entered. She was plain y clothed, but Judith made her a low, if somewhat dis

dainful, obeisance.
"I must e'en crave your pardon Mistress Judith," the lady said, and Judith noticed that her tones trembled, and that the hand that undid the fasten ings of the cloak she were shook as if with ague, and her reply was more courteous than it might otherwise have

been. "Nay, your ladyship, it mattereth

nought."
"I had a strange adventure on the way," the Countess said, slowly and painfully. "I came part of the journey afoot, fearing to attract attention, and I met a procession on its way to the Tower."

"That is not a thing to marvel at," and Mistress Blount laughed.
"It may not be, but it was horrid,

"It may not be, but it was norrid," the lady pressed her hards together. "It was a poor Catholic gentleman suffering for his faith. I would fain have learned his name, but though the soldier in charge was not unwilling I was pushed aside by the

mob."
"Better so," Judith Blount said sharply, "I trow the Queen hath matter enough against thee already."

ter enough against thee already." Her listerer smiled saily, and shook

"She thinks so, it may be."

Judith shrugged her shoulders and

But to business, my Lady Arun-

"Thou remindest me well, Mistress Judith. And, indeed, I have made thee tarry unduly. But, tell me, is there not a priest named Bennet imprisoned in the Tower?"

Judith laughed shortly. "Nay I keep not count of the numbers that come and go," she said,

evasively.
"But there is. I have been informed of the fact." The Countess lowered her voice. "Judith, my lord must have speech with him."
"Must he, then?" Judith Blount

questioned.
"Aye, he must have shrift; for it were vain to deny that any day may see his death warrant signed."

Judith stood silent.

"Nay, Judith, I prithee, think. He is a Catholic, and deprived of what he values most on earth, the chance of re-

ceiving the sacraments. Thou canst aid him and me if thou wilt."
"But why should I? I am no Pap-

"I know that full well, Judith. Bu est thou believe in the new faith?"
"Marry, then, not I! The years are but few since its birth in the land, and yet how many changes it hath under gone. The head of the Church of to day, good lack, puts to the torture and gibbet them who believe as her royal tather (who also claimed religious and

father (who also claimed religions supremacy) would have had them believe."

"But, then, why—?" The Countess of Arundel hesitated.

"Why am I not with you?" Judith laughed bitterly, "Ah, well, perhaps. I care too much for this world and too little for the next, or, peradventure, I have met with some of your faith, my lady, who behaved as badly as any pursuivant could."

suivant could. "I doubt it not. But, Judith, I see thou hast a story. With thou not tell it to me? It may ease thy mind, and bring thee comfort. And thou hast brought me comfort oft."

"Have I?" Something of the harsh ness left Judith Blount's voice. Over her, as over many others, the wife of the imprisoned Earl of Arundel had a

the imprisoned Earl of Arundel had a powerful ascendancy.

"Aye, in truth But sit down here, beside me, and tell me why thou speakest of Catholics in such fashion."

Judith hesitated only for an instant.

"My tale is, I misdoubt not, a common one. Tis but the story of a man's faithlespees."

ithlessness."

faithlessness."

The Countess pressed her companion's hand, and Judith added;

"We were brought up together, High Daves and I, and it was early settled that we were to wed. The Blounts'—bitterly—"ever knew how because that the the provers that Blounts'—bitterly—" ever knew how to keep friends with the powers that be, and had, on Mary's death, changed their religion. Sir Thomas Daves, Hugh's father, on the other hand, was a most determined recusant. Yet this was to prove no obstacle to our union. "Well, within one week of the day appointed for our union Hugh left his

house, and has never sent word or mes-

Some evil may have befallen him.' "Not so," Judith made haste to nswer. "Teuly for a time I feared so and had many inquiries made, and to no

Well?" her companion asked, as

she paused. "Well," Judith laughed bitterly "he "Well," Judith laughed bitterly "he was, in Will Shakespeare's words, but inconstant ever." Tis said he went to not?" France to escape some threatened danger, for he was hold of speech, verily. Now, he is married to some waiting woman of the Duchess of Guise."

"Hast thou certainty of that?"
Judith paused a moment before replying. "I have heard it from those I should not doubt."
"But these are strange and evil days, Judith. Some one may have mis-

informed you, and, it may be with in-tention," the Counters of Ardunel said. I think not," Judith spoke slowly, ' I think not."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the elder lady spoke:

"And hast no other wooers, Judith?" "They be more numerous than wel-come," Judith said carelessly, "albeit,

my father favors one not a little. This man I like or trust not. His name is Congrove.' was broken by Judith.

"Oh, forgive me, dear Judith, for give me, nor will I detain thee much ionger," the Countess cried contribely. Nay, dear lady, hurry not. Nay, dear last, intry liot the those in our service who are faithful to me, howbeit I say or do. One good wench, Rose Lathorn, is as expedient in resources as true to me. She would never allow my father to suspect where I am. Nay, look not concerned, she is of thy own faith. No ", what wouldst thou have me do?"

"Simply to convey Father Bennet to my lord's chamber, if so you run no risk thereby, and, also, the necessary Caurch requisites for the celebration of Holy Mass. Canst thou do so?"

Easily. Rose Lathorn will assist I have sole management of house. hold affairs.

"Your mother?"
"She is dead."

"She is dead."
"Poor girl! Mine own mother died
ere I was a dozen years of age," the
Countess said, sympathetically, and she

rose and began to fasten her cloak. Suddenly she paused: "But, Judith, would it not be possible to allow others of the Catholic prisoners the ineffable happiness of assisting at Mass.

Judith's softer mood had changed.

"It would be over daring, your ladyship; and, so far, I have no love for martyrdom, nor yet imprisonment.' The Countess sighed.
"Thou sayest truly it would be; and

yet the happiness for them—"
"Content thee, lady, with what I

I know, I know! I must for aye be thy debtor, Judith; but God will repay thee." Judith laughed and made her adieu.

At the door of the room she turned to say: "Thou wilt not return to thy house A chair is in waiting, I

Then Judith drew the hood of the trow, already." cloak she wore over her face, and hastened into the narrow street. From thence she sped onward quickly by un frequented ways till the Tower was eached. When she was safe in her own apartment she stood for some min-

utes in thought.
"The Countess of Arundel asks over much," she said, half aloud; "and yet it might be managed with Rose's help." She laughed. "Waat a pair of plot-ters Rose and I be."

CHAPTER II.

Years came and went from the day on which Pailip Howard's wife and Sir Michael Blount's daughter met and parted in the old hostelry near London Tower, and many events had stirred men's minds. The Earl of Arundel had died of slow poisoning, without ever looking on his wife or children. The poet priest, who had been for a time his died of slow pois ellow-prisoner, had shed his blood, with hundreds of others, at Tyburn. land was sick with horror, and still the laid was sick with norror, and still the blood of her bravest and best watered the land. The Countess of Arundel in her quiet home occupied herself in educating her children, and in works of charity. She had learned much of her cuarity. She had learned much of her husband's last hours—of his temptations to forget his faith, of his forbitude, his his choorfulness.

to torget his taith, or his fortitude, his patience and his cheerfulness.

As she stood one day in a room of the castle dispensing the various salves and samples she had acquired much skill in compounding, a waiting-maid sought had side.

her side.
.. There is one, a lady and a stranger, craving an interview with your lady ship," the maid said in a lowered voice.

ship." the maid said in o. "The Countess asked.
"Nay. She said she but wished to

"Nay. She said she but what to see the Countess of Arundel."
That lady hastened to the apartment into which the stranger had been shown. She was standing by one of the windows gazing forth on the beauties of the park, for it was spring, and the boughs were clothed as with filmy green mist. Many birds sang their gladdest lays in them, and the yellow daffodils tossed their saucy heads over the green sward. As the Count ess advanced into the room the lady turned from the window.
" Judith!" broke in a sudden cry

from the Countess' lips, and she held

from the Countess' lips, and she held forth her hands.

"Yes, indeed," Judith Blount returned. "Idid not think thou wouldst know me."

"Yet I knew thee, and at once. True, it is thou art altered," the Countess said, looking sadly into the pallid face that showed signs of much suffering, "and thy hair, Judith, it is streaked with grey."

"And little wonder," Judith commented.

mented.

"But sit thee down, Judith, and lay thy wrappings aside. Thou must for long be a welcome guest at Arundel."

tives and friends.

Mr. Ne vton is one of the most prominent lawyers in San Antonio, and formerly filled the position of assistant

Judith took the proffered seat, but

shook her head.

"It may not be; though truth to tell
I would fain abide in such a sweet spot. But I am on my way to France."
To France!"

"Aye, there, with God's help, to join a holy Sisterhood."
"You! You, Judith, a nun!"

Judith Blount smiled slightly. It amazeth your ladyship, does it

" For a surety. Yet I ever knew. Judith, thou wert one with us."

"Ah, well perchance, though art right I know how deep I sor owed for

your sorrow. ,, The Countess pressed her compan ion's hand, and turned her head inside. After a few moments she spoke. "But, Judith, tell me of thyself."

Judith inquired, and her con panion inclined her head. "The wilt doubtlessly, also, recall thy meeting with a prisoner on his way to th

"I do fall well. " "When I reached home I sat about "When I reached home I sat about devising means for the dear lord to have the joy of Mass. It was not a difficult task. A more difficult one was to get the other Catholic prisoners a chance of enjoying the same privilege. The same is constructed to seek a noisome cell where the last prisoner was lying on a bench near the door. Even in the dim light I knew this in the was Hugh Daves."

"Ah!"

'It seems he never had been France. He had been arrested for his defence of a poor missionary priest, who was the butt of a group of village who was the butt of a group of viriage boys, and thrown into some remote prison where he had been removed to a cas the near Ely, and thence to London. Some relative of his coveted his heritage, and that same relative had powerful friends of court, so poor Hugh erful friends of court, so poor Hugh had no chance of redress. His tongue had ever been a quick and imprudent one, and made him many enemies, and though I tried all my friends for aid for him I was unable to obtain any."

"Well?" the Countess of Arundel asked; but it was some time ere she was answered.

'It is only one of many such stories," Judith said at length, with a tremor in her voice. "A fortnight

tremor in her voice. "A fortnight after he was lodged in the Tower he died at Tyburn."

"h, poor Judith!"

"At least I was able to secure him every spiritual comfort. Do you know that he often knelt by your good lord's side in those days?"

"Nay, my news wai, perhaps, meagre."

"He did then, often and often, and Southwell of holy memory."

The Countess marmured a prayer.

"Then it was I announced my tion of living a Catholic. My father was furious. Sometimes I think he had always known of Hugh's where abouts. I told you there was a suitor he favored greatly; and when I persisted in my refusal to marry this man I was sent to an aunt, who kept me aclosed within the walls of her house was never allowed outside, never allowed to see or speak to a Doubtless, I should still abide in Con-gleston Priory—for so her home is named-but for Rose Lathorn. discovered my place of destination and succeeded in obtaining a servant's place in the household, and it was not ong after till I was free."

"And now?" "And now I am on my way to France under another name. Nay, thou shalt not know it now, lest inquiries be made. Rose is not far distant. There is a vessel lying off the Sussex coast Tomorrow night, should swaiting us. Tomorrow night, should the wind be fair, we will look our last on Eagland. We, Rose and I, are sup

posed by my relatives to have flown northward." "And hast thou no regrets, Judith? "For leaving England and home?"
Nay, not one. But, for a surety, many for misspent years."
There was a long silence, and Judith Nay, not one.

rose to depart.

'Nay, good Judith, not without refreshment. How remiss I be!" the

Countess cried.
I have need of none and time presses. But I would fain thank you for the task you set me when last we met. But for that I might never have looked on Hugh Dave's face, never have been as I am, a sad, unworthy,

but, God helping, a faithful Catholic."

The Countess of Arundel was weeping. And now, farewell, noble lady. God lighten, or rather God give you strength in your trials ; And I crave

your good prayers."
"I will be thy beads woman for many a night to be," the Countess said, and then the two women parted with many

tears and caresses.

Once, and only once, the Countess of Arundel heard from her friend. Her letter was written on the eve of her profession as a nun in a convent on the Belgian frontier, and spoke only of her happiness and peace. Later, a rumor reached her of her early death. An English lady who had stopped for a night with the Sisters of the convenhad asked who slept in a new made grave in the chapel grounds, and had been told it was a newly-professed nun named Sister Mary Joseph, and that her father at one time had been the Lieutenant of London Tower.

NUNS CONVERT LAWYER.

St. Mary's Church, San Antonio, Texas, was the scene some days ago of a most interesting and edifying cere-mony when Mr. Thompkins J. Newton of that city, his wife and their three children were all solemnly hearing children were all solemnly baptized and received into the communion of the Catholic Church. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Fr. performed by the Very Rev. Fr. Antonio, O. M. I., Superior of the San Antonio Theological Seminary, in the presence of a select gathering of relatives and friends.

Mr. Newton is one of the most

city attorney. He and Mrs. Newton were first led to study the claims of the He and Mrs. Newton Catholic Church through experiencing the pious and devoted care of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word a Santa Rosa Infrary during an illness of Mrs. Newton. Upon investigation they decided to place themselves and their children under instruction, with the happy result above announced.

trouble and soften them by prayer and a sense of your shortcomings and terrors.

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Pink Pills do one thing only—they
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CONSTIPATION CLP C. SAN IN COLOR OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE SAMPLES O

vere standing by the per end of the long e canaille!" shouted

e gang!" responded g-handled frying pans, wavered, turned, and er-skelter they fled, The lamp was smashed. arose,—as if Sir Gala-ivale were once more through the castle of fell upon the multi-ried aloud grievously

mightily in the darkwith great joy. arrow for the flight. hid beneath the table. exposing a broad and to the pursuers. Here if the conflict were de

narquis!" cried Jean,

erack like the blow of a on he dives. own together on the sill or, and laughed until wn their cheeks.

said Jean. "That was t time. It is from the trong paddles are made And after that there between the two men ave been cut with the III. NG WHICH IS ALSO A

ing back to St. Gedeon

e return of the lawyer, d out. Several of the use their own indiscre-ing the pieces on the fe, interfered with it. fe, interfered with it. neddle was that highly no respect for rank or es all his attention for amp on the St. Marrice ers for a short

g house on a high bank

, a couple of miles from wife and an armful of

assurance that the race de la Luciere should not

side of the ocean. so a little sister in-law, If you had seen her you wondered at what hap like a deer, face like a to like the 'D' string he was the picture of irl on whole Comte, an' jus

hair, and cheek rosee dat's mense on de fall: ach,—not of dat kin'—I can't me at all." an plunged into love. It dual approach, like glid-both stream. It was not it, like running a lively a veritable plunge, like had happened to him at knew very scon what to

to Lake St. John was a more convenient season had melted and the ice ip—probably the lawyer ke his visit before that. sconer, he would come e wanted his money, that Besides, what was more He had promised to do ents, they would wait at

ents, they would wait at for a while. sek Jean told Alma that rettiest girl he had ever ssed her head and exriction that he was joking. I that he was in the habit same thing to every girl. week he made a long wooing. He took her out the last remnart of the hin and bumpy—and uti-sion to put his arm around She cried "Laisse moi

ght he must be out of his ng Saturday afternoon he behind her in the stable nilking the cow, and bent egan to cry, and said he unfair advantage, while re busy. Sae hated him. en," said he, still holding culders, "if you hate me,

ome to morrow." She

forward so that he

nape of her neck with the rils of brown hair around it. e said, "but Jean,—do for sure?" the path was level, easy, nickly travelled. On Sun-on the priest was notified ices would be needed for a te first week in May. sent was genial and hilariarriage suited him exactly.

Tamily alliance. It made move smooth and certain. y would be kept together.

states, put it into his head ree Rivers first, instead of good many clients in differ-if the country,—temporary course—and it occurred to ne might as well extract from Pierre Lamotte dit before going on a longer before going on a longer a his way down from Monpped in several small towns beds of various quality. of the little deities (the one

es over unclean villages;

been heard from. One of ad special charge of what the soul of the dealer in

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address be sent us.
Subscribers when changing their address
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order to insure the regular delivery of their
same.

Agents or collectors have no authority to Agents or collectors have no authority to stop your paper unless the amount due is paid. Matter intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach London not later than Monday morning. Please do not send us poetry. Oblituary and marriage notices sent by subscribers must be in a condensed form, to

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION, Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD,

London Ont.

My Doar Sir;—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with itselfigence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spiris. I settemmely defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

refore, earnestly recommend it to Cath

olic families.

With my blessing on your work, and best
wishes for its continued success,
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,
Apostolic Delegate.

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

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont: London, Ont:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
and congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published.
Its matter and form are both good; and a
truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.
Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend
tho the falthful.

Blessing you and wishing you success,

Althful.

sing you and wishing you success,
Believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Lavissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1905. REV. DR. ROSS AND FRENCH

EVANGELIZATION. In our last issue we made some com-

ments upon the statements made by the Rev. Dr. Ross, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church of this city.

Among these statements are found the following concerning which it is desirable that something more should be said than we have said already :

Dr. Ross asserts that he has "lived among the French and has been constantly in contact with them, and he cited many instances of the darkness which permeates the people taught by the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. The priests are, he declared, now endeavoring to keep them in that state of darkness. The attempts at French evangelization are met by attempts at frastration by the priests. The people are antagonized on every side by the religious methods taken by the members of the priesthood. No Bibles are allowed in the homes, the people being given the opportunity of renouncing either the Church or the possession of are held up to scorn

We admit at once that the Catholic clergy of the Province of Quebec oppose with success the efforts of the three Protestant denominations which have established missions within that Province to seduce the people from the Catholic Church. These efforts they dignify with the name of "French Evangelization"; but there is no evangelization in the case. We assert without hesitation that the false evangelization carried on by Baptists, Presbyterians and Methodists tends to dechristianize instead of evangelizing the people. The Catholic Church teaches the people every Christian doctrine which the three sects mentioned hold and teach, and this with no uncertain sound such as issues from the pastors of these sects.

It is well known to our readers that all these sects which are now professing so much anxiety to preach the gospel in Quebec are on the verge of denying the truth of the Gospel altogether, and it is at this very moment mooted among them to unite into one fold, the Gospel of which shall be of India-rubber elasticity, so that each person shall be able to have it of a gospel which the Rev. Mr. Ross complains is not cordially received in the Province of Quebes! He should God alone must be its Author. This is knew that St. Paul says of such a gospel:

"But though we or an angel from heaven preach a gospel to you beside that which we have preached to you, the world." let him be anathema." And to make this more emphatic, the great Apostle repeats this in the next verse : " as we said before so I say now again, etc."

It is a matter of notoriety how with-

Presbyterian churches changed their creed to suit the changing times, and, as a piece of religious duplicity unequalled since the days of Simon Magnus, the most characteristic doctrine of Presbyterianism was quietly got rid of in the United States under cover of the thinnert of pretexts, while it was nominally still adhered to by the retention of the Westminster Confession. And this deception was virtually admitted by the last General Assembly by its silence regarding the arraignment of Rev. Dr. Carter, which was backed by the Presbytery of Nassau, N. J.

Dr. Carter said : "I think the Presbytery of Nassau is quite as much on trial as I am before the people, and the same thing can be said of the (Presbyterian) Church in general. There is no such God as the God of the Westminster Confession. There is no such world as the world of the Confession. There is no such eternity as the eternity of the Con-fession. It is all rash, exaggerated, and bitterly untrue. If no one ready to say it, I say it. The hard, old, severe God of the Confession with the love left out is not our God."

This language was approved by the Presbytery, which decided that the new brief statement should be the creed of the Church, the Westminster Confession being set aside.

Yet this Confession is the creed which Rev. Dr. Ross wishes to force upon the French-Canadians through his French Evangelization mission. Why should not the clergy of Quebec frustrate such efforts? Surely this is the Gospel of perplexity, darkness and duplicity, and the less of it given to the people of Quebec, or anywhere else, the better will it be for them.

"But," says the rev. doc'or. " No Bibles are allowed in their homes."

This is a gross misstatement and Dr. Ross knows well that it is so. The Bible is found in Catholic homes throughout Quebec - but not the falsified versions which are issued by the pseudo-Evangelization missions.

We have already mentioned in our columns that Catholic Bibles are sold in large quantities by ourselves in all parts of the Dominion, and the same is to be said of the Catholic bookstores in all the Canad an Prozinces. On the front page of our English

Catholic Bibles may be seen a letter from the Holy Father Pope Pius VI, in which the reading of the Holy Scriptures is strongly recommended. The Pope wrote this letter to the Most Reverend Archbishop Martini of Florence on the occasion of his translation of the Holy Bible into Italian. The Holy Father wrote: "You judge ex ceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures: For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times. This, you have reasonably effected, as you declare by publishing the Sacred Writings in the language of your country suitable to every one's capacity. . . . We, therefore, appland your eminent learning, joined with your extraordinary piety," etc.

This letter is dated April 1, 1778. We are authorized to state that the circulation of unauthorized versions of the Scriptures. The colporteurs who are the Bible is prohibited in Quebec and partly supported by Ontario churches also venomous and mendacious tracts against the Catholic faith such as proselytizing agents are wont to circulate; but Mgr. Baillargeon, a predecessor of the present learned and pious Archbishop of Quebec, himself translated and published a popular French version of the New Testament, and both this and other Catholic versions of the Old and New Testaments are widely spread throughout the province

The author of an interesting work recently issued in Quebec under the title "Catechism of Controversy" tells of a colporteur who offered him a Bible for sale, telling him "you should have no fear of the Word of God which it contains."

The writer asked: "Who has assured you that this book contains the Word of God? Has God sent any messenger to you with this Bible to assure you that His doctrine is contained in

"Oh no." answered the colporteur. " but Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, and all our great reformers have taught with one accord that the Bible contains tke whole Word of God, and only God's Word to man. Their predecessors believed the same thing, and with reason, shape to suit himself. And this is the for the doctrine of the Bible is so holy, so sublime, so superior to that of all the great philosophers of antiquity that why all Protestants believe that the Bible is a divine book, and a code of laws which God Himsell has given to

"Very well," replied the author; " but the Bible did not fall from heaven into the hands of Luther and your reformers. They received it from the Roman Church, from which they seceded. Now this Church, according in the last few years almost all the to their false teaching, had been long

a sink of corruption, errors, and absurd superstitions. If this be the truth, who can tell all the changes and transformations she has made in your Bible? It must be but a miserable shadow of the Word of God."

"You find the doctrines of the Scriptures holy and sublime, and it is truly o. But is there not a large number of books which you do not regard as divine, and are not in the Bible, but whose doctrine is quite as holy as what is announced in some books of the Bible ? See the admirable writings of many ancient Fathers of the Church. and the Imitation of Jesus Christ. I am convinced you will find these even more edifying and full of piety than the Book of Numbers or the Apocalypse, (Revelation.) . . .

"If I should assert that the Imitation of Jesus Christ is a divine book and should insert it in the Bible, how could you refute me. . . or if I should say that its doctrine is more sublime than that of the Book of Numbers ?"

It is an undeniable truth that it is only on the authority of the Catholic Church that Protestants can know that the Bible is the word of God. The Rev. Mr. Ross is, therefore, totally astray in representing the Catholic Church as an enemy to the Bible, but she refuses to admit the authority of the falsified Bibles which Protestantism has issued ever since it first originated; and, further, the Bible is being at the present moment attacked from hundreds of Protestant pulpits on this continent, as well as elsewhere, so that Protestant ministers must be brazen faced indeed to pretend that their agglomeration of contradictory creeds is the religion of the Bible. The Catholic Church alone asserts without hesitation, what she has always asserted, that the Bible is truly God's word. She alone consistently maintains the truth against all sects which in the exercise of their pretended right to private judgment, even in regard to God's revelation, attack either the Bible as a whole, or parts thereof, as a merely human invention.

NEW DOGMAS, ETC.

J. C., of Chatham, N. B., asks: "When the Pope, as teacher of the Universal Church, condemns an heretical or immoral proposition, does he de fine a new dogma or article of Catholic faith, or is he only guarding the faith

Ans. 1. New dogmas are never issued by the Pope or the Church, except in the sense that what was truly contained in the original deposit of divine truth, committed by Christ to His Church, may have been less plainly expressed, but it is stated more clearly by the Pope or the Church in the newly formulated definition.

2. Dogmatic and moral decree

emanating from the Roman Congrega tions, which have been instituted by the Popes for the guardianship of the faith, are not in any sense new dogmas, but are issued to protect and safeguard the faithful from the numerous errors which are from time to time promulgated by heresiarchs or heretics who are likely to appear at any moment. These decisions are not to be regarded as dogmatic decrees of the Pope, unless they are issued by the Pope himself speaking ex cathedra, as the universal pastor and the teacher of all Christians. They are, however, always to be received with respect and should be obeyed where the Congregations prescribe something to be done or omitted, as they are exercising their lawful authority in the Church in formulating these decisions or decrees.

W. M., also of Chatham, N. B., asks for a short account of the origin of language and of the blessing of churches and their corner-stones, and also of what these blessings are significative.

Ans. Certain scientists, so - called, who wish to explain everything without reference to God or revelation, have theories according to which language was invented by man himself. They assert even that man was not created but was gradually evolved from protoplasms which became more and more complex in the course of time, passing through many stages of animal life till the most perfect of these forms was reached, which is the human form. This is fanciful, and contrary to what we read in the book of Genesis that God created man to His own image . . . male and female He created them. (Gen.

i 27.) Our first parents were created with the power of speech, for we find them immediately after their creation conversing with God and with each other. (Gen. ii. 23: iii 9 21.)

It is true that the use of language, once discovered, it could be amplified or improved by men; but, so necessary is language to thought, that it does not appear to be possible that man could have invented its beginnings. This question, however, belongs to the realm of speculative philosophy, and is not a

umns. It is enough that we point out liquor interests becomes greater with what is said in Holy Writ concerning the origin of language.

The history of language from the time of Adam to the days of Noah is not re corded in the Bible nor in any other historical record; but we are told in Genesis xi. that after the deluge, when men had become numerous again, God confounded human speech, and caused men to speak divers tongues when they nade an attempt to escape from future punishment by God, by means of a high tower which would enable them to escape a deluge, at least, should God ever wish to punish them in this way on account of their sins as He had done before. This confusion of tongues may have been produced in part by making it difficult for many to pronounce properly some of the sounds of the original universal tongue, so that they would substitute other sounds for these. This occurs at the present day, and thus divers dialects have been produced. Other causes have operated also to produce this effect, such as the gradual disuse of some words, and the introduction of new words into the languages spoken.

We shall next speak of the blessing of churches and the corner stones of churches and the rites of dedication. consecration and blessing, all of which

ere of great antiquity in the Church. In his apology to the Emperor Constantine, written in A. D. 335, the great Prelate of the Church, St. Athanasius, defends himself from the charge of using an undedicated church. The building, he declares, was not yet complete, but it was necessary to use it owing to the great concourse of the people during Lent and on Easter Sunday. However, he adds, at the laying of the foundation it was sancti fied to the Lord by an assembly of prayer.

It will be noted that the saint im plicitly admits that it was the universal custom to dedicate churches before using them as such, and it was only under the extraordinary circumstances mentioned by him that he justified him self for using the Church before its dedication, and even then there had been a partial dedication by the prayers used in laying the foundation or corner stone.

Eusebius, Theodoret, Socrates, Venerable Bede and other early Church historians speak also at length of the dedications and consecrations of many churches. Bede states that, before the actual building of a church or monastery, it was the custom to "consecrate the locality by prayer and fasting to the Lord." This appears to have been held to be an equivalent to the blessing of the corner-stone.

Under the Old Law, the built by Solomon was dedicated at a great assemblage of the people of Israel, the festival lasting for fourteen days. (3. King's viii. 2 Paralipomenon vii.) (Prot. version 1 Kings and 2 Chronicles.)

The rites of the Old Law are not of themselves obligatory on Christians, but it is within the powers of the Church of Christ to adopt them so far as she deems them useful or symbolical of Christian truth under the New Law, as she acts under the authority of Christ, Who said to His Apostles: "As the Father hath sent me, so do I send von." (St. John xx. 21) The symbolism of the blessing of the

corner-stone, regarding which cur correspondent also asks, may be found in Acts iv. 11, where St. Peter, inspired by the Holy Ghost, declares:

"This (Christ) is the stone which was rejected by you the builders; (the Jews;) which is become the head of the corner: nor is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under Heaven given to men whereby we must be saved.'

The corner-stone of salvation is there fore Christ, Who is typified by the corner stone of the Church. The same symbolism is found in St. Matt. xxi. 42: St. Mark xii. 10: St. Luk. xx. 17: 1 St. Peter ii. 67. (See also Psalm exvii. 22 : Is. xxviii. 16.)

The first stone of a Church building regarding which our correspondent also asks, is the same with the cornerstone. It may not be the first laid. but it is regarded as the foundationstone and the first in importance, wherefore it is called in the Ritual Lapis Primarius, the primary or first stone.

A LAUDABLE MOVEMENT.

It is announced that in view of the ravages brought about by the excessive use of spirituous beverages, Archbishop Bruchesi is making preparations for a great temperance campaign. especially for his own diocese of Montreal, but as it is expected that the other Bishops of the Province of Quebec will join in this, we may confidently predict that it will extend over the whole Province of Quebec.

Quebec is not by any means an intemperate province as compared with the other provinces of the Dominion, but the evils of intemperance are felt suitable one for discussion in our col there as the aggressiveness of the

the liberty granted for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the efforts of his Grace the Archbishop are to be directed toward the lessening of the evils consequent upon the facilities afforded by the law for such sales.

The proposed movement by the Archbishop will include the bringing before the people of every parish a knowledge of the evils of intemperance, and individual efforts will be made to divert young people from the saloons, which are the centres from which intemper ance is propagated. Temperance societies are to be instituted, and the co-operation of the members of these societies will be asked to lead those who become the victims of the intemperate habit to renounce it and to take the pledge, also to induce others who are in danger of falling into this habit to become members of these societies.

Much good can be done by taking these steps, and we have no doubt that the new movement will produce great effects among the Catholic people of Quebec. We heartily wish his Grace the Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Quebec every success in the proposed movement, which we have no doubt will have the blessing of God and will bear good fruit in promoting the cause of temperance.

PRINCIPLE VERSUS PRACTICE.

There has been much comment in the religious press on the action of the Evangelical bodies in excluding the Unitarian from the interchurch Confer ence on Federation. Their action has been generally defended on the princinle that Unitarians, not believing in the divinity of Christ, are not Chris tians at all.

Protestants whose rule of faith is private judgment, cannot consistently de-fend the exclusion of the Unitarians who believe in the same rule and follow it. Those who proclaim the principle that every man has the right to read he Scriptures and it terpret them by his private judgment alone, give away the right to judge and condemn any on whatever his interpretation may be The same principle if applied to our Constitution and laws would leave all our courts without any reason of exist ence. The Protestant churches unite in rejecting the authority of the Catholic Church, but they do permit any one so reject their self-assumed authority under pain of expulsion. They tell the Unitarian that he has the right to read the Bible and judge for himself; that is, to determine for himself what the Bible teaches; that his private judg ment is the ultimate criterion of revealed truth and that there is no author ity to which his private interpretation must yield. Acting on this principle he goes to reading and judging for himself, rejoicing in the glorious liberty of Protestantism. But he soon discovers the Dead Sea apple that has been given him, son discovers how woefully he has erred in innocently believing that his Protestant churches mean what they say when they tell him to read the Scriptures and judge for himself. He is not long reading when his private judg-ment tells him that a prevalent doctrine of the churches is an error, which he must reject. Then the churches turn on him and say, you are not of us, you are a heretic, get out. You must believe our creeds or depart. Let your private judgment go to grass and keep company with Nebuchadnezzar. But, replies the Unitarian, "how do

you know that I am wrong in my inter-

pretation?" Because it contradicts our creed.' "But when you told me to read the Bible and judge for myself you said nothing about your creeds; why do you now insist on them?'

Because they contain the revealed truth. "How do you know that? who

them? "Because they were composed by learned and pious scholars, such as Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley and other founders and heads of our churches." churches.

'Were these men infallible?' "They were not."
"Are you, whose judgment contra-

dicts mine, infallible?"
"No, we are not it fallible."

"Then the founders and heads of our churches were fallible, you are fallible and I am fallible, all liable to err in interpreting the Bible."

"We are."
"Then we are all in the same boat. Our judgments contradict each other what is to determine which of us is right?

'The Bible. " "But it is about the meaning of the Bible that our judgments clash. Who is to determine its true meaning? The Holy Spirit will enlighten

"But who is to determine which your judgment or mine, is enlightened by the Holy Spirit? If there be any authority to determine that, we could be free from all fear of error. Without

such authority we can never be free from fear of error."
"Protestantism does not recognize

"Then why do you assume that you are right and I am wrong, and exclude me as a heretic, when you must admit that I may be right and you wrong?" "Well, we are in the majority, and out you go."
"Yes, and out with me gone the

Protestant rule of faith, private judg-Exit Unitarian with his private judge ment in his vest pocket, like a second-hand toothpick, badly damaged by his

Protes ant brethren. He has been taught the lesson that procession and practice do not always go together. The evangelicals were right, however, in excluding the Unitarians who deny the divinity of Christ. But in so far as they were right they acted con-trary to their fundamental Protestant

principle of private judgment, and in accordance with the Catholic principle of Church authority. They were Protestants in theory and Catholic in practice in the care of their practice in the care of their practice. tice, and their practice in the case was right, though inconsistent in But it is better to be inconsistently ight than consistently wrong. - N. Y. freeman's Journal.

"ORTHODOX " CHRISTIANITY

We notice that the editor of Oregonian, which is among the bright-est and best of our far Western journals, is accused by one of its readers of being hostile to Christianity and of sneering at the word "orthodox." The editor at the word "orthodox. The editor man has the reputation, we believe, of being an agnostic, but he is evidently not one of the I don't know and I don't care kied; for he says, replying the care kied; for he says, replying the care kied; the Oreganian many to his critic: "The Oregonian wants definitions. It desires to know what definitions. It desires to know what Christianity is, and what orthodox contemporary is opinion is." Our contemporary is already well informed as to Protestantism, we should ju ige from the following extracts:

"Through the Roman Catholic Church only do you get these defini-tions—without question or dissent, You may not, yourself, agree with them wien you get them; but there were no others upon which any large body of Christians is agreed. Variation of opinion as to orthodox Christianity and its meaning is observed among adher-ents of each and every Protestant de-nomination. Opinion shades off from rigorous Presbyterianism to widest Unitarianism. Hence it is that outside widest the Roman Catholic Church everything is merely a matter of opinion. Through the Roman Catholic Church you get apostolical and historical authority,nowhere else; and the history of the doctrire and of its descent to the pres ent time from the same source.

"Protestantism is dissent.

phases of in take the name of Orthodoxy. Yet, again, there are as many phases of Orthodoxy as there are pr testant denominations. Knowledge of the historical grounds of doctrine and of historical bases of belief is indispersof historical bases of benefits indispersable to any consideration of this great subject. No one person can define Christianity or orthodoxy for another. The Roman Catholic Church does—for those who adhere to it. All else is but the welter of individual or sectarian opinion.

The editor of the Oregonian is not hostile to Christianity. His opposition is to sectarianism, which he finds to be destitute of authority in matters faith; and to sectarian opinions, which, as every one knows, change oftener than the wind. He belongs to the large and increasing class of persons-call them what you will-who, while not accepting the claims of the Church, nevertheless recognize the fact so admirably stated by Cardinal Newman: " Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or nothing positive, dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go."

The Oregonian's recognition of the Church as an authoritative teacher is one of those glimpses of truth on the part of non Catholics which our great American convert, Dr. Brownson had in mind when he wrote: "The Catholic Church is attractive to

all men of all classes who would have faith—who feel that they are poor,

helpless sinners, and would have the sure means of salvation, to the weary and heavy laden, who seek rest, and find it nowhere in the world; to those who would have confidence principles, and free scope and full employment for their intellectual powers to those who are tired of end-less jarring, and disgusted with shallow innovators, pert sophers, unfledged divines. theories, spun from the brain of vanity and conceit, vanishing as the sun ex hales the morning dew which alone rendered them visible; and who would have something older than yesterday, solid, durable; carrying them back, and connecting them with all that has been; and forward, and connecting them with all that is to be; admitting them into the goodly fellowship of the saints of all ages; making them feel that they have part and lot in all that over which has coursed the stream of Divine Providence, been consecrated by the blood of martyrs, and hallowed by the ebb and flow of sanctified affection, and permitting them to love, venerate and adore to their hearts' content, or their hearts' capacity; — to all these, of whatever age or nation, sex, rank,

WORTHY OF NOTE.

even fascination."

or condition, the glorious, subline, God inspired, guided, and defended Catholic Church is full of attraction —

There is a great deal of religious bigotry in England, especially against the Catholic Church, but there are on the other hand frequently to be many gratifying instances of a more liberal sentiment, as for example the address to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris presently being signed by a num-ber of Anglican ministers conveying to His Eminence and the French clergy an expression of sympathy "in the trying circumstances in which the Church of France finds itself placed by a persecu-tion which has affected numberless members of congregations and religious orders.'

This is highly creditable to the Anglican ministers, and coming from Protestant England to Catholic France is a stinging rebuke to the infidel persecutors, and would be so regarded by them if they were not void of every instinct of national pride and self-respect. -N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

To the conception of a personal God, distinct from, and independent of, this universal framework of nature, pagan man never attained.

What does it profit a young man or woman to gain a good intellectal training at a non-Catholic institution if he she lose the faith.—Sacred Heart Review Theoretically Protestant, in ing to his indi the exercise counter to th Protestant sec ber, he has to by his own membership in The Method the author of ham," say he cerning the h

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ILLOGICAL METHODISTS

of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis.

Church, which will not permit him to exercise the right of private judgment

in his interpretation of the Bible. Theoretically the professor may, as a Protestant, interpret the Bible accord-

ing to his individual lights. But if in the exercise of this right he runs

counter to the accepted views of the

Protestant sect of which he is a mem-ber, he has to choose between holding

by his own views and retaining his membership in the Methodist Church.

The Methodist Bishops, in explaining

the position they have assumed toward the author of "The World Before Abra ham," say he made "statements con-cerning the historical character of the

early chapters of Genesis that seem to

tend to invalidate other portions of

upon the historical character of Genesis

the professor wrote in a manner which

in the divinity of Christ. The Spring-

field (Mass.) Republican, in comment

ing upon the disciplining to which he has been subjected, shows indirectly

how Methodism is drifting away from

its own old landmarks. Here is what

"There are many on the Board of Bishops who would sustain, and have sustained, Dr. Mitchell in his position

in respect to the non historic character of the book of Genesis, for the vote of

the board was not unanimous; 33 per

cent. were opposed to that action. It really is not likely that he said any-thing in his book which the Methodist Bishops as a whole do not themselves believe. The president of Boston Uni-

versity, reviewing the judgment of the board, says: "The majority of the

Bishops are not convinced that the

doctrines are dangerous, but they seem to fear that Prof. Mitchell's putting them in his book is dangerous.' This is a strikingly significant statement.

It amounts to this: ' Mitchell has told

the truth, but that's just where the

All this demonstrates how the process of disintegration, in an orthodox sense, is going on in one of the leading Pro

testant sects. It is not confined to the Methodist Church. It is at work in all

the sects. What results it will pro-

duce, eventually, there is no foretelling. What, however, is certain is that Pro

testantism will take on an entirely new

form before the middle of the twentieth

believe the revolutionary changes that have occurred in the last fifty years

justify us in making this statement.

The unorthodox views now held by Professor Michell and other prominent

Protestants will, in the course of time,

be accepted as commonplaces.

In the meantime earnest men and

lives by a perhaps will ask themselves whether God has established a Church

through which His will has been made

known to us.-N. Y. Freeman's Jour-

REVELATIONS TO A GOOD SHEP-

HERD NUN.

HOW THE DIVINE WILL WAS MADE

Irish Catholic, Dublin.

A book has just appeared which will cause the deepest emotion throughout

with the most reliable testimony

XIII. on the eve of the new century was the result of a supernatural revela-tion made by the Sacred Heart to Sis-

ter Mary of the Divine Heart, a Good Shepherd nun of Oporto, Portugal, and

her transmitted, on the instructions

her confessor, to the Sovereign Pon-

tiff. We quote from the biography of Sister Mary by the Abbe Louis Chasle, in which the facts are now given to the world. And first as to the sanctity of

her to whom was communicated the di-

vine message, and how it was given to

her:
"By suffering, by daily Communion,
by prayer, by the practice of obedience.
Sister Mary of the Divine Heart had
consumed all relf within her in order

that her divine Spouse might live there

alone : united, and as it were identified

with Him, she was fitted to become the instrument of the infinite mercies with

instrument of the infinite mercies with which His love desired to light up the

After

end of the nineteenth century. After having spent herself in the effort to

a sufficiently extended circle yet con-

paratively restricted, she was to be the paratively restricted, she was to be the medium of the progress of this cultus throughout the entire world by inter-vening—by the order and in the name of the Sacred Heart—with the head of

His Church to solicit the consecration of the human race to that Sacred Heart. It was in the month of June,

1897, that the servant of God saw this troublous career open for her."

INFORMED HER CONFESSOR.
Sister Mary informed her confessor
of the mission entrusted to her. He

bade her wait, to which she dutifully submitted. But again she was urged to communicate to the Holy Father what

had been revealed to her, and again she was bidden to wait. In the meantime

spread devotion to the Sacred Heart in

TIFF, LEO XIII.

KNOWN TO THE LATE LAMENTED PON-

en who are unwilling to shape their

century will have been reached.

it has to say:

danger lies.'

would indicate that he does not believe

warranted and objectionable and

Besides throwing doubt

are many on the Board of

judgment, and in Catholic principle They were Pro. d Catholic in prac. ice in the case was sistent in them be inconsistently tly wrong. - N. Y.

CHRISTIANITY.

the editor of the among the brighter Western journals, its readers of being ty and of sneering dox." The editor tion, we believe, of but he is evidently I don't know-and-I or he says, replying o Oregonian wants res to know what contemporary is d as to Protestant from the following

Roman Catholic u get these defini-stion or dissent, elf, agree with them to but there were no any large body of eed. Variation of ex Christianity and erved among adher-very Protestant de-n shades off from danism to widest ce it is that outside widest Church everything f opinion. Through e Church you get torical authority,— the history of the descent to the pres

is dissent. Some the name of Ortho. there are as many y as there are pro-ons. Knowledge of ands of doctrine and f belief is indisperseration of this great person can define nodoxy for another. c Church does—for it. All else is but vidual or sectarian

e Oregonian is not ity. His opposition which he finds to be rity in matters ian opinions, which, change oftener than ngs to the large and persons-call them while not accept e Church, neverth fact so admirably Newman: 'Either on is verily the comworld into this, or real in any of our

recognition of the oritative teacher is ses of truth on the ics which our great Dr. Brownson

nurch is attractive to es who would have at they are poor, nd would have the ration, to the weary who seek rest, and the world; to those confidence scope and full em-intellectual powers; e tired of end-disgusted with pert philo divines, the brain of vanity ning as the sun ex dew which alone ble; and who would der than yesterday,

rrying them back, m with all that has rd, and connecting is to be; admitting lly fellowship of the making them feel t and lot in all that ursed the stream of been consecrated by rs, and hallowed by sanctified affection, on to love, venerate hearts' content, or ity; — to all these, or nation, sex, rank, glorious, sublime, ided, and defended full of attraction —

OF NOTE.

t deal of religious , especially against h, but there are on quently to be found instances of a more as for example the rdinal Archbishop of ng signed by a num-nisters conveying to the French clergy an athy "in the trying which the Church of placed by a persecu-affected numberless affected numberless gations and religious

editable to the Angeditable to the Ang-coming from Pro-control of the Infield perse-be so regarded by not void of every in-ride and self-respect. Journal.

n of a personal God, independent of, this

od intellectal train-lic institution if he

-Sacred Heart Re-

During this time the holy nun continued The refusal of the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Church to confirm the election of Prof. Hinckley G. Mitchell as Professor in the Boston University to suffer and pray, and at this epoch wrote an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, which Leo XIII. in 1902 approved and earliched with an Indulg-ence of three hundred days. We quote Theological School has been much com-menter on. Prof. Mitchell is guilty of from Abbe Chasle's book the hely nun's mentee ch. This are the state of accepting the interpretation adopted by the Methodist Church. For doing this he has been adjudged a heretic. Prof. Mitchell, who was Professor

own words:
"On the 2nd of December, the first Friday of the month, Our Lord for the third time mentioned the subject of the consecration of the human race to His Divine Heart, but without asking anyof Hebrew and Old Testament exegests, is the author of a book, entitled "The World Before Abraham," which was published four years ago. For certain statements made in it he has fallen under the censure of the Methodist

"On the 7th of December Our Lord again spoke of the consecration, but was more pressing. Finally He told me that He wished me to write again to Rome. I answered Our Lord that the consent of my spiritual Father had cost me much suffering, and asked if I should this time suffer as much and be at the point of death to convince the vice rector. Our Lord answered in the negative, and told me that this time I would rector. get coasent without difficulty."

Permission was accorded as our Lord said, and the letter authorized by the confessor was sent to Rome on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1899.

HER SECOND LETTER TO THE PONTIFF.
Here is the text of this most precious

' Most Holy Father: In deepest confusion, I return to the feet of your Holiness to most humbly ask you to permit me speak to you again on the subject on which I wrote to your Holiness in the month of June last. Then, scarcely passed through a crisis of life and death, my strength permitted me only to dictate a letter. Now, although upon my sick bed, I can at least write with a In my last letter I confided to your Holiness certain graces which Our Lord in His Infinite mercy deigned to accord me without regarding my un-worthiness. It is with confusion that I confess to your Holiness that He has since continued to treat me with the same mercy. By express order of Our Lord, and with the consent of my confessor, I come with the most profound respect and the most perfect submission to impart to your Holiness some new communications which Our Lord has deigned to make to me on the mat-

ter treated of in my first letter. When last summer your Holiness suf fered from an indisposition, which, having regard to your advanced age, filled with anxiety the hearts of your children, Our Lord gave me the sweet consolation that He would prolong the days of your Holiness in order to realize the consecration of the entire world to the Divine Heart. Later on, the first Friday of the month of December, He told me that He had prolonged the days of your Holiness in order to accord you grace (of making the consecration), and after having accomplished this desire of His Heart, that you ought to prepare yourself, and He continued:
'In My Heart consolation—a sure refuge at death and judgment.' He left the impression that after having made the consecration, your Holiness would soon finish your earthly pilgrimage

"The eve of the Immaculate Conception Our Lord made known to me that by this new impetus which the worship of the Divine Heart would receive He would cause a new light to shine over the entire world, and these words of the Third Mass of Christmas Day pene trated my heart: Quia hodic descendit Lux magna super terran." I seemed to see (interiorly) this light—the Heart of Jesus, this adorable Sun, which sent down its rays upon the earth, at first more narrowly, then widening, and at last illuminating the whole world.

And He said: 'With the glory of this light the people and the nations will be enlightened, and with its ardor they will be rekindled. I recognized the ardent desire which He has to see His Adorable Heart more and more glorified and knows, and to pour out its gifts and benedictions on the entire world. and benealctions on the entire world.

And He chose your Holiness, prolonging your days, that you may render
Him this honor, console His outraged
Heart and draw down upon your soul the choice graces which go out from this Divine Heart, source of all graces, the place of peace and happiness. I feel unworthy to communicate all this to Your Holi-ness but the Com Lord after having made the entire Catholic world, for therein is revealed, in the most precise way that the consecration of the world to the Sacred Heart accomplished by Loo ness, but Our Lord, after having made me renew the sacrifice of myself as victim and spouse of His Heart, accept-ing voluntarily all sorts of sufferings, humiliations and contempt, gave me strict command to write again on this

subject to Your Holiness.

"It may be deemed strange that Our Lord asks this consecration of the entire world, and was not content with correction of the Catholic Church. the consecration of the Catholic Church. But His desire to reign over, to be loved and glorified by, and to embrace all hearts with His love and mercy is so ardent that He wishes that Your Holiness offer Him the hearts of all those who by holy baptism belong to Him, to facilitate return to the true Church, and the hearts of all those who have not yet received spiritual life by holy baptism, but for whom He gave His life and His Blood, and who are equally called to be one day children of Holy Church to hasten by this means their spiritual birth.

"In my letter of the month of June I stated the graces which Our Lord wishes to accord because of this consecration, and the manner in which He desires that it be made: but in view of the new urgings of Our Lord I come afresh to supplicate with the most filial afresh to supplicate with the most filial submission and the most pressing urgings, that your Holiness accord to Our Lord the consolation He asks, and to add to the worship of His Divine Heart a new splendor in the way Our Lord will inspire you. Our Lord has spoken to me only of the consecration; but He has shown me on different occasions His ardent desire that His Heart be more and more glorified and loved for the good of the nations. fied and loved for the good of the nations. It seems to me that it would be pleas It seems to me that it would be pleas ing to Him that the devotion of the first Fridays of the month be augmented by an exhortation of your Holiness to the clergy and the faithful, as well as by the concession of new indulgences. Our Lord has not told me so expressly, as when He spoke of the consecration, but I believe I divine the ardent desire of His Heart, without, being able to

and simplicity my recital to your Holiness, there remains for me but to beg, Most Holy Father, with the profound est humility, pardon for my boldness, and to pray you benignantly to accept the homage of my most filial devotion to Holy Church and the army to the Holy Church and the same to to Holy Church and the august person of your Holiness, to whom I submit my. self with the Most perfect obedience.

"Deign, most Holy Father, to bless, with our Sisters and protegees, her who, kissing the foot of your Holiness, has the honor to call herself your most humble and most obedient daughter, " SISTER MARY OF THE DIVINE HEART. Droste Zu Vischering.

Superioress of the Monastery of the Good Shepherd at Porto. "Porto, (Portugal,) 6th January, 1899. HER PROPHECY FULFILLED.

While this letter was on its way to noly nun became intensified, but likewise her serenity. On January 1 she had announced to her confessor with an ccent of the most remarkable certainty that that year, 1899, the grand design of the Sacred Heart would be accom olished. The letter reached the Vatican on January 15, and deeply moved the Sovereign Pontiff. Investigations were ordered, and inquiries made as to the virtues of Sister Mary of the Divine Heart. Needless to say, the result was most favorable, and his Holiness felt most disposed to accord the favor besought by the servant of God. The first thought of Leo XIII. was to reserve the consecration for the opening year of the new century, be-cause of the time necessary to make what he deemed befitting preparation for the formalities requisite: but subsequently he was inspired to ad vance the date by a year, thereby fulfilling the prophecy of the holy nun to

her confessor. We need not here recapitulate what is in every one's memory as to the solemn promulgation of the Pope's in tention, or as to how the solemn act was accomplished; nor does space pernit us to give other interesting details Suffice it to add that the Triduum preparatory to the consecration was olemnized throughout the entire world on June 9, 10 and 11, 1899. The cele-bration at the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Porto was particularly touching. But on the eve, at the hour when the bells rung out the first Vespers of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the message bearer of the Heart of Jesus, her task accomplished, fell sleep in the Lord, to behold from heaven the crowning of the work of which she had been the humble arti-

JOANNE D'ARC.

Under the auspices of the D'Youville Reading Circle, on Monday, Nov. 6th, in the Convocation Hall of the Rideau street Convent, Dr. John Francis Waters delivered a delightful and widely

interesting lecture, the subject being the immortal "Joan of Arc."

As it was the first time Dr. Waters had addressed the Circle since he rereceived the degree of L L. D., from St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, the occasion was profited by to tender

him heartiest congratulations.

Prior to the lecture, Mrs. Redmond
Quain spoke a few words of felicitation, and, at the close, Charles Marcil, Deputy Speaker of the House of Comin moving the vote of thanks paid the distinguished speaker an elo

quent tribute.

In spite of the inclement weatherand it was a typical November day of chilling blasts of wind and blinding snow flurries — the lecture hall was thronged to the doors with the elite of Ottawa's cultured intellect, represent ing every walk in life regardless of re ligious, political or social views. How pleasant it is to realize that after nearly five hundred years, the intel-ligent world is eager to welcome the ligent world is eager to rehabilitation of Joan, the little peasant maid of Domremy, who restored France to her place among the nations; and it is a noteworthy fact that though through all these ages, she has been defauned by French, Gerstein and the second of the second of the word is made more comprehensive: it is includes in general all that we can offer to God in behalf of the departed. proved to have been angelically pure
"knowing nothing of carnal love or
bodily fear," a child of heaven and a
"sister of the saints."

Dr. Waters treated his subject in

that masterly style in which he treats any subject that he touches upon. His description of the career of the simple, unlettered maid of Orleans, trans formed by the will of God into a war rior, whose undaunted courage, brilliant achievements and miraculous strength of character, under all circumstances, furnish no parallel, was a deeply interesting and touching word

He characterized her life at her humble home in Domremy as an idyllic poem a simple, tranquil, existence, and showed a simple, transport of the was animated by the spirit of religion. He told of her communings with the Archangel Michael, and with Saints Catherine and Martin Saints Catherine in which she garet, and of that vision in which she received the command to save France from her enemies and crown the "gentle Dauphin" at Rheims, of the disbelief of those in high places of her heavenly mission, of its final acceptance, her glorious triumph and unhappy death.

The raising of the Seige of Orleans in ten days, the victory of Patay, which was the death-blow to English hopes and pretension in France, the lecturer and pretension in France, the lecturer pointed out as features of the most extraordinary military epoch making career in History, replete with wonders in the miraculous order, almost every incident of which has been testified to under each. under oath. He asserted that nothing save the grace of God and the inspiration of heaven could have made such a heroine; showed her as having risen from the stolid peasantry, "the great proto martyr," against the background

attracts Dr. Waters' and it is safe to say, that al-though he has many times won laurels for his exquisite treatment of other subjects, since hearing his crowning work we dub him a most chivalrous knight, and assuredly the little maid of Orleans could not be in more knightly hands than when she has him for her defender.

The entertainment was opened by a lyric scene appropriate to the oscasion, presented by two choirs of senior pupils, representing heavenly choirs.
Miss V. Gravelle impersonated St. Michael : Miss B. Leclerc, St. Cathar ine and Miss D. Lavoie, St. Margaret. The number was excellently given and warmly applauded. Anna Dalton.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL-

Protestants claim the credit for a good many things which really are the work of Catholics. Sunday schools work of Catholies. Sanday schools supply an instance of this. A Protest tant is lauded for originating a system which was in reality founded at Milan in Italy by that great Cardinal, St. Cheales Response whose feast is cale. Charles Borromeo, whose feast is cele brated on the 1th of November. Amid the manifold lamentations of

the day there has arisen a cry that Sunday schools are on the decline.

Those of the Church of England, we are told, have fallen off by the number of 7,000. The English Baptists bemoan the loss of about the same number; and even the Free Church of Scotland is preed to admit a decrease of 4,390.

said to have been a total decrease in

Great Britain of some 32,000 schools n one year. We have no statistics Now, if this decline is a reality, here must be some reason assignabl or it. The reason may, perhaps, be ound in some of the following consider tions. Many of the teachers have but a feeble idea of the great responsibility they undertake upon entering on the work. It is a nice and creditable thing, think, to be a Sanday school eacher, and gives one a better standing with the clergy and the church connection generally. The dif-ficulty and responsibility of the position is of secondary consideration.
Parents, too, in many cases, make a old use of the institution, and look the Sunday school much in the light of a religious "creche," where the souls as well as the bodies of the children may be taken care of free of charge while the father and mother sleep the afternoon away, or take a

oring about success.

The continuation of Sunday schools n Catholic parishes that have parochial schools is rendered necessary by the persistency of some parents in sending neir children to the public or non-Catholic schools. When pastors are willing to go out of their way to make up for the deficiences of those who eglect their duties, their efforts should be appreciated and encouraged. All parents are in duty bound to provide for the religious education of their children. That is a responsibility which none can shirk. Let Catholic parents do their duty in this respect; let them send their children to the parochial school, where there is one, and to the Sunday school, where there is no parochial school; and on our side at least we shall hear no complaints about the decline of Sunday schools.

pleasure trip, unburdened by the care

pleasure original properties of the family. Wrong ideas as to the use or the abuse of anything, however good in itself, cannot be expected to

THE PRISONERS OF LOVE: HOW TO HELP THEM.

New World.

How to help them? By our suffrages. To us God gives all power to succor our afflicted brethren by way of suffrage. The word suffrage in ecclesiastical lan-guage is a synonym of prayer; yet the Council of Trent, declaring that the it includes in general all that we can offer to God in behalf of the departed.

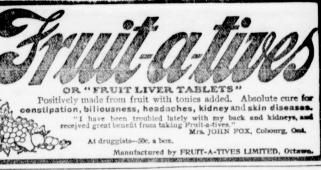
1. The work is meritorious, that is to say, it increases our merit: it gives us right to a new degree of giory in Heaven.
2. It is impretatory, that is to say

that, like a prayer, it has the virtue of obtaining some grace from God.

3. It is satisfactory, that is to say that, as having, as it were, a pecuniary value, it can satisfy Divine justice and

pay our debts of temporal punishment before God. The merit is inalienable and remains The merit is indicatore and remains the property of the person who performs the action. On the contrary, the im-pretatory and satisfactory value can benefit others, in virtue of the communion of Saints. This understood, the suffrages by which we may aid the souls in Purgatory consist of prayers, alms, fasts and penances of any kind, indulgences and, above all, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. All such works performed in the state of grace Jesus Christ allows us to offer to the divine Majesty for the relief of our brethren in Pargatory, and God applies them to those soul according to His justice and mercy. Thus, while protecting the rights of His justice, our Heavenly Father multiplies the effects of His mercy, thus making clear that it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead. From this it will appear that, for the relief of the suffering souls, the powers of the Church Militant are broader even than those of the Church Triumph-The saints above can pray their brethren in Purgatory; the faithful on earth may both pray and satisfy.

It must not be forgotten that the appli-



soul would certainly secure its release from the flames of Purgatory, yet it is commendable to offer for our dead many Masses and all the suffrages possible. -Church and College Society Bulletin, The Gesu, Philadelphia.

AN ANTIDOTE TO BAD READING.

A valuable aid in our efforts to combut the manifold evils of the present day will be fund in a steady effort towards acqui ing an accurate knowledge concerning the history, doctrines, and practical working methods of the Cath-

olic Church.
The Oatholic Church is an organiza tion, an institution, so vast, so long-lived, so unconquerable, so skilled in the making of great men and the accomplishment of great things, that writers not of her fold have lavished magnificent tributes of praise admiration upon her, -tributes which it has long been one of the special aims of the Sacred Heart Review to present from time to time to the attention of its readers. If these writers are thus impressed, if they display so keen an appreciation of the Church's glories, what ought to be our own knowledge and our own admiration of the glory of our heritage, of that treatury of good things that is ours by right of itance, and because we are truly the the Church's children?

A story exists to the effect that, one night, in a fearful dream, the inventor of printing saw before him the terrible evils that awaited the promulgation of his invention. From that discovery not good alone would flow, but awful harm, direful temptation, tremendous power for lasting woe and ill. What serious thinker to-day is not well aware of this flood of evils now pouring out into the minds and before the eyes of young and old through the medium of the daily press! This state of things should prove the Church's wisdom in maintaining, on her part, a censorship of the press, by means of her index of condemned writings, forbidden writings, writings concerning which she says to her children, as God said to our first parents in Eden: "Of the fruit of this

ree ye shall not eat!"
Yet, because a thing is forbidden, it does not follow that there will be no transgression of the law, no temptation to break it, no longing to follow one's own will and the devil's seductions, no tasting of the forbidden fruit. Too many persons, young and old, want be conversant with what their careless neighbors are talking about; they dread to be called ignorant, prudish or eccentric. A remedy for this cowardly spirit -

one excellent ramedy among many others,—lies in making ourselves, and these under our inflaence, conscious of, and joyful in, the beauty, the grandeur, the magnificence of our inherit-ance as Catholics. We should culti vate in every way a taste for Catholic knowledge, just as carefully as we cultivate a taste for anything noble and beautiful: nay, far more than for any other subject, since in the Church the beauty of holiness is stored up and with it the unfathomable stores of the truest wisdom and the deepest mines of thought. We should make our reading a part

We should make our reading a part of our examination of conscience. What do I read? Is it harmful or helpful? Is it elevating? Is it such as I should like to face G d with, or the the Church's marvelous stores of liter-ature—history, biography, missionary fault. travel and discovery, poetry, philosophy, fiction even, for the writers of Catholic fiction well deserve attention from many readers. But, above all, let us cultivate the love for truth, for purity, for profound wisdom, for holiness. Let us desire these things; and let us hate and despise and scorn what is false and impure, foolish and evil. For, at the last day, believe it, the unerring Judge will demand from us how we used the intellect, the mind, the wondrous gifts Hogave us—whether we spent them in His service, or flung them

applied to the relief of an individual to the dogs among the mire. - Sacred

MINISTERS MEET.

DR. CRAPSEY ADVANCES A FEW THOUGHTS TO THE SURPRISE OF BRETHREN.

A gathering of ministers and laymen of a number of Protestant denomina-tions was held in Rochester last week which called itself "New York State Conference of Religion." A large number of those present aired their views on theology as well as what they thought best for the reformation of mankind. That Church and State are separate under our form of government was emphasized by several speakers.
Rev. Dr. Strong of the Baptist Theological seminary would have religion taught in the piblic sphools—not "de-nominational religion," but the three religious decrines which are common to all, namely, the existence of God, the immortality of man and human ac-

countability.
Rev. A. S. Crapsey, the Episcopalian minister of Rochester who made him-self known by denying the divinity of Christ some time ago, took part in the deliberations and astonished his hearers by boldly opposing the contention that Church and State were separated under our form of government, and Dr. Strong's proposition to teach religion public schools. He spoke in part as

"You must recognize the fact that separation of Church and State in this country is more apparent than real. We have had a religious test in regard to office holding in this country from the beginning. It has been and is now part of the unwritten law that the highest office of the land shall not come into the possession of a man who has not embraced one of the evangelical faiths. It has hitherto been impossible for a Roman Catholic, a Jew or a pronounced agnostic to be elected to the office of president of the United States. The established religion of this coun-

"To my great regret I must take issue with Dr. Strong on the remedy that he proposes. He proposes to use the public schools and sets forth three religious doctrines—the supremacy of God, the immortality of man and future accountability. The remedy is impracticable and inadequate. The three principles announced are without ethical language, and are believed in more strongly by the Mohammedan and the orthodox Greek Catholic than by the evangelical, and yet the former ders the Armenians and the latter massacres the Jew. The gentlemen of vast wealth who have been criticised most severely during this conference are all earnest believers in these principles, and if you pick out the one man in A nerica who most strongly believes in those principles you will find that he is the master of the Standard Oil.'

Dr. Crapsey may not be sound on various religious doctrines, but he has shown on numerous occasions that he is endowed with a good portion of common sense and is not afraid to speak his mind.

What Makes Life Worth Living.

" Is life worth living?" It depends entirely on what the life is. Some lives are not worth living as they are, but the fault rests with the men who through English writers that she is raised from the mire of calumny, proved to have been angelically pure "knowing nothing of carnal love or bodily fear," a child of heaven and a "sister of the saints."

The drunkard's life is not worth living, but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The thief's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault. The gold hunter's life is not worth living; but it is his own fault.

OLD TIMER TO LECTURE.

SUBJECT:

Personal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Irish Patriot, American Editor and Canadian Statesman.

Mr. William Halley, of Toronto,

well-known as "Old Timer," will lecture this winter on the above subject; and is now prepared to enter into arrangements with societies, committees or individuals, for the delivery of the same Address, care of "Catholic Register," 9 Jordan St., Tronto.

The first of the series was delivered under the auspices of St. Peters Temperance and Literary Society, Toronto, Nov. 7; the second before the St. Patrick's Literary and Athletic Literary Society, Huntion Nov. 10th. Arrangements are now making for lectures in East and Centre Society, Huntion Nov. 10th. Arrangements are now making for lectures in East and Centre Toronto, Dundas, St. Catherines, Throid Niagara Brantford, Paris, Galt, Guelph, Stratford, Elora, Arthur, and other places. Would be pleased to hear from those who would like to secure his services as soon as possible in order to fix dates.

Mr. Haley has written a short life of M. Gee with regard to which the Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, N. Y., has remarked:

"Thomas D Arcy McGee is one of the most interesting characters in modern Irish history.

Brilliant romantic unfortunate in his life and death, the story of McGee has a charm far surpassing that of the most noted characters in fixion; but there is no fletion in Mr. Halley's portrayal; the author knew his hero will and tells his sad life-story with a fidelity than will be recognized by hundreds who are still young enough to live again scenes and times in which they bere a part."

From the Catholic Register, Toronto, Oct. 26.

her physical sufferings grew in intens ity. At last, when a crisis came in her illness, her confessor yielded, and, she being unable to write, he acted as her secretary. The letter in due course reached the hands of the Holy Father, who was much impressed by it; but for one reason or another the year (1898) if the simple, straightforward one reason or another the year (1898) if the simple, straightforward finished without anything being done.

The mass the teaching of the single straightforward in the sory of the catholic Register, Toronto, Oct. 26.

As to her death, which he depicted souls reason the enthusiastic young cation of these suffrages to suffering souls reason the concession of new indugences. On the faithful, as well as by of a licentious world.

As to her death, which he depicted souls reason of the each of the mercaphor of the instruction and of the methylic. Now after half a century of absence he returns and is to present of the instruction and returns and is to present of the eath, which he depicted in pathetic terms, touching the eager, Church warrants the belief, has not pledged Himself to apply any given said it was a blot upon all those contingual in the catholic Register, Toronto, Oct. 26.

As to her death, which he depicted souls reason of the death, which he depicted in pathetic terms, touching the eager, Church warrants the belief, has not pledged Himself to apply any given said it was a blot upon all those contingual in the strain of the plain truth that it is the simple and the faithful, as well as by of a licentious world.

As to her death, which he depicted souls reason of the death, which he depicted in pathetic terms, touching the eager, Church warrants the belief, has not be register. Toronto, Oct. 26.

Charch warrants the belief and received with the mercy of olden days as a substantial to the platform with the story of olden days as a substantial to the matter in most needs on the faithful, as well as by of a licentious world.

As to her death, which he mercy of olden days as a

Sacred Heart Review THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHO LIC CHURCH.

ST A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

CCCLXXX.

We have seen how the correspondent intimates that original Christianity was apparently "a reaction" of the poor weak against the rich and strong. "Reaction" sounds a good deal like

We know that there are such conspira-cies now, and, this gentleman might say

However, whatever Christianity might have been, it certainly was not in fact such a conspiracy. As Renan remarks, authority in the early Church was always thoroughly respectful to authority in the State. The Saviour once contemptantly at also the weath why not then? once contemptuously styles the worth less Herod Antipas "that fox," but He moves no insurrection against him, and mentions the Emperor only to enjoin civil obedience to him. Reverence to ruler: is peremptorily commanded slike
by St. Paul and St. Peter, and
the injunction was strictly obeyed.
Christian rebellions against the heathen Emperors were unknown. As Renan says, martyrdom was the one form of insurrection against the Empire which

the early Church allowed herself, and the finally victorious form.

Probably, therefore, our author does not use "reaction" to mean "conspir-

The early Church, however, while letting rank and wealth have their way in heathen society, might have for bidden them within her own pale. It looks as if this gentleman might vaguely mean some such thing, if indeed heaven the base what he does High-sounding phrases are sometimes a convenient substitute for distinctness of thought, particularly where they

This gentleman has a good precedent
in a much more distinguished man than in a much more distinguished man than himself. I remember that during Mr. Dana's life, the Sun once informed an inquirer that for the first century private property did not exist in the Church, but that all were supported out of a common fund. To be sure, this statement is ludicrously at variance with the information given us by New Testament, especially by St. Luke In his Gospel and in the Acts, and by St. Paul. Witness this: "Charge them that are rich in this world," etc But what of that? Hum drum study of the New Testament might be all very well for poor parsons, but it was plainly far below the dignity of such a man as Charles A. Dana. It was his preroga tive to present the early Church, not as she was, but as it pleased him to construct her, "out of the depths of his moral consciousness." It suited his purpose that she should have been a nastic order "of the strict observ and as such accordingly sh must be made to appear. If facts were alleged in contradiction, Mr. Dana would doubtless have thought to himself: "So much the worse for the facts. As a Boston newspaper said once when President Eliot had been making some very peculiar statements about Catholic matters: "Does any one really think that the President of Harvard Univers ity is obliged to revoke anything he has said at the call of mere nobodies like Father Brosnahan or President Mullan?" The words were not quite so strong, and the names were left to be understood, but the substance of reasoning is there

Mary's friend Leslie, when she was charged with murdering her husband, remarked: "Great princes are not to called to account by common men for their little peculiarities of behavior." I suspect that this principle is held in honor much nearer to us than Edinburgh

We have seen already that the Apostles themselves are addressed by Christ as of varying means, and that from the beginning (with a few rare exceptions) the Church left it with each man's conscience how much or how little of his own wealth he should keep in his own hands. Universal commun cativeness of soul is enjoined on all, and whoever lacks it is not a Christian, but the exercise of this brotherly like erality has rever been placed under any imperious outward control.

Indeed, as the original stock of the hurch was largely found in the mer cantile classes, the complaint came up at last: "The Christians only are rich." As soon as Christians were allowed to build churches, they built handsome ones, to which they transferred much of the sumptuous adorament they had been accustomed to see ment they had been accustomed to see in the private basilicas which the wealthier brethren had placed at their disposal. And, as Dr. Arnold observes, the exhortations to Bishops to be hospitable, imply that a Bishop was expected to be a man of substance. The overflowing wealth of the Christians was poured out unstintingly on the poor and sick, Christian or heathen, but it must have been there to pour

And as the Church did not forbid wealth, but only covetousness, so she did not forbid rank, but only pride. The Roman officer, whom the Savious The Roman officer, whom the extols as of greater faith than He had found in Israel, is not required by Him to give up his commission, nor is the Roman officer whom, first of the Gentiles, St. Peter receives into the Church. Erastus, the Corinthian brother, has the high office of Comptroller of that wealthy city. St. Luke dedicates his two volumes to "His Excellency, Theophilus," doubtless governor of a province or city. St Paul, it is true, reminds the Cor-

inthians that there were few nobles or philosophers among them. This implies that both nobility and high culture were found in that famous church, but not as numerously as would come to pass when the eyes of the world should opened to the significance of Chris There is no sign, in the Acts or Epistles, of any indisposition of Christians to pay the usual deference to high station, within the Church or

St. Paul's remark upon the compara tive intrequency of noble birth in the Church suffered a notable modification

at Rome. It is now known that the great families of the Acilli Glabriones and Pomponii Græcini — the latter allied with the still greater name of Plautius — were Christians. Indeed, the Gospel took a still higher flight. Clement the consul. the Emperor's the Gospel took a still higher flight. Clement the consul, the Emperor's cousin and colleague, was beheaded by Domitian as a Christian, and his wife Flavia Domitilla, the Emperor's niece, tegether with his own niece, Flavia Domitilla, was barished, and some say at last put to death. Sabinus, the Emperor's male though not have the at last put to death. Sabinus, the Emperor's uncle, though not baptized, had been a pronounced adherent of the Church. Clement's two sons had been chosen by Domitian for his own suc-cessors. Thus, as Harnack remarks, we now know that before the end of the first century Christianity had been on the very verge of mounting the imper

Even after the deposition of the Flavian house we are able to trace a number of its Christian descendants, still in high office, principally in

fantastic is the notion that Chris So fantastic is the notion that Christianity was a revolt against rank and wealth and the natural distinctions of society. It did, indeed, lift the mass of mankind to an essential dignity hardly known before, although vaguely anticipated by Stoicism. The citizenship of eternity casts naleness upon the control of the casts naleness upon the control of the casts in the control of the casts in the control of the casts in the cast in the casts in the casts in the cast indicates in the cast in the cast in the cast in the cast in the ca ship of eternity casts paleness upon "life's poor distinctions." Yet, while it denounced pride, and covetousness and oppressiveness, and earthliness of mind, it proclaimed no war against the social order, leaving the new spirit to modify this according to its essential

nature.
This whole insinuation, therefore that original Christianity was a league of some sort to bring the rich and powerful down from their terrestrial eminence, is a fanciful falsehood, the fruit either of malice or of ignorance. The mighty are reminded that recklessness in exalted place will be punished, but faithfulness in high place

is to be rewarded with still higher.

However, as we go on, we find that
the writer's malice is not directed here against the early Church, but against the later. He explicitly accuses the Roman Catholic Church of being and of having been for centuries concentration of the most dangerous concentration of the most dangerous and bloody power—the power over souls by religious conformity—in the hands of a few persons at Rome, who have not scrupled to use their authority, from time to time, to promote war, protect assassination, persecute the weak and pardon the strong for their crimes, when those crimes seemed to promise aid for the oppressor, and sub-sistence for the priests, who helped maintain the oppression."

Here we see the real of the writer in

so preposterously exaggerating the unworldiness of the early Church into a monastic seclusion from all usua numan distinctions and interests. It is that he may intensify his denunciation of the Catholic Church as a wholly different thing, a league for purely covetous and ambitious ends. Indeed, he does not even treat it as a league but as the slavish subjection of count-less millions to the selfish aims of " a few persons at Rome.

It is not that the author has not an unappeasable hatred against Christianity itself, for his chief indictment against the Catholic Church, near the beginning of his letter, is that she maintains the Gospel to be destined to prevail throughout the world-a claim which assuredly Christians of every school have made from the beginning. However, he is willing to throw his hatred of early Christianity into the background, in order to direct the whole force of his virulence against the specific claims of the Roman

CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Joseph I. Breen. secrets of the confessional?" queried little Rob Coughlin of Father Keelan one evening late last August.

The Lord our Law B..."

King, cometh to save us. "

Begin this day to prepare for the joyous feast of Christmas. Cleanse your ous feast of Christmas Cleanse your evening late last August.
"No, my child," answered the priest,

'not even to save his life. That reminds ne of a story.

Before he could finish the sentence Rob gave a loud whoop of joy.
"Hey, you people!" he shouted to our party, who were separated on the lawn into groups of two and three, "I Keelan's going to tell us a story. "Father

However interesting our conversa-tions might have been, this announce ment put an end to them all, for more quickly than words can tell we were all on the porch scrambling and push-

ing to get near to Father Keelan.
"First of all," said Father Keelan,
when we were all settled, "I have never

told this story before."
"Is it true?" asked little Bob.
"Yes, my child," answerd the priest.
"It was told to me by its principal char acters many years a go. There lived," he continued, "in a large city in the West, a wealthy merchant who had an only The young man was sent to a fashionable college, where, un-known to his fatter, he fell in with bad companions. In a short time he became

an habitual gambler. 'One day, while in desperate circumstances, he stole into his father's office, and, opening the safe, took several bills from the cash drawer.

"When the merchant, who had been out of town, returned to his effice he missed the money. His confidential sec retary was accused of the crime. avail. The safe had not been broken, and it was clearly the work of some one acquainted with the combination for opening it. This knowledge none but the merchant and his clerk pos

sessed.

"On the strength of the evidence procourt of justice and sentenced to sev oral years' imprisonment. Some years later a band of Jesuit missionaries were giving a mission at a prominent church in Clevelard In the band was a Father

T——, a brother to the young man who had been convicted of larceny. "One evening whilst Father T— was hearing confessions, a man entered

his box who had not been to confession for eight years. In the course of con-fession the priest learned that the sinner was the perpetrator of the crime for which his brother was suffering. He counseled the sinner to render justice to the innocent man, but he refused, asserting that he could never admit himself to be a thief. "Aiter the completion of his term in

prison the priest's brother came forth a despised man. Whither he went the finger of storn was pointed at him. Employment he sought everywhere, but was always refused. At last, weary and heartbroken, he died, the world believing him to have been a thiet.

"Many years later I was one day called to the deathbed of an old man. It was whilst hearing his confession that I leaved this story, and it is at his

I learned this story, and it is at his suggestion that I am now using it as an example of the secrecy of the con-

"So you can seen from this," said Father Keelan, rising and turning to Bob, "that Father T——could not make known that which he heard in the least of the same to saye the boner. the confessional, even to save the boner and life of one he loved. It has been so since the days of the Apostles, and with God's help, it shall be so until the end of time."

FIVE-MINUTES BERMON

First Sunday of Advent THE GRACES OF ADVENT.

The night is past, and the day is at hand, Let us, therefore cast off the works of dark ness and put on the armor of light, Putye on the Lord Jesus Christ.—(Epistle of the Day.)

To-day, dear brethren, we enter upon the season for preparation for the com-ing of Jesus Christ. For "the night is past and the day is at hand." "The day spring, the Brightness of the ever lasting Light, the Sun of righteous ness," is come "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow

of death. To give light to them that have been To give light to them that have been unfaithful to God's grace, to call them back—to turn them to a new life—this is the mission of our Saviour; and this is the call He makes upon us to day—that we should return to Him, "the Raler of the house of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in the burning bush, and gay him the law in Sinai."

and gave him the law in Sinai. You, dear brethren, were taught that law when the first rays of the light of reason lit up your soul. God wrote it on your hearts; you heard it wrote it on your hearts; your teachers from your parents' lips; your teachers bade you love it and keep it. But have you done so? Have you not been like those whom of old God taught, and who would not listen, but went after false gods, who bowed down before idois of gold and silver, of wood and clay? Have you not bowed down like them

when you preferred money getting to serving God; when you were willing, for the sake of gold and silver, to risk the loss of your immortal souls? Have you not bowed down when you chose to gratify your lower instincts at the cost of your spiritual ruin? Have you not bowed down to idols of clay when you have steeped yourselves in drunkenness, in impurities, in the many sins of Oh ! surely you have nee the flesh? of the "wisdom that co eth out of the of the "wisdom that come of the wisdom that come of the Most High" to teach you month of the Most High" to teach you month of the Most High" to teach you "the way of prudence." Oh! surely you have need of "the Orient from on high," for you "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."

the shadow of death."

But, dear brethien, "the night is past." "Let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness"; "let us walk honestly." Oh! "put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." "Behold Emmanuel, our King Lawgiver," He for whom the nations sigted and their salvation, has cone to save us : t) save men whom He has made from the dust of the earth.

Dear brethren, shall we be slow to CHARLES C. STARBOOK.

Andover, Mass.

FATHER KEELAN'S STORY.

(No. 2)

Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Joseph I. Breen.

"Father, can a priest never tell the secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional?" queried literates and the same are secrets of the confessional are secrets of the confes

> heartsby prayer and fasting; come to the sacraments and be washed in the blood of your Redeemer; come to His table and break the bread of true friendship, that the joy of your heart may be full when we shall celebrate that day of when we shall celebrate that day of days when the Word which "was made flesh dwelt a nong us." Truly "we have seen His glory, "and "of His ful-ness we have all received." Let us never forget (dis mercy; let us remem-"that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep."

Impossible Monks.

"Educated non Catholics are begin ning to appreciate the monk at his true worth, if we may judge from an adver-tisement of the publishers of the tisement of the publishers of the American Standard Revised Bible in the current issue of a magazine," says the Catholic News. "The advertise-ment has a picture of a mediaeval monk ment has a picture of a mediateval many patiently making a copy of the Bible. Were it not for the mon's of old the Scriptures would not have been preserved. But the painters of to-cay do not seem to realize that truth. monks are impossible. Were these painters to be guided by facts they would give us more monks such as the one pictured in the Bible advertise ment we refer to, and less-very much less, indeed-of the kind that look like

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THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

[The following facts were given to a reporter of the Mirror by the rector of one of Baltimore's best known churches. These facts are vouched for by the Reverend Father as having come under bis personal observation, and are pub-lished, despite their slightly sensational appearance, in the hope that by the moral to be deduced therefrom, some little good may be accomplished.—Ed.] Our reporter called upon an old pastor of one of the city churches last week

of one of the city churches last week:
"Well, Father, what is new in your
parish?" "New," replied the pastor.
"there is nothing new, as Solomon said
many years ago. The life about a
Catholic Church is about the same year
in and year out. There are baptisms,
marriages and funerals, the weekly
devotions, and the monotonous round of
visitors, who for the most part are trying to borro a money without security ing to borro money without security or to obtain money on their heart rending appeals. It would be a noble work for one of our Catholic moneyed men to establish a bank where the impecunious

could obtain money without security and without interest. Most pastors are generally credited among the borrewing people with having a bark upon this plan. But it is a mistake. They are always begging themselves. I have no parochial news to day, but I will re-late a history which will show that God reigns in family affairs in this awfully progressive but unthinking age. Take your percil and write as I dictate," said the paster, "for the story, the facts of which are as true as the Gospel, may do some good if published in your middle of the story of widely circulated journal. There are too many Catholics, who, imbibing the too many Cartolies, who, imbring the lax morality of the people among whom they live, persuade themselves that God's law may be violated with impunity, and too late; they experience what St. Paul declares to be the inex orable rule: 'The wages of sin is death.'

"One Sunday evening, some years

"One Sunday evening, some years ago, atter a hard, busy day, I was reading in my study, when I was interrupted by the call of a young society man. He was over thirty years of age, and was successful in business. His family at that time were very prominent in the parish. Of course, I invited him into the study, and he declared the purpose of his call. He wanted to be married secretly during the week; he had made preparations for the event, the license, te dated by several months, had been obtained, and I promised to observe sacredly his wishes.

"The young woman was also of highly respectable Catholic family, and I marvelled much that she should consent to a clandestine marriage. How-ever, they were married and in due time the marriage was announced. After a few months of married life, both husband and wife became no-ticeably pious and devout. They were regularly in attendance at Mass and frequently at the Holy Table. Some time afterwards I met the young man on the street, and, inquiring after the health of his wife, I added, 'and of the baby.' He replied; 'My wife is well but I have no child.' How is that? Well, my wite and I feared a curious prying public, and we adopted means to silence their tengues! What! I am astounded. I said, walking away shocked at the depth of wickedness in which these young people had plunged. It was the case of a first sin leading to a series of greater and more ceadly

"Now, for the sequel. The external law was broken; the penalty must be paid. A few months afterwards, I was engaged in the confessional, a rap at the door, and I was in the presence of the young man's sister! She was pale and panic stricken. 'Come, Father, quickly, Henry's wife is dying!' she eried, amidst her tears. I hastened to the residence. The bride of eighteen months ago was surrounded by doctors and writhing in convulsions caused by the agony of pain. I begged them to give me a moment alone with the sick woman. As the door closed, she ex-claimed: 'Oh, Father, I am suffering the just punishment of my crime. I consented to the death of my first child, and now I feel the anger of God is upon me, and I must die by the second. had hoped to avert the punishment. heard her confession, administered the

less sacraments, and prepared her to meet the great Judge who weighs all deeds in the balance of infinite justice. The doctors entered the room; their services were futile. In less than one half an hour sie was a corpse. The justice of God had operated the vindi-cation of His admirable and all-wise laws.
But there is a further sequel. The

young widower broke up his establishment and went back once more to his paternal home. He was the chief cause of his wife's deadly sin. H. too, was o suffer his punishment, and there may be a fear that it is an eternal one After his wife's death he dro ped the practice of his religious duties. was no Mass on Sunday, no receptio of the Sacraments, in fact in his life of the Sacraments, in fact in his life there was manifest no evidence of re-ligion. What was the motive of his conduct the emiscient God can alone declare. I met his mother on the street one morning, and she asked me to call to see her son, who had been suffering with a severe cold for several days. called that same morning, and he peared in no way to be dangerously spoke of confession to him, but at h request I consented to defer it to the next day. As I was leaving the hous, three doctors drew up their teams and entered. I had hardly walked three blocks before a messenger summone me back, he was dead—died, no doubt, in his sins. The doctors had found him fairly well, and adjourned to the parlor for consultation. After they left the room, the narse perceived a sudden change and quickly she called the family doctor-heart failure had sent his soul to judgment in the twinkling of an eye. In less than two years, this young couple in the hey cay of their youth and strength had to answer at the bar

of divine justice for their great sin. "I relate this history, not for any other motive than to caution Catholics amidst our present civilization to remember that they are the children of God's predeliction as the Hebrews were



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efore the coming of Christ, our Lord. If, like these chosen people, they sin against His laws, they shall suffer punishment not only in this life, but in eternal life. Our Divine Lord has said to the Samaritans that salvation was of the Jews, so we believe that salvation for us is now of the Catholic Church. Obey her commandments, follow her teaching and thou shalt live not only in time, but in eternity."— Baltimore

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND HIS PROTESTANT ADMIRERS

The London Saturday Review (Oct. 4), commenting on a recently published ook. " Homes of the First Francis cans," by Beryl D. de Selincourt, give expression to some thoughts which are strikingly like those which Catholics entertain on the same subject. entertain on the same surject. We confess," says our London contempor ary, "that we are getting not a little weary of the making of these many books on St. Francis, by people devoid of the scholarship, devoid of the understanding and imagination, which could be a supply the same type, with the

bring them into real touch with the Middle Ages. M. Sabatier is in a measure responsible for this plague of books. He started a fanciful St. Francis which has taken the fancy of a host of people who revel in the phantasy of the Middle Age, but have no stomach for its realities."

That is an excellent stroke. The entimental admiration of St. Francis which M. Sabatier started, which is very popular with M. Sabatier's followcloser than admiration—never steps, for instance, from admiration to imita-tion—is something with which Catholics may be pardoned for having little sym In fact, if we lose patience it once in a while, it is hardly to be wondered at. St. Francis was a Catho lic, a common sense Catholic, a faithful Catholic. Our Protestant friends who have, within the past few years, estab-lished a sort of Franciscan cult, would make of the good saint a misty figure. stripped entirely of his sturdy Catholic character.

But let us see what the London Saturday Review has to say further of the book under dissussion. It praises the author for having hit upon subject, and for diligence into pographical detail, but here, it says, "the limit of praise is almost reached." Then it goes on :

"The style is weary, the treatment dreary, the scholarship lame and haltiog; while throughout, the book is maimed and marred by the effort to present a St. Francis who shall be less offensive to modern susceptibilities than a real Roman saint of the Middle Ages. What can be the frame of mind of a writer who finds that St. Francis re embles a Protestant Reformer in 'positive aspects,' who credits him with a 'hold on the patheism which pervades the feaching of his Master Jesus,' who considers that 'the framing of a rule was in reality the death-blow of the Order'? (The rule was 'framed by the Saint ere his twelith companion had joined him, so that the Order on this theory may be said to be almost still-born.) Five years ago this sort of thing might have provoked merely a assing smile, but to day nonsense yout st. Francis comes in for review at a rate which makes it difficult for the reviewer to maintain equanimity.

Whoever in the wide world did as much for His dearest friends as Jesus erucified did for His bitterest enemies. It is this thought that is the missionary inspiration of many a heart, which beats quicker with love of souls while standing beneath the cross on Calvary.

—The Missionary.

From the manner in which they use it, the impression is created that some people imagine the purpose of holy water at the church door is to sprinkle the floor.

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"Behold He Comes," (nostry).

"The Brit place of Father Jegues," by Rev. T. J. Campbell S J (illustrated).

"The Lord's Anointed," by Grace Keene (illustrated).

(Illus rated).
. The De Profundis Bell," by Conrad Kummel. (illustrated).
"The Great Simplon Tunnel." (illustrated).
"Two Exiles,' by Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

"Two Exites," by Katharine 17 no. (illustrated).
"Madam Barat." (illustrated) 12 scenes in the Venerable Foundress's life.
"Mary Nealon's Stlence," by Magdalen Rock,
"St. An'thony of Padua," (illustrated-eight scenes in the life of the Worder-Worker of Padua).
"Stved by an Inspiration" (illustrated).
"The Lifting of the Cloud," by Mrs. Francis Chadwick.

"The Lifting of the Cloud," by Mrs. Francis Chadwick.

"The Infant Mary," a brief account of the devotion to the Infant Mary (illustrated).

"The Seven Roems of Satan:" a Ghost Story With a Moral, (illustrated).

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The best way to things is to improve things just as muc put the uncommon e mon task, to make i in a great way. M in a great way.
nified a very lowly a by bringing to it Many a great man I ler's bench, and has in a blacksmith's sh that dignifies the that is necessity to when a great soul de Learn You

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of the Year 1904-1905.

HOLIC RECORD Office

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN is characteristic of places where men and women work. He is worse in-fluenced still if his lot be east among The best way to begin to do great things is to improve the doing of little things just as much as possible,—to put the uncommon effort into the com those who are hostile to Catholicism, or o all religion, and who revile or ridicule mon task, to make it large by doing it in a great way. Many a man has dignified a very lowly and humble calling by bringing to it a master spirit. Many a great man has sat upon a cobler's bench, and has forged at an anvil in a blacksmith's shop. It is the man that dignifies the calling. Nothing that is necessity to be done is small when a great soul does it.—Success. he things that he has been taught to hold sacred. To a young Catholic thus placed there is nothing so strongthenng to heart and soul as frequency in the reception of the sacraments. Assailed as he is, day after day, by temptation in all forms, it is absolutely necessary for him to renew and repair the bulwark of his spiritual defences.

Learn Your Business the balance, that the spirit of the world wans him from the observance of his If one attempted to tell some people who had succeeded in life but indif-ferently that the reason they did not do better was that they did not know their business, no doubt they would be insulted. But the fast remains, religious duties, which are his only safeguard, and he begins to neglect just the same, that a large proportion of failures in life are due to incomplete

knowledge of the particular business each was engaged in.

Why is it that one man does better in a given line than another? The lazy man says it is luck. Some believe it to be due to a superior mental equip-ment, but that cannot be invarably true when sometimes the failures are true when some times the failures are infinitely brighter mentally than some of the successes. Many a man is well equipped mentally who lacks the faculty of putting his talents to use. There are numerous reasons, of course, but none more important than this—that some men study their business more closely and carefully than others, and act open what they learn.

Given two men of equal opportun-

ity and equal brain value engaged in the same line of work. One is in it because he happened to land there somehow; he takes no particular in-terest in it beyond the fact that it gives him his living and his ambi tions scatter themselves in vague dreaming about falling into some thing that will make him quickly rich The other is in it because he likes it and his ambition takes the definite form of being a success in it, and doing it better than others do it. He studies that business from A to Z, and after he has its rudiments learned, he studies its details one by one. Perhaps in one of these he sees a chance to specialize, and by giving to that deto specialize, and by giving to that de-tail his whole energy and intellect to be able to do that particular feature of it before him. Or perhaps, by giving himself a deeper knowledge of all its details than others have he becomes one of its generals, and is able to assume a position of command.

The first man fails in that business,

as a matter of course. He deserves failure. He has wasted his talents and his opportunities. If that was not his business, he should have found out what was, and in his chosen line have what was, and in its closer fine that do done as second man die. The second man, equally as a matter of course, has succeeded. He succeeded because he deserved to succeed and because he earned success. Luck? There was no more luck about it than there would have been had the choice between suc-cess and failure been plain before them and one had chosen success and the other failure. That is what they chose and that is what thousands of young

men are choosing every day.

And generally the failures are explaining to their friends how lucky the successes have been, and how misfor-tune and bad luck have haunted their

wn footsteps. Most men make their own luck.

Be Ready For Instant Battle. A man should keep his mind up to ne standard: he should keep it disciplined and ready for action. To do this it must be trained, drilled every day in mental tactics, so that it will be strong, vigorous, and alert, ready to act in an emergency with the maximum efficiency of which it is capable. What condition for a sea fight would a navy be in if it for five years, dropped all gun practice and ship discipline and allowed all the sailors and the naval officers to do as they pleased and have a good time? Young men would say that would be ridiculous. But is it any more ridiculous than to expect the mind to cope with a commercial crisis or a political emergency, or to solve a great social problem with untrained

Your mind is your personal navy. Your faculties are your ships and men; and if you are not ready for life's great battle, ready for an emergency, how can you expect to conquer when the crisis

Many an army has been conquered because the men were caught napping and the officers unprepared. It is the alert general who has his forces in perfect trim, disciplined with a fine persistent drill, that conquers in the conflict. If you do not keep your mental flict. If you do not keep your mental forces up to the standard, if you do not train them to seize with power and to grasp with vigor you will never be victor in life's battle.—Success.

Characteristics of a Leader-We want leaders and originators more than we want followers or imitators. We have enough, and to spare, of those who are willing to lean on others. We want our young people to depend on themselves. We want them to be so educated that their qualities of leader-ship, their originality, and their individuality will be emphasized and strengthened instead of obliterated.

Self assertion, the spirit of independence, the courage, the manhood which ence, the courage, the mannood whiter respect its own powers and is determined to rely upon them, and belief in oneself, the qualities which characterize a leader, can be cultivated by every human being. But if these qualities are not drawn out in youth they may forever lie dormant in the soul—Success.

Confession a Necessity to Young Men It is a very bad sign when a young man begins to shirk the duty of monthly confession and Communion which, as a boy, he fulfilled as a matter of course. This generally happens when, having left school, he secures a position in some store; shop, or factory, and begins to rub elbows with the various kinds and conditions of men and women who go to make up the work-a-day world. Though he does not suspect it, he is influenced by the atmosphere of

cavelessness in matters of religion that But it is this most critical period, when his faith and morality are hanging in

Communion that kept him loyal and un defi'ed as a boy.

The most insidious form of attack upon the faith and morality of Catho is youth is ridicale The covert sneer of a non-Catholic fellow work nan or companion has too often a more de plorable effect upon a Catholi; young man; and it is generally found to do more damage to his convictions than an open and undisguised tirade against the teachings and practices of the Caurch. A well informed Catholic will recognize in this ridicule only a sign of

ignorance or malice, but an impression affe and imperfectly instructed young nan almost unconsciously begins to apologize mentally for being a member of a Church of which such things may be said, and, instead of seeking information to offset them, from the prope source, he allows himself to be assailed by doubts; and already the thought suggests itself that perhaps, after all, the Church is wrong and this shallow-pated carper beside him is right. This s the time for that young man to turn to the Church for help and guidance; and many a one has developed into a well read and highly intelligent Cath olic by the studies which were prompted by attacks upon his faith. Constancy in religious duties, frequent reception of the sacraments, together with heart elt prayer, are the sovereign means to enable him to hold the faith un wakened and unwavering. Using those preservations he soon recognizes how foolish it is to allow even a shadow of suspicion concerning the divine mission of the Catholic Church, and the truth of her teachings, to darken the mind.

Success in Continuous Effort. How hard have you tried to succeed? Have you ever set your face toward prosperity and success with elenched fist, set teeth, and a firm determination never to turn back, no matter what opposed you, not to be deflected to the right or left of your purpose? If not, you must not complain at your small measure of success.

measure of success.

It is the aggressive man, the determined pusher, the man with nerve and grit, who saizes the prize for which you are waiting. Fortune never comes to you. You must meet her half way. you. You must meet her half way. She will never move until you do. You must be the aggressor. You can not succeed without persistent deter-mination, continuous effort.

You can never accomplish anything by taking hold of an opportunity with the tips of your fingers. You must take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and fling your life's power into your aim.

O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS STORIES ON THE ROSARY

BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREK. The Presentation in the Temple COUNT LUGI.

The summer passed away and September came. Jo had been so very busy that summer, which was an exceptionally fine one in house painting, that he had not been able to see as of 'Lisbeth as usual, and the last week in August he had been eent by his employer to a country house in Hampshire, which was to be painted outside and in during the absence of the owners in Switzerland. It was just too far for him to feel justified in coming up to town for Sundays, so he stayed down there and contented him self with telling 'Lisbeth in ill spelt letters his little news, all about the iron

mission church and how much more he was able to add to the S. B.

For the last few months Lisbeth had not been to the Sacraments, and had managed to omit her usual Communions without her mother's knowledge. Katie contracted measles in Jane, and no sooner had she recovered than Denis got tien, and Mrs. Baxton's hands were full, and she never dreamt but that 'Lisbeth, who went generally to early Mass, made her Communions as regularly every month as she had done since her First Communion. One Saturday evening early in September Maggie Wells came in to see 'Lisbeth, Maggie Weils came in to see Lisoth, and the two girls went up to the latter's room, which 'Lisbeth wanted to put to rights. Maggie was the same height as 'Lisbeth, and had plenty of fair to alike hair, which was in a thick curly fringe over her forehead and round her

"I'm glad we came up here, 'Lisbeth,' said Maggie, "for I want to talk to yer."
"All right. Mother's awfully busy

this evening, for she's going to see Aunt Jane to morrow—her as lives at Aunt Jane the Maybe she'll stay over to Monday, as Aunt Jane's ill, and she haven't no one to see after her."
"Here's your books, 'Lisbath," said Maggie, drawing a packet of novelettes

from her pocket.
"Here, give them to me," said 'Lis beth quickly slipping them under the mattress of her bed. "I told you mother would make a fuss if she saw

them. There's no harm in them else I wouldn't read them," she added quickly. "Only of course she's old fash ioned."

"I didn't care for 'em—they ain't to
my tiste," said Maggie. "What do
girls like you and me want reading
such rubbidge?"

"They ain't rubbish—they're beauti-

like what's likely to happen. Dakes don't marry scullery miaes, and baron 'nights don't come after us laundry girls," said Maggie, who had not the magination which 'Lisbeth had, and who consequently did not feel at all attracted by that style of literature.

Lisboth was silent, and a peculiar smile came over her face.

Well I like to read all about those Well like to read all about those beautiful things and lovely people. It's all so different to what my life is, working hard, and I enjoys it," said 'Lisbeth. "I know I'i like to be rich and have everything I liked just my

own way."
"Bat rich folk don't always have it their own wye," said Maggie. "They get troubles same as others. I often tainks that when I sees a grand funeral pass-you know they often does on their way to Mortlake-that well, there, you can be as rich as you please, and yet people has bad illnesses and dies, and so I daresay they're got their things to bear same as us poor people, only a d fferent sort very often.

'Lisbeth did not answer, for she knew the truth of Maggie's observations, but still preferred to dwell on her own view of the hardness of her lot and the bliss

of those who had wealth.

Maggie had to go off in a few minutes as her grandmother sent in for her, and the girls did not meet again for a week, during which time Mrs. Baxton stayed at Esting, her sister being very much

"Doar me," said Maggie, as she Gospel. watched 'Lisbeth pouring out the tea,
"I wish I hadn't got to go to Chiswick
to-night, I'm that tired."

Must you go?'

or there."
"Thanks. They're a deal smarter nor mine," said Maggie. "Lor', I do feel faked up," she added as she slipped 'I am sure they're not smart," said

'Lisboth, " but you skimp yourself fear-ful about dress. I likes to look nice, though it ain't easy when we're so "So do I, but I've granny and me to keep a'most,' said Maggie, "and there don't seem over and above much to spare. Well, there's no good grum-

to spare. Well, there's no good grumbling. Must make the best of tuings. Now, I'm going."
"You'll take the tram?" "One wyo-yes, to the Pack Horse and Palbot, and I'll walk back," said

Maggie. Her errand was to a woman who lived in Chiswick, and who worked at the same Laundry as Maggie.

Maggie did not know Chiswick well, and when she had done her errand she

missed her way, and found herself at the end of the Dake's Avenue, and close to the gates of Devonshire House. See asked her way and a narrow pas-sege was pointed out to her that would take her to near the board schools, and from there across the back streets to the High Road.

Maggie had not taken more than a few steps in the passage before a hand was suddenly laid on her shoulder. Maggie, like most girls of her class, used to being out at all hours, was equally accustomed to taking care of

"Bo off—none of yer impidence," she remarked quickly, and shaking off the man's hand.

'Pardon, mees—mille pardons. I make de leetle mistake.'

Maggie frowned and would have passed on, but the dark haired man, who held his hat in his hand, calmly stood before her and prevented her

Persistent living in shi and indicate tries than in others. When countries are almost entirely Catholic there is little danger of apostasy or of public sins against faith. The trees agon the sins against faith. The trees agon the Cad's forbearance, and then He' lets a time such people reach the limit of Gad's forbearance, and then He' lets. mountain top need to have their roots deeper sunk than these in the valley because they must bear the onsweep of the storm. So Catholic people in a missionary country should be well instructed to meet the many attacks and storm to the storm of God's presence. It is not the storm of God's presence. It is not the storm of the mountain top need to have the well instructed to meet the many attacks and the prepared to meet the dangers we must encounter we ought to cultivate the words of objections against faith and its teach-

There are a number of special dangers against faith at the present day.
Ignorance of religion is the first of these dangers. Arguments and diffi-culties and false statements and slan-ders against religion are flung out with an increasing abundance. How are these to be met if we know nothing of the questions proposed? If we are account of the faith that is in us?" If we are dumb on these occasions we may not only give scandal to others but even find that our own faith is being weakened.

It is strange indeed by

being weakened.

It is strange indeed how well posted some Catholics are on difficult political problems and how little they are intermed on the teachings of faith! We find that in some families all care is taken to have the children instructed in almost every branch of human learning and in all the accomplishments of society, but not much is to teach and ground them well in the doctrines of religion.

The knowledge of religion does not

The knowledge of religion does not come by instinct nor spontaneously. St. Paul says: "Faith then cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of Christ." (Rom. x. 17.) Since it is a great duty to know our faith properly, it is a sin to be ignorant of it.

There are several serts of ignorance. Some truths and teachings of religion we must know to save our souls after

we must know to save our souls after we have arrived at the age and use of reason. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is a rewarder to them that seek Him" (Heb. xi., 6). We must have a knowledge of the fundamental truths or we are not fitted to receive any of the Sacraments.

grevious sin to be ignoran; of these truths when we have had opportunities

of learning them.

The Church abhors wilful ignorance She flourishes when she has an intelli gent and instructed laity. If we do not know our duty to God, we should learn it as soon as possible. In addition to this, everyone is obliged to know the duties of his state of life. This apprais to all, to the parent, to the physician, to the judge, to the religious and to the priest. Daties which we owe to ourselves, to others and to God can-not be performed if we are ignorant of

The Catechism is discarded too soon The Catechism is discarded to Soon.
Too often the child, by a tacit understanding with his parents, appears to think that First Communion day is graduation day in religion. It is far from it. The mind is then more managed to the control of the co ture and better capable of "taking in" and of comprehending the truths and the teachings of religion, and the rea-son for believing them. Catechetical instruction should be kept up for years

after First Communion day.
St Paul tells us that the Church is
"the pillar and ground of truth."
Hence Catholics should know a good deal about the principles of Church authority. When this is comprehend ed the harbor is reached and diffi-culties and objections are broken before they disturb the Bark of Peter. Besides the grounds of faith we should know the principles and maxims of the

The term Christian means a follow of Christ, an imitator of Christ. How can a person ignorant of the life of Christ be a follower or an initator of "Must you go?"

"Yes, and I must be off now. I'll run in and get my hat and jacket."

"Take mine," said 'Lisbeth. "I am not going out again this evening, and you're welcome. They're hanging

"Christ be a follower or an initator of Christ? Hence we ought to make our selves familiar with the life of Our Lord, "Bat Mary kept all these words pondering them in her heart." (St. Luke ii., 19.) We, too, should learn the truths of religion and pender them

in our hearts.

Daugers to frith beset our pathway
in life. These dangers are frequently
found in bid company, in certain em ployments and in had reading. When we unnecessarily expose ourselves in had company we are more apt to fall. "Those who love danger will perish in "Those who love danger will perish in it." When the meeting with danger is necessary or unavoidable we will be supplied with supernatural grace for the victory. Peter unnecessarily mingled with the enemies of Christ in the house of the high priest and there he denied Our Lord. But when on anhouse of the high priest and there he denied Our Lord. But when on another occasion they laid hands on him he stood up boldly, professed his faith and went cheerfully to martyrdom. "Fell me your company and I will tell you who you are" has passed into a proverb. How can we love God and approverb. How can we love God and willing might be approved.

willingly mingle with His known and outspoken enemies? "Centend earn estly for the faith once delivered to

he saints."
To read dangerous books and news opers imperils the faith; this is espec ially the case with those who are not thoroughly instructed. When curiosity and amusement impel us to read such literature it is certain to become a dangerous temptation against faith. We can hardly estimate the ruin of souls brought about by the perusal of such books and periodicals. A healthy

such books and periodicals. A healthy stomach cannot resist bad or danger-ous food which is persistently forced upon it. Neither can the intellect be fed with bad-reading and escape the bad effects which are necessarily linked

living in sin and habitual-

is profitable to remember the words of God to Abraham: "Walk before Me God to Abraham: "Walk before Me and be perfect." — Catholic Universe.

THE MEDICAL VALUE OF PRAYER"

The Chicago Inter Ocean, as quoted by the Boston Transcript, Oct. 17, has a most interesting article on "The Medical Value of Prayer"—an article

that Professor Tyndali, some twenty years since, threw out a challenge to the religious-minded people of the world to make a "prayer-test" on a certain number of hospital patients, to be selected for the purpose. This challenge was, says the Inter Ocean, "naturally and properly declined." Nevertheless, people were not lacking who maintained that this refusal was

tantamourt to an acknowledgment that

prayer had no real effect in regard to the healing of our manifold bodily ills.

'Yet mankind have gone on praying for relief in sickness or distress," continues our Chicago contemporary, "and persistence in the habit certainly shows that those who follow it have found prayer in some way helpful to them. And now the psychologists are coming forward to say that the mere physicists, such as Professor Tyndall, were wrong,

is correct, and effective to the desired result."
Professor William James of Harvard

and that this instinct of man to seek

for help beyond himself and the earth

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will be better done, even though we put aside completely the question as to whether he really does receive any supernatural help as an answer to his prayers. And, as we noted a week or two ago in these columns, at the recent annual meeting as the British Medical Association, Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, superintendent of Bethlehem Hospital, England, "the oldest and one of the argest institutions for the care and e of the mentally diseased in Eng land," spoke on this vitally important subject, and said that as an al enist, whose whole life had been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, he could state that of all the hygienic neasures to counteract disturbed sleep, repressed spirits, and all the miserable quels of a distressed mind, the daze must be given to the simple habit f prayer. "Such a habit," he said,

therapeutic agent known to me The Inter Ocean makes the very noticeable admission that "historians of the first rank some time ago began to see that those who disregarded popular tradition as mere fable, documentary proof of their tales was lacking, were in error"; and that "they began to see that every persistent tradition, no matter how distorted in its assignment of reasons for doing what it said was done, had a groundwork of fact in some deed, and that it was the business of the historian to find the evidence showing what the

does more to clear the spirit and

strengthen the soul to overcome mere incidental emotionalism than any other

deed really was.
"And so scientists are beginning to see that those who held that mankind are religious—are 'praying animals' —without reason, and merely because of superstition and unreason,—were also in error. They are beginning to see that mankind are 'incurably religious' because they seek and find in a power beyond themselves a refuge, and help from the loneliness of their souls and the ills of life;—that they persist in praying because it is a medicine which brings help."

To these remarkable statements we have only to add the following on "the power of prayer," as quoted the very next day, Oct. 18, by the Boston Tran-

next day, Oct. 18, by the Boston Tran-script, from Sir Oliver Lodge: "Those who made a study of the uni-verse, and realized the number of worlds scattered throughout space, and that bad effects which are necessarily linked to such a course.

When people wilfully place causes which impede or prevent the practice of their religious duties they become guilty of the effects. We find some accept positions of better pay which necessarily keep them from Mass and from the Sacraments. In doing so, of the place the little gain they make above their religious duties. This course is sinful and will militate against their faith. Then others move to piaces where neither church nor school is within reach and endanger the faith teaches are exposed to attack in some countries their pays and of their children.

Persistent living in sin and habitual-presistent living

As regards results in eternity, the whole of our life here is touching elec-tric buttons; for "each moment of light tribulation worketh a weight of glory.

MISEBABLE NIGHTS.

Nothing so demoralizes an infant and enslaves the parents as to take a cross or wakeful baby from the bed and walk him up and down the floor during the The baby cries because it i not well—generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested and its skin hot and feverish. Relieve this its skin hot and feverish. Relieve this and baby will sleep soundly all night, growing stronger and better every day. Just what mothers need to keep baby bealthy and make him sleep soundly is Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all atomach, bowel and teething troubles and thus promote natural health-giving sleep. Mrs. Wm. Holmes, Dacre, Ont. 1 ays: "My baby was troubled with sour stomach and was constipated most of the time, and was always cross and of the time, and was always cross and restless. I gave him Baby's Own Tab-lets and found them a complete success and would not now be without them.' You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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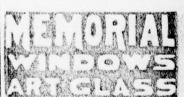
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The Downside Celebrations in England during the past month are the sub-ject of a paper in the November Catho-lic World by M. F. Quinlan:
"Under the beneficent sway of the Benedictine monks England took its

place among the nations, for not only was it a commercial power, but mira bile dictu-it was also an island of saints. The land was called Merrie England. It was a realm in which the poor knew the dignity of labor and the rich the responsibility of wealth; throughout every shire and county there existed a just relation between employer and employed.
"It was thus for a thousand years.

For a thousand years the village church was the centre of village life: for a thousand years the sacrifice of Calvary was offered up from countless altars, and night and day, from every onastic choir, came the hymn of wor-

ship.

"Of those three hundred English
Benedictine houses, destroyed in four
years (1536-1540), no human soul now
lives. Of the old English congregation not one member is left. But stay!

From a noisome dungeon comes a

muffled echo; it is the clank of chains. And behind the prison grating sits a prisoner. He is an old man and almost blind. His hair is white and his head blind. His hair is white and his head bent with years. Is this a felon, who has outraged the law? Nay; it is Sigebert Buckley, a confessor to the ancient faith and a witness to the ancient order. But this is felony; so he sits in chains. 'Anytus and Meletus can kill me,' said Socrates, 'but that cannot hurt me.' And with a perfect faith the Christian confessor folded his hands and waited for death. perfect faith the Christian confessor folded his bands and waited for death. He had seen his brethren languish in prison and he had watched them pass out to the scaffold. He had seen the descration of the holy places and every abbey of his order brought to ruin. More than that, had he not seen the vineyard laid waste, wherein he and his brethren had labored throughout the centuries, until 'the shadow of the vintage had covered the hills and the branches thereof the cedars of God'? Indeed, it had 'stretched forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river.' And as the old man watched in spirit from his prison win-dow, and saw the tempest break over the fields of God, he might have re-peated the words of Scripture: 'Why hast thou broken down the hedge thereof, so that all who pass by the way do pluck it? The boar out of the woodhath laid it waste; and a singular wild beast hath devoured it.' But his lips only moved in silent praise: 'The only moved in silent praise: 'The Lord hath given and the Lord hath Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name.' Sohe sat with manacled hands and looked forward to his release, when the chains of earth would fall from him and chains of earth would fall from him and he would go forth a free man. To the solitary prisoner it seemed as if Death were already stirring in the shadow, for 'he is a strong angel, and of great pity.' But, instead, into the dark dungeon came the Spirit of Recompense, leading thither two other confessors—secular priests—who were destined to share his confinement, and to seek at his hands the habit of St. Benedict. And there in the prison the novices were clothed in the menistic garb of Old England, the three being in chains; and there did Sigebert Buckley invest and there did Sigebert Buckley invest the younger brethren with all the rights the privileges of the old English

line of succession to the monk Augus-tine. Apostle of England.
"So the High Mass continued, and as the Offertory gave piace to the Preface, and the Preface to the Canon, one could not but be struck by the wonder ful ceremonial which is the birthright of Catholicism; of the lighted candles and the clouds of incense; of the mass-ing of color and the grouping of figures— the Archbishop on his throte, to gether with his assistants and ministers; of the deacons in gorgeous vestments; of the rows of prelates, Archbishops, Bishops, and mirred abbots; of the spenda about it is considered about answer for, whilst the priest has to answer for his own soul as well as the priest in the spenda about a survey of the spenda about a survey of the spenda about a survey of the of the deacons in gorgeous vestments; of the rows of prelates, Archbishops, Bishops, and mitred abbots; of the lines of canons and the purple-clad monsignori, while in the foreground stood the settled ranks of st. Benedict's son'n, and at the entrance to the chan. son's, and at the entrance to the chancel the four cantors in scarlet copes.
And all the time, accompanying the ceremonial, came the rising and falling of monial, came the rising and tailing of that volume of sorg which welled forth in praise and worship from consecrated lips, until the echoes fill the vastness and the great minister seems instinct with a we and reverence. As the supreme with awand reverence. As the styreme moment advances, the voices become hushed, then still. It is as if no human pulse stirs. It is like the silence of of Calvary, when 'the earth brought gifts of grief, the fruit of the curse, barren thoms, hollow reed, and wood of the Cress; and the sea made effering of Trying numbe and the sky veiled her of Tyrian purple and the sky veiled her face in great darkness, while the nation of priests crucified for the last time their paschal lamb.'

and the privileges of the old English congregation—which act was afterwards ratified by the Holy See. And it is through these three men that the mod ern abbeys of Downside, Ampleforth and Douai date back in an unbroken

"The sacrifice is consummated. And across the former darkness breaks the light of the Resurrection. For now the portal of death has become the gate

groined vaulting away up overheard.

"Te Deum! The song of thanks

giving is taken up by haman lips; for behold, this is the day of salvation, when the sacrifice of the New Law 'shall please the Lord, as in the days of old, and in the ancient years.'

THE OUGHT TO BE'S.

[Written for The Catholic Standard and Times by Rev. J. T. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guadalupe," "Month of St. Joseph," "Belief and unbelief" etc.]

AN OLD SUBTERFUGE.

A good Sister of Charity writes me A good Sister of Charity whose he from the East to inform me that she does not believe I have yet discovered the true secret of the "Ought to be's." She intimates very plainly that the scandal given by priests is largely to blame for such a condition. She takes advantage of the opportunity at the same time to criticize my attitude to-ward the erring in some of my articles, and hopes that a larger measure of will characterize my future utterances.

With regard to the latter charge, I will only say that the best I can hope for is that here and there my words may help some poor soul who is stag may help some poor soul who is assignering under the load, or one who has already been crushed to the earth by its weight. I am well aware that not all, perhaps not even half, the readers of the Catholic Standard and Times will read these articles. I am hopeful, however, that Almighty God may be pleased to employ them to infuse new courage into some sinking heart, or make them the means of enlightening some who sit in the darkness and shadow of death. A priest preaches to a larger audience through the pres than in any other way, and the duty of preaching the Gospel is incumbent apon every priest.

SINNERS AND SINNERS. With regard to the first charge, will say that I have heard it before and I have heard it most frequently from men and women for whom I have very little respect. There are sinner and sinners. There are those who have manhood enough in them to shoulder their own sins and those who are always striving to shift the burden on to some one else's shoulders. For the first I have nothing but sympathy and com passior. I am one of them, and their infirmity is mine. For the second my feelings are somewhat mixed. There is something unmanly and unfair in their attitude. They know well, or ought to know, that God will not ask them on the day of reckoning what this or that man or woman has done, but that he will judge them according to their own works. It is more than likely that Ananias found an excuse for his conduct in the avarice of Judas and the lies of Peter, but these did not save him from the wrath of God. Yes, I know well that pries is ought

to be pillars of light, and so ought all Christians. There is not one gospel for the clergy and another for the latty. They are all bound to strive after perfection, and none will be ex cused. More is expected of the priest, but that is a reflection upon, rather than a compliment to the layman.

I have always found this class of shifters hard to deal with. There is a something wrong in their make up—a defect in the fundamental principles of condust, a flaw in the natural founda tion upon which the supernatural struc-ture must be built. It is the old sub-It is the old subterfuge of Adam in the first great sin of the world, and age and custom have not made it respectable or removed from it the original taint of cowardice.

Bad priests and bad ministers of religion are the favorite arguments of professional unbelievers the world over. It seems to give those people a good deal of comfort to know that here and there a minister of the Gospel gets down to their own level. They are welcome to all the comfort they or any one else can derive from such an argu

ment. MISLEADING APHORISMS.

There are a good many exploded platitudes handed down from the olden days—bogies employed originally to scare young people, which in the course of years have come to be regarded as accepted truths, and one of these is that "priests should lead better live there." ter lives than the people." All Chris tians, priests included, should be saints, and ordinarily it is easier for know better to make the shortcomings of priests and religious an excuse for their own personal depravity.

It is true, nevertheless, that the most difficult ideal in the world is that

which is held up before the eyes of the priest. His ordinary conduct, his daily life frequently calls for the practice of heroic virtue. When he faints and falters by the way, under the heavy cross which the Church has laid upon him in making him a priest, what does he find? He finds the swine of the earth, wallowing in the gutters and in the mire, lifting their heads from the slough which surrounds then to grunt their contempt and lay the responsi bility for their condition on his already overburdened shoulders. There is pity in plenty for the common sinner, but there is no pity for the poor, fallen priest, whose condition is most deserving of pity. He is an Ishmaelite, an outcast, and no hand is stretched forth the portal of dath has beecome the gate of life and 'remembran ce cries an end to forgetting.'

"The notes of the Te Deum rush forth from the organ like a cloud of spirits set free. In a tumultuous cry of praise and gladness the echoes spring and leap through space, filling the lofty arches, climbing ever higher and higher, to find a last foothold in the groined vaulting away up overheard. eternal fires.

AN EXPLANATION.

I do not mean to imply in the fore going that priests are not called upon to strive after holiness and right ness with all their might. Every priest well understands the holiness of "In the solitudes of Somerset there is peace. The philosophy of the world has given place to a higher philosophy that is not of earth. The fret and turmoil die away into silence.' Levavi oculos meos in montes,' says the Psalm ist, 'unde veniet auxilium mihi.' And at Downside Abbey the mind of man is drawn ways." has given place to a higher philosophy that is not of earth. The fret and turmoil die away into silence.' Levavi oculos meos in montes,' says the Psalmist, 'unde veuiet auxilium mihi.' And at Downside Abbey the mind of man is drawn upwards and in the sweep of the beavenward the human heart finds rest."

priestly ideal. All this, however, has nothing to do with the question in hand. Popes, Bishops and priests in the past have fallen from grace. That will not excuse me for a failure to live up to the

standard set up by Christ.

Priests will have to asswer personally for their imperfections. Every man who has come late the world must stand and answer for himself before the great judgment seat. By his own deeds shall he earn approval or condemnation.

THROUGH THE LITTLE SISTERS.

Recently, writes James R. Randall in The Columbian, one of the most distinguished of ex Confederate generals, who also held one of the highest volunteer commissions in the Spanish war, voluntarily approached me and, in pathetic serious, said:

"I want to be a Catholic and receive instruction. My mind and heart have been thus directed by personal investigation of the Catholic institutions at Washington, D. C., notably

tions at Washington, D. C., notably the Little Sisters of the Poor and kindred charities."

dred charities."
This eminent man followed General Robert E. Lee through all of his campaigns, except when suffering from the loss of a leg at the cavalry battle of Brandy Station He comes from one of the most historically famous families of the North and South. On the wall of the National Capitol is a great picture of his grandfather, whose exploits tree of his grandfather, whose exploits in the Revolutionary war and in Japan are imperishable. He has been a Sonator of the United States and a lawyer and a planter. His northern kinsmen are among the leading finan-

cial magnates.

Through the Little Sisters grace entered his soul, and nothing of late has more surprised me than his mani fest determination, perhaps against his worldly interests, to enter the true fold. Many others have been similarly touched by Catholic charity at d self-sacrifice, but never go beyond the sentimental incident.

Old Timer's Lectures. Mr. William Halley of Toronto, well known as Od Timer, lectured in the following places on the dates mentioned: Dundas—Town hall, Monday evening, Nov

Hamilton-C. M B. A. hall, Tuesday evening. Nov. 28.
Center Toronto — St. George's hall, Elm treet. Tuesday evening Dec. 5.
The subject of Mr. Halley's lectures is "Per sonal Recollections of Thomas D'Arcy McGee (rish patriot, American Editor and Canadian

Statesman."

Mr Halley will be pleased to hear from societies throughout the province for future dates; and would like to have the assistance of musical and literary talent at his acctures.

DIED KENNY. — In London, Ont., on Nov. 16, 19 Mr. Wm. J. Kenny. May he rest in peace!

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VOLUME X

The Catholi

LONDON, SATURDAY THE YOUNG BA

In a letter to one of

an "Onlooker" is u demnation of youthf We agree with him th have respect neither tion, and who behave on the streets and at ; are a disgrace to an munity. They are di old and infirm, and a ulators of the street u "Young girls," as quoted in his pasto Christian Home," " home with mother and seen upon the street or in groups of twos past curfew time, on week. There is, how the round faces that the heart, and then swagger to the ligh seems out of harmon tood. There is a q pant jest from their or a brazen stare from be veiled in maide

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