

The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1904

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A MORAL CRIPPLE.

Some of us are talking about providing a substitute for the saloon. Just what shape it will take we do not know. But we venture to say that at present its outlines are indistinct and will be consigned later on to the shelf whereon repose other pipe dreams. In our opinion it is idle to say that with clubs and refuges wholesome and inspiring in their influence men will not visit the saloon. We have clubs frequented by old and young, and yet the saloon prospers. Men go to the bar-room to drink liquor. They may while there spin yarns, if that be called recreation, but they are there to satisfy an animal craving. The only substitute is the man himself, the man revitalized by the grace of God. We have, of course, sympathy for the drunkard but it is not maudlin and sentimental. We are sorry to see God's handiwork marred by the means of demons. We are sorry for his wife and children and mother, but we are never going to coddle him by inventing this or that reason to explain his condition. He is a moral cripple through his own fault. He is a disgrace to his faith, the destroyer of his home and soul because he will not. Until he ceases so to will, he will be a slave, owned and controlled by whiskey, and no substitute will liberate him from that bondage.

TWO REASONS FOR TEMPERANCE

Some saloon-keepers insist as a matter of business upon the bartender being a sober man. Curious! One would think that a drink dispenser could be a brilliant success without sobriety. It certainly requires little expenditure of gray matter, but we suppose—and this may be a reason for the injunction—that a bar-keeper plus a collection of cock-tails would forget to charge his patrons. Individuals who have something to sell employ demonstrators in order to win for their wares the approval of the public. But not in the rum business. It has an army of fools who pay for the privilege of demonstrating it. Still it is instructive to learn from the gentlemen who have a right to be heard in this matter that the workers in a business, "over which hangs a heavy cloud of social and religious disgrace, which trades in and battens upon intemperance," must be sober men.

A few weeks ago we read that a great whiskey manufacturer declared that his employers were not addicted to liquor. Here is the reason. "There is no danger," he said, "of my people drinking whiskey—they know the stuff is poison."

SHOULD BE THWARTED.

Once more we may ask our readers not to sign any petition for a liquor license, or to abet or encourage in any way the establishment of a saloon. We know that the saloon keeper is a mighty personage in some districts. We are aware that he is noted for giving his easily earned money to various objects. We are prepared to admit that his is the ideal saloon, although the meanest groggery hides its shame under that title. But the admonition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore to the saloon-keeper, to adopt if he can, a more decent method of gaining a livelihood, still holds. A Catholic should not be influenced into rendering him any assistance. Let his personality be what it may, he should be thwarted in any effort to increase the number of saloons.

Alcoholic Medicine Condemned.

In responding to the toast, "The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America," recently, Rev. Walter J. Shanley, rector of the cathedral at Hartford, Conn., and recently elected national president, attributed the growth of intemperance among women to the presence of alcohol in medicines. He said he was convinced that continued use of medicines which are fortified with alcohol, produce a craving which is the forerunner of inebriety.

If Mary intercedes—you may be taken away young; you may live to fourscore; you may die in your bed; you may die in the open field, but if Mary intercedes for you, that day will find you watching and ready. All things will be fixed to secure your salvation; all dangers will be foreseen, all obstacles removed, all aids provided. The hour will come, and in a moment you will be translated beyond fear and risk; you will be translated into a new state where sin is not, nor ignorance of future, but perfect faith and serene joy, and assurance and love everlasting.—Cardinal Newman.

THE CHURCH'S WORLD-WIDE UNITY OF INTELLECT AND WILL.

A PROOF OF HER DIVINE ORIGIN.
Cardinal Manning.

Thus far we have rested upon the evidence of the senses and fact. We must now go on to history and reason. Every religion and every religious body known to history and varied from itself and broken up. Brahminism has given birth to Buddhism; Mahometanism is parted into the Arabian and European Khalifates; the Greek schism into the Russian, Constantinopolitan, and Bulgarian autocephalous fragments; Protestantism into its multitudinous diversities. All have departed from their original type, and all are continually developing new and irreconcilable, intellectual and ritualistic, diversities and repulsions. How is it that, with all diversities of language, civilization, race, interest, and conditions, social and political, including persecutions and warfare, the Catholic nations are at this day, even when in warfare, in unchanged unity of faith, communion, worship and spiritual sympathy with each other and with their Head? This needs a rational explanation.

It may be said in answer, endless divisions have come out of the Church, from Arius to Photius, and from Photius to Luther. Yes, but they all came out. There is the difference, they did not remain in the Church, corrupting the faith. They came out, and ceased to belong to the Catholic unity, as a branch broken from a tree ceases to belong to the tree. But the identity of the tree remains the same. A branch is not a tree, nor a tree a branch. A tree may lose branches, but it rests upon its root, and renews its loss. Not so the religions, so to call them, that have broken away from unity. Not one has retained its members or its doctrines. Once separated from the sustaining unity of the Church, all separations lose their spiritual cohesion, and then their intellectual identity. *Ratus praeceps arevit.* (The cut off branch withers.)

FOR THE PRESENT IT IS ENOUGH to say that no human legislation, authority or constraint can ever create intellect and will; and that the diversities and contradictions generated by all human systems prove the absence of Divine authority. Variations or contradictions are proof of the absence of a Divine mission to mankind. All natural causes run to disintegration. Therefore, they can render no account of the world wide unity of the One Universal Church.

Such, then, are the facts before our eyes at this day. We will seek out the origin of the body of men called the Catholic Church, and pass at once to its outset eighteen hundred years ago. I affirm, then, three things: (1) First, that no adequate account can be given of this undeniable fact from natural causes; (2) that the history of the Catholic Church demands causes above natural; (3) that it has always claimed for itself a Divine origin and Divine authority.

I. And, first, before we examine what it was and what it has done, we will recall to mind what was the world in the midst of which it arose. The most comprehensive and complete description of the old world, before Christianity came in upon it, is given in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

MAN KIND HAD ONCE THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD. that knowledge was obscured by the passions of sense; in the darkness of the human intellect, with the light of nature still before them, the nations worshipped the creature—that is, by pantheism, polytheism, idolatry; and, having lost the knowledge of God and His perfections, they lost the knowledge of their own nature and of its laws, even of the natural and rational laws, which thenceforth ceased to guide, restrain or govern them. They became perverted and inverted with every possible abuse defeating the end and destroying the powers of creation. The lights of nature were put out, and the world rushed headlong into confusions, of which the beasts that perish were innocent. This is analytically the history of all nations but one.

A LINE OF LIGHT STILL SHONE. from Adam to Enoch, from Enoch to Abraham to whom the command was given: "Walk before Me and be perfect." And the man on whom Abraham to Caliphah, who crucified the Founder of Christianity. Though all anthropomorphism of thought and language this line of light passed inviolate and inviolable. But in the world, on either side of that radiant stream, the whole earth was dark. The intellectual and moral state of the Greek world may be measured in its highest excellence in Athens; and of the Roman world in Rome. The state of Athens—its private domestic and public morality—may be seen in Aristophanes.

The state of Rome is visible in Juvenal, and in the fourth book of St. Augustine's "City of God." There was only one evil wanting. The world was not Atheist. Its polytheism was the example and the warrant of all forms of moral abominations. *Intari quod colis* placed the nation in crime. Their theology was the elaborate corruption of intellect and will.

CHRISTIANITY CAME IN "THE FULLNESS OF TIME." What that fullness may mean, is one of the mysteries of times and seasons which it is not for us to know. But one motive for the long delay of four thousand years is not far to seek. It gave time, full and ample, for the utmost development and consolidation

of all the falsehood and evil of which the intellect and will of man are capable. The four great empires were each of them the concentration of a supreme effort of human power. The second inherited from the first, the third from both, the fourth from all three. It was, as was foretold or described, as a beast, "exceedingly terrible; his feet and claws were of iron; he devoured and broke to pieces; and the rest he stamped upon with his feet." The empire of man was never so widespread, so absolute, so hardened into one organized mass as in Imperial Rome. The world had never seen a military power so disciplined, irresistible, invincible; a legislation so just, so equitable, so strong in its execution; a government so universal, so local, so minute.

IT SEEMED TO BE IMPERISHABLE. The Romans were called the eternal. The religions of all nations were enshrined in the Roman's adopted, practiced openly and taught. They were all *religiones licitae*, known to the law; not tolerated only, but recognized. The theologies of Egypt, Greece, and of the Latin world met in an empyreum, consecrated and guarded by the imperial law, and administered by the Pontifex Maximus. No fanaticism ever surpassed the religious fanaticism of Rome. Add to all this the collueries of false philosophies of every land and of every date. They both blinded and hardened the intellect of public opinion and of private men against the invasion of anything except contempt, and hatred of both the philosophy of the sophist and the religion of the people. Add to this the sensuality of the most refined and of the greatest luxury the world has ever seen, and a moral confusion and corruption which violated every law of nature.

THE GOD OF THIS WORLD. had built his city. From foundation to parapet, everything that the skill and power of man could do had been done without stint of means or limit of will. The Divine hand was stayed, or, rather, as St. Augustine says, an unsurpassed natural greatness was the reward of certain natural virtues, degraded as they were in unnatural abominations. Rome was the climax of the skill of the human will, the direct and supreme antagonist of God in His own world. In this the fullness of time was come. Man built all this for himself. Certainly man could not build the City of God. They are not the work of one and the same architect, who capriciously chose to build first the city of confusion, suspending for a time his skill of God. Such a hypothesis is folly. Of two things, one, Disputers must choose one or the other. Both cannot be asserted, and the assertion needs no answer—it refutes itself.

AN EPISCOPAL BISHOP ON UNITY.

At the opening of the triennial convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States Bishop Doane, the head of the Episcopal diocese of Albany, N. Y., delivered a sermon on Christian Unity. Like many another Protestant, the Bishop recognizes the need of such a unity. But how bring it about? Christ, in founding His Church, on Peter, showed the way in which unity could be attained. But the Episcopal Church and the other Protestant sects having protested against this way, he radically on questions of doctrine, are only united in opposition to the Catholic Church.

Out of this weltering confusion Bishop Doane would bring order. While we may accord him the credit of good intentions, we cannot help marveling that he could entertain for a moment a hope that Christian unity could be brought about by the plan he suggests. Here is that plan as outlined in a press dispatch:

"Bishop Doane's discourse dealt with the divisions of Christendom. He referred to the barriers which separate the Anglican Church from the other denomination. 'The recognition of papal supremacy he declared, is impossible, but he thought that the Church might readily recognize the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, because of the antiquity of the Roman See. It is the common and careless habit of census makers and newspaper men,' he said, 'to divide the Christianity of America under two headings, Catholics and Protestants. It is inaccurate, insufficient and incorrect in its distributive terms.'"

Having rejected papal supremacy, Bishop Doane feels that he must suggest some other method of Church unity than that formulated by Christ Himself when He declared, "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church." As far as we can gather from the published accounts of his sermon, Bishop Doane would substitute a "spirit of comprehensiveness" for the rock Christ speaks of. We quote from the Bishop's sermon:

"Unfortunately, there are no two titles that will cover the unhappy divisions of Christendom. Fortunately, in classifying the Church, we must include it under both terms, since we are Catholic and we are also Protestant. And while, if we believe this, it gives us a position of unimaginable possibilities. It gives us only a position of incalculable responsibility. 'What, then, is to be our attitude since we are not to be swallowed whole by the Church of the Roman obedience, which is the Church of the Catholic obedience; nor to play spider and the fly with the great Protestant bodies outside of ourselves, nor to content ourselves with counting the gain of

here and there a convert from Rome or a proselyte from Protestantism? What are we to do? We are to insist more and more on the spirit of comprehensiveness, which is the synonym of Catholicity. We are to think and teach and work and pray and live in the spirit of conciliation, which is not compromise."

Such is Bishop Doane's plan of bringing about Christian unity. It is like trying to build an arch without a keystone. The Divine Founder of Christianity has clearly indicated how unity can be brought about. No "spirit of comprehensiveness" will ever serve as a substitute for Christ's words.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"MARY, OUR MOTHER."

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON ANSWERS PROTESTANT OBJECTIONS TO CATHOLIC DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

"Mary, our Mother," was the subject of Archbishop J. J. Glennon's latest monthly sermon, delivered in the New Cathedral Chapel, St. Louis. He said in part:

One of the texts of civilization is the manner in which it treats and the position it accords to women. Where the devoted mother is honored; where the faithful wife is protected, and the virtuous daughter guarded; where there is permanency in the marriage bond and that permanency founded on love as well as law; where the wife and mother have the opportunity, not alone for the exercise of all good influence; where, I say, these conditions exist, you may rest assured that the civilization there existing is of the highest order.

Such a civilization we are blessed with, and I may add that our civilization is the only one that so treats its women. It is an historical fact, how- ever rich and varied their national life, their literature or their laws, however developed their intellectual life might have been, had no just appreciation of the rights or the due honors to be accorded to woman. True, we may have examples of brave and devoted women, but they furnish the brilliant exception and flourish almost in spite of the laws of their times. The mass was still not one of respect, without hope. And what was true of pagan times and pagan nations is true of paganism today.

At this World's Fair of ours we have with us representatives from the great pagan nations, who bring with them, for our inspection, the products of their factories and their mills, who exhibit the latest results of science and the various congresses of law, of religion, of science, but in all this exploitation of woman's expression do we find of the honor due their mothers or their wives. For sentiment they may have borrowed something from the Western civilization and for apology more, but for genuine appreciation of woman's work or the value life they appear to be totally deficient.

FURNISH GROUNDWORK. Now it may be asked, How comes it that the Christian civilization has succeeded where paganism has failed? Who will tell us the pathetic story of woman's elevation from being, as in paganism, a slave, to what she is today, the honored queen of the home, the dominant influence in shaping human life and Christian civilization? I may be answered by the declaration that her rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of virtue are founded upon the Gospel: that it is a fundamental teaching of Christianity that all the children of God are equal; that all the children of God are equal in the sight of God as a man's, so she must have an equal opportunity for its unfolding and salvation. I will agree that these statements are true and furnish a groundwork on which to build up the system of woman's elevation, but I must add thereto that not only must we have a system, but also a leader, and that in all progress laws must have their interpreters and movements their leaders, and therefore it is proper to ask who has been the leader in the cause of woman's elevation?

It is the answer to this question that brings me to the subject of to-day's discourse, and the answer to it would appear to me to be given by going back in spirit to the ages when paganism practically controlled all the nations of antiquity; when woman's voice was silent; when nations grew strong only by the prowess of their chieftains; when there was darkness and little left to hope for except the promises of the prophets of Israel.

Then, in that hour of gloom, an angel messenger from God came to a lowly virgin at Nazareth and spoke to her pregnant words of truth and benediction; for the angel said to Mary: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." This Mary was the virgin to whom the prophets referred; whose virtues are sung in the canticle of canticles; whose bravery was foreshadowed by Judith; whose beauty was represented by Esther, whose devotion was prefigured by Ruth, and whose coming was to undo the work of our first mother, Eve.

This Virgin Mary became the Mother of Christ, and as His Blessed Mother attended Him during His early childhood, cared for Him at the home at Nazareth, followed Him during His public life; was faithful unto death, even His death on the Cross. And this Virgin Mary we Catholics honor, and as this is the feast of the Rosary, and the year we celebrate her Immaculate Conception, it is proper that I

should urge on you this Christian duty of honoring Mary, Mother of God, and our mother also.

I am aware that objections are made to the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin, by some as idolatry and by many others as extravagant, and that they, in their opposition thereto are actuated, as they think, by their love for the pure worship that they claim is due to God alone. And I agree with them that it would be wrong to adore the Blessed Mother as if she were divine; that it would be wrong for us to regard her in that our love for God or our belief in His divinity were in any wise ignored or minimized.

ONLY ONE OF HIS CREATURES. The truth is, however, that no Catholic, however ignorant he may be, intends in his devotion to the Blessed Mother in any wise to create thereby a belief in her divinity, for he knows full well that, however much she may be honored, she is still only a creature, and that between the highest creature and the Creator there is an infinite distance, a chasm that may not be bridged. Consequently we do not adore the Virgin; we do not give her the honor that is due to God alone; we do not appeal to her as the source of power in herself; but we do honor her as the highest, the holiest and the best of all created beings. We honor her because God has deigned to honor her.

It was a pagan King who asked the question: "What should be done to the man whom the King desireth to honor?" and he received the following answer: "The man whom the King desireth to honor ought to be clad in the King's apparel and mounted in the King's saddle and receive the royal diadem on his head, and let the first among the King's princes hold his horse and lead him through the streets of the city and say: 'Thus shall he be honored whom the King had a mind to honor.'" So stands the case with Mary. As this pagan King would honor the man who saved his life, so would Christ honor His own blessed mother. He would make her, during His life, His counselor, protector and dearest friend. He would go down to Nazareth and be subject to her; He would work miracles at her request; He would have her at the Cross and while His crown of thorns and head and while He hung in agony there in that hour of trial, He spoke these last words to Mary, His blessed mother and St. John: "Woman behold thy son, Son, behold thy mother."

Crowning her there as the sorrowful mother, He would afterwards crown her in heaven as the Queen of Angels and Saints; and as he would honor her, it is not only just, but Christ-like, that we should imitate Him herein. Indeed, when He should so desire to honor her, we should imitate Him herein. Indeed, when He should so desire to honor her, we should imitate Him herein. Indeed, when He should so desire to honor her, we should imitate Him herein.

And if she be given to us as mother at the foot of the Cross, is it wrong for us children to appeal to her, our Mother, and say, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death?" And yet this is all we Catholics do, for, as will be noticed, these are the simple prayers we recite. Our petition is not that she may have mercy, for mercy comes from God; but that she may pray for us, which is the duty of Christians according to St. James, who reminds us to pray for one another.

So, my friends, the devotion to the Blessed Mother is continued and Mary has remained through all these ages a centre of Catholic devotion inspiring us all by the beauty of her life and the glory of her work.

Her name is extolled in poetry, her praises sung in every tongue, her goodness spoken of in every home; banners wave, canvasses glow with color and sculptor's chisels vie in reproducing the loveliest and fairest expressions they can of this ideal woman. If Catholic lands and Catholic homes to-day are beautiful in their simplicity of virtue; in their unflinching permanency; in their benedictions and special benediction of Mary, the Mother of God. If the Christian mother is honored and is obtaining the obedience, love and devotion that her high and holy place entitled her to, it is because there is in the background, high above her, the example and protection of Mary the Mother of God. She has been "our human nature's solitary boast," and it is under her benign influence that woman has emerged from the slavery of paganism to the white light of virtue, progress and happiness that to-day marks her life.

Many men, both during life and before death, never think to give back to God a portion of the means He has given to them. Some provide meager charities by their wills. But how easy to give away that over which we have no control, or for which we have no further use.—Church Progress.

THE HOPE OF MEXICO IN ITS CATHOLIC WOMEN.

Mr. F. R. Guernsey, Mexico correspondent of the Boston Herald and its New York namesake, is not a Catholic, but he is a broad-minded, logical man, who knows the country he writes of and has the courage of his convictions. There is still too much "missionary" literature about the Latin-American countries, penned by strangers ignorant alike of the religion, the language, and the home-life of the peoples whom they are fain to make subjects of their unnecessary and unwelcome ministrations. We rejoice at the antidotes which an honest man of the world is furnishing.

In his letter in last Sunday's Herald he says: Don't believe people who tell you that the women of Mexico are all tamely submissive, that they are slaves to their husbands. There are plenty of women here who dominate their husbands by sheer force of character. The hope of Mexico lies in her women; they are untainted by vice, their hearts are pure and they reign as queens of home, and when circumstances force them into the new modern business life of the country they command respect, and it is shown them. The Mexican woman is not literary, a club woman, a debater and all that; but the women here make themselves felt, as they are doing to-day, in high politics, in large affairs.

To the Mexican woman her Church is very dear. She it is who has kept it alive in times of fierce assault; she it is who to-day is unwaveringly loyal to the ancient faith. Statesmen of the past thought to demolish the church, to change the nation's religion. They reckoned not with the women of the land. To-day they are as they were fifty years ago, a century ago. Their Church is the home of their heart; they go into its ever open doors to pray for aid in all the crises of their lives; they mind not the heat or the rain in seeking the temple, and they sustain innumerable charities organized by the clergy, or by themselves.

Every great living leader in Mexico was educated by a pious and devoted mother. Her work was done first and cannot be obliterated. A thousand recollections of childhood and a mother's faith and prayers swarm into his consciousness in times of intimate sorrow. Ecclesiasticalism may grow, and may be again shorn of undue power, but the old faith will remain purified, as in the past, by trials and persecutions. The women of Mexico will keep the fire burning on the altar. This is a fact fixed and unalterable.

The heart of woman in southern lands craves form, ceremony, the sacred symbols of her faith; she must pray daily; she seeks a church that is not closed except on Sundays, as if the great God had office hours. To the Mexican woman her religion is something intimate, a daily need. And so from the Rio Grande to Punta Arenas down in Patagonia the old church remains strong, despite all attacks. It meets a craving of the feminine heart; like a mother it takes its daughters to its arms and consoles them. It gives them courage for the sharp trials of a woman's life. You cannot replace this with a cold formula, with a desiccated doctrine. No negotiations will do; the Latin-American woman goes to church for something merely learned theologians, skilled in polemics, cannot give her. Her heart is her guide, and it is worth all the heads of all the wisest men who have ever lived.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

It is interesting to learn that a grandson of Charles Dickens, the famous novelist, has just been married to a Catholic lady, by, of course, a Catholic priest, at the Brompton Oratory, London.

The new post master general for the United States, Robert J. Wynne, is a Catholic and a member of Washington Council Knights of Columbus.

The venerable King George, of Saxony, who has been very sick, is now convalescent, and is taking the healing waters at Ems, where every morning he devoutly attends Mass in the parish church. At the early Mass on Sunday he takes his place at the altar-rail in the midst of the faithful to receive the Holy Communion. "Such an example," remarked a priest, "is more impressive than an eloquent sermon."

Rev. Father Schenkelberg, of Jackson, Mich., contracted small-pox as a result of his attendance upon the family of William Bossong, of that place, whose little son recently died of the disease.

Father Sheehan, the parish priest of Donerale, Ireland, well known to literary people as the author of "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmago," and later by the philosophical reflections "Under the Cedars and the Stars," is going to give a new story of that delightful type of Irish life of which he has proved himself the unequalled master by reason of the fresh air of the priestly genius breathing through his writing.

The best sort of happiness is rarely visible to the multitude. It lies hidden in odd corners and quiet places, and the eager world, which presumably is seeking it, hurries past and never recognizes it, but continues to mistake for it prosperity and riches, noise and laughter, even fame and mere cheap notoriety.

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADLER. CHAPTER XII.

A MARRIAGE AND A PROSPECT OF ANOTHER.

Very soon after Henry's becoming a Freemason, his father was surprised one evening by a visit from Mr. Pearson, the father of our fair friend, Jane. After some preliminary conversation, the visitor inquired whether Henry had apprised the elders of his house of certain matrimonial intentions entertained by him.

"No," said Miles—"not that I know of, though he was here awhile yesterday evening? Mary, did he say anything of it to you?"

"Oh! nothing, pa—nothing more, I assure you, but my feelings are so easily touched, my sensibility is so very acute, that I cannot help the wound all at once. Allow me to retire for a little while."

"There she goes, now," said Miles, when left alone with his wife; "there she goes in high dudgeon because her father ventured to say a word that she didn't like. You'd think I was the greatest tyrant in creation. Now mark my words, Mary Blake! that girl is not a bit better than Henry. If the truth were known; she just thinks as little of you as he does, only she's naturally more gentle, and wants to keep a smooth face on the matter. It's little comfort we'll ever have in our children. I see that plain enough!"

"Oh! Miles, dear! don't be so down hearted," said his wife, soothingly; "it's an old saying and a true one, that sorrow is time enough unto come. Things may turn out better than we expect."

Miles shook his head despondingly, as he proceeded to search for a book he had been reading. "Did you see that book that Edward Flanagan lent me—the Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald?"

"It's on the table in the next room there," Miles went to fetch the book, and his wife heard him sigh heavily. "God help you, poor man!" said she to herself, as she resumed her sewing; "it's little heart you have for reading, only you want to bother grief, if you can."

Whether Blake's hint was fully understood by his son, or that the young gentleman began to think it might look better to consult "the old man," he made his appearance in the paternal mansion on the following evening. Eliza contrived to give him an admonitory pinch on the arm as she met him at the parlor door, glancing at the same towards her father, as much as to say: "You must manage him carefully, or things won't go well." To which Harry responded by a slight inclination of the head.

Miles' surmise regarding the money was perfectly correct. Henry T. Blake knew right well that he could not make such a figure, as he would wish to make, without some of his father's "hard cash;" even Mr. Pearson had made this suggestion in the most delicate manner possible, telling the enamored aspirant for his daughter's hand: "Love is all very well—so is law, in its own time and place, but depend upon it, Henry, there's nothing like money, especially when a young man is about to enter the temple of Hymen. Money is wanting at the outset, and money must be had, in order to give you a fair start, and secure to Jane what she has hitherto had—the means of making a respectable appearance in society. Go to the old man, then, and rub him down smoothly. He's Irish, you know, and won't do with common applications. Give him a touch of the blunney, Henry—that will soften his heart!"

Acting on this politic advice, Henry was much more respectful in his demeanor, on the present occasion, than his parents had seen him for years before. Still he did not broach the subject nearest to his heart, until he had prepared the way by an hour's good conduct. Many a significant glance had passed between him and Eliza, indicating a joint course of observation in feeling the parental pulse, as it were, and it was not till Miles had actually come to the laughing point, and his wife's face looked blithe and cheerful as in former days, that Henry ventured to "declare his intentions."

"I've been thinking of getting married, father," said he, and then he stopped. "So I hear," said his father, drily. "Didn't you send Mr. Pearson to tell us?—Why didn't you let us know before now?"

Eliza, he laid his hand on her head, saying, "Don't cry, Lizzy! when he was in very good humor he always called her Lizzy," don't cry, you know my way, and how easy to ruffle my temper—but, then, Harry's ingratitude should not make me cross with you. Dry up your tears, Lizzy, dear—that's a good girl, and I'll not say another word about Henry—if I can help it!"

"Come, come, Eliza, let us have no more about it," said her father—"you needn't take on so very bad. I told you I was sorry for what I said—what more would you have?"

"Oh! nothing, pa—nothing more, I assure you, but my feelings are so easily touched, my sensibility is so very acute, that I cannot help the wound all at once. Allow me to retire for a little while."

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"Oh! Miles, dear! don't be so down hearted," said his wife, soothingly; "it's an old saying and a true one, that sorrow is time enough unto come. Things may turn out better than we expect."

Miles shook his head despondingly, as he proceeded to search for a book he had been reading. "Did you see that book that Edward Flanagan lent me—the Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald?"

"It's on the table in the next room there," Miles went to fetch the book, and his wife heard him sigh heavily. "God help you, poor man!" said she to herself, as she resumed her sewing; "it's little heart you have for reading, only you want to bother grief, if you can."

Whether Blake's hint was fully understood by his son, or that the young gentleman began to think it might look better to consult "the old man," he made his appearance in the paternal mansion on the following evening. Eliza contrived to give him an admonitory pinch on the arm as she met him at the parlor door, glancing at the same towards her father, as much as to say: "You must manage him carefully, or things won't go well." To which Harry responded by a slight inclination of the head.

Miles' surmise regarding the money was perfectly correct. Henry T. Blake knew right well that he could not make such a figure, as he would wish to make, without some of his father's "hard cash;" even Mr. Pearson had made this suggestion in the most delicate manner possible, telling the enamored aspirant for his daughter's hand: "Love is all very well—so is law, in its own time and place, but depend upon it, Henry, there's nothing like money, especially when a young man is about to enter the temple of Hymen. Money is wanting at the outset, and money must be had, in order to give you a fair start, and secure to Jane what she has hitherto had—the means of making a respectable appearance in society. Go to the old man, then, and rub him down smoothly. He's Irish, you know, and won't do with common applications. Give him a touch of the blunney, Henry—that will soften his heart!"

Acting on this politic advice, Henry was much more respectful in his demeanor, on the present occasion, than his parents had seen him for years before. Still he did not broach the subject nearest to his heart, until he had prepared the way by an hour's good conduct. Many a significant glance had passed between him and Eliza, indicating a joint course of observation in feeling the parental pulse, as it were, and it was not till Miles had actually come to the laughing point, and his wife's face looked blithe and cheerful as in former days, that Henry ventured to "declare his intentions."

"I've been thinking of getting married, father," said he, and then he stopped. "So I hear," said his father, drily. "Didn't you send Mr. Pearson to tell us?—Why didn't you let us know before now?"

"Oh! because I was waiting for the matter definitively settled before I troubled you!"

Mrs. Blake, who was promptly met by Henry's assurance that Jane was not at all particular about religion—in fact, she would almost as soon go the Roman Catholic church as any other. He had not, he said, the smallest doubt but she would become a Catholic as soon as they were married. This made all smooth, as smooth as could be, and when Henry rose to take his leave, he was in such excellent humor that he actually promised to dine at home next day. Moreover, he graciously invited his mother and sister to go with Jane, in the forenoon, on a shopping excursion. This last move was the finishing stroke of Henry's clever tactics. It was the "real touch of the blunney," and did more to conciliate Miles and his wife than all the well-managed policy of the evening. It is needless to say that his mother willingly consented.

When Henry reached the outer door, he found that he had left his gloves on the table in the sitting room, and called to Eliza to bring them. This Eliza could not do, but she brought herself, which was much more to Henry's purpose, for the gloves were in his pocket. What he said to her in whisper nobody heard, but herself, but he certainly said something, amounting in all to about half a dozen words. What- ever it was, Eliza nodded assent, and then hastened back to the sitting-room.

Mrs. Blake, before she retired for the night, held a consultation with her daughter on what they were to wear next day.

"You can wear that new lilac muslin," she said, "it is so very pretty and so becoming to you, and I'll wear my brown satin. I think it's the most suitable for a woman of my age; don't you Eliza?"

"Yes, ma; I quite agree with you—the brown satin is the very thing," Eliza spoke quite seriously; but there was a smile curling her pretty lip, and a twinkle in her soft blue eyes, that her mother never noticed. How could she—poor simple woman—speaking in all good faith herself; she never dreamed of any lurking satire in her daughter's words.

Unfortunately, the brown satin was not taken from its station in the wardrobe all next day. When the time came, or rather a little before it, Eliza was attacked with a violent toothache, that her mother would have persuaded her to go to a dentist, but Eliza had a nervous horror of dentists; the very thought of their instruments was enough for her. So she contented herself with rubbing some camphor on the cheek without—ditto the gum within, and then lay down to take a sleep, "if sleep she could." She had great hopes, and so had her mother, that the camphor and the heat of the pillow would prove effectual. Eliza's greatest trouble was the necessity of disappointing "poor Jane." She tried to persuade her mother to go without her, but her mother would not hear of such a thing.

"Well, what will you say, ma, if Jane sends for us?"

"Say! why, I'll tell the truth, to be sure. There's no other excuse wanted." Accordingly, when Jane did send, Mrs. Blake told the messenger that she was very sorry to disappoint Miss Pearson, but her daughter had a dreadful toothache, and she couldn't leave her. That settled the shopping excursion, and it was a happy day that Eliza's toothache was not of long duration.

When evening came it was almost quite gone, so that Eliza was able to play and sing some for her father and mother, to their great delight and entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Blake began to think that there was a great deal of truth in the old proverb, "All's well that ends in laughter." Fears and misgivings were flung to the winds, and they dreamed of bright days to come.

While this marriage was on the tapis, Mrs. Blake was one day surprised by a visit from Dr. Power, whose visits had latterly been like those of angels, "few and far between." He had heard of the proposed alliance, and came to ascertain how matters really stood. Mrs. Blake assured him, with no little exultation, that it was "true enough that Henry was going to be married to Miss Pearson."

"And with your consent?"

"Certainly, Father Power. The match is, in every respect, pleasing to Miles and me; for the only objection we could have was about religion, and my son tells us that Jane cares nothing at all about religion. She'd as soon be a Catholic as anything else."

"So much the worse," observed Dr. Power, gravely.

"Why, Lord bless me, Father Power, I don't know what you mean. Sure, isn't that all we want?"

"My dear Mrs. Blake, you are quite mistaken," replied the doctor. "I have little hope of a person who cares nothing about religion. Such persons are rarely, if ever converted. A man or woman who is really attached to any system of religion may be supposed to have a certain fixed idea of saving his or her soul; and if once convinced that salvation cannot be found beyond the pale of a certain Church, will gladly embrace the truth when it is once presented to them, and become obedient children of that Church—but for the indifferent there is no hope. You tell me your son has great hopes of his intended wife becoming a Catholic; let him take care that he himself does not become a Protestant—or, if not that, something worse."

"Lord save us, Father Power! you're enough to frighten the life in one. I wish you'd just tell Henry what you're after telling me."

"I should be very willing to do so, my dear Mrs. Blake, but I have had so many opportunities, one way and another, of sounding your son's disposition, that I have not the smallest hope of making any impression on his mind. Could not you or his father hold out against the match? And yet, he added, thoughtfully, "and yet, that is a poor resource. Darkness overshadows the land, and gross darkness the people." This last was said internally. After a moment's thought, he said to Mrs. Blake: "So you and your husband have both given your consent?"

"Well, yes, your reverence"—she hesitated, awed, she could not tell why by Dr. Power's manner.

"In that case you cannot well retract, so I have only to wish you a good morning. When sorrow comes, as come it will, you know where to find me. If I could do you any good by coming to see you, I would come often; but, unfortunately, I cannot. Good morning. He was gone before Mrs. Blake could think of what to say.

When Miles came home, his wife told him of Dr. Power's visit, but Miles only laughed. "What fools we are!" said he; "he thinks to frighten us with his prophecies, but it won't do. We're too old to be caught with chaff. He's mad because he wasn't consulted. There's no use telling Henry anything about it; for, of course, he couldn't go back of his word now, even if he wished it."

Mrs. Blake was fain to obey, though her reason, and what religion she had, were both in open rebellion; but she resolutely put them down, and went on her way as quietly, though, perhaps, not as comfortably, as if Dr. Power had never spoken to her on the subject.

Three weeks more, and Henry led Miss Jane Pearson to the altar, as the fashionable journals would say; that is, to the altar of the world, represented by the communion-table in her own meeting-house. They next proceeded to the residence of Dr. Power, where a similar ceremony was duly performed. Grave, and even sad, was the face of the good priest, for he knew that the marriage was not "made in Heaven," and his far-seeing eye could already detect the dark clouds of sin and sorrow gathering over the devoted heads of those whom he was made the unwilling instrument in bringing together. So pretty Jane Pearson became Mrs. Henry Blake, and the joy of parents and friends was exceedingly great.

Miles Blake testified his joy and approval by a cheque on the United States Bank for \$5,000, a favor which the bride and bridegroom graciously acknowledged, and, no doubt, duly appreciated. Eliza Blake was first bridesmaid, and immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set out for Saratoga, taking Eliza with them. The whole party, including Miles Blake and his wife, had breakfasted at Mr. Pearson's, but it is needless to say that neither the Flanagans "nor any of that set" were invited. In fact, the whole thing was kept quite a secret as far as Henry's "Irish" friends were concerned. Not that the latter were at all in the dark as to what was going on, but, of course, their knowledge came to them by indirect channels; they were none of them favored with an official announcement. Perhaps we should except a lying visit from Mrs. Blake a few days before the wedding. She was on her way to make some purchases, and "just ran in," she said, "to tell them a secret." To her great surprise she found that the secret was no secret, although none of them would tell how they heard it.

"I suppose it was them tattling girls that I have; we can't turn in our skin for them."

"Never mind, Mary," replied her brother; "it doesn't give us much concern. If God spares us we'll have a wedding of our own before long, if it was only to spite you and Miles. We'll make your teeth water, depend upon it."

"You don't say so, Tim?" inquired Mrs. Blake earnestly.

"Yes, but I do say so!" returned Tim, gravely.

"Ah! then, never mind him, Mary," said Mrs. Flanagan, with her quiet smile, "the man's only making fun of you."

"Well, but I did hear something about that Margaret O'Callaghan," observed Mrs. Blake, "and I've met her walking with her sometimes. She's a nice-looking girl, and I suppose she'll have a little money to get. They say the old man has something by him!"

"Something by him!" repeated Tim, drily; "I rather think he has; maybe as much as your Mr. Pearson, high as he holds his head."

"Oh! nonsense, Tim, you know very well that can't be possible. But I'm sure I hope Edward will get something handsome with the girl, if it comes to a match. A couple of thousand dollars would give you a lift in your business."

"True for you, Mary!" returned Tim, with a sly glance at his wife. "But mind I didn't say that Edward was going to be married, or that Miss O'Callaghan was his intended. I only told you that we'd try to get a wedding for ourselves. How do you know but it is Susan there that we'll make up a match for? there's Mr. Fitzgibbon, the schoolmaster, has a great eye after her."

"No, I won't have him," cried Susan, with a pouting lip; "he didn't bring me that candy he promised me, and I don't like him. I like Father Power a great deal better, for he always gives us nice pictures. I'll not have Mr. Fitzgibbon."

Everyone laughed at Susan's child-like declaration, and Mrs. Blake suddenly remembered that she was staying too long. When she was gone, Mrs. Flanagan asked her husband why he had so thoughtlessly hinted at the possibility of Edward's marriage. "You know it isn't quite settled," said she, "and there's no use setting rumors about till we're sure the thing will take place."

"But I know it will take place," said Tim, positively; "Don't we know very well that O'Callaghan wants to bring it about, and that Margaret likes Edward as well as he likes her. And, then, as for ourselves, I'm sure we'll have no objection?"

"Well! at any rate, the affair is not settled, as I said before, until you and Edward have talked it over with Dr. Power, as you mean to do this evening. Then let us all make up our minds that it is to be a match, but I wouldn't see you making a blowing-horn of it till you see your way straight before you."

Evening being come, and supper over, Tim, got up and took his hat. Edward followed his example, but, somehow, he was in no hurry to move. He looked back at his mother, and saw, or thought he saw, a tear in her eye. Going back quickly to where she stood, he took hold of her hand and squeezed it hard.

"I know what you're thinking, mother dear, but never fear, with God's help, you shall lose nothing by this change in my condition. Even if I do become a husband, I shall be none the less your son. No mortal can ever take your place in my heart. Pray for me, my dear mother, that I may worthily discharge the duties of whatever state I may embrace."

These words produced an effect contrary to Edward's expectations, for his mother cried all the more, and sat down in a corner with her apron to her eyes. Her tears, however, were not tears of sorrow; they flowed from the mother's heart at the thoughts of even partially losing the companionship of a dear and many long years been the comfort of her life and the pride of her heart. But still there was no bitterness in what she felt, for she knew Edward's words were true, and that she could rely on his affectionate sense of duty. The wife, too, whom he was about to take, was her own choice as well as his. As for Tim, though he had heard every word of what his son said, he pretended not to have heard it. After a moment's delay, during which he, too, had been swallowing down certain choking sensations which came upon him, he called out from the hall-door, where he stood holding the handle; "I'm blest and happy, Edward, but it's trying my patience you are; what on earth is keeping you? why, if you're as dillatory as this on the wedding day, Margaret will be apt to complain! Out with you here, or I protest I'll go off without you."

Edward came out laughing "good humoredly, and they both left the house together. Just as they reached Dr. Power's door, they saw a woman coming out crying as though her heart would break. She was thin and slightly clad, and yet there was that about her which told of better days. The light of a neighboring lamp fell full on her wasted features, under the shade of an old straw bonnet, and Tim Flanagan knew her at a glance—it was Mrs. Dillon, the mother of our worthy acquaintance, Hugh.

"Why, Mrs. Dillon, can you?" said Tim as he met her face to face on the steps. "What's the matter with you, poor woman?"

Mrs. Dillon started when she heard her name so unexpectedly pronounced. She raised her heavy, tearful eyes to the speaker's face, and, recognizing him at once, she held out her hand.

"Oh! Mr. Flanagan, dear, is it here I have you?—what's the matter with me, is it? Oh! indeed, indeed, there's a load of trouble on my heart; this night, sure that poor man of mine is lying for death, and I was in asking Dr. Power to come and give him the rites of the Church."

"For death!" repeated Tim. "Oh! I trust it's not so bad as that with him—poor John! many a pleasant hour we spent together in our younger days. What does the doctor say to him?"

"Oh! he says there's no hope—none—none. But sure that's not the worst of my trouble. I set to let that unfortunate son of ours know of his father's illness, and it's what he sent me back word that he didn't care a d—n! He did, indeed, Mr. Flanagan, and oh! oh! but it's the hard thing for me to have to tell it. He said he wouldn't come next or night us, and that the old fellow might go to blazes, for he cared. Oh! I think of that, Mr. Flanagan—think of that message for a poor, heart-broken creature like me, to get from her own son about his own father."

"God help you—God help you! that's all I can say."

"But what in the world will I do, do, Mr. Flanagan?" exclaimed the wretched woman; "my eldest daughter is away out of the city—God only knows where and I haven't a dollar between me and death, except this two dollar bill that Father Power's after giving me—the Lord's blessing be about him now and for evermore."

Edward whispered some words to his father, who nodded assent, and then addressed Mrs. Dillon, who stood as if waiting for an answer. "Well, go home now, my poor dear woman, and keep up your heart as well as you can, though I know it's not easy. You're not so desolate as you think. I'll tell my wife when I get home, and she'll be with you in the morning, if she's a living woman. And if the worst does happen, Mrs. Dillon," his voice trembling with emotion, "you'll find plenty of friends, take my word for it. Good night, and may God comfort your afflicted heart!"

Mrs. Dillon's answer reached the father and son as they entered the white wind-clouds drift past the cross, it seems floating in the air; and again at a touch of the sunlight it becomes a cross of flame that sends my memory back to the legend of Constantine and his sign of triumph."

As the elderly gentleman spoke, pleasantly, yet with the languor of one in ill health, he turned toward his sister who, flourishing the daintiest of feather-dusters, stood at the reading table, flecking imaginary dust from the magazines and newspapers, and restoring order out of the chaos in which they were heaped together. Like her brother, Miss Bryson was a young, young woman, against his sixty odd years she could count at least fifty-five; but she was still in the vigor of perfect health, and it might be seen at a glance that his strength was broken.

There was a striking resemblance between the two long, sallow faces. The eyes of both were light and keen; but while those of the man were calm and steady, betokening a nature that governed itself and was therefore capable of influencing others, the restlessness and fire of the woman's indicated an uncertain temper as well as an ardent disposition. George Bryson had always been considered handsome; but Miss Sarah's features were too masculine for beauty, and even in her teens she was called plain. Paris gowns, Gainsborough hats, and a certain savoir faire now gave her an air of distinction; yet she was, despite these accessories, a veritable Puritan spinster, who clung to her narrowness as tenaciously as if she had never been away from the village, and honestly believed that Doctor Holmes was right when he described

Boston as the brother's gaze, graceful spire, missionary, patience gave. "That Boston view from the built sharply, built such a stand. It must. "The debt. "Well, it y to throw away your scale of. "And have idle when we that we can replied Mr. B an excellent can still m Frank's assisti His sigh as had already another the loved.

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THE MASTER OF THE MILLS. By Mary Catherine Crowley.

"What a picture that church spire with its uplifted cross makes against the sky!"

George Bryson smiled as, leaning forward in his armchair, he looked out upon the scene framed by the window of his little study. It was a typical New England landscape. In the valley lay a neat village, some of whose houses were quaint and old, dating from the Revolution; others aggressively modern and pretentious. Close beside the river rose an imposing pile of factory buildings—the Bryson Cotton Mills; beyond the settlement, the woods and waters; and the fertile farms stretched away to the purple, mist-veiled hills.

The yellow bellry of the Unitarian meeting-house, almost enshroued by the trees of the foreground, had been a familiar object to Mr. Bryson all his life. For he was born in the home where he now lived, and so much had his energy gone to the development of his native township that it was now known by his name.

The lofty tower and grey walls of the church, within a stone's-throw of the mills were, however, a novel feature of the panorama.

"As I sit here sometimes, when the white wind-clouds drift past the cross, it seems floating in the air; and again at a touch of the sunlight it becomes a cross of flame that sends my memory back to the legend of Constantine and his sign of triumph."

As the elderly gentleman spoke, pleasantly, yet with the languor of one in ill health, he turned toward his sister who, flourishing the daintiest of feather-dusters, stood at the reading table, flecking imaginary dust from the magazines and newspapers, and restoring order out of the chaos in which they were heaped together. Like her brother, Miss Bryson was a young, young woman, against his sixty odd years she could count at least fifty-five; but she was still in the vigor of perfect health, and it might be seen at a glance that his strength was broken.

Boston as the "hub of the universe." This morning therefore, when her brother's gaze strayed again to the graceful spire that, like the cross of a missionary, held aloft the cross, her patience gave away.

"That Romish steeple spoils the view from this side of the house," she said sharply. "His high as the mill hands built such a church I can not understand. It must have a great debt."

"The debt will be paid."

"Well, if your operatives have funds to throw away, I advise you to lower your scale of wages, George."

"And have a strike, with the mills idle when we are so rushed with orders that we can scarcely fill them all?" replied Mr. Bryson quietly. "You are an excellent housekeeper, Sarah, but I can still manage the mills — with Frank's assistance."

"It really is as he concluded that he had already been forced to delegate to another the larger share of the work he loved."

With a toss of her head, which presented a bowdlering coil of curls and frizzes of the fashionable shade of "Titian brown," Miss Sarah went on with her dusting.

"I liked to go into the churches abroad," continued her brother, amiably adhering to the topic. "Their altars were everywhere attracted and impressed me with a mysterious peace. Until that illness two years ago which made it necessary for me to take a vacation, I lived for nothing but business and money making."

Notwithstanding the annoyance she naturally felt at being told, in effect, to mind her own affairs, Miss Sarah was not going to be silent and hear a Bryson depreciate herself.

"No one would dare say that of you, George," she protested, restoring the feathered badge of her sphere of authority to an embroidered case that hung on the wall, and facing about, ready to sound his praises on the houseposts if need be.

"No man in the township is so public-spirited as you are. Not only our local undertakings but almost every philanthropic organization in Boston counts you among its benefactors. Why, I really believe you have given even to the Romish charities! There are the model houses, too, and the library you have built for the mill hands. Why, the mills are famous for never having had a strike but once! Then, I must say though, you surprised me; for you were as unyielding as adamant for it."

"Yes, some new operatives held socialist meetings and tried to make trouble, but when they were discharged the matter was soon adjusted," replied the mill-owner. "But, my dear sister, all these enterprises of mine are but a proof to the world of my business and financial success. To be sure, I have tried to do some good to others; but I have been thinking lately that if we had learned a little more from our philanthropy in the yellow meeting-house yonder, we should be the better for it."

Oh, the art and architecture of the European churches are, of course, magnificent!" conceded Miss Sarah, grudgingly. "But how the beggars swarm in and out of them, and lounge on the benches of the porticoes! Their presence is very obnoxious to sight-seers. I wonder the authorities do not drive them away."

"Whom? The sight-seers?" laughed Mr. Bryson. "Only enough, it was this very presence of the beggars that touched me. A Catholic cathedral seemed to me what it claims to be—the house of God open to rich and poor alike. The rich come, look, sometimes pray, and then go; but the poor almost live in those churches; and occasionally an unwashed but beautiful vagrant of the streets may be found who knows the loveliness of an altar-piece of Guido or Sassaterra better than the traveled connoisseur."

The charitable institutions of the Continent were, moreover, a revelation to me. My own schemes of benevolence seemed petty enough when I saw men and women who had given up every natural tie and joy of life to devote themselves to the service of the unfortunate. We have indeed such heroes and heroines in this country also, only I never realized that being something more than the breath of incense, the tranquillity of Gothic aisles, or the majesty of Roman basilicas."

"Well, no one ever heard of a Bryson being anything but a Unitarian, and I hope no one ever will," declared Miss Sarah emphatically, with apparent irrelevance.

"No Sarah; if you should happen to become a Theopistist or a Mormon even we will keep it a dead secret," replied her brother, with dry humor. "By the way, I am most going to tell you, Father Glenn is coming to dinner on Thursday."

"A Catholic priest coming to dine at the table of a Bryson?" she exclaimed in horror. I shall not stay to see it. I shall go to Boston for a week's visit."

"As you please, my dear," rejoined Mr. Bryson. "The gentleman, besides being a hard worker among his people, is, I am told, an enthusiast upon the subject of art and ceramics. I thought his conversation might entertain you as well as myself."

Miss Sarah stared. A priest who was interested in rare old china, her particular fad! She wondered if he could decipher the mark on that piece she bought in Florence."

"Oh, well, George, of course, I will not desert you," she said changing her tactics; and adding to herself: "I will remain to protect my brother from this wolf in sheep's clothing, but it is very probable that I shall faint under the ordeal."

Indeed, it was on her knees that, perhaps, she served him best. That the family so solicitous in all else were so callous in regard to the spiritual welfare of the beloved, one so faint slipping away from them, inexplicably shocked her simple faith; and daily in her plain attic room of the luxurious house, with ardent Irish piety did she pour forth her prayer for the soul of George Bryson, hangs a lamp which is one of the most exquisite specimens of the goldsmith's art that the pastor could obtain in Europe—Ave Maria.

thoughts, she was ready enough with her answer. "It is the sanctuary lamp, you mean, Mr. Jones. What you call 'Protestants' were called Christians in the early ages of the Church."

If you prove that Protestants of today belong to the same Church that the early Christians belonged to—that is, to the Church Christ builded on a rock and commissioned to preach what He commanded and commanded the early Christians and His followers in all time to hear, we will concede what you say. Those who do not belong to that divinely established Church and do not hear and accept its teaching as the Lord commanded, are not Christians, whatever they may call themselves, whether in ancient or modern times. Assuming, as we must, that our Lord was not a false prophet, that Church which was to exist for all time exists to-day. If you belong to it and accept its teaching you can truly say you believe as the early Christians believed, but if you do not belong to it and do not hear that, it is, accept its teaching you are, according to the command of our Lord, to be considered as a heathen or a publican."

You may say, this seems severe. It undoubtedly does, but you must understand that it is the severity of our Lord Himself, and from it you can judge with what aversion He looks upon those who hear not His Church, but prefer their own private judgment to its teaching and revolt against its authority. Mr. Jones. "There is no evidence that I know of that any other Church than that of Christians existed during the first centuries of our era."

The Church established by our Lord and built on Peter was the only true Christian Church in the early Christian ages, and is the only true Christian Church in all ages since our Lord said to its ministry: "He that hears you hears Me."

There were, however, in the early centuries some people who did not obey the command of Christ to hear His Church, who set their private judgment against the divinely commissioned teacher. But such people were universally known as heretics. They were condemned by the Church of Christ and expelled from the household of the faith as unworthy members, and Christ obedience to the command of Christ they were considered as heathens and publicans. If you wish to identify Protestants of to-day with those ancient heretics you are free to do so. You would have good ground for such identification in the fact that they, like you, disregarded the command of our Lord to hear this Church, and preferred to its infallible authority their own fallible judgment."

You may ask, is not a man justified, nay, bound, in the last resort, to follow his own private judgment, his reason? Yes, reason is a gift of God, and every being endowed with it should follow it until it leads him into the presence of the Supreme Wisdom, the divine reason. Once there, the finite reason should yield absolutely to the divine and infallible judgment and teaching."

You, as a Christian, believing in the divinity of Christ, have come face to face with the supreme and infallible reason, the Divine Teacher Who, your reason, the Divine Teacher Who, your Superior—infinite, so. Once having recognized this infallible Teacher, your judgment must yield to Him in every thing He deigns to teach you. This, you will admit, is the highest dictate of human reason and logic."

If you are bound by reason and conscience to yield your private judgment to this recognized infallible Teacher, you are equally bound to submit in like manner to an agent that He has appointed to teach you, an agent so competent that He has said of it: "He that hears you hears Me." This agent—His teaching Church—is, as your Teacher, His Alter Ego, His Other Self. To despise it is to reject its authority—is to despise Him, and to despise Him is to despise the Father Who sent Him. He has said it."

Thus, when your private judgment leads you to recognize private judgment as the appointed agent, His Church, His Other Self. The radical difference between you and the Catholic is this. The Catholic, believing in the divinity of Christ, recognizes the above conclusion as logically necessary, and complies with it; you recognize its logical necessity, but fail to comply with it. Just herein is the inconsistency of Protestantism—an inconsistency that amounts to a refusal against the authority of Christ Himself, a refusal to obey His command to "hear the Church."

Mr. Jones. "These churches (the early) had the same gospel, the same doctrines and same order of worship as that of the Christian churches of to-day."

This is too indefinite. To make it intelligible an definite you must say, first, what you mean by "these churches," whether you mean those churches known in the early ages as heretical bodies, or whether you mean those people who were members and hearers of the one and only Church which was established by Christ and which He commanded all to hear. Second, you must explain what you mean by "the Christian churches of to-day." Until you explain these two things your statement has no definite sense. If by "these churches" you mean the heretics of the early ages, and by "the Christian churches of to-day" you mean the aggregate of the Protestant sects of the present, we are not disposed to dispute what you say. In fact, so far as principles are concerned, we will admit that those ancient heretics and Protestants of to-day are alike as two eggs of the same hen."

Mr. Jones. "You very truly say that there were many Catholic translations in print before that of Luther or Tyndale. Yes, but not in the English language."

The fact that there were many translations in the languages of the people of Europe before that of Luther or Tyndale ought to convince you that all the talk about the Catholic Church being opposed to translations is a groundless calumny. It is strange that this necessary inference did not attract your attention."

You would have the impression that Tyndal's was the first translation of the Bible into English. Foxe, the author of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and a hot-headed anti-Catholic zealot, in a letter to Archbishop Parker, wrote: "If histories will be examined, we will find both before the Conquest and after, as well as before John Wycliffe was born as since, the whole body of the Scriptures was by sundry men translated into our country's tongue."

Thomas Crommer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Westminster, in his prologue to a Bible published in his time, wrote: "If the matter should be tried by custom, we might also allege custom for the reading of the Scripture in the vulgar tongue, and prescribe the most ancient custom. For it is not much above one hundred years ago since Scripture hath not been accustomed to be read in the vulgar tongue, which before that, we translated and read in the Saxon tongue, which at that time was our mother tongue, and when this language waxed old and out of common usage, because folks should not lack the fruit of reading, it was again translated into the newer language, whereof yet also many copies remain and be daily found."

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor, and one of England's worthiest sons, says: "The whole Bible was long before his (Wycliffe's) days, by virtuous and well learned men, translated into the English tongue and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness, well and reverently read."

These witnesses put an end not only to the claim of Tyndal, but also to that of Wycliffe as being the first translators of the Bible into English. We will now quote a witness to show that these various translations were read and were available to the people. Dr. Matland, a learned English Protestant writer, says in his "The Dark Ages": "The fact to which I have repeatedly alluded is this—the writings of the Dark Ages are, if I may use the expression, made of the Scriptures, and do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures and appealed to them as authority on all occasions, as other writers have done since their day—though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them—but I mean that they thought, and spoke, and wrote the thoughts and words and phrases of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves. They did it, too, not exclusively in theological or ecclesiastical matters, but in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and in documents of every description."

Meditate on the words of these witnesses—all Protestants except one—and you will see that the people of Europe were not at all depending on such translators as Luther and Tyndal for their knowledge of the Bible."

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones. "What you call 'Protestants' were called Christians in the early ages of the Church."

If you prove that Protestants of today belong to the same Church that the early Christians belonged to—that is, to the Church Christ builded on a rock and commissioned to preach what He commanded and commanded the early Christians and His followers in all time to hear, we will concede what you say. Those who do not belong to that divinely established Church and do not hear and accept its teaching as the Lord commanded, are not Christians, whatever they may call themselves, whether in ancient or modern times. Assuming, as we must, that our Lord was not a false prophet, that Church which was to exist for all time exists to-day. If you belong to it and accept its teaching you can truly say you believe as the early Christians believed, but if you do not belong to it and do not hear that, it is, accept its teaching you are, according to the command of our Lord, to be considered as a heathen or a publican."

You may say, this seems severe. It undoubtedly does, but you must understand that it is the severity of our Lord Himself, and from it you can judge with what aversion He looks upon those who hear not His Church, but prefer their own private judgment to its teaching and revolt against its authority. Mr. Jones. "There is no evidence that I know of that any other Church than that of Christians existed during the first centuries of our era."

The Church established by our Lord and built on Peter was the only true Christian Church in the early Christian ages, and is the only true Christian Church in all ages since our Lord said to its ministry: "He that hears you hears Me."

There were, however, in the early centuries some people who did not obey the command of Christ to hear His Church, who set their private judgment against the divinely commissioned teacher. But such people were universally known as heretics. They were condemned by the Church of Christ and expelled from the household of the faith as unworthy members, and Christ obedience to the command of Christ they were considered as heathens and publicans. If you wish to identify Protestants of to-day with those ancient heretics you are free to do so. You would have good ground for such identification in the fact that they, like you, disregarded the command of our Lord to hear this Church, and preferred to its infallible authority their own fallible judgment."

You may ask, is not a man justified, nay, bound, in the last resort, to follow his own private judgment, his reason? Yes, reason is a gift of God, and every being endowed with it should follow it until it leads him into the presence of the Supreme Wisdom, the divine reason. Once there, the finite reason should yield absolutely to the divine and infallible judgment and teaching."

You, as a Christian, believing in the divinity of Christ, have come face to face with the supreme and infallible reason, the Divine Teacher Who, your reason, the Divine Teacher Who, your Superior—infinite, so. Once having recognized this infallible Teacher, your judgment must yield to Him in every thing He deigns to teach you. This, you will admit, is the highest dictate of human reason and logic."

If you are bound by reason and conscience to yield your private judgment to this recognized infallible Teacher, you are equally bound to submit in like manner to an agent that He has appointed to teach you, an agent so competent that He has said of it: "He that hears you hears Me." This agent—His teaching Church—is, as your Teacher, His Alter Ego, His Other Self. To despise it is to reject its authority—is to despise Him, and to despise Him is to despise the Father Who sent Him. He has said it."

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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1904.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 29, 1904.

THE CHURCH UNION MOVEMENT.

Several times, while commenting upon the movement which appears to have become very popular in the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, to unite into one body organically, we have pointed out that such a union cannot be effected without a departure from their doctrinal teaching on the part of two at least of the organizations thus uniting, and probably of all three.

The purpose for which Christ established a Church on earth was that His truth should be preached and taught to all nations, inasmuch as the Apostle St. Paul declares: "We have spoken all things to you in truth," (2 Cor. vii. 14.) and Christ promises that "the Spirit of truth shall come and teach" the pastors of His Church, the Apostles, "all truth;" (St. Jno. xvi. 13.) and the purpose of this is that they may "teach all nations all things whatsoever He has commanded." (St. Matt. xxviii. 18.) Certainly they will not fulfil the end for which the Church of Christ was instituted if they ignore or barter away a single truth which Christ has taught and commanded to be taught.

The truths of the Christian religion are so connected with and so dependent upon each other, that the denial of one doctrine interferes destructively with the whole plan of salvation, and the Church which is ready to barter away some revealed truths for the sake of wheedling men to accept other teachings, or of extending the number of its adherents, betrays the trust committed to it by Christ, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints." (St. Jude 3.)

Our view of the case is not without its champions even among the denominations which have seemed bent upon effecting a union.

At a meeting of the alumni of Knox College, which took place in Toronto at the end of September, the Rev. Principal Caven gave an address in which the points in favor of union were set forth ably; but notwithstanding the eloquence of the speaker, he failed to impress the alumni with the desirability of the movement. Professors Gregg and McLaren, Rev. D. C. Hossack and others declared that even if such a union as is proposed be desirable, it is impracticable at present, and the Presbyterian Church would have to give up more than she could afford should she take such action, and this was the general opinion of the meeting, composed of some of the most eminent Presbyterian divines in Canada.

The Rev. Principal Caven declared that on the question of Church government there is now really no cause for dispute between Methodists and Presbyterians, as the ministry of the Methodists is now essentially Presbyterian. In this respect, it must be admitted that, so far as Canada is concerned, Dr. Caven is correct, for though Methodism was originally Episcopal, it has entirely ceased to be so in this country. In the United States Methodism is now nominally Episcopal, but all who are acquainted with the facts of

the case know that Bishops were appointed there, not as an order in the clergy instituted by Christ, but as a convenient rank in the government of the Church, instituted by the Church itself at a recent date for the better preservation of order in so large an organization. In fact, Methodism holds that there is no inspired or divinely imposed Church polity, and therefore it may be said that Dr. Caven is correct in stating that there is no essential difference between the two denominations in the matter of Church government.

Dr. Caven recognizes that there will be greater difficulty in arranging the matter of Church government, with the Congregationalists.

The Congregationalists arise from the old sect which in the time of Oliver Cromwell was known as the Independents, and its palmary principle is that each congregation is independent in itself both as regards Church discipline and doctrine. When it was proposed in 1833 to establish a general Congregational Union for England and Wales, the difficulty of establishing such a union on the basis of independence of congregations was recognized. Nevertheless, a union was effected, and a creed adopted, rather as a means of informing the members what was the general belief, than as a standard to which all should adhere. It was expressly stated that

"It is not intended that the following statement should be put forth with any authority, or as a standard to which assent should be required. Disallowing the utility of creeds and articles of religion as a bond of union, and protesting against subscription to any human formularies as a term of communion, Congregationalists are yet willing to declare for general information what is commonly believed among them, referring to every one the most perfect liberty of conscience."

It must be plain to a candid reader that with a creed like this, which is changeable from day to day, there could not be any reasonable union with either Methodists or Presbyterians who have a fixed belief. Nevertheless the Rev. Principal Caven said that he did not anticipate any great difficulty from this point.

He states further three indispensable conditions for union, the most important of which is undoubtedly that "the doctrinal formula must be drawn up so that the truths of God shall not suffer."

But how can such a formula be drawn up, while the Presbyterians believe that election and reprobation are truths of God, while the Methodists deny these doctrines, and the Congregationalists leave each person free to believe or reject these and all other doctrines as they see fit?

Professor Gregg said that he appreciated so highly Principal Caven's address, that "he disliked to express his dissent as strongly as his conscience required. In his opinion it would be injurious to morality, to doctrine, and to discipline to effect the proposed union. And it was not his own opinion merely, but that of a large proportion of Methodists and others. He did not believe that the Presbyterian Church would hold together under the strain of a union, and if it were to take place there would be a split.

It was the opinion of the rev. gentleman that when Christ prayed for union, merely a spiritual union was meant. The first thing the Church needed is to be agreed within itself. Is it so agreed? He thought not. The Professors of the Presbyterian colleges are not always teaching doctrines in harmony with the Church, not in harmony with the Bible, to say nothing of the Confession of Faith. Half of the Old Testament is regarded by them as not the Word of God, but as the work of men of whom nothing is known. If there should be union, the doctrinal door would have to be made wide enough to admit all sorts of theology, and the speaker thought it was time to pause.

The Rev. Professor McLaren spoke to similar effect. The Westminster Confession to which the Presbyterian Church has always adhered is strongly Calvinistic, and was drawn up expressly to exclude Arminian doctrine. If the people knew what is involved in union, they would be slow to give it their confidence. It might be possible to draw up a formula of creed so vague that each Church could interpret it according to taste, but the only result of this would be greater friction than ever before.

The Rev. J. W. Pedley, of the Western Congregational Church, stated that the question of union had been thoroughly discussed by his denomination, and there was a feeling that union would mean the abandonment of the essential features of Congregationalism. He would be willing to make such an abandonment if thereby greater Christian unity can be obtained.

The Rev. J. A. Turnbull was of opinion that though union is possible and desirable, it is at present impracticable, and that the day when it can be accom-

plished is still far off.

It is to be regretted that there was no allusion to the only means by which Christian unity can be effected and made permanent, which is by submission to the authority with which the Catholic Church is invested by God as the one fold to which our divine Saviour wishes to bring all His sheep, the Catholic Church, having the successor of St. Peter as its head and teacher.

The chief reason which seems to inspire those who wish to bring about a union appears to be that such a union will make the united body a greater power in the land, and will enable the three Churches concerned to do their work more economically. We have no doubt that such would be the case if a union of hearts and souls were effected; but we fear, and indeed we feel certain that such a union would be effected only at the sacrifice of the Christian truths which these denominations still retain. The benefits of union would be more than outweighed by the loss of Christian faith which would result therefrom.

THE BIBLE AND SO-CALLED HIGHER CRITICISM.

A lively discussion arose at the meeting in Montreal of the Provincial Synod of the Anglican Church on the afternoon of the 13th inst. The cause of the commotion was the opening address given by Bishop Carmichael, the Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal. The address was an eloquent and pathetic appeal to the Church to be loyal to the Bible as being the revelation of God to man, given by God for our guidance till we attain salvation.

The Bishop pointed out that in these days the Bible had been assailed and its truth questioned under the pretence that higher criticism shows that it is not the work of the authors to whom it has been attributed by Christians and Jews for a period extending to fifteen centuries before the Christian era.

According to this theory the books of Moses are an invention of the time of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, and its modern concocters succeeded in persuading the Jewish people that this was the system of religion which they had believed and accepted for many ages as God's revelation. This view of the case he regarded as an absurdity, and he appealed to the Church not to allow these views to prevail but to take its stand at the present time as in the past, on the integrity of God's word and to cling to the Holy Scripture as the ancient standard of the Faith.

Knowing that this clinging to Scripture has been the boasted principle from which from the beginning Protestantism has professed to derive its creed, we should not expect that these sentiments should have met with anything but applause, but this was not the case. At a subsequent session, the Rev. Dr. Langtry moved a resolution thanking Bishop Carmichael for his lucid and powerful sermon, and ordering that it be printed in the journal of the House.

Canon Walsh at once rose and asked Dr. Langtry to withdraw his motion, as a large number of delegates could not accept or endorse the position taken by the Bishop.

Judge Hannington approved Dr. Langtry's motion and "hoped it would not be withdrawn. If this thing is to be discussed and fought out, let us do the fighting now. I remember, when I was young there was a wave of scepticism which reached the Church and the colleges. We were then told that Noah was a myth, that the flood never took place, and that the story of the creation was all a fairy tale, and the like. Hugh Miller came with his glorious testimony of the rocks, and this did much to check the unbelief of the time. But now we have men high up in the Church of Christ who actually tell us the Bible is not inspired. These men are teachers of our young men. Infinite harm will be done if this thing goes on. (Hear, hear.) I say let the synod show its feeling in the matter by carrying Dr. Langtry's resolution unanimously. Let us know where we stand. Is the word of God which has stood for ages, by which we live, and by which many of us hope to die, to be regarded as a mere piece of literature, and this by men who are teachers in the Church? (No. No.) Then let us have a clear expression from this house."

Canon Welch, Rev. Dr. Allnat, Professor Clark, Principal Whitney, all spoke showing their sympathy with the views of the Higher Critics while the Rev. Mr. Inglis, Rev. Dyon Hague, Rural Dean Kerr, Dean Evans, Archdeacon Norton and others maintained the position taken by Bishop Carmichael and Rev. Dr. Langtry. The Higher Critics were in a minority, and finally allowed Rev. Dr. Langtry's resolution to pass unanimously, but not till they showed plainly that many of those clergy who occupy prominent positions in the Church are prepared to maintain that what has always been held by the

Church to be the word of God is not the word of God at all. It is a forgery of later date.

THE MULTITUDE OF SECTS.

The last German census reveals the fact that in that country, the cradle of Protestantism, Martin Luther's religious revolution, called by a strange euphemism "the Reformation," has been prolific of sects teaching all manner of strange doctrines. Among those which retain the name of Luther in their designation are the Evangelical Lutheran, Old Lutherans, Lutherans of the Immanuel Synod and Lutheran Free Church. There are, besides, the Established Church, which is founded on a compromise between Luther's and Calvin's teachings, Evangelical Reformed, old Reformed and Reformed, German, Hessian, French, Walloon, Helvetican and Dutch Reformed, Liberals, Anabaptists, Huguenots, Zwinglians, Waldenses and many others. These have all diversities of belief which keep them hopelessly apart, and the diversities began in Luther's own lifetime, so that he denounced most strongly the tendency among his followers to division on the most trivial pretences. But this tendency he could not suppress. Sects continued to multiply, notwithstanding his assertion of an authority to which all the Reformed should bow in submission. Why should they admit the teaching authority of one who proclaimed the right of every Christian to interpret the Bible for himself? It was an evident tyranny for Luther to claim that his followers should obey him, whereas he refused to obey the established authorities of the Church who had the authority of fifteen centuries in their favor, whereas Luther and his colleagues, the leaders of the Reform movement, had no authority from any one but themselves.

Once admit Luther's right to reform the Church of Christ, and every one can claim the same right. To no purpose did Luther quote the Acts of the Apostles ii. 47, to the effect that "the Lord added daily to the (Christian) Society or Church such as should be saved." It was answered that he himself had established a new Society, and had authorized rebellion against the Church which had existed unintercepted for many centuries, so he could not claim that this passage of Scripture gave him any right to rule arbitrarily the Church of God. When they were told that St. Paul condemned schisms, and commanded all to be "perfect in the same mind, and in the same judgment," he was told that if this had any application, all should submit themselves not to Luther, who was himself in revolt, but to the Catholic Church, which possessed whatever authority succession from the apostles conveyed.

But greatly divided as the followers of Luther have become in Germany, they are much more split up in the English speaking countries, as England, the United States, and Canada. In the United States one hundred and fifty sects are named on the census roll, in England about the same number, while in Canada, though the population is not nearly so large, there are one hundred and forty-two sects named, the names of some of which, we are confident, some of our readers have never even heard of. Of course our readers have heard frequently of Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and others which have numerous congregations throughout the country; but there are beside these sects of inconceivable names, and of tenets as unorthodox as their names. We find Ammanites, or Aymish, Angelicals, Bethelites, Christadelphians, Divine Scientists, Doukhobors, Farringtonites, Irvingites, (who call themselves also Catholic Apostolic), Hornesrites, Huguenots, Humanitarians, Jude's Church, Mormons, Manicheans, Micatis, Swedenborgians, One Body, Pre-Millennials, River-Brethren, Saints of God, Salutists, Star Church, Staven Church, Sycenicals, Titans, Zionists or Dowietes, etc.

We do not know how all these will justify themselves for departing from the command of St. Paul "that there be no schisms among you;" but we presume that their excuse will be similar to those given by Calvin, Luther and John Knox. As these said that the Catholic Church needed Reformation, so the great host of heresarchs found that the Reformed Churches from which they seceded were equally in need of being reformed.

CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS.

Some journals in the West have published the following telegraphic despatch, which we copy from the Kansas City Weekly Star.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST AGAINST IMAGE WORSHIP AND THE CARRYING OF BEADS.

"New York, Oct. 4.—To discontinue the veneration of images, to discard the scapular, the devotion to relics, invocation of Saints, and the carrying of beads, were the innovations suggested by an extraordinary article read by the Very Rev. Clement M. Thuente

before the Eucharistic Congress.

"The faithful leave God on the mountain and follow mere symbols," he said. "The devout are too inclined to reject food of angels and accept the light food, consisting in the wearing of all kinds of scapulars, in carrying all kinds of beads, in invoking all known and unknown Saints, and in visiting all possible relics."

"This statement, epitomizing as it did the sentiments of many clergymen in the United States, and lay members of the Church, made a deep impression. There was a moment's pause and applause followed.

"The question of symbols and the worship of images is one of the causes for a division of opinion between the American branch of the Catholic Church and the Continental branch."

Our attention has been called to this despatch by a subscriber in Alberta, who asks, "Is this true?"

Our readers will scarcely need to be told that there is no division of opinion between the American Church and the Continental Church on the subject of symbols and the veneration of images. The word worship was formerly used indiscriminately to signify any honor or veneration offered to the Creator or the creature, and in accordance with this usage we frequently find the word employed especially in early English in the sense of the inferior honor paid to creatures. We find it so used in the marriage service of the Church of England, where the man, before placing the ring upon the woman's finger, says:

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, etc."

The late Anglican Archbishop Trench speaking of this passage says:

"Clearly in our modern sense of worship, this language would be inadmissible. But worship or worship meant 'honor' in our early English. . . . This meaning of worship is still very harmlessly surviving in 'worshipful' and in the title of 'your worship' addressed to the magistrate on the bench."

In Shakespeare also (Julius Caesar i. 2) we find:

"If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity."

Many similar passages could be found in authors of not very ancient date; but owing to the change which has taken place in the English language, it is not customary to use the term worship at the present day to express the relative respect which is shown to the images of Christ and His Saints. We say relative respect, because the veneration is referred entirely to the originals of those images and not to the images themselves. There is surely no more impropriety in showing this respect to Christ and His Saints, through their images, than in the respect shown to the statue of the late Queen, or King Edward VII., or to an honored statesman whose statue is erected in any of our public parks.

It is clear, therefore, that American Catholics venerate images, just as Continental Catholics do, but we do not give them the supreme or divine honor which belongs to God alone.

Father Thuente did not condemn the veneration of images, the use of scapulars and beads, the veneration of relics and invocation of Saints. On the contrary, his words as published in the report of the proceedings of the Eucharistic Congress were:

"The Church has at all times sanctioned and recommended the devotions to the Saints, the veneration of pious images and sacred relics, and the practice of wearing scapulars."

But he does warn the clergy to instruct the people that they are not to prefer the creature to the Creator, or to neglect the adoration of Christ in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist for the sake of a great diversity of scapulars and beads which might withdraw the soul from God.

We agree with Rev. Father Thuente that the people must be properly instructed in the nature of the supreme worship which is due to God, and that such worship is not to be given to creatures. We do not think, however, that this instruction is actually neglected by the priests of this continent, for the matter is clearly explained even in the little catechism which is learned by all our Catholic children. We do not think, either, that Father Thuente meant to say that there is a widespread ignorance among devout Catholic people on this subject. But the least important question is what Father Thuente's private opinion is. As a private individual he might easily be mistaken; but the matter of most importance is that proper instruction should be given to the people, and we are satisfied that this is being given by the priests in all parts of the country.

From these explanations, it will be seen that the sensational telegram sent to the Western papers grossly misrepresents the case.

Looking back on the years that have passed, how consoling it would be at the close of your life to feel that you had lived, not for passion, appetite, and the empty pleasures of the world, but for your soul, for God, for the happiness of heaven which would soon be yours to enjoy with angels in that "Paradise of Delights."

RELIGION IN ITALY.

Notwithstanding the hostile attitude which has now existed for over thirty-four years between the Government of Italy and the supreme Ruler of the Church, the last census of the kingdom makes it manifest that the Italian people as a whole still retain an unshaken love for the Catholic Church.

There is, it is true, a deplorably large number who have abandoned the faith. Nothing else could be expected where bad newspapers and godless schools are maintained by the State, and so it appears that over 36,000 persons declared to the census takers that they have no religion, while so many as 91,000 refused to make any statement whatsoever concerning their religious belief.

These numbers are saddening, but with so large a population as there is in the whole kingdom, they are not really large, for the total number of Catholics is given at 41,539,000, of whom 10,608,000 are under fifteen years of age. The total number of Protestants is stated to be 65,505. Of these, 16,723 are under fifteen years. Great efforts have been put forth by Protestant missionaries, particularly by Methodists, to turn the Italians to the various Protestant sects; but when it is remembered that of these sixty-five thousand, a large proportion are Waldenses whose ancestors were in Italy before the Protestant Reformation, and who afterward became in a sense amalgamated with the Protestants, making common cause with them, and that there are thousands of foreign Protestants, English, Americans, Germans, etc., it will be seen that the missionaries have had very poor success in converting the people to their sects, though they have spent many tens of thousands of dollars in the so called evangelization of Italy.

The Israelites are not numerous either, considering that they have had settlements in Italy since the beginning of Christianity, and even at the date when our Lord lived on earth.

The time cannot be far off when the trouble now existing between the Government and the Church shall be settled by an agreement between both parties concerned; and when this state of affairs shall exist, we have no doubt the zeal of the priests will be efficient in restoring the power of the faith, and dissentients of every class will return to the fold of the Church, and Italy will become once more so thoroughly Catholicized that sects of all kinds will dwindle to exceedingly small proportions.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

A recent decision of the French Court of Cassation has been given to the effect that Catholic teachers who are members of religious orders may continue to teach in the same schools in which they have been hitherto employed, if they are secularized and wear a secular dress instead of the religious garb.

It was feared that many thousands of the teachers who have been suddenly turned out of their schools under the brutal Law of Associations, would be thrown out of employment, but this decision of the Court has opened a way for them to earn a living in spite of M. Combes' efforts to bring them to a state of starvation; and at the same time many Catholic schools which have been closed will be re-opened immediately, so that the effect will not be nearly so disastrous as was expected. For form's sake, many of the teachers have applied to the proper Government department for decrees of secularization and have obtained them. Thus the laws against religious associations have become inoperative in their case. A despatch from Rome states that this new turn to affairs in France has given great satisfaction to the officials at the Vatican, as it is now certain that French children will not be deprived entirely of Catholic education, and as the zeal of the teachers will not be very greatly diminished, if diminished at all under the new circumstances, which have arisen, it may be confidently relied on that there will still be a fair supply of good Catholic schools throughout the country.

The Dioceses of Dijon and Laval which were rendered vacant by the resignations of their respective Bishops, made at the Pope's request, in spite of the opposition of Premier Combes, have not been filled, as the French Government has not acceded to the request of the Pope to nominate proper persons to succeed them. In the uncertainty when the appointments will be made, the Holy Father has directed two neighboring Bishops to do any Episcopal duties which may be necessary within these Dioceses, and in the meantime, the Vicars-General of each diocese will have charge of the ordinary diocesan affairs, and attend to all necessary correspondence with Rome.

In reality, the Holy Father need not await the pleasure of the French Premier in order to fill the vacant sees,

but he evidently does not wish to furnish M. Combes with a pretext to declare the Concordat at an end; but should the nullity of M. Combes be carried to such an extreme on this or any other pretext, the courage of the Holy Father will not be wanting to meet the exigencies of the case, whatever may be the form in which those exigencies may arise.

Meanwhile we are informed that the Abbe Soulange Bodin, the parish priest of Plaisance, near Paris, has organized an Association of Catholics called "the Parochial Society" to collect money to meet the needs of the parish if the stipends necessary for this purpose are suddenly cut off by the Government, as has been threatened by M. Combes. So far, the rest of the clergy of Paris have not followed this example; but it is said that as the Abbe Soulange Bodin's Society has been approved by the Pope, the clergy throughout France will be likely to follow the example set them.

We fear much of murmurs of discontent on the part especially of the rural population of France at the anti-Christian policy which the Government is so resolutely carrying out; but having witnessed so much apathy hitherto on the part of the people, we have lost confidence in the firmness of their faith, and the ardor of their love for religion. Nevertheless the time must come when M. Combes will pass off the stage, and give way to better men. Will that time come soon? The Church, at all events, can afford to wait for it.

THE TEACHER AGAIN.

Yes, dear correspondent, the teacher occupies a very honorable place in any community. He deals in souls. But unfortunately for some school-trustees, at least, he has to pay for raiment and food. This being so we cannot expect to see him lie away to certain hamlets to subsist mainly on pleasant words. But the wheel of invention moves quickly, and we may have upon the market an inexpensive brand of food and clothes, prepared for the country teacher, and calculated to cure any distaste for a salary that would be refused by a plough-boy.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

A New York paper states that a priest of that city a few days ago handed to the manager of the City Railway Company the sum of \$550 which was obtained unjustly by a lady who sustained slight injuries in an accident on the railway. She was instructed by her lawyer to perjure herself by exaggerating the amount of injury done her in the accident, and was overpaid to the extent of the sum above mentioned. She was a parishioner of the priest who handed back the money, and was told when she went to confession that she should make restitution, which she did through the priest.

It has been the custom with Protestant ministers to say boldly that the confessional is an immoral institution, but surely an institution which results in the restitution of ill-gotten gains is a help to morality. There is no provision in Protestantism whereby the duty of restitution can be enforced in such a way as is done in the Catholic Church.

FEAST OF ALL SOULS.

Ever solicitous for the welfare of her children, like a kind and loving mother, the Church sets apart one day in the year upon which universal prayer may be offered for the souls of the faithful departed. This is the second day of November, which she has designated as the Feast of All Souls. It has been set in that part of the year when nature itself harmonizes with our prayers.

It is an occasion common to the entire human race. For what family circle is there over which the angel of death has not passed and led away a companion—father, mother, wife, husband, sister or brother. After death we can only be true to their memory in prayer. By prayer we can aid them, and by prayer alone can we communicate with them.

Few can hope for immediate entrance into eternal bliss when their earthly probation is over. We know what taints this life is liable to leave upon the soul. We know that nothing defiled can enter God's Kingdom. We know that purification is effected through the pains of purgatory. How long this period of suffering lasts for any soul that we do not know. But we do know that those there confined cannot aid themselves.

May it not be that some whom we held so dear on earth are expiating their judgments in this place of purgation? If we are true, therefore, to their memory, will we not seek their release by our prayers? One Hall Mary may be sufficient for their freedom. This reminds us that we should always pray for the souls departed, but especially on the great feast instituted by the Church. Release means entrance into Heaven. Think of the powerful advocates we may secure for ourselves before the throne of God among those who have reached eternal happiness through our prayers. Especially, therefore, should we pray for the souls of the departed on this day set apart by Holy Mother Church.—Church Progress.

A NUN-FACTORY.

INSTITUTION TURNED OUT SISTERS FOR BEGGING PULPITES.

The methods by means of which men fill their purses are various and sometimes queer. A few years ago it was considered profitable to manufacture ex nuns, dress them in imposing toggy and send them forth to lecture against "the horrors of the confessional," "the alleged iniquities of Rome," "the schemes of the Jesuits" and other things. Books, even, were written for some of those ladies, so-called confessions which credulous simpletons purchased as rapidly as fripples are disposed of in Oaxaca.

But a time came in which the ex nun business didn't pay. The ex-priest business, too, doesn't yield good financial returns any more. A new system of profit has been invented. Perhaps it had to be, otherwise persons who prey upon popular credulity might starve. The police this week arrested and an unsympathetic court fined a Chicago doctor who set up an alleged "Nazarene Hospital," and hired women to dress up like nuns and go out and beg for it. It is said he may even have to go to jail as part of his penalty. Nevertheless, was not his a bright idea? His "nuns," it seems, have been planting their trade the city over for a month or more. Hundreds of charitably disposed Catholics and Protestants have been humbugged. It is a pity.

The real nun, it may be proper to say, never goes forth to collect without proper authorization. She must have proof that she is that which she pretends to be. The bogus nun obviously can produce no such evidence. She will be discovered and brought to grief in the courts, and it is not probable she will receive much mercy. After this bogus nun-factory, what next?—Chicago News.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

There is a very touching passage in an interview that has just been given by the late Bishop of Laval, Mgr. Geay to the *Matin* regarding his interview with the Sovereign Pontiff. "I again knelt and said: 'My Father, your will be done.' As if these words had raised from his soul the weight of all the sins that had been imputed to me, he lifted me from my knees with a sudden tender gesture, and holding my two hands in his continued, addressing me affectionately in Latin: 'Ah, thou dost not know how I have suffered at the thought of thy suffering, and of the calamities to which they might give rise. Thou knowest I have passed in prayer for thee, but now the good God has granted my prayer. Thou hast come. Thou wert my son, but now thou art my brother. Wherever I may be thou shalt have thy place, and if one day I should be reduced to a single mouthful of bread, I would, nevertheless, share it with thee.'

SOURCE OF CATHOLIC STRENGTH.

While doubt, infidelity and materialism are making great inroads among other religious bodies, the Catholic Church alone is able to resist the attacks of these enemies of religion. And this is due not only to the truth and logic of her system, but to the care and sacrifices she makes in the Christian training of her children.

From that training must spring the highest type of citizenship. The three essential elements, religion, morality and intelligence, the "pillars of human happiness and the firmest props of the duties of men and citizens," are embodied in the education of our Catholic youth. Hence with us it is an accepted maxim: "The better the Catholic the better the citizen."

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ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

MUCH IMPRESSED BY VISIT TO MONTREAL CATHEDRAL.

While he was in Montreal recently the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the Anglican Church visited the great Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame. It was the first time a Protestant archbishop entered a Catholic church in Canada. Here are the details as given in a Montreal paper:

Art treasures and historical relics of Notre Dame were viewed by the Primate, and the list of many distinguished personages who have visited the striking monument of Catholicism which so imposingly commands Place d'Armes was added to by the presence of His Grace. After the Archbishop had visited the Chambre de Commerce he and his party repairs to the church edifice across the way. It was shortly

after the noon hour, and the pastor was absent.

Father McShane was present, however, and did the honors, conducting the visitors through the church and the seminary building. The chapel of the Sacred Heart, in the rear of the main edifice, impressed the visitors, and they spent much time inspecting the carvings and other decorations, for which the place is noted, were also favorably commented upon by the Archbishop and the members of his entourage. Father McShane then conducted his visitors to the sacristy and displayed to them the historical vestments, which really constitute the chief treasure of Notre Dame. These pieces have lasted through two centuries, and while the city has grown from the small beginnings of a trader's post to be the metropolis of a great country, these vestments have outlasted succeeding generations. They were the handiwork of Mme. Lebel, a wealthy lady, who resided in Montreal two centuries ago. She gave these exquisite specimens of her art as an offering to the Church, and since then they have remained in possession of the Fathers of the Seminary. The vestments particularly interested His Grace, and he passed pleasing remarks on their art value. Afterwards the main church was visited and the electrical illuminations of the altar were exhibited. The visit was entirely informal and apparently was exceedingly enjoyable to the Archbishop and those who accompanied him.

Should Make People Reflect.

One of the orators of the congress of Freethinkers at Rome the other day, vociferated so as to be heard at the Vatican that the old Church was dead and they were alive. The Catholic Church has frequently been bared with the same eulogy. Those who exulted over her fall have always boasted of their triumph. But as often as she is buried so often does she appear again with new and expanding vitality. The Freethinkers will run their ruinous course. The Church will survive them and assist in repairing the havoc which they make. The religious revival, in the very teeth of ecclesiastical authority, should make friends of law and order reflect. Perhaps there are very few sane-minded men on earth who can be persuaded to believe for one moment that the Freethinkers of this age are a more beneficial power than the Catholic Church.—Hartford Transcript.

DISRESPECT GETS DESERVED REBUKE.

The audience which attended the opening of the Bijou Theatre in Pittsburgh last week gave a remarkable rebuke to a minstrel company which attempted some sacrilegious jests.

In an effort to be humorous one of the end men propounded certain problems, beliefs in which it was said, rested the salvation of the world. The stories of Daniel in the lion's den and Jonah and the whale were told. The interlocutor referred to the parable of the leaves and fishes, using almost the language of the Scriptural text.

While this was being told there was not a sound in the theatre. The audience waited as if stunned for the denouement.

At last an old man in the audience said excitedly: "Beg pardon, gentlemen, please cut that out," which request was echoed from all parts of the theatre.

Further irreverence was eliminated, and the management promised that no repetition of the offense would be allowed.

ROME AND FREETHINKERS.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the seizure of Rome by Piedmontese troops was celebrated last Tuesday in the Eternal City by the holding of a congress of freethinkers which was attended by representatives from various European countries. The United States was also represented by ten delegates. The assembling of this congress on the anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's entry into Rome was a fitting way of celebrating the spoliation of the Holy Father. This gathering of inveterate foes of Christianity under the very shadow of the Vatican proclaims to the world that the would-be destroyers of Christianity thoroughly appreciate the importance from their point of view, of lessening the influence of the Holy See in every possible manner. The Papacy as the bulwark of Christianity they hate with an undying hatred. They are convinced that if they could conquer the Papacy they would have but little difficulty in dealing with the various Protestant sects.

One of the leading lights of this Free-thinkers Congress was Prof. Haeckel, of Jena, author of "The Riddle of the Universe," which seeks to trace to material causes the existence of man, of the world and of all that is in it. What may be designated as Haeckelism is the denial of the existence of God. Some thirty years ago the late Prof. Tyndal in his celebrated Belfast address declared that he saw in man "the promise and potency of all things." Haeckel has improved on this. He holds that matter is the beginning and end of all things.

Naturally enough this champion of bold materialism heartily approves of the war Combes is making upon the Church in France. In last Tuesday's congress he proposed that a message be sent to the Premier of France "congratulating him upon his struggle for the right of human thought against theocratic oppression and also for what he has accomplished for the separation of Church and State." It is quite natural that a person who would enthroned matter above God should congratulate one who is making war upon God's Church.

But while freethinkers gathered from all quarters of the world were airing their atheistic views a counter demonstration was taking place to which the *Osservatore Romano* refers in those

terms:

"Innumerable telegrams have reached the Pope from all classes of people in Italy protesting against the satanic congress of freethinkers which, under the auspices of Freemasonry, was opened to-day in Rome, the centre of the Catholic faith."

These protests will have very little effect upon the freethinkers assembled in Rome for the purpose of making a demonstration against Christianity. They will, however, call the attention of the world to the character of the warfare made upon the Papacy. Professor Haeckel and his fellow atheists acted logically in selecting Rome as the place for holding their congress. In doing so they let it be known that they are convinced that before their atheistic crusade can be crowned with success the spiritual bower of the Papacy must be broken.—New York Freeman's Journal.

POLUTING THE ATLANTIC.

A serial is running in the *Atlantic Monthly* which for vulgar and ignorant bigotry could hardly be matched among the tales current a score of years ago in the virulent anti-Catholic organs of the British provinces. The author is Mary Austin, and the purpose of her "Isidro," is obviously the discrediting of Catholic missionary work among the Indians in general, but especially of the Franciscans' work in California. The mission of Carmelo, Monterey, founded by the saintly Padre Junipero Serra, in 1770, figures in Miss Austin's novel; but the time is several decades later, when the temporal prosperity of this and the other missions had begun to excite the enmity of the Federal Government of Mexico. Now, the author evidently cares nothing about Mexico, but she is ready to stand with any power in opposition to the Catholic Church, and is keen in laying the blame of the Government with the missions.

In the instalment in the October number, it is insisted upon as a rather sinister fact that the Fathers, on a certain day, had a comfortable dinner. Their paternal government of the Indians, whom they were Christianizing and instructing in the arts of peace is criticised. The duty of the Padres, apparently, was to have assembled the aborigines in 1770, wrought some magic upon them to cure them forthwith of nomadic habits, infused into them a public school education; instituted the town meeting, manhood suffrage, and a daily paper, and then, returned to Spain.

There was a whipping post at the Mission, we are informed. It is but sixty years since the destruction of the Mission, and the question of a real or imaginary whipping-post should be easily settled. If there was one, there was doubtless a serious need of it.

There is a whipping post still in the State of Delaware, for the proper chastisement of wife-beaters and other particularly mean criminals, and the fitness of its introduction into other States for like offenders is often mooted. The whipping post and the pillory were much respected and long lasting institutions in the New England colonies, and they were for the discipline of the lofty Caucasian, not for the Indian. The Puritan Indian policy was less corrective than exterminative. But for the Catholic Church, as represented in this is now the United States by her Franciscans, Jesuits, and other missionaries, who believed it their duty to train their Indian brother out of savage childhood into Christian manhood, we should have no Indian question to vex us to-day. Doubtless, it was very unkind to punish petty thieves among the Indians with fifteen strokes at the whipping-post. They should have been allowed to despoil their neighbors undeterred by the fear of such humiliations.

But on the whole, it was probably less afflictive to the Indians than the methods of the succeeding secular policy which cheated them out of their goods, and drove them to beggary or theft. It was also better than the American policy, deplored by an honest non-Catholic, Helen Hunt Jackson in her "Century of Dishonor," concocted in the grim saying: "A good Indian is a dead Indian."

It might be well to remember, also, that before the Mexican Government destroyed these missions, it owed them nearly \$500,000 of borrowed money. It is true that partial restitution has been made to the Catholic Church in California, according to the decision of the Hague Tribunal, of this debt, but the Indians have been scattered for two generations.

Charles Warren Stoddard's "Footprints of the Padres" should be a good corrective to "Isidro." Besides giving the result of his own researches, he cites Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard, and the Franciscans and their work in California:

"No one can question their motives, nor may one doubt that their intentions were not only formally pious but truly humane. For the more fatal diseases that so-called civilization introduced among the Indians, only the soldiers and colonists of the presidios and pueblos were to blame; and the Fathers, well knowing the evil results of a mixed population, did their best to prevent these consequences, but in vain; since the neighborhood of a presidio was often necessary for the safety of the mission, and the introduction of a white colonist was an important part of the intentions of the home government. But after all, upon this whole toll of the missions, considered in itself, one looks back with regret, as praiseworthy of mortal efforts."

Miss Austin's attitude to Catholic doctrine and worship is steadfastly contemptuous. Her statement of Catholic ideals is grossly and culpably ignorant. We quote an example: "Liberty in the figure of a female finds easy worship among a people who count a woman chief among the Holy Family!"

If Miss Austin does not know that this is a lie, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* does; and it matches ill with the estimate one would naturally form

of him, that he is encouraging a campaign of calumny against the Catholic Church in the pages for which he is responsible. Possibly, Catholics are not desired as purchasers or subscribers by the *Atlantic Monthly*. If that be so, it is taking the most effective method possible to keep them off.—Boston Pilot.

MISS GOULD AND THE BIBLE.

The time limit fixed for the submission of manuscripts in Miss Helen Gould's Bible controversy expired on October 1, and it is said that in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty essays have been received.

One of the essays is from the pen of a Sister of Mercy over eighty years old. The fact that the contest was open to anyone who chose to enter attracted considerable attention both here and abroad and is doubtless responsible for the large foreign contribution, which includes Canada, South America, England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany. In this country nearly every state is represented.

It will be recalled that the discussion and subsequent offer by Miss Gould of \$4,750 for the three best essays on the topics, "The Origin and History of the Version of the Bible approved by the Roman Catholic Church," and "The Origin and History of the American Revised Version of the English Bible," arose from the reading of the latter bible in a school attended by Catholic and Protestant children. The school was indebted to Miss Gould for its financial aid, but was thrown open to all children in its vicinity irrespective of creed. The reading of the Protestant bible brought forth a letter of protest from the priest in whose parish Miss Gould conducted her school and the controversy naturally came down to a question of "who's who?"

Some of the judges, it is said, will be men of international reputation. If among these there are any Catholics they will undoubtedly be in the minority, and if such is the case it seems highly improbable that an essay in support of the Douay Version will succeed in extorting from a Protestant source an admission of error. Not that we would by any means question the honesty of the judges, but Miss Gould will doubtless consider them the most competent to decide who are of her own way of thinking and she will select accordingly. Whatever the outcome, however, it will be awaited by Catholics with considerable interest.—Baltimore Mirror.

A DEAD ORGAN OF INFIDELITY.

After seventy years, the Boston Investigator has ceased to exist. It was the organ of infidelity. It was founded by a clergyman who had found the faith of his fathers too narrow for him, and who was condemned by a grand jury in Boston for denying the existence of God, and sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment. That was no longer ago than 1834 and it was the last trial of that kind in the Bay State. A Universalist clergyman was moved to exclaim: "Surely, the imprisonment of an old, white-haired man for a few fanatical, skeptical words was one of the most barbarous as well as impolitic expedients of the nineteenth century.

Abner Kneeland's moral character is as clear of blemish as we can reasonably hope to see anywhere." Kneeland left the state soon after his release from prison, and died in Iowa, leaving his paper to others, who waged war against Christianity in a way to let few people know about it. For few know the Investigator, or know that a paper has been maintained for no other purpose than to argue religious faith out of existence. It never obtained a circulation such as is enjoyed by the religious papers, and they circulate none to largely.

Make it a fixed purpose of your life to made all others happy as far as it is in your power. This, then, ought to be a first thought on awaking. "Dear Mother, for thy honor I will take care that everyone who speak to me to day shall go away happier!"

PROF. PECK MET THE POPE.

Prof. Tracy Peck, head of Yale's Latin department, is the first Yale professor to meet Pope Pius X. Prof. Peck writes:

"Five Americans were received, four women and myself, in our party. There were nineteen others who were admitted to the audience at the time. I spoke to the Pope in Latin, and he responded in the same tongue. I found the Pope a fatherly, kindly gentleman, with nothing of the aristocrat about him. He is eminently a man of the people, with deep sympathies for them. He is a great lover of outdoor life, a mountain climber, and I was told by close friends whom I met later in Venice that he missed greatly his outdoor life, his plunge in the morning, which he loved, like Judge Parker possibly. He does not relish being cooped up in the Vatican."

Prayer After Low Mass.

The Ecclesiastical Review for October publishes the decree of Pius X, granting an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, applicable to the poor souls in purgatory, for saying in addition to the prayers after Low Mass the invocation, "Cor Jesu Sacratissimum, miserere nobis," "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, Have Mercy on Us," thrice repeated.

The winter is coming with all its sufferings for the poor. Put a quarter or a dime into the poor-box every Sunday.—Catholic Columbian.

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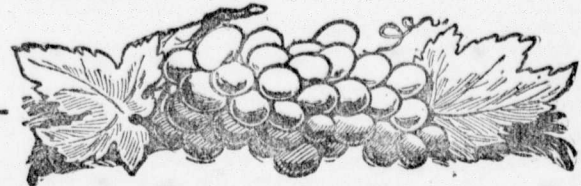
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What Fruit-a-tives are

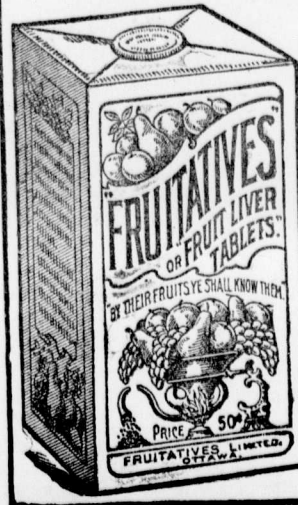
"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices in tablet form. They are the laxative, tonic and curative principles of fruit—combined into pleasant tasting pellets. They contain all the virtues of fruit—but by the secret process of making them, their action on the human system is many times intensified.

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SECRET REVEALS THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

OCCASION.

The Springfield Republican correspondent, after having expressed his indignation...

Here we have the workings of the old hereditary Protestant antipathy against this remarkable Pope. I do not imagine that this writer is concerned with the old Imperialist charges against the private character of Gregory VII.

Our writer, however, although not involving himself in any such pool of calumnious infamy, plainly means us to regard Hildebrand as in some way or other so great a criminal as to make it impossible that instructed Christians should believe that he was divinely commissioned to teach and govern the Church.

I do not see how he makes out his argument, if addressed to Christians is a question which he leaves rather hazy even if Gregory VII. were as great a culprit as he seems to intimate.

But was Gregory VII. really an unworthy Pope? A very different judgment is given by a very much more eminent man than either this correspondent or myself, and one very far removed from Catholic ways of thinking, namely, John Fiske.

He treats the great monk of Clugny as a benefactor of mankind. The enthusiastic Protestant historian, Dr. David Miller, after portraying the ignominious decline of the Church in the tenth century, describes how a great and lasting moral revival came to bear under the policy of the noble minded German and Italian Popes whom the monk Hildebrand supported.

It is a very petty and commonplace way of thinking to treat the Middle Ages, and their great characters and movements, as worthy of our reprobaton because we seldom find in them the established civility which we expect to find in a perfect English or French or Italian gentleman.

What gives Protestants most offense in the policy of Gregory VII. is the peremptory harshness with which he carried through the requirement of celibacy for the priesthood.

We must bear in mind, of course, that this requirement was not introduced by St. Gregory VII. For 450 years even subdeacons, though probably not a sacramental order, had been required by the canons to abstain from marriage.

Hildebrand, therefore, (whose great personality still insists on our often distinguishing him from lesser Gregories by his baptismal name) simply did his duty in enforcing a law which public sentiment, of clergy and laity, thoroughly approved, and which he, too, thoroughly approved.

True, had no special emergency required at that time a searching application of this law, it might well have been asked that it should be enforced indifferently on the younger than on the elder priests, since the latter, although too often passionately called concubinary, were not yet such, but sacra-

mentally married men. Bellarmine points out that although the marriage even of subdeacons had long been forbidden, it was not until the Second Lateran, in 1139, that the marriage of men in Holy Orders was prohibited.

Therefore, had Hildebrand enforced this law so energetically, no special crime of the Church regarding it, he might very well have been accused of immoderate rigor, although it is true, special consideration of private feelings and interests was hardly characteristic of the Middle Ages, even in their mildest representatives.

It seems to be now the common judgment, not of Catholic Church historians only, but of Protestant, that the Church then trembled on the very verge of sinking into abject dependence on the kings and nobles, and laity generally, and on the least spiritual of the laity.

We must remember, also, that there was not then, as now, a large body of pious and enlightened laity, warmly supporting the clergy in the advocacy of moral and spiritual interests.

THE TRINE CHURCH. The Communion of Saints is one of the tenderest and most consoling doctrines of the Catholic Church. It is threefold, for it binds together in this golden link of charity the militant Church on earth with the suffering Church in purgatory.

Next Tuesday the 1st of November will be entered in by the Feast of All Saints. On that day the Church, like a glad mother, exults in joy over the imperishable glory with which her children are crowned.

As the heart of a mother pauses amid the festive rejoicing of her household and turns in tender thought to the young child afar, so when the evening shadows fall on the Feast of All Saints, the Church's heart turns in anguish to her afflicted children who are paying the "last farthing" to divine justice.

October is the month especially given to the devotion of the Rosary, and as devotion to the Rosary and the Sacred Heart are so closely entwined, it is a month particularly dear to the heart of every League member.

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Such marriages are sacred and sweet. They uplift the soul on the wings of faith and love; they recall the glory of many a vanished hero, and remind us of the splendor of long days in the past.—Catholic Times and Times.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-Third Sunday After Pentecost.

THE DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

Human life is a voyage, but our heavenly Father does not give us the control of the weather. If He did we should be apt to choose nothing but smooth seas, fair winds, full cargoes, and secure harbors.

It is not by our own strength that we are to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is by the grace of God, which is given to us through the merits of Christ.

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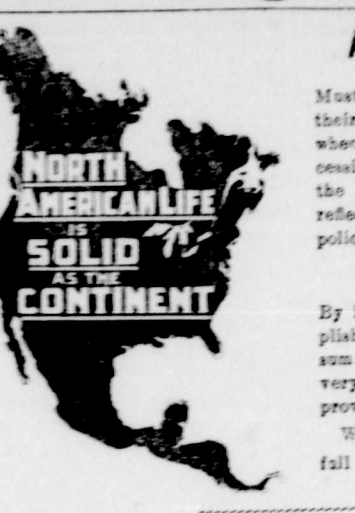
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Christ carried on His blessed shoulders to Mount Calvary. While in need on the feast of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, and of all such saints as are not martyrs.

Red is used at Whitecliffe on the veneration and exaltation of the cross, and on the feast of the apostles and martyrs.

Purple or violet, the penitential color, is used on all the Sundays and Feasts of Advent, in the penitential time from Septuagesima till Easter, and on Vigils, Ember and Rogation days, when the Office is of them.

The Green is used on all Sundays and Feasts from Trinity Sunday to Advent, exclusively, and from the Octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima, exclusively, whenever the Office is of the Sunday; but in the paschal time White is used, and in Masses for the Dead, which may be said on any day which is not a Sunday or a double, except from Palm Sunday to Low Sunday, and during the Octaves of the Epiphany, Pentecost, and Corpus Christi.—Holy Name Manual.

Thought For Today. Nothing makes us love the rosary like saying it. To those who are unaccustomed to it, it seems long and tedious, but by saying it, the devotion has become dear to thousands of men and women who now find it not long or tedious, but the easiest and most fruitful way of honoring God's dear Mother and obtaining grace.—Father Digman, S. J.

There is always more to be feared in not doing a duty than in doing it.

A WEAK HEART. The interesting Experience of a St. Catharines Man. HAD SUFFERED FOR TWELVE YEARS AND WAS ULTIMATELY CURED THROUGH THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND.

"Twelve years ago," says Mr. Wm. Emery, of Welland avenue, St. Catharines, "I was living in the town of Gananogo, and the physicians there told me I had heart disease. From that time and up to four years ago I often had severe spells of the trouble. The least exertion would bring on violent palpitation, and at other times I would become dizzy, nervous and frightened, and my heart would almost cease to beat. I became reduced in flesh and anæmia followed. I was hopeless of finding a cure for I had been treated by an experienced doctor, and had taken many advertised remedies without getting any benefit. One day a neighbor strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and acting on his advice I got a half dozen boxes. I soon found much relief through the use of the pills, and after continuing the treatment for a couple of months I was again enjoying perfect health. I have not since had any return of the trouble and I feel safe in saying that the cure is a permanent one, and I can strongly advise the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who suffer from similar trouble." The reporter can only add that Mr. Emery is a prominent worker in St. Catharines, is a prominent worker in Methodist circles, and has the highest respect of all who know him.

If you have any symptoms of heart trouble, neuralgia, indigestion, rheumatism, anaemia or any of the numerous troubles caused by poor or watery blood, you will find new health and strength in a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Do not waste money or further endanger your health by the use of substitutes—get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is an ELIXIR OF LIFE—Since forgotten this time have been seeking for the Elixir of Life, which medicine says none existed. In the mass Electric Oil is an Elixir, before which pain has no life. It is made up of six essential oils carefully blended so that their curative properties are concentrated in one. It has an equal in the treatment of rheumatism and all bodily pains.

So popular is Dickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat due to exposure, to fatigue, or undue change of temperature, that druggists and oil dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

The best salt that Canada's best salt works can produce, and that's the best anywhere.

All Thinking Men

Must take thought of the time when their energies will become impaired, when their ability to perform the necessities of life is not sufficient for the requirements of old age. Such reflections suggest the usefulness of a policy of

Endowment Insurance

By its two important ends are accomplished, the guarantee of a certain sum for one's declining years, and that very important consideration certain provision for the family.

We would be pleased to send you full particulars of a policy at your age.

Let us exhortable people try the efficacy of the Cross applied to our hearts by love. I will not despair of its steadying and calming the unquietest heart among us—yours or mine.—Christina Rossetti.

A Magic Pill—Dyspepsia is a foe with which most are constantly warring. It causes indigestion, flatulence, and to all appearances vanquished in one. It makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is so delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach cause from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Fairbanks' Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

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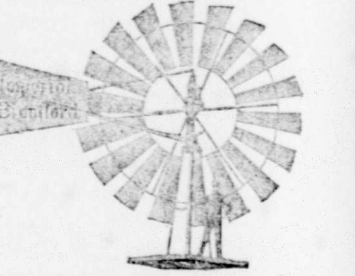
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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy — invincible determination — a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—Buxton.

The Test of all Things. Live by the life of the Vine. "Whatsoever ye do in word or in work, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Let that be the test of all things. Do nothing that you dare not offer up in the name of Christ, though it might promise you fountains of pleasure, or stores of wealth, or seeming advantage of what kind soever. The wages of temptation are bitter and delusive at last. Christ alone giveth Peace, and that is above all gods.—Archbishop Keane.

Secret of Success I was at an early age thrown into a work for which I had no special training, but I had been brought face to face with necessity. I had found life sadly real, and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my watchword. To be thoroughly in earnest; intensely, in earnest, in all my thoughts and all my acts, became my single idea, and I do heartily believe that herein lies the secret of my success. I do not believe that any greatness can be achieved without it.—Cushman.

Wanted—Ability. So great is the premium on ability that a progressive man, conversant with the dry-goods and kindred trades, could walk into New York and command the capital to start a large department store. Let young men learn that there is a greater premium on ability than on capital, that they should strive to acquire ability, and that they should not be discouraged because they may be without funds. The long run is what counts the most. If one's mind is fixed only on to-day, and not on the future, he will not and cannot succeed.

When is Success a Failure? When you do not overtop your vocation; when you are not greater as a man than as a lawyer, a merchant, a physician, or a scientist.

When you are not a cleaner, finer, larger man on account of your life-work.

When you have lost on your way up to your fortune your self-respect, your courage, your self-control, or any other quality of manhood.

When it has made conscience an accuser, and shut the sunlight out of your life.

When the attainment of your ambition has blighted the aspirations and crushed the hopes of others.

When your highest brain cells have been crowded out of business by greed.

When all sympathy has been crushed out of your nature by your selfish devotion to your work.

When you plead that you never had time to cultivate your friendships, politeness, or good manners.

When you have lived a double life and practiced double-dealing.

When it brings you no message of culture, education, travel, or of opportunities to help others.

When it dwarfs, cramps, or interferes with another's rights; when it blinds you to the interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When there is a dishonest or a deceitful dollar in your possession; when your fortune spells the ruin of widows and orphans, or the crushing of the opportunities of others.

When the hunger for more money, more land, more houses and bonds has grown to be your dominant passion.—Success.

How to be Happy. Many of us miss the joys that might be ours by keeping our eyes fixed on those of other people. No one can enjoy his own opportunities for happiness while he is envious of another's. We lose a great deal of the joy of living by not cheerfully accepting the small pleasures that come to us every day, instead of longing and wishing for what belongs to others. We do not take any pleasure in our own modest horse and carriage, because we long for the automobile or victoria that some one else owns. The edge is taken out of the enjoyment of our own little home because we are watching the palatial residence of our neighbor. We can get no satisfaction out of a trolley ride into the country or a sail on a river steamer, because some one else can enjoy the luxury of his own carriage or yacht. Life has its full measure of happiness for every one of us, if we would only make up our minds to make the very best of every opportunity that comes our way, instead of longing for the things that come our neighbors' way.

The Power to Make Ourselves do Things. Some people are all the time asking for advice when they know perfectly well themselves what they ought to do. It is not advice they want; it is somebody or some power to make them do what they know to be right. They ask for advice because they feel condemned for not living up to the light they have.

We are accompanied through life by an unseen guide which tells us to do this and not to do that, which condemns or approves, says, "Yes," or "No," to every thought or act. But when it says "No," or "That is wrong," most of us take no heed. We are weak, and follow our inclination instead of the admonitions of our guide. It is a rare thing to find a person who has enough "sand" and force of character to compel himself to do what is right as he sees it. We are not sufficiently manly and spiritual in our make-up, not far enough removed from the brute to be beyond the power of the brutal instincts.

Compelling himself to do what he knows he should do, is what makes a strong man. A weak man is the one

who follows his appetites, who can not say "No" to his passions. It is denying the brute in us that keeps him down. If we feed him he will keep us down.

What can a man hope to make of himself, how can he expect to grow stronger and purer and more manly when he resolutely stifles the warning voice of his guide, and feeds the brutal instincts with everything that excites and makes them uncontrollable? Our state prisons are full of people who followed this course. They knew just as well as any one could tell them what they should do, but they did the very opposite. They drifted into crime because they would not heed that little inward monitor which says "Yes," to a right act, and "No," to a wrong one.

No, we do not need somebody to tell us what to do half as much as we need the power to compel ourselves to do what we know we ought to do. The victim of gambling, the victim of drink and other life-destroying vices knows very well what he ought to do. He does not need advice. He has learned through untold suffering what he should not do, yet he continues to do it. When a man obeys implicitly that little monitor guide which never leaves him, he needs no advice from others. He can not go wrong. He will grow stronger and stronger each day. Instead of allowing his passions to master him, he will be master over them. He will be king of himself.—Success.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Cultivate the habit of praise. Look for the good traits in your acquaintances. Don't be afraid to pay merited compliments. The honey of speech is sweet and leaves a precious memory.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least, if not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

Are you looking for opportunities? To those who have the right spirit, if opportunities for self-advancement are rare, opportunities to be kind in word and deed to others are numerous. Are you seeking self or practicing Christian love?

Some one says that the habit of cheerfulness is worth \$10,000 a year to a man. It is worth infinitely more than this if it masters all the life. Wherever such a man goes he carries inspiration. His life is tonic and uplifting to all he meets. Nothing disturbs the equanimity of his spirit which is born of the peace of God in his heart.

If you cannot have a long time to yourself, do not fail to profit by the shortest moments that remain to you. We do not need a great deal of time to love God, to place ourselves anew in His presence, to raise up our hearts to Him, or adore Him in the depths of our hearts, to offer Him all we are doing and all we are suffering. This is the true Kingdom of God within us, which nothing can trouble.—Laocordaire.

It is never best to travel in a rut. It is wearisome; it is nerve-destroying. Wise people choose the smoother road, or if that road must be traveled, they try to fill up the ruts with stones and gravel. There is such a thing as getting out of the rut; and the world would be better and happier if more of us did it.—Griffiths.

The varying seasons of the year, and the vicissitudes of mortal life, make little difference to him who has God's sunshine in his heart.

When is a Man poor? Time and again, I have travelled a long distance to visit a very humble home in Amesbury, Massachusetts. The whole property is worth but a few hundred dollars, but the fact that John Greenleaf Whittier lived there makes it absolutely priceless. Men and women cross continents and oceans to visit it. Enthusiastic admirers of the poet carry away from the spot bits of wood, wild flowers, leaves and all sorts of souvenirs to remind them and those who come after them that a man lived there—one of nature's noblemen.

Thousands of people in this country look upon Whittier, the simple poet, as one of the richest treasures America has produced, and yet, considered from a commercial standpoint, all he left in the world was worth but a song.

Be careful how you laugh at men and women who think there is something better in the world than making money, and who refuse to worship it. Their monuments in parks and public places may proclaim the story of their heroic lives for centuries after you, with your millions, have been forgotten. Selfishness has no immortality in it. Greed has no quality to propagate itself, its children are all short lived. Who ever saw a people making pilgrimages to the homes of millionaires, men who never did anything for the world? Hundreds of men and women have lived and died in wretched homes, in attics, and even in poorhouses who have enriched the world by their lives, who have given greater uplift to civilization than many a millionaire. Men who never had a thousand dollars have left names which the world will not let die.

Do you regard a man as really poor who may not happen to have money, but whose character is so juicy and whose career is so succulent with the sweet things of life and experience that he has enriched a whole community? Do you regard a man as poor whose neighbors feel enriched by his mere presence? Do you regard a man as poor who lives in an attic, but whose very existence enhances the value of every acre of land and every home for miles around when every child in his man as poor when he considers it an honor to be recognized by him on the street or to receive an invitation to visit him? Do you regard a man as poor when his home, no matter how humble, is looked upon as a shrine?—Success.

Every Noble Work is at First Impossible. A successful railroad president was once asked by a young man "What

is the secret of success?" "My boy," he said, "there is no secret: it is just dig, dig, dig." In all likelihood this was not the answer the young man anticipated. He expected to hear of some "get-rich-quick" scheme that meant neither time nor energy.

Last year a young man made application to enter a certain Western college, and, in talking over the studies with the Dean, asked if there were no shorter way to get through and graduate than the course proscribed. "That depends entirely on what you want to be," replied the Dean. "When God wants to make an oak, He takes fifty years; but when He wants to make a squash, He takes six weeks." What a lot of squashes we find in every trade and profession—half-baked, underdone people who seldom succeed, because they refuse to give the time and thought to equip the brain and hand with the training the world is always ready to pay for.

Of course, difficulties, sickness and care of one kind or another enter into the lives of all men, placing, as it were, barriers across the path of progress. This is certain to be the lot of the average human being; and yet a trying circumstance is not a sufficient reason for a man to give up the struggle and take a back seat. If such were the case, what would the world be to-day? Take one illustration: Elihu Burritt was the son of a poor shoemaker. To save money to secure an education, he worked from daylight to dark in a blacksmith shop. Discommodement stalked all around him, but young Burritt persevered and won a place among his country's successful men. Do you wish to live without trial? Then, if your wish is gratified, you will die a squish, an underdone man. Without the struggle, you never know your strength. It is the rough seas that make the skillful sailor. Unless you go "up against" the world, you will never find yourself. Hardship is the native soil of true manhood.

The trouble with most people lies in the fact that they require such favorable conditions before they are able to accomplish anything. To-day the men who succeed are the men who do things with very little. When they have a task to perform, they take what is at hand, and without any farther delay settle down to work. You who are an engineer, think of James Watt making the model of his condensing engine out of an old syringe; or George Stephenson, the coal miner, building his first locomotive in a little outhouse; or Michael Faraday while a bookbinder's apprentice, experimenting in electricity with old bottles. These men's names are household words throughout two continents; yet they were not "born with silver spoons in their mouths;" they attained their training and success through great personal effort. Few young people to-day face the obstacles these men overcame. They were not content to sit and wait until all the conditions were favorable for their work; they made the conditions favorable by untiring effort.

For poor Bernie found it then very hard indeed to submit her will to the trial which to her was a very great one, but she had gone the right way to work in her endeavor to do so, and gradually but surely she hoped to be resigned.

Once she knew, as she had done that day, that it was inevitable, it was natural to her to say very little about it. She had been accustomed all her life to such great reserve concerning all that interested or touched her, too as the last few days passed all too swiftly away, she only looked rather paler than usual and said nothing of her feelings. Then came the morning at Charing Cross when she had to hold Alban in her arms for a parting hug, and to look with strange eagerness into the dark blue eyes which she could not hope to see for some months at least.

Mr. Cleve was satisfied at last that the luggage was all right, that he had been given the right change, that the holdalls and bags were safely placed in the netting, and that he had a provision of papers and magazines for the journey.

To be continued.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBBIE.

Still she would try, for it came over her with a wave of horror of all that the separation from Alban would mean.

Mrs. Cleve shook her head. "Besides the expense, you must go on with your lessons, Bernie. I can't have you grow up an ignoramus, and you are so backward. Then you cannot speak French at all well, and are so slow at picking up languages, you would be of no use at all in Switzerland, and Harriet learnt it in France. Then as a last reason it will be a nice plan for you to stay with grandmamma."

"Grandmamma!" murmured Bernie feeling that this indeed was the last straw.

Mrs. Eliot, Mrs. Cleve's mother, was anything but an agreeable old lady and a very distinct trial to her relations in many ways. She and Bernie had never found it easy to get together during the few occasions when they had met. Mrs. Eliot was even more critical of poor Bernie than her own immediate family, and that knowledge had made the girl miserable when with her. She always knew that she was carefully watched and that her faults were duly commented upon by her parents.

"Will grandmamma like having me?" asked Bernie as a last hope, but a very faint one.

"Oh, yes; I have asked her, and she has no objection at all. Her companion, to tell you the truth, is leaving," Bernie did not wonder, "and you can really take her place to be done or said and Bernie's pleading was absolutely no avail. Mr. and Mrs. Cleve were by no means hard-hearted people, but they had not understood their younger daughter, never gauged in the remotest degree her peculiar temperament or tried to enter into her feelings. She on her side, knowing herself to be misunderstood, shut herself up more and more to herself, the habit of reserve growing greater. She was a disappointed girl, she had never been a governess, perfectly aware of her position of her. Celia they were quite sure would marry soon, and young as she was she had had a great deal of attention and admiration; but Bernie, who they thought much too plain and awkward to have much chance of marriage, must earn her living when she was a little older. What she should be able to do she had not the faintest idea, and the thought of the future loomed heavily before her. She could never be a governess, she had never really mastered enough knowledge for that, and she had very vague ideas as to where she should find a niche. Her father had a great idea of girls working for their living, and that she knew she must not be a burden upon the small family income if she could possibly help it. This being some years ago when there were not so many professions or openings for girls of all kinds and all degrees of culture

as there are now, the problem was a difficult one.

Bernie was a slow thinker. That evening she went into the nursery as usual to hear Alban say his night prayers, and then went into her own room for a "think" as she called it.

The double blow of knowing how very delicate the doctors considered Alban and the impending parting from him was forced upon her as she sat there in the dark, and she took in more fully all that it meant. For some months past Bernie had been trying more than before to lead a higher life, to respond more fully to grace and to go to the Sacraments with greater frequency. Alban had had a great deal to do with the change, though she was herself unaware of the agent at work which accounted for her new hopes and desires. But not only had the human love he had awakened in her heart taught her much that love only can do, but it had made her wish to be better for his sake. Her parents and sister were somewhat lax Catholics, and Alban's religious training depended very much upon her.

Bernie took things very literally, and as she said her Rosary, which she usually did at this hour, she tried to make it fit into her daily life. It happened to be a Friday and the mysteries consequently were the five sorrowful ones, which seemed to her very appropriate to her own sad state at the time. Upon the Agony of our Blessed Lord in the Garden her thoughts turned in the First of the Mysteries. Bernie had a very vivid imagination, and it helped her greatly to realize a little of what the scene must have been, though no created being could possibly have gauged what the God-Man suffered as the weight of the world's sins pressed upon Him. And yet so close is the union between Himself and His members in the Mystical Body of His Church that He

To the still restings of the lonely heart He doth impart The virtue of His midnight agony. When mine was nigh, Save God and one good angel, to assuage The tempest's rage.

For poor Bernie found it then very hard indeed to submit her will to the trial which to her was a very great one, but she had gone the right way to work in her endeavor to do so, and gradually but surely she hoped to be resigned.

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To be continued.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

In the order of grace the Holy Eucharist is the third of the sacraments. By the sacrament of baptism we are reborn children of God and heirs of heaven. By that of confirmation we are strengthened to become perfect Christians, and by that of the Holy Eucharist we are nourished in spiritual life. Hence the third in order of grace.

The sacrament of the Holy Eucharist was instituted by our Lord at the Last Supper. It contains really and truly the body and blood, the soul and divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, under the forms of bread and wine. That is, our Lord is present in the Holy Eucharist by His divine and human nature — not figuratively, as those not of the Catholic faith contend.

Bread and wine are the matter of the Holy Eucharist, while the words, "This is My body, this is My blood," pronounced by the priest at the consecration in the Mass, are the form. This

Advertisement for Nestlé's Food featuring an image of a woman and child, and text describing the product's benefits for infants and children.

Advertisement for Leeming Miles & Co. featuring an image of a man and text describing their services as Canadian Agents in Montreal.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap featuring an image of a woman and text describing its qualities for washing clothes.

Advertisement for Maypole Soap featuring an image of a woman and text describing its use for dyeing clothes.

Advertisement for Gold Dollars featuring an image of a chicken and text describing the Chatham Incubator.

Advertisement for Professional services including dentists and opticians.

Advertisement for W. J. Smith & Son, Undertakers and Embalmers.

Advertisement for D. A. Stewart, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Advertisement for The London Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Canada.

Advertisement for O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt featuring an image of a bottle and text describing its medicinal properties.

Advertisement for K.D.C. for Nervous Dyspepsia featuring an image of a bottle and text describing its use for digestive issues.

Advertisement for Father Koenig's Free Tonic featuring an image of a bottle and text describing its benefits for health.

Advertisement for Binder Twine featuring an image of a spool and text describing its quality for binding.

Advertisement for The Purdom Gillespie Hardware Company featuring an image of a building and text describing their hardware services.

POPE PIUS X. ON ENLIGHTENED PIETY.

INSPIRING ADDRESS BY THE HOLY FATHER TO FRENCH YOUTH.

Pope Pius X., replying to the address presented on behalf of the French Catholic youth at their recent audience said: Strengthened by the noble sentiments expressed in the address which has just been read to us in your name we thank the Lord, who from time to time procures us such consolations and supports our weakness with the courage necessary in the battles we have to sustain.

MARY'S MIRACULOUS MEDAL.

The approaching jubilee gives to Mary's miraculous medal special and outstanding importance. For twenty-four years prior to the first definition of faith in the Immaculate Conception the medal had prepared the Catholic world for the authoritative deliverance.

TEACH MUSIC.

This paper has advocated the teaching of singing in all Catholic schools. The elements of vocal music are not difficult. To sing by note is a delightful accomplishment.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Oct. 17.—Grain, per cental—Wheat per cental, 30s 1/2; rye, 29s 1/2; barley, 27s 1/2; oats, 25s 1/2; peas, 18s 1/2; clover, 18s 1/2; hay, 18s 1/2.

DIVORCE AND ST. RITA.

HOLY WOMAN WHOSE LIFE FURNISHES AN EXAMPLE FOR THE HOUSEHOLDS OF TODAY. In the last year of the last century our late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., canonized a humble and holy woman who died in Italy five hundred years ago, and who had been a wife, mother, widow and an Augustinian nun.

NECESSITY OF OBEDIENCE TO AUTHORITY.

Those blessed fruits are assured to us by the loyal assurance that you will perform all your duties under the direction of episcopal authority.

This truth be understood by so many of those blind persons who profess to be Catholics and yet claim absolute independence towards all authority and claim a liberty which would no longer be that of the sons of God, but of Lucifer's rebels.

FROM THE FAR NORTH.

The genuine vocation and a copious daily supply of the "grace of state" must be requisite to render life on the Alaska mission agreeable and endurable.

MARRIED.

HENNESSY-McGUIRE.—At St. Michael's Church, Cobourg, by the Rev. Father Murray.

DIED.

FOLEY.—At Keston, Ont., on Sept. 20th, Mr. Wm. Foley, May be remembered in prayer.

C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of condolence to President Kirby were unanimously carried at the last regular meeting of Branch 309 Chesterville, on the death of his father, Mr. Patrick Kirby.

TEACHER WANTED.

WANTED FOR R. C. SEPARATE SCHOOL. Douglas, Ont., a second class teacher, capable of teaching pupils who have passed their entrance examination the subject taught in the first form of the High school.

MALE TEACHER WANTED FOR R. C. S. S.

No. 4 Woolwich. Capable of teaching German preferred. Duties to commence 2nd Feb. 1905. Address Thos. Parelli, St. Columban, See. Treas.

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to fame, or to sanctify, were the heroes or saints of older times perfected. The example of a St. Rita, and of a St. Monica also, tells us that strong characters are formed by prayer and self-discipline; that all pain and trial are to be borne nobly, and that every station in life has its duties, which are not idly or with cowardly impulse to be flung aside.

The highest award and gold medal has been given to the "Salada" Tea Co., at the St. Louis Exposition.

The genuine vocation and a copious daily supply of the "grace of state" must be requisite to render life on the Alaska mission agreeable and endurable. Father Devino, S. J., of Montreal, returned recently from Nome after a two years' term as missionary, and some of the information which he has imparted to the newspaper interviewer is not of a nature to appear to the pleasure-seeker or the pusillanimous.

At the same meeting similar resolutions were passed to Brother Alex L. Rue, on the death of his wife, R. I. F.

That systematic teaching of music be required in all Catholic schools; that examinations in it be regularly made by the Diocesan School Inspector as in the other studies; and that where no Catholic school exists, a music class for men or boys, or both, be formed at once.

Who cannot live ten minutes a day by taken in every Catholic school from geography, hygiene, calisthenics, and other comparatively unnecessary studies, and practices, and be given to a systematic course of vocal music?

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NEW BOOKS.

"The W. T. T. L. d. B. Bond" by J. Harrison author of "King Heartsard Coronet." Price \$1.25. Published by Muller Bros.

"The Catholic Scholar's Introduction to English Literature," a text-book for the use of Catholic schools, by Arnold Harris Mathew. Revised by Rev. W. A. Sutton, S. J., Rector of Monaghan College, Limerick. Price \$1.00. Published by James Duffy & Co., Ltd., 15 Wellington Quay, Dublin, Ireland.

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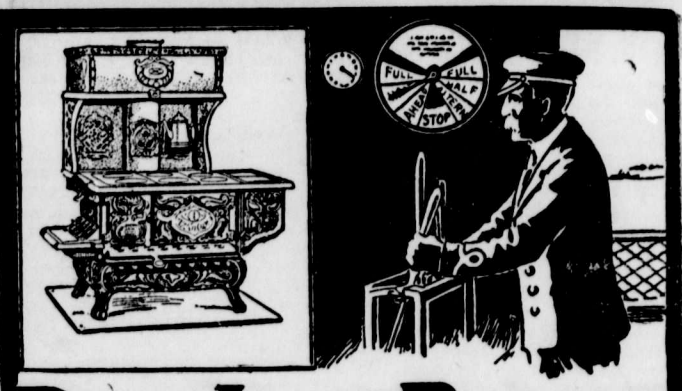
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