





THE WORSHIP OF THE DEVIL.

The following, from the Annals Catholiques, of 14th of July, presents a new feature in the history of Freemasonry.

Thanks to the almost inexhaustible collections illustrating various forms of human folly, mental aberrations have been satisfactorily explained: we can even conceive the existence of atheism, especially if we keep in mind the pride which is always the faithful accompaniment of that kind of folly.

But, when carried to their extreme limits, all these bad qualities of human nature are inexplicable; imagine a race of beings, fallen to the lowest intellectual level; take men who have reached the lowest conceivable point of degradation, and you will fail to express the nameless horrors of this devil worship.

All the heresies, all the false doctrines, however devoid of reason they may be, rest on a mere negation, absurd it may be, as you can conceive it, but still, it is a negation. Those who profess such beliefs deny the light, either because they do not see it, or because they do not wish to see it.

The worship of the devil, on the contrary, rests on an entirely different basis. It explicitly recognizes the existence of God; it believes in the incarnation of Christ; it acknowledges the real presence of Our Saviour in the consecrated Host. And it dares to stand up boldly in defiance of God; it dares to insult Christ; it dares, with furious rage, to attack the Holy Eucharist, the unresisting Victim.

The human mind recoils with horror, in view of such monstrous acts, and the first sensation we feel, on the announcement of such horrors, is that of incredulity. We refuse to believe what exceeds in horror all our powers of conception; we are inclined to relegate all such reports to the domain of mere fable, or at least to see in these unheard of sacrileges, only the act of some irresponsible maniac.

Alas! we are forced to yield assent to undisputed evidence. It is in vain our whole nature revolts against the reality; it exists, unquestionably and unquestioned in all its inexpressible horrors.

The audacity of the worshippers of Satan knows no limits: his disciples have to make the courts of justice their tools, they endeavored to force the priest, by legal process, to give them the Divine Victim that they might expose it with devilish fury, to unheard of atrocities and sacrileges.

The diabolical rite includes the black mass which was instituted by Holbrook, the Grand Master of Universal Masonry and the predecessor of the famous Albert Pike. "The Pope of Universal Freemasonry." In this black mass they not only consecrate black hosts to Lucifer but they pierce, with a dagger, the Sacred Hosts consecrated by the priest of God. This atrocious rite has passed, long ago, from the United States of America, where it originated, to other parts of the world; it has been brought to Rome, to Paris and to many other cities, in which the devilish worship now rages to an incredible extent.

At Friburg, in Switzerland, the Lodge known as "La Regenerere" the regenerate has actively adopted the vile worship of Satan. This fact is too well proved.

A failure in the Lodge, compelled them to remove to another place and, at the extremity of the garden was found a grotto, ornamented and furnished as a chapel. At first sight it seemed to be a Catholic chapel, but soon all the symbols and instruments used in the worship of the devil were found in abundance. In front of the main altar, was found a sort of triangular altar, on which the true Host, the Body and Blood of Christ, was sacrilegiously transfixed with a dagger—an instrument, the use of which is too well known to the Carbonari and other followers of the Arch-Mason, Mazzini). At present a convent of religious is established there, for the purpose of expiating, as far as possible, the crimes of the horrible sect which has transferred to another place the theatre of its crimes.

The Lodge "La Regenerere" is a female Lodge of which a certain Lucie Claraz is the Grand Mistress. This girl, mingled with the members of the Catholic congregation, approached the holy altar and took away the Holy Eucharist to serve the purpose of their infamous rite. The priests of Friburg were notified and, when the hateful servant of Satan lately approached the altar and again knelt to receive the Blessed Sacrament the priest passed her and did not give her the Holy Eucharist.

Enraged, to find that her scheme had failed, Lucie Claraz had the daring to bring a complaint before the court. She wished to compel the priest to give her the Holy Victim! But, thanks to God, a spark of justice still remains in Switzerland; and the shameless sinner had the audacity to bring her case before the Court of Appeals, where it also failed. The trial has served to throw full light on the atrocities of the diabolical worship of this infamous Order.

We may well fall back in astonishment at the depth of wickedness which is here disclosed.

Why should we be surprised at the punishments that so often fall on human beings, who have fallen so low? How much—ah! how much—superior to them are the pagans, the worshippers of fetiches, the savages even, who think they honor their gods by offering to them human sacrifices. Indeed what comparison is there between the immolation of human lives, and the horrid rite that seeks to inflict on God the violent

tortures to which these fiends subject Him. No, neither the folly, nor the wickedness of mere human nature can suffice to explain the horror of such sacrileges. Satan alone could conceive the monstrous idea of torturing God in the Sacrament of His Love.

But, if Satan alone could conceive the idea, he is powerless to commit such a nameless act; man alone can accomplish such an outrage, because Christ, in the incomprehensible extent of His love, has wished to give Himself to them, under the form of the Holy Eucharist.

Yes, on seeing this monstrous worship propagated so extensively and so rapidly, we may well tremble at the thought of the punishment to follow, if there be room for such fear in the heart of the Christian. This heart is completely filled with grief without a parallel, at witnessing its God delivered to tortures, a thousand times more infamous than were inflicted by those who nailed Christ to the cross. Such a Christian now thinks only of his weakness, of his inability to make any amends for the horrid crime of the adorers of Satan. His heart bleeds.

"Courrier de Bruxelles." T. P. C.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

What we want in this country is more lively faith in and more earnest devotion to the Real Presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Man God, in the most holy Sacrament of the Altar. The Real Presence is the great distinguished feature of the Catholic Church. It is the grand centre of devotion. It is what gives life and reality to all the ordinances of the Church. It brings the divinity very near to us and tends to draw all hearts to itself. It is what impresses outsiders in coming into our churches as something so entirely different from Protestant churches. The contrast is indeed very great—almost the difference between life and death—between reality and appearance or imitation.

Devotion to the Real Presence is the test of true piety and real spiritual life in a congregation. There is nothing more beautiful, more impressive and attractive than to see a congregation where devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has been encouraged. There faith is lively, and it is intimately associated with devotion to the Sacred Host which is so attractive and which seems to be drawing the hearts of such great multitudes in the Church to a closer union with their Saviour and God.

That there is great need of a revival and a great increase of devotion to the Real Presence of our Lord and Saviour in the holy Sacrament of His Love we think there can be no doubt. The Church in this country is now passing through a great trial. That trial arises, in the first place out of the overshadowing and depressing influence of Protestantism which scoffs at the idea of the Real Presence and objects to a free indulgence in those public processions and external manifestations of reverence and love which are the natural expression of Catholic devotion and which in Catholic countries are so profoundly impressive and edifying.

Second, the intense secular spirit which universally prevails and which, we are sorry to say, manifests seductive influence even among Catholics. The secular spirit is opposed to spirituality, it is too much absorbed with material interests, which have a hardening effect upon the heart and conscience. The gold of this world is blinding the minds of the people. Even devotion to the material interests of the Church so necessary in a new country—the building of churches, the establishing of schools and charitable institutions—naturally has a depressing effect unless very diligently and conscientiously guarded against. At the same time the very prosperity of the Church, the facility of raising money and the liberality of the people towards the Church and the clergy, so different from the old world, are a constant source of temptation.

Under these circumstances we hail with delight the prospect of having the Eucharistic Congress established as a permanent institution among us. The preliminary meeting at Notre Dame, recently transferred to our columns, from the Ave Maria, was a very encouraging one. An earnest enthusiasm animated every heart and the multitude present on the occasion showed that devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament was by no means dead among us, and we believe that the formation of the Priest's Eucharistic League, which already embraces over four hundred members, is destined in time to spread the fire of that most cherished devotion throughout the Church.

Bishop Maes, of Covington, one of the animating spirits in this movement, thus speaks of the tendency of the Priest's Eucharistic League interest in his interesting sketch of the history of Eucharistic Congresses in the August number of the Catholic World: "It is from the ardent furnace of the sanctuary, the fire of which was lit by Jesus Christ himself, that the glowing coals must come which are to kindle the fire of God's love in the hearts of the people. Jesus Eucharistic, the Divine Victim of propitiation on our altars, is the raison d'etre of the priesthood. Without the Sacred Host a priesthood is a misnomer; the Eucharistic God is a necessary condition of its existence. And if the priest does not burn with the boundless fire of the love of Jesus Christ, which is the very essence of his vocation and the only supposable reason of his becoming a priest what is to become of the people."

We trust this very important move-

ment will not be allowed to languish for want of proper support and encouragement. We look forward with high hopes and bright anticipations to the next formal meeting of the Eucharistic Congress. We shall be disappointed if it does not rival those in Europe both in numbers, zeal, in devotion and in its blessed fruits.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

CATHOLIC "GENTLEMEN'S SONS."

That God is no respecter of persons is not only Gospel truth, but a truth which the unaided human reason could reach. Unfortunately the reason with which God endowed us is not used as much as it might. The idea of aristocratic caste is a social and not a religious idea. A respect for aristocracy and for aristocratic distinctions is perfectly justifiable of course in lands where the political constitution recognizes them. The Catholic religion is at home under any form of political constitution that preserves order and morality among its citizens. But there can be no doubt whatever that under the conditions of modern times it has greater opportunities of reaching the hearts of men, because it has greater freedom in spreading and developing the central ideas of Christianity, in lands where no artificial or obsolete barriers to legitimate human freedom are maintained.

It is not easy for immigrants from the old world to put off the ideas of social caste to which their childhood was accustomed. Even many native Americans whose ancestors for several generations have been native Americans do not yet seem to have learned that individuals must be judged and be rated socially by their own qualities and not by the accident of birth and ancestry. There are too many Americans native and naturalized, who are still inclined to make a distinction between those whom they call "gentlemen," and "gentlewomen," and those whom they designate as "common." But it is when this old-world distinction is sought to be applied by Catholics, and in matters of religion, that it becomes peculiarly offensive. Of course this is mere snobbishness, but it is the most mischievous form of snobbishness. Fancy the absurdity in this country of a Catholic parent looking about to choose a boarding-school, or college for his son, inquiring if the fathers of the pupils at a given institution are "gentlemen," or "common people" and yet that is of almost every day occurrence. There are plenty of Catholic parents, the truth compels us to say, who make no other inquiry. Now, what is a gentleman? Of course the ancient English definition, "a man of gentle, that is to say, noble, birth," is out of the question in this country. And yet that definition, obsolete and absurd as it is, represents, to some extent at least, the idea of these rather snobbish people whom we have in mind. With this sort of people, the Apostles themselves, and three-fourths of the other saints of God, would be tabooed. Only the canonized crowned heads and saints of high degree would be deemed fit company for them.

There is one definition of a "gentleman" which Catholic Americans, and all other reasonable persons, can accept and which is the only definition that will bear rigid scrutiny in the light of modern and American conditions—a gentleman is one who, as far as possible, avoids giving offence to others. That is in substance the definition formulated by John Henry Newman, who was himself an excellent exemplar of his definition. Consequently one is not a gentleman who is a prig, or a snob, because both of these types of men are habitually and intentionally offensive persons who have given no cause of offence. There is no place in the economy of Catholicity in the United States or a Catholic college or boarding school for "gentlemen's sons" unless the term "gentleman" fits Newman's definition.—Catholic Review.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON POPE LEO XIII.

Cardinal Gibbons, in an article in one of the New York dailies of the 27th ult., treats of Pope Leo XIII. as the man, the priest, the pontiff, the statesman, the patriot and the father of his Church. We quote:—"The Holy Father found the Church suffering, wounded, maimed. The mundane influence and glory of the Papacy had been lessened. The moral influence of Rome seemed shaken. In the seventeen memorable years of his Pontificate, Leo XIII. has regained all that has been lost, and won new glories for the Church."

"He has raised the moral, political and spiritual power of Catholic Christendom. He has earned the admiration of the people, the friendship of their rulers, the love of the Catholic clergy, and the willing or unwilling admiration of his adversaries. And all this he has accomplished by hard work, by prayer, by faith, by the force of his firm will, his high intelligence and his inflexible adherence to principle."

"The spiritual and intellectual qualities which so pre-eminently distinguished Leo XIII. are eloquently reflected in his somewhat fragile and tender frame and his finely-shaped hands, and his expressive, wan and characteristic countenance. It is plain that the divine fire burns brightly within that apparently delicate body."

"When he enters a room he glides rather than walks across the floor,

seeming less a being of mere flesh and matter, like ordinary men, than, as it were, a temporarily embodied spirit. It is marvellous to see with what force the Pope endures long ceremonies which would be trying to the strength of far more youthful priests. Often long after his attendants have retired and he is supposed to be sleeping peacefully, he is praying or reading."

"In his lighter moods the Holy Father is not averse to penning Latin Odes and Italian sonnets. His poems, which fill a moderate sized volume, are equally felicitous, whether they are written in Latin or in his native tongue."

"He is an ardent and patriotic man, eager for the glory of his country and yearning for the renewal of the links of loyalty which, till lately bound it closely to the Holy See."

"In nothing has the wisdom and the foresight of the Holy Father than in his increasing disregard of the more ephemeral phases of politics and his increasing interest in the far greater and more weighty social, moral and educational problems with which the twentieth century may be forced to grapple."

"In the United States this interest has found practical expression in the approval and encouragement afforded to the Catholic University at Washington, in his charitable attitude towards the struggling wage-earners, and in the extraordinary and personal part which he has taken in the spiritual direction of American Catholics."

THE IMITATION.

Some persons have a pious habit of opening at random a religious book each day, and using as a mentor or warning or comfort the phrase upon which the eye happens first to rest. One of the saints used to consult the "Imitation of Christ" daily in this manner,—never, he declared, without a measure of success. In the morning he reads it in the order of its chapters in the evening he opened it as it might chance.

Another, not a saint, but a learned and godly editor of one edition of the "Imitation," had the same habit. Happening once to stop at a beautiful town in Italy, he became possessed with the wish to settle there for the remainder of his days. Then, according to his habit, he opened his little book of comfort and read these words: "Why dost thou stand looking about thee here, since this is not thy resting place?" Just then he heard the tolling of a funeral bell. Some poor mortal was going to rest.

Joining the pious procession, our traveller accompanied the unknown to the grave; then sat down and opened the "Imitation" again, this time reading: "Thy dwelling must be in heaven, and all things of the earth are only to be looked upon as passing by. All things pass away, and thou along with them."

There are doubtless many who read this who could tell of incidents no less strange concerning the chance opening of the book which is so dear to every Christian heart.—Ave Maria.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Leibnitz says: "If all world become Catholics and believe in the infallibility of the Pope, there would not be required any other empire than that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. If the Pope resumed the authority which they had in the time of Nicholas the First, or Gregory the Seventh, it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace and conducting us back to the golden age."

THE PRIEST'S BUSY LIFE.

(Rev. J. J. McCoy in September Donahoe's) A body of busier men is not on earth than our average Catholic pastors. We are in and of the building age. The making of plans, therefore, collecting, expenditure of moneys, superintending of work, belong to us, together with the watchful care of our people—the teaching, catechising, baptizing marrying and burying. What wonder, then, that we have few orators and fewer writers? Some people might say that we have not in the Springfield diocese, one, in the high sense. The writer knows, however, a score who could win distinction in the pulpit or in the world of letters, if time and quiet, always so necessary for the perfecting of natural gifts, and for high mental effort, were granted them. We are now gathering for the material church the timbers, the stone, the cement. Under God's direction we raise it high and build it strong. The next generation of priests will be the scholars, and their mission to fill God's temple with the radiant glory of Catholic wisdom.

A GREAT PAINTER BECOMES A MONK.

The news is confirmed that M. James Tissot, whose remarkable series of pictures on the life of Christ was the main attraction of the Champs de Mars Salon, Paris, this year, is about to become a monk of La Grande Chartreuse. This illustrious painter has practically lived the life of a recluse and an ascetic during the seven years he was engaged on his charming work. The engravings to be published by the firm of M. Mame, will be accompanied by a variety of explanatory texts, which the pious artist has studied deeply for himself in the works of the Fathers and even in the Talmud. The music of the "March of Sacrifice," discovered at Lebanon by M. Tissot, will also be incorporated.

DOMESTIC READING.

We must not lose heart. God will reward everyone according to his merits. Differing and endless argument without results corrodes the soundest affection.

No one can despise God with impunity, and His wrath is all the more irrevocably let loose on men in proportion as He has more patiently waited for their repentance.

All men have not equal strength—difference of disposition, of education, of progress in virtue, cause a great difference among them, and this difference must be the first thing to be taken into account by any one who has to rule them.

In dealing with those whom in the various intercourses of life you come across, whether in spiritual or secular things, whether at home or abroad, always bear yourself as if you had it in your mind that they might one day become your enemies instead of your friends.—St. Francis Xavier.

Don't make resolves unless you propose to keep them; it is better to go right on in the old way unless you feel confident a newer and better plan of life and living can be successfully carried out. There is no surer way in the world to lose self respect than to make a promise and break it. The promise may be made to yourself, your friend, or your Maker, and when once made what in the world should be more sacred? Yet vows, promises, and resolutions are too often made lightly, and broken as easily as a stem of a flower in summer field; carried off by the first breath upon it.

Who for the poor renown of being smart would leave a sting within a brother's heart?—Young.

SHE DROPPED HER BEADS.

How a Teacher Was Miraculously Saved from a Sudden Death.

We take pleasure in publishing the following account sent to us by a worthy correspondent:—"Some years ago a teacher in a public school of a country town was accustomed, in order to obtain dryer walking, to go back and forth on a railroad track."

"Having a distance of about two miles each way to travel, her rosary beads was her daily companion. The track leading to the city of S., the other to the city of B.

"It was her custom to take the track leading to S. till the train leading to B. had passed her, then to cross the track leading to B. for the remainder of the distance.

"One morning having started as usual, walking upon the iron rail, she was somewhat startled at the unusually loud shrieks of the engine whistle and clangor of the bell, but feeling secure she did not turn about.

"Suddenly the beads dropped from her fingers, and trying to regain them she lost her balance and fell to one side. Judge of her horror and amazement to see the train dash by on the same track on which she but a moment before was standing. A change in the running order had been made. It was some moments before she could realize that she was uninjured or regain power to move, but with that knowledge came, too, the understanding that to our Blessed Mother and her beads she owed her life.

"Since that day these beads have been her most treasured possession. They will probably so continue till her death."—The Rosary.

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not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ARSWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

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London, Saturday, Sept. 15, 1894.

#### THE SISTERLY PROVINCES.

The Canada Presbyterian speaking of the late Hon. C. F. Fraser in its issue of Aug. 29 has these kind and true words to say of the deceased statesman:

"He died in the very building that was his greatest work and which will stand for centuries as a monument to his unflinching honesty. Taken all round, Mr. Fraser was one of the best public men ever raised in Ontario. He was strong every way but physically. As a parliamentarian, as an administrator, and as a man, he has been easily among Ontario's first men for twenty years. His early death is a Provincial loss. To his honor be it said, he passed away without a single stain upon his record."

In another column of the same issue it says:

"His name was never associated with the veriest whisper of a job. At the head of the great spending department of the Government for nearly a generation, he could say when he dropped his charge—'These hands are clean'; and no one even in his heart ever questioned the truth of the declaration. Besides, he held, and rightly, that for one in his position to be able to plead personal purity in the face of undoubted malversation of public funds by subordinates or contractors, was no excuse whatever. He was he believed where he was, for the very purpose of seeing to it that the State suffered no wrong from his ignorance, incompetency or culpable trustfulness. He believed that it was not enough for honor to be personally honest. If it could be proved that whether from ignorance or oversight he had allowed others to steal, he was always willing to step down and out, as one at once culpable and incompetent."

This testimony to Mr. Fraser's uprightness is the more valuable as it comes from one differing from him in religion, and who cannot be suspected of lavishing undue encomiums upon so courageous a defender of Catholic rights as Mr. Fraser always was in the halls of our Legislature.

The Presbyterian further regrets a fact which it considers a disgrace to Ontario Protestantism, that Mr. Fraser was made a special object of attack by P. P. A. bigots, simply because of his religion. On this subject it says:

"And yet this man, such as he undoubtedly was, if a set of foolish, unreasoning bigots had had their way, would have been relegated to private life and declared unfit to serve his country even as a court crier or a parish constable. It tempts one almost to be ashamed of the name of Protestant when it is possible to find in such a country as Canada, and at this time of day, men masquerading as patriots, statesmen and champions of liberty, yet ready to adopt all the persecuting and intolerant principles and practices which they allege, and no doubt with a good deal of reason, have been characteristic of the Church of Rome during all its history. The very glory of Protestantism is surely to hold more scriptural principles and follow a more excellent way."

Surely not. With a majority of five to one, we certainly ought to be able to hold our own by honorable and straightforward means, and if Protestantism and so-called liberty can be maintained and defended only by treating such men as Christopher Finlay Fraser as pariahs, or lunatics, or rascals and by chasing all Roman Catholics from all positions of public office and trust, then Protestantism is on its last legs, and it may fairly be questioned if liberty of such a kind be anything but tyrannical intolerance, masquerading in some other party's stolen, tattered and long ago cast off clothes."

We pass over in silence what our contemporary says of the intolerance of "rascal mobs" in Montreal and Quebec, and of blood which is not dry "on the skirts of Rome," which, he admits, do not justify Protestants in Ontario in going and doing likewise, "whether by means of bludgeons or bad laws."

We condemn as strongly as any one can the recent acts of violence against Protestant missionaries in Quebec; but we are compelled to remind our contemporary that these missionaries were known to have used the vilest and most false language in reference to Catholics, the Catholic religion and Catholic sisterhoods. There is a limit to human forbearance, and the missionaries have frequently tried that forbearance till it went beyond

the limit. The much abused ladies who have devoted their lives to the cause of education and charity have fathers and brothers who cannot endure to hear them vilified, and they resented such insults.

It has been frequently shown that the French-Canadians are really tolerant in general, and we need not enumerate again now the well-known evidences that such is the fact; but the missionaries should understand that they ought not to test too far the patience of flesh and blood. Yet the violence of the Quebec mob has not been approved by those who are more representative of French-Canadianism than are the unruly ones who raised the riot referred to. In proof of this we need quote only the following testimony given by our contemporary itself in another column:

"We are glad to know that better counsels have prevailed. Though, so far as we are aware, no attempt has been made to punish any of the guilty parties, other steps have been taken to vindicate the good name of the historic city of Canada. The press of the city has vigorously denounced the outrage. The Mayor has, we believe, had the damaged places of worship repaired at the city's expense. By order of the Bishop the priests have condemned the outrage from their pulpits, and it is reassuring to observe that in doing so several of them expounded the principle of religious liberty and free speech in sound and emphatic terms."

In view of the kindly words of our contemporary, we shall not make comments on the blood which "stains the skirts of Rome." We might show that this is but a rhetorical flourish, and we might retort by giving some facts from the history of Presbyterianism in England, Ireland and Scotland. We might then see where the blood stains are really to be found; but we refrain. We shall only add a word showing one great difference between the fanatisms manifested in Ontario and Quebec: P. P. Aism with its intolerance is a continuous fact, and only one page in the history of Ontario, while the unfortunate episode of Quebec was the consequence of ephemeral excitement.

#### THE DECADENCE OF LUTHERO-CALVINISM.

It has been known for some months that the Princess Alix of Hesse was betrothed to the Czarowitz, or Crown Prince of Russia, one of the conditions of the marriage being that the Princess should give up the Lutheran-Calvinistic religion of Germany, and become a member of the "Orthodox" Church of Russia, and it is a remarkable feature of the case that little surprise was manifested at the announcement. Recently the report was circulated that she had made objection against this change of faith, but it is positively announced now that these rumors have no foundation in fact. The Princess has no stronger conscientious scruples against changing her religion than had other German Princesses who received a Russian coronet in exchange for a religion on which they perhaps did not set a very high estimate.

The Princess Alix was quite aware when she agreed to marry the Czarowitz that it was necessary she should conform to the Church of Russia, for it is against the law in the Czar's dominions that there should be any unorthodox blood in the veins of the future line of the head of the Russian Church. The prize to be gained by the royal lady,—a prospective crown,—was too attractive to be rejected for so small a matter as the religious creed of Luther and Calvin jumbled together, and the creed was thrown aside when the two things were weighed in the balance. And the question is even innocently asked, "Why should not this be the case?"

We confess we cannot see any very valid reason why not, inasmuch as it is now perfectly well understood in Germany that the creed of that Empire is but a human creation. This was not the view held, or professed to be held, when Luther and Calvin proclaimed that they had a mission from heaven to reform the Church of God and restore it to its original purity by re-establishing belief in the doctrines preached by the Apostles of Christ. But it is now practically recognized by a large section, and the most influential section, of German Protestants, if not by an actual majority, that the new creed had no resemblance to the creed of the Apostles, and in their opinion it was not necessary that it should have such a resemblance. Every generation, according to their theory, has a right to make its own creed, and an enlightened age like the nineteenth century is not to be trammelled by the require-

ments of a creed propagated eighteen hundred years ago. Dogmas are nothing now, and those who will may change them without incurring serious blame. Thus it can scarcely be said that there was any surprise when the Princess Sophia, Alix's sister, abjured Lutheranism and embraced the orthodox Oriental religion for the sake of becoming a Grand Duchess! Why should there be any difficulty when the premium offered is the crown of such an empire as Russia?

The truth is Lutheranism is in a state of decadence in Germany, and the German evangelical papers are deploring the fact. Rationalism has now undisputed sway in the German Church; and if any of the doctrines of Christianity are to be preserved, it will probably be necessary, before long, for those who still retain some reverence for religion, or belief in the salient doctrines of Christianity, to secede from the existing Church, and establish a new reformed one.

The undoubted earnestness of the Emperor William III. in his faith may put off the day when the established German Lutheran-Calvinistic Church will declare itself openly against belief in the distinctive doctrines of which all Christians accept; but Rationalism has made such strides, particularly among the higher classes, and the clergy, that it cannot be indefinitely postponed. The more Orthodox papers endeavor to counteract the tendency, but they recognize the present condition to be one of paralysis, which must result in the not distant collapse of Lutheranism and Calvinism together.

The Princess Alix is to go to Russia shortly, ostensibly on a visit to her sister, the Grand-Duchess Sergius, but really to be formally received into the Russian Church. Even her Lutheran baptism will not be recognized by the Orthodox Muscovites, and she will be baptized by immersion on the occasion, in presence of the Grand Dukes and officials of the Court.

A curious feature of the case is worth considering here. It is not at all beyond the probabilities of the situation that the Russian Church will before long become united with the Catholic Church, in which case the two sisters, Sophia and Alix, would become Catholics all at once. The question arises, would the German royal families, and especially the Emperor William, regard this as a terrible catastrophe? It would not be very consistent for them to offer any objection, after having formally consented to these Russian alliances: for by so doing they have virtually agreed to whatever the Greek Church may do in the future, as well as to what it has done in the past; and in the past, such a reunion was actually effected at two different periods. At all events, the matter is now beyond their control, for the die is cast.

Can it be said, then, that the head of German Protestantism seriously believes that the Catholic Church is a corrupt form of Christianity, as the Lutherans have all along contended, whereas he has formally agreed to the possible and not improbable contingency that these Princesses, under his control, may accept Catholic doctrine in all its details, even to the supremacy of the Pope over the whole Christian Church? Indeed this final step would not be a very serious one after that which has been taken without any qualm of conscience; for even as the matter stands, the hymns which will be sung, and the prayers which will be recited by the two converted princesses recognize the Pope's authority in right most emphatically, while their Church refuses to admit it in practice. Witness the following prayer which the Eastern Church retains in its liturgy to this day.

The first is recited on the feast of St. Leo, who was Pope from A. D. 440 to 461:

"O most holy successor to the throne of the Chief Peter, you had the same belief and the same zeal as he." (*Liturgic, February 18.*)

On the same day occurs the following:

"He (St. Leo), the successor of St. Peter, who was a rich ornament to the supreme authority, and had Peter's fervent zeal, was similarly inspired of God to expound the Faith, and to destroy the confusions of heresy."

The following hymn, chanted on the second of January, the feast of St. Sylvester, is of similar import:

"O most holy Sylvester, you have ornamented the See of the Chief of the Apostles, and have shown yourself a most admirable minister of God, by embellishing, and strengthening, and making glorious the Church by the definition of divine dogmas. You shone as a brilliant star casting on every side the light

of virtues, teaching men to revere the holy Trinity as one indivisible God, and driving out the heresies of the wicked: O holy Sylvester, pray to God for us!"

It will be a rare spectacle to see and hear these illustrious converts from Calvinism or Lutheranism, whichever we may call the Church of Germany, thusing the praises of Popes, recognizing their authority as head of the Church, praying to the saints, and asking them to pray for us, and doing all this with the full approbation of the successor of the founders of Protestantism!

It is enough to make Luther and Calvin turn in their graves with horror at the degeneracy of the religion they established with so much labor.

#### FATHER NOLAN'S CATECHISM OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

We have received from the author, the Rev. Father J. B. Nolan S. J., of St. Mary's College, Montreal, the Director-General of the Association of the Apostolate of Prayer for the French language in Canada and the United States, an excellent book which he has issued, entitled, "The Catechism of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, or the Manual of the Principal Associations Approved by the Church in Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." The chief among these associations are, the Apostleship of Prayer, the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Roman Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, and the Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is one of the most touching and efficacious means offered to us to excite the love of faithful Catholics for Jesus, and to ensure a reciprocity of love between God and the human soul, which is all that the soul needs in order to ensure salvation.

This love for God and man is the charity of which the apostle St. John speaks when he prays that we "love God because God first hath loved us" and because "by this hath the charity of God appeared towards us, because God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we may live by Him."

The devotion towards, and adoration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, directs our attention toward the love of Jesus for mankind; for the heart is regarded as the seat and centre of affection. In accordance with this, David was declared to be a man after God's own heart; and so if we would be at peace and in friendship with God, we must endeavor to unite our affections with those of the Heart of Jesus.

The best way to effect this is by consideration of the infinite love lavished upon us by the Heart of Jesus, the victim of love, which bled for us when Christ suffered for us on the cross, and which continues to yearn for our salvation.

Father Nolan's book is opportune, as it sets before us the practical operation of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the other societies approved by the Church, whose object is to induce us to reciprocate the love of Jesus for mankind.

The fear of God, which influences some to serve Him, is indeed not to be condemned, as we are told in holy Scripture that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and Christ commends those who fear Him who can cast body and soul into hell rather than those who can kill the body only. The fear of punishment leads to the fear of offending Him who can punish, and to the avoidance of sin, and finally to at least some love for God, because those who begin by serving God, even through a motive which is insufficient at first, will finally attain to some degree of love; but the motive of true love for God, which is set before us by the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, casts out fear. As St. John says: "Fear is not in charity; but perfect charity casteth out fear, because fear hath pain; and he that feareth is not perfected in charity. Let us therefore love God, because God first hath loved us." (1 John iv. : 18, 19.)

It is by no means to be supposed that the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus excludes other approved forms of devotion. The Heart of Jesus is in unison with that of His most blessed Mother, and members of the League of the Sacred Heart are recommended to make their offerings to the Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary who is honored by the League under the title "Our Lady of the Apostolate;" and thus devotion to the Blessed Virgin is inculcated at the same time with devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Other forms of devo-

tion are also recommended to and practiced by members of the League.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was specially revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary de Alcoque, as a most efficacious means of gaining precious graces from Almighty God.

The graces which God promised through the Blessed Margaret Mary to those cultivating this devotion, are thus enumerated by Father Nolan in his Catechism:

- 1: The graces necessary for them in their state of life.
- 2: Peace in their families.
- 3: Jesus as their refuge during life and at the moment of death.
- 4: Consolation in affliction.
- 5: Abundant blessings on all their undertakings.
- 6: The plenitude of mercy to penitent sinners.
- 7: Fervency of devotion.
- 8: Rapid advancement towards spiritual perfection.
- 9: Special blessings to those who retain in their houses pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
- 10: To priests who propagate the devotion, a facility to convert obdurate sinners.
- 11: The recording on the Heart of Jesus the names of those who interest themselves in propagating this devotion.
- 12: To those who, in honor of the Sacred Heart, receive holy communion on the first Fridays of nine successive months, the grace of final penitence, that they will die at peace with God, fortified by the reception of the sacraments, and secure of a happy death.

These are priceless blessings, and the multitudes who are engaged throughout the world, in propagating the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; the hundreds of thousands, perhaps the millions, who are found in almost every parish, however humble, carefully fulfilling the requisite conditions to make worthy these nine communions of the League of the Sacred Heart, are a sufficient evidence that this devotion is the one which is suited to meet the wants of souls that were yearning to love God daily more and more.

We hope that Father Nolan's manual will be the means of making known still more extensively than heretofore the graces and indulgences which are annexed to this most admirable devotion. We should be glad to see the League of the Sacred Heart established in every parish of our Dominion.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Toronto P. P. A. resolved to boycott the great fair of that city if the directors invited Sir John Thompson, the Premier of the Dominion, to open it. The directors wisely ignored the manifesto, and the opening was made, as originally intended, by Sir John before the usual thousands, who seemed to be undiminished in number on account of the threatened boycott; and, unless the weather interfere, the fair will undoubtedly have its usual success. The P. P. A. by its silly action has only made itself the laughing-stock of the Province by its asinine course. It would be as wise for them to attempt to stem the course of Niagara Falls, as to injure the fair; but at all events it has proved to the satisfaction of the public that its insane bigotry is more intense than its patriotism, or desire for the prosperity of its own city. The only objection against the presence of Sir John lies in the fact that he is a Catholic.

MGR. SATOLLI has been asked by a gentleman of the United States Episcopalian Church to investigate American Freemasonry, and to use his influence to have the ban removed from the association, at least as far as American Freemasonry is concerned. The Apostolic Delegate's reply is as follows:

Washington, D. C.,  
December 18, 1893.

Dear Sir:—In answer to yours of November 12, I must say that Freemasonry is essentially anti-Christian in its principles and aims, without questioning the intention and behavior of the individuals who belong to it. Such a society has been clearly condemned by the Church, which has come to such a decision after a careful and serious examination. Believe me, dear sir, yours respectfully,

SATOLLI, Delegate Apostolic.

It is altogether likely that American Freemasons have not entered into the plots against religion and good government which have been a feature of European Freemasonry; but they are not therefore void of responsibility for belonging to an association whose basis is irreligion and Anarchy. It wants something more than mere words to relieve American Freemasons from the responsibility arising out of their fraternization with the infidel Freemason propagandism of Europe, and the Church acts wisely in forbidding her children to become entangled with the machine.

The Apaists of St. Louis, Mo., are getting a free advertisement which they did not anticipate when they joined the proscriptive gang. There are 200,000 Catholics in the city, and most of the Apaists depend largely on Catholic customers for their livelihood. It was, therefore, the desire of their hearts that their incognito should be kept; and the law of their society that they should deny their membership was most sacredly kept by them; for mendacity is the crowning virtue of Apaism. This law was therefore the most easily observed of any in the A. P. A. Constitution. But the *Western Watchman*, a vigorous Catholic journal published in the city, has succeeded in procuring the lists of membership for the whole city, and is publishing them at the rate of from two to three hundred every week. The consequence has been that the men who have sworn not to employ Catholics to do any work for them, have found that Catholics will now not employ them or deal in their shops—and some of them are fast going into bankruptcy. This is what they deserve, but not what they expected, and the *Watchman* is deluged with letters from Apaists asserting that though they did join the Association, they left it in disgust when they ascertained its real purposes. The *Watchman* publishes their letters for what they are worth; but remarks that it did not publish any name without good grounds and it promises that the whole membership list will appear in its columns. It says:

"Our A. P. A. friends must not get frightened. We don't mean to hurt a hair on their heads. We are known to the world as Catholics. They are hiding behind hedges and shoot at us from ambush. We want to bring them out from their cover. We don't wish to harm you, gentlemen. We want to look in your face and find out if we ever saw you before. That is all."

The *Ottawa Journal* has been publishing of late Mr. Rider Haggard's recent sensational story, *Montezuma's Daughter*, of which one of the incidents consists of a description of the walling-up of a nun with her babe. Mr. Haggard declared in a note to his work that such incidents were of frequent occurrence in conventual history, and that he had himself seen the body of a nun in Mexico who with her babe had been so treated. The mistake of Mr. Haggard was already exposed in our columns, and Mr. William C. Des Brisay, Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, wrote to the editor of the *Journal* the following interesting letter wherein it is shown that Mr. Haggard has apologized to the public for his misstatement of facts. Mr. Des Brisay's letter speaks for itself. Such falsehoods are not very edifying reading for the *Journal* to set before its readers. Mr. Des Brisay writes thus:

#### AN EVIDENT CALUMNY.

Editor *Journal*.—In the highly sensational story—*Montezuma's Daughter*—now in course of publication in the *Journal*, the author introduces as one of the incidents, the walling-up of a nun and her babe, in punishment for the unfortunate woman's sin. Those acquainted with Mr. Rider Haggard's extraordinary flights of fancy treat his writings for what they are in reality, romances. But, in this instance, he adds a note by way of corroborative testimony, and which reads as follows: (See *Journal*, 23rd August, 1894.)

"Least such cruelty should seem impossible and unprecedented, the writer may mention that in the museum of the city of Mexico he has seen the desiccated body of a young woman which was found immured in the walls of a religious building. With it is the body of an infant. Although the exact cause of her execution remains a matter of conjecture, there can be no doubt as to the manner of her death, for in addition to other evidences the marks of the rope with which her limbs were bound in life are distinctly visible. Such in those days were the mercies of religion."

Investigation has served to completely disprove Mr. Haggard's assertion. Immediately upon the publication of "Montezuma's Daughter," the author's statement was challenged, when he wrote a letter explaining that he was speaking of Spain three hundred years ago. "The horrors," he said, "perpetrated in the name of religion are happily done with now." This explanation, however, was not considered satisfactory, and after Mr. Haggard had obtained the opinion of a number of Protestant antiquarians and historians upon the past history of the subject, he wrote and published this retraction: "I wish to say that I am now convinced that I was in error when I stated in my letter to Mr. Britten of August 9th that I believed the evidence of history to prove that nuns who had broken their vows had been immured in the walls of convents. This opinion I arrived at too hastily after consulting such authorities as I had at hand."

But the history of the "desiccated bodies" which Mr. Haggard saw in the city of Mexico is well known there and was accessible to that gentleman, had he applied to the Museum author-



**MARTIN LUTHER'S OAK.**  
 Protestantism Finds a Truly Allegorical Representation in This Tree.

The following letter written by an American gentleman travelling in Europe to the editor of the *Irish Catholic* can not fail to prove interesting. The oak tree of Martin Luther is famous in history. Protestants fell to believing its growth and vigor to be an allegorical emblem of the spread of their creed. So it was indeed. Now at the end of the nineteenth century, disintegrating Protestantism finds its truly allegorical representation in the decaying oak. The letter is as follows:

"In my travels on the Continent I have hit upon another chapter in the history of Martin, and I think it would interest the humorous faculties of your Irish readers. Outside the City of Worms there stands a tree which, at first sight—and in winter—presents the appearance of a truly majestic oak. It was planted, so the story runs, by the great Doctor himself, amid the plaudits of the populace and under the supervision and protection of the assembled nobles and princes. In planting it Martin is quoted as saying—'As this shoot shall grow and expand its branches to the winds of heaven, so shall my doctrine grow and overshadow Romanism!' And truly it did grow to majestic proportions. The birds of the air, of the most diverse hues, came and nested in its branches. They had their little squabbles, but the oak outlived them. Persons from various lands and climes came, and saw, and were conquered by its towering stature. In their heated enthusiasm they declared that it was not an oak, but the gigantic tree that was to spring from the little mustard seed of the Gospel. Its preservation became an object of solicitude to all who made a penny from the visitors, but especially to the civil authorities. The punishment of the son of Hell, who unconsciously touched the Ark of the Covenant, was threatened those who should lay profane hands on the *Lutherische*. Time, that waits for no man, passed on, and the princes having other matters to occupy their attention became lukewarm in their patronage. The avaricious inhabitants of the neighborhood began to lop off little branches and sold them to the visitors as souvenirs. At the skillful hands of Martin's admirers, who had acquired a world-wide reputation for carving and whittling down, these looped-off branches were made into pens, paper-knives, whistles, etc., etc. They assumed all conceivable fantastic forms to suit the arbitrary tastes of pilgrims who came from different nations. This barbarism increased when the worldly and greedy nineteenth century dawned on Worms, and the princes, engaged in devising measures against the advance of Socialism, persevered in their cruel negligence. But the process began to tell on the neglected oak. The winter's frost nipped its tender buds. In Spring it did not send forth so vigorously its verdant blossoms, and new branches failed to replace the old. But the worst was yet to come; for the trunk, now dry rot in the centre, and announced that the principle of interior life was fast receding. The princes now awoke to the danger. They assembled in Council. Was the Oak of Luther to perish? No. They swore by the memory of Martin himself that were there any virtue in the might and money of temporal power, it should never be allowed to decay. They bound it around with hoops of iron that are still pointed out to the pilgrims to Worms. Learned professors were hired from the universities, and they applied to it the inventions of modern science, but the clamps of power and the injections of science have availed nothing. The rot continues. The American and English travellers continue to buy the pens but returning home find their own pens of more practical utility, and the Luther pens are placed on the mantelpiece as an object of curiosity to visitors. Yet a few years and the present proud inscription will have to be changed to some thing like the following:

"This is the decaying trunk of the once famous tree planted by Dr. Martin Luther" or "On this spot, stood formerly the majestic *Lutherische*." Verily time and nature are unsparing in their sarcasm. If Alexander Pope lived to-day and visited Worms, he would, I fancy pen a pithy distich on the powers and satire of the great poetess Mother Nature.

"Did it ever on that gala day enter into the sublime head of poor Dr. Martin that a scoffing Yankee, of Romanish faith, from the sprays of Niagara would, in the year of grace 1894, contemplate with mixed feelings of amusement, pity and contempt the tree of his prophetic vision? Or did he dream at all that this scoffing Yankee would communicate his impressions on the subject, in blasphemous manner, to a Catholic people on the West Coast of Europe, who, after centuries of enlightened Protestantism and refined torture, still proudly glory in the name of Papist, and laugh in their sleeves at the prophecy of Worms.

"I must apologize for occupying so much of your valuable space; but to avert confusion from the minds of your readers, I deem it necessary to add that I have been describing the oak of Worms, and have said nothing of the doctrine of 'the great Reformer.' I am dear sir,  
 Yours truly,  
 AMERICANUS.

Who has not seen how disagreeable and faulty characters will expand under kindness—Faber.

**THE CHURCHES OF THE EAST.**

Surely all good Catholics who desire the prosperity of Holy Church should be ready to sympathize deeply with our Holy Father, Leo XIII., in his earnest efforts for the restoration of the separated Churches of the East to the unity of the Holy Roman Church, from which they have been so long needlessly separated. In proposing the general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for September the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* gives a resume of the various divisions of schismatical churches scattered through the East, amounting in all to some 15,000,000. On this the *Messenger* remarks:

"Vast as the numbers still included in these separated churches may appear, it is consoling to know that there is also a vast and ever increasing movement towards union with the Holy See. Now that it is understood by West and East that their differences of rite and discipline offer no insuperable obstacle to this union, as many Popes, among others Benedict XIV., Pius IX., and Leo XIII., have so clearly stated; and above all since the apparent doctrinal errors of the East are due rather to misunderstandings or their lack of opportunities for theological study, than to wilfully accept error on their part, we may justly assume that the greatest number of these people live and die in good faith, and that they have for that very reason a more urgent claim on our prayers, since all they need is light to know and embrace the one dogma which they have not yet fully recognized the authority on which it has been declared." Let all good Catholics pray earnestly for the restoration of unity among the Churches of the East.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

**HEROISM OF A FIREMAN.**

A Thrilling Spectacle Witnessed at a Fire in New York City.

New York, Sept. 4.—The flat house, 376 Park avenue, caught fire this morning at 3:30 o'clock, and the whole building was soon ablaze. The tenants had all fled, except the Donohue family on the fourth floor. John Donohue, the husband, was away, and his wife and two children were alone in the house. Mrs. Donohue was aroused by hammering on the door. Wrapping her children in the blankets in which they slept and herself in another, she hurried down. But at the second door she was met by flames shooting upward, and, from the crashing at the foot of the stairway, she knew it had been burned away, and that escape that way was impossible. Dreadfully frightened she returned the way she had come carrying her babies, flames following her up the stairs almost as fast as she ran. She got to the door first, however, and setting the children down, she locked and bolted it and stepped to the window. There she saw the street below crowded by a dense mass of people, but no ladders, no firemen in sight. The flames broke through the door. Mrs. Donohue hesitated no longer, but kissing her 2-year-old Herbert, she held him clear of the sill, and with averted face, dropped him. Next she dropped Julia, four years old. But dropped upon a canvas awning. Their bodies made a rent in the canvas as they dropped through safe without a scratch. They were held up to encourage the mother. Just then the firemen came rushing into the street, and Mrs. Donohue, who had prepared to jump, climbed to the sill and hung there somehow. Up went a big ladder in a flash. A brave fireman sprang ahead of all his fellows, ran up the rounds and caught Mrs. Donohue in his arms and carried her safely down, while the crowd below were crying, slapping each other's backs and cheering their wild ecstasy over the heroic deed so quickly and bravely done.

**Imperative Need of Intelligent Faith.**

Rev. J. A. Zahm in September Donahoe's.

The arguments advanced against religion are more plausible now than formerly, because urged in the name and with the authority of science; the poison of error is most subtle and most potent where its existence is least suspected. It is found in books, newspapers, magazines; in works of art, history, literature, philosophy, and religion, as well as science; it is concealed in sermons and public discourse, and oftentimes plays havoc in the simplest social gatherings. Everything that comes under the magic spell of science—and here I mean infidel and agnostic science—is affected by the ubiquitous poison. The whole intellectual atmosphere is polluted with it, and the only saving antidote is a strong, healthy, intelligent faith. I lay special stress on intelligent faith, because this it is which is often, alas! so sadly lacking. If our people were better instructed in the errors and methods of the dominant teachings of the day, they would not be so exposed as they now are. Forewarned, it is said, is forearmed; but forewarning in the present crisis is not sufficient. We must arm those who look to us for help and guidance with the helmet of faith and the shield of impregnable truth. We must meet the enemy on their own ground, and assail them in their chosen coigne of vantage. We must show that the science on which the enemies of the Church are wont to rest their case is sham science, or a science misapplied; that their proofs are but assertions without foundation in fact; that their premises are fallacious, or that their conclusions are false and unwarranted.

**The Church of the Poor.**

There is one reproach cast upon the Church by a certain class of people which it can never cease to deserve,—a reproach that is in reality a tribute to her divinity. "The work of the Catholic Church," it is said, "lies largely among a poor, illiterate and morally degraded class, and therefore it naturally shares in the odium of their faults." Mr. Frederic R. Couder, of the New York Bar, in an article on the American Protective Association published in the *Forum*, has a reply to this statement well worthy of quotation. "If this be true," he says, "then indeed so long as the Church retains the slightest claim to a divine origin and a divine purpose, so long must that reproach be imputed to her. She is, it is true, and has always been, the Church of the poor and the illiterate. She alone has preached the Gospel to them; she alone has won their confidence; and she alone has sought, and often with triumphant success, to raise them from degradation to a higher standard. She has in this followed the example of her Master and Founder. His walks were among the poor, the illiterate, and the morally degraded. His hands did not shrink from touching the leper, from blessing the sinner; they were raised to Heaven in favor of those who had no friends on earth. He sent His Apostles for the express purpose of doing that which, if we credit the statement, brings odium upon the Church! Perhaps this may be so. Then let her continue to earn that odium in the largest sense. The hatred which good works bring with them, and the contempt which humble charity may create, will not long endure, and certainly will not spread far among our people."—Ave Maria.

**"ABBE" MCMMASTER.**

Rev. Mark Gross' Interesting Description of the Incidents of His Conversion.

The *Carmelite Review* gives the following interesting account of the conversion of McMaster: "Although leading, apparently, a gay life in the fashionable society of New York at that period, he practiced great austerities and corporal penances, in hopes of subduing by this means the pride of his heart. About this time the movement towards Catholicity in England was making itself felt even in this country. McMaster, urged by his own yearning for the true faith, wrote to Cardinal, then Dr. Newman, on the subject of his own doubts and fears, etc. He received a very kind letter in return, and desiring to confer with him still further in this question so dear to him, yet shrinking from imposing on the time of so busy and celebrated a man, who besides, was his senior by many years, asked if there were not some younger hand that could convey his thoughts. In this way a most interesting correspondence was started between Dalgairns and McMaster. Some of the former's letters are still preserved. He urged McMaster not to delay to 'go over to Rome,' as he called it, saying, that if he viewed matters as he did, he could no longer hesitate.

Although McMaster was fully convinced of the truth, yet his proud heart rebelled. He had long before said to himself: 'Either the Messiah is yet to come and the Jews are right; or he has come and the Catholic Church is right.'

How often in after years he bitterly bewailed that it was his "miserable pride that had kept him without so long." "I used to say," he would add, "that if God Almighty had not cared enough about me to put me in His Church why should I go through all it would cost me to get there?" Confession was no stumbling block, as he was accustomed to go since his entrance into Episcopalianism. The most difficult mountain he had to climb was the beautiful mount that had held within her Him whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain. He could not pray to the Virgin. And yet his longing to do so increased as the days went by and he became more and more familiar with the praise that had been written in her honor. The following is his own account of the moment when grace touched his heart and Mary became to him his queen and mother forever. He was reading a treatise of the great St. Ephrem, so devoted a servant to our Blessed Lady. His whole soul was stirred by its wonderful beauty as he read, growing each moment more intense, until he cried out to her: "Oh, if I could only pray to you!" A cold sweat covered him from head to foot, his whole frame shook with emotion. He said, "I will." He knelt and prayed to her. From that moment he never had a doubt. He had found his Mother and ever afterwards he styled himself "Blessed Lady's boy."

He placed himself immediately under the care of the Rev. Gabriel Rumpier, C. S. R., (then rector of the convent in 3rd street, New York, attached to the church of the Most Holy Redeemer) for instructions in the Catholic faith. He was enchanted with the abruptness with which this good Father received him. "If you are sure you are in earnest I will instruct you, but if you are not, you had better stay as you would be worse damned as a bad Catholic."

Now that McMaster had, at length, overcome all obstacles (that is all that had swayed him) in the conquest of his own heart, his ardent impulsive nature was impatient of the happy moment which would admit him to the one true fold.

Father Rumpier gave him at first the small catechism. He returned with

it the next morning assuring him that he knew it from cover to cover. But the good Father (perhaps to try him) only shook his head and said: "What you learn so fast, you forget just so fast," and insisted on his studying it longer. McMaster was received into the Church on the eve of Corpus Christi, which fell that year, 1845, on the 8th of June. He could not have the happiness of being even conditionally baptized, but judging from his own expressions with regard to himself at that time, his soul must have been well cleansed by his hearty sorrow for the sins of his whole life, of which he of course made a general confession. "While he was kneeling at the altar, candle in hand, piously reading his profession of faith to Father Rumpier, he accidentally set fire to Father Tschehen's hair, one of the Fathers who assisted at the ceremony. Walking together afterwards in the little garden of the convent, Father Rumpier, said to him: 'Mr. McMaster, you begin well, setting fire to a priest.' "Oh," answered he, "if I don't set fire to something more than that, it will be a pity."

He received his First Communion the next day. The certificate of his reception into the Church and of his First Communion were found among his private papers.

McMaster took in confirmation the name Alphonsus, and dropped the "A" in "Mac" thinking McMaster more Catholic. Hence he was known as James A. McMaster.

In the midst of his great spiritual joy his poor heart had much to suffer. A most touching interview—of which, unfortunately, there appears no written record—occurred at this time between himself and his father. On becoming an Episcopalian McMaster had been cut off by his family. They regarded him, with much sorrow, as an outcast, who had deserted the faith which they firmly believed to be the only true one. But now that he had become a Papist, the poor father's heart smote him, lest his harsh treatment of his son had led him into what he held to be the worst of all creeds. He feared at the same time that his son was somewhat demented in taking such a step. Accordingly, in spite of his age and infirmities, he undertook the then tedious journey to New York City, seeking for this son who was lost to him. The night before meeting him he spent at the house of a friend, and McMaster learned afterward that they had overheard him through the long silent hours, groaning and murmuring to himself, "Oh, my son! My son!" On approaching his son the next day the father was much moved, and said to him: "My poor boy, come home with me!" "Father," replied young McMaster, "you believe I am crazy." Then followed a long interview, during the course of which young McMaster declared, in loving words, that he owed his present happiness to him from his earliest years to seek after truth and justice and holiness. This was their last meeting on earth. Letters passed between them. His father's were written in a dignified and elevated style, penetrated with a deep religious spirit. He sighed over his poor "erring boy" bitterly reproached him that he was the sorrow of his old age—that he had ever desired of him was that he might be holy.

Of the difficulties which McMaster had to overcome in becoming a Catholic, he says in his editorial of March 1, 1879:

"Thirty-four years ago, from the 8th of June coming, I became a Catholic. I had, two months before, the regard and companionship of many that were of the most cultivated and charming of that quiet old New Yorkers of that time. The promises of those, too honorable to break them, and too well established not to have been able fully to complete them, were offered me; if I would give up my purpose of becoming a Catholic, and pursue the profession of law, for which I had made my studies. Partly by inherited disregard of wealth as a condition of happiness, but, mostly, by the grace of our Lord, procured, I think, by prayers of some that knew of me, though I knew not them, I became a Catholic."

**THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.**

In a brief notice of Mrs. Abel's book on the Little Sisters of the Poor, the *Dublin Review* thus summarizes one of the most remarkable of religious and philanthropic movements of modern times: The Little Sisters of the Poor is an institution which, founded less than fifty years ago by a young curate with no resources save his stipend of 850 a year, assisted by two poor seamstresses and a peasant woman, has covered the whole earth with its branches, and taken its place among the most beneficent creations of Catholic faith. It has now 250 houses, of which 29 are in the United Kingdom, and gives food and shelter to over 33,000 of the aged and indigent poor of both sexes. The name of the humble servant woman who was its first alms-gatherer is so deeply interwoven with its early history that its sisters through Brittany are still known as "Jeanne Jugans," and a street in Saint Servan is called after its lowliest of its inhabitants. Here, in a wretched attic the Abbe Le Pailleur placed his two young novices with Jeanne as their matron and hither, in October, 1840, they brought the two old women who were the first pensioners of the Little Sisters of the Poor. During the time the two girls still pursued their calling as seamstresses, Jeanne, by various forms of service, earned wages which also went into the common fund. With every extension of the undertaking fresh help was forthcoming for it, and thus it progressed from a garret to a basement, and then to a house built for it by the charity of the public. Now the Little Sister, with her basket on her cart, is a familiar figure in every large city, and the Abbe Pailleur has lived to see the great idea with which heaven inspired him realized to an extent that prophetic vision alone could have foreseen.

One advantage of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood is that you need not infringe upon your hours of labor nor deny yourself any food that agrees with you. In a word, you are not compelled to starve or loaf, while taking it. These are recommendations worth considering.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Always on Hand.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

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Below are the names of a few in this city who have been cured by the use of this Plaster, and parties wishing information can obtain same by calling on these parties:

Mrs. Delia, London West; Mrs. J. J. Miller, 212 Dundas street, London; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Kearney, 32 Blackfriars street, London West; Mrs. C. Jeffery, 270 Dundas street, London; Mrs. John D. War, Princess avenue.

This Nine Day Plaster can only be had from me, as I hold the patent and am sole manufacturer.

**MRS. R. PAYNE, 708 Dundas Street, LONDON.**

**NEW FALL SUITINGS.**  
**NEW FALL OVER-COATINGS.**  
**NEW FALL PANTINGS.**  
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**The Latest Scarf—**  
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2nd. No extra commissions are charged its patrons on purchases made from them, and giving them besides the benefit of my experience and facilities in the selection of goods.

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

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

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost

Children obey your parents in the Lord... THE DIGNITY AND HAPPINESS OF OBEDIENCE.

Brethren, there are many new things found out now-a-days; but there are also some old ones and good ones being forgotten.

There is nothing more pleasing to God than the son who is always at the service of his father and mother.

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DAN.

A Story for Boys.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

"Oh, dear, maybe next year, darling," sighed the mother; and with the promise Benjie tried to be content.

The next afternoon, while Viola was returning from the post-office, a familiar boyish voice cried out, "How do you do, ma'am?"

"Why, good-afternoon, Dan; how are you to day?"

"Pretty well - I mean first-rate, ma'am," replied Dan. "I'm gettin' mammy's soap, an' may I just go a little way 'long with you, please, Miss Villa, I ain't seen you for so long time."

"Nothin', Miss Villa, 'cept try to get a job to earn some pennies for mammy's box, where she keeps her money. Seems if I can't do anythin' to help my mammy, an' I do try so hard."

"Why, just now I asked a lady up the road to let me pull weeds out her garden, an' she just said 'only said to clear off or she'd make me.'"

"And what did you do, then?"

"Well, I cleared; there wasn't any money in it, though; if there was money in 'clearin' out, I'd be rich, Miss Villa, in a hurry, I tell you."

"Dan, do you know what 'posin' means? For instance, did you ever hear of any one's 'posin' for a picture?"

Dan scratched his curly head and looked puzzled. "I don't know the word, ma'am, but I s'pose it's doin' something 'bout the picture, ain't it?"

"Yes; in fact, it's next thing to being the picture. Well, to 'pose means to sit or stand in some desired position, while you and the position are being put-painted-on canvas or paper. You saw me painting yesterday morning, but I was only making a picture of the landscape about. Now, I want to paint you, my boy, and if you'll meet me at that big tree in the field over there, to-morrow morning, I will show you how to 'pose for me, and I will pay you fifty cents for doing so. Would you like to try?"

Dan's mouth and eyes seemed trying to see which could open the wider. He stood stock-still in the road and gave a long, low whistle presently, which betrayed his astonishment and delight, and told Viola more than a volley of words could have done.

Finally, "Do you mean it? do you mean it, Miss Villa? Oh! won't I, though! won't I!"

He caught the young lady's hand and put his soft lips upon the back of it impulsively, then wiping a tear from his brown, glad eyes, he cried exultingly:

"Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! How glad she'll be, an' - why, I never s'posed I'd earn so much at one job in my life! Oh, how good you are to me, you dear, kind Miss Villa!"

seeds of kindness which pretty Miss Viola planted, almost without knowing it, in Dan's heart that morning under the trees, were beginning to take root. Don't you think Dan was worth liking and trusting?"

Well, at the appointed time the next morning the small boy and the tall young lady were both on hand together beneath the large elm-tree in the quiet field all full of sunshine and sweetness.

Miss Viola looked expectant and happy; Dan, on the contrary, seemed quite downcast.

Being questioned, it turned out that he had wanted to wear his "Sunday clothes" (a trifle better than his everyday suit), but "mammy wouldn't let him, 'cause she thought the lady would like the old ones better, an' now he'd have to be painted as a shabby boy, an' wouldn't it make a dreadful shabby picture?"

Viola laughed a great deal at Dan's rueful face and speech. She explained that the picture would be much prettier - "more picturesque" she called it - than if he were "dressed up" in his better suit, and that she wanted the subject of her work to represent a country boy in a field, looking as if he had been working and had stopped for an idle moment.

"So he leaned back against the sturdy old tree-trunk, with his hands in his pockets and his hat pushed back from his curly head and his little feet crossed easily, and Viola went to work in short order.

For a time there was silence, except for the rustling of the leaves around them and above in the branches of the grand old elm, and the soft twittering of the birds which flew hither and thither in the sunlight. Finally Dan spoke.

"Fifty cents'll make a big pile of pennies, won't it? I guess mammy'll feel like 'givin' me a quarter to go to the Fair, 'cause she said I didn't have much fun like other boys, an' she knew I'd think a heap of goin' to that Fair where I could see the horses."

"You mean the County Fair, don't you?"

"Dan drew a long breath. "Oh, I just love 'em!" he replied, pulling his hands from his pockets in his eagerness, and gesticulating rapidly.

"Here, here, my boy, put back those hands! you're forgetting that I'm painting you," cried Viola, in dismay.

Dan blushed and hastened to take his "pose" again, but the little tongue ran on all the same.

"You see, daddy was workin' on a place where there was, oh, lots of horses, when I was a little feller, and I used to ride 'em when I was so little that dad had to hold me on, an' by-me-by I got so I could ride faster'n any of the boys. I recollect that Daddy he went away to work somewhere else, an' I didn't see him much, an' most forgot how he looked, but I ain't never forgot horses, 'cause I rides 'em whenever I get a chance. I ain't sick on, too, an' no horse can throw me if I get a fair start, an' the horse ain't up to mean tricks with a feller. I'd go most anywhere to see horses, but I don't like those fat women an' queer things they put in pictures of the Fair on the fences. They're scary things, an' I wouldn't want to see 'em."

"You mean the side shows," said Viola. "Well, don't worry about the Fair, no doubt but you'll get there by hook or by crook, Dan; and now we've finished work for to-day. You may come to-morrow at the same hour. Do you like keeping so still?"

"Yes, when I remember the fifty cents for mammy. I like it, an' I'll come, sure, to-morrow."

He straightened up, stretched the little brown hands so long kept quiet in his pockets, and looked wistfully at the young lady, who was gathering her painting materials together.

Presently she turned and put a shining silver piece in the boy's hand. "Did you think I was going to forget about that, Dan?" she asked, smiling.

"You looked just a minute ago as if you were quite troubled about something."

"No, no, indeed, Miss Villa," he replied. "I was only thinking how good you are - he paused, and then with a swift movement he lifted her hand, as he had done once before, and laid his lips softly with a kiss upon it.

"I love you!" he cried so earnestly that the girl was surprised and touched almost to quick tears. She laid her hand on the child's curly head with a pressure, and then, as impulsively as he had acted, stooped and kissed the broad, pretty brow of the child, who she was more and more convinced, was by far the best and truest-hearted boy the village contained, for all the reputation he had so unjustly earned.

"Dan, I believe I love you too," she said, as the boy, speechless after her kiss, stood red-faced and with bent head before her.

"Oh, Miss Villa, Miss Villa, no one but mammy ever said that to me before! Oh, I am so glad!"

When Dan finally reached home he was surprised to find his mother in tears and gazing sadly at a note she held in her hand.

In an instant he was beside her, his arms about her neck, and his kisses on her cheek.

"What's wrong, mammy? Mammy? darlin', tell me quick! If any one's been hurtin' you, I'll - I'll - pound him to pieces," straightening his sturdy form and clenching his fist angrily.

The woman shook her head. "Tisn't that, Dan; 'tisn't hurtin' the body I mind; oh, no, lad, it's worse'n that, a sight worse'n that, Dan, dear," and she began to cry again.

"Mrs. Howe just sent this note to me, an' she says that when you left the wash there yesterday you were alone in the room a minute, an' after you'd gone she missed a dollar bill that was layin' on the bureau, an' she s'poses you were tempted, an' - an' - oh, Dan, Dan, my boy, you never, never did such a thing as to steal that dollar? Tell me you wouldn't, boy!"

Dan's brown eyes glowed and he swallowed a big lump which suddenly sprang up into his throat.

"His mother went on without waiting for reply: "But she says that she doesn't care for the money, but she can't give her washin' to a woman who hasn't brought her son up to know the sin of stealin'; oh, Dan, that's the very word, lad, an' me a-tryin' all your life to bring you up right an' true. Look at me, child, I say! Why do you just stand there an' say no word to all I'm cryin' about?"

A few more big lumps to be swallowed, and then Dan found his voice.

"Mammy, I'd rather you hit me harder'n a piece of iron than to ask me - your own boy - if I stole! Why, I wouldn't have believed you'd do that, mammy. I never saw any old bill, an' if I had I wouldn't 've touched it; so there, now! I never saw a cent 'cept what she gave me herself for the clothes. I'd - I'd like to just hit her, I would; an' I'd like to call her names like she calls me, for makin' my mammy cry, an' 'cusin' me of stealin'!"

His Indian blood was getting hot now, and he stamped his bare foot on the ground with more anger than he had exhibited in a long time.

"You've got a spirit, laddie, an' I'm glad of it, but all the same it's a dreadful pity this thing's happened, for you see, Dan, we can't now afford to lose the money Mr. Howe's washin' brings in."

"An' to think we've got to lose it all 'long of a feller who wasn't me, stealin' that bill!" cried Dan, excitedly.

"But never mind, no one shall 'cus me of stealin' an' - an' not just know what I think of 'em for doin' it, I tell you!"

Dan wanted to cry, too, poor little boy, but the real, hot, honest indignation in his soul burned up the tears as soon as they started, and he pondered for a minute as to what he should do.

He came quickly to a decision, however, and cramming his hat back upon his head so tightly that the already loosened and much-enduring crown gave more way, allowing a tuft of black hair, like a bunch of Indian warfeathers, to stick out through the large rent in the straw, he started from his mother's side like an arrow shot from its bow.

His eyes were gleaming and his lips shut tightly together.

"Dan, where are you goin'?" called his mother.

"Now, mammy, don't you stop me, I ain't goin' to be stopped nohow, an' I'm in a big hurry."

"You won't go to do anything rash, Dan?"

"Ain't going to be rasher'n other folks is," he said, defiantly, and was presently out of sight, while his mother read and re-read the cruel little note, and wondered how anybody with eyes to see her boy's honest little face could think him a thief.

"An' yet, oh, dear! there ain't any one in the village who don't think him a thief an' a liar, an' everything else that's dreadful an' wicked. Poor boy, he ain't no chance to show 'em what he really is, 'cause every one's against him, an' he's forever knocked about an' hein' blamed, the poor child, though he's no mean-spirited boy, after all, an' like a bit of mischief as well as the next one, an' like as not he's wrong lots of times; but he ain't a thief, an' he don't mean to be bad."

All these thoughts were in Mrs. Carmen's mind as she returned to wash-tub and scrubbed some of her indignation out of her fists so strongly that she nearly rubbed a hole in the bosom of the shirt she was washing.

"Rat-tat-tat." It was Mrs. Howe's kitchen. Bridget, the cook, was hurrying up the mid day luncheon when the knock at the door made her jump and spill some of the tea.

"Sure, it's that murderin' grocer by! I'll fix him an' his noise!"

She went to the door with a reproof on her tongue, but it was not the grocer by this time, only little Dan, who boldly asked for the mistress of the house.

"Is it Miss' Howe yer wantin'?"

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C. M. B. A. MEETING OF THE GRAND COUNCIL AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Ninth Convention of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada took place in the city of St. John, N. B., on Tuesday, 4th of September, 1894.

The officers and representatives to the Convention assembled at the Mechanics' Institute, Carleton street, at 9 a. m., and proceeded in a body, headed by the members of the local branches and a large number of visiting brothers, under the direction of Grand Marshal Thomas Kieckhafer and the Marshals of Branches 133, 137 and 184, to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Waterloo street.

The solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Casey, with the Rev. T. A. Donohue as deacon, Rev. F. McMurray as sub-deacon and Rev. E. Corbett master of ceremonies.

His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, His Lordship Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, Fathers Collins, Bellevau, Girard and other priests were in the sanctuary.

After the Gospel had been sung, His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax ascended the pulpit, and preliminary remarks were made in congratulatory terms to the solemn jubilee of Bishop Sweeney, and to the immense amount of good work done by His Lordship in the thirty-four years of his episcopacy.

welcome, on behalf of the citizens, was delivered by His Worship Mayor Robertson. His Worship extended the freedom of the city to the representatives. He considered it a most pleasing duty to do so, and expressed the hope that their visit here would be both beneficial and pleasant.

The Grand President replied, and on behalf of the delegates tendered their most sincere thanks for the hearty welcome. His Worship then withdrew amidst applause.

Brother J. L. Carleton, on behalf of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, welcomed the delegates. He was pleased to meet the delegates—those from the "arid fields of Prince Edward Island in the east, as well as those from the "rocky mountains in the west."

His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, in his address, spoke of the "armor of God" which we must put on to withstand all assaults.

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in the sad bereavement which has deprived you of a loving brother, the Church of a loyal and zealous defender, and the whole Dominion of a devoted and self-sacrificing citizen.

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inserted in the minutes and in the official organs of the association. THOS. COFFEY, Chairman. REV. A. A. CHERRIER, REV. J. L. HAND, M. F. HACKETT, D. J. O'CONNOR.

It was decided to publish an official organ in the interests of the Executive and under the supervision of the Executive. Ottawa was selected as the place for holding the next Convention, in the month of the Holy Trinity, 1895.

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Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been stricken with a "decline" — wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people.

She was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that strange story was entirely confirmed.

At this moment Judge Landry announced that he would have to vacate the chair, as he was compelled to leave for home in an hour. He stated that he was sorry to be called away, but he felt that the business would be conducted by harmoniously and would be of good value to the association.

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I WAS CURED of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. ROBERT ROSS, Two Rivers, N. S. I WAS CURED of liphitis, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT. JOHN A. FORCY, Antigonish. I WAS CURED of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. RACHAEL SAUNDERS, Dalhousie.

to 85¢ for loads, and 90¢ for pickled lots. Stockers—There was a moderate demand for stockers to-day, at from 21 to 21¢. One man took a load at 21 to 21¢.

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Before the representatives left the cathedral His Lordship Bishop Sweeney, speaking from the altar steps, cordially welcomed them to St. John. After mass the representatives proceeded to the Mechanics' Institute, where an address of

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TEN MILLION MEALS of NESTLE'S FOOD. Were furnished the Babies of America in 1893. Nestlé's Food. Sample and our book "The Baby" sent to any mother mentioning this paper.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society. With Assets of over \$2,500,000. Always prepared to loan large or small sums on Farm, Town or City Properties at low rates of interest.

High-Class Church Windows. THOROLD CEMENT. Is the best and cheapest Cement for the building of Churches, Schools, and all kinds of Masonry Work.

"We always fry ours in Cottolene." Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Sarcotoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc. Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes.

ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE, THOROLD, ONT. References: Very Rev. Dean Harris, C. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. Father Kreid, Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Rev. Father Sullivan, Thorold, Ont.

"We always fry ours in Cottolene." Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Sarcotoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc. Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried Cottolene and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since.

A GLASGOW SENSATION. A Scotch Lassie Rescued by a Canadian. Fainting Spells and Heart Troubles—Doctors Said Recovery was Impossible—a Wonderful Story.

CELEBRATED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for additions, changes, fittings, etc., to Post Office, Stratford, Ontario," and delivered to this office until Tuesday, 18th September, 1894, for the several works required in the erection of additions, changes, fittings, etc., to Post Office, Stratford, Ont.