

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXVIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1906

1465

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THE GENTLEMEN OF THE TORONTO MAIL AND EMPIRE.

The Mail and Empire of Toronto is, we are informed by its prospectus, "published by gentlemen for gentlemen." Judging from a recent utterance there must be many types of gentility. Chesterfield was a gentleman, though some of us may refuse the title to the father who advised his son to sail with the stream, to gamble in moderation. If it is the fashion, and to neglect not the little gallantries which bespeak the can of spirit and charm. Sir Philip Sydney summed up the matter in the phrase: "High thoughts sealed in a heart of courtesy," and exhibited one quality of a gentleman when he gave the wounded soldier the water which he himself longed for. Bayard was a gentleman when he refused to take an enemy at a disadvantage. So are the thousands who are men of truth, lords of their own actions and expressing that lordship in their behavior. Sensitiveness and sympathy, truth and honor, kindness of heart and consideration for others, are supposed to connote the gentleman. But we are at a loss to know which kind of gentleman are the gentlemen who guide the Mail and Empire. We are not disposed to deny them the title, for we have it on good authority that the "prince of darkness is a gentleman." That they are not overburdened with courtesy is all too apparent, but we must remember that they are not among those who bear without abuse

"The grand old name of gentleman Defined by every Christian And soul'd with all ignoble use."

Again they are not shining illustrations of the definition which says that a gentleman should be gentle in everything—in carriage, temper, aims; quiet, temperate, not hasty in judgment.

We confess that their brand of gentility is elusive so far as we are concerned. Now we ask our readers to solve this problem. Find the type of gentleman represented by the Toronto Mail and Empire editor, who said in reference to the Home Rule meeting in that city: "I should no more think of attending a Home Rule meeting than I should think of going to a monkey show."

TOO MUCH PRACTICAL.

A correspondent insists upon having the schools placed on a "practical basis." Assuming that we understand him right we may state the school curriculum is planned to satisfy all tastes. No branch of learning is left out of it, oglems of all kinds sparkle on the programme of studies. Music and calisthenics receive due attention. The boys make wondrous things out of wood, and the girls things more wondrous out of paper. Educators deliver portentous addresses on the "child."

Practical? We are delighted with it. Your one fortune-guiding stars which used to twinkle in a mysterious manner, and to make you wonder what they were—everybody knows what they are now—hydrogen gas. Are we not, in this age of "steam legs and steel hearts," taught by example at least, that we must get on in the world. Do not the children hear at the fire-side, through the press, that the one to be admired is the one who makes money. How it is acquired matters not if we keep on the right side of the penal code. But when it is ours—when we are seated on a money bag all our own, we take our place among the successful ones of the world, and we may talk on the necessity of scrimping and saving in order to have money. Practical! We are trying to turn the world into a workshop upon which falls no light from another sphere; without reverence, without dreams; we are flooding it with knowledge that bodes no good to the pure heart that penetrates heaven and hell.

But there are homes that are not so engrossed in the things of this world as to neglect those of eternity. Whatever their business or pleasures, they forget not the world to come. Permeated by a true Christian spirit and filled with faith in God, nourished with the food of the sacraments, they are sowing in the children the seed that shall yield a rich harvest of happiness for both worlds. And in these homes, to quote Cardinal Manning, "every kind word and gentle tone and loving watchfulness in small things

by which the humblest life is turned into gold and transfigured in secret before God and the guardian angels, shall have a measure of bliss and glory which the world cannot conceive."

THE OLD STORY.

Writing on the Valparaiso earthquake in the Manchester Guardian, Mr. A. G. Wilkins says: "The Roman Catholic priests, as ever to the fore, did their best, headed by Father Rose Innes. I found them worn and hungry, tending to the sufferers in a sort of 'barraca' or open shed; but what could they do without splints, drugs, dressings, disinfectants or nurses?"

THE CLEAN HOME.

In the course of an article on Sunday Reading in the United States, the New York Evening Post says:

"Men who profess to have outgrown any education from sermons, devote Sunday to an orgy of sensational and vulgar articles."

The rest of the week we batten on the newspapers and the cheap magazines. Our fathers' rule was, good reading for the week and the best for Sunday; ours is, bad reading for the week and the worst for Sunday. There is no reason in the nature of things why we should demoralize ourselves with trashy books and periodicals from Monday to Saturday; but if we must indulge in such mental dissipation, we may at least on Sunday allot a little time to books that are worth while. We fear that too many of us batten on newspaper stuff that is useless, if not evil. We have, in fact, but little respect for our souls. We deluge them with dirty water that flows through the sewers of sin. We fill them with babblings of the men of the hour, and chit-chat of scandal, with the result that mentally and spiritually, we are out of elbow. In this matter of reading we are losing sight of Catholic strictness. We echo the cry, "It does no harm," and so let in upon us the printed word that tends to make us hard and cynical and selfish, and to soil us with images of things that are the pure of heart shudder. The adult who wallows on the mud of the gutter press is almost beyond redemption. But we ought to be able to do something for the children. Any sensible parent can safeguard them from the pitiable state of those who cannot listen without yawning to any noble utterance, who never read anything that is worth while; who are frivolous, unintelligent Catholics and strangers to the austerity which must find a place in our lives.

Parents can keep their homes clean. It is their duty to bar the door against anything that can excite worldly and bad thoughts. They can strive to keep the children innocent and help them to an understanding of the supernatural and its heroes. Certain it is, that homes wherein we find no Catholic emblems, and whose bookshelves are filled with all kinds of novels, are nurseries of ignorance and indifference and worldliness. And the worldly Catholic is a pest in the Lord's vineyard. As a rule he is disloyal to his spiritual leaders: a careful critic, and one who grudges any effort in the support of the Church.

THE OLD FASHIONED MOTHERS AND THE NEW.

When Napoleon I. said, "that above everything else France needed mothers," he voiced the truth that the home is the supreme factor in the life of a people. Upon the Christiana home rests the good and stability of society. If we wish to have healthy blood coursing through the veins of the social fabric we must keep its source undefiled. The downfall of the home means the profanation of womanhood. Upon the home whose mothers avoid the cares of motherhood and aspire to positions which neither God nor nature intended them, falls the shadow of barbarism. We believe with the passing of the home, an event longed for by the voracious females, the woman competitor for prizes of this world would, in lieu of the reverence which is hers to-day, be met with selfishness and brute force.

This, however, is not the opinion of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who is a lady with notions. A Mrs. Harris, who takes issue with her on the question of the family in the columns of the Independent, suggests that Mrs. Gilman is a reptile, for the reason, we presume, that she is trying to wreck what should be an Eden on earth.

We admit that here and there in the United States the family life is disappearing. Many women live in hotels

when they are not talking in clubs or listening to some Eastern lecturer; others search the realms of vulgarity for a new sensation; and some are devastating the home by infanticide. And this because they know not the reason of their dignity.

Mrs. Gilman opines that a new era would begin, if, instead of the "domestic woman," we had twenty million mothers who would hand over their children to public asylums and go forth to mother the race. What mothering the race means—well, what does it mean?

Without commenting on the fact that the question of the rights, responsibilities and duties is settled for all time, let us see how this old-fashioned mother who lives hard by the United States is comporting herself.

Writing some time ago in the Boston Herald, Mr. F. R. Guernsey, who is not a Catholic, says: "Don't believe people who will tell you that the women of Mexico are slaves to their husbands. There are plenty of women here who dominate their husbands by sheer force of character. The hope of Mexico lies in her women; they are untainted by vice; their hearts are pure, and they reign as queens of home, and when circumstances force them into the new modern business life, they command respect and it is shown them. The Mexican woman is not literary, a club woman, a debater and all that; but the women here make themselves felt in high politics, in large affairs. Every great living leader in Mexico was educated by a pious and devoted mother."

And Ruskin, in a tribute to the Immaculate Mother, the type of the pure maiden, of the faithful Spouse, of the loving Mother, says: "There has probably not been an innocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity in which the imagined presence of a Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the assured prophecy of the poor Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me, and Holy is His name.'"

HOW THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

Written for the True Voice by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J.

VII—HENRY VIII. SEVERES ENGLAND FROM THE CHURCH.

England had been an integral portion of the Catholic Church since A. D. 596, at which date St. Austin, with his forty monks arrived there on a mission from Pope Gregory the Great, and soon converted a large portion of the inhabitants. During the nine centuries that had since elapsed piety had flourished in the land to such an extent that the country was fondly called by its people "the Dowry of Mary;" whereby they wished to signify that they were more devoted than most other nations to the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is so near and dear to her Divine Son. All the cities and towns contained substantial churches, many of them costly and beautiful, and from all of them rose one concordant voice of worship; from every pulpit the same doctrine was taught; and few persons there were in whose minds and hearts religion did not hold an honored place.

Monasteries dotted the land, more than twenty to a county, homes of prayer, of learning and of charity, and portals streams of charity and consolation ever poured forth to all the needy and afflicted of the neighborhood, and England was happy, and in the blessings of time and of eternity; it was "merry England," then, but it is so no more. The Kingdom was powerful and prosperous, having a full treasury, an industrious, intelligent and contented people, at the time when our story begins, namely in 1509, when Henry VIII., then a most promising youth of eighteen years, succeeded his father, Henry VII., whose many good qualities had been somewhat dimmed by his well-known avarice.

The new king soon became the idol of his people. High ran the universal joy; when but two months after his accession to the throne, he was solemnly united in the holy bonds of matrimony to the virtuous princess Catherine, a daughter of Ferdinand, King of Castile and Aragon.

With this affectionate wife he lived seventeen years, during which she bore him three sons and two daughters; but all these died in their infancy, except the princess Mary, who was afterwards Queen of England. In his public life he was generally reported to be a model ruler, a model man and a model Christian. He had entered the lists as a foremost champion of the Catholic faith, by publishing a book in defense of the Seven Sacraments against the attacks of Luther, and he had obtained from Pope Leo X., in reward of

his zeal, the title of "Defender of the Faith," which he was to wear till death, but which the kings of England have unjustly retained to the present day. But in his private life, Henry wanted one important virtue; he was all along very unfaithful to his saintly spouse. When he was thirty-five years of age, Queen Catherine being then forty-three, he allowed himself to become infatuated with a young lady of twenty-two, the coquette Anne Boleyn, and he put no check on his criminal passion. Of course he could not marry her during the life-time of his lawful wife. It was secretly suggested to him by some flatterers that, with his powerful influence at Rome, he might perhaps obtain a separation from her, on the plea that she had formerly been married to his elder brother, Arthur. But the latter had died when a mere boy of fourteen, and the marriage had never been consummated. Besides, whatever impediment existed had been removed by a formal dispensation of the Church before Henry's marriage.

However, in 1527 the king undertook to plead that this dispensation was invalid, that, therefore, Queen Catherine was not his lawful wife, and that his delicate conscience did not solve the lands and titles of the crown by his conduct during the epidemic called "the sweating sickness," which then visited England, and soon entered the royal palace. While he saw the danger of death before him, he became very pious, he confessed his sins every day, and received Holy Communion once a week; and during this season of piety he resumed his marital relations with the Queen until the plague was gone. Then he banished Catherine, recalled Anne Boleyn, and urged the suit for the divorce with renewed energy. But the Supreme Pontiff, Clement VII., thought at the time in extraordinary need of Henry's help against powerful enemies, remained firm during the five years that divorce suit lasted, and finally refused any further litigation in the matter.

In that situation of affairs, an unprincipled coadjutor, Thomas Cromwell, advised him to throw off the yoke of Rome, and to declare himself the head of the Church within his own realm; he could then appoint his own ecclesiastical court to dissolve the marriage. Many princes in Germany had thus made themselves independent in spiritual things, and they had reaped a rich harvest in appropriating to themselves the lands and buildings of the churches and monasteries.

The king was delighted with this counsel; he at once made Cromwell a member of his privy council, and followed his advice in all its details. For three years she had secretly been living in adulterous union with Anne Boleyn, when, 1533, her condition of pregnancy made it imperative that some decisive step should be taken to prevent public disgrace. Therefore he married her privately on January 25; but it was given out that the ceremony had taken place on November 24, 1532, because the child was born on September 7, less than eight months after the real nuptials. This child of sin was Elizabeth, who in course of time did probably more harm to England than anyone else has ever done; for she was the principal cause of establishing Protestantism in that island.

To bring about the divorce from Catherine, Henry appointed Thomas Cranmer to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and made him the judge of the case; though the Pope had explicitly reserved the decision to himself. The servile court at last pronounced the sentence of divorce. Cranmer was chosen for this disgraceful task; for he had himself after ordination secretly married a daughter of the Protestant leader, Osiander. Yet this is the infamous man who later on introduced the doctrine of the Reformers into England, and who composed the Book of Common Prayer.

On May 28, 1533 he solemnly declared that the King had been lawfully married to Anne Boleyn, and that she was the legitimate authority, which he derived from the successors of the Apostles. And yet only four years later, May 28, 1537, this same man again openly and solemnly pronounced in the name of Christ and for the honor of God "that this same marriage was and always had been null and void. For Henry had become suspicious of his new wife, he had consigned her to the tower and condemned her to death for adultery, and she was beheaded on the day after her divorce.

Only five months after this, on Oct. 12, his third wife, Jane Seymour, brought forth his son, who became later King Edward VI.; the mother died in childbirth. His fourth wife was Anne of Cleves; but he soon divorced her too; and he punished Cromwell with death for having promoted that marriage. He next espoused Catherine Howard; but her also he soon divorced, accusing her of adultery committed before her marriage, and he had her beheaded for constructive treason as her supposed sin was called. His sixth wife, Catherine Parr, barely escaped the like fate, for having presumed to differ from him on a religious question; but when the officers arrived to convey her to the tower, she had appeased his wrath by a most humble apology.

And yet this monstrous tyrant and scandalous adulterer is supposed by many simple folk to have seen the chosen instrument of Providence for separating the English Church from dependence on the one pastor of the one fold. When a Pope is bad, he is

an exception in his line; but, with "Reformers," badness is the rule; and Christ assures us that the tree is known by the fruit.

When Cromwell had advised separation from Rome, in 1532, Henry had immediately accomplished the design. For he had at once summoned a convocation of the clergy, and required of it a recognition of his supreme headship of the Church of England. The act was passed, with the clause added "as far as the law of Christ will allow." By this clause the terrified clergy tried to save their consciences; but it was ignored by a tyrant. At once he appointed the layman Cromwell to be spiritual vicar general of the realm; and thus he set him over all the Bishops. Their powers were suspended, and each of them had to sue for faculties from the king to enable him to govern his flock. Bishops and parliament trembled before the tyrant, and became mere tools of his will. At his bidding parliament passed the bills for divorcing and beheading the queens, for settling the succession to the throne as pleased him, for condemning anyone to death.

To resist his will was to court death, to court death requires a hero; and few courtiers or politicians are heroes. The lord-chancellor, Blessed Thomas More, and Blessed Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, boldly refused to take the oath of Henry's spiritual supremacy. They were cast into the Tower and beheaded for the faith. So were many religious and secular, men and women. The religious houses were confiscated, first the smaller ones; these were charged with relaxation; but the larger ones were declared to be above reproach. Yet soon after the larger ones also were suppressed, and their lands and treasures usurped to enrich the King and his flatterers; while the poor people who used to be supported by their charity were left to starve of want, and later on were branded with a red hot iron for begging their bread, or given over as slaves to whoever condescended them of vagrancy. It is hard to trace the finger of God in Henry's work, but it is easy to see in it the influence of the devil, the world and the flesh.

THE RAPID RISE OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

Secret societies are growing faster in this country than any other kind of organization. A few figures on this topic may be a revelation to us. Any how, it is an interesting study.

It has now come to pass that every fifth man with whom one shakes hands is a member of a secret organization, counting out his possible college fraternity. This growth has been largely during the last ten years. The gross figures of all the secret organizations to day are not far from 10,000,000, as against 4,126,375 in 1894.

This fact has a tremendous significance when it is viewed in the light of the advance of the Church in this country. In former times the attitude of the Church was one of antagonism to all secret societies, but since the large development of secret societies among Catholics, churchmen have receded in practice from the strong stance that was taken twenty-five years ago, and the sentiment of opposition is reserved for some few, and these few are societies that have been condemned for half a century. This present generation of Catholics have inherited these condemnations. Whether at the assembling of another Plenary Council there may be a change in the attitude of the Church in regard to some of these societies that are now under the ban it is hard to say. Anyhow, the fact now faces us that the manhood of this country is gathering into organizations that supply for them to some extent the offices of religion. Men do naturally thirst for religion, but secret societies are one of the ways that that thirst is satisfied. When a man has his lodge he rarely cares for Sunday church gatherings. Not only does the secret society habit offer a negative opposition to religion by supplanting it in the human heart, but in many instances the principles that are professed in the lodges are diametrically opposed to the policies of the Church on such vital subjects as religious education and the relation of the Church to the State. Here is another fact, and that is the greater tenacity than the churches do. Another fact of interest is three societies that the Church has put the ban on—the Free Masons, the Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias—are the three largest societies, numbering in the aggregate 2,750,000 or one-fourth of all the total membership of the secret societies world. Moreover, these are growing more rapidly than the others. Masonry has been the target for more attacks than any of the others; still its growth has been impressive. This growth, too, has been in the face of the admonition to all members of Masonic orders that they shall not invite any man to become a Mason.

What has given rise to this sudden and remarkable expansion of the secret societies? Some will say that it is the general prosperity that permits a man to spend money in these channels, but undoubtedly the fundamental reason is the decadence of organized religion outside the Church. Protest antism no longer supplies for men the religious food their souls crave. If the Catholic Church had only been presented to the American people as a House of Hope, with an open door and the pathways thereof cleared of all obstacles, they would just as readily come to the Church.—The Missionary.

CLERICAL MARRIAGE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

A warm controversy has been going on for some weeks in the Church Times (Anglican) on the subject of clerical marriage. It arose from a statement made in connection with the subject of clerical poverty, to the effect that the laity of the Church of England demanded a married priesthood. The truth of the statement was vigorously questioned. In a leader on the subject the Church Times quotes the following observation of the late Bishop Harold Browne:

"We may fairly conclude from the language of the Apostle, coupled with the words of our Lord, that the tone of popular opinion concerning marriage and celibacy is low and unscriptural. With us, marriage is ever esteemed the more honorable state; celibacy is looked on as at least inferior, if not contemptible. But the base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen. And a true tone of Christian sentiment would make us honor those who live apart from earthly joys that they may live more to God."

It concludes its article as follows:

"Clerical matrimony and courtship—but especially the latter—are a never ending theme for vulgar fun and farcical satire. The tea table flirtations of the interesting curate; the adventures of the widow and the honored archdeacon even the bashful Bishop and the future Mrs. Proudie—these mirth provoking diversions of the comic paper, of the music hall, and sometimes even of the village entertainment, do more to lower the consecrated ministry in the eyes of the people than open scandals. We observed recently side by side on the same boarding two theatrical posters—one depicted a snowy haired abbe holding the crucifix before a fallen woman, the other an English clergyman of the 'Private Secretary,' plus Charles Keane type of ecclesiastical humor. The posters by seemed to think it was all right. We felt not a little sick."—London Catholic Weekly.

THE CHILDREN IN DANGER.

A SECULAR JOURNAL ON THE EVIL RESULTING FROM PENNY PEEP SHOWS.

If the rapid increase noticed this year in the number of penny arcades and nickel electric theatres meant only that speculators were reaping a rich harvest of small coins at little expense to themselves there would be no objection to it. The children who spend their money in that way might do better to save their pennies, but there would be no call for police interference if the children were not taught immorality as well as encouraged in thriftlessness.

Train robberies, the pursuit of escaping criminals, prize fights, lynchings, police raids, are apades in which a guilty wife or husband is surprised by a suspicious spouse, and as many other criminal or disreputable scenes as the imagination of the kitescope artist can suggest, are presented with lifelike distinctness for young children to gloat over. The pictures in the slot machines are often of a kind no father would wish his young son or daughter to look upon. When not actually indecent they are often suggestive of indecency. Some of the worst of these may be found in places where signs invite the presence of ladies and children. These places, which are open until a late hour, are meeting places for boys and girls, among whom are certain to be some too experienced in the wickedness of the world to be fit companions for the innocent. They invite each other to look at pictures of doubtful propriety, and take their first steps on the downward way. The glorification of crime in the moving pictures suggests to many a gain wealth or fame if he "has the nerve." The fact that the train robber, or the saw bloower, or the counterfeiter is caught at last makes no impression upon the youthful spectator. That is laid to bad luck or bad judgment, and the incipient criminal is sure he would be more fortunate.

It is true that some of the plays presented in these shows are no more depraved than the stages of certain theatres, but they are more dangerous to the children because they are brought near to the children's schools and homes, and the price is so low that children who never have been to the theatre in their lives are habitual patrons of the penny or nickel shows. There is enough legal warrant for closing all exhibitions tending to encourage or glorify crime for the children.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

What is a Religious Vocation?

"To have a religious vocation means, to my thinking, that the Master has passed near to the favored one, and looked on her with love, that she has at least dimly seen Him and known Him, and yearned, for His sake, to rise higher than the mere Christian obligations, the white He has whispered, 'If thou wouldst be perfect, forsake all, and follow me.'"

"But that is just the story of Christ and the young man who went away sorrowful," said Cecilia, with the disappointment which some persons feel at a simple solution of a difficulty which they had looked for a long and patient unraveling of curiously twisted strands. "It is the story of every true vocation, nevertheless," rejoined Mrs. Morgan, "only in other divinely re-ordered cases, those who were called accepted the conditions."—Katherine E. Conway in the Pilot.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

By T. W. POOLE, M. D., LINDSAY, ONT.

CHAPTER I.

The village of Mertonville was a place of some local importance, and could boast the usual appurtenances of a thriving inland village; such as a mill, a post office, a flourishing public school, several churches, stores, taverns, (called by courtesy hotels) representatives of the several trades and at least one member of the medical profession.

If you ask me for further particulars regarding it, I can only tell you that it resembled hundreds of other villages dotted here and there over the country, each of which had no doubt special features of its own; and compared with these in a general way, this particular village was neither better nor worse in its moral, social or business relations.

That, at least, was my candid opinion of it, at the time this story opens. But the people of Mertonville thought differently. As they saw it, their village had superior claims and advantages to any of its rivals, far or near. It was in the heart of a fine agricultural country. It was a favorite place for yearly "fairs" and autumnal "shows" of farm produce and domestic industry. Here, too, petty justice was dispensed to the surrounding district; but to crown all, the place had been visited by the promoters of a railroad, and the very line of way was staked out. Though truth compels me to add, that the projected road was never built, yet the very prospect which such a proposition seemed to hold, gave for a time an impetus to the growth of the place; so that with these advantages, it is not to be wondered that Mertonville offered openings for business, to men of small capital, and that of these, not a few by steady diligence and prudent management, emerged, in time, from their first dingy shops, into solid structures of brick and stone, with large glass windows, heavy stocks, assured position, and perhaps accumulated wealth.

As it is with one of this very class that these pages are most intimately concerned it is necessary to present him, in a few words, to the reader. Neil McCoy was, at the time referred to, of less than middle age, of medium height, of plain and simple manners, entirely without pride or affectation, Scotchman by descent, and a Presbyterian in religion. His features, if plain, were regular, his aspect thoughtful and intelligent; while his character was that of an honorable man and a good citizen.

This reputation was in no way diminished, as the years went by, and the young merchant found himself at the head of a prosperous business. Only one thing was necessary to crown his felicity, and if the gossips were to be believed, this deficiency was in a fair way of being remedied. It was said that he was a frequent visitor at the manse, and that though that might be in part accounted for by his holding the office of Elder, and in consequence, having business to transact with the minister, yet truth to say, any such explanation would have met with little faith from the general public, who believe that, not the minister, but his pretty daughter Jennett, was the object of his attention on these occasions.

When rallied on the subject, Mr. McCoy was reticent, shook his head, perhaps displayed a slightly heightened color, and changed the conversation. As for Jennett, she laughed at the soft impeachment, then denied it, as we know young ladies are apt to do on such occasions, with the effect of confirming the first impression.

Now Miss Jennett was not only handsome, but fairly accomplished, and being an only child, would inherit the proceeds of her father's investments, which for a minister, situated as he had been, were very considerable. When therefore, the rumor gained credence that these two were "engaged," people said "what a lucky pair!" "how fortunate," with much more to the same effect.

The immediate result of this gossip whether true or false, was to enhance still further the reputation of the merchant, whose prospects for the future, to all appearance could not well be brighter or more cheering.

But alas for his man's good reputation! As the shadows cast by clouds sweep across the country, darkening the land seeps as yet far off and unseen, but ever approaching, a dark shadow was looming up, soon to appear above the horizon of this man's life, when he would be arraigned before the bar of public opinion, not only of Mertonville but of all the adjacent country.

What had he done? Defrauded his creditors by a sham failure and a dishonest compromise? Not the false ideas which too generally prevail might have caused such a crime to be condoned, at least among certain classes of society, where fraud passes for "smartness," and the apparently successful rogue goes, for a time at least, "unwhipped of justice!"

Let me say, at once, that no trickery in business was laid to his charge. He had betrayed no trust, nor was he accused of violating any one of the Ten Commandments. His name was associated with no social or domestic scandal. But in the opinion of the gossips of Mertonville he had probably become guilty of worse than any of these acts of delinquency.

Men are many sided characters; and public sentiment in Mertonville, as elsewhere, was exacting in other affairs besides business and social relations. Mertonville was what is called evangelically religious, to which its four church edifices bore ample testimony. But what had Neil McCoy done to outrage the religious sentiment of Mertonville? Gone over to the Baptists, or joined the flourishing Methodist connexion, or become an Unitarian? No! no! these would have been quite pardonable offenses, and easily forgiven in such a place. His crime was worse than this. Become a ritualist? Worse!

An atheist or infidel?

Oh, worse still!

Now I am not saying that Mertonville was not an intelligent, nineteenth century community, which prided itself on what is called "freedom of thought," and the liberality of independent opinion. This was actually the case. Public opinion in Mertonville, as in many other places, demanded for every man the right to "think for himself;" but it also insisted, under penalty of its displeasure, that he must think as the leaders of public opinion thought. Public opinion in Mertonville had made the discovery that Neil McCoy's thinking had, some how or another, diverged from the current of popular opinion, in religious matters, and it felt this as an outrage and became incensed accordingly.

Thus when it became whispered about that Mr. McCoy was displaying tendencies towards "Romanism," a general feeling of surprise, disgust, indignation and pity, not unmixed with scorn, took possession of the community. The dark shadow which had been hovering in the distance, till now unseen, closed in around him as a dense cloud, amid the blackness of which were furtive gleams of lightning, and mutterings of not distant thunder. In other words, this man's "freedom of thought" and independence of opinion, seemed not unlikely to bring down upon him the disastrous results of social ostracism and commercial ruin.

But how came about this primary change of opinion, which in turn produced such a revulsion of feeling, in an entire community? Neil McCoy was about the last person in the world, apparently, of whom such a thing could be predicted. Not only his education and associations, but his worldly interests and even his dearest hopes, were wholly antagonistic to such a change of sentiment. None of his family, or friends, or generations at least, had belonged to that despised Faith. There was no Catholic Church in Mertonville, and the few adherents it could claim in that highly Protestant community were comparatively obscure and unimportant individuals, who were very unlikely to influence late, sturdy, and intelligent Scotch Presbyterians with their, to him antiquated and exploded beliefs and practices.

Mr. McCoy, indeed, had rarely, if ever, entered a Catholic Church. Probably beyond a mere passing salute of ordinary courtesy, at rare intervals, he had never spoken to a Catholic priest. He had no obvious access to Catholic books or to Catholic literature, while everything he had heard, or read, as he grew up from youth to manhood had been prejudicial to the Church of Rome, which indeed, he was accustomed to hear, on certain occasions, vigorously denounced, as superstitious, "idolatrous" and "tyrannical," not to mention other phrases more vigorous than refined.

These accusations he had believed, religiously, from his youth up. Surely this was very unpromising soil for the implantation and growth of Catholic sentiments and ideas! What subtle influences could have warmed into life a germ so uncongenial and amid surroundings so unpropitious?

Perhaps the future life may reveal something of the hidden springs which led to our thoughts, and unconscious to ourselves, prepare for us a path which otherwise we never should have trod. Only this we know, that what we call trifling incidents are often agencies effecting momentous results. A timely word, a sentence, a casual conversation, an apparently accidental meeting, may give use to a train of thought, the development of which may influence the whole current of a life and make itself felt even in the great ocean of eternity.

Every human being is subject to such influences. Happy he who is enabled to turn them to good account; to choose the good and to resist the evil—in the doing of which there is great reward.

CHAPTER II.

I have said that there was no Catholic Church in Mertonville. But the few Catholic families residing there were not wholly deprived of the consolations of their religion. At certain times, but usually of necessity on a week day, the priest from the village of Hopeton held "a station" at the house of one or other of the Catholic families residing in the neighborhood.

It was on such an occasion that Mrs. Maloney, a well to do farmer's wife, residing in the adjacent township, after having attended the services, or "been to her duty" as she would have expressed it, called at Mr. McCoy's store for the purchase of certain commodities for her household. She carried a basket on her arm, in the bottom of which was deposited her well-worn prayer book, concealed beneath the folds of a cotton handkerchief.

On completing her purchases and arranging her parcels in the now loaded basket, she inadvertently omitted her prayer book, which was left behind amid a pile of calico which strewed the counter, where it was soon after found by Mr. McCoy in rearranging the goods.

He slipped the book into his pocket, with a vague idea that perhaps he might meet her before she returned home and restore it to her. No such opportunity however presented itself, and as the hours of business were on his side he subjected no further attention.

That evening he found his way to the manse, as was his frequent custom. The minister was away, but that did not seem to greatly disappoint the elder, or materially to shorten the duration of his stay.

Jennett received him with a pleasant smile in response to his own cordial greeting. The parlor door closed upon the pair, but if one might judge from the low music of voices and the occasional ripple of laughter passing out through the open window, "the course of true love" in this instance at least was apparently "running smooth."

I feel a delusion in intruding upon the privacy of the lovers, or of laying bare to the cold scrutiny of the reader, the tender sentiments and pretty endearments which filled up the too feet-

ing hour on this occasion. The reader may perhaps be able to supply the deficiency from his on her own imagination or experience.

In due time the huge parlor lamp was lighted, and Neil, happening to place his hand in his pocket, drew forth Mrs. Maloney's forgotten prayer book. He was seated very near to Jennett at the moment; and showing her the treasure-trove he had unintentionally acquired, they proceeded to examine it together.

Neither having ever before held in hand a book of Catholic devotion, was to both an object of curiosity, perhaps not unmixed with an ill defined feeling of awe, as of a thing uneasy. The book itself was in a slightly dilapidated condition, and bore the distinctive marks of frequent use.

"The Key of Heaven!" cried Jennett, as her eye fell upon the title page. "My! what a name for a mere book! Isn't it awful how these poor Papists are deluded. 'The Key of Heaven' is as if that shabby book could open heaven."

"I suppose," said Neil, "that being a prayer book the title is meant to imply that prayer opens heaven."

Turning over the leaves, one by one, their eyes fell upon "Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity," "Daily Prayers," and other devout exercises.

"See here," said Neil, pointing with his finger, "nearly all these prayers end with the words, 'through our Lord Jesus Christ.' You would not have expected that, would you, now? Here it occurs again in the 'Prayers for Mass' 'through our Lord Jesus Christ,' he repeated, slowly. You see all their prayers are not to the virgin and the saints."

"Latin, eh!" he said, turning over another leaf. "I'm sure Mrs. Maloney will not make much of that," and his face reflected the humor of his thought.

"Oh! but here it is in English, word for word. Not so bad that. No doubt this service is very ancient, for this is admitted to be the oldest Church."

"Credo in unum Deum Patrem omnipotentem."

"How grandly these words sound! Have they not echoed, in solemn tones, through long centuries. Now if the Catholics really believe 'in one God,' as they here profess in this ancient creed, how can they worship the Virgin and the saints, or be idolaters, as we know them to be?"

"And here's the Lord's prayer too."

"And the Hall Mary," said Jennett, as she proceeded to read it.

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

"That's scripture," said Neil, quickly.

"Blessed art thou amongst women."

"That's scripture, too."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

"Ha!" said Neil, "that's where the Popery comes in."

"That's so," said Neil.

"Yet you see they only ask her to pray for them," said Neil, thoughtfully.

"What a fuss they make about her, as if she was so much better than other women," said his companion.

"I wouldn't mind saying the first part of it myself," said Neil.

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Why, it was the angel Gabriel said that! Ah Jennett, was ever woman so highly honored! What a share she bore in the redemption of the world!"

"But you could never think of calling her 'Mother of God,' she asked, involuntarily drawing a little away from him.

"It's all so new to us," he said.

"Let us look into it a little."

"Oh, I don't want to look into it."

"Do you know Jennett, there are a great many times more Romanists than Presbyterians in the world?"

"Well what of it?"

"Many thousands of them must be quite intelligent and even learned."

"Yes."

"Only recently some of the keenest intellects in England embraced the Catholic Faith."

"They were Puseyites, I suppose."

"Call them what you like, they were certainly no fools, and had everything to lose, and nothing to gain by it. Can you imagine really sensible men believing nonsense? After all, there are something serious about this old church, which perhaps we do not understand. For my part, I really know nothing about it."

"Now, Mr. McCoy!"

"Fact," said Neil.

They were silent a few minutes, and then Neil asked suddenly.

"Was she the mother of Jesus Christ?"

"And was Jesus Christ God?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that equivalent to saying she was 'Mother of God'?"

"There's some quibble about that," said Jennett.

"Just let us think it over a little," he said.

"Oh, don't bother about it," she answered impatiently and so he was silent.

At length, leaf after leaf had been turned over with various comments, till the book was closed, and Neil rose with a sigh to take his leave.

"Why do you sigh?" she asked.

"At having to leave you, of course. Ah Jennett, how pleasant it will be to have you at my fireside, but you keep putting me off."

"I'm over young," she said, gaily, "and besides my father would miss me so."

What more was said, and how he threatened, gallantly, to carry her off, there and then, and how prettily she resisted his seeming threats, and how fondly they parted at last, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the lives of all lovers, as a part of the old story,—which was, and is to be, in *secula seculorum*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

"Yes, I had a letter from Father Byrne, telling me of her death. I thought you would have written."

There was a question in the voice, and Cyril Ransome answered hastily:

"I had so much to see to, both at home and here at the office, and then I thought Father Byrne could do it better than I."

But he was under the impression that you were writing also, and he mentioned a message that you had for me, therefore I waited—I wrote—but no answer came."

The wealthy merchant moved uneasily in his chair. There was a look of inquiry, almost stern, in the keen blue eyes of the young priest who sat facing him at the other side of the paper-laden table. They stirred his heart, too, those dark fringed eyes, like, and yet so unlike, those of the wife he had loved so dearly, so passionately, and yet, alas! for human constancy, over the grave where he had laid her six years ago the weeds ran riot. He had never thought to hear of her again, for she was not of his world, the sweet, shy Irish girl he had transplanted from a home of peace and piety to wither in the worldly atmosphere of his surround-

ing. Yet here, after six years, was her brother, come from the other side of the world, and asking questions to which he knew he could give no satisfactory answer. And he did not look like a man to be put off by evasions and half replies, for all that he was so young. He stole a glance at the firm lips and steady eyes, and decided to take a high tone if necessary; but the silence was irksome, and he broke it abruptly.

"I am very pleased to have seen you, Father Doyle, and should have liked to have welcomed you at 'Greenlands,' but my wife, unfortunately, is—is indisposed."

"To receive a priest, I suppose."

Mr. Ransome started; a flush of anger rose to his brow. He was not accustomed to being spoken to so curtly, and he answered haughtily:

"My wife cannot be comforted herself to her guests. Still, I admit that she would rather not receive a Catholic clergyman. Many Protestants share the same prejudice."

"Does the prejudice extend to all Catholics or only to the priests? Why did she then become your wife?"

The flush of anger faded; it was evidently an embarrassing question. Whatever illusions he might have had on the subject had long since been dispelled, and he knew only too well that it had been his wealth and position that had induced the handsome and accomplished widow to listen to his suit. He was not allowed time for any misgivings, bitter or sweet, for Father Doyle leaning across the table and fixing on him a steady, keen glance, as though he would read his inmost soul in slow, deliberate accents:

"The sister left a child. Did it live?"

The other bowed his head in assent—the dreaded question had come.

"I do not want to intrude on you or your home in any way. Give me a straight answer to a straight question and I shall go my way and leave you in peace. In the name of Almighty God, in the name of the Blessed Lord who died for you and me, in the name of our Immaculate Mother, at whose feet we hope to meet in heaven, in the name of the Holy Mother Church, whose unworthy children we are, I ask as Eusebius asked the Shunammite of old, 'Is it well with the child?' Can you give me the answer she gave the prophet: 'It is well!'"

Twice the unhappy man assayed to speak, but each time the false words died on his lips as he met the steady gaze of those eyes, which, darkened now by intensity of feeling, were more than ever like those of the dead woman, whose dying injunction he had set aside to please his vain, worldly wife.

"Your silence tells me all, and it is bitter to know. It is not well with the child of Catharine, because she is being brought up either a Protestant or in utter indifference. Ah! that last shall hold; it is in indifference. In the name of the dead mother, since you admit no other claim, I call on you to give that child her birthright. If you will not, give her to me and I shall see that she is brought up as Eileen's child should be. You may have other children now; keep them and give me this one. If you like to contribute to her support, you may; if not, my scanty means must suffice, but my poverty will give her what your wealth denies—the knowledge which leads to life eternal."

But Mr. Ransome had recovered his self possession. He rose and walked to the door. Before opening it, he said in a voice vibrant with repressed passion:

"My child remains in her father's house. Your zeal has made you forget yourself. I must beg you to leave my affairs alone in the future. I have the honor to wish you good morning."

The door was wide open now, and the clerks in the outer office could hear any further converse. Father Doyle was defeated; he could not go, but he said in a low voice: "You will not hear me, but there is a voice to which you cannot close your ears. Man, you may defy with impunity, but not God—to Him you must answer."

He was gone, and Mr. Ransome, conscious of the curious looks of his employees, summoned his head clerk and plunged into matters of business.

But try as he would, he could not dismiss the thought of the unpleasant interview of the morning, and vague misgivings crossed his mind as to his carelessness to his motherless child.

Thus in the evening, after dressing for dinner, he passed at the head of the grand staircase, hesitating as to whether he should go to the drawing room or to the nursery. With a half laugh he turned and passed down the long corridor to the children's quarters. It was so seldom he went that way that he was not sure of the rooms, when the sound of a low sob fell on his ear. The corridor ended in a large bay window overlooking the garden, and there, on the window seat, he could dimly discern a little form. Something in the pathetic droop of the head stirred his heart strangely; he knew it was Eileen

before he reached her. She looked up at his coming, tears giving place to smiles; but when he drew her on his knee she laid her head on his shoulder and wept bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter with my little girl? You're not a sunbeam-to-night. Tell me, please?"

And by degrees he drew from her all her woes. She was lonely, and Hilda had laughed at her and called her names, and then nurse slapped her.

"But you must be a brave little girl and not cry for every little thing. You are getting a big girl now, nearly ten, and you must try and bear with Hilda; she loves you, though she is cross sometimes."

"Oh, no, father," she said, looking up earnestly into the loving face so close to hers; "she doesn't love me, and no one does except you. Why haven't I uncles and aunts, like Hilda and Joyce? If only dear Uncle Bernard hadn't died!"

Uncle Bernard! Cyril Ransome gasped. Where had this child heard of her Uncle Bernard, and dead?

"Did he die a long time ago, father? I am sure he would have loved me, because he loved mother so much."

"How do you know that, pet?"

"You gave me dear mother's desk, you know, last birthday, and I found the letters in it he wrote to her. He was at some big school, I think, and I couldn't understand all, so I put it away; ask you when we were quite alone together," and she tightened her clasp on her father—"like we are now."

He understood the meaning of the caress. Young as she was, she had found out that any demonstration of love between her father and herself was unwelcome to her step-mother, and with a wisdom beyond her years she always retreated from any such how time as when they were alone. How seldom that was he acknowledged to himself now with a swift pang of remorse.

"What couldn't you understand, little girl?" he asked, stroking the glossy curls back from the flushed brow.

"You look very serious."

"How old was I when mother died, father?"

"Just four, Eileen. Why do you ask?"

"Because so many times I seem to remember and then forget again. Things in Uncle Bernard's letters make me think of them again. Pretty flowers and bright lights, and such a dear, dear lady. Was it a dream, father, or do I really remember?"

"But her father made no reply. How could he answer?"

"Sometimes when Hilda is out driving with—you know—and I am so lonely and no one seems to care, I write letters."

"You funny little girl, and to whom?"

"It used to be to make believe people, but now I know I used to have an angel write to him. I wish he was alive. How long ago did he die?"

"Who told you he was dead?"

"Of course, I know. You would have told me about him if he were alive, and then he loved me so he would come to me."

"Loved you?"

"Yes, he did; he always said it in his letters, and I learnt one bit because it made me feel—oh so—I can't tell you—but as if I must have my own dear mother again."

"Tell me, tell me. Ah, there sounds the dinner gong. We have guests to-night, as always. I must go, pet; but tell me first."

"I can't understand, but I want to ask you. He said he was going to be—oh, I can't remember, a strange word—and then, 'my dear I should love you to be here with your darling babe, and my first blessing, Eileen, would be for you two.' I'll show you the letter. Must you go now?"

"Yes, pet; but I'll come to-morrow night, and we'll sit there and talk. And you'll be brave?"

"Yes, yes," but the tears gathered as she watched him hurry away; the little heart yearned for love, and it had only him.

And through all the sumptuous dinner with its endless courses of dainty viands, through all the idle talk and meaningless chatter, the words of his neglected child haunted him, and those other words also, stern yet pleading, "Is it well with the child?" What would she have said had he told her that this same Uncle Bernard had been with him that day, and had even wanted to take her away from him? As if he would let her go, the only thing he had to love, or that loved him.

And yet, "Is it well with the child?" Ah, it was not well, he knew that. She was certainly lonely and unloved, and, worst of all, the blessings of the faith were denied her. But he would make up for it—yes, he and she would be much to one another; he would look after her more. It would all be right in the years to come.

Alas! for human plans; he was detained by business the next day, and did not reach home until very late; and the day after a telegram summoned him to attend an important meeting in another State. It was only ten days later that he reached home, determining to go straight up to his little daughter. He had felt for her disappointment, and he had written to her whilst absent. In the hall he met his wife, who was going to a reception. Her beauty, enhanced though it was by her costly robes, woke so admiration in him. He had sounded the shallow, cold heart, and knew its worthlessness. He was passing on, after greeting her, when she stayed him.

"I think you had better see to Eileen. Of course, I got a trained nurse in, and Dr. Ashton is very clever; but she is such a sickly child—no stamina, and—"

But he was speeding up the stairs, and soon was in conference with the nurse, who was greatly relieved at his coming.

"I was wondering," she said, "whether there was any one at all who cared for the poor child. She is very low, and it is doubtful whether she will pull through. What? You did not know of her illness? Why, it is more than a week ago. Yes, I have been

here, a week. Yes, of course, you may come in and see her."

But she did not know him; her shorn head tossed restlessly on the pillow, and she babbled unceasingly. He drew back from the bed, appalled, bewildered, when a name, falling from the fevered lips, went like a knife to his heart—"Mother! Mother!" He turned away, sick at heart. The nurse touched his arm.

"She was writing to you, I think, before she was so bad, and to her uncle, I wanted to post the letters, but I could get no address."

"Her uncle! Oh, accusing words—'Is it well with the child?' He moved suddenly to the door, the light of resolution in his eyes. Her uncle should come to her.

He rang up the priest with whom his brother in law had said he was staying. Yes, Father Doyle was still there. Who wanted him? "Stay, he will come and speak to you."

"No, no! Give him the message only. Eileen is dying, I fear. Ask him to forgive all and come at once."

Then he went back to the dimly-lighted room and sat where he could see the fever flushed face. The slow minutes lengthened into an hour, and yet he had not come. Perhaps he would not, or perchance they had mistaken the address.

While he thus sat in sorrowful thought he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, looking up, saw Father Doyle. In silence he clasped his hand and led him to the bed where the little sufferer lay. In broken words he told of her finding the letters in her mother's old desk, and the longing for the about was indeed, "I have been weak, foolish, wicked, but, please God, I'll turn over a new leaf. Stay with me, Bernard, and help me."

"I will, and if God so please, we'll have the little maid up and about very soon."

But though he spoke hopefully, he was far from feeling at all sanguine. Still, the child had youth on her side; it was possible she might recover.

Mrs. Ransome shrugged her white shoulders disdainfully when she heard of the new inmate of the house, but her husband's stern glance checked the jeering words that rose to her lips. After all it made little difference to her, for Father Doyle spent his time in the sick room or in the garden, and she scarcely ever met him.

When the fever left her, Eileen's delight was unbounded to find the dear uncle she had longed for was indeed alive, and loved her more even than she had thought. With his gentle words long forgotten prayers came back to her mind, and the remembrance of her heavenly mother, whose name her mother had taught her baby lips to say. So it was a happy child that lay so white and weak on the bed, where she had so often shed the bitter tears of loneliness. Her father with her so often, and the dear uncle nearly always, it only she had not felt so tired, so dreadfully tired, how happy, she would be! And the father, what anguish was his to see her slipping from him, though at times she grew so bright he almost hoped.

But there came one night when the rain beat on the window pane, and the wild wind shrieked about the stately building. Eileen had always dreaded those nights before, but not to-night, when, lying in her dear uncle's encircling arm, she had in a weak, fluttering voice made her first confession and her last, and waited now for the solemn sacraments. She had no pain, only the weariness of exhaustion. She was so tired, and, clasping the crucifix in her wasted hands, she closed her eyes on earth forever.

Father Doyle expected a terrible outburst of grief from the father; but none came, only, in a strange voice, he said:

"You asked me a question once that I could not answer."

"I did. 'Is it well with the child?'"

"Answer now. 'It is well.'"—C. M. of the Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

PROTESTANT CONFSSIONALS.

The sensation caused two or three weeks ago in Allegheny, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. Stocking of the Universalist Church, is unabated. In his regular Sunday sermon the reverend gentleman defended arduous confession, and advocated the establishment of the confessional in Protestant churches! Dr. Stocking was outspoken, to say the least; indeed he stated plainly that his remarks were prompted by the recent eloquence of a minister with a dissonance. After rehearsing this scandal, Dr. Stocking briefly reviewed the history of arduous confession, and concluded by saying:

"I am persuaded that if this practice was taught and observed in our Protestant churches, there would be less immorality among the ministers and church members. There would be fewer instances of ministers alienating the affections of some parishioner's wife, less contention among church members concerning administration and discipline, etc. If all were under solemn obligation to confess their faults, there would be less wickedness in our Protestant churches. I know of nothing that would tend to produce a better state of moral purity than the obligation to make confession of individual faults among the ministers and the brethren, unless it be to emphasize the great fact that there is no escape from the consequences of one's sins, either in this world or in the world to come."

Which is all very well in theory. The difficulty would be to find ministers that Protestant penitents could confide in. Their apprehension would be the "old-of" of the minister and the confessor. Besides, it is too much to expect people to go to confession when there is no hope of absolution. We can assure Dr. Stocking that very few Catholics would confess their sins to a priest unless they were persuaded that he possessed through Christ, the power to absolve them. Our separated brethren would be loath to emphasize the great truth that there is no escape from the consequences of sin than to advocate the practice of confession—Ave Maria.

DR. NEWMAN IN DUBLIN.

We have been having some reminiscences of Cardinal Newman, lately, and everything relating to his life of interest...

When I went to reside in Dublin in 1855, the Cardinal, then Father Newman, had already opened the new University. Professors were at work in the courses of "Litterae humaniores," modern languages, mathematics, and some branches of experimental science.

In an university magazine which he started, and in other ways, Father Newman was indefatigable in putting forward his idea of an university. He made it abundantly clear that such an institution was universal, embraced the teaching of all branches of knowledge...

Some souls are saved, yet so as by fire. St. Paul. The sufferings of the souls in purgatory differ from those of hell only in duration. They are the same material fire, the same writhing in torment...

It was not Father Newman's way to drum such arguments into willing ears. He had other ways of making himself understood. As regards the site and surroundings of an university, big houses in a capital city were poor substitutes for the gardens of the Academy, the quiet cloisters, the lawns and trees and rivers of Oxford and Cambridge.

Now, since the souls in purgatory cannot do ought to help themselves, sad, indeed, would be their lot if no one could come to their relief. But happily the faithful living can help the faithful dead. We can help them by our prayers, and by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered or heard for their repose.

According to the teaching, therefore, of our holy faith some souls must undergo purification by fire, before they can be adjudged worthy to enter heaven. Reason itself suggests the propriety of a purgatory for doing penance by those who were taken away before they could satisfy the justice of God.

It is not only right and proper to pray for the souls of the faithful departed, but it is our duty as well. We may well believe that there are many of our relatives, kindred and friends in purgatory, so justice as well as charity demands that we pray for their release. There are many there who are neglected by their friends and have none to pray for them, and for all those charity requires that we remember them and do what we can to liberate them.

of arch, in which the rector, professors, and students attended High Mass, and in which preachers of note from all parts of Ireland were invited to deliver sermons on Sundays and holidays. These invitations were thoroughly appreciated. Ecclesiastics from various parts of the country had opportunities of acquainting themselves with the university and its head and took a common interest in its prospects.

The late Cardinal's sympathy with the young was a feature of his character natural and acquired, which needs no comment. It is part of the inheritance of the sons of St. Philip Neri, and it has been dwelt upon in many notices of his life. He felt for their generosity, their hopefulness, the trials, the struggles, the disappointments, that might be in store for them in the unknown future.

What a time it was! Reading, thinking, writing, working, walking with him in the hours of recreation over the pleasant lawns; listening to talk that was never didactic and never dull; refreshing after the toils of the day as running waters to whose falls melodious birds sing matrisals.

THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED. "Some souls are saved, yet so as by fire." St. Paul. The sufferings of the souls in purgatory differ from those of hell only in duration. They are the same material fire, the same writhing in torment...

It is of faith that the souls in purgatory cannot help themselves. Their time of probation is over. They had their opportunity and it passed away. They were in the battle of life during their earthly career, the warfare ended with their death. They went to judgment; and the judgment of God decreed that they should go to purgatory, and stay there till all the divine justice should be satisfied.

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This, then, became the university of the future, the university of the present, the university of the past. It was the university of the future, the university of the present, the university of the past.

the assurance of it, and behold it in sight. The practice of Holy Church in ever praying for them in Mass and office should inspire us to remember them in union with her, and help to end their sufferings and bring them to their eternal rest. It there be joy in heaven upon one sinner doing penance, how much more joy must there be at the advent of a soul from purgatory, who has triumphed in the battle of life, and now comes to receive his crown? If God loves the just and holy here on earth because of their union with Him in all they do and say, and think, how much does He love the souls in purgatory who are now irrevocably united to Him and are confirmed in their goodness and made ready for union with Him for all eternity?

Let us always, but especially in November, do all we can for the souls in purgatory. Masses can be said for them, Masses heard, communions received, and indulgences gained. It will be a new incentive to live better, the help we can be to them, by ourselves being more acceptable to God. Thus the standard of the saints should be the object of our imitation, since we can increase the number of the elect from the ranks of those in purgatory.

MODERN ERRORS ABOUT GOD. PANTHEISM IN GENERAL IS REPUGNANT TO THE MOST EVIDENT EXPERIENCE, CONTRADICTS RIGHT REASON, AND INVOLVES THE MOST PERNICIOUS ERRORS. Prof. 1.—Part: Pantheism is repugnant to the most evident experience. Everyone is self-conscious that he is being absolutely distinct from other beings, that he exercises his own proper acts, that he has his own entirely separate life, and that he enjoys his own proper substance and personality.

Prof. 2.—Part: Pantheism contradicts right reason. Right reason teaches that things which have adverse and repugnant properties, as is the case with many things in the world, cannot constitute the same substance and are necessarily distinct. It also teaches the absurdity of thinking that all men have one and the same intelligence and will. It teaches that God is truly infinite, supremely perfect, possessed of His own proper substance, which is distinct and diverges from every other nature; that He is free and holy and exposed in no respect whatever to error and ignorance.

Prof. 3.—Part: Pantheism involves the most pernicious errors, namely: First, Naturalism and rationalism. Naturalism is the error which teaches that there is nothing above human nature, that human nature is an end in itself and that it is not subject to the laws of a superior being; that, moreover, nothing happens in the world that is above the laws of physical nature and the power of man. This error flows from Pantheism because if God is identical with the world, certainly the highest evolution of God is human nature.

Conolaries.—I: This double error draws with it not only the negation of all revelation, everything miraculous and the whole supernatural order, but also all morality, because if the nature of man is divine all his propensities are divine, and, consequently, instead of restraining them he should indulge them. II.—To naturalism is opposed Supernaturalism, or the doctrine which teaches that above all nature and, consequently, above man, there exists an infinite being, who is entirely superior to human nature both in intelligence and in every other perfection; that this same being can reveal truths that are above the intellect of man, that He can impose mandates, that when He judges it proper, He can assign to the rational creature an end noble and higher than the natural end itself. Pantheism induces Atheism. If God is a collection of finite beings, no divine being distinct from other beings exists, nor does He live by His own proper life or exercise an action exclusively proper to Himself. But to deny the existence of a personal God distinct from other things, is the same as denying God Himself. Therefore

Pantheism is Atheism expressed in other words, or, as has been well said it is Atheism badly disguised. I. Pantheism includes the negation of a future life. II. It includes fatalism. III. It includes Liberalism. This doctrine teaches that man is free from, and not obligated by, the precept of any superior, and may elicit any acts of the intellect and will just as he pleases and may also give these acts external expression. But, granting Pantheism it is clear that nothing can rightfully oppose the manifestations of human reason, since these are divine, and even a necessary evolution of the divine mind. Therefore, Pantheism involves the most absolute Liberalism.

Pantheism leads to Socialism and Communism. Socialism contends for an entirely equal distribution of the temporal goods of this life and of social duties amongst all citizens without distinction of condition. It aims at the abolition of all religions, domestic and civil inequality amongst all the members of society, which means the absolute destruction of all society, domestic, civil and religious. But according to Pantheism all men are equally portions of God and therefore have an equal and universal right to independence and the fruition of all terrestrial goods; nor is there any superior whose mandates and ordinances should be obeyed. Therefore Pantheism leads to Socialism.

What we have written regarding God's nature and attributes is based as follows by the Vatican Council: "The Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church believes and confesses that there is one true and living God, Creator and Lord of heaven and earth, Almighty, Eternal, Immeasurable, Incomprehensible, Infinite in intelligence, in will and in all perfection; who, as being one, sole, absolutely simple and immutable spiritual substance, is to be declared as really and essentially distinct from the world, of supreme beatitude in and from Himself, and ineffably exalted above all things which exist, or are conceivable, except Himself.

There is another point of the greatest importance which he implicitly establishes. He shows the absurd fallacy of attempting social reform without the personal regeneration of the reformer. At the present time many men and women are deceived by the emotional excitement and exaltation that arise from philanthropic service, from kindness to the sick or generosity to the needy, into a belief that they are thus compensating for their personal sins by an invidious form of the false theory of indulgences which Luther and Calvin caustically ascribed to the Catholic Church. They said that the Church gave men a license to commit sin in return for some great work of charity, such as the building of churches, hospitals or public bridges.

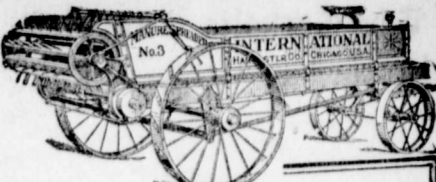
Mr. Mallock is not a Catholic, but he invariably writes from the Catholic standpoint. He is a certain French professor once distinguished two kinds of Catholics, a distinction we believe, that would never occur to any person but a Frenchman. Some, he says, believe all the doctrines of the Catholic Church and fulfil in their lives, as human frailty permits, all its precepts. But others, while not even pretending to stand by the Catholic faith, make Catholic principles their standard for interpreting and valuing the things of life. They look at every question, political, social, artistic and moral, from the standpoint of Catholic teaching and solve it by means of Catholic principles. Everything is adjudged good, bad or indifferent according to the measure of its conformity with the doctrines and laws of the Church of Jesus Christ. Mr. Mallock might be called a Catholic of the second class. The Catholic religion is his philosophy of life. All who have read his best work, "Is Life Worth Living?" will readily agree with our classification of the author.

The romance to which we have referred affirms, and the development of the plot justifies, the development of the first is, in plain language, that morality has no sure foundation except in religion; and the second is that although people who have never believed in Christianity may lead upright lives, those who have once been Christians and turned infidels or agnostics become moral as well as religious wrecks. As a further development of the second position, the author shows that while skepticism or unbelief inevitably brings demoralization in its train, so also a luxurious and impure life gradually and inevitably conducts to atheism or agnosticism. Mr. Mallock's book is too real to be so.

The sun, through the hot-house glass, calls upon the plant to give out its glory, to unfold its beauty, to yield up its potencies which have been locked up within it, just as the sun of encouragement and opportunity awakens us to the possibilities lying dormant within us.

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Published Weekly at 426 and 428 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum.

EDITOR: REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVE, Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidelity."

THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor. Thomas Coffey, Publisher, 426 and 428 Richmond Street, London, Ontario. E. G. Broderick and Miss Sarah Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transmit all other business for THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Agents for Newfoundland, Mr. James Power of St. John's. Rates of Advertising—Ten cents per line each insertion, separate measurement. Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Owen Sound, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and sent to London not later than Monday morning. Subscribers wishing to change their address should notify this office as soon as possible in order to insure the regular delivery of their papers.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 15th, 1906. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strongly defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country.

Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

I, therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.

Yours faithfully in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

The matter and form are both good, and a very Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend to the faithful.

Believing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larisa, Acost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1906. A TEMPEST.

The Hon. Mr. Whitney, Premier of Ontario, is beginning to experience troublous days and perhaps sleepless nights. He says that a few weeks ago a Catholic newspaper published a list of a dozen Catholics in the county of Hastings who had been dismissed from public office, a like number of the brothers of Orange Lodges being duly installed in their places. It now comes to pass that a correspondent of the Orange Sentinel blushes deep crimson on beholding the said Premier Whitney attending a Roman Catholic picnic.

"Prominent Conservatives," the correspondent added, "stood aloof from him and there was a baker's dozen shook hands with him that day." A touchingly sad picture!

But the most desperate attack of all has been aimed at the Premier by the editor of the Sentinel itself, because the honorable gentleman dared appoint Dr. Coughlin, a Roman Catholic, in the broad light of day, and with malice aforethought, to the position of superintendent for the Institute for the Blind in Belleville. This complaint comes from an editor who preaches "civil and religious liberty, equal rights for all and special privileges for none." He is, however, a worthy representative of a class whose lofty sentiments come only from the teeth outwards. It matters not that Dr. Coughlin is far above the average in ability and education—it matters not that he is a Canadian of the type that makes for Canada's honor and Canada's glory—it matters not that he is in every regard splendidly equipped for the position to which he has been called—there is a black spot on his character because he is a Romanist, and Mr. Whitney's crime, for crime it will be judged by Orangemen, in thus recognizing Romanism, will not be forgiven—in this world at least. There will be a ray of comfort for him, however, when he sums up the character of the Orange Sentinel and its editor. The man who would say that all the newspapers in Canada are conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen would not be strictly correct, and the man who would say, after reading the editorial page of the Orange Sentinel, that the statements therein contained are truthful, would be shunned by those who love truth.

The most preposterous statements concerning the Catholic Church are frequently found in this paper. A pity it is that the newspaper fraternity have to bear the odium thus cast upon the profession by a man who should take himself to some other avocation. But there is a method in the man's madness. The more he wields against Rome the pen dipped in gall—the more he misrepresents the Catholic Church and its system of government—the greater the volume of acclaim he will receive from those who nurse a phantom all the year round and engage in a carnival of bigotry on its birthday under the rays of a hot July sun; stalwart yeoman

smashing the drums and other yeoman plucking the air with the whistle of the siff, the speeches and the music and the sentiments of the throng giving us a striking proof that there is at times a vast expanse between theoretical and practical Christianity; and we are once more reminded in a very vivid fashion that these deluded people, while professing to be the champions of Protestantism, have for the most part but a very casual acquaintance with a Protestant place of worship.

An opportunity of displaying a broad minded statesmanship, which will bring to the province of Ontario peace and contentment and prosperity, is now given its Premier. Will he take advantage of it? We hope so. We are slow to accuse public men of acting on the narrow lines of creed prejudice, but we are forced to believe that, at least in some cases, one or more of his colleagues have been dragged into making a shuffle of offices so that the yellow may supplant the green. We would ask the Premier to make an investigation. The honor of his government is at stake. We hope the time will never come in our country when the custom will prevail that Protestants as such will be placed in office to supplant Catholics—and we hope the time will never come when the custom will prevail that Catholics as such will be placed in office to supplant Protestants.

In some places, we regret to say, Catholics have well grounded reason for the complaint that they are discriminated against because of their faith. Toronto and the influence which it exerts from it is much to blame for this. While the great Catholic city of Montreal frequently elects a Protestant mayor, Toronto has never yet bestowed that honor upon a Catholic, and the same discrimination is to be found regarding all other civic offices from the mayor to the policeman. In the Catholic centres of the country such unfairness is unknown. A large number of our non-Catholic neighbors in this Province of Ontario should make note of this condition of things and on the coming of the New Year turn over a new leaf. All Catholics want is fair play.

While the Premier continues to make appointments, either of Catholics or Protestants, of men of the stamp of Dr. Coughlin, he will be sure of the approval of all good citizens.

FRANCE'S ORDEAL.

The latest despatches from Paris state that the Clemenceau Government finds that the determined attitude of the French clergy in reference to the threat of the government to take possession of all church property on Dec. 11, which will not be taken possession of by lay associations which set aside the authority of the Bishop and Pope, finds itself in the dilemma that the Catholic priests and people will not act upon its mandate to take orders from the government as regards how the Church is to be ruled, whereas the Pope has declared that the orders of the government are in direct opposition to the divinely instituted organization and constitution of the Church.

But it is now admitted that there is no French law enabling the government to deal with the situation. That is to say, under the laws of France the priests and people are acting under their right, and a new law will have to be enacted which will make the action, or rather the inaction of priests as a people, illegal, before the government will be able to act upon its threat, and this petty piece of legislation will now be passed by the government to empower it to expel from France all persons who obey the behests of a foreign sovereign in contravention of the laws of France!

This is to say that the French Republic must be authorized by law to deport all priests who will not constitute their parishes into independent schismatical churches.

A more diabolical attempt to force a schism on the Church was never attempted by the most despotic government which ever existed. Julian the Apostate made an attempt which was in some respects similar, but he failed. Bismarck's attempt to create a schism in Germany failed also, and we are quite satisfied that the apostate Clemenceau will fail.

This legislation cannot succeed in the light of the twentieth century, but its meanness will pass down on the pages of history as the most despicable attempt ever made by satan to injure the Church in any nation. We can only remark further on the plan that satan has outstained himself in conceiving such a project. But it cannot succeed, though if attempted to be carried out as threatened, it would undoubtedly create an unprecedented amount of trouble, and the rule of M. Clemenceau, who is being boomed as the wisest head in France, will become the laughing-stock of future generations.

One of the possibilities of this last move of the sans culottes of France is

that there may arise out of the confusion a civil war of unprecedented bitterness.

THE CLASH OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

It is but seldom that the House of Lords sets itself up to defy the Imperial House of Commons by voting down decisively an important Government measure; but on October 29th this unusual step was taken, when by a vote of 256 to 56, the Lords defeated the Government Education Bill in its most important and crucial clause, which has reference to the question of compulsory religious teaching in the public elementary schools. Under the bill, as it left the House of Commons, children were not compelled to attend school during the time devoted to religious instruction.

An amendment to this feature was proposed by Lord Henshawe, a Liberal, but was rejected by Earl Crewe on behalf of the government.

The majority included the 2 Archbishops, 20 Bishops and almost the entire opposition party. All the peers who are members of the government also voted with the minority, with Lord Rosebery and a few Conservative Lords; but the rally of Conservatives against the bill has not been equalled by any since the defeat of Hon. W. P. Gladstone's Home Rule measure for Ireland in 1893, the vote being then 419 to 41.

What the result of this opposition to a measure on which the government were so determined will be, it is hard to foretell. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, we are told in a despatch, has already uttered a threat to the effect that an unruly majority in the Lords is now very easily overruled by the aid of that body of a number of more accommodating members, but we do not see that this is so easily done as the Premier is said to have asserted. Why was a second Chamber instituted at all, if it is to be threatened with practical extinction every time the wheel of the governmental machinery is clogged even for a moment?

But is the wish of the nation to be set at naught at the pleasure of the Lords? Well, perhaps not, but as we see the matter, the wish of the nation has not been made manifest as being in accord with Mr. Birrell's bill. The House of Lords was made one of the branches of Parliament, certainly with some purpose in view, and on the understanding that under certain circumstances it would be an efficacious check against insufficiently considered legislation, and legislation for which there is no mandate from the nation. We fully believe that there was no mandate from the nation for the present bill, and in the essential check put upon this piece of governmental legislation, the Lords were only carrying out the will of the people.

When the Irish Home Rule Bill was passed by the House of Commons in 1893, there was a mandate from the people, for the elections had just been held with the Home Rule Bill fully in sight, and so much so that it was almost the only issue before the people. Now notwithstanding the unprecedentedly large majority of Lords against that bill, it was indisputably an issue on which the people of the three kingdoms had pronounced in favor of the legislation which the Lords checked; and even so, it was only by superhuman efforts on the part of Lord Salisbury to muster his every supporter among the peers, that there was so large a majority against Home Rule.

But the case is quite different now. There was no special effort to make an irresistible vote against Mr. Birrell's bill in the House of Lords on this occasion. The vote may therefore be assumed to have arisen from a strong feeling in the country in favor of religious instruction in the schools, and which manifested itself spontaneously in the House of Lords.

It must be admitted that the recently passed educational bills of 1902 and 1903, which are to be repealed by the bill now before Parliament, were very thoroughly discussed ever since 1902, and were an issue at the recent elections. But they had sunk to be but a secondary issue in presence of the tariff issue which was convulsing the country during the last electoral campaign.

The voice of the people was heard during that campaign on the questions of preferential and protective tariffs, but not on education, and the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry cannot claim that the people have rendered a verdict in favor of godless education, the more especially as three fifths of the children of England have been attending the voluntary religious schools, even if we set aside the people of Ireland and Scotland, who are almost unanimous in favor of religious teaching.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, as we believe, has made the mistake of his life in setting at defiance the will of the people in his effort at establishing

a godless system of education. He does this to please the Non-conformists who supported him at the last election; but he has not thus pleased his party to any very great extent. The Laborites declared boldly, at a recent conference which discussed the Education Bill, that this bill is the establishment and endorsement of non-conformity in the schools. The Non-conformists deny this to be the case, but the majority of the people of England, Ireland and Scotland are not to be hoodwinked on the matter, and it will not be long before they will declare themselves plainly against the establishment of a Non-conformist system of education to take the place of the free system which has existed under the law, at all events since 1870. We believe the Government will have to retreat from its position on the basis of a Non-conformist system of education which it so thoughtlessly adopted.

THE INFIDEL GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

It is now known that M. Clemenceau's new French Cabinet contains men of different parties to the number of twelve, having different political views, but all agreed upon the persecution of the Church, so that we may take it for granted that they will carry out their threat to confiscate the Church property in December, if they dare. M. Briand has already been quoted in our columns as having spoken most blasphemously of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. We know, therefore, what is to be expected from him. He announced only a few weeks ago:

"We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the schools, out of the universities, out of the hospitals and the asylums, nay even out of prisons and mad houses. It now remains for us to hunt Him out of the government of France."

Besides M. Briand, who belongs to the Independent Socialist party, there is M. Viviani of the same party, whose views are similar. There are six Radicals, and one Democratic Socialist, M. Caillaux; M. Piquart, (a General who befriended M. Dreyfus when the latter was condemned for treason.) Gen. Piquart is not a member of the Chamber of Deputies, but we have no doubt he can find a seat if it be required that he should have one. These are all confirmed enemies of the Catholic Church, but not any the less enemies of Christianity in any form. The wonder is that the Protestant press can find consolation in the fact that a government entertaining such views have assumed the control of a Christian nation. But the Protestant press as far back as we can remember has always been willing to cheer on any who hate the Pope, even though they hate all Christianity just as heartily.

But here it may be asked, why should the Church oppose the election of a lay body, say of trustees or church-wardens, for the rule of each parish?

We answer: 1st. That this is not the character of the body which Christ appointed to rule His Church. He did not tell the Apostles to go to those localities whither they were called by the people there, to teach the doctrines which these people chose to be taught. He Himself chose the Apostles to exercise the powers which He had received from His heavenly Father. They taught accordingly, as we find from the whole tenor of the New Testament, thus: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach [all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." (St. Matt. xxviii. 18, 20.)

It appears, therefore, that they received neither the doctrine itself, nor the jurisdiction to teach in any particular locality from the people, or the government, but from Jesus Christ Himself Who has all power from His Father.

We learn the same from St. John xv. 16 xvi. The Apostles did not choose Christ: "But I have chosen you, and have appointed you that you should go and should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain. . . . It is expedient for you that I go, for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you. But if I go, I will send Him to you. . . . But when He, the Spirit of truth shall come, He will teach you all truth."

"And he said to them again: Peace be to you, as the Father hath sent me, I also send you. . . . He breathed on them and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (xx. 21, 23.)

In his Epistle to the Ephesians, St. Paul speaks not of the pastors of the Church as having assumed the office of themselves, but as receiving it from Jesus Who "gave them to be apostles and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers,

for the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry." (Eph. iv. 11-12.) Timothy and Titus were appointed and ordained by the imposition of St. Paul's hands to rule the Churches of Ephesus and Crete with large authority over the territory adjoining, and he gives these full authority to rule these churches effectually.

In fine, we might quote many other passages to the same effect showing that the authority does not come to pastors and teachers by election by the congregation or choice of the government but by ordination of the apostles. The churches increased in number daily through the zeal of the apostles and apostolic men, and those whom they selected and ordained, for on them it devolved to "ordain priests in every city," and even Bishops, whom the Holy Ghost placed over their respective flocks to rule the Church of God." (Acts xiv. 23: xx. 28, Titus 15.)

Here are reasons enough why the Pope and the French Bishops cannot govern the Church according to the plans laid down by M. Combes and Clemenceau, and we might quote much more to the same effect.

FORMS OF GOVERNMENT AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Countess of Warwick, in an introduction which she has written for a pamphlet on "The Municipality from the workers' point of view," et al. at England is destined to become socialist. She says:

"The country is sick and tired of the old order, and is beginning to see in Socialism its only hope. Nothing can now prevent the change. That it should come peacefully is our wish, or we should not enter so enthusiastically into electioneering; but whether slowly or rapidly, peacefully or otherwise, come it must."

Times have indeed greatly changed since Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, boasted that he could make and unmake kings, and the boast was not without truth. That the head of that noble house should have become so democratic as even to permit his countess canvass at elections in favor of the democratic party and to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people is a wonderful change even in so long a time as four and a quarter centuries.

As yet, the Socialists of England have not reached the extreme views which prevail among those who are called by this name on the European continent, and who in France and Germany are really Anarchists, but even this extreme may be reached soon enough by the English Socialists who have developed such enormous strength in the last English elections as we could scarcely have believed would ever be the case for a descendant of the aristocratic houses of Salisbury and Warwick, which is to say of Cecil and Neville together.

If there is any power on earth which will stay the people of England, France and Germany from plunging into the bloody excesses of the French Jacobins of 1793 and 1871 it is the Catholic Church, the only Church which can speak with divine authority.

We have reached that curious stage in Canada where the people are really courageous enough to be democratic and are yet thoroughly loyal to a dynasty whose beginning goes back at least two thousand years, but we have not fallen into the degradation of French sans-culottism or English Jack Cadism—and may it be long before this depth may be reached either by the people of Canada or of England.

The Catholic Church alone can speak with authority, maintaining the moral boundary line between legitimate democracy and the Russian autocracy of tyranny. "Bout forms of Government let fools contest." This a principle which the Catholic Church can wisely admit in the sense that she can admit the lawfulness of either the Republic or the monarchical form of government, provided it is administered in accordance with the laws of God. It is a falsehood which no one believes the conscienceless Premier M. Combes ever dared to state publicly as if it were a truth, that the Catholic Church is so tied to monarchy that she must necessarily plot for the overthrow of a Republic whether in France or elsewhere.

There is no government existing at the present moment with which the Catholic Church is more in harmony than that of the United States, which is probably the most ideal of existing Republics. But she can never be anarchistic, or socialistic of the European bloody type. The Catholic Church and Catholic principles uphold any form of government which is well administered, recognizing to the fullest extent the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood and the rights of Man, whether he be prince or peasant.

It is not surprising, however, that even in the face of Leo XIII's earnest advice to Frenchmen to give their complete support to the French Republic, it was not followed by all Catholics,

or perhaps even by a majority of the Catholics of France. It is a necessity of human nature that there should be wide differences of opinion between men, especially on political subjects, and it was the case that when the Catholics of France saw that the pretended Republic of France, more treacherously than any other form of government ever did, encroached upon the rights of individual men, it was the most natural thing in the world that many of them should despise that falsely named Republic more than almost any other monarchy ever did which ever existed, encroached upon the inalienable rights of man which it is the business of a Republic, more than any other form of government, to uphold, inasmuch as it is the very first principle which a Republic is founded upon in theory that all men should have their individual rights respected. But even in spite of all the insults which the present French Government has heaped on Pope Pius X. the Holy Father has declared most recently that he is a true friend of France, in spite of the quarrel which the French government has forced upon him.

Should the forecast of the Countess of Warwick prove to be correct, the Catholic Church and the Church authorities will be equally willing to uphold whatever form of government the people of England will wish to submit to, as she upholds the present form of government; which is that by which the people of England at the present moment prefer to be governed; and there is at this day no class of the English people and those of England's colonies more loyal than the Catholics of the British Empire.

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

We congratulate the good wish priest of Thorold, Rev. Father Sullivan, on the splendid success which has attended his efforts to establish a Young Men's Club in that town. From time to time we have made reference to the need of such clubs in many centres where the Catholic population is considerable. We know by experience that it is a very easy task to set afoot such an organization, but it requires earnestness, perseverance and ability on the part of its promoters to keep the ship in trim. A Young Men's Club, having for its object the moral and mental development of its members, as well as the bringing of them into close touch with the Church and the priest, will be the means of producing untold good in the community. It has been the custom in some places to introduce a description of entertainments which are, to say the least, very questionable. We may say, in all truth, that we never yet knew a case where a young man's mental and moral qualities were improved by learning and studying the adjuncts of the bar-room—billiards, pool, cards, etc. We need not mention the even more objectionable features of young men's societies, such as dancing and boxing. Many of those who are approaching, and many of those who have gone beyond the middle stage of life, have a fondness for one or more of these modes of whiling away a few spare hours; but, when the end comes, where is the man who will be able to say: "These hours have strengthened that equipment which I require for forging for myself an honored place in the country." The time is lost, lost forever.

On the other hand, let us take as an example the last meeting of the Catholic Young Men's Club of Thorold. Mr. Thos. F. Battie, barrister, of Niagara Falls, delivered a lecture on that occasion and the lecture was accompanied by a programme of music by local artists. We have read a synopsis of this young man's lecture and the question comes to our mind: "Why have we not a number of Thos. F. Batties in other places?" It is in a large degree because many of our young men have spent the heyday of their lives in pursuing ideals which have become for them, as their manhood matures, not objects of pride and profit, but sources of remorse. They lost their grip on the battle of life because they would not take thought and study its serious side when youth was with them. Here is an extract, bright and practical, from the lecture of Mr. Battie:

"Nothing was so important as our relationship towards our fellowmen and the standard of that citizenship could not be raised too high. It behooves all to consider carefully their duties to the state. It was a common practice, and unfortunately it has been much in evidence lately, to see men who in all other respects were men of honor, adopt quite a wrong conception of their duties to the state when entering into public life. Canada was a young country, on the threshold of a glorious future, unfettered by the dying traditions of privileged classes, and with the past histories of all other countries to guide them in their onward march. Students of political economy would tell them, however, that when countries were prosperous it was the time above all others when national and civic immorality, which so often accompanies prosperity, creeps in. Newspapers

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost. FORGIVE AND BE FORGIVEN.

"Bearing with one another and forgiving one another, if any have a complaint against another. Even as the Lord has forgiven you, so you also." (Col. iii. 13)

This, my dear brethren, is the law of Christ. It is a law we are bound to keep. We cannot save our souls unless we do keep it. There is no possible way to escape its requirements, for our Lord Himself declares positively: "But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive your offences" (Matt. vi. 15). Therefore, there is no way to save our souls, no way to be true Christians in life, unless we forgive all and every one, without exception, every injury they have done us.

But one may say: I do forgive all who have injured me if they repent, say they are sorry, and ask pardon! My dear brethren, this won't do. You must forgive whether they repent or not. Nothing less will satisfy the Lord. The best reason is that since the Lord has forgiven us, so we also are bound to forgive all. A true lover of the Lord doesn't want a better reason. A greater or a better cannot be given. Our Lord himself has set the example. He has taken our sins upon himself, and caused the Eternal Father to forgive us our sins for his sake alone, before we have even repented or shown by a single sign that we want to belong to God and to hate sin. Do we not receive in our baptism as infants, the grace that destroys original sin? Original sin placed us under the power of the devil, and made us unworthy to be called the sons of God, but our Christian baptism made us again the sons of God. Does not God forgive us also our mortal sins, giving us time to repent, and even waiting patiently for our repentance? Remember, these sins after baptism are all the greater because after being made innocent we again become guilty.

But some try to excuse themselves and say: It is hard to have to do this; I can't do it. The sin against me is too great; it ought not to be forgiven. This is not true. There is nothing we can't forgive, nothing we are permitted to say is unforgivable. We can forgive any sin against us if we will. If it is hard, pray and it will become easy. Sincere prayer for him who is our enemy is sure to remove very soon all feeling against him. This is certain: that it will, without fail, prevent the malice and revenge in our hearts from overcoming us and causing us to sin grievously against charity. Remember that everything we do well for our Lord is hard at first, but is made easy by prayer and faithful, persevering effort.

Again, some object: I try to pray but cannot, because when I pray I think of my wrongs and begin to hate my enemy, so that my prayer is in sincere or stops on my lips! Then pray for all poor sinners, and don't mean to leave your enemy out of your prayers. This is a good beginning, and keeps you from mortal sin, for pray we must for our enemies. This is a fundamental law of the Christian life. If we intentionally leave out one single soul when we pray for all poor sinners, we sin in the very presence of God, and our prayers are rejected; nor shall they be accepted until we include that soul also.

Let us remember, my dear brethren, that we are called by our Lord to show to the world that being the friends of God means that He puts into our souls His loving, merciful, long-suffering Spirit, and thus makes us like to Himself. Does any one want to be God-like? Then let him forgive from his heart every injury and all who injure him.

To gain courage to forgive, let us see what forgiveness does. It saves God's honor. It prevents His being insulted. For example: when one insults us, he sins against God and insults Him also. If we answer back, we also insult God, and make two sins instead of one. Next, our angry answer makes our enemy really angry; for an enemy sin is our responsibility. So it goes on until a number of sins are committed by each one. Silence on our part would have prevented these insults to God and left our souls unstained. We were not silent. The consequence is we not only increased another's sin, but we added our own and lost the friendship of God. Had we given spirit, been in each soul this could not have happened. Had it been in one of them, one or at least would have been kept from sin. Cultivate, then, a forgiving spirit, and "even as the Lord hath forgiven you, so you also" forgive all.

TALKS ON RELIGION.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

It is related that in the time of St. Louis, King of France, our Lord visibly manifested Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, during the exposition. All present were enraptured, and some of them, knowing the great devotion of the king to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, hastened to tell him of the apparition. The king replied: "I firmly believe already that Christ is truly present in the Holy Eucharist. He Himself has said it; that is sufficient for me. I do not wish to lose the fruit of my faith by going to see the miracle. Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet believe."

The bread and wine is changed into the Body and Blood of Christ when the words of consecration ordained by Jesus Christ are pronounced by the priest in the Mass. He pronounced those words Himself, at the Last Supper, and afterward gave power to His Apostles to do the same, when He said: "Do this in commemoration of Me." Christ alone, as God, could give such power to words. Transubstantiation is effected at that very instant. The priest immediately kneels and adores his God, and silence and adoration mark the conduct of the people before the altar, during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and by genuflections and by their prostrations and prayer, the faithful during Mass, and at other

times make open profession of their faith in the Real Presence.

The mountain climber who ascends to the summit of the highest peak seems as far away from the sun as when he was down in the valley. We also may soar on the wings of imagination and go on rising in the scale of creation from one choir of angels to another, and we will and that the highest is literally and truly as far off from the omnipotent Creator as is the lowest of created things. The finite is no measure for the infinite.

It therefore follows that if God is to come near to His creatures, it is He who must pass the infinite distance which separates them. The great love of God caused Him to pass over the infinite gulf which separates Him from man. He took upon Himself our nature and became one of us. He assumed a body and soul and became one of us. What God did for the whole human race in the Incarnation, He repeats and continues in the Holy Eucharist.

The Psalmist says: "I am smitten as grass, and my heart is withered, because I forgot to eat my bread." (Psalms ci. 5.) As we need nourishment for the health and preservation of our natural life, for the life of the soul we need a constant supply of the grace of God. To supply this want Jesus instituted the Holy Eucharist. He made the reception of it an essential condition of spiritual life. How explicitly He emphasizes this in the sixth chapter of St. John: "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world. The Jews therefore, strove among themselves, saying: How can this man give us His flesh to eat. Then Jesus said to them: Amen, amen, I say unto you; except you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

We can easily perceive, therefore, that one of the most important duties of a Christian is to receive Holy Communion. We should bring to the Holy Table all the knowledge and all the piety possible. While our Lord accommodates Himself to the capacities and wants of all His children, He wants from each of us all that we can bring. St. Paul in the eleventh chapter of first Epistle to the Corinthians emphasized the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. He says in very impressive language: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." To show the necessity of preparation he says: "Let a man prove himself, and so eat of that bread." We must "discern" the nature and excellence of the Divine food which God gives us in the Blessed Sacrament. The better we "discern" the hidden Deity, the more will we stir up the grace of God that is in us. We may here perceive why priests take such pains in instructing the children for their First Communion. Adults should know that the knowledge of childhood should be widened and strengthened as time goes on. The many are content to dwell on the store of childhood days. The most profound adoration and the most perfect love (all short of what we owe our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. No shrine or saint should take from the Prisoner in the tabernacle the love we owe Him: "He that eateth of this Bread shall live forever."

If we do not understand the need we have for spiritual nourishment, we shall never hunger as we ought for this heavenly bread. "He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away."—Catholic Universe.

NON-CATHOLICS AND THE ROSARY.

Some time ago it was remarked by this journal that wearing the Cross in public has become singularly popular among non-Catholics. Strange as the fact may appear, there is, also, a distinct regard growing for the rosary. This is especially true among Episcopalian. It is nothing unusual, we are informed by one who has had a wide field in which to observe, for Episcopalian ladies of birth and culture to carry rosaries in their pockets, or keep them at the heads of their beds, taking refuge in them before retiring just as fervently as their Catholic sisters do under similar circumstances. We are told that among Episcopalian society women in our large cities there is a decided trend toward such custom.

Now we must believe that many of those good women are sincere. It is possible, of course, that with some of them devotion to the rosary is merely a passing fad; but there can be no doubt of the earnestness of a goodly number. Surely the Blessed Mother will find means to reward their newly found love for her. Every Catholic heart feels in her a loving sympathetic friend, and will readily admit that her rosary is a deep and holy solace. Over the Catholic rosary are prayers breathed by loving mothers for sons and daughters in lands afar, wives pray for husbands walking in peril, and husbands pray for wives and children divided from them by many leagues. "Every night, before I lie down I say the rosary for you," once declared a Catholic young woman to one who loved her but whose peace was torn by doubt, and in the end peace came to him and with it her love and the prospect of a future more holy than the past. During this month of the rosary before the altar of God's mother friend prays for friend, and all true souls are bound together by chains of prayer. Hearts in torture steal in, in the purple and silent, and silently voice their troubles and come out quieted. Each bead of the rosary is a step on a ladder by which the soul climbs up to God. Surely, surely the soul that thus nightly climbs to Him He must love.

Therefore there must be some deep significance in the fact that upright non-Catholic souls, here and there, are making the rosary devotion their own. For aught we know it may be His way of giving a mission to sincere Christians not yet within the Fold. His hand

may be reaching down through the darkness, invisibly drawing His faithful to Him. The cross, the rosary and prayers for the dead—is it not apparent that once more the lighted thrills of His love is beginning to sway in the twilight sanctuaries of all pure hearts?—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

CATHOLIC WORLDWISDOM.

When we consider the effect of a little worldly success on many Catholics, it seems almost a pity that the Church in this country is so rapidly emerging from that phase of its struggle for foothold when the great majority of its children were hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The prosperous Catholic, unfortunately, is not often so representative a specimen of his faith as his poorer brother. Ease and wealth always develop their own vices, and Catholics who achieve prosperity are not, it seems more impressive than others to the temptations to arrogance, idleness and self-sufficiency which it invites. This is especially true of Catholic women. The changes in the manner of life which easy circumstances make possible chiefly affect the women, and in all ages of the world's history women have been the creators of social conditions and distinctions. Their position as the custodians of the home makes them the principal beneficiaries of labor as hard as the poor man. It is his wife, in the matter of leisure and opportunity at least, who profits most by his acquisitions.—Catholic Universe.

The Faith Beautiful.

Newman was really the first English cleric since the Reformation to look over the garden wall of Anglicanism, and to contrast with the trim lawns of the Establishment-artificial, sheltered, at once confined and spacious—the incomparable luxuriance of nature and the depth and breadth of the religious spirit, as he caught its echoes sounding from the days of the catacombs, through the long forest of medieval wanderings, into the broad campaign of the modern world.—The Spectator.

FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION OF MARY IN THE TEMPLE.

REV. ABRAHAM J. RYAN.

The priest stood waiting in the holy place, Impatient of delay (Faith had been read). When suddenly up the aisle there came a face Like a lost sun's ray; And the child was led By Joachim and Anna. Rays of grace Shone all about the child; Simeon looked on and bowed his aged head— Looked on the child and smiled.

Low were the words of Joachim. He spoke In a timid way, As if his heart were just about to break, Or as if he were afraid, And now he bowed his head. While Anna wept the while—she, sobbing, said: "Praise of the temple, will you take Into your care our child?" And Simeon, listening, prayed and strangely smiled.

A silence for a moment fell on all; Not knowing what to say, Till Simeon spoke: "Child, hast thou heaven's call?" And the child's wondrous eyes (As if he had a lost sun's ray) Turned toward the far mysterious wall. (Did the veil of the temple sway?) They gazed from the curtain to the little child— Simeon seemed to pray, and strangely smiled.

"Ye; heaven sent me here. Priests, let me live in it!" (As if his voice was sweet and low). "Was it a dream by night? A voice did call me from this world of sin— A spirit-voice I know." An angel pure and bright, "Leave father, mother," said the voice, "and live in it!" "Yes, my holy priest, our father's God is great, His angel bade me come— Come thro' the temple's beautiful gate; He led my heart, and led my feet, To this, my holy home. He said to me: 'Three years your God will love your heart to greet and meet.' I am three summers old— I know the way to heaven's gate— Brought her his wings than gold— He knew of my name closer to the child— She wore an angel's look—and Simeon smiled. As if she were the very holy ark, Simeon placed his hand— The rob-d-did stand. The sun and set, and it was growing dark; Around the child, he said: 'Unto me priests, and all ye Levites, hark! This child is God's own gift— Let us our voices lift. In holy praise— They raised upon the child In wonderment—and Simeon prayed and smiled.

And Joachim and Anna went their way— The little child she shed— The mother smiled, but not a tear. The priests and Levites lingered still to pray; And Simeon said: 'The night is passing for the coming day Of our redemption— and some way the child Won all their hearts, Simeon prayed and smiled.

That night the temple's child knelt down to In the shadows of the aisle— She prayed for you and me. Why did the temple's mystic curtain sway? Why did the shadows smile? The child of Love's desire Had come to love, and teach the night-stars gleam. The aged Simeon did see in dream The rob-d-did of the child, And in his sleep he murmured prayer—and smiled.

And twelve years after up the very aisle Where Simeon had smiled Upon her fair, pure face, She came again with a mother's smile, And in her arms a child. The very God of grace, And in glad tones and strong, And in glad tones and strong, Of faith and hope, and everlasting rest.

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THE LIE IMPORTED.

TYPICAL INSTANCE SHOWING HOW SLANDER OF EUROPEAN PRIEST GOT INTO AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

In a recent issue of The Catholic Standard and Times considerable space was devoted to a statement of the conditions responsible for the anti-Catholic tone of much of the foreign correspondence published in American newspapers. It was explained that much of the correspondence that reaches this country comes via London, having been first sent to the newspapers of that city by representatives in the various European capitals. These representatives it was shown are often avowed enemies of the Catholic Church, who eagerly snatch up every slander, published by the anti-clerical and transmit them to the London dailies which in turn disseminate them throughout the English speaking world.

A typical instance of the working of this system is at hand. In last week's Catholic Standard and Times was published a letter from Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., rector of St. Patrick's, Washington, that paper for publishing under the glaring headline, "Priest Flee with Girl," a vile story concerning Padre Carones, a zealous Roman Pastor. Rev. Dr. Stafford was personally acquainted with the priest in question and having had previous knowledge of his intended visit to this country was in a position to brand as false the intimation that Padre Carones' departure from the Eternal City was "a sudden disappearance" or that it afforded any ground for the salacious details of the despatch.

And now for the true story of Padre Carones' journey and an explanation of how the slander built around it reached this country. It is all given, very succinctly, in the following paragraph from the Rome correspondent of the London Catholic Times:

Padre Carones, of the ministers of the Sick Cammillini, parish priest of Santa Maria Maddalena, Rome, having left the city quietly in order to avoid the painful leavetakings which his popularity would have made inevitable and set out for New York, in the hope first of being of service to Italian immigrants and eventually of being the means of introducing the Order of St. Cammillus de Lellis into the United States where it has never taken root, a sensation was made in the columns of a little newspaper which is mostly a "chronique scandaleuse." The story was seized upon by the London press but the legal action of Padre Ferrini, procurator general of the Cammillini, proved an unfortunate circumstance for the providers of sensations in England.

JOY, NOT MISERY.

RELIGION DOES NOT MEAN HARSHNESS. By Rev. C. G. Wright.

Preaching from a pulpit, I heard a well-known divine say: "Religion that brings misery is not born of God. . . . Make the people happier and you will make them better." And one of the conservative religious papers recently said: "Let us never be afraid in innocent joy. . . . Ask for the spirit of joy and that genuine and religious optimism which sees in God a Father and asks no pardon for His benefits." We need heartening up, invigorating, diverting—we need more of God's outdoors and a return to our childhood for a season—to untie the pent stroke from our arms, the caper from our heels, the call from our lungs and the song from our hearts. How fortunate that the abuse of good gifts from on high should have been allowed to give them a bad name and place them upon the social and ecclesiastical blacklist. But most unfortunate is the selfish intolerance that so multiplies "forbidden things" as to make it next to impossible to enjoy life in good conscience. Why should we not be allowed to carry off every joyful and useful diversion, as the Palestinians did the ark of God? It is for the good people to recapture them—to retake the high places and pleasant strongholds—to make a crusade to reconquer and cleanse and occupy these God-given gardens of the life that now is. Misuse has created much of the prejudice against the expurgated pleasures. They have an acquired reputation. "Vice is perverted virtue," and the evil use of good things brings many virtuous things into disfavor. As to the moral character of sports and pastimes, it is well to remember that they have no character of any kind except that which the individual gives them. It is for every man to decide whether his amusements shall be innocent or otherwise, as he does with his tongue and hand. The young and vigorous want recreation, the old and heavy laden want relaxation. God gave this relief to both, and his people should rejoice to allow it to them. Nor will they need early abuse the indulgence. The foolish, who also abuse food and raiment, will oftentimes persist in the wrong use of pleasures, and in pursuing pastimes that waste mind and body; but the reasonable can be guided and trusted in all the healthful outdoor and indoor diversions.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

When Saving Money Means Losing Health.

Some people never get out of the world of pennies into the world of dollars.

If a man is going to do his best work, he must keep up his mental and physical standards.

The men who accomplish the most, who do a prodigious amount of work, and who are able to stand great strains, are very good to themselves.

Of course, we realize that those who haven't the money can not always do that which will contribute to their highest comfort and efficiency.

Generous expenditure in the thing which helps us along the line of our ambition, which will make a good impression, secure us quick recognition, and help our promotion, is often an infinitely better investment than putting money in the savings bank.

Great emphasis is to day placed on appearances. Success is not wholly a question of merit.

There are thousands of young men in our large cities struggling along in mediocrity, many of them in poverty, who might be in good circumstances had they placed the right emphasis upon the value of good clothes.

If you want to get on, get in with the people in your line of business, or in your profession. Try to make yourself popular with them.

Of course, it will not cost you quite as much to hold yourself aloof from those in the same specialty, but you cannot afford the greater loss that will result from your aloofness.

Do not take a little, narrow, pitched, cheese paring view of life. It is unworthy of you, and belittling to your possibilities.

Everywhere we see people with little starved experiences, because they are too small to spend money to enlarge themselves by seeing the world and getting a broader education and larger outlook.

You can always pick out the man who is so over-anxious about small savings that he loses the larger gain.

Nobody admires a narrow souled, dried up man who will not invest in books or travel, who will invest in the grosser material property but not in himself, and whose highest ambition is to save so many dollars.

Many men of this type remain at the head of a little two penny business all their lives because they have never learned the effectiveness of liberality in business.

There is a vast difference between the economy which administers wisely and that niggardly economy which saves for the sake of saving and spends dimes worth of time to save a penny.

I have never known a man who over-estimated the importance of saving pennies, to do things which belong to large minds.

Cheese-paring methods belong to the past. Skimping economies, and penny pinching do not pay.

There are many things to do in a large way. It is the liberal minded man, with a level head and a sound judgment, the man who can see things in their large relations, that succeeds.

Some of the best business men I know are generous almost to extravagance

with their customers, or in their dealings with men. They think nothing of spending a thousand dollars if they can see two thousand or five thousand coming back from it.

The habit of saving may be carried to such an extent that it becomes a boomerang and proves a stumbling block instead of a stepping stone.

It is bad economy for a farmer to skip on seed corn. He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly.

It is odd, when you come to think of it, how few people in the world live up to their responsibilities.

That is a beautiful character which like King's ship, has "found itself." For with the realization of its possibilities comes the desire for advancement along the lines which is recognized as peculiarly its own.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with yours.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the carache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with yours.

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Thus the two boys, by God's help, overcame the two ravenous beasts, without receiving themselves any dangerous wounds.

They now gazed at each other with amazement; they then looked at the beasts, which with open jaws, lay dead upon their backs, and were astonished at their strong teeth and huge mouths.

Be honest, boys and girls, in all your dealings. Never let the least crookedness enter into your life.

Be honest with yourself. Too many people try to deceive themselves. Let there be no dark corner in your heart into which you do not wish to let God's light.

Let there be no secret chamber into which you are afraid to enter to note what it contains. Young people get the habit of being untrue to themselves, of shunning whoever is painful or unpleasant. They strive to satisfy themselves that everything is all right, yet their conscience troubles them, and they are afraid to look into the matter to see how they stand.

A good examination of conscience in God's holy presence would be very helpful in clearing away the cloud that may harbor a great deal of dishonesty. Be honest with your neighbor. In all your dealings be open, clear, and above board.

Let the truth shine out in your words, be seen on your countenance, and evidenced in your acts. Men will respect you; your reputation for integrity will be established; and the nobility of your honesty will meet, even in this life, with a great reward.

Be honest with God. The eye of God is ever resting on you. All things are known to Him. We may deceive man, but not God. Honesty is indeed the best policy, and all should be honest because it is right and just.—Providence Visitor.

The Girls we all Like. The girl who is sunny. The girl who has heart.

The girl who has culture. The girl who loves music. The girl who has conscience. The girl who is tasteful and true.

The girl whose voice is not loud. The girl who stands for the right. The girl who lives for her friends.

The girl who sings from her heart. The girl who knows how to say "No." The girl who belongs to no clique.

The girl who believes in her home. The girl whose eyes are wide open. The girl who talks to some purpose.

The girl with no mania for features. The girl who believes in her mother. The girl who dislikes to be flattered.

The girl who is neither snarly nor sour. The girl who abhors people who gossip. The girl who avoids books that are silly.

The girl who is frank with her teachers. The girl who never worships fine clothes. The girl whose good deeds shine in her life.

The girl who is especially kind to the poor.—Montana Catholic. The Welcome Guest.

One day a farmer who lived away over the ocean in Germany, on the edge of a forest, saw a little robin red-breat fly to the window of his cottage.

The bird looked around as if he wanted to be let in. It was a cold day in winter. The farmer opened the window and gladly took the trusting little bird into his dwelling.

It soon began to pick up the crumbs under the table. The children, Hans and Bertha, loved birds, and took care of little robin. They gave him bread and water, through all the winter days.

When spring came and the trees began to grow green, the robin was restless in his cage. The kind farmer let him out, and opened the window. Away flew the little guest into the forest, singing a joyous song.

When the days grew cold again and snow covered the ground, robin came back to the cottage. He was not alone this time, but brought his little mate. The children and their father were happy to see them. The two robins looked out of their bright eyes so pleased that Hans and Bertha cried, "They look at us as if they wanted to say something."

Their father said, "If they could speak they would say, 'We trusted you, and you were kind to us. You

loved us, and we love you."—From the German.

PECULIAR MR. PARENT.

"Romanists (and priests especially)," writes the Rev. Mr. Parent in the Canadian Baptist, "are said to live and die in great terror of death. Evangelical Christians die triumphantly. Preparing souls to die in peace is a work that deserves to be continued."

Mr. Parent's second-hand knowledge of "Romanists" may be contrasted with Oliver Wendell Holmes' firsthand experience, derived from his attendance as a physician at many deathbeds.

"Whatever may be said of the Roman Catholic religion as a religion to live in," wrote Dr. Holmes, "it is certainly never heard of as a religion to die in."

We never heard of a man who lived in greater terror of death than Samuel Johnson, yet he was probably as religious minded a Protestant as ever breathed. We have seen a good many Catholics die, and we never yet saw one who died in terror.

On the other hand doctors and nurses will testify that there is no more peaceful death than that of the man who has lived without God in the world; he dies as quietly as a dog and with as much thought of the hereafter. Before we praise a peaceful death we must know what was the cause of the peace, whether it was indifference, or presumption or a humble confidence in the mercy of God.—Antigonish Cassket.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A Wonder of the Universe. HAMILTON, Ont. July 22, 02. My wife was very weak and at times I would be afflicted with melancholy spells.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to you. Poor patients who get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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The Home Bank of Canada. Dividend No. 2. Notice is hereby given that a DIVIDEND AT THE RATE OF SIX PER CENT. per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the half-year ending Nov. 30th, 1906.

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PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH IS NOT AN UNMIXED EVIL.

A GOOD THING THAT CATHOLICS SHOULD BE ROUSED TO STAND UP FOR THEIR FAITH, SAYS BISHOP HEDLEY.

From a Pastoral by Bishop Hedley, of New York.

It is impossible not to be struck by the calamities which in these present times are threatening the Church of God. The Sovereign Pontiff is still a prisoner, unable to stir outside the gates of the Vatican.

The anti-Christian government of France has not only repudiated the illustrious Church which is the chief glory of France, but denies to Catholics even the rights of the common law, and strikes at religion whenever it dares to raise its head.

The state of conflict which prevails so widely over the world is not without disadvantages. It is not an unmixed evil for the religious interests which are so dear to us.

Whenever the interests of the Catholic religion are threatened it is the duty of every Catholic to exert himself in their defense.

ALL SOULS - PRAY FOR THEM WHO CANNOT HELP THEMSELVES.

November brings to mind our duty to the dear departed, our relatives, friends, benefactors and former associates who have fallen asleep in the Lord.

DIocese of London.

PRESENTATION TO REV. FATHER BEAUDOIN. Rev. L. A. Beaudoin, P. P. Walkerville, Ont., is about to take a trip to Rome for the benefit of his health.

At the conclusion of the proceedings the addresses and presentations thank his parishioners for the tangible expression of their good will and esteem.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

Rev. Father Browning who was lately appointed to the important parish of Richmond, Archdiocese of Ottawa, was given an affectionate leave-taking by his parishioners on Sunday March 11th.

DIocese of Pembroke.

BISHOP LORRAIN VISITS THE COBALT COUNTY.

The Cobalt or Temiskaming county is part of the vast diocese of Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke. His Lordship paid a visit recently to the newly formed parishes in this district.

The neighboring town of New Liskeard was visited by Bishop Lorrain upon the nineteenth. The Catholics here are of about the same number as in Haliburton.

DIocese of Hamilton.

A beautiful altar has been placed in the Sacred Heart Church, Kentworth, costing \$1,150. It is the finest altar in the Hamilton county and one of the best in the Hamilton diocese.

DIED.

LEBRE.—On the 29th Aug. at Waubesahe, Ont. Mr. Lebre, son of Mrs. J. Lebre. Aged eighteen years. May his soul rest in peace!

PROFIT FOR YOU.

The little book "Farm Science," but recently of the press, is justly regarded as the equal in practical suggestions, plain teachings and un-mentioned authority, of anything ever published exclusively for the farmer.

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Catholic Order of Foresters

Ald. Chas. S. O. Boudreault, Chief Ranger of St. Jean Baptiste Court, Ottawa, and Benjamin J. Asselin, Recording Secretary of St. Basil's Court, Brantford, have been appointed Organizers for the Ontario Jurisdiction, and are at work at present, in the interest of Catholic Forestry.

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