

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, June 4, 1898.

LACK OF AMBITION.

The address of Archbishop Ireland to the students of Notre Dame may be perused with profit by our young men. They are not where they should be in this Dominion. They are content with anything—even the promise of politicians. They have no ambition higher than the civil service. This may be sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, but a young man who has any red blood in his veins should shun it as he would the plague. There is too little ambition and too little perseverance. There is no short-cut to a competency of any kind. It must be acquired by hard and persevering work. There is no place save at the bottom for the individuals who hear Mass on the sidewalk before the church and are beyond all instructions. Their religion keeps them, they say, in the background! The Church, however, has no contract to help dawdlers and young men who are waiting for some nice clean job to turn up.

A GREAT MANY OF THEM DO NOT VOTE.

Why? It takes too much trouble to have their names placed in the electoral lists. We say they deserve all they get. If they allow themselves to be played upon by politicians and to have no intelligent opinion of their own they will remain as they are today, hewers of wood and carriers of water.

THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW.

We sigh sometimes for the days when men thought the stars were huge lanterns hung out in the sky by the angels. This was when the world was simple. It knew little, according to our standards. It was content with few things. Yet it was happy. It has a love for the things that have no money value, for the laughter of children, for the sunlight and air and the dancing waters: it loved to watch the flowers and the grain and to gather it, much rejoicing. And when the storms came, the rushing winds were the voices of spirits. So they told each other with bated breath—but that was when the world was simple. It had its homes—great castles on mountain sides and little cabins on moorland and glen. Over the castle banner of the noble and over the cabin badge of the vassal, and within their precincts strong men and pure women.

And what wise words were uttered around the firesides! They are jotted down in books and have, despite their quaintness, an undefinable charm. They are words of counsel, words that weave tales of stricken fields and knightly deeds and words of the land beyond the spheres. The fragrance of faith clings around them, and we never look them over without being refreshed and invigorated.

Their simple directness and tender charm entitle them, indeed, to an abiding-place in one's memory, but what pleases us most is their reverence for authority. Power is from God, they say, and the command from State and Church was as from the Creator, and was so regarded by simple peasant and mailed knight. There was no flippant criticism of superiors. That was reserved for our day when lads scarce out of their teens feel themselves qualified to have and to give vent to their opinions of a superior especially when out of the fulness of wisdom and experience, he has outlined the duty of his subjects. But in these days men looked to the Church with reverence, because she was not only their teacher and their guide but also the protector of their liberties.

THE CHURCH AND LIBERTY.

Among the brightest pages of history are these which tell of the battles of the Church in defence of liberty. Liberty she demanded for herself and for the people: and, when princes would fain allow no rights that were not derived from their own will, she put aside their vain assumptions of superiority; and when they endeavored to substitute their passions for law and to trample on the rights of their subjects she was ever the first to interpose her authority. When the news came to her that a prince was endeavoring to fling around his kingdom the chains of despotism, that he shed the blood of his people without just cause,

that he committed a crime against morality and justice, she was the first to denounce him and to remind him of his duty. When eternal principles were at stake she spoke out clearly and distinctly, proclaiming that authority was the trust and not the property of the ruler, and that when Governments enacted statutes that violated the eternal law, the foundation of every human law, they deserved not obedience but resistance. Oftentimes was she in stress and storm. Had she at times but listened to the counsels of worldly prudence whole countries would have been preserved to her allegiance, but her lips, framed for the utterance of truth, knew not the language of expediency.

Any student of history knows what a labor of self sacrifice was entailed by the interposition of authority. Scarcely had the seeds of Christianity been planted when the Roman Empire broke and perished; and against it rushed like an avalanche the barbaric hordes from the North and East, with the avowed purpose of destroying every vestige of civilization. Ruin and devastation marked their progress, and for a time it seemed that all Europe should have to own the sway of the barbarian. But the Church drew the men of blood and iron within her influence, impregnated them with her spirit and moulded them into the most polished nations of the world. The pages of her history are gemmed with deeds that have extorted admiration from even those who yielded her no allegiance, for when they considered that the princes against whom she raised her voice were fierce and unscrupulous warriors, such as Philip and Henry—men little accustomed to brook interference—and that her action brought upon her persecution and centuries of repression, they could not but appreciate her attitude. She has stood between the ruler and the people, protecting them both, and always upholding the rights of religion and the cause of humanity.

But for the intervention of the Papacy, says a Protestant writer, alluding to the excommunication of Henry IV. by Gregory VII., "the vassal of the West and the serf of Eastern Europe would perhaps to this day be in the same state of social abasement, and military autocrats would occupy the place of paternal and constitutional governments."

In later days some have blamed the Church because she attained such a commanding position. But, as Cardinal Newman says:

"The role was forced upon her by the very logic of events: It was not the fault of the Pope that the Vandals swept away the African Seas, and the Saracens those of Syria and Asia Minor, or that Constantinople and its dependencies became the creatures of imperialism, or that France, England and Germany would obey none but the author of their own Christianity, or that clergy and people at a distance were obstinate in sheltering themselves under the majesty of Rome against their own fierce kings and nobles and imperious Bishops. All this will be fact, whether the Popes were ambitious or not: and still it will be fact that the issue of that great change was a great benefit to the whole of Europe."

In the days when might seemed right and men relied on the sharpness of the sword the people looked to her for support against injustice; and never, despite menace and persecution, did she fail them. She was the only power that could stand before the prince and say to him: "It is not lawful for thee." She became, as it has been well said, the great pacifier of Europe at a time—a crucial period of history—when without such supreme intervention all the arts, sciences, learning, law and government which had been built upon the ruins of the ancient world, would have disappeared in the social convulsions and political revolutions of the new order.

A case in point. Up before our eyes comes a page of history—that, namely, which recounts the manner in which St. Ambrose rebuked the despotism of the Emperor Theodosius. The Emperor had, in a fit of anger, ordered the citizens of Thessalonica to be put to the sword. A few days afterwards he goes to the cathedral of Milan. Bishop Ambrose confronts him on the threshold and forbids him to enter. Around the Emperor are the soldiers famed for their prowess and crowned with the laurels of many a

hard-fought field, and around the Bishop are the clerics united to the clash of arms, gazing wonderingly on the strongly marked features of the men of war. For an instant there is silence—then a low murmur of anger, and every hand is upon a sword held ready at the word of command to carve a way into the sacred edifice. Ambrose, however is undaunted. He is God's sentinel keeping guard over Justice. Fear abides not in the soul of a Bishop who knows his responsibility, and he tells the Emperor that he will not, dare not, give place in church to an unrepented murderer. "Did not David sin and yet find pardon," cries the Emperor. "Thou hast imitated David in his guilt," replies Ambrose: "imitate him also in his repentance."

We pass over the many means by which she has widened the ranks of freemen, and we content ourselves with saying that whatever tends to reserve liberty and to enhance its dignity is due to the action of the Church. What she has taught in the past she teaches today. Her's are the things of God—the things of Caesar belong to the State. She cares not what the form of government may be; but she insists upon her right to pronounce judgment on the morality and the justice of law. From out the fullness of genius and the garnered wisdom of years has Leo XIII. instructed us exhaustively on this all-important subject. His words have circled the globe, and any one, no matter what creed may claim his allegiance, understands that the principles expressed by them stand for justice and morality and form the sources of national vitality and prosperity. These principles have full often been stated by his predecessors, by the invincible Hildebrand battling with Henry, by many another who preferred misrepresentation and persecution to concessions that were incompatible with their responsibility, and that would immortalize liberty on the altar of ambition and despotism, and to day, when there is a tendency to revolt against legitimate authority, one knows that the messages from the Vatican are of practical utility.

To God, love and adoration; to the State, loyalty and obedience.

ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH.

The Governments of Italy, France and Spain are Anti-Catholic—Stirring Letter of His Grace the Most Rev. Rev. Archbishop of Portland.

Portland, May 16.—His Grace Archbishop Gross has issued the following official letter:

"The impression is abroad that Spain is a most devout Catholic government, where everything Catholic reigns supreme, and the mere will of Pope and Bishops is most respectfully obeyed. Nothing can be farther from the truth. We cite but one instance. The barbarous bull fights were introduced in spite of the Catholic Church. They have been condemned time after time by the Catholic clergy, with the Pope as their head. No one has shown his horror or condemned them so severely at the present most humane and illustrious Leo XIII. And yet, instead of obliging, the highly Catholic government of Spain encourages them. Instead of obeying, Spanish ladies and gentlemen through the bloody spectacle of a bull-fight. The sacred devotion of a Sunday or great feast is ornamented with a bull-fight. I have small regard for the Catholicity of Catholics who spurn the command of the Pope when prohibiting what it is his duty to denounce. "It has been objected that if Spain has its demoralizing bull fights, America has its brutal prize-fights. Yes, but it did not require a decree of the Pope to prohibit them. Our noble government has prohibited the prize-fights, and has done all in its power, and successfully, too, to stop this barbarous sport."

"We are somewhat tired of hearing the governments of Spain, Italy, France, etc., called Catholic. It is high time that the people of this country should be told that there are no greater enemies of the Catholic Church, and that these governments are stooping to vilest means to tear up the Catholic Church—root and branch. It may be objected that the masses of the peoples in these countries are Catholics. That may be. But if they are not willing to rise up in their might, as did their brethren in Germany under a Windhorst and Malineckrodt, as the Catholics in brave little Belgium, as the Catholics of France, listening to the advice of the Pope, are doing under the gallant leadership of Count de Mun, as the Catholics in the United States always have in Know-nothing attacks—if these masses are content to put their hands in their pockets and let their governments be ruled and

poned to the grace, become a Catholic, a Carmelite priest, and died a martyr of charity in the Franco-Prussian war."—Carmelite Review.

every office of their country filled by sworn enemies of the Church and by members of vile secret societies which have been condemned by the Popes and if they themselves join by the tens of thousands these prohibited societies—well, let them enjoy to their hearts' content the pleasure of having their rights trampled under foot. But we protest against the parading of those governments as Catholic governments, and claiming as such sympathy from American Catholics; they have our contempt, not one jot of our sympathy.

"We are weary of all this prevailing ignorance and misrepresentation. Pombal, Kaunitz, Choiseul, Tancucci, Cavour, Crispi, were all *soldier* Catholics. But any tyro in Church history will acknowledge that these gentlemen did more harm to the Catholic Church than a Nero and a Diocletian. Let us tear away the mask. Stand out in your true colors, ye foes of the Church of Christ; ye don the livery of Heaven wherein to serve the devil.

THE LOVE OF OUR LORD.

Catholic Columbian.
The month of June is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which symbolizes the love that Christ has for us—the love that brought Him down from Heaven for us and our salvation, the love that made Him long to be with the children of men, the love that conceived the mystery and gift of the Blessed Eucharist, the love that led Him to the cruel death of the cross.

To get men to consider that divine affection, our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary in order to propagate devotion to His Sacred Heart and He declared to her that that devotion is most acceptable to Him. He made many promises of blessings to be lavished on those who should practice it. He has fulfilled those promises on numberless occasions during the two centuries that have intervened since then.

The love that Christ has for us should excite us to love Him. He loves us. He desires our salvation. He has bestowed on us all that we have of good. He loves us individually, with a personal affection, especially those who are in His grace, who are growing more and more into His likeness, and who will be His for eternity. One of the saints was transported with the thought of this affection and went about repeating joyously the words— "He loves me!" emphasizing each in turn and so drawing a new meaning. He, God, Jesus, loves me. He loves, not simply likes, or tolerates, or has some regard for me, but He loves me. He loves me, and who am I wretched sinner, and what have I done that I should possess His affection?

OUR LORD IN THE TABERNACLE.

One of our great sins of omission is our want of love and devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament. Especially culpable are we when we have opportunities to frequently visit our divine Lord in the Tabernacle. We know of pious souls, living at a great distance from a Catholic church, who would consider it the height of happiness to be near our Lord. On the other hand, many pass and re-pass the abode of holiness without a reverent thought, raising of the hat or bowing of the head, as a mark of respect and expression of faith. Another neglect is with regard to Benediction. Too often do we excuse ourselves from the holy act of worship. Benediction is not a mere expression of an earnest wish, but— to quote the current number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart— "an actual imparting of peace and calm, of joy and zeal, of hope and confidence. Some even have received the gift of faith when the Eucharistic Christ gave His benediction. Several instances of such marvellous and instantaneous conversions suggest themselves; perhaps the best known is that of the celebrated musician Hermann. Asked by a friend to direct the music in a Catholic church at Benediction one day in May, the Jew consented. When the monsignor was uplifted by the priest, the maestro felt impelled to kneel. The blessing was given: for Hermann it was faith. He corres-

SISTERS ASKED NO PAY.

A staff correspondent of a New York paper sends the following from Key West: "It seems to me that considering the big sacrifice, too little has been said as to the giving up by the Sisters of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception for hospital purposes. The general impression seems to be that the Government paid what is termed a handsome price for the use of this seat of learning. This statement has been telegraphed all over the country, but it is far from the truth. When the board of survey representing the navy made a tour of the city in search of suitable sites for hospitals and selected two of the largest cigar factories, the Sisters of the Holy Name heard of the board, volunteered not only the use of the convent, but the boys' and colored schools, three distinct buildings. 'What do you ask for the use of the property?' was one of the first questions. 'Nothing,' replied the mother superior. 'But it will be a big loss to you, closing up the convent, will it not?' 'That is true' was the reply, 'but all we ask is that you give us a small portion of that building to live in.' 'The convent is your support, is it not?' 'Yes, our sole support.' After a second consultation it was decided that the Government not only set apart for the use of the Sisters a portion of the convent, but also furnish them with food and clothes so long as the institution is used for hospital purposes, the Sisters, in return, to give their services to the inmates free. That is the true story of how the convent was acquired.

"QUESTION BOX."

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.
That our readers are becoming more deeply interested in the Question Box feature is evidenced by the queries coming in. One enthusiastic admirer of this department says it is making more converts than the missionaries. While this may well be doubted yet it is capable of removing many prejudices. If the ordinary difficulties which beset non-Catholics are sent in their Catholic friends rather than abstract scientific problems, some of which are unanswerable, and have nothing to do with the objects for which this department was established. However, send all your queries, and what we cannot answer we will do as the small boy did with the conundrum, "give it up."

"Skeptic" objects to the belief in the efficacy of relics to cure diseases, and wants to know what Biblical authority there is for such faith. Looking at Matthew xvi., 26, and Luke viii., 44, you find a cure recorded from touching "the hem of His garment." Acts iii., 6, and v. 15, record miracles performed by St. Peter; in the last, the mere shadow of the Apostle cures the sick.

"Liberal" wants to know why Catholics omit "This is the power," etc., from the "Lord's Prayer." Because it does not belong to it. This was answered at some length before. The King James Protestant Bible omits it itself in Luke xi., 2, 3, 4, while retaining it in the other part. The revised Cambridge and Oxford version omits it in both places.

J. W. asks: "If a Catholic is baptized by a lay person through parents' neglect is he cleansed of original sin? Is it the same as if the priest did it?"

If the words were used, the water poured and the intention was to baptize, yes. It would be a sin, however, for a lay person to baptize where there is no danger of death. The priest is the proper minister of baptism, and it is possible for a lay person to omit an essential part of the ceremony. "A Constant Reader" wishes to know for the benefit of a non-Catholic the answers to the following questions: (1) "Have the priests the power to perform miracles, and if so, why do they not exercise this power?" (2) "Where in the Bible does it say that baptism cleanses us from original sin?" (3) "In Romans v., 12, we are told that 'Wherefore, as by one man, sin entered into this world and by sin death, and so death passed upon all men in whom all have sinned.' In John iii., 5, occurs this text, 'Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.' See also Mark i., 4; Mark xvi., 16; Acts ii., 38. (4) "If St. Peter was given the power of forgiving sin by God, personally, where do the priests get the power?" As Christ promised to give to His Apostles all days until the end of the world, He conferred upon their successors the powers He granted to them. (5) "When and where did Christ establish the true Church?" (6) "When He spoke to St. Peter, saying 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church.' (7) "A subscriber" would like to know if it would be necessary for a priest

who has fallen into mortal sin to go to confession before saying Mass, or would an act of contrition suffice?" If impossible for him to go to confession and he has a Mass to say, he must excite himself to perfect contrition, as it would be a great sacrifice for him to celebrate Mass when not in a state of grace.

THE BLESSING OF THE FIELDS.

The Ancient Breton Custom of Observing St. Mark's Day.

Many of those beautiful old Catholic customs, which unfortunately are now forgotten in England, still flourish in many parts of France, writes a Dinard correspondent in the London Tablet, and on this, St. Mark's Day, I have just had the happiness of assisting at one which perhaps some pious Catholic landlord or tenant might be able to revive at home. I allude to the "Benediction of the newly sown crops on St. Mark's Day, which is, as perhaps your readers are aware, followed by a somewhat similar ceremony at Rogationtide immediately before the great Feast of our Lord's Ascension, in Catholic countries. As is generally the case here, the proceedings commence when the Angelus rings out at six a. m., so early an hour that unfortunately the majority of English people who visit Brittany are not up in time to witness it. This year the morning broke cloudless, the rising sun shining on the blue sea, as we made our way to the pretty old parish church of St. Enogat, near Dinard. This has been restored in the Romanesque style during recent years, and is a very satisfactory and devotional structure, with fine statues of our Lord, St. Clement, patron of the fishermen, those of our Lady, St. Joseph, and St. Anthony of Padua are well carved out of stone, as also are the "Stations of the Cross," which decorate the walls, and the massive pulpit, font, etc. When we arrived the church was already full, the school children and choir singing very heartily the responses to the Litany of the Saints; then the church bells ring and the procession sets out, with cross and banners, the surpliced choir and altar boys leading the way, followed by the officiating priest in cope, with the other clergy; these are followed by the school children, and then by all the faithful two by two, admirable order being kept throughout, though the procession reached the length of several hundred yards. As we passed through the village street many workmen of various kinds passed us, and all, without exception, respectfully raised their hats, and vehicles were drawn on either side to allow the procession to pass, with every mark of sympathy and respect. This to an Englishman was very striking. Leaving the village we wound our way through fields and by-roads, where the new crops were sown, asking God's blessing on the coming season, the rector of the parish blessing the growing crops as he passed along. The procession having reached the confines of the parish now returned by another circuitous route to the church, and then High Mass was sung, to simple Gregorian music, the Gradual, Introits, etc., being all correctly rendered, and the singing being of that simple and congregational kind which I have never heard in England, where, as a rule, a small glee choir renders congregational singing an impossibility.

BLINKS AND HOOTS.

The owl blinks at the day-light, and has a clear vision in the night. There is, now and then, a man found the person called Catholic, a misnomer made the way, who blinks at an effort made by the good priest in spreading the light. He objects to worthy societies, does not believe in a lyceum, thinks innocent, wholesome games a device of Satan to mislead. He is always predicting a failure, and his wish is father to the thought. He longs to be in the condition of "I told you so." There is a hoot in his croaking voice that is unmistakable in defining his species. Then there is the specimen that stares blankly at the Catholic journal magazine. Catholic literature is such wishy washy stuff. The Catholic writer, as he would have it, incubates but to exploit himself. What a paper he could make if he had the management, what deep, solid controversial articles he could pen if he could get the editor's attention and the management paid him a round sum. It doesn't matter that Catholic periodicals are contending for truth, liberality and enlightenment, and against falsehood, bigotry and materialism, he is utterly apathetic, blinks and hoots. But he has a very keen vision for the journalism on the outside; this he magnifies and extols, and nothing delights him more than to see his name paraded in its columns, and his egregiously vanity tickled by the productions of his brain, clear shining through his owlish vanity.—Pittsburg Catholic.

The Republic of Boston, Mass., in authority for the statement that Admiral Sampson, of the United States Navy, is a Catholic.

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THE GUARDIAN'S MYSTERY

Rejoiced for Conscience's sake.
BY CHRISTINE FABER.
CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"But I am so well," replied Florence.
"My head does not ache at all, and I declare if it were not for that horrid dizziness, I should feel actually frisky!"
Her looks seemed to corroborate her words, for the flush had entirely disappeared from her face, and her eyes were quite bright.

"Do you think, dearest, you are well enough to have me say something to you?"
And Agnes drew her chair closer, and founded one of Florence's plump hands.
"Say something to me—why certainly, I am well enough—say all that you want to me."
"Well, then, dear Florence, after a great deal of painful thought, I have come to the conclusion that I must end my stay here, delightful as it is to be with you, and go to Mrs. Denner, and that I must write to Mr. Mallaby to that effect, to-morrow."

"Agnes Hammond!"
Her amazement, indignation, grief and dismay, at such an announcement Florence could say nothing else, and forgetting her dizziness she sat up in the bed, and looked half wildly at her friend.

"It does not pain you, dear, a whit more than it does me; the thought of our separation, is almost making me sick," her white face seemed to confirm her assertion—"but, I could not remain with any regard for my uncle and you, in a house where I am so unwillingly tolerated as I am by your aunt."

Her pallor increased a little; perhaps owing to the absolute lie she was telling. The unwillingness of Miss Wilbur's aunt to tolerate her had nothing to do with her determination to depart.

Florence, implicitly believing every word that Agnes had spoken, was in sad distress.

"I knew," she said, "that burst from Aunt Deb, this morning, would sting you because of the hateful way she said herself, instead of guests; but you seemed to take it so quietly that I thought you would not mind it any more than I did. Do, Agnes, be sensible enough to think nothing about her. You see, how indifferently Uncle Sydney has taken her illness to-day, and he is master in this house. And you, yourself must feel how pleased he is to have you here. He seems so attentive to you that if I did not know, as I do in your case, how absolutely out of the question is a mixed marriage, I should be suspicious of his engendering some tender feeling on your part."

Agnes bent her head over the little plump hand she was still fondling; and she did not reply, she could not at that instant have trusted herself to do so.

Florence resumed:

"Tell me, dearest, that you will retract this determination of yours."

"I cannot, Florence. I have weighed the matter well, and in my heart, my conscience and my judgment tell me that I ought to go. Consequently, I must and shall go."

When Miss Hammond spoke in that decisive tone, her friend knew there was little use in attempting to combat her, and she threw herself back on the pillow, her head beginning to ache again, and her eyes filling with tears of vexation.

"If you will go, Agnes," she said, "then I shall not wait for you, my dear, but I will go to London, and who has arranged not to go for two months yet. I shall get Uncle Sydney to engage a passage for me this week; he can place me in care of some captain. Then, later on, my dear, will be rid of both her disagreeable guests."

But even while she spoke she was secretly but very confidently hoping that Uncle Sydney would be able to persuade Miss Hammond to retract her determination; the difficulty was to tell him confidentially how matters were, and to tell him before Miss Hammond should write to Mr. Mallaby.

She cast about her for some pretext of getting Agnes out of the way, and she found it at length in a sudden thought of St. John's Park.

"Agnes, dearest," she said, after both had maintained a somewhat lengthy silence, "I think each of us is suffering from the excitement of this resolution of yours. I know my poor head is aching again and your pale face looks as if a breath of air on this close afternoon would do it good. Would you like to take a turn in St. John's? The work of the park is generally omitted—and would you mind going there alone? I fancy Uncle Sydney, not thinking that we would leave the house to-day again, is buried with his books."

The proposition met with favor from Miss Hammond, but she hesitated to leave Florence.

"I shall really be better without you," protested Florence, "for your absence may well enable me to forget your cruelty long enough to go to sleep. So, do, dear Agnes, go for an hour at least. You will find the key (meaning the key of the park) hanging in the lower hall. I saw Mrs. A. T. STEWART, Folcar, Ont., says: "From the 7th of January to the 30th, we were up night and day with our trying every kind of patent medicine we ever heard of. At this time we did not know of Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine until after the 30th, when our youngest darling died in spite of all we could do. Sometimes in February the doctor told us our other boy couldn't live till spring. We were about discouraged when I got my eye on an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Syrup.

"I tried at once to get some, but none of the dealers here had it. A neighbor who was in Kingston managed to purchase two bottles which he brought straight to me, and I believe it was the means of saving our only boy."

"One teaspoonful of the Syrup stopped the cough so he could sleep till morning. Our boy is perfectly well now, and I would not be without Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house."

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Uncle Sydney put it there yesterday morning."

Thus entreated, Agnes donned her bonnet, and went forth. Some, thought there was a keen sense of suffering in her heart there was also mingled with it a very exalted consciousness of having nobly done her duty, and instead of being humbly thankful that strength had been given her to do it she was yielding to some of the emotions that spring from pride and vanity. She was so sure of herself now—so sure that her determination was inflexible.

"Never mind," said she, "my head aches, it is all the result of her headache that had returned with much of its first violence, and the dizziness which she held chairs and table while she dressed, and groped herself as she could, and groped her way (it seemed like groping the manner in which she was obliged to support herself by balustrade and wall) to her uncle's study."

"Come in," said to her gentle knock, and then seeing how really ill she looked, jumped up from a reading-stand before which he had been idly sitting, and placed a chair for her.

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moment so that I wish and will it. And I wish you to stay, Miss Hammond."

"She made a desperate effort to recall her resolution, and she succeeded sufficiently to say with a firmness that both enhanced his admiration and increased his determination to have her remain.

"I thank you, Mr. Wilbur, but I must go; I must go as soon as I have written to Mr. Mallaby to apprise him of my departure."

And then, determined to avoid the fascination of his eyes, she almost rudely turned away from him, and began to toy nervously with the chain of her watch. Her heart was beating so violently, and the blood was surging violently from her cheeks to her brow.

He waited a moment, then caught her hands with a grasp from which she could not free them, and compelled her to look at him; but she did not, would not look at him.

"I have read your secret, Miss Hammond; you would flee from me?"

In shame-stricken surprise she lifted her eyes then, only to meet in his tender gaze that which she had feared to relinquish his grasp and stood before her.

"Agnes!"

"It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, and she thrilled again as she had never done before."

"Bless my wife, and thus make my home always your home."

He extended his hands to her, and for one wild instant she yearned to place her own in them, and to tell him that as he loved so was willing to resign her name and her resolution; she remembered these, but she forgot to make even an instant's prayer, and so she had only her own strength upon which to rely.

"I cannot, Mr. Wilbur; you forget that I am a Catholic."

And then she rose also, looking, he thought, more beautiful in her attempted firmness, than ever she had looked to him before.

"But Catholics do marry Protestants," he persisted, "and shall be reasonable, allowing you to practise your religion. I shall even consent to our marriage by one of your clergymen."

Her temptation was great. She loved this strong, clever, handsome man with all the vigor of her eighteen years; and she could see no absolute wrong in becoming his wife when he promised to show such a tolerant spirit; then she had forgotten to pray, so that the tempter had fewer forces to fight against, and Wilbur himself, for he felt so certain of victory.

"But a sudden thought came to her, and she burst out with it, as if glad that she had to say:

"Do you know that I am quite poor, Mr. Wilbur? My guardian says that my income is only six hundred a year."

"Do you know that I am quite rich, Miss Hammond?" he playfully mimicked her manner, "rich enough to care nothing about your income—rich enough to live away from my sharp-voiced sister."

"Oh, Agnes!" his voice taking an exquisite tenderness, "it is you I want, only you, beloved."

He took her hands unresistingly then, and held them, knowing that though she had not spoken, she had accepted him.

And, alas! she yielded to all the fascination of those fatal moments. It was so sweet to be thus loved, thus protected, as when he drew her arm within his own and she felt his supporting presence;—she who had never known a father's, mother's, or even brother's affection—and she walked with him through the flower-bordered paths silent from joy of his happiness. He also was too happy to care to interrupt the silence.

Agnes Hammond, with her beautiful face, her charming modesty, her simple dignity, and even her piety, which—though produced by a religion, that he had been taught to abhor—he still felt to be an elevation of soul, won him the envy of the sex had won him before. Occasionally, while abroad a female face had charmed him, but it was only to find on a closer acquaintance that the exquisite features were not accompanied by all the virtues which alone make woman lovely and lovable. In Agnes, brief as the time he had known her, he fancied he had discovered not alone the virtues already enumerated—but an admirable truthfulness without which—educated as he had been to adhere to truth in the most minute particulars—he thought no woman worthy of regard.

Miss Hammond had been in the little park, before with Mr. Wilbur and Florence, and thought she had on that occasion thought it pretty, it had not the beauty that it seemed to possess now. She could have continued for hours that silent walk up one path and down another, imagining that that spot on the whole earth had such strange and exquisite loveliness. The very color from the flowers seemed to become part of her happiness, linking itself in such a way with her strange and blissful feelings that she felt as if she had no other home, and that she had no other world but that which she saw and felt around her. Her recent struggles, the Confessor's counsel, her own resolution, were all forgotten, and when after every path had been twice traversed, and sunset was not far distant, Sydney again repaired to a vacant bench, he read in her eyes when they met his, convincing testimony of the return of his affection.

"Before we return to the house," he said, putting his arm on the back of the bench that she might rest her shoulders against it, rather than on the hard wooden support. "I must ask one or two practical questions."

She smiled indifferently, being too happy to care what he asked.

"Being your guardian, do you think Mr. Mallaby will quite approve of your marrying me? Do you think he will impose the obstacle you mentioned, religion?"

"I am of age; eighteen last month. He has no right to object."

"Well, I shall call upon him to-morrow, declare my intentions, and ask his approval. Being your guardian, Agnes, he has my welfare in regard, as any one, or anything must have, that belongs to you clearest. She blushed prettily, looked down, and edged away from his hand which from forming a support for her shoulders, had become bold enough to touch her hair. Her action alarmed him lest he had done anything to shock that feminine delicacy

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owner shrank from Agnes in a sort of speechless horror.

Then, for the first time, owing to the evidently shocked moment of Florence, there struck through her happiness a chord of keen reproach—in accepting Wilbur, no matter how lovable he promised to be, she was breaking a precept of the Church—she who was supposed to be so good—so firm in the performance of duty. But she was not going to let Florence see how her conscience accused her, and she strove to say very playfully:

"Are you so unwilling to let me have your uncle. I thought, dearest, your friendship was deeper than that."

"Oh! Agnes! how can you accuse me even in jest of such a thought. It is not that, as you know, but I am a Protestant and you are so good, so fervent a Catholic. How can you be willing to disobey the Church? You, whom I thought so good—you do such a thing as that, but one week from the convent, and only this morning at Communion! Oh, dearest, Lord! surely our love for Thee is little."

The reproaches were cutting Miss Hammond to the quick; then, her vanity was wounded at having fallen from the pedestal on which her friend formerly had placed her; also, her envy was aroused by a very secret, but a very strong feeling that poor little, plain, commonplace Florence was capable of greater heroism in spiritual things than she herself was; and, irritated by these various emotions, she rose from her seat, and said with unusual sharpness, as she began to pace the room:

"I do not know why you make such a time, Florence; I am sure every good Catholic woman is as marriageable as you, before my day, and many of them, no doubt, have done good service to the Church by converting their husbands, and bringing up their children strict Catholics. Your uncle has promised to be most reasonable in matters of faith, even to the extent of being married by a priest."

"Oh, has he?" said Florence, a little dryly.

And just then, Anne knocked at the door with a message from Mr. Wilbur to know how Miss Florence was, and whether the young ladies were coming down to tea, as he had been waiting at table for them some time.

"Tell him I am much better, Anne, but prefer taking tea in my room to-night. Miss Hammond will join him immediately."

"Miss Hammond will remain to keep Miss Florence's company," interposed that young lady, and Anne in doubt as to which message she should take still lingered.

"Don't be foolish, Agnes; go down and have your supper."

"Don't be ridiculous, Florence; come down with me and have yours."

But Florence was in no mood to sit at table with the lovely girl, and Agnes was firm in her refusal to go down without her, she bade Anne bring up tea for both of them.

In a few minutes Anne returned bearing a tray containing alone Miss Florence's tea. "Mr. Wilbur told me not to bring Miss Hammond's as he wanted her to come down in order to tell him how Miss Florence was."

"There! you willful girl; you see what you have brought upon yourself. Now you must go, and she absolutely pushed Agnes from the room; then, in a wild burst of grief she threw herself upon her knees. Never had idol been more rudely or ruthlessly shattered than was Florence's. She would have staked her life upon Agnes's firm refusal to do anything that the Catholic Church did not sanction, and now to find herself so absolutely, so cruelly mistaken, was like receiving some painful wound. She blamed herself for having thrown the temptation into her friend's way, and altogether she felt very miserable.

"But it is not yet too late, dear Lord," she prayed, raising her clasped hands and streaming eyes. "Only touch her heart with Your grace and she will recall her promise. Oh, Blessed Mother! you to whom she has been hitherto so devoted, do not forsake her now. Oh, my God! do not suffer all her life of piety to go down before this temptation."

And who knows but the heart-spoken words were heard and answered—that the generous, loving fervor of that unselfish petition won for the sorrow-stricken girl that which she had not endeavored to win for herself.

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which he so admired in her, and he hastened to withdraw his arm from the bench, at which action she looked relieved.

"And as you have no home but that Mrs. Denner's boarding house of which you told me, I think our marriage had better take place as speedily as possible; and in the meantime during our arrangements, suppose you and Florence, under Mr. Mallaby's escort, providing he will consent to the double charge, make a sojourn in Mrs. Denner's house. I am afraid it would not be pleasant for either of you to be under one roof with Deborah when I tell her what I intend to do."

"Oh! Mr. Wilbur, that will be just delightful. Mrs. Denner is a real motherly woman, and I know she will take Florence right to her heart."

Mr. Wilbur had heard nothing but that formal pronouncing of his name, and he determined to correct it immediately, and with an assumption of sternness:

"Mr. Wilbur will listen to nothing except from Miss Hammond. When Agnes desires to be heard, she will please address Sydney."

"That that arrangement will be delightful—Sydney," making an absurd pause before she pronounced the name, and blushing so shamefacedly but at the same time so charmingly when she did pronounce it, that it was all her lover could do to avoid watching her to his heart, and telling her that never had his name sounded so sweetly.

By this time it was sunset, and the old park-keeper was approaching for the purpose of requesting them to depart, as he had already requested every body else, and they, divided by their inaction, rose to do so before he quite reached them.

"Do not write to Mr. Mallaby, until I have seen him," requested Wilbur, as they walked very slowly home.

"But supposing he should be absent—"

"He often is absent," he replied.

"In that case, I shall see Mrs. Denner. Being the good, motherly woman you represent her to be, she will take in the situation at a glance, and become an important ally of mine, until I can reach Mr. Mallaby by her means."

"So you are prepared for any emergency," replied Agnes laughing.

"To be sure! I did ever love you fair lady without being full of expedients to overcome all obstacles!" he retorted playfully, and she, smiling at him, replied:

"Do not be so sure of yourself, my dear. He would be as sure as she was about to leave him."

"Tell Florence all about it, immediately. I think it will have the effect of making her quite well."

He went on and on, and she ran lightly up the stairs, and she feeling that she was standing as she had left him peeped archly down at him from over the balustrade. Her rosy, smiling face set against the dark color of her surroundings, made an exquisite picture, a picture that in the future was to come to him unbidden and unwished.

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SAINT AUGUSTINE.

A Man Who "Moulded the Mind of Europe for 1,500 Years."—By Very Rev. Dr. Prior, Vice-Rector English College, Rome.

New York Freeman's Journal.

PART I.—AUGUSTINE AT HOME.

In these days of keen interest in autobiography, when students of history are ransacking libraries and archives to present the past to us in its own circumstances and coloring, when a far-spread psychological school of romance seeks to probe the inner life of man and reveal its deep currents of religious thought and feeling, it must be interesting to study that MASTER SPIRIT OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT, S. Augustine, of whose life and character we have such abundant material in the voluminous works which he has left to posterity. To Catholics there these should appear with peculiar force, for it may be said without fear of exaggeration that there has not been since the time of the Apostles a greater champion of the Christian cause.

And there are few great men of an period of whom we have such an opportunity of forming an intimate and personal knowledge as of the Great Doctor of the Western Church. He has bequeathed to us a faithful picture of himself in his writings. In his Book of Confession he traces the story of his life from the first opening of his mind to the beginning of his episcopate. It is not a mere narrative of events, but a vivid likeness of his soul, with all its hidden depths, its yearnings and aspirations, its waywardness, its shame, its falls, its noble rise to a higher and purer life. He unburdens his mind of its teeming memories and throws them on the page without reserve.

AUGUSTINE OPENS HIS SOUL.

He was a saint when he wrote, so no doubt his sensitive conscience goes too deep a shade to the recital of wrong doing, but the note of sinfulness marks his work throughout. His earnest and sinful wanderings, his talents' achievements, are spoken of with simplicity and candor.

It is a pilgrim's progress, but in Augustine's pages Hypocrisy, Moral Love, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Giant Despair, were not mere gory, but the stern realities of his individual experience. He recoils in bitterness the wasted years, and bare his soul in the white light of the throne of God, in Whose presence he sits, and in Whom in the process of his narrative he is ever lifting his heart in adoration, thanksgiving and love.

"To whom tell I this?" he writes the second book of his Confession: "Not to Thee, my God, but to Thee, to my own kind, even to small portion of mankind as may be upon these writings of mine. Ah! what purpose? That whosoever reads this, may think not of what depths we cry unto Thee. For what is not to Thy ears than a confessing and a life of faith?" This spontaneous outpouring of his heart presents a picture of the saint, which is a thing more than a portrait; it is a trait as are the delicate hues of blossom on the plant to the muddied colors of the painter's canvas.

SPEAKS TO FRIENDS.

His strong individuality shines too, in other works, where he is set purposing to write autobiography. He has busied us more than two biographers, many of them to his friends, where he unveils his heart, and unconsciously reveals himself as he pours out without reserve his views, impressions, convictions, his sorrows, burdens, anxieties. Some of his pieces were written in the form of dialogue; others are of conversations between S. Augustine and his friends, and are interesting with details of his daily life.

A FAMILY PARTY.

"De Beata Vita," or the treatise on "True Happiness," is a record of conversations which he had with friends on the occasion of his third birthday. There, with his mother, St. Monica, and his Navigius, his two cousins Lad and Rusticus, his pupils Licentius, Trysetinus and his little son Aliphan, "the least of all" as he describes him, "but whose talents love does not deceive me, give us of great things." Their feast of the mind than that of the Augustine draws a lively picture scene. He tells how as a threatened, they sought a retreat sheltered spot in the public prison, which flows on with unceasing, sparkling here and there, playful humor.

TRAGEDY TRAPPED.

All were free to express their but one rule of the debate, was as a wholesome check on the auts, was that every remark reported on the tablets. Trysetinus, who was somewhat obstinate, in his argument, and tries the relentless logic of Augustus piece of pleasant irony, delivers a smothered laugh.

"The thing is quite clear," said Augustus, "Write it down," said Augustus, "I never said it," he exclaimed, "Write that down as well as the Saint."

"Yes, I said it," Trysetinus, "Later on S. Monica breathes debate with a plump demaemation."

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It is a pilgrim's progress, but in St. Augustine's pages Hypocrisy, Money-love, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Giant Despair, were not mere allegory, but the stern realities of his own individual experience. He recounts in bitterness the wasted years, and lays bare his soul in the white light from the throne of God, in Whose presence he writes, and in Whom in the course of his narrative he is ever lifting up his heart in adoration, thanksgiving and love.

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SPEAKS TO FRIENDS.

His strong individuality shines out, too, in other works, where he is not of set purpose writing autobiography. He has left us more than two hundred letters, many of them to intimate friends, where he unveils his secret heart, and unconsciously reveals himself as he pours out without restraint his views, impressions, convictions, feelings, his sorrows, burdens, and anxieties. Some of his speculative treatises were written in the familiar form of dialogue; others are reports of conversations between S. Augustine and his friends, and are interspersed with details of his daily life.

A FAMILY PARTY.

"De Beata Vita," or the treatise on "True Happiness," is a record of conversations which he had with his friends on the occasion of his thirty-third birthday. There were present his mother, St. Monica, and his brother Navigius, his two cousins Lætidius and Rusticus, his pupils Licentius and Trygetius and his little son Adeodatus—"the least of all" as the Saint describes him, "but whose talent, if my love does not deceive me, gives promise of great things." Their festivity, which lasted three days, was more a feast of the mind than of the body. Augustine draws a lively picture of the scene. He tells how as the rain threatened, they sought a retired and sheltered spot in the public baths. He directed the course of the discussion, which flows on with unabated interest, sparkling here and there with playful humor.

TRYGETIUS TRAPPED.

All were free to express their views, but one rule of the debate, which acted as a wholesome check on the disputants, was that every remark should be reported on the tablets. Trygetius, who was somewhat obstinate, stumbles in his argument, and tries to evade the relentless logic of Augustine by a piece of pleasant irony, delivered with a smothered laugh.

"The thing is quite clear," he said, "that man is happy who has not got what he wants."
"Write it down," said Augustine.
"I never said it," he exclaimed.
"Write that down as well," replied the Saint.
"Yes, I said it," Trygetius confessed.

Later on S. Monica breaks into the debate with a plump demand for information.

"But who are those Academicians, and what is their aim?"

When S. Augustine had given a concise and learned explanation of their tactics, S. Monica remarked: "Why, these men are epileptics," and she rose to go. Then they all rose amid joyous laughter, and the first day's debate was at an end.

It is hard to imagine, when we glance at his stern-looking tomes as they frown on us from the shelves of the library, that they contain scenes of such human interest. Yet there are numerous passages in which the personality of Augustine is presented to us in unaffected attitudes, with all the charm of natural ease. We feel that we are in his company as we read. I may be permitted one or two quotations.

The book "De Magistro," a treatise on the philosophy of words, is a dialogue between S. Augustine and his son Adeodatus when the latter was sixteen years of age. While it affords proof of the extraordinary talents of the boy, which even S. Augustine, with the recollection of his own precocious youth before him, looked upon as something appalling—"Narro mihi erat illud ingenium"—it reveals their deep mutual attachment, and the tender heart of the father in the Saint. There is all the freshness of life in their interchange of ideas.

WITH HIS LITTLE SON.

At one part of the discussion S. Augustine had thrown out a difficulty which he did not solve; so, later on, in recapitulating the course of the argument, Adeodatus said, "At this point you evaded the real tenor of the question with a joke, and deferred your answer to another time, and you must not imagine that I shall forget your debt to me."

Further on in the book S. Augustine reminds Adeodatus that, though they may indulge in a little playfulness from time to time, it is not for the sake of amusement that he holds his argument with him, but to exercise their mutual powers that they might feel and love the warm light of truth.

"Let us continue, then," said the boy, "for I shall never consider that trifling which you think should be said or done."

"Then tell me, first of all, 'utrum homo sit homo?'—'whether man is man?' (We should remember that they are discussing the philosophy of words.)

Adeodatus replies: "Now, I do not know whether you are joking or not?" Augustine, "How so?" Adeodatus, "Because you think fit to ask me whether man can be anything else but man!"

And so the dialogue runs on through grave comment and subtle distinction, full of the sunshine of kindly feeling, and brightened by frequent flashes of merriment.

Another of his minor works, "De Ordine," abounds in homely incidents and allusions, and detailed description, that seem to reproduce the Saint in his surroundings before our very eyes. It opens with a night scene.

CHAFFING HIS PUPILS.

Trygetius and Licentius are in bed in the same room with Augustine. He is turning over some question in his own mind when silence is broken by Licentius kicking the boards of his bed to frighten away the mice that threatened his sleep. At this sign of wakefulness, S. Augustine has no compunction in addressing him.

"I see, Licentius," he said, "that the muse has lit your lamp for a night study, so, can you throw any light on this question?" an allusion to his pupil's absorption in the study of poetry, which did not commend itself to Augustine's notions. Licentius was drawn into the train of thought, though somewhat reluctantly, as it appeared later. They had not gone far when he begged to be excused, for his mind was intent on far other things.

THE HOWLING POET.

This elicits another good-humored taunt from the Saint about his everlasting singing and howling of verses in every conceivable metre, which were raising a wall between him and truth more cruel than the one that separated the lovers of his poem (he was engaged at the time on verses about Pyramus and Thisbe) "for they could at least feel each other's breath through the traditional chink."

The next morning as S. Augustine goes to the baths he sees a cock fight, of which he gives a graphic description, and is led on by it to some deep philosophical reflections. Instances of this kind might be easily multiplied, but I must pass on to the story of his life.

HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

St. Augustine was born of comparatively poor parents at Tagaste, a small town in the northern part of Numidia, in the year 354. His father, Patricius, was a pagan; though of a kind and generous nature, he had an ungovernable temper, and was a harsh and unfaithful husband. Augustine's mother was the well-known St. Monica. From her lips in his childhood he learned the rudiments of the Christian faith; and so deeply did she implant the fear of God and the love of Jesus in his heart that even in the wildest dissipation of his after-life the impression was never effaced.

HIS MOTHER.

"By thy great mercy, O Lord," he writes in the third book of his Confessions, "my tender heart imbued with my mother's milk the sweet name of Christ, Thy Son, my Saviour; and ever after, nothing, be it ever so learned, ever so polished, ever so true, could, if devoid of this name, entirely carry me away."

And again, "Nor was it anything that drew me at last from the depths of vice but the fear of death and

judgment, which had never left my heart in all its wanderings." (Book vi., c. 16.)

HIS BOYHOOD.—HE ADMONISHES GREEK. He grew to be a bright, intelligent boy, gentle and warm-hearted. He devoured eagerly the Latin classics and wept over Virgil, but abominated Greek. He does not seem to have learnt this language until late in life, when he girded himself for the struggle against Pelagius.

NICE BOY.—BRIGHT, CHEERFUL. Generous and frank, he hated all meanness and hypocrisy. He soon won his way to the affections of his companions, who gave him their love and esteem all the more readily, perhaps, that together with his mental gifts, sunny disposition and sympathetic nature, he united prowess in games and often neglected his lessons to indulge in play.

THE BIRCH WAS THE PENALTY for his fault; and it excited such a dread in his young heart, for he feared it no less, he writes, than grown-up men fear racks and hooks and other torments, that he begged of God in His mercy to preserve him from a thrashing. "For so I began as a boy to pray to Thee, my aid and refuge, and broke the fetters of my tongue to call on Thee, praying Thee, though small, with no small earnestness, that I might not be beaten at school."

His imperfect prayer was not heard, and the lash continued to be applied. "This was judged right by our forefathers," he says, "and many passing the same course before us, framed for us weary paths through which we were fain to pass, multiplying toil and grief upon the sons of Adam."

YOUTH—BAD EXAMPLE.

After receiving the rudiments of education at Tagaste, he was sent to the more important town of Madaura, and thence to the metropolis of Carthage, to pursue his studies. He was thus released from the wholesome restraints of home, removed from the watchful eye of his Christian mother, and thrown into an atmosphere almost entirely pagan. Sensuality, wickedness, incentives to passion, were rife, and Augustine was carried away by the stream of example around him.

"Woe is thee thou torment of human custom!" he writes of this time, "who shall stand against thee? How long shalt thou not be dried up? How long roll the sons of Eve into that huge and hideous ocean which even they scarcely overpass who climb the cross?"

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

He did nothing to outrage the prevailing standard of morality around him, and certainly he fell not so low as many of his companions. He preserved an exterior of respectability, was polished and elegant in manner, affable, kind; but he had drunk in freely the breath of evil and the poison had corrupted his heart.

WENT AHEAD IN STUDIES.

He did not, however, allow self-indulgence to paralyze his energies. His native talents developed rapidly under the spur of ambition. Eager for distinction, he threw himself into the struggle for success and easily outdistanced every rival. His mind responded readily to every demand upon its resources, and he mastered almost without effort the most difficult subjects of knowledge.

In a bitter lament over this portion of his life he let us see something of his extraordinary talents and the wide range of his acquirements. He begins with an allusion to the Predilections of Aristotle, and any one who has studied in this field of philosophy will appreciate the feat of genius of which he makes mention.

"And what did it profit me that scarce twenty years old a book of Aristotle, which they call the Ten Predilections, falling into my hands (the very name of which I revered as something great and divine, so often as my rhetoric masters of Carthage and others who checked learned, mumbled it with cheeks bursting with pride I read and understood it unaided?"

WONDERFUL TALENTS.

"And on my conferring with others, who said they scarcely understood it with the help of very able tutors and only orally explaining it, but drawing many figures in sand, they could tell me no more of it than I had learned reading it by myself. And the book appeared to me to speak very clearly. And what did it profit me that all the books I could procure of the so-called liberal arts, I, the vile slave of vile affections, read by myself and understood? . . . Whatever was written either on rhetoric or logic or geometry, music and arithmetic by myself without difficulty or any instructor I understood. Though I knowest, O Lord, my God; because both quickness in understanding and acuteness in discerning is Thy gift. What profited me good abilities not employed to good uses? For I felt not that these arts were attained with great difficulty even by the studious and talented until I attempted to explain them to such, when he most excelled in them who followed me not altogether slowly."

MANICHEAN SNARE.

When he was nineteen years old he fell into the snares of the Manicheans. They were a widespread sect with a materialist system, pretending to large and enlightened views. They adopted a Christian terminology to beguile the unwary, but in fact there was nothing Christian about them. They were in reality a secret society hostile to the Church. They had their initiations and passwords and like accessories that are found in the modern craft of Freemasonry; their officers or elect were styled bishops, those of the rank and file, according to their grades, auditors, catechumens, faithful; they spoke of God, Christ and Par-

aclete, but not in a Christian sense; their boast was to rise above the simple, vulgar notions of Catholics and give a sublime interpretation of Christian mysteries united to men of superior intelligence and culture.

Their proud conceits took the very heart out of revealed truth. The essence of their system as far as they treated of God was drawn from Persian pantheism. They taught that there were two great kingdoms—the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness—ruled over respectively by God and Satan, the principles of good and evil. Christ was an emanation from the principle of light, assumed the appearance of body, and suffered only in appearance. His doctrine had been corrupted by his followers, and Manes, the founder of the Manicheans, was the Paraclete promised by Him who had come to restore the true teaching.

FREE THOUGHT.

Two main points in their teaching allured St. Augustine—their rejection of the principle of authority in religion, and the doctrine of fatalism in regard to the ruling of the passions—free thought and self-indulgence.

"Thou knowest, Honocatus," he writes in his *Utility of Belief*, "that for this reason alone did we fall into the hands of these men, namely, that they professed to free us from all error and bring us to God by pure reason alone, without that terrible principle of authority."

"For whatever induced me to abandon the faith of my childhood and follow these men for nine years, except this assertion that we were terrified by superstition into a faith blindly imposed upon our reason, while they urged no one to believe until the truth was fully discussed and proved. Who would not be seduced by such promises; especially if he were a proud, contentious young man, thirsting for truth, such as they found me?"

"I fell, therefore, into the hands of men carnal and loquacious, full of insane pride, with the snares of Satan on their lids and a birdlime made up of our syllables of Thy name and that of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost the Paraclete. These names were ever on their lips; but their hearts were void of truth, and they incessantly repeated to me, 'Truth, Truth,' but there was no truth in them. They taught what was false not only about Thee, my God, who art the very truth, but even about the elements of this world, Thy creatures."

HIS MOTHER'S FEAR AND PRAYERS.

Poor Monica, his mother, was well-nigh heart-broken. She saw him falling farther and farther away from God, the victim of a perverted intellect and the slave of vile passion. She admonished, entreated, pleaded with tears, but all to no purpose. Augustine considered her remonstrances as the result of womanish fears and he had learned to scorn the simple faith that satisfied her mind and heart. So she turned to God in her desolation and in anguish of spirit by day and by night for thirteen long years; with all the strength of her mother's love and the constancy of a saint, she begged of Him to save her son. After many years her persevering prayer was answered in a way that went beyond her fondest hopes.

AUGUSTINE'S SUFFERING.

If they were years of distress for St. Monica they were no less years of unrest and affliction for Augustine. His mind was a chaos and his heart ill at ease. His whole nature would assert itself and cry out against the tyranny of passion and the darkness of error that encompassed him. But he saw no way of escape. "Woe! Woe! by what steps was I brought down to the depths of hell! toiling and tormenting through want of truth, since I sought after Thee, my God, not according to the understanding of the mind, wherein thou wiltdest that I should excel the beasts, but according to the sense of the flesh. But thou were most inward to me than my most inward part, higher than my highest."

CRAVING FOR TRUTH.

"O Truth, truth, how earnestly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely and in many and huge books echoed of Thee to me, though it was but an echo; and these were the dishes wherein to me hungering after Thee they instead of Thee served up the sun and moon, beautiful works of Thine, but yet Thy works not Thyself."

"But I hungered and thirsted not after these works of Thine, but after Thee Thyself, the truth in whom is no change, no shadow of alteration; yet still they set before me in these dishes glittering fantasies."

GOD IS THE TRUTH.

"Because I thought them to be Thine, I fed thereon; not eagerly for Thou didst not in them taste to me as Thou art; for Thou wast not these emptinesses; nor was I nourished by them, but exhausted rather. "For verily was I straying from them." (Book iii., c. 6.)

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 When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

London, Saturday, June 4, 1898.

THE LAST FLICKER.

We were in the hope that with the cleaning out of the Supreme A. P. A. Lodge at Washington under a chattel mortgage, the unclean thing had entirely passed out of existence. But it appears that even that disaster, and the bankruptcy of nearly all the leading A. P. A. papers of the United States, has not wiped it entirely out.

George W. Bowers, of Clinton, Iowa, who was the founder of the order, was on the 11th of May elected Supreme President of the organization, succeeding J. W. Echolls, of Atlanta, Georgia. All these spasmodic attempts to restore the organization to some kind of life will be failures, as it is now thoroughly despised by the American people. They are the dying spasms of the filthy animal. The present supreme officers are men who have no character to lose.

HOW ANTI-CATHOLIC LIES ARE MANUFACTURED.

It was stated very generally by several anti-Catholic American papers, on the authority of a despatch received from Washington, that the explosion which occurred in the Government powder mill at Santa Cruz, California, was the work of two inmates of a Spanish Jesuit monastery in the neighborhood.

The story was given with some details, and herein was the opportunity to test its truth. It was said that there is there an "immense monastery full of Spanish Jesuits," over whom the Government is now keeping strict watch, and that they are likely to be expelled from the country.

Of course, if this report had been true, it would only show that wicked men are to be found in unexpected places; and it may be remembered that Gutierrez, the murderer of President Garfield, was at one time a Methodist local preacher; still we cannot hold the Methodist body responsible for that atrocity. But the report concerning the Spanish Jesuits is a complete fabrication.

There are no Spanish monks whatsoever in California, nor have there been any since that State was annexed to the United States. There is, in fact, only one Catholic institution near Santa Cruz, namely, an orphanage in charge of two German Franciscans. There are also two priests there who have one church to attend, but these are secular priests, not Jesuits; and the amount of Spanish blood in them may be judged from their names. They are Fathers Hugh McNamee and Peter O'Reilly, both genuine Irishmen.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANCEMENT.

The Right Rev. Bishop Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, has appointed Canon O'Donnell to visit and inspect all the schools of that diocese which are conducted by ecclesiastics or religious orders, and to work for their improvement. This is an important step which will no doubt result in increased efficiency to the schools. The duties of the Very Rev. Canon are thus specified in the Bishop's circular announcing the appointment:

"The Canon will fulfil in connection with the schools conducted by ecclesiastics, elementary, model and academic, which are not under the control of school commissioners, the mission which school inspectors fulfil in connection with the schools controlled by the State. He will make himself acquainted with the programme of studies and the methods which are followed, gather statistics according to the formulae which we have adopted and will make each year a report which will serve as a basis for the recommendations which we will address to the Catholic Council of Public Instruction for the distribution of funds for superior education. We rely on the good spirit which animates our religious communities to render easy and agreeable to our delegate the task which we impose upon him."

In the Archdiocese of Montreal the Most Reverend Archbishop Bruchési some time ago appointed the Abbe Death to perform similar duties.

It is a pleasure to remark the deep interest taken by the hierarchy to improve the schools of their respective dioceses by every possible means.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

The British Government appears to be in earnest in pushing through the Irish Local Government Bill, which has passed the Committee stage triumphantly. This Bill will give to the people of Ireland an amount of self-government which they have never yet enjoyed since the country has been under the governmental control of Great Britain. It is a remarkable fact, the like of which is seldom witnessed, that all parties are united in support of the Bill. The Irish Nationalists and Liberals regard it as a great improvement on the coercive policy of the past, and as a step toward Home Rule, while the Conservatives hope that should it prove to be an efficient measure, it will be deemed so satisfactory by the Irish that there will be no longer any demand for real Home Rule, an alternative which they regard with great aversion, fearing lest it might prepare the way for the dismemberment of the Empire. There appears to be not the least danger of such a result, as the concession of self-government to colonies has had the result of increasing the loyalty of the people. This has been the case in Canada and Australia, and the same would undoubtedly be the case in Ireland.

THE HOLY FATHER'S EFFORTS FOR PEACE APPRECIATED.

In view of the unjust denunciations uttered by the Methodist and Baptist parsons of New York against Pope Leo XIII., on account of his efforts before the war to preserve peace, it is pleasant to notice that there are clergymen belonging to other denominations at least who are not animated with the like spirit of hostility to even good acts which may be done by the Holy Father. Thus the words of the Rev. Dr. Parker, of the South Congregational Church, of Hartford, Conn., are worthy of being recorded. This gentleman said in a recent sermon:

"As a Christian and Protestant minister, I wish to say that I record with unbounded pride and gratitude that venerable prelate, the Roman Pontiff, for the strenuous, noble and magnificent efforts he has made in his old age to avert war. The head of a Church numerous and powerful in almost every land, he has shown himself animated by the spirit and actuated by the principles of that Lord to whom all Christians profess allegiance. He has crowned himself with unflinching honor. Not only they who believe him to be the Vicar of Christ on earth, which we do not, but all who profess and call themselves Christians may well do him their homage and reverence. Would to God that the leaders of the Churches other than the Roman had spoken and acted as he has done!"

Congregationalism, being a denomination wherein very great latitude is allowed to individual ministers and congregations to hold what religious views they deem proper, we cannot infer from Rev. Mr. Parker's words that his sentiments are very wide spread among the Congregational clergy, but we may justly draw the inference that men of intelligence and thought of all creeds will hold that the New York parsons who made so virulent an attack upon the Holy Father for his Christ like efforts, were animated by a very different spirit from that of God. Their thirst for blood is far from the desire for "peace and good will to men" which Christ came on earth to proclaim.

It must be added that among the various Protestant denominations, the Episcopal clergy have shown the most Christian spirit in regard to this matter, many of them, including several Bishops, having expressed themselves somewhat similarly to the Rev. Dr. Parker.

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

In a leading article the Ottawa Free Press of 26th May called attention to the great suffering which extends throughout many districts in the West and South of Ireland. More than a quarter of a million of people are in want of food and clothing, and unless speedy and effectual relief be extended thousands will die of starvation.

The Free Press publishes an extract from a Circular Letter written by Dr. Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor, and read in all the churches of that diocese, a few Sundays ago, in which His Lordship describes the sad condition of the numbers "who are suffering intensely from the pressure of want and the growing pangs of hunger," especially in the West. It also quotes from the speech of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, at a special meeting of the corporation, held recently, to devise means for alleviating the distress which exists. He stated, in the course of his address, "that 300,000

people are without necessary food, seeds and clothes."

The following is the concluding portion of the excellent and opportune article in the Free Press, which we cordially endorse:

This is certainly a deplorable state of affairs, and should strongly appeal to our hearts and sympathies in such a way as to result in practical charity and substantial acts of benevolence. Can we not do something here in Canada to assist our own people, those of our own kith and kin? Not long ago the appeal in behalf of our famished fellow-subjects in India was promptly, generously and unanimously responded to throughout the Dominion. Is there any reason why we should close our ears, and our hearts and our pockets against the wail of anguish and pain which is constantly piercing the clouds, wrung from the fevered tongue and parched lips of the hungry and the starving in Ireland? Relief committees could be started in every city, town and village in Canada. Let Ottawa take the lead in a movement so laudable and necessary. Following the example of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, it will be, beyond doubt, a duty very pleasing and congenial for our own worthy mayor to convene and preside over a meeting of our will-organizing help, as it were, about the best means of succoring the immense number of people who are in want of the bare necessities of life in these counties of Ireland above named. When the committee shall have been organized and a treasurer appointed, the Free Press will cheerfully open its columns to acknowledge all sums contributed to the Distress Fund. The well-to-do will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of contributing to this most deserving and charitable object, which needs no recommendation when brought under the notice of any one with a kindly Christian heart. The poor, too, out of their scanty earnings, will ungrudgingly help, as it were, in the noble work of relieving the horrors of famine. In 1880, when Ireland was similarly but more extensively afflicted, the Parliament of Canada voted the magnificent sum of \$100,000 to relieve the prevalent distress. It may not be too much to expect that the present Government would follow to some extent a precedent so laudable and magnificent.

We earnestly hope the suggestion of our Ottawa contemporary to hold meetings and appoint committees to raise a relief fund, will be promptly adopted all over the country. In following the example set by Sir John Macdonald, in 1880, as referred to by the Free Press, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has a splendid opportunity of showing that he, at least, has no sympathy with the attempts which have lately been made to excite an anti-Irish feeling among the French in the parent country and in the province of Quebec. We venture to say an item of \$50,000 in the supplementary estimates, for the relief of the distress in the West and South of Ireland, would receive the unanimous concurrence of Parliament. What has that sterling Irish Canadian, the Solicitor General, to say on the matter?

TRINITY SUNDAY.

The feast of the Most Blessed Trinity is celebrated on Sunday, the 5th of June. It was instituted by the Church specially to honor the three persons in one God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The word Trinity is not found in Holy Scripture, but it is a word formed to express a doctrine which is clearly defined in Scripture. It is a contraction of the Latin *Trinum Unitas*. (The Unity or Oneness of Three.) It signifies there is but one God and there cannot be more Gods than one, yet that there are three distinct persons in the Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These three persons are of one substance, and are equal in all divine perfections, so that one cannot be more powerful or more wise than the other, and they are equally eternal and self-existent.

This is, of course, a mystery which our limited human intellect cannot understand. We cannot expect to fathom the divine nature, for in order to do so it would be necessary that our understanding should be equal to God Himself. It is, nevertheless, a truth revealed by God, and must therefore be believed, because God is truth itself, who can neither deceive nor be deceived.

There are mysteries even in nature which are beyond the reach of our understanding. Among these we may mention the nature of light, electricity, vegetable and animal growth and life, and their perpetuation by reproduction. We cannot understand why it is or by what wonderful power the seed placed in the ground produces plants and flowers and fruits according to its kind, bringing forth at last other seeds which continue the same operation, resulting in an endless chain of succeeding plants of the same kind as the original stock. We know by observation and experience that this is the case, but we cannot explain the complete reason thereof, nor can we explain the operations of the human mind or soul, among which we may specially mention thought, judgment and reasoning. Still less can we penetrate the mysteries of the divine nature, but when they are revealed to us on the authority of Almighty God, we must pay to Him the homage of our

understanding by believing His unerring word.

Religion consists entirely in the homage we pay to God, and, therefore, all acts of religion, which is the link which binds man to God, tend to the honor of the Adorable Trinity. Nevertheless, it is eminently proper that there should be a day on which we may give our special homage to the most profound mystery which religion teaches us. For this reason the feast of the Most Holy Trinity has been instituted.

This mystery is beautifully and fully set forth in the creed of St. Athanasius, so far as it is possible for us to understand it. This creed says:

"The Catholic Faith is this: that we adore one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity: neither confounding the persons, nor separating the substance: For one is the person of the Father, another that of the Son, another that of the Holy Ghost. But one is the divinity of the Father, and of the Holy Ghost, their glory is equal, their majesty co-eternal. Such as the Father is, so is the Son, and so is the Holy Ghost. Uncreated is the Father, uncreated the Son, uncreated the Holy Ghost. The Father is immense, the Son is immense, the Holy Ghost is immense. The Father is eternal, the Son is eternal, the Holy Ghost is eternal. Yet there are not three Eternals but one Eternal. . . . And in this Trinity there is no first or last, no greater or less, but all Three Persons are co-eternal and co-equal: so that in all things Unity is to be adored in Trinity and Trinity in Unity."

The Creed itself may be consulted for further explanation.

The doctrine of the Adorable Trinity was not clearly known under the Old Law, though it was partially revealed therein. Under the New Law it is clearly taught by many passages of Holy Scripture which show the divinity of each of the three divine persons, and also by several which mention the three together, as in the form of baptism instituted by Christ, when He commissioned His Apostles to teach all nations, "baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (St. Matt. xxviii, 20.)

Trinity Sunday closes the Paschal time during which the Easter duty of receiving Holy Communion may be fulfilled.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

In a former issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD we made some comments on a sermon on the Book of Common Prayer, delivered in Toronto by the Rev. Dyson Hague of Wycliffe College. Several other sermons on the same subject have been delivered in which the preacher attacked those doctrines of the Catholic Church which are not received by the Low Church party in the Church of England, such as priestly absolution, the priestly duty of offering up sacrifice under the New Law, the invocation of saints, the honor rendered by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin Mother of God, etc.

To enter upon a full explanation and vindication of all these doctrines would require more elaborate treatment than we could give the subject in our columns, nevertheless we cannot allow all Mr. Hague's unproved assertions and misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine to pass unnoticed.

In the first place, we must deny this gentleman's assumption that he even represents correctly the position of his own Church of England, of which he professes to be the champion. As a professor of Wycliffe college, which is the educational centre of a mere fraction of the Church of England, he cannot sustain his claim to speak in the name of that Church. The institution he represents was avowedly established to counteract the teachings of another institution, which is supposed by Rev. Mr. Hague's party to be engaged in inculcating doctrines diametrically opposed to those maintained by him; and it is acknowledged by all who are acquainted with the interior workings of High and Low Churchism that nearly if not quite all the doctrines and practices which the Rev. Mr. Hague condemns are taught by that party in the Church of England which dominates the Church both in England and Canada, and probably also the sister Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

We have before us a pamphlet issued some years ago by a former Bishop of this Anglican diocese of Huron, in which it is resolutely maintained on behalf of the Low Church party that the teachings of Trinity College, which at that time was the only institution of the kind in Canada, were hopelessly Roman or Romanizing, and it is a matter of notoriety that Wycliffe College was the result of the belief

generally entertained by Low Churchmen that the influence of the Church college was for evil, and the pamphlet we refer to was a powerful factor toward the establishment of the rival institution, which, and not the Church of England, the Rev. Dyson Hague represents.

We have mentioned "Mariolatry" as one of the errors condemned by Mr. Hague, as being taught by "the Roman Church," and justly repudiated and reprobated by the Church of England.

And what is Mariolatry? It is derived from *Maria*, the Latin and Greek name for Mary, and *latreia*, signifying supreme worship. It is, therefore, a word coined for the purpose of conveying the notion that Mary, the Mother of God, is revered by some persons with the worship which is due to God alone.

The Rev. Mr. Dyson Hague is cautious enough not to say positively that Catholics are guilty of Mariolatry, but he plainly insinuates it, and the Bishops of his Church have more than once, even in their Pan-Anglican Councils, insinuated the same thing.

Every Catholic is aware that this charge is a bare-faced calumny. It has been reiterated over and over again by Protestant controversialists from Luther and Calvin and Knox down, during the last three hundred years and more, not only that Catholics give divine honor to Mary the mother of God, but also to all the saints, and even to their images and relics.

At the present day knowledge is more widely diffused, and Protestants generally are aware that this accusation is a calumny, but eager controversialists like Rev. Mr. Hague are loth to give it up, and if they dare not say it plainly, they at least insinuate it in a way which is more despicable, because more sly than the open calumny itself.

It will suffice here to say that the Council of Trent sets forth plainly the Catholic doctrine and practice on this point: "We adore God, and we honor or reverence the Saints." There is no Catholic who has the least intention to give to the Saints, or to Mary as the chief among them, the honor which belongs only to God. The word Mariolatry is, therefore, a mere bugaboo implying something which certainly does not exist among Catholics, and which we believe is not to be found anywhere.

But the Rev. Mr. Hague's dishonesty does not end here. It is dishonest to pretend that the Church of England condemns all honor paid to Mary, as is implied in that rev. gentleman's statements. One proof of our position is to be found in the fact that it is not very long since the Low Churchmen of St. Paul's Church parish in London, England, made objection to a crucifix in the sanctuary of that church, near which was a figure of Mary at the foot of the cross. According to Low Church notions this is Mariolatry, yet the courts sustained the Church authorities in keeping the images in their place. Of course, it may be said, "the law courts are not the Church," but this cannot be maintained in reference to the Church of England, in which the law courts are the supreme authority. This is admitted by Rev. Mr. Hague himself, who, in his last sermon, gives it as a decisive proof that the Church of England is properly called "Protestant" and "Episcopal," that it is so designated in "the statutes of the realm."

To this we may add that the former Bishop of Huron already referred to, in his pamphlet on the teachings of Trinity College, accuses the Provost of that institution of inculcating the same respect to the Virgin Mary which is practiced in the Catholic Church. It follows from this that if Catholics are guilty of Mariolatry, so must be the Church of England, as the teachings of Trinity, representing the dominant party in that Church, must be regarded as the real teachings of the Church, and not the fancies of the Rev. Mr. Hague and those who side with him, constituting only a small, though noisy, minority of the Church.

It is an unnecessary work to prove that the Virgin Mother of God made man is to be honored. It is in the nature of man to honor those who are in an exalted position; so we have the divine precept to honor our parents, and to honor the king: "Render therefore to all their dues: honor to whom honor is due, etc." "Fear God. Honor the king." (Rom. xiii, 1: 1 Peter, ii, 17.) But to the saints of God a peculiar and higher reverence is due, wherefore Abraham, Jacob, Daniel, and St. John the Evangelist

honored God's angels. Melchisedec, king of Salem, was honored by Abraham, God Himself honored Moses before all the people of Israel, and Jacob, Joshua, Joseph and Eleazar were honored by the people of God not merely while living, but after death, as we find from several passages of Holy Writ, and especially in Joshua xxiv, 29, 32. Elias was always received with honor by those who feared God, as we find in 4 Kings xix, 20, 21, (P. Bible, 2 Kl.) and in other passages of his history.

We need not specify more proofs of this, but we need only add that the Blessed Virgin was so honored by God that an archangel was sent to proclaim her "Blessed among women," so that she was able to proclaim: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed; for He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and Holy is His name." All this proves that the Blessed Virgin must be honored more than the other saints, because the dignity to which she is elevated is higher than that of any other of God's most special friends and servants.

We have not space to add more on this subject than to make a passing remark on Rev. Mr. Hague's boast that "the Church of England does not make her ministers sacrificing priests."

On this we need merely say here that the prophet Malachi foretells that under the new law there shall be a pure sacrifice offered "from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same." We admit that the Church of England's ministers do not offer up this sacrifice; but this only proves that they are not the "dispensers of the mysteries of God," as St. Paul declares the ministers of Christ to be.

The decision of Pope Leo XIII., that the Anglican clergy have no legitimate orders is precisely to the effect that it was not the original intention of the Church of England to retain the sacrificing priesthood, and that it so vitiated the form of ordination that the priesthood does not come down to them. It is a problem, therefore, for the Rev. Mr. Hague to solve, why did the two Anglican Archbishops, York and Canterbury, and many of the Anglican clergy, exhibit so much ill-temper on account of the Pope's decision?

We are inclined to believe that the secret of the matter lies in the fact that Mr. Hague misrepresents Anglicanism when he asserts that the Anglican ministers do not claim to be priests in the Catholic sense of the word.

MANUFACTURERS OF CRIME IN IRELAND.

It has been frequently shown by undeniable statistics that the consumption of spirits in Ireland falls far short of the amount consumed in either England or Scotland, and that the people of Ireland are, therefore, comparatively a sober people.

Special attention was called to this fact when the great injustice inflicted on Ireland by over-taxation was brought into prominence. Mr. Balfour remarked sneeringly that the over-taxation arises from the large amount of taxed spirits manufactured in Ireland, which is, indeed the truth, though the manufacture is chiefly for the foreign market, and not for home consumption.

It is well known that Irish whisky is much sought for, not only wherever the English language is spoken, as in England, Scotland, and North America, but also on the continent of Europe. Ale, stout, and porter of Irish manufacture, are also in great demand.

The question arises, why should it happen that so much attention is paid to the manufacture of intoxicants in Ireland? This is because English or British legislation has killed most of the industries of Ireland and the needs of the country require that any industry which is profitable at all must be cultivated in a special manner.

As Ireland is an agricultural country, the grains which are used in the manufacture of these liquors are particularly suitable for distillation and brewing, and thus these businesses thrive while other industries could not flourish under the hostile legislation to which they were subjected by a Parliament whose last thought has been to do anything to encourage Irish trade.

The injustice of overtaxing the poorest of the three kingdoms which are united under one Crown and one Parliament is none the less glaring because the tax is imposed chiefly on the manufacture of spirituous liquors. It impoverishes the population all the same, and calls for a remedy whereby the Imperial burdens shall be more equitably divided according to the wealth of the respective kingdoms, as well as their population,

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Mr. Balfour's sneering remark about the tax being upon Irish whisky was, therefore, entirely uncalled for. If Ireland had the chance to legislate for herself, she would soon find other industries to which to give her attention.

Mr. Balfour's intention was, of course, to make it appear that drunkenness is very great in Ireland, and in the face of the fact that such is not the case, it has recently caused some surprise that the prison statistics show that the number of arrests for this crime in Dublin greatly exceeds the number in centres of large population in England and elsewhere.

Mr. T. Harrington, M. P., has given the explanation of this paradox in his recent examination before the Royal Commission on Licensing. He states that this is owing to the fact that the instructions given to the police in Ireland are entirely different from those which govern them in England and Scotland. In Great Britain arrests are seldom made unless a man be helplessly drunk or very disorderly, whereas in Dublin the police are accustomed to arrest all men who are somewhat under the influence of liquor, whether they are disorderly or not. This, of course, increases greatly the number of arrests. Besides, the Dublin police are expected to have a certain number of cases within a certain time, or they are brought to account for neglect of duty. It is, therefore, to their interest to make as many arrests as possible, and though in England and Scotland their office makes them preventers of crime, in Ireland they are manufacturers of fictitious crimes.

The testimony of the judges who throughout Ireland are frequently presented with white gloves as an evidence that there are no criminals cases to be tried, is a much safer proof of the peaceful and orderly condition of the country than the prison statistics which are based upon absurd instructions given to the police with a view to increase the number of arrests.

DUTY OF THE CLERGY TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

There is no more characteristic evil of our times and country than irreligious, immoral and sectarian reading. This evil demands, as an antidote, extraordinary activity in circulating reading-matter that is promotive of faith and virtue. As the most popular form of bad reading is the daily newspaper, and as we unfortunately do not possess any Catholic dailies in the English language, the most effectual antidote now is existence in the Catholic weekly.

Nothing is more necessary for the salvation of souls, and nothing is more effective in building up and strengthening Catholic family and parish life, than the general circulation and reading of good Catholic weeklies.—Church Progress.

THE MASONIC POWER.

We sometimes lose sight of the tremendous injury which is wrought by the Masonic system to the Catholic name. Nothing is more common than for Protestant writers to hold Catholic countries responsible for the evils of their misgovernment. It is frightful for Catholics to be reproached with the misdeeds of their deadliest enemies. There is hardly a Catholic country in which the Masonic lodge, as we have not, since the days of Pombal, contrived somehow to get the upper hand by crooked ways, and every iniquity they perpetrate is laid at the door of the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion. We are reminded of this shocking wrong by the news that the French Freemasons have scored a triumph in inducing the Chamber of Deputies to veto the decision of the Senate, arrived at two years ago, to set apart a public holiday in honor of Jeanne D'Arc. Thus a sublime figure which all the world now agrees in honoring is flouted by a set of hole and corner materialists in a country which used to be called the eldest daughter of the Church, and "Catholic France" will, in due time, when history comes to be written, get the benefit of the scandal.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

OPEN AIR PREACHING.

Catholic open-air lectures in London are an interesting item of recent news from the other side of the Atlantic. They are given in the public parks by competent persons, evidently having proper ecclesiastical authority, and the audiences are large and attentive. One of the accounts, telling of a lecture by Mr. Moore, says the people "listened attentively whilst he explained the doctrines of the Church as contra-distinguished from their caricatures and misrepresentations of the so-called 'No Popery' lectures." At the end questions were put and replies given. Mr. Moore then thanked the meeting for the respectful hearing they had given him, and announced that he would give another lecture at 3 o'clock next Sunday.

A very good movement, in our opinion. Why should the Catholics leave the "open-air" altogether to the "no popery" men? Hundreds of big audiences could be had any Sunday in the parks of London, and that Catholic lectures can have not only a fair but a favorable hearing is evident from the

experience of Mr. Moore, which is certainly a noteworthy sign of altered times in the British capital, where not many years ago a Catholic attempting in a public park to preach or defend the doctrines of his Church would do so at the risk of his life.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

DISRUPTION OF ITALIAN FREEMASONRY.

The present critical condition of the kingdom of Italy may be partly due to the disruption of the Freemasonic organization which created and has hitherto controlled that Government. It seems that in 1895 the numerous lodges of Lombardy revolted against the government of Adrien Lemmi, the head of the sect, who had so centralized its finances as to take away from the lodges the disposition of the greater part of their funds. To gratify the opposition, Lemmi was replaced by the Jew Nathan, who, however, was a mere puppet in the hands of the former grand master, and persisted in carrying out his policy in all its details.

Then the Lombard lodges abruptly severed their relations with those of central and southern Italy and elected a grand master of their own, with his headquarters at Milan, who restored to the lodges under his control their original measure of autonomy.

Many, even among the Liberals, have publicly expressed their satisfaction at this division, and the hope that private and public liberty would gain from this disruption of the secret power which has weighed so heavily on the destinies of Italy.—Church Progress.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippine Islands, which have suddenly been invested with international interest, are some hundreds in number; the population, about six millions of people, nine-tenths of whom are Catholics. Manila, which has now four suffragan sees, was the seat of an Archbishop a few years after the first English colonists landed in America.

The natives were originally of a peculiarly fierce and savage character, and the victory of religion was not won until many missionaries had sown in martyrdom the seed of Christians. The transformation, however, was one of the most complete in the history of the world. Nowhere else is the Church so influential and her rule so beneficent—this on the testimony of her avowed enemies. An English Protestant, Mr. W. B. Palgrave, after making it quite clear that his sympathies are not with either the people of the Philippines or with their faith, writes in the Scientific American Supplement: "As a social bond, a humanizing influence, an effective sanction, a promoter of friendly intercourse, of right, of love even; a balm—ideal but not inefficacious—for the wounds and bruises of fact, Christianity has, it would seem, rarely been more advantageous to its followers than here."—Ave Maria.

INDIFFERENCE.

One can scarce forbear thinking at times that we are approaching the great apostasy, when our Lord predicted that there would be scarcely found any faith on earth. Everyday experiences seem to bring home such reflections to any thinking Catholic. Take the case of the present war. Every man feels competent to discuss every feature of it. How few thought look at it from the standpoint of faith. How few would insist in their conversation that Providence plays a great part in the affairs of nations. And so can we say of other things. [We will not say we do not believe—but how many times, and in how many ways do we not show our want of faith and indifference to religion? It is sad, indeed, now-a-days, to see how little men make of religion and religious practices. They are so taken up with the things and interests of the world that after a while they forget the real business of life, and finally try to make themselves believe that, after all, a set form of worship is not necessary for salvation. This, indeed, is the great wound of society to-day, and it will eventually bring ruin to innumerable souls. This is the bad, dangerous and poisonous spirit which is to-day eating into society, and lessening the chances of salvation. God grant us a renewal of the faith held and practised by our forefathers. For this should we daily beg of our Lord through our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.—Carmelite Review.

THE GREATEST OF THE CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.

Time is, indeed, a great leveller. Even the Middle Ages are to be reinstated in the cycle of civilized history! Think of the Spectator—one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of English weeklies—calling the thirteenth century "perhaps, on the whole, the most interesting of all the centuries of Christian history!" Note that not even the sixteenth is excepted! It speaks of it as the "fascinating thirteenth century—the century of the founding of two of the great religious orders—the Dominicans and the Franciscans—of the extraordinary career of the Emperor Frederick II. and his long quarrel with the Papacy, of his brief but brilliant career of his son Manfred, of the fall of the Hapsburgs; the age of Innocent III., of Thomas Aquinas, of Dante, of the Flagellants, of church-building, of the broadening and expanding of the life of Western Europe." Indeed, it is hard to see what is wanting here to a great century. We have war, diplomacy, statesmanship, philosophy, theology,

architecture, revolution, poetry, faith, philanthropy, apostolic zeal and ecstasies of piety. A century of religion and of progress! A real Catholic century.—Connecticut Catholic.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

Religious activity in our day may take a too practical turn. The value of meditation and prayer is apt to be undervalued. Lives devoted to contemplation are, in some sense, regarded as wasted. Certain religious duties, such as pilgrimages, vows and devotions are contrasted unfavorably with good work, helpful movements and practical undertakings. Our times favor the latter and disfavor the former, which in disparagement are termed "medieval."

There is a mistake made in this. Spiritual culture is something besides outward planning and acting. There is a self conquest required. This implies interior action, introspection and the self-recollection of the recluse. Resulting from a discipline of this nature is that "pure glow of mellorated passion," that "polished piety and humanity" that Sterne found in the Franciscan monk who visited him.

The qualities of self-abnegation, quietness and serenity which distinguish a gentleman are still more notable and sincere in the Christian. Before going forth to convert the heathen, rescue society from intemperance and save the orphans, many men and some women need to complete the conquest of themselves. Good works are much, but faith expressed in humility and meekness, is also a sine qua non.—Catholic Citizen.

THE CHURCH IN GENEVA.

Protestant majority in 1843.... 8,441
Number of Protestants in 1896.... 52,514
Number of Catholics in 1895.... 69,935
The official census of Geneva, according to the *Bien Public*, shows the following results in the city of Geneva, the cradle of Calvinism:

Number of Protestants in 1843.... 84,254
Number of Catholics in 1843.... 27,504
Catholic majority in 1895.... 8,441
Increase in Protestant population for fifty years.... 48,250
Increase in Catholic population for fifty years.... 43,451

Majority in increase of Catholics over Protestants.... 15,191
And this is the very headquarters and citadel of Calvinism! In the city which ruthlessly persecuted and banished the illustrious prelate Monsignor Mermillod, in the hope of exterminating Catholicism, the Catholic minority has not only managed to survive, but to outgrow and surpass the much-vaunted and progressive Protestant majority of fifty years ago.

THE CHURCH OF TO-MORROW.

In an address before a prominent society in Buffalo, a few days since, a well known minister complained bitterly of the present condition of the "Church." He told his large audience that it was very doubtful if there would be any Church of to-morrow. There was no gain in membership, and no regard for Sunday observance or the Holy Scriptures. And how is it all to be remedied? There is but one remedy, and that consists in returning to the true Church, whose faithful children attend divine service and respect the Sunday as a matter of conscience. They know it is a serious offence to miss holy Mass, and moreover they know that they are bound to hear and keep the Church, which has the right to command or forbid. There will be a Church of to-morrow—the true Church founded on the rock of Peter. To-morrow may witness the desolation of the Church fashioned by human hands, but the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church will remain, because we have God's word for it, when He promised to abide with her until the consummation of the world.—Carmelite Review.

ONE OF IRELAND'S RULERS.

Last week we felt disposed to bestow the palm for brutality of speech upon Lord Salisbury. We hope his Lordship will not take umbrage if we revise that opinion, seeing that the honor is still, as the saying goes, "all in the family." The noble Marquis has a promising young nephew, Mr. Gerald Balfour, whom he has made Chief Secretary for Ireland, and who, if he has displayed little of the ability of his older brother, the former Conservative occupant of that office, has at least inherited the family brutality, and that in a measure which, allowing for his youth, promise to eclipse the reputation of even the First Minister himself. A few days ago in the House of Commons he gave an exhibition of his powers in this direction that must surely have been a revelation. The Government was assailed by the Irish leaders for its inaction in regard to the famine on the west coast of Ireland, where hundreds are dying of disease brought on by bad and insufficient food, and thousands are in a chronic state of starvation, kept alive only by the heroic exertions of private charity. Here is the expression of sympathy from the chief official for Ireland:

Mr. G. Balfour remarked that if champagne could be administered to sick people or if they could be sent to the south of France, probably the death rate would be reduced. There might have been a little more sickness and a few more deaths than usual in the west of Ireland, but there was always a certain amount of sickness and fever, owing to the not very cleanly habits of the people.

Nowhere, probably, but in England could a human brute give utterance to

such cold blooded cynicism without being overwhelmed with public scorn and contempt. Will some of our anti-Spanish rangers undertake to produce an authentic utterance of Weyler that will so shock the feelings of any humane man?—Antigonish Casket.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.

"I won't hear the Spaniards," says Mr. Guernsey, the well-known correspondent of the Boston Herald, who has had excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Spanish-American character, "lumped together and called assassins, and stunted with the love of cruelty and barbarism without protesting. It is unfair, it is narrow-minded so to vilify a whole nation—a nation, too, which is kind in its daily intercourse, which has many qualities, and has kept itself decently barbaric, wholesomely primitive at the core, and has no disposition to make the dollar a substitute for Almighty God."

Elsewhere in this same letter Mr. Guernsey declares that whenever Spanish taskmasters act cruelly towards the natives, "along comes the clerical Spaniard, Franciscan, Dominican, etc., and says: 'In the name of God, before whom you will be judged, treat those poor people better;' and in another sentence still he asserts that 'the Spaniard has his feast days of the Church, his own and the members of his family's saints' day to celebrate, and his reverence for the clergy is natural and sincere."

WARLIKE MINISTERS.

Judging by the reports of sermons in the newspapers, there are many ministers of the Gospel who are not possessed of the spirit of Him to whom they profess allegiance. Some of these pious men seem to be as savage as they are ignorant and bigoted. They will be ashamed of themselves later on, when the truth comes to be known on some subjects; and possibly they may have cause before the war is ended to regret their present belligerent attitude. It is altogether within the bounds of probability that a greater number of those who are so eager to spill Spanish blood may be afforded the opportunity before it is all gone. These fighting preachers should not be lost sight of. One of them complains that "the great trouble with war is that the right people don't get killed." Perhaps it is because more of the right people do not enlist. Personally, we should have no objection to Protestant clergymen going to war in a body, were it not for the same, sincere, gentle-souled, enlightened men among them,—men like the Rev. Dr. Parker, of Hartford, who in a public address used these words: "Would to God that the leaders of the Churches other than the Roman Catholic had spoken and acted as the Pope did!"

In case a regiment of ministers is recruited, we here and now offer our services as chaplain, on condition that the commander be a West Pointer with an ambition to earn promotion by hard service.—Ave Maria.

PROTESTANTS AND SAVONAROLA.

To any one familiar with the character of Savonarola and the intensity of his zeal for the integrity of the Catholic Faith—for whose every article he would willingly have laid down his life—the sporadic celebrations of the four hundredth anniversary of his death this week in obscure Protestant churches verges close on the ridiculous; and to try to make the austere Dominican the spiritual forbear of Luther and Henry VIII. is wofully to defy the philosophy of evolution.

The glorious succession of reformers in the Church will be closed only with the end of time; but the true reformer addresses himself to the correction of the abuses on the human side of the Church, in accordance with the light and the law of its Divine side. He knows that the Church as the custodian of the deposit of faith, has Christ's own safeguarding, and cannot go astray.

In Savonarola's days corruption was widespread and appalling. A spirit resembling that which animates the "realistic" and "decadent" art and literature in our own day—but franker in its wickedness—had debauched intellectual life. Paganism revived in intellectual conditions meant Paganism revived in political conditions. The ruling classes revelled with the rights of the people beneath their feet.

Yet there was a Christian intellectual revival, too. It was an age of vast progress in discovery and science; an age of Christian universities; the age of Columbus, of Isabella of Castile, of Joan of Arc, of St. Bernadine of Siena, of Fra Angelico.

Savonarola had the clear vision of a pure heart and a powerful and honest intellect to see the evil. If he had had prudence and patience commensurate with his vision and his zeal, he might have been the greatest of reformers. His aim was right, his methods were mistaken. He lent himself to political intrigue to compass moral reform, and he set himself at the last above divinely constituted authority, as if it were possible thus to bring about the better observance of God's law.

To this conclusion one must come who carefully studies the character of the great Dominican as it is portrayed, whether by his friends or his enemies, but it is as vain to question his absolute devotion to the teaching of the Church, with whose sacraments he died, as it would be to impugn his lifelong sincerity, purity, and disinterest-

edness. He was as little a precursor of Protestantism as was St. Dominie himself.—Boston Pilot.

ENVY AND DISUNION.

J. K. Foran, LL. D., in the Pen.
The tongue of flattery is worse than the pencil of caricature. We have never been given to flattery, much less have we ever delighted in caricature. Possibly our plain language may at times be far from palatable; but some person must speak out, or else the very dearest interests of our people will be swept away in a torrent of misrepresentation. There are nations, or peoples, who are considered to be too claustral; there are others that rush to the opposite extreme and are eternally destroying their own best chances—either on account of individual envy or general disunion.

We are always complaining that we are unrepresented; that we have no person to speak for us; that all the world is against us! There is considerable truth in such complaints: we hamper, tear down, oppose all who would or would represent us; we silence in a most effective manner the most eloquent voices that might speak for us; and we make it almost impossible for even the most willing and charitably inclined to side with us. Now, we admit that all this is not very pleasant to state, much less to hear; but it is the truth, and the sooner we begin to accept the truth and act in accordance therewith, the better for us.

One of our fellow countrymen—call him John—has fallen in life, partly through mistakes in life, partly on account of lack of opportunity. He makes an attempt to rise at once upon his feet to combine against him. "He never was any good," we say; "Sure, he has always failed!" "What right has he to want to be better than his neighbor?" "His whole family is shiftless!" "We'll teach him a lesson," and other such expressions convey our sentiments. We deprive John of every chance to rise or succeed, we hound him down, we laugh at him, we cover him with ridicule. The poor fellow's ambition is crushed; he falls again; and we seem to glory in his failure as we wisely and maliciously whisper: "I told you so; I knew he could never come to anything."

Another one of our people—say Thomas—has been quite successful in life. He has talents of a special kind, he was sober, honest, saving; he made a competence for himself and his family. His education would entitle him to distinction, and his success would naturally constitute him a useful, honorable and practical representative. The public eye is turned on him. Here we have an opportunity of enjoying the services of one who could be a credit to us. Do we combine to support him? Not at all. "What right has he to put himself forward?" "Who is he, anyway?" "Didn't we know his old father when he didn't have two coppers to rub to gether?" "He was brought up on our street, when he hadn't a second shirt to his back." "Look at him now, with his air; you'd think he came from something." And we shut aside a man of real merit, a merit that is the more conspicuous in the fact that he raised himself up to a higher level—and would raise his fellow countrymen with him if they would only allow him to do so.

What is the result of all this envy, this disunion, this intestine warfare, this national suicide? It is daily becoming more self-evident—the wiping out of any influence we might ever have had, or ever expect to gain; the daily and weekly disappearance of our people from positions of honor and emolument; the constantly receding wave of what might have been success; the growing indifference of those in power to our claims; the increasing strength of natural opposition to our progress; the lowering of the standard that each section of a people in a mixed country is in duty bound to maintain; and, finally, the steady drifting of an important element to waft the gulf of nonentity.

LIET. GODFREY'S TRIUMPHANT TOUR.

Immense Audiences Every where.
Lieut. Godfrey and his British Guards Band are being received by immense audiences at every performance. Montreal, turned out 12,000 people at two performances; Halifax, 8,000; Quebec, 6,000; Ottawa, 5,000; and other cities overflowed the largest buildings they could get to appear in. The following from a well-known Canadian will be of interest.
Mr. George Heintzman, of Messrs. Heintzman & Co., the well-known piano manufacturers was at Kensington last during the Colonial and Indian Exposition, and heard Dan Godfrey and the Grenadier Guards play every evening. "Dan Godfrey and his men were the chief attraction 'in the evening, of all the pleasures and delights of the Colindale. That summer he was playing a waltz called the 'Traum' waltz, and the throngs could not hear enough of it. I have heard Godfrey encoored by the crowd not once twice or thrice, but when he came to play this number which he did with such effect that it almost made you dance involuntarily. I have known the crowd not to be satisfied till the sixth encore was played. Then the men would rush on the platform and carry off Godfrey on their shoulders in triumph. The people of Canada can rest assured that they have never heard such music in their lives before," concluded Mr. Heintzman.
One of the best musical authorities in Canada, besides being a distinguished exponent of the art, is Miss A. Beveridge Robinson, who, during her six years' sojourn in London, heard Godfrey frequently. "The two points that strike me most about his band are the remarkable softness with which his men play and their wonderful unity. Mr. Godfrey is a marvelous leader and his full band play almost as though they were one instead of forty individuals. The most delicate effects, the most charming variations of light and shade are produced. There is no need in sitting far away from the platform. In fact when Dan Godfrey and his Guards were playing the people seem to prefer the front seats."
Dan, Godfrey and his British Guards Band will be at the Princess Rink, Friday evening, June 5. Popular prices. Reserved plan at Bell Piano Co. Warerooms, Dundas St.

God knows it all. Oh, trust and rest; He loves and watches over thee. 'Tis God's will that thy business see How near thy Lord must ever be; Wait patiently and do thy best. God knows it all. Oh, trust and rest.

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REACHES
MUSKOKA LAKES
In the Highlands of Ontario
The Muskoka region, with its many hundreds of lakes and streams, is undoubtedly the best place on the continent for fishing, shooting, and canoeing. The fishing, consisting of brook or lake trout, bass, muskellunge and pickerel, is unrivalled; partridge, grouse, quail, and deer are plentiful. As a health resort, Muskoka surpasses all others, being among the highest on the continent, being about 500 feet above Lake Ontario, 150 feet above Lake Huron, and 138 feet above Lake Superior. There can be no Hay Fever in so pure an atmosphere. A glance at our map will show how close to the lakes they are, and the fine equipment of the Grand Trunk Railway and the Muskoka steamers ensures comfort in the highest degree.
One of the most noteworthy characteristics of this region is the entire freedom from Hay Fever experienced even by the most sensitive sufferers from this malady. This is due to many causes—its great elevation above the level of Lake Ontario, the balsamic odor of the surrounding forests of pine, cedar and balsam, and freedom from damp fogs owing to the rocky nature of the country. Write for an illustrated copy of extract from "Ontario" regarding this region, to M. C. Dickson, D. P. A., Toronto.

DIOCESAN PILGRIMAGE.
We call the attention of our readers to the date, July 19, prox. of the great Diocesan Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, of the Archbishop of Kingston, under the patronage of the Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, Administrator. Fare from Toronto and return on both the C. P. R. and the G. T. R. only 80c. Those who do not desire to visit the Shrine of St. Anne will have a grand opportunity by taking in this Pilgrimage, to visit the chief cities of the Province of Quebec, or to make a side trip from Montreal to the far famed Lake Champlain and vicinity, as all tickets will be good for a week and good to return on any regular passenger train.
1222 9

7,000 people last Friday evening in Montreal Drill Hall cheered Lieut. Godfrey and his British Guards Band.

Lieut. Dan. Godfrey
And His...
British Guards Band.

40 LEADING MUSICIANS WHO HAVE SERVED IN THE GUARDS BANDS 40
One Grand...
Patriotic Performance

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Friday Evening, June 5.

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Seats can be reserved by mail or wire.
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STAMMERS consult DR. ARSNOTT, who was a painful sufferer for years, and has cured scores who failed elsewhere.

PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed "Inspector of Penitentiaries, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tender for Supplies," will be received until Monday, 20th of June, inclusive, from parties desirous of contracting for supplies for the fiscal year 1908 for the following institutions, namely:
Kingston Penitentiary,
St. Amande Penitentiary,
Dorchester Penitentiary,
Montreal Penitentiary,
British Columbia Penitentiary,
Regina Jail,
Prince Albert Jail.
Separate tenders will be received for each of the following classes of supplies:
1. Flour (Canadian Strong Bakers).
2. Beef and Canadian trestles.
3. Forage.
4. Coal (anthracite and bituminous).
5. Cardboard.
6. Groceries.
7. Coal Oil (Best Canadian, in bbls.).
8. Dry Goods.
9. Drugs and Medicines.
10. Leather and findings.
11. Hardware.
12. Lumber.
Details of information, together with forms of tender, will be furnished on application to the Wardens of the various institutions. All tenders are subject to the approval of the Warden.
All supplies submitted must specify clearly, the institution, or institutions, which it is proposed to supply, and must bear the endorsement of at least two responsible sureties.

DOUGLAS STEWART,
Inspector of Penitentiaries,
Department of Justice,
Ottawa, May 20, 1908. 1024-3

C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London, Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall Abbot Block, Richmond Street. James F. Murray, President; R. F. Boyle, Secretary.

POPULAR PROTESTANT CONTROVERSY.

On page 77 Mr. Lansing, after quoting, and of course, mistranslating, the concluding definition of the "Unam Sanctam," continues: "What this subjective means we may learn from Cardinal Bellarmine. He says, "If the Pope should err by enjoining vices or forbidding virtues, the Church would be obliged to believe vices to be good and virtues bad, unless it would sin against conscience. Horrible and monstrous!"

Why then do I spend time on such a man or such a book? Fiat expulsum in corpore vili. Had he been content with his proper obscurity, then, as his personal character is blameless, and his social influence friendly and benevolent, he would have been safe in a becoming humility. But he could not resist the temptation, which besets so many preachers of his level, of gaining a notoriety which would otherwise be beyond his reach, by blackguarding the Pope, which he has once relieved, it is true, by blackguarding the President. After all, there must be a touch of genius in the man, or he could not have written a book that is so absolutely typical. Had he known even a little more he could not have made all his slanders so glaringly distinct. His work is a caricature even of popular controversy, but it is a caricature which renders the original all the more speakingly alive for being so monstrously overcharged.

What does he know, and what does he not know, of Bellarmine? He knows two things, and what he does not know is everything. He knows that he was a Cardinal, and a Jesuit. He does not know when he lived. He introduces him as prophesying the Pope's death in 1773, when he himself had already been dead a hundred and fifty-two years. Of his character and achievements, I need not say, after such a specimen, he betrays not a glimmer of knowledge. Let us then glean it from our great Protestant encyclopedia, Herzog-Piltz, filling up with some touches entirely in keeping with that.

Robert Bellarmine, then, of high Tuscan nobility, sister's son of the admirable Pope Marcellus II., was, from boyhood up, a character of singular devoutness, purity, mildness, benevolence, truthfulness and candor. I do not mean, of course, to even him with the great Charles Borromeo, of whom Doctor Arthur T. Pierson has given so charming a description. Yet he does not lose lustre even by the side of him. At ten he insisted on being allowed to enter the new Jesuit order, the vows of which he took at eighteen, and to which, during his life of seventy-nine years, he remained unwaveringly loyal, being perhaps the last representative of the elder Jesuitism. He was so truthful and candid in his controversial writings, in giving the actual positions and arguments of the Protestants, that rabid Catholic zealots the counterpart of our rabid Protestant zealots of America, clamored for the suppression of his controversial writings. This clamor the Holy See met with a smile of amused contempt. It is true, one of his treatises, which contradicted the impetuous personality of Pope Sixtus V., was put in the Index, but was soon afterwards removed from character we must acknowledge in the excellent man, a somewhat too pronounced self-complacency, which, however, did no harm to anybody. He was a strenuous and devoted pastor, and, which certainly ought to please Protestants, he threw the whole weight of his episcopal influence against any such excess of honors to the Virgin as might overshadow the incomprehensible greatness of her Son. When the Holy See finally required him, as a Cardinal to live at Rome, he insisted, against the Pope's wish, on throwing up the important Archbishopric of Capua, which must have largely reduced his income. A lack of moral courage has never been charged against him. He was a man that loved God and man, that practiced every virtue and hated every wickedness. Principal Fairbairn, intensely, and I might almost say, virulently Protestant, cites him among the great examples of devotion to the Redeemer. And this is the man who, we are told, enjoins us to call darkness light and light darkness whenever the Pope might choose to command!

We can not deny that there is one sad break in this long life eminent truthfulness. He was misled by his zeal for the Papacy into a gross inaccuracy concerning the Sistine Vatican. Rome, therefore, justly resenting the attempt to secure her momentary reputation at the expense of the truth, has refused him the honors of the altar,

which it is probable that he will never receive. Indeed, his virtues in themselves, those eminent, were perhaps hardly heroic. Yet, though he fell once through indiscretion of zeal, he was emphatically a good man, an honor to his order, to the Roman purple, and to the Church of God.

Now what does he teach concerning the Pope's right to command? Of course, as a Jesuit, over and above his duty as a Catholic Christian, he is required by the rule of his order to believe that no superior is to be obeyed if he enjoins "any manner of sin." As a Jesuit, he is also required to believe that obedience to the Pope, as to all authority, reaches only "so far as it is consistent with love to God and man." He is bound to believe that, where there is a reasonable doubt, the judgment of the superior should prevail, and should be regarded as sound until it clearly appears to be erroneous. On the other hand, he says in the second part of the fourth volume of his works (Naples ed., 1856, page 507) in an Italian treatise, not so concise, therefore, as his habitual Latin style: "If a pastoral sentence commands a thing which is clearly sin, then it ought not to be observed nor revered, and whoever should say that it ought to be observed would be in error, and of such an assertion the five propositions of Gerson would be true, because without doubt it is false that a sentence which obliges to sin to be observed, and it is also impossible that a sentence should command a sin and involve an obligation of observation, and, moreover, it is an opinion erroneous in morals because it teaches to do evil; and also erroneous in faith, for who says that it is lawful to do evil is a heretic, and if he does not repent, he ought to be given over to the secular arm that he may be punished as he deserves."

Has the Rev. Isaac J. Lansing ever heard of this? We may well ask if he has ever heard who is now reigning in the southwestern peninsula of the northeastern continent of the planet Mars. He doubtless knows the one fact just as well as the other. Does he know from what treatise his own mutilated quotation of Bellarmine comes? Of course not. How should he? No doubt even out and out impossibilities sometimes betray us, but if I had an erudition depending on my being able to prove that the *De Romano Pontifice* was an unknown title to him, I think I should order my coronet off hand.

Then, since he does not know, I will tell him. The *De Romano Pontifice* is the classical work treating of the Pope's authority, of its extent and of its limits. That it has any limits is something that cannot be beaten into these people's heads. From beginning to end Lansing denies it in every variety of phrase. That I can put him down with the authority of a great cardinal and theologian is past hope, as I have not been able, before now, to put him down with the authority of a general council. However, as Bunyan says of the men of Vanity Fair, there are "some more observing and less prejudiced than their fellows," even among his disciples, and to these I address myself. I more or less combine, but make myself responsible for giving the exact sense, and therefore allow myself the use of quotation-marks.

Bellarmino, accordingly, says as follows, speaking expressly of the Pope's commands: "An unjust law is no law." "A law commanding vice or forbidding virtue not only need not but must not be obeyed." "A grossly unreasonable law, even though not sinful, would involve at most only a casual obligation of obedience." "A papal invasion of fundamental religious or civil rights would involve the duty of resisting it to the utmost, and even, should this prove inevitable, by force of arms." "Self-defence is an inalienable right of every man as against every man, and the taking of any human life, however exalted, in such a cause, is no rebellion or usurpation of authority."

Of course, Bellarmine, writing at Rome about 1600, attributes to Rome a wide reach of indirect, and even direct, civil supremacy where religion is concerned, which, as Pius IX. has remarked in one of his addresses of 1871, would move laughter should any one dream of actuating it now in any such extent. Yet, allowing for the great inevitable changes of three hundred years, where could we find a work which, while frankly presenting the Pope as the divinely commissioned Chief of the Church, and allowing him a wide reach of prerogative, should bind him more impregnably to respect the essential rights of the individual and of society? Nowhere.

This pretended quotation of Lansing from the *De Romano Pontifice* has been turned into the odious thing that he gives by a threefold mutilation, as well as by violently wrenching it from its connection. I supply the omitted passages in italics. We see that this turns the citation into precisely the same sense as the Italian passage which I have quoted. The rendering "vice" for "vitium" is false. As we know, "vitium" covers every deviation from the perfect rule, great or small. As the passage shows, it does not here mean "vices," for these have long since been condemned by the conscience of Christian mankind. Bellarmine says: "Should the Pope err in enjoining what are faults, but not manifestly faults; or in forbidding what are really virtues, but not manifestly virtues, the Church would be bound in conscience to believe false virtues and virtuous faults. For in doubtful matters the Church is shut up to the judgment of the Supreme Pontiff." Therefore, he argues, as the Church cannot be doctrinally misled,

even temporarily, and even in these comparatively slight matters, it is impossible that the Pope can be suffered by God to give, even here, an erroneous definition of duty. Indeed, he remarks, it is precisely here that his infallibility comes into play, since the clear doctrines of duty have been defined ages ago, and cannot be now defined differently. The Pope is, he allows, liable to give a wrong command, but not an erroneous definition in an obscure matter. The whole passage is meant for a *reductio ad absurdum*. And yet, besides the three vital excisions, it is presented as giving the author's view of a possibility! What infernal cunning, to cut out these three vital clauses, to conceal entirely the nature of the argument, and thereby to disfigure beyond recognition the real meaning of this Godly and righteous man!

Charles C. Starbuck.
Andover, Mass.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY AGAIN.

In our "Current Comment" department there appeared, in the Review of March 19, last, a paragraph dealing with certain statements in the Review of Reviews of the month about St. Bartholomew's Day and the action taken by Pope Gregory XIII. when the first accounts of the event reached Rome. In contradiction of the perverted version of the papal action given by the Review of Reviews, we quoted from Guizot's "History of France," vol. 4, page 384, testimony to the fact that, when the real facts in the case became known to Pope Gregory, he wept and expressed his detestation of that deed. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Charlottetown* (P. E. I.) Herald, reproduced our comment in its columns, whereupon its neighbor, the *Morning Guardian*, of Charlottetown, declared that our quotation from Guizot was not to be found in the volume or on the page we mentioned, and added that although the concluding portion of the quotation appeared elsewhere in the "History of France," the words were not Guizot's, but Brantome's.

We do not know what edition of Guizot the *Guardian* consulted. We took our quotation second-hand from a work which we believed trustworthy; and in looking the matter up now we find that Guizot's "History of France," translated by R. Black, M. A., and published by Estes & Lauriat in this city, on page 384, vol. 4.—the identical reference given by us—contains practically the very citation we used in our original paragraph. Our insular critic is, therefore, altogether wrong when it says that nothing pertaining or approximating that quotation is to be found in the place indicated by us. Let it be granted that Guizot quotes, in part, from Brantome. He makes that writer's words his own, nevertheless; and he uses them simply to describe the change which he himself admits came over Gregory XIII's opinion of St. Bartholomew's day when he learned its real character. Guizot says: "At Rome itself . . . the truth came out, and Pope Gregory was touched by it." There we have an unequivocal admission by the French Protestant historian that the Pope was deceived in the first accounts he received of St. Bartholomew's day—and it was those accounts which caused Gregory to order a "Te Deum" sung and a medal struck—and a frank acknowledgment, by the same Protestant writer, that he was grieved when the truth came out. Brantome's words, which Guizot makes his own, are then used by the latter historian to describe the sorrow which the Pope experienced when the real facts in the case became known to him; but before he quotes from Brantome, Guizot himself admits that the Pope was misled by the French ambassador, whose report, as "Chambers Biographical Directory," page 435, states, represented the St. Bartholomew massacre "as the suppression of a Huguenot conspiracy." Guizot does even more than make Brantome's words his own. He corrects the error into which that historian fell to Pius V.,—an error committed also by Sully, and of which the Guardian vainly endeavors to make much—and gives the credit of them to their real author.

These facts constitute a sufficient refutation of our Charlottetown contemporary's criticisms and an ample justification of our original assertions. The quotation which we made from Guizot appears, in virtually the form we gave it, exactly where we said it could be found; and that Protestant historian there substantially admits that Pope Gregory, as soon as he learned the truth about St. Bartholomew's day, grieved over its occurrence. If the *Guardian* desires other Protestant testimony regarding the motives which caused that pontiff to order a *Te Deum*, etc., on the occasion, we refer him to the "American Encyclopedia," vol. ii., page 343, where he may read the following statement: "A solemn *Te Deum* over the affair was sung at Rome by the order of Pope Gregory XIII., but it must be borne in mind that, according to the accounts then at hand, the affair grew out of an unsuccessful conspiracy against the French government and the Catholic Church, and the *Te Deum* belonged to the same category with the one sung shortly before for the victory gained at Lepanto over the Turks." Then let the Guardian turn to Rattier's "Annals of Gregory XIII.," in which work the Protestant Ranko says are contained the most authentic materials for that pontiff's life, and there it will learn that at the time he ordered the *Te*

Deum "the Pope was personally informed by the Cardinal of Lorraine that King Charles, for his own security and the peace of his kingdom, had put to death the admiral (Coligny) who was the head and principal supporter of the Huguenots; and although he had thus been freed from great trouble the Pope did not show signs of more than ordinary gratification. He returned thanks to the Divine Goodness at home, and on the following day went publicly in solemn procession from St. Mark's to the church of St. Louis." And, finally, let it be remembered that the London Athenaeum, whose statement is quoted in vol. 5, page 15, of the Catholic World, admitted more than a score of years ago that the common notion of St. Bartholomew's day is "one of the great historical errors which has been transmitted from teachers to taught during a long course of years."

It would take a great deal more space than we can give it to correct all the mistaken notions which the *Guardian* evidently entertains regarding the character of St. Bartholomew's day and on the subject of Catholic and Protestant persecutions. To convince it, however, that the St. Bartholomew massacre was not the premeditated affair which it seems to imagine it to have been, and to prove to it that, when the truth was known, Catholics condemned the infamous deed, as did the Pope, we may refer it to White's "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," a work that is far from championing the Catholic side, wherein, on page 2 of the preface, it is admitted that "the opinion that St. Bartholomew's day was the result of mingled terror and fanaticism . . . is supported by Ranke in the second volume of his 'Historisch-Politische Zeitschrift,' 1836; and in volume one of 'Franzische Geschichte,' by Soldan, by Baum and by Coquerel." On page 171 of the same work the *Guardian* may read that "this manner of proceeding," wrote Walsingham, the English minister, on Sept. 13, 1572, "is by the Catholics themselves utterly condemned, with the additional statement that Cardinal Orsini, who was sent to France to congratulate the king on his escape, was surprised to find that St. Bartholomew's day was a far different episode from what Rome had been told it was, and was universally condemned. And were it not so prejudiced against Catholic testimony, we could refer our critic to the photolithographic copy of the "Ordine della Solennissima Processione" of Cardinal Lorraine's letter published by Quaritch of London, who says of it that "the fact that it was printed by the Impresaria Camerale within at most a few months—perhaps within a few days of the Thanksgiving—confers upon it an exceptional historical value"; for in those documents it is plain to be seen that the real motive of the papal action was the Vatican's belief that the French king, by the execution of a few heretics and rebels, had saved the Church and his kingdom from great dangers menacing them. The same information is also plainly given in the congratulations of Pope Gregory to the French king on his escape and in the language employed by Mureto, who preached in Rome on the event. In fact, the whole affair was a political crime, a human wickedness, with which the Church had nothing to do; and even White, in his "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," pages 459-462, admits as much, for he says that "the massacre of St. Bartholomew arose out of the paltriest and most selfish of motives, and the plea of religion was never put forward, though it is a plea too often put forward to extenuate what can not be justified."

In conclusion, since the *Guardian* seems to labor under the idea that Catholics are the only persons who ever persecuted other people or committed "frightful atrocities" in past ages, we may remind its editor that Buckle, in his "History of Civilization in England," chapter I, says that "the crimes of the French Protestants were as revolting as those of the Catholics, and quite as numerous relatively to the numbers and powers of the two parties"; and that in a pamphlet on "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," printed in Boston, in 1859, the author, a Protestant, C. C. Hazzell, says on page 21: "As respects Protestant persecutions, they have been of the worst possible kind in every country in which dissenters from Rome's supremacy have attained to full power. There is something ludicrous in the pretensions of so many Protestants to be free from the common stain of religious organizations. History flatly contradicts assertions so absurd. The blood shed by Protestants in maintenance of their several bedlamite fanes is of oceanic amount." And many similar testimonies might readily be adduced to show that Protestant families and iniquities greater even than St. Bartholomew's day painted in its darkest dyes.

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THE DIFFICULTIES OF PRAYER.

"What is the good of prayer anyway? God knows what we need and what is best for us before we ask Him. Does not reason tell us that it is absurd to expect Almighty God to change the laws of the universe for our benefit? Then there is no certainty that we shall obtain what we ask for, pray we ever so fervently."

Such is the language of a large number of persons, and unfortunately it is not confined to infidels and scoffers, and those who never pray; but many good, honest, and conscientious people, who wish to do their duty and enjoy the comforts of their religion, are troubled with doubts arising out of difficulties with which the subject seems to be surrounded. The subject is a large one, and it would take much more space than we can spare in a single article to give a clear and comprehensive explanation of the difficulties above suggested. We can only give a clue to the answers and recommend those who desire a full and complete discussion of the whole subject of prayer to read Cardinal Gibbons' chapters on prayer in that admirable book, "Our Christian Heritage."

Of the reasonableness and beneficial influence of prayer, it would seem, there can be no rational doubt. If we believe that God has made us for some purpose, and that He takes an interest in our fulfilling that purpose. He is not merely our Maker. He is also our Father, and it must be pleasing to Him to have us recognize Him as our Almighty and most merciful Father—that we should look to Him, and depend upon Him, and thank Him for the many mercies we receive at His hands.

That this exercise is beneficial there can be no doubt. It would seem impossible for any man who habitually and earnestly prays, to be a bad man. The beneficial effects of prayer are well summed up by the Cardinal in his admirable discussion of the subject. "To sum up," he says, "Prayer is the most exalted function in which man can be engaged, because it exercises the highest faculties of the soul—the intellect and the will; it brings us into direct communication with the greatest of all beings—God Himself; it is the channel of heaven's choicest blessings. . . . In a word prayer renders us co-operators with our Creator in the moral government of the world, since many of the events of life are shaped in accordance with our pious entreaties. Conceive, then, the dignity of God's saints. The affairs of life are decreed from all eternity; and the eternal decrees themselves are in a measure regulated by the prayers of His servants. Prayer moves the Hand that moves the universe."

And this indicates the answer to the objection that God knows beforehand, and has decreed what is to come to pass, and, therefore, it is useless to pray to Him. What if He has decreed that certain things are to come to pass in answer to our prayers? We are reminded here of the fable of "Scholasticos" in the old Greek reader which we studied in our college days. Zeno, the fatalist philosopher, was about to punish his servant for some misdemeanor, when the servant, hoping to escape punishment by appealing to his master's principles, said, "But, master, it was fated that I should commit this fault." "Ah," replied Zeno, "it was also fated that I should punish you."

Says Cardinal Gibbons: "God from all eternity knew that I would, for example, pray to-day for a special grace to avoid sin. In answer to my prayer, He decreed from all eternity to give me to-day this special grace. The reason, therefore, why I receive this grace to-day is, indeed, because God has so decreed, but He has so decreed because I have prayed. In other words, I do not pray in order to alter God's designs, but I pray in order to execute them. By prayer I fulfil the

condition under which He has promised to bestow His gifts upon me. 'Your Father in heaven will give good things to them that ask Him.'"

Instead, then, of being disturbed by the difficulties to which we have alluded, let us console ourselves with the reflection that in our prayers we are fulfilling the will of God and confidently expect the fulfilment of our prayers, for the reason that Our Father in heaven has decreed, beforehand, to grant us the favors we ask of Him because we pray to Him.

And let us not be discouraged if we do not always get an answer to our prayers in the way we desire. That is no evidence that our prayer is not heard. On the contrary, we have the express promise of Our Lord that the fervent prayer of a truly humble, devout soul will certainly be heard and answered, if not in the way that we desire, yet in the way that He, in His infinite mercy and love, sees to be best for us. A wise parent does not always yield even to the pressing solicitation of a beloved child and grant just what he asks, because he knows it would not be best for him; but he will grant his request in some other way that will be more beneficial to him.

Let us, then, never fail to exercise a supreme undoubting trust and affectionate confidence in the power, wisdom and goodness of our Father in heaven, and never cease to present our petitions to Him with a lively faith that He will certainly hear and answer us in that manner which will be most for His glory and our highest good, both in this world and in that which is to come.—Sacred Heart Review.

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As a result all the organs and tissues take on activity.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

DROPSY Treated FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands of cases of Dropsy, which are rapidly disappearing, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Book of testimonials of numerous cases sent FREE. See Daily Treatment Free by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA.

ALLAN LINE Royal Mail Steamship Co. ESTABLISHED IN 1854.

The Company's Fleet consists of Thirty-four Steamers aggregating 134,937 tons. Twin Screw Steamers—Tunisian 10,000 tons—building; Castilian 8,500 tons—building; Bavarian 10,000 tons—building. Steamers sail weekly from Montreal to Liverpool, calling at London, during the season of navigation; also separate service from New York to Glasgow. The St. Lawrence route is 100 miles less ocean sailing than from New York. The steamers are fitted with every improvement for the comfort of the passengers, in all classes, including bilge keels, making the vessels steady in all weather, electric light, midship saloons, spacious promenade decks, music rooms, smoking rooms, etc. Special attention has been paid to the ventilation and sanitary arrangements. An experienced surgeon is carried on all passenger steamers. Rates of passage lower than by most first-class lines. Circular giving rates and sailings on application to: H. BOULLIER, Toronto. E. DE LA MOORE, Montreal. T. R. PARKER, London. F. R. CLARKE, Liverpool. Dr. H. A. ALLAN, Montreal. 1908.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Trinity Sunday.

THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH.

If any man has not made his Easter duty this morning, or before to day, he ought to think seriously on the frightful state of his soul.

But really it implies more terrible things than it expresses. For the authority which put forth that decree is the same as that to which Christ said, 'Whatsoever you shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven.'

This grievous sin of not hearing the Church does not take away the obligation of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again.

As Moses said to the people of Israel in giving them the law of God, so might it be said to the sinner who scorns this most important obligation: 'If thou wilt not hear the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep and do all His commandments and ceremonies, all these things shall come upon thee and overtake thee.'

Be assured, dear brethren, that if these temporal curses do not come upon him who has neglected his Easter duty, he has already brought upon himself the worst of spiritual curses, the death of his soul by his mortal sin.

Nothing could impress upon us more forcibly the obligation of holy Communion than these words of our Blessed Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if we cannot live except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart, that such a sweet Fountain of Perpetual Youth is provided for our souls?

THE NUPTIAL MASS.

The Church has appointed a manner, a form, in which all should receive the Sacrament of Matrimony.

See in what estimation she holds it. She would have the holy nuptials of her children with all religious pomp and ceremony. It is so sacred in her eyes that she bids her priest sing a Solemn Mass of benediction and joy clothed in his most precious robes.

What would you think if the priest would simply baptize your children with plain water and omit the prayers, exorcisms and holy unctions appointed for the solemn administration of that sacrament? You would not be content and you would be scandalized at the priest's want of obedience to the Church and his want of respect for so holy a rite.—Catholic Monthly.

Want to Keep Your Nerveless? Of course you don't; so you should take Scott's Emulsion. It is a fact this remedy cures it; and it cures nervousness, nerve debility and insomniac also.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(For the Catholic Record.)

Broken Friendship.

They had been friends in youth. Their earliest joys and impulses formed part of each others' lives; their happiness was shared; their tribulations participated; likewise their success in all undertakings. What affected one affected both.

Such were the relations existing between Jack and Will in their early days. Their friendship was great, rapidly extending into an intense love. No project was undertaken by Jack without first informing Will, and vice versa.

Will readily acquiesced with the project, suggesting different methods for the execution of his plans, declaring several times his extreme delight to be a co-operator in the work.

Then came the shadow of death. In a distant land, wandering among the blackest strangers, seeking by times a means of sustenance in the foul air of mines, a racking fever took possession of our friend Jack leaving him on the brink of insanity.

Behold him now languishing in the jaws of death, breathing his last in the arms of his only friend on earth and passing to another world at peace with all, breathing a dying prayer for the companion of his youth.

Brass Habits.

"Never put on any brass jewelry," said a mother once to her little daughter. "False things are hateful."

Her little daughter opened wide eyes and promised obedience. Down in her heart of hearts she didn't see why very nice looking brass rings were not as good as gold ones, and one day a very pretty, bright one came in her way.

Parents and teachers know what habits are likely to grow so fast to you that you can never slip them off! School rules are based on their knowledge, and if you insist on experimenting, through disobedience and evasions, you will find yourself held fast by links and chains of unexpected evil ways, which will be far tighter and more painful than little daughter's brass ring.—The Young Catholic.

Use for the Useless.

The beautiful composition pavements in our cities are made from odds and ends ground up and cemented. Old shell, refuse from the manufacture of pearl buttons, etc., is now finely powdered and blended in the clay of certain kinds of china.

tures, dare not be valueless in His sight; that we dare not allow His gift of life to be turned to waste. We must account for every idle word and for every idle silence; for every foolish action and for every base inaction. There is no waste so terrible as that of a mispent life; for no other waste has consequences reaching through all eternity.

Let It Die.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on your course, and let their back biting use of lying awake at nights brooding over the remark of some false friend who runs through your brain like lightning?

How to be Happy.

The best thing—among all good things that can be taught a child—is perhaps to teach them the art or develop in him the capability of being happy without the aid of external amusements. It is an art that must be learned in childhood, for it is on the line of development rather than acquisition.

St. Francis of Assisi and the Birds.

There is in Louvre a charming little picture by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks appear to catch his words.

Piles Cured Without the Use of Knife.

I was troubled for years with Piles and tried everything I could buy without any benefit, until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. The result was marvelous. Two boxes completely cured me.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Universe.

"Young Mechanic" writes that few young Catholics are so fortunate as Sims. Furthermore, charming creatures like the magnetic Mary, of W—are exceedingly rare, in his opinion.

The trouble with most of us, especially with the younger masculine element of these hard, prosaic times, is that we fail to recognize true worth and gentleness when we are confronted with it.

MODERN SLAVERY.

CAUSED BY WEAK, EXHAUSTED STOMACHS, IS ALMOST UNIVERSAL.

It is Unknown, however, Where Dods' Dyspepsia Tablets are used—There is No Other Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, etc.

"Young Mechanic" and the numerous tribe to which he belongs, the every-day Catholic young men of our country, are not obliged to visit W—to enjoy the vision described by Sims.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it.

They Never fail.—Mr. S. M. Baughner, Langton, writes:—"For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmentier's Pills, I was completely cured."

Unusually.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyndin-aga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of."

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

beyond their position and surroundings, and feel compelled to seek suitable social and matrimonial alliances among those of a different religious faith.

Human nature never yet gave up a struggle because of despair, nor ever deemed a hope attained worth a fraction of the unattainable. The true import of pessimism lies in the hint it gives that, unconsciously, mankind is reaching out towards a future as different as possible from the present and the past, of which it is weary.

The age of independence of a child, granted by governments, does not free the child from the obedience due parents by the law of God.

Questions to the Point.

Asks our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, Wis.: Who is the little A. P. A. man cooking up yellow despatches for the Associated Press?

First he told us that the Pope had blessed the Spanish army. Then he had the Pope "prostrated" as a result of Dewey's victory.

Who is this little A. P. A. news cook? Why does the Associated Press employ him? Why do papers like the Chicago Tribune, the Inter-Ocean and the New York Sun, which have a righteous indignation for yellow journalism, take and print the stuff this little bigoted cur composes out of his alleged head?

Will the Associated Press offer an explanation? There are 12,000,000 American Catholics who will know the reason why.

MONUMENTS

SMYTH & SON

Corner King and Clarence Streets, LONDON, ONTARIO. It will pay you to see us before placing your order. No agents.

REID'S HARDWARE

For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sincere, the latest Wingers, Maniacs, Cutlery, etc.

Our Boys' and Girls' Annual

For 5 cents we will mail to any of our youthful readers a new story for boys, from the pen of the popular story teller, Father Finn, S. J., and an interesting tale for girls, by Ella Lorraine Dorsey (both contained in, and written especially for Our Boys and Girls Annual for 1898). An abundance of games, tricks, and other interesting items, together with a large number of pretty pictures, contribute to render Our Boys and Girls Annual for 1898 a delightful book.

Address, THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

SKINS ON FIRE

Skins on fire with torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply humors, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Cuticura

Read throughout the world. Preparing D. & L. C. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston. "How to Cure Torturing Humors," Free.

Advertisement for Menthol D & L Plaster, featuring various ailments like Sciatica, Pleurisy, Stitches, etc.

98-IRELAND-98

Excursions to Ireland

MAY AND JUNE County Wexford Celebrations. Vinegar Hill and New Ross.

JULY Irish National Pilgrimage. Belfast Celebration.

AUGUST Monuments to Tone and United Irishmen.

First Cabin and expenses, \$150 and upwards. Second Cabin and expenses, \$100 and upwards. Steerage and expenses, \$75 and upwards.

Advertisement for The D & L Emulsion, for consumption and all lung diseases.

MONUMENTS

SMYTH & SON, Corner King and Clarence Streets, LONDON, ONTARIO.

100 Foreign Stamps, all different, for 10c. For 1.00 Mixed Foreign Stamps, 10c. New price list post free on application.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS, SANDWICH, ONT.

ALTER WINE A SPECIALTY. Our Alter Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Clergy will compare favorably with the best Imported Bordeaux.

ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO., SANDWICH, ONT.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION. Can be Seen at our Warehouses. SMITH BROTHERS, Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers.

REID'S HARDWARE. For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Sincere, the latest Wingers, Maniacs, Cutlery, etc.

113 Dundas St., (North) London, Ont.

1898

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Memorare.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD, Let us listen to the legend Of a knight, who, years ago, Forsook the way to worldly, Dealing death to Pagan foes.

Little sought he from the angels; Never prayed he to the saints; Loud he scoffed at pagan priests; Sent his garb and plumed plains.

Yet at early morn and even, With his comrades smiled to see, Of before sunrise of Mary Bent he low on reverent knees.

Charging against the Turkish legion, Nobly fell he in the fight; Slain by hand of pagan felon, Armed with arrow keen and light.

As his corpse was sadly buried, Neath the soil, with honor meet, Still his soul before the angels, Pending at God's judgment seat.

There he saw the angel Michael, With impartial justice stand, Stand to weigh dead's good and evil On a balance in his hand.

Saw the fatal balance tremble; Saw the scales pit a sweet him; Saw the souls by anguish torn, Then his thoughts to heaven lifted;

Then his eyes toward heaven turned, And he called aloud to Mary, Who never yet had sinners spurned.

In the white hand of Our Lady, Glimming against her vesture's face, Shone an arc of rainbow light, So could scarce its outline trace.

Bent the right side of the balance Neath the crown by Mary laid, And the soul stands a lifetime By the circle's weight weighed.

Then before his raptured vision Heaven opened, and he saw; And Our Lady sweetly murmured To the child who owned her care.

That never yet 'twas heard or known Of one who had recourse to me; Whose holiness I did not hear, Let this day's mercy prove to thee.

The Last of May.

BY REV. ABRAHAM A. RYAN.

In the mystical dim of the temple, In the dream haunted dim of the day, The sunlight spoke soft to the shadows, And said: "With me thou art grey."

Let us meet at the shrine of the Virgin, And, ere her fair feast pass away, Let us weave there the golden story, To drink the last evening of May."

The lapers were lit on the altar, With garlands of lilies between, And the steps leading up to the statue, Flashed bright with three-way silk streamers.

The sunglams came down from the heavens Like angels to hallow the scene, And they stood to kiss down with the shadows That crept to the shrine of the Queen.

The singers, their hearts in their voices, Had chanted the anthems of old, And the last from the choir of Veppers On the far shores of silence had rolled.

And there, at the Queen's Virgin's altar— The sun wove the golden story, To drink the last evening of May."

Then came, two by two, to the altar, The young and the pure and the fair, Their faces in the shadows of the night, Their faces in the shadows of the night.

And they came for a simple blue ribbon, For those of Christ's army were kneeling, And they believe, with the children of Mary, The angels of Mary were there.

Ab, faith! simple faith of the children! You still believe the faith of the old, And you still wear the love of the cold; And the beautiful God who is wandering, Has not been so long from the fold.

And a rest with the lambs of the fold, Swept a voice: "Was it wafted from heaven? Heard you ever the wafted from heaven? Heard you ever the wafted from heaven? Heard you ever the wafted from heaven?"

Then back to the Queen Virgin's altar, The white veils swept on two by two, And the holiest hush of heaven, Flashed out from the ribbons of blue;

And they laid down the wreaths of the roses, Whose hearts were as pure as the true; And they to the Mother are true, Whose loves to the Mother are true.

And thus, in the dim of the temple, In the dream haunted dim of the day, The angels and children of the night, Where the sunglams kneel down with the shadows.

And waves with their gold and their gray, A mantle of grace and of glory, For the last lovely evening of May.

A GREAT SPEECH.

Sir Wilfred Laurier Upon the Death of Gladstone.

On the 29th May a resolution of condolence upon the death of the Hon. Mr. Gladstone moved in the Canadian House of Commons by the leader of the Opposition, Sir Wilfred Laurier.

It was seconded by Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the Opposition, and, needless to say, carried unanimously. The following is a full report of Mr. Laurier's speech, together with the remarks made by Sir Charles Tupper and the Hon. Mr. Costigan.

Mr. Laurier said: "I beg to move, seconded by Sir Charles Tupper, that a resolution be adopted, expressing our sympathy with the bereaved family of the Hon. Mr. Gladstone."

It is a privilege to me to have the opportunity to express my sympathy with the bereaved family of the Hon. Mr. Gladstone. In his character as a statesman, a patriot, and a man of letters, he was one of the greatest of his age.

He was a man of a noble and generous nature, and his life was a noble and generous one. He was a man of a noble and generous nature, and his life was a noble and generous one.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

On Sunday the feast of Pentecost, the Bishop of Montreal, Mgr. Levesque, presided at High Mass. Mass was celebrated by Mr. McKeown, assisted by Father Mahony and Mr. Donovan.

The afternoon of the feast of Pentecost was devoted to the recitation of the prayers for the souls of the departed. The Bishop of Montreal presided at the ceremony.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

The Health of Their Daughters Should be Carefully Watched.

YOUNG GIRLS SUSCEPTIBLE TO TROUBLES THAT MAY RESULT IN DEPENDENT - PALE FACES, HEADACHES AND PICKLE APPETITE. THE SYMPTOMS OF EARLY DECAJ.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont. Some months ago, Maggie, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. J. W. ...

It is quite evident that this young maiden was suffering from a lack of blood, as so many girls who are just at a critical point in life, and it is quite apparent that there is no other remedy than the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, June 2.—Wheat—per cental—Red wheat, \$1.75; white, \$1.75.

Meat—Beef, per carcase, \$6 to \$7; mutton, per carcase, \$5.75 to \$6.25; lamb, per carcase, \$5.50 to \$6.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARY BURKE, ST. JOHN'S, N. B. On May 24 a telephone message from ...

MR. PATRICK FINN, JR. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. We regret very much to announce the death ...

MR. WALTER HUGHES, CHESTERVILLE, ONT. This week it is our unavoidable duty to chronicle the death of one of our most respected business men ...

MONTEAL, MAY 27.—Grain—Sales of Manitoba wheat, \$1.75 to \$1.85; ...

PORT HURON, MICH. —Grain—Wheat, per bush, \$1.15 to \$1.25; ...

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VOCATION OF WOMAN.

St. Mary's cathedral last evening, Father Mahony preached a sermon on the Vocation of Woman, and he made a fervent appeal to all women, in the course of his remarks.

The woman's vocation is not an inferior one, but a noble one. It is a vocation that is as noble as that of the man, and it is a vocation that is as noble as that of the man.

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ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

Rev. and Dear Sir—In his Encyclical Letter of the 28th of June, our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, has called the attention of the faithful to the duty of the Church to cultivate a special devotion to the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Truth, and it is the Spirit of Truth that is the source of all truth. It is the Spirit of Truth that is the source of all truth, and it is the Spirit of Truth that is the source of all truth.

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