

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, July 20, 1901.

DIVORCE.

The Episcopalians of the United States are setting their faces against divorce. Now here is Bishop Potter's chance of a lifetime. As a defender of the marriage tie he is sorely handicapped by his connection with a sect that sprang from the heart of a lustful king, but he can give evidence of a certain amount of grit by attempting to unravel the matrimonial tangles of the Gotham smart set.

AN UNLOVELY TYPE.

One thing that is exceedingly trying on the nerves of those who are just plodding along is the conduct of some "pious" Catholics. If they did not make profession of exalted piety we might feel to notice it. But they are so good and belong to so many Socialities, and yet have, as Monsiegnor Bongaud used to say, such infernal tongues, and they don't know it—that is the trouble. For the professional gossip, the meddlesome and prying news monger and everlasting talker, the fomentor of quarrels and hatreds regards itself as a paragon of discretion. In fact with a delightful naïveté that speaks volumes for self-conceit they rather pride themselves on having high thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy. But a big prayer book and a leprous tongue are not a happy combination.

THE RESULT OF MASONRY.

The Italian Free Masons are to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of King Humberto during the month of July. Whilst there they might, and with profit to themselves, look over their past record. Time was when the bandit Garibaldi was in honor and the robber horde of Victor Emmanuel was duly extolled by the bigoted publicist. But that time has passed, and, moreover, the years have shown that the despoilers of the Pope have done nothing worthy of the adulation so freely bestowed on them when they began their unholy task. In striking at the Pope they struck at the power that has given Italy a place amongst the nations, and in warring against religion they disseminated a spirit that manifested itself in such men as d'Annunzio and in the snarling, godless crowd that is kept in subjection only by the powers that be.

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

In the July number of the Cosmopolitan we notice an article on the restlessness of the modern woman. The authoress assures us that her mountain of mail is often a volcano of seething unrest. She is also asked if life is worth living. We suppose that the species of woman whose life's horizon is bounded by a new dress and a fashionable function must occasionally be blue. Even the honor of having one's photograph in the papers, and of mistaking the appetites of one's acquaintances, lose its charm, and we have, as a result, a crowd of self-eyed women who are generally selfish and useless and inclined to puzzle over the question is life worth living. The normal minded woman—and she is in the majority—has sense enough to acknowledge that her life belongs to God, and that her duty is to live it out bravely at the post where God has stationed her. She keeps her mind fixed on the end for which life was entrusted to her. She may have troubles and difficulties, but she knows where to obtain help and guidance and she knows too that every kind word and gentle tone and loving watchfulness in small things by which the humblest and most homely life is turned into gold and transfigured in secret before God and the guardian angels, shall have a measure of bliss and glory which the world cannot conceive because it sees not the Holy Ghost, neither knoweth Him.

But perhaps the people who moon along and play with melancholy and expect a deal of sympathy—which, unfortunately, is too often given them—are suffering from liver trouble or appendicitis.

"Sane griefs, we know, are medicinal," and this is one of them. Some time ago, for example, a friend devel-

oped a fondness for Schopenhauer, and incidentally by so doing, a great hilarity on the part of those who knew him. The laughter saved him from foolishness. Pessimism is merely a mixture of self-conceit and disordered liver, and a timely dose of medicine in the shape of a pill or good natured ridicule will prevent many a distempered soul from asking the idiotic question: Is life worth living?

CATHOLICISM.

It is astonishing that, despite our enlightenment and all that kind of thing, few preachers can come together without having recourse to the oft-repeated dead and buried charges against Catholicism. We know they have to protest, but they should make their protests, as their creeds, a little more up to date. At any rate carnal is not a sensible article at a ministerial feast. But some of them are old, living on the memories of the past when the banging of the drum ecclesiastical was the sweetest, and seem not to understand that the world has moved somewhat since Knox and his devastating hordes appeared in the land, and does not take so kindly to that kind of music. Nor do they appear to know that advanced thinkers such as Draper and Huxley devote their arguments against Catholicism and have no hesitation in declaring that Protestantism has no power to cope with the Agnosticism of the present time. A little observation will convince them that the above contention is not without reason. Now and then we get a left handed compliment from our brethren. Witness the words of the Presbyterian Moderator. "Though," he says, "we must lament continued persistence in dogmas unsupported by reason or scripture, and in claims dangerous to society, we must acknowledge that the Church of Rome can obtain, what we do not, an immense body of men who devote themselves, body and soul, to the service of others without fee or reward." The lament is very touching, but is, however complimentary to the kind heart of the Moderator, a waste of compassion. He had better reserve it for Rev. Dr. Hillis, who, in talking of the fundamental doctrine of the Presbyterian creed, declared that "it would seem that if men believed it, reason would be shaken to its foundation. It would seem as if a man would prefer to be burned at the stake rather than hold or assert, or charge such infinite cruelty upon the all merciful and all loving God." The statement anent dogmas unsupported by reason is merely the old campaign lie. What proves too much proves nothing.

Omitting any consideration of the attitude of the first Reformers towards reason, their contempt for it, we content ourselves with quoting the testimony of the greatest scholar America has yet produced. "I have been," said Dr. Brownson, "during thirteen years of my Catholic life constantly engaged in the study of the Church and her doctrine, and especially in relation to philosophy and natural reason. I have had occasion to examine and defend Catholicity precisely under these points of view which are most odious to my non-Catholic countrymen and to the Protestant mind generally; but I have never in a single instance found a single article, dogma, proposition or definition of Faith which embarrassed me as a logician, and which I could, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt myself restrained, or found myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

And if the dogmas of Catholicism are contrary to reason and scripture, then the millions of men who adhered to them—the myriads who defended and died for them—were simply besotted idiots. The same must be true of their descendants. The Moderator may be hard and dour and have his gray matter overlaid with several strata of prejudice, but he should try to see that the public is discerning enough to recognize that the Church which is the asylum of every misery and the fashioner and support of every species of self-sacrifice, cannot be the unlovely thing traced by his Presbyterian pencil.

ACTRESS MAUDE ADAMS'

Own Story of Her Novel Experience While Taking the Rest Cure in a Catholic Convent in France.

Paris, June 29.—Maude Adams, who for the past few weeks had been taking the "rest cure" in the Catholic convent at Tours, finally tired of the silence and monotony of the old monastery, bade adieu to the nuns, with whom she had become a great favorite, and came back to Paris.

To day she left with a party of French lady friends for a leisurely tour of the beautiful castle region of Touraine.

Describing her convent experience to the World correspondent, Miss Adams said:

"My life there was most soothing. None of the concern which fevers humanity outside penetrates those old provincial monasteries, where the time is passed in easy manual work, study and prayer.

"My friends who had arranged for my admission for the rest cure concealed from the Mother Superior the fact that I was an actress, as the dear nuns entertain many strong though innocent prejudices, among which is a rooted belief that the stage is directly connected with the satanic realm.

"When I arrived I found that I was supposed to be an American heiress seeking heartease, probably after some terrible love affair. But a few days later I confessed my calling. The nuns screamed in holy horror, but meanwhile I had grown to be a great pet with them all, and there was no thought of my expulsion, though the Sisters sadly deprecated the fact that such a sweet creature as myself should be addicted to such awful work, and tried to convert me, but I think I went rather the other way. However, I got them to view stage life more sensibly finally, and after a few days they begged me, with mingled feelings of fear and curiosity, to recite for them.

"Having to use French, I was not at my best, but the nuns thought it was all very fine. These impromptu efforts under the venerable chestnuts on the lawn of the convent garden were certainly my most pleasurable success.

"I lived exactly as the Sisters lived. I arose at 4 o'clock, attended chapel till 6, worked in the dairy till 7:30, and then took a breakfast of milk, bread and strawberries. I missed the coffee terribly, but I asked no favor. After breakfast I was sent to 'tidy' the lovely bare, whitewashed narrow cell which I occupied, making my bed myself, shaking my little rug and sweeping the floor.

AT WORK IN THE KITCHEN.

"At 9 o'clock I reported with the others to the Mother Superior, and was assigned sometimes to the kitchen, where I canned more strawberries and cherries than I will ever eat; sometimes to the dairy, where I learned to skim milk and make excellent butter; sometimes to the garden, where I picked fruit, or flowers for the altars.

"At noon we gathered to the chapel for a short prayer, after which we had dinner. Perfect silence is compulsory in the refectory; nothing is heard in the vast vaulted hall except the voice of a nun reading history aloud.

"After that we walked silently around the cloister till 1 o'clock, when each retired to her own cell for study and meditation.

"At 4 o'clock chapel again, then household duties, the needle and garden work.

"At 7 we had supper, frugal, meatless and silent, like the noon meal. From dinner until bedtime—9 o'clock—was devoted to recreation. This was the only time during which the nuns were allowed to converse.

"What lovely, innocent twilights I enjoyed there, under the big chestnut trees, surrounded by sixty saintly women, some young and some old, but all so wholesome, so kind!

"THE BEAUTIFUL NIGHT OFFICE."

"At midnight the silver bell which directs everything in the convent summoned us out of bed for an hour and a half for the 'night office.' At first I found it an awful struggle to raise thus after my first sleep and dress and go through the long, weird corridors, peopled by silently gliding figures going to chapel; but I loved the beautiful night office, with only the dim light of the altar candles playing among the columns under the lofty gothic arches, and the darkly outlined nuns in their interminable monotonously plaintive chant, begging God to forgive the wickedness of earth.

"A few weeks spent thus, the absolute quiet, the regularity and the simple food effected a complete change in me physically. My nervousness was gone and my mind unfevered.

"Our parting was tearful. We had grown mutually attached. But I promised to return next summer.

"While there I wore the novice costume. But I was slightly different from the Sisters who had pronounced eternal vows, and I deemed it useless to horrify my sweet friends, the nuns, by revealing the fact that I had departed myself publicly all last session in tight breeches as the Duke of Rochdale."

Providence loves the pure in heart, and takes their destiny in hand—Kathleen O'Meara.

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

Office Christian Science Publication Committee,
No. 143 West 48th Street,
New York, June 20, 1901.

To the Editor of Freeman's Journal.

Dear Sir,—The reference in your issue of June 8th, to the Church of Christ, Scientist, and its founder, rest upon misrepresentations, which have gone the rounds of the press, but have now been very generally corrected. In case, however, your attention has not been called to these corrections, I take the liberty of asking you to publish this brief rectification.

The teachings of Christian Science in regard to disease cannot be lightly understood and are easily distorted by careless critics. At the same time they are capable of being comprehended by any one who approaches them in sincere spirit. As an apt illustration, I may cite the relation of darkness to light, or of black to the various colors, in order to express the Christian Science view of the relation of disease to health. Darkness is not a real thing, an entity in itself. It is only the absence of light, a mere negation. Neither is black a real color, but only the absence of all color. So disease (disease or disorder) is not a positive quantity, but a negation of health or harmony of being, and not an indescribable fact in the realm of the real. Disease seems real enough while it lasts, distressingly real, but when it is gone, destroyed by whatever means, where is its reality, in the Christian Science use of the term? If we could speak of a "temporary reality," that might be used to describe diseases, but in point of fact there is no reality except that which is imperishable and eternal. Disease, then, is only as real as any negation can be called real.

As for the term "adepts" which appears in your article, it is one which is never used in Christian Science, and would have no meaning as applied to any Christian Scientist. Christian Scientists do not claim to have any special powers which are denied to others. Their churches are open to all, and strangers are given the best seats, as an evidence of the kindness and love which characterize their faith.

Christian Scientists are happy to know that Mrs. Eddy derives a substantial income from her writings. This is the result of a life of hard work, and his only way that an author is entitled to receive, whose works are in thousands of men and women who gained health and happiness from their writings are the best judges of their value, and no fair minded person need begrudge them their success.

Yours truly, W. D. McCrackan.

We very willingly comply with the request of Mr. McCrackan, for we would not intentionally misrepresent or be the means of giving currency to misrepresentations of any system, whether of religion, philosophy or politics. No honest purpose is to be gained by it. Aside from the moral obligation of not bearing false witness, the best way to defend a true system or refute a false one is to let them be seen as they really are, and deal with them on that basis. Catholics thoroughly appreciate this principle because they have been the greatest sufferers from misrepresentations. In all investigations truth should be the objective of every honest man; to begin by a false presentation of a system would defend or refute, is to place obstacles and stumbling blocks in the way to that objective. It is not conducive to true religion or true philosophy, and is destructive of moral integrity in those who practice that immoral method. It is, therefore, the best morals as well as the best policy in refuting an erroneous principle or system to first state it correctly, that it may be seen as it is.

The teachings of Christian Science in regard to disease must be based on some ulterior principle, some doctrine on which the science as a religion or a philosophy mainly rests on. Mr. McCrackan has not adverted to this ulterior principle. This is to be regretted, as it is by such principle or fundamental doctrine that Christian Science must be judged.

If we are not in error, the founder of Christian Science teaches as fundamental the doctrine of Berkeley that there is no such objective reality as matter, that all is mind; that what is not mind is nothing.

This doctrine is inconsistent with Mr. McCrackan's theory of disease as given in his illustrations. He says: "I may cite the relation of darkness to light, or black to the various colors, in order to express the Christian Science view of the relation of disease to health."

This illustration or parallelism supposes two things, namely, a positive, objective reality—light, and a negation or absence of it—darkness. The former is necessary to the latter. But this positive, objective reality can have no existence in the Berkeleyan doctrine which denies the existence of all objective realities, and affirms the existence of mind only. The contradiction between the doctrine and the illustration becomes all the more apparent when we reflect that something more than light is necessary to dark-

ness or shadow. There must be an opaque object between the source of light and the point of vision. But the Berkeley-Eddy doctrine denies the existence of such object. Now, as Mr. McCrackan's explanation of disease contradicts one of Mrs. Eddy's fundamental doctrines, there must be an error either in the explanation or in doctrine.

All through the illustrations the same contradiction is involved. Mr. McCrackan says: "Darkness is not a real thing, an entity in itself. It is only the absence of light, a mere negation."

But if light, according to the Eddy doctrine, has no external reality, is a nonentity, a negation, then darkness must be the absence of a nonentity or the negation of a negation. Mr. McCrackan seems utterly unconscious of the fact that in every case he postulates positive, objective realities—things which the doctrine denies the existence of when it asserts that nothing exists but mind.

The doctrine that nothing exists but mind denies the existence of the human body, and consequently all diseases of it. It denies also the existence of medicines or drugs, and yet it opposes the use of them, and treats them as real things, just as other people do.

"Disease," says Mr. McCrackan, "is not a positive quantity." We are not aware that any one considers disease as a positive quantity. Disease unattached to a being is nothing; just as health unattached to a being is nothing; unattached, both are abstractions. Just as modes that do not exist potentially in their causes. But men do not talk of disease in that sense. When a man is on the broad of his back, delirious with a raging fever or shivering with a chill, men say he has a disease or is sick. In this common sense sickness is a mode of being; and as a mode of being it is just as real as the mode of being called health. It is real. And if we can predicate quantity of mode, disease or sickness is as much a positive quantity as health is. Neither sickness nor health has a substantive existence. Both, as modes, exist potentially in their causes. The small pox that afflicts its victim had no real existence "as small-pox" prior to his getting it. What did really exist—and in positive quantity—prior to his sickness, were the bacilli or micro-organisms that invaded his system and swarmed in him until they ran their course. The abnormal condition or mode of being they produced is what is called the small-pox disease, which, of course, had no existence until it was produced in him. These infinitesimal animals attacked him, and their attack was as real as that of a lion; and if death resulted, they killed him.

Now, if means can be taken to protect a man from the attack of a hungry lion, such as shooting or otherwise killing the animal—a thing the Christian Scientist admits can be done—why may not similar means be taken—by medicines and drugs, or any other way—to kill the small-pox animal or help their victim to stem the tide of invasion and survive it? "Oh, no," says the Christian Scientist, "he is only suffering from a negation of health or harmony of being." Of course he is, but why should not medicines or drugs be used to kill the invaders that are rioting in his blood, looting his vitality and causing "the negation of health and harmony of being."

After saying that "there is no reality except that which is imperishable and eternal," Mr. McCrackan speaks of the church buildings of the Scientists and of Mrs. Eddy's books, from which she derives a substantial income. Does he mean to say that those church buildings and the books that are sold, and the dollars that bring in return, are imperishable and eternal, or that they are not realities?

In view of the doctrine that there is nothing but mind, what becomes of those buildings, books and dollars? Are they only the unsubstantial stuff that dreams are made of, or are they the creations of a mind suffering from "a negation of health and harmony of being" and from the absence of a healthy sense of the real.

We have not yet seen a clear, comprehensive and coherent statement of the fundamental principles of Christian Science. What we have seen of the founder's writings is vague, hazy, indefinite and unsystematized, and in many instances contradictory. Sometimes you are led to think that the god she treats of is the God of Christian thought and faith; at other times you are forced to the conviction that there is a god of her religion and philosophy is the god of Pantheism that makes all things god, and leaves no distinction between God and man. Again, she seems to hold the human mind to be a free agent, and then again, that the mind is not free and distinct from God, but bears the relation to His infinite mind that the bubble floating on the surface bears to the ocean; that there is nothing but mind, and that this mind is God.

Until a clear and coherent statement of the essential principles of Christian Science is made, serious criticism is let under his protection. Perhaps Mr. McCrackan can make it.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE A CATHOLIC?

In the practical sense, standing as man to man, and asking ourselves that question, What does it mean to be loyal Catholics? We know that the Catholic Church has the power to go out and teach all men. We know that it has the divine commission to send forth its spirit to men and to move them in the way to heaven, the right way. You remember in the book of Ezekiel how the land was covered with dry bones and how the prophet was ordered to go forth and call upon these dry bones to rise up and become living men, and when he obeyed the voice to go and send forth the call down through that valley, the inanimate bones rose up and took the form of strong, active, living men, ready to obey the command, send them where it might. And the Catholic Church over its children has and ought to have that power—to send them where it will, to prophesy at any time when necessary and to rise up its faithful children to obey its commands. And the Catholic Church, if it's the Church of God, has also that power to restrain, which we must respect, a power that came to it from God Himself. "Whatever you shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven," and to be faithful children of that Church we have to reckon with that power to bind, to hold back and to restrain. And so we see it down through the ages, as it were a charioteer, reaching out when the members of the Church were going too fast in the wrong direction, reaching out like a good charioteer and restraining in those who were going beyond what was right.

LORD DENBIGH.

The following very interesting story of how an English Lord and his lady "took their bricks and mortar to Rome" we find in the London Tablet: "The late Lord Denbigh was Lord Fielding when, in 1850, he, with his first wife, joined the Catholic Church under circumstances which led to a rather lively correspondence in the Times. For Lord Fielding had begun to erect at Pantisaph a church with the intention of presenting it to the (Protestant) Establishment. The Protestant Bishop of St. Asaph, and there was a local legend that Lady Fielding's mother, Lady Emma Pennant, had, before her death, earmarked a sum of £7,000 or £8,000 for the purpose of its foundation. When it became known that the converts were taking their bricks and mortar to Rome with them, and that a Capuchin Church and monastery would stand where otherwise an Anglican Church and rectory would have stood, hard words were the order of the day. 'Allegation to Rome,' said the Times; 'I have a moral claim,' cried the (Protestant) bishop; and the Rev. Richard Briscoe, a neighboring vicar, recalled a visit to Lady Emma Pennant, during which he heard her tell her daughter to found a Church at Pantisaph, who, on hearing her mother insist, 'Now, Louisa, you will remember,' accordingly acquiesced. Very difficult was the dilemma which presented itself to Lord and Lady Fielding. Lord Fielding, judging of his own particular circumstances, came to a conclusion, that was conveyed in a letter to the Anglican bishop, in which he said: 'Lady Fielding and I designed this Church for a thank-offering to Almighty God on our marriage, and, naturally enough, believing the Established Church of England to be Catholic, fully intended to give it to her through you as soon as the building was fit for consecration. Subsequently, however, the awful truth forced itself upon us that we had been mistaken all our lives, and therefore we felt bound to submit to the true Catholic and Apostolic Church. Were I to fulfil my intention to the letter as it was expressed and deliver up this Church to a communion essentially anti-Catholic, I should be denying the Holy Catholic Faith by my deeds which I professed with my heart and mouth. In fact, I should be guilty of the grossest inconsistency and be acting a lie in the face of God and man.' As to the 'moral' bond implied by the promise, Lord Fielding—a man of his word if ever there was one—appealed for his justification to Scripture and to history: to St. Paul, who, after his conversion, broke his promise, made his ignorance before the synagogue, to crush the infant Church of Damascus, and to the fact that if the original intention of the founders were to be held inviolable, Westminster Abbey itself should be at once restored to Cardinal Wiseman.

We must bear, as St. Augustine says the burden of the daily confusion of our sins. We must feel our weakness, our misery, our powerlessness to correct ourselves. We must bear with ourselves without flattering ourselves and without neglecting to labor for our correction. And whilst waiting for God to please to deliver us from ourselves, we must be undeciduous about ourselves. Let us suffer ourselves to be humbled under His powerful hand, let us make ourselves pliable and ready for His guidance, by yielding as soon as we feel any resistance of our own will.—Fenelon.

LLANFAIR COURT.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"A civil spoken wench," he muttered, "and a handsome one, too, albeit that proud gleam in her eyes. I think thee, maiden," he said, "and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

The blue room? For a moment poor Gwynnith's self-control almost broke down, and right as she was about to duck, which she had done to hide the color she felt was rising to her cheeks. How did he know? Was he also aware of the hiding place behind the chimney? Were they indeed betrayed? She ahrank further back into the gloom of the old hall. But Dame Rachel rose to the occasion; there was no string in her voice, only the natural annoyance of a querulous old woman.

"I troth, and what are we coming to in these troublous times? In my young days we'd have wondered if the moon were turning blue to see a party of ruffians men demand a frolic and shall I not be less except the hospitality, but first of all to work. Now, woman, turning again to the dame, "lead us to the blue room; I have no time to waste on idle search."

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efforts. At last, weary and hot, they had to own that the task was beyond them, unless they set to unbuilding the chimney, an thing could not be done till morning, for twilight was fast giving place to darkness.

Norton gave a hard laugh. "Think you I would go to that amount of time and trouble when I have by me so easy a means of obtaining access to the Papist? Here, then, dog, fulfil thy compact; touch the spring of this traitor's hiding place!" and laying his hand on Richard's collar he appeared almost to lift him into the fireplace. For a moment there was a conflict with his better nature, but fear and avarice gained the day. Breathlessly he ran his hand along the back of the fireplace until he felt his fingers slip into the niche he knew so well. He pressed it firmly. That which had appeared so unresisting before slid noiselessly into the wall, displaying a fair-sized cavity. Ere the soldiers could rush forward to seize their prey a man garbed as a monk stepped out and stood calmly surveying his assailants. But what was this?

Richard, with an exclamation of surprise, started forward, a sudden cry of "Father! father!" rang through the room, and a childish figure in white darted through the men, flinging herself into the arms of Sir Rupert Trevor, for it was indeed he.

Thomas Norton turned in a fury upon Richard. "What means this, thou hangman's cur? Hast thou played me false? Who is this man?"

Before Dick could collect his startled thoughts his uncle answered. "I am Sir Rupert Trevor," he said, "master of Llanfair Court. The priest you seek is not here. 'Twas but to cover his retreat that I thus took his place; he has ere now, I trust, attained some safe shelter."

Norton was white with anger. "Norton shall live to see this day, thou traitor! Papist!" he cried, maddened at the thought that the bird he had tracked so cleverly had flown from under his very nose; "since thou wert so eager to take the place of this rascal priest, thou shalt keep it, ay, to thy burn itself, if thou shalt in the matter. Methinks we shall find here proof enough of thy villainous defiance of the Queen's laws."

With that he made a sign to his men, who immediately dived into the aperture, returning shortly with vestments, crucifix, chalice, missal, in fact, all the requisites for Mass.

"This," said their leader, "see that thou takest with thee. And as for thee, thou gallow's bird," turning to Richard, "thou shalt have thy prize hat escaped. Henceforth I dismiss thee from my service. Dost hear, thou skulking hypocrite?"

But for once his words fell idly upon Dick, who could only lean against the wall and stare at himself.

"Oh! what have I done? My uncle! My uncle!"

Norton addressed his men. "Secure the prisoner," he cried; "I have no time to waste."

Two men stepped forward with iron manacles and attempted to push aside the child, who still clung to her father, her head buried on his breast.

"Sweet Gwynnith," he murmured, kissing her again and again, "thou must lose me now, dearest."

But the girl only clung on the more tightly, and it was by sheer brute strength that the men at last succeeded in forcing her away. Then did she self-control, all restraint break down as she saw him standing there so dignified and quiet while they loaded him with fetters. She turned upon Richard, her eyes flaming, her voice trembling with passion.

"See what thou hast done," she cried; "see what thy vile treachery has brought about! Base spy! Ungrateful dog! Murderer of one whom thou owest all things! There is a God above a God Who will avenge the innocent. May His curse fall upon thee and mayest thou never have a moment's peace! I am but a child in years, but grief has made me a woman, and as such I curse thee; with all the strength of my nature do I curse thee. May thy days be filled with sorrow and may the thought of thy uncle, whom thou hast delivered to his death, torment thee ever, and the memory of thy cousin, whose heart thou hast broken!"

She paused, exhausted by her vehemence. Her father's words fell upon her ears, quiet and calm, yet full of love, a contrast to her own words of hatred.

"Father, father," she cried, "I will not hear my own child speak thus. Richard, my lad, I forgive thee freely and entirely. Turn from thy ways before it is too late; the God above is merciful; He will forgive thee, too."

With a moan Dick Trevor turned away, he went in and more, and without a word he fled from the room. Those last words of kindness had cut him far deeper than Gwynnith's fierce reproaches; he must away and hide his shame, he knew not whither. A few minutes later Black Saladin bounded away from Llanfair Court in a fury which might have been heard ringing on the cobblestones, whose echoes he was never more to arouse. Meanwhile Gwynnith's anger had melted at her loved father's voice, giving place to bitterest anguish. Once more breaking through the men, she flung herself at Sir Rupert's feet in an agony of tears.

"Father, father," she cried, "I will not part from thee; they must take me to prison, too! I cannot, cannot live without thee!"

He stooped tenderly over the weeping form and his voice shook with emotion, for his great heart well nigh overflowed at the thought of leaving her, his all, perhaps never to see her again in life.

"Farewell, Gwynnith, my dearest one," he said; "grieve not over me, child, for I am indeed proud to suffer for the faith, for which I shall gladly lay down my life if need be. Be ever true to our holy religion; my Gwynnith; let it be thy first thought in all things. Remember that we serve a God Who loves us and who will repay us a thousand-fold for the things we suffer in His name here below."

The brutal voice of Norton broke in. "Enough of this," he cried. "Seize the prisoner! Move on, my men!"

But Sir Rupert raised his hand and involuntarily the soldiers paused.

"Rachel," he said, addressing the old servant, who was silently weeping, "in thy charge I leave my child. Be thou a mother to her; she is my treasure, my all. Once again, fare thee well, my Gwynnith. May the good God keep thee. Now, men," he continued, turning to the soldiers, "I am ready; lead me where you will."

They hurried him away, and Gwynnith

and her old nurse followed to see the last of the beloved father and master. As the party wended their way down the ancient avenue of sycamores Sir Rupert turned to bid one more adieu to the home he was leaving, he felt, forever. Through the gathering gloom he could see the gleam of a white dress, framed in the shadows of the old hall. For a moment the life seemed to die within him; the strong man shook, his soul wrung to its depths in the intensity of his grief.

"Help me, my Lord," he murmured. And the God he called upon came to his aid, the God in Whose service he had sacrificed his all. A gentle peace stole over him, stilling the inward tumult and rendering him heedless of the rude soldiery. His heart burned within him; the time was come to show his fidelity in very deed, and half aloud he murmured the words of the inspired writings:

"For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."—Catholic Fireside.

THE END.

ON FRUITFUL GROUND.

A Sermon that Reclaimed—Story of a Repentant Soul.

BY MARY AGNES FULWATER.

It was near the end of the penitential season. The evening was surely one to impress upon the thoughtful a true spirit of this holy time; for rain had been steadily falling since early morning and the air was damp and penetrating. The dark leaden clouds seemed to be weeping over the approaching death of their Maker and the large rain drops were like bitter tears coursing down the face of nature in sad anticipation of their Creator's death. The whole world seemed wrapped in sorrow and devotion and the mere suggestion of mercy was like a blur upon the very atmosphere.

Along the dimly lighted streets walked two figures. Although their wet garments impeded their progress they appeared supremely happy and were gayly laughing and joking of their revels the night before. Others were also passing, but their low murmurs contrasted strangely with the hilarity of these two girls.

"Where do you think these people are going, Jen?" asked the younger.

"Oh, I don't know. To have a good time, I suppose. What do we care? We know where we're going."

The elder girl giggled and prattled as before, but the younger had suddenly grown quiet and was curiously watching the dim figures as they hastily ascended the steps and entered the door of a grand edifice, and the beautiful altar glowing with lights could be distinctly seen. Their eyes naturally fell upon the scene, and the younger girl, stealthily looking at her friend, hesitatingly said:

"Let's go in, Jennie."

Jennie started, looked at her companion, who was now laughing and turning to walk away said:

"Come on, May, don't be a fool."

"Just to rest a minute, I won't stay."

A rude response was the only reply and May found herself alone before the house of God. "Shall I follow?" This was her first thought. "No, I cannot go here to-night." For a moment she stood and looked around, then quietly mounted the steps and slipped unnoticed into the last pew.

The notes of the organ now swelled into full volume, filling the enclosure with their melodious tones and then growing softer and softer, sweetly diminished, and were soon lost in silence.

A white robed priest entered the sanctuary with twelve little altar boys, clothed in the same spotless robes. Kneeling down he began the recitation of the rosary. The rosary! How well she remembered that prayer! Oftentimes had she said it in her earlier days, when the joys of innocence were still her own. Where were her beads now? She did not know. Five minutes she didn't care. Three times she tried to answer the prayers, but no words came, and she knelt immovable, saying over and over again in her heart, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners." How long she knelt thus she knew not. The noise of the multitude changing position knocked her attention away from the altar. The speaker took up his handkerchief, passed it over his face, cleared his throat; then placing his hands in front of him on the pulpit, leaned slightly forward and waited till all was still. Then in a calm and deliberate voice he made known his intention.

"Jesus having loved His own He loved them unto the end." Words taken from xiii chapter St. John, beginning at the first and terminating with the fifteenth verse."

Then followed one of the most beautiful and most interesting sermons ever delivered in that pulpit. The entire life of our Divine Lord was clearly depicted. They saw Him in His infancy, with the fond mother and doting foster-father tenderly watching over Him. They saw Him in His early childhood, when His dear little innocent face and the huge wooden cradle were the chief objects of His young mind. They saw Him as a young man filled with wisdom, with simplicity, with obedience. Then came His last years, and oh, how graphically he portrayed them! His words not only touched the hearts of his listeners, but burst into tears. The eyes of all and considering down the aisle, each soul thought causes a new path of our Divine Redeemer, broken and bruised and bleeding. They felt they could see His very life-blood gushing forth from every wound. Oh, with what eagerness they listened! 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LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

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

There can be no doubt for what purpose these orders have been given. It is evident at a glance that the British fleet is to take a hand in the matter, should France seek to take possession of Tangiers, and thus a war which might involve all Europe would be precipitated at once between Great Britain and France.

A WAR-CLOUD.

The war-cloud no larger than a man's hand has been so often seen, without the storm of actual warfare afterwards breaking out, that it is a precarious matter to predict that there will be really a war; and indeed the wars which have been the most bloody and the furthest extending in their consequences, have usually begun from a quarter in which it was least expected that the world's peace would be disturbed.

The war in South Africa was a notable exception to this condition of affairs, as the preliminary negotiations which preceded it were drawn out to an unusual length, the hope being that an amicable arrangement might be brought about which should be satisfactory to both parties, and in this case the negotiations were so protracted that it cannot be said that the war was suddenly sprung, though it could scarcely have been expected that the defiance of an ultimatum should have been sent by Paul Kruger to Great Britain, followed by the invasion of British territory.

But there is now another war-cloud visible over the Mediterranean sea, which may suddenly burst. On the 1st inst. a French fleet was sent to Tangiers, consisting of eight battleships, two cruisers, and three torpedo boat destroyers.

The Sultan of Morocco either cannot or will not restrain his wild subjects from making predatory incursions into the French territory of Algeria, and, as a matter of course, French prestige and the substantial interest of France would suffer if France should allow these depredations to go on unchecked, and as the best means of putting a stop to them, very naturally France threatens the invasion of the Sultan's empire, so called. Hence comes the threatened attack upon Tangiers.

But Tangiers is just the African fortress on which Great Britain looks with most jealous eye. It is opposite Gibraltar at the entry to the Mediterranean, and as it is close to Ceuta, which is the key to the Mediterranean on the African side, there is little doubt that the possession of Tangiers would lead to the possession of Ceuta at an early date.

Ceuta is at present in the possession of Spain, and with Gibraltar, it divides the control of the entry to the Mediterranean. With France holding Tangiers, it would follow at some very distant date that Spain would be constrained to cede Ceuta to France, a thing to which Great Britain would never consent so far as she would be able to prevent it. Spain would certainly not wish to give up Ceuta, but as she has already lost nearly all her colonial possessions, and has remaining no reliable fleet since its almost complete annihilation in the Spanish-American war, she would not be able to retain Ceuta for long, if the French had possession of Tangiers. The bare possibility of France gaining Ceuta cannot be regarded with equanimity by Great Britain, as France would thus obtain the same control over the entry to the Mediterranean on the African side, which Great Britain exercises on the European side of the strait. The two powers controlling the two positions on the opposite sides of the Straits of Gibraltar would dominate completely the entry to that great inland sea, and

would be able to keep the powers of the world out if they were already out, or to bottle them in if they were in: provided the two powers were on the same side.

So long as the key to the Mediterranean on the African side is held by two weak powers like Spain and Morocco, the British Government can tolerate the situation, though, no doubt it would be better pleased if circumstances should arise which would throw Tangiers and Ceuta under its control, just as Gibraltar is held from Spain. But we need not be surprised if Great Britain is very loth to see Tangiers pass to the dominion of a rival European nation, and, therefore, the implied threat which France makes to seize Tangiers excites the alarm of the people and Government of Great Britain; so that very quietly and without ostentation or uttered threats as to what may occur should France follow up its action by an actual attack on the fortress, the very day after the arrival of the French fleet at Tangiers, namely, on July 2, the whole British squadron in the Mediterranean received orders to remain in the neighborhood of Gibraltar and to be ready to move to any required point on six hours' notice.

To add to the complication, a warning voice has been raised in Germany. On July 3rd an article which is thought to have emanated from the Government appeared in a semi-official paper of Berlin, declaring that under no circumstances will Germany allow France to take possession of Morocco, or Tangiers, or Ceuta, as this would enable France to shut Germany out of the Mediterranean in the event of war.

France is undoubtedly desirous of adding Morocco to its African possessions, as the possession thereof, with Algeria and Tunis, would dominate the desert of Sahara, and establish close communication with Senegal and the Ivory Coast, both of which are already settled by Frenchmen, and are among the colonies of France.

Further, the possession of Ceuta would give secure communication between the southern and western coasts of France. Great Britain could not and would not permit France to share the control of the Mediterranean with her, if she could prevent it. Ceuta is to Britain a position of the greatest importance, but her hands are partly tied by the South African war, and she may not be inclined to intervene alone between France and Morocco at the present moment; though we believe she would do so if that were necessary rather than allow France to take possession unopposed. But the warning voice to France from Germany comes at an opportune moment for Britain, as it indicates that Germany's growing sea power and African colonies make the possession of the key of the Mediterranean nearly as vital a matter to Germany as to Britain, and make both these powers jealous of the expansion of France toward the straits of Gibraltar; and thus the task of checking French designs in that direction will be all the more easy.

ANOTHER PROPOSED UNION.

Efforts are being made to unite all the Protestant bodies doing missionary work in Japan. The Presbyterians united several years ago into one body, but the union resulted in a declaration of independence on the part of Japanese Presbyterians, so that as a Church it should not be controlled by the parent bodies and a standard of doctrine was adopted which more resembled Unitarianism than Presbyterianism. Now the Methodists are arranging terms of union between their different denominations, and it is proclaimed that when the union shall be accomplished, the

new body shall be an independent Methodist Church merging within itself the United States North and South, Wesleyan and Episcopal and Canadian Methodists. But the general movement looks beyond this to the union of all sects. When that takes place the Baptists will be content with a sprinkling of water, Presbyterians will submit to be immersed and Anglicans will listen to the sermons of ministers who have avowedly no Episcopal ordination or Apostolic succession.

A RUSSIAN SECT.

The principle of private judgment as the ultimate judge in the interpretation of Scripture is not admitted in the Greek any more than in the Catholic Church; yet from time to time sectaries arise in Russia and other Eastern Schismatical countries which adopt this principle, and the result is quite similar to what it has been among the Protestant sects.

The strangest vagaries are imagined by some obscure individual, most frequently by some ignorant peasant who is puffed up with the belief that he (or she) has a revelation from God to teach some new and fantastic doctrine which he has discovered in the Bible. Soon a number of fanatics gather around the new teacher and proclaim him to be their prophet, and the new sect after a while has quite a large following.

This is what has happened in the case of a new sect which has made its appearance in the Province of Samara on the Volga. An elderly peasant woman in Seznova calls herself "the blessed mother," and is so called by her followers.

The Blessed Mother's followers are mostly women, but there are men among them, and all are obliged to leave their homes and dwell like the ancient troglodytes, in caves dug out in the sides of the hills, it being their belief that in accordance with St. Matthew xix, 29, and St. Mark x, 29, they should literally leave their houses and brethren, sisters, fathers, mothers, children and lands for Christ's sake in order to inherit eternal life in the world to come.

It is asserted that the persecutions inaugurated by Mons. Pobodnosteff, the chief procurator of the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Church, against all dissenters from that Church have made these fanatics more determined than ever to follow their own conscientious convictions, as they say "it is better to obey God than man."

The blessed Mother is attended constantly by ten of her female followers who are called "the ten wise virgins." These bear lights in accordance with St. Matt. xxv, 2, and the peasants believe that if the Blessed Mother, with her wise virgins, go through their fields in procession, a good crop is sure to be reaped in the harvest.

THE FRENCH POPULATION.

In advance of the publication of the census returns of the Dominion, it is known that the increase of population has been large, and in many towns of Quebec the increase is said to be as much as 100 per cent. During the last few years very rosy statements have been made to the effect that there was a repatriation movement among the French Canadians who had emigrated to the United States, and that large numbers had returned to Canada. There have been a few who have so returned, but the repatriation movement is mythical, notwithstanding the fact that the Quebec Government has offered great inducements for their return in the way of free grant of fertile lands in attractive districts of the Province, with loans at low rates to assist settlers to build houses and equip their farms. Agents have also been employed to bring expatriated French-Canadians back, but these have met with no success in inducing their return.

Canadians may as well face the fact that those who have left the country will not return, and though large sums of money have been spent toward effecting this, there is no result from this further than that there are a couple of feeble settlements of returned French Canadians at Lake St. John and in Alberta. We should try to keep with us those who are here, by legislation for their best interests, rather than spend our energies in useless efforts to bring back those who have absolutely left us.

A very neat and interesting monthly, entitled "The Cross," comes to us from Halifax. It contains much that is of value to Catholic readers, and we sincerely hope it will meet with abundant success.

"THE DIVINE PLAN OF THE CHURCH."

In the Preface to Thoughts for all Times, by Monsignor Vaughan, Bishop Hedley remarked:

"If I am not mistaken there are large numbers of our English, Irish, American and Australian Catholics, who would readily accept any book written with a fair amount of literary power, which shall place their religion before them with fullness, with security, with devotional emphasis, and at the same time in a language they can understand."

The prelate's contention is amply justified by the support accorded to such works as "Watches of the Passion," "External Religion," and to Rev. John MacLaughlin's latest venture, "The Divine Plan of the Church." His first production, "Indifferentism" was successful, and commands, we believe, a ready sale at the present time, not through the wiles of the enterprising publisher, but because it is solid in matter, clear in diction, and orderly in its arrangement. And without wishing to add our poor words of commendation to those already given it by competent authorities, we merely say that the present volume has all the merit of its predecessor, and that it deserves to be read and re-read and to find a place in the home library.

Referring to the idea developed in this book, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan remarks:

"In working out this problem—the problem of all problems for every sincere seeker after Christian truth—Father MacLaughlin has been happily inspired to carry his readers above the ordinary level of every day controversies, and to seek the necessary type of the Church in the Divine Mind of Her Founder."

"Studied in this, the fountain head of light, the Church of Christ appears in all the beauty of Her Divine Ideal. . . and all such evasions as 'branch theories' and 'national autonomes' and the other mere working-compromises which veil their dogmatic helplessness under the plea of 'comprehensiveness,' stand revealed in the pitiable poverty of their purely human character."

CANADIAN ESSAYS, BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., PH. D.

Dr. O'Hagan does not believe in letting his powers "rust in him unused." Now and then one sees an article from his pen in newspaper and magazine, or hears of him lecturing in some part of the country. But whatsoever the demands on his talent he manages to give the public annually something in book form—prose or verse—a reminder that he is contributing his quota to the upbuilding of our national literature. This time he presents us with Essays dealing with Canadian history and literature, and published with the hope, as the author says, of promoting a wider and better acquaintance on the part of Canadians with the historical and intellectual development of their own country. We sincerely hope the author may not be disappointed. The Essays have appeared from time to time in various magazines, and have been referred to in our columns. We should, however, wish to say that the Essay on the expulsion of the Acadians is very readable, and, to those who have not Richard's masterly expose of English brutality on that occasion, very valuable.

The author's criticisms of his literary brethren are saturated with kindness. There is never a suspicion of ill humor, but always for this one and the other a well turned phrase embodying the appreciation of a kindly and sympathetic soul. Robert Carman, if we may still claim him, and the others who are endeavoring to make our literature more original and less imitative, are accorded, and justly, a bounteous measure of praise.

In reading the article on Canadian Poets we happened upon the name of Rev. Father Dollard, styled by Dr. O'Hagan as the best Irish-balladist now living. But what has become of "Irish Mist and Sunshine?" Has its publication been suspended? If so, we are glad, for that book did not do anything like justice to the ability of Father Dollard, and was, as it seemed to us, compiled for the purpose of giving publicity to the most mediocre of his productions. Some of his best work was not in the volume.

The essay on French Canadian life and literature reminds us that the men who have lived on what Voltaire called the few acres of snow, have done not a little towards our civilization, and have bequeathed us the priceless heritage of a past gemmed with deeds of heroism and self sacrifice.

It is quite amusing, the author says, to hear people of Ontario who cannot frame a sentence in French speak of the French language of Quebec as a

patois. This is absolutely false. Of course it is, but we do not think that Ontario people were so far behind the times. It is due to the French Canadians to say that they have done more to preserve the historical records of Canada than all other Canadians together. The truth is, there is more Canadian patriotism to day in Quebec than in any other Province of the Dominion—if Canadian patriotism means a true appreciation of Canada's past and present—the preservation of her historical records and monuments. It is this true Canadian patriotism that has made Quebec the wealthiest literary portion of the Dominion.

We bespeak for this little work a generous welcome. It is well written, patriotic, and just the thing to hand to those who have obscure ideas of our civilization. (William Briggs, Toronto. Price, \$1.00)

A CRUCIFIX UNEARTHED.

Some workmen while grading a mound a few days ago near the new summer hotel which is being built at Frankfort, Michigan, unearthed a crucifix eight inches long, which is in a fair state of preservation. The crucifix is of brass, which was formerly plated with gold, as some traces of the plating remain. In December last a skull was found in this neighborhood, which was claimed to be that of Father Marquette, the famous Jesuit missionary and explorer.

There is a tradition current that Father Marquette was buried on the banks of the Betsey River, which flows into Lake Michigan, and this would indicate the spot where the skull and crucifix have been found; in which case this would be Father Marquette's own crucifix. Dr. France's history says that Father Marquette was buried at Four Streams south of Traverse Bay, which would also indicate near the mouth of the Betsey river.

THE FAITH-CURE ELIJAH.

John Alexander Dowie of Chicago who pretends to be the prophet Elijah come again to earth, has been prosecuted for keeping an unlicensed hospital. His Zion is filled with sick patients whom he professes to heal by faith without the use of medicine or medical men, who are entirely tabooed under this "divine healer's" methods. Thus his receipts are almost entirely profits except when he boards his patients; in which case his charge for board is high, to the extent that he has become immensely rich through the credulity of his followers. The health department and the corporation counsel hold that he keeps a hospital and is bound to pay for a hospital licence—a contention which he disputes.

A few days ago he called upon Mayor Harrison to protest against the prosecution, which he calls "persecution." He asked in the language of scripture: "Why persecutest thou me?" "That is the first I heard of it," answered the Mayor.

Dowie then explained that Zion is not a hospital, and that this had been decided by three courts.

The Mayor told this Elijah that he would examine into the matter, and after Dowie's departure in stately style with his liveried coachman, the Mayor told those about him that he had no intention to "buck his head against a stone wall," and if Dowie has the decisions of the courts in his favor, he will not interfere with his proceedings. Meantime the City Council appear to be determined to push the prosecution in order to force Dowie to take out a license for his hospital, or to oblige him to give up his faith cure practice, which has resulted in so many deaths.

Two more deaths have been reported from Dowie's Zion or hospital during the past week, besides several others which have been recently reported. One of these is a peculiarly distressing case. It is that of a woman named Mrs. Julia Thomas aged twenty-eight years, who was one of twelve children of Mrs. Mary Andrews who had reared all her children in the faith cure belief, and of these Mrs. Thomas is the tenth who died under the treatment of Dowie and other faith curists, the physicians attesting in most of these cases that with proper medical attendance and care the children would have recovered. Mrs. Andrews, however, is infatuated with Dowie, and still maintains that if the children could have been cured at all, Dowie would have cured them. "What is the use," she said, "of talking of Doctors where Dowie is powerless."

Since the above was written dispatches from Chicago inform us that

in Evanston, a suburb of the city, the populace, rendered indignant by the numerous deaths which have taken place in Dowie's Zion, mobbed the Dowietes when the latter attempted to preach on the streets. The attempted preaching was a bravado on the part of the Dowietes, who expected a row and came prepared, to the number of 200, one half of them being members of the Zion institute, and the other half a paid body-guard which Dowie maintains out of his easily earned treasury.

The mob used eggs and innoxious vegetables, and both guards and disciples were roughly used, nine having been hurt to the extent that they can now call themselves the victims of persecution. The injuries inflicted on them, however, do not seem to have been very serious.

The police came upon the ground during the melee accompanied by the Mayor of Evanston, who ordered the Dowietes to disperse to prevent a breach of the peace. As they refused to obey this mandate, a fire engine was brought to the scene of conflict, and the hose turned upon the Dowietes, who then fled precipitately and in the utmost confusion.

The people of the town were in great glee at this rout, and joined in with syringes filled with dirty water. The Dowietes assert that they will return in stronger force, and the townspeople say they will muster more strongly than ever to put down their intrusion on their streets.

We are not advocates of mob law, yet we are not very much surprised at the manifestation of public indignation, when we consider the provocation afforded by the Dowietes, who persist in forcing their delusion on the public at the cost of many lives lost through the culpable rejection of medical treatment where it is badly needed. If a spark be applied to a powder magazine it is to be expected that it will explode, and the Dowietes should be more modest than to push their vagaries offensively before the public gaze.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

Benton Harbor, Michigan, has found what its civic officials believe will be a satisfactory solution of the tramp nuisance. It is well known that, for the most part, to get work is the last thing a tramp desires. He wants the world to give him a living while he idles away the time in begging, and it is a common thing for tramps to say very decidedly: "The world owes me a living and I must get it somehow."

Yet there are some who are tramps by necessity, who are really desirous to get work, and these have become tramps and beggars because they are unable to get the work for which they are looking.

The Benton Harbor plan has been thus evolved: the city has decided to begin paving the streets on an extensive scale, and Chief of Police Johnson proposes to put every tramp who is found begging to work at grading the streets. He proposes to scour the back streets every night, to arrest the tramps discovered, and keep them at work till the paving has been completed. As between fifty and one hundred men will be required, he may not obtain the requisite number in Benton Harbor itself, and in this case he will ask the neighboring city of St. Joseph to supply the deficiency.

The tramps who are really desirous of earning an honest livelihood will be glad of the opportunity thus afforded them to get work; but the hoboes who wish to prey upon honest people will take care to give Benton Harbor a wide berth, and in that neighborhood, at least, the tramp nuisance will probably be greatly abated.

It would be profitable all around to use the same method in dealing with tramps in other cities. It may happen, indeed, that these cities will not always have work to give on so large a scale; but there are very few cities where great and much needed improvements may not be made at moderate expense if the Benton Harbor plan be adopted. Let it be tried.

A POINTER FOR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, of Watertown, Conn., gave a valuable hint to Catholic Societies in the following words recently at Watertown:

"Organizations composed exclusively of Catholic young men, and which boldly proclaim their allegiance to the Church, should never rest content with their merely social or insurance features, laudable as they are and worthy of preservation. They should enter into and become exponents of Catholic life at its best. They should stand forth in the open as sturdy and united champions of Catholic rights—and there are such things as Catholic rights—as staunch, unabashed and intelligent defenders of their spiritual

mother against stupid, Christian and pharisaic energetic and notable the clergy in strengthening our intellectual religious status."

DEATH OF DANIEL

London has lost by most prominent and citizens in the per Regan, Esq., president Loan and Savil. For the past few years has been falling, and it was regret that the most note of the gradual in ease was making on the and healthy frame. The skill and the most tend of no avail, as the hand to have rested upon breathed his last, sur members of his family Central avenue, on noon, 13th inst., at went to his eternal rest all the consolation of having been attended illness by Rev. Father Cathedral.

His death adds a long list of remarkable men removed from of few years. A remarkable of regret at his removal will well up from friends as well as far will all realize that a manhood is gone, an cult to fill the void. amongst men at all places.

Born about sixty township of Westmin who well deserve to noble pioneers of the Regan received the training which the afforded. He, however of his opportunities. him with more than his and this he put to good came upon him. Who man he came to London in commercial pursuit perseverance and an honor were his market He grasped the world a man and the traits could find no place in ture. The world was its possibilities stared as his manhood developed to meet it with a gifted mind, and a carve out a place, truth and justice—am triumph in the world eminence. Success was to year, but he would practice of anything dignity of true manhood noble to stoop to the ster. He was—and proud of his name, and work is done that he ununsullied as an heir lo.

After some years merical life he relin suit to engage in He was a stockholder tural, Loan and Sa and shortly after its appointed one of the death of Sheriff Glas he was unanimously position, and he has years. Under his p to his extraordinary his careful handling prudence and experie play in every departm the bank sh able degree of prosper sheet of each year. I one of the ablest p part of Ontario. In the midst of his brilliant fulness. Death came lie true to his Church the pole, and always give a reason for the him. Death came to don a man of whom L. Death came to take f loving family a hus the name and a father for his children was o Death came to take Canadian of whom Ir had cause to be pronc

He was one we w had few like hi from amongst us to with a garland of eternal reward fr he lent a helping ha the family whose id prayer goes up also throne of grace from one who puts these fr ute to his memory— valued him for his tr who will for many a patronship of one w worthy of being cher The funeral took morning, at 9 o'cl Cathedral, where Hig was celebrated for Rev. Father McKee The pall bearers w Reid, Thomas Coffey, J. Reid, James Wilson, Masuret and Thos. B. As an evidence which Mr. Regan wa was one of the larg seen in London for

He is survived by sons and four daug son, Charles, mercha was present at his breathed his last, a two of whom are mer munity of St. Joseph the publisher of the extends heartfelt con soul has gone to meet mercy! Mary help

urb of the city, the indignant by which have taken Zion, mocked the latter attempted. The attempted on the part who expected a row to the number of them being members, and the other half which Dowle maturely earned treasury. For the past few years his health had been falling, and it was with the deepest regret that the members of his family, as well as hosts of friends, took note of the gradual inroads which disease was making on the once powerful and healthy frame. The best medical skill and the most tender nursing were of no avail, as the hand of Death seemed to have rested upon him, and he breathed his last, surrounded by the members of his family, at his home on Central avenue, on Saturday afternoon, 13th inst., at 4 o'clock. He went to his eternal rest, surrounded by all the consolations of Holy Church, having been attended throughout his illness by Rev. Father McKoon of the Cathedral.

DEATH OF DANIEL REGAN.

London has lost by death one of its most prominent and most estimable citizens in the person of Daniel Regan, Esq., president of the Agricultural Loan and Savings Company. For the past few years his health had been falling, and it was with the deepest regret that the members of his family, as well as hosts of friends, took note of the gradual inroads which disease was making on the once powerful and healthy frame. The best medical skill and the most tender nursing were of no avail, as the hand of Death seemed to have rested upon him, and he breathed his last, surrounded by the members of his family, at his home on Central avenue, on Saturday afternoon, 13th inst., at 4 o'clock. He went to his eternal rest, surrounded by all the consolations of Holy Church, having been attended throughout his illness by Rev. Father McKoon of the Cathedral.

CATHOLIC CHRISTIANITY.

An Eloquent Presentation of it by Cardinal Gibbons.

From an able paper with the above caption, in the North American Review for July, we take the following extracts. The whole paper demands careful reading: If we believe the eminent statistician, Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, the population of the world in 1898 was 1,450,000,000. Of these 764,500,000 were yet pagans, nearly all located in Asia (657,500,000) and in Africa (91,000,000). In Europe there are none who can be classed as pagans; in Oceania there are 4,400,000 and in America, 1,300,000. Therefore, on its oldest and most favorable field, the only tenable forms of paganism have gone down absolutely before the shining of Christian truth, a symbol of what we may hope for in the future over the two continents yet addicted to paganism. The Christians of the world number 501,600,000, of whom 348,500,000 belong to Europe, 126,400,000 to Asia, with a scattering of 12,600,000 in Africa, 400,000 in Africa, 9,000,000 in Oceania. That is the most enlightened and progressive portion of the Old World, Europe, with its noble adult daughter in the New World, is still entirely Christian, after nearly sixteen centuries of external struggle against the forces of barbarism and Islam, and internal struggles of the deepest and most momentous nature. As the future of humanity rests henceforth in the hands of the men who guide, politically and intellectually, the society of Europe and the New World of North and South America, I cannot but see in this distribution and preponderance of the Christian masses an omen of great hopefulness for the future of the religion of Jesus Christ. I know that there is not now that absolute unity of the Christian multitudes that once existed and is yet the necessary, indispensable, ideal condition of that religion. I shall come directly to this fundamental point. But I feel justified in believing that, among these 500,000,000 of Christians, there are rough, imperfect, unfinished unities of tradition, practice and spirit; that they all look up to the Son of Mary as the Redeemer of Humanity; that He marks for them the true line of development between the Old and the New; that in and through Him is the firm bond of union that holds us all to a common Father, a Giver of all good things, and a purifying, inflaming Spirit, that acts in a manifold but mystic manner on all who have in any way confessed that Jesus Christ is True God and True Man.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND THE RULE OF FAITH.

Montreal, June 24, 1901.

Rev. Dr. Lambert: Dear Sir:—Your argument with the Presbyterian Witness, you point to the discussions among Protestants as a proof that the Scriptures need an infallible interpreter. I certainly agree with you that the Bible sorely needs interpretation, for I can find in it no spiritual certainty whatsoever. As a Deist, I should like to point to the discussions between Christians as a proof that the Scriptures are not inspired at all. You point to the discussions among "the thousand or more Protestant sects." I point to the greater discord in Christianity—a discord which includes all the dissensions of Protestantism and has besides the dissension between Catholics (Roman and Greek) and Protestantism. I know that I am honest and sincere in my beliefs, and I am certain that you are in yours, and that you do not accuse your Protestant fellow Christians of being wilfully wrong in theirs. Why do I believe and you not? If God has spoken, why are not honest men convinced? The need of an infallible interpreter is no greater than the need of an absolute assurance that we have such an interpreter. Unless you argue that those who deny the infallibility of the Pope are dishonest, I do not see how you can logically maintain that the revelation of his infallibility is sufficient. You may see its sufficiency, but many other honest men cannot. You support a certain doctrine by a text; another man equally honest, learned and intelligent denies your doctrine and says that the text must not be taken literally but figuratively. A second class reporter could re-write the text so that there could be no doubt as to what it meant. I reason that if God had inspired it as a revelation, it would have been so written. A revelation from God would reveal. Respectfully yours, DEIST.

LESSONS FROM THE HOT SPELL.

A Protestant Lady Who Searched Two Days for a Minister.

As a result of the intense heat of the last seven days the Rev. Dr. W. E. Henkle, assistant rector of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, is practically the sole representative of his cloth at his post in Harlem. This state of affairs was brought out yesterday by the burial of Helen Remsen Merry, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Merry. Mrs. Merry desired to have brief services held over the girl's remains before interring the body, and for two days went about the upper part of the city in search of a clergyman to conduct the services. Although an Episcopalian, she was willing to accept the services of any clergyman. Everywhere she was told that the minister was out of town on account of the heat. It is estimated that there are one hundred ministers of various denominations in Harlem.—New York Herald, July 2.

POPE REPROVES FRANCE.

Paris, July 6.—The Univers publishes a telegram stating that the Pope has sent a letter to the heads of the religious orders regretting the attacks made against them and the failure of his endeavors to protect them. The Church, he says, is wounded in her rights and checked in her work. He says the new law is contrary to natural, evangelical and ecclesiastical rights, and declares that the true cause of the persecution is the world's hatred of the Church.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Itinerary of the special Trains.

The Ontario pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the distinguished patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and his diocesan clergy, will take place, this year, on Tuesday, July 23rd. Tickets for the return journey will be good to leave Ste. Anne's up to evening of Monday, July 29th. Thus, all those who desire to remain over, will have an opportunity of being present at the shrine and of taking part in the grand procession on the feast day of La Bonne Ste. Anne; Friday, July 26th, being the day which the Catholic Church has set aside for the special honor of the mother of the Blessed Virgin. After the arrival of the morning regular Express trains from Toronto, special trains will start from Whitley and Myrtle—stations on the main lines of G. T. R. and C. P. R.—a short distance east of Toronto—and will reach Ste. Anne de Beaupre early on Wednesday morning. Excursion rates will prevail at all stations of the G. T. R. from Whitley, Lindsay, Haliburton, Peterboro, and all points east thereof as far as Morrisburg; and at all stations of the C. P. R. from Myrtle and all points east thereof including Peterboro, Tweed, Perth, Smith's Falls and Carleton Place as far as Chesterville included. The exceptionally low rates of \$8.05 and \$5.00 have been secured for return tickets from Whitley and Myrtle with proportionately low rates throughout the eastern part of the Province. Tickets will be good only on the special trains going, but valid on any regular train returning, up to, and including Monday, July 29. Passengers from Haliburton and Lindsay will take regular train and connect with special at Fort Hope. Passengers from Morrisburg will take regular train and connect with special at Whitley Junction. Excursionists from Toronto, Western Ontario and other points will leave Toronto by regular morning Express trains on Tuesday, procure regular return tickets as far as Whitley or Myrtle, purchase pilgrimage tickets at either of those stations and then take special train which will be awaiting them and proceed to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The Archbishop of Kingston has signified his intention of accompanying the Pilgrims to Ste. Anne de Beaupre and uniting with them in prayer at the Holy Shrine. The Pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. D. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., who will promptly send Posters containing the fullest information to intending Pilgrims. As the regular return ticket from Toronto to Whitley or Myrtle can be purchased for less than \$2.00, the whole journey from Toronto to Ste. Anne de Beaupre and return will cost something less than \$10.00.

FOR CATHOLIC INTERESTS.

Donnell, of Waterbury, a valuable hint in the following Waterbury: composed exclusively of men, and which their allegiance to the over rest content with or insurance feature they are and worthy. They should enter exponents of Catholic. They should stand as sturdy and united Catholic rights—and rights as Catholic rights unabashed and intelligently of their spiritual

NO KNOWLEDGE OF CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

Commenting on the discussion by the Colorado State Medical Association on the advisability of putting imbecile children to death, the Catholic World says: "The deliberate discussion of a practice that Christian civilization has universally condemned among the Chinese, is very strong evidence that the principles of a supernatural religion are losing their hold on the minds and hearts of non-Catholics. It is the legitimate outcome of the banishment of religion from the educational life of the country. Fifty years ago, when the system of irreligious schools was inaugurated, there was a large infusion of the religious spirit among the people. But two generations have now been educated without any knowledge of God and the supernatural life, and the second generation is beginning to show a decided lack of a knowledge of Christian principles. The Church and the home are no longer the auxiliaries to religious education they formerly were. The lack of positive doctrine on the great fundamental truths, the obscuration of the teaching concerning the rewards and punishments of the next life, which are the sanctions of the moral law—these have broken down the barriers against crime and vice. Suicide was never so common as it is now. Respect for the life of the soul is being supplanted by a care for the body, and the custom of the medical profession of administering anodynes on approaching death is becoming very prevalent. All these are but signs of a growing anachronism. We must get back to Christian standards again. It is not less religion, but more, that we want; we must begin with the children by inculcating into their hearts the great fundamental truths without which there can be nothing but paganism."

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ," says the great Apostle, "is the mediator between God and man. He is now ascended into Heaven in order to aid our prayers by His powerful mediation." "Fall not," says the devout Blotius, "to offer your good works and pious exercises to the most sweet Heart."

WHY SHOULD ONE GO ABROAD.

Why should one go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within us, incessantly telling us how we should behave. But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Sacred Heart Review. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CXLVII.

As I have said, in almost or quite every Protestant state, with the one exception of Scotland, the prince, or his equivalent in the republics, stepped into the place of the Church, and thenceforward, sometimes with brutal frankness, sometimes with a certain observance of outward propriety, religion became a simple matter of civil administration. The London Daily News says, with frank impudence: The Church of England "is simply a branch of the public service."

No wonder, then, that we have little conception of the persecution of Catholics by Protestant governments. We may regard the past punishment of witches or highwaymen, or homicides, as cruel or not, but we do not think of them as religious persecutions. Nor are we so apt to think of the punishments of religious dissenters as having been inflicted by the Church or by the name of the Church. Yet this is mostly a distinction without a difference. Let us examine the matter somewhat in detail.

In early Protestant Germany there were few, if any, Catholics put to death for religion, as there had been for Protestants burnt for heresy. Yet the priesthood were plundered, and if they refused to conform to the new order, were banished, often under cruel outrages. The laity too, if obstinate, were very commonly banished. Nuns were often treated with singular cruelty, sometimes of imprisonment, sometimes of gross insult and exile. Robbery and banishment, carried out against men and women on account of their religion and aggravated by rancorous contumely, are certainly just as much persecution when inflicted in the name of the state, or by a rude multitude, as when inflicted directly by the priesthood.

In Denmark there was not much opposition to the will of the King establishing the Reformation. To judge from Bishop Munter's extended history, the people seem not to have been very enthusiastic either for or against the new doctrine. The eight Bishops, however, who had themselves been by no means a persecuting temper, all refused to accept the Reformation, and were all deprived of their revenues, imprisoned and after a while banished. This hard measure meted out to the Fathers of the Church was a sufficient warning to the inferior clergy, and they all, or almost all, willingly or unwillingly, conformed to the new order. At least, having read Munter some years ago, I can not remember that any considerable number refused.

The Norwegians, according to Boyesen, and other Norwegian writers, were at least perfectly content with the old religion. Yet they were absolutely subject to Denmark, as completely so as Scotland would have been to England if Edward I. could have carried out his plans. The Danish king was by no means as brutal as the English Henry, but he was quite as peremptory. Norway became Lutheran because, in the face of her alien monarch, she dared not remain Catholic. If this wholesale imposition of a new religion on an unwilling people is not persecution, what is it? Frederic I. was not tempted, like Philip II., to become a cruel persecutor, but he seems, like most of the Protestant princes, to have been a thoroughly resolute persecutor.

The present warm cordiality of the Norwegians, clergy and laity, towards the Catholic agents, is perhaps a reminiscence of the fact that the old religion was left to them, rather than forsaken by them. In Sweden, while yet Catholic, there seems to have been very little persecution of the incipient Lutheranism. Indeed, to judge from Munter, Cornelius, Nolte, and other Scandinavian writers, the Catholic Bishops of the North seem to have been usually of a mild temper towards religious dissent. No doubt in Luther's time the Swedish hierarchy, with its very great wealth, shared in the general religious decline, and nodded to its fall. The terrible Stockholm "bloodbath," in which the Danish tyrant Christian II. struck down so many Swedish magnates, shook both nobility and Church to their foundations, and opened the way to a nearly absolute monarchy.

As we know, Swedish independence was recovered by the heroic young Gustavus Vasa. Sweden, still threatened by Christian's mighty brother-in-law, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, felt herself safe only in following in everything the will of Gustavus. He had early become a decided Lutheran, and the Swedes let him have his way in religion also, as he told them plainly that he would not resign over them unless they, too, would become Lutherans. The Catholic Archbishop had fled, and the resolute though bigoted and ignorant Brak of Linköping. Another Bishop had fallen into captivity and been beheaded. Two old Bishops were too infirm to do much.

Three more were consecrated, supposed to be Lutherans, though rather doubtfully so. Over the episcopate, few in number, and so uncertainly placed, the young King easily prevailed. He did not much mind their opinions, and was not yet concerned to do with their ceremonies. The one point of doctrine on which he was inexorable was, that they were too wealthy for their souls' health, and that he was appointed to look out for their spiritual safety at the expense of his own. Accordingly he abolished the chapters and compelled the Bishops into an absolute surrender of the episcopal estates, returning to each a moderate stipend. This enormous haul of wealth raised the Crown nearly above control, and plunged Gustavus Vasa into that vice of rapacity which is acknowledged to have been the bane of his great qualities.

"Whom you have wronged you hate," Gustavus never could abide the Bishops. He lowered their powers, created upstart (and as it proved transitory) superintendencies alongside of the ancient sees, tried to prevent the Bishops from being consecrated, and could hardly be restrained from abolishing the order altogether. Even the fact that he had at last filled all the sees with sound Lutherans did not appease his implacable displeasure against the pestiferous hierarchy. They still retained at least the form of the ancient hierarchy, and this of itself was enough to exasperate him. I am afraid that some remorse mingled with his remembrances, but if so, it did not turn him from his fixed resolve to be head of the Church, if not in name, like his brother of England, yet quite as completely in reality, so far, at least, as was compatible with the fact that both the parishes and dioceses of Sweden seem always to have had a larger measure of individual life than in England. Indeed, one prerogative of the Swedish Crown goes beyond anything that I know of Pope, Bishop or prince. Every text for every sermon of the whole year, in every parish, is given out from Stockholm, and may not be departed from.

Gustavus Vasa had very little occasion for individual persecution, but had he met with as much resistance as Philip II. found in the Netherlands, I know no reason to suppose that his measures would not have been quite as trenchant. Elizabeth, says Mr. Lecky, had been to the full as relentless in Munster as Alva in Belgium, and the Swede was of no softer make than the Welshman.

In the following reigns the work of reformation went merrily on. The Archbishop travelled about the kingdom, and wherever he found people staying away from Church, had them soundly whipped. However, the few that were beheaded were, I think, suspected Calvinists, not suspected Catholics. The Bishops thought were bad enough, but Calvins were past all enduring. The decisive reason why King Eric XIV. was deposed and put to death was, that he was surmised to lean towards Calvinism.

On the whole, the Reformation in Sweden, although carried through with considerable ease, was attended with a very comfortable measure of persecution against the Papists, enough to assure an Orangeman that the northern Goths are his true brethren in the faith. I think that Mr. Lansing would not disown them, for as late as 1845 a Swedish convert to Catholicism was deprived of his citizenship and of his patrimony, and banished to Copenhagen, where he soon died in indigence. Persecution of Catholics in Sweden and of Protestants in Spain died out at an interval of only a few years' remove. But while we are all ready to fly out over the latter instance, I doubt whether there are ten Protestants in the United States who have ever heard of the former. It may be doubted whether there is more than one.

Let me remark that the non-renewal of the regal christ in Sweden, which is only diluted from time to time, does not rest, as some Catholics whimsically imagine, on any minglings of the Swedes touching the ministrations of the Lutheran hierarchy. It goes back, I believe, to the first establishment of Christianity in Sweden, about 1050, and is exactly parallel to the perpetual dilution of the regal christ of St. Remigius, in France. It rests on the veneration of sacred antiquity. CHARLES C. STARBUCK, Andover, Mass.

thing is a sign of great purity and of interior confidence. He, that seeketh no outward testimony for himself, showeth plainly that he hath committed himself wholly to God. For not he who commendeth himself, saith St. Paul, is approved, but he whom God commendeth. (2 Cor. x, 18.) To walk within and not to be held by any affection without is the state of an interior man.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON. Eighth Sunday After Pentecost. EXTRAVAGANCE.

"The same was accused unto him, that he had wasted his goods." Brethren: Let me say a word to you this morning about the vice of extravagance; for the Gospel of this Sunday warns us, by implication, of wasting our Master's—that is, Our Lord's—goods; and everything we have, we have from His bounty. This seems to be a wasteful age. Perhaps that is less a misfortune than if the age were penurious and thieving. But stop a moment: wherever you find wastefulness you find vice by side with it the opposite vice of avarice. The truth is, you cannot be wasteful without being in some way unjust to somebody or other. Either you cheat your creditors, or wrong your children, or you give your neighbors a false impression of your financial ability.

Love of money is great folly, to be sure. But did you ever know a finer specimen of a fool than the girl who earns a few dollars a week and hangs it all on her back and on her head in the shape of extravagant clothing? Indeed, I think a little money spent in becoming attire—a pretty hat, a nice, well fitting dress—is well spent: that is all right, and is quite consistent with a little account at the saving bank. But where is the sense of a working-girl putting on the airs of a princess all tricked out with jewels and satins and furs? Where is the sense of so squandering your money that when the time comes to get married you haven't got a cent to your name; or when sickness comes you must be taken care of like a pauper?

While on this head, I wish to say that a girl who has lived at service, and married a working-man, sometimes brings to his homekeeping the lavish extravagance of the rich man's house from which she has come. But, on the other hand, we know what excellent, neat, thrifty and withal religious wives these girls generally make. But what is any extravagance compared to the beer-drinker's, to that of the man who loses his blue Monday's wages, and many another day's wages, by his Sunday spree! Truly, there is no leak in the poor man's pocket equal to that which pours his money into the grog seller's till. Capital may be, sometimes doubtless is, unjust; but labor is notoriously unjust to itself. Come, my brethren, what gives capital its grip on the laboring class? Is it not that the men must work or starve?—that when wages are high the saloon keeper gets what might be saved? Do you think you can fight for your rights against capital unless you have money? And how do you expect to have money unless by the discipline of economy, the restraint of temperance, the boycotting of the bar-room.

Look at it again; when wages are low, does the saloon keeper complain of "depression in business"? By no means. The foolish workman levies just the same tax on his scanty as on his full earnings. He devotes to a harmful luxury what should meet the requirements of bare necessity. He robs his overworked body of nutritious food that he may drink his drugged beer. Hence his sallow face and trembling nerves; hence his shabby clothes, good enough for the saloon but not for the Sunday Mass. Hence his ragged wife, and his yellow-faced and puny children. Brethren, of all the stewards of the Lord who will hear those words, "I accuse you of wastefulness of my goods," the tipping working-man will not be the least terrified. When we consider this kind of extravagance of intelligent and Christian men and parents, we are not surprised that when they return to their senses they become fanatics in their hatred of the saloon.

Brethren, thrift is a natural virtue, common to Jew, Gentile, and Christian. But multitudes of men and women can practise the supernatural virtues of Faith, Hope and Love only on condition that they, or those upon whom they depend, have provided for them a decent home. This is a condition of life which is, morally speaking, necessary for most persons to start upon the practice of the Christian virtues. We all know that a good home can be secured by habits of saving. But, you may ask, what about the extravagance of the rich? I answer: wait till next Sunday.

The Ashmatist's Agony. Woful nights, suffocating sensations, difficult breathing. Who can describe it? This disease, partly nervous, partly congestive, partly the result of malarial irritation, is no longer treated by nauseous stomachic and cathartic drugs, but by Catarrhine, that destroys the microbe, relieves congestion and relaxes the nervous irritability that renders breathing so difficult. The medication is carried by the air you breathe to the very seat of the disease, and removes at once the cause. The great discovery is known as Catarrhine. It influences upon Asthma, Catarrhine, is simply marvellous. Catarrhine prevents as well as cures, and is the only remedy guaranteed to cure. Your money back if it fails. Two sizes at all dealers, 25c and 50c. AMERICA'S Greatest Medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it possesses unequalled curative powers and its record of cures is GREATEST.

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CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA. Theological, Philosophical, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Fully equipped Laboratories. A Practical Business Department. Board, tuition, etc., per session of five months, \$80. Calendar sent on application. 1182-10

KELSEY FOR CHURCHES. St. John's West, N.B., May 8th, 1901. The James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville, Ont. Gentlemen: The "Kelsey" Warm Air Generators (2 No. 30), placed in my church last fall, by Keenan & Kitchener, of St. John, are entirely satisfactory. I am very much pleased to state I have obtained satisfactory results from them. THEY ARE ALL RIGHT, THEY ARE SIMPLE, CHEAP, and I have no hesitation in saying that for cleanliness, economy and heating they have no superior in the market. My church is a large one and built nearly fifty years. There are 15,000 cubic feet in the church and 15,000 cubic feet in the vestry. I am sending you a photograph of the church. The members of the church are loud in their praise of the "Kelsey." I endorse the "Kelsey" Generator most heartily. Nothing more is needed. Yours respectfully, R. J. O'DONOVAN, Church of the Assumption. KELSEYS ARE JUST AS SATISFACTORY FOR RESIDENCES, SCHOOLS, ETC. See them at the PAN-AMERICAN. THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO. LIMITED. BROCKVILLE, ONT. Exclusive Makers for Canada. When you write say "saw your advt. in Catholic Record"

THE WAY TO HEAR SERMONS. Right Rev. Dr. Mostyn, Bishop of Menavia, speaks of the duty of Catholics attending those services of the Church at which sermons and instructions are given. "It is with much regret," writes the Bishop, "we often hear it remarked how many there are who do not attend the sermons and instructions given in our churches and while such people are careful to hear holy Mass on Sundays and holy days they are seldom to be seen at the principal Mass in the morning or in the evening service when sermons or instructions are given. People who thus habitually absent themselves must, we think, forget that it is a duty to hear the Word of God, and evidently do not realize the harm they are doing to their souls by neglecting this important duty. Always bear in mind when listening to a sermon that the preacher is not preaching his own word, but the Word of God. Listen, then, attentively and respectfully, for it is God who is speaking to you through the preacher—"He that heareth you, heareth Me." (Luke x, 16) "Be careful never to show contempt for the preacher, because perhaps he is not what the world calls an orator or because he speaks in a homely, simple manner. The sermon that pleases the ear is not always the one that touches the heart. The simplest sermon ever preached by the most indifferent preacher is capable of doing as much good as the greatest sermon of the most accomplished orator. Apply what is said to yourselves and do not think that it is intended for others. If you are free from the sins pointed out by the preacher, thank God and pray that you may never fall into them. If you already practice the virtues recommended, encourage yourselves to persevere and to praise them in a still higher degree."

AROSE TO THE OCCASION. Right Rev. Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling, W. Va., at present on the continent, in a letter to his diocesan organ, the Church Calendar, tells the following delightful bit of experience: "A ruddy Englishman approached me as I gazed into the translucent depths of Avon. He was very communicative and something of a wag withal. We fell into talk about the magnificent Severn salmon, running sometimes to forty and fifty pounds in weight. He suddenly inquired if there were any as large as that in the United States. For a moment I was taken aback, though bent on upholding the honor of the Stars and Stripes. I could only think of bass and catfish in Wheeling creek and shad in the Chesapeake; but in a moment of inspiration there came to my mind the huge tarpon of Florida waters, and I told him triumphantly that we had fish weighing over a hundred pounds. "Oh, you know," he laughed incredulously, "they would never do in our rivers, they wouldn't be room enough, don't you know, for them to turn round!"

Liquor, Tobacco and Morphine Habits. A. METAGGART, M. D., C. M., Room 17, James Building, Cor. King and Yonge Sts., Toronto. References as to Dr. Metaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario. Rev. John Potts, D. D., Victoria College. Rev. William Caven, D. D., Knox College. Rev. Father Ryan, St. Michael's Cathedral. Right Rev. A. Swannan, Bishop of Toronto. THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London. Dr. Metaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor, tobacco, morphine and other drug habits are faithful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections; no publicity; no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

OUR BOOK LIST.

On Receipt of Prices named Below we will send to any address any of the Following works: Address Theos Coffey, London, Ont.

THE NEW TESTAMENT - CLOTH LIMP cover-25 cents.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNAcle, by Rev. F. X. Lassance. Price \$1. GOLDEN BOOK OF THE COMMANDMENTS and Sacraments, by St. Alphonsus Ligouri. (Paper) 25 cents.

CATHOLIC BELIEF - A SHORT AND simple explanation of Christian Doctrine, Paper, 25 cents.

COBBETT'S REFORMATION - REVISED with Notes and Preface by Mary Rev. Francis Aican Gasquet, D. D., O. S. B. Price 30c.

THE SACRAMENTS OF THE HOLY Catholic Church by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. Price, paper, 25 cents.

THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, BY Cardinal Gibbons. Price (paper) 50 cents and (cloth) \$1.00.

LEAVING THE WAY - BY REV. O. Xaver, Passionist. The Catholic doctrine explained and objections to it answered in clear and simple language. Price 10 cents.

MY NEW CURATE - A STORY GATHERED from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary, by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. O. Donnellan (diocese of Cloyne), Ireland. Price, \$1.50.

COFFINES' INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES and GOSPELS. - The largest and cheapest book of its kind. 703 pages. Price (cloth binding) \$1.00. Postage 12 cents extra.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS - THIS has a larger sale than any book of the kind now on the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Scaris. Price 15 cents.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND EXPLANATION of the Ecclesiastical Year. This contains the complete explanation of the articles used at Church ceremonies and their proper names. From the French of the Abbe Durand. Price 15 cents.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED photographs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Sacred Heart of Mary, and the Holy Family, can be procured at the Catholic Book Office, 25 cents each. Larger size of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, 50 cents each.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS, price, 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Fathers, 35 cents (cloth); Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents; cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents.

LECTURES OF FATHER DAMEN'S (S. J.) on "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God," "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Popes of the Holy Apostolic and Catholic Church." Price 15c. Per dozen, \$1.00.

IRELAND IN PICTURES - A YEAR'S subscription to the Catholic Record, \$2.00 and the beautiful work of art for \$5.00. It contains four hundred photographic views of everything of interest in Ireland, with written sketches by Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago.

PRAYER BOOKS FOR SALE - WE HAVE a new stock of Catholic Prayer Books ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00. \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Subscribers wishing to procure one or more of these prayer books, will please remit by check or money order to devote for that purpose. We will make a good selection for them and forward their order by return mail.

DICTIONAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS and the CATHOLIC RECORD for one year for \$3. It contains Reflections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from Butler's Lives and other approved sources. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. With a beautiful frontispiece by the Holy Fathers, nearly 100 other illustrations, elegantly bound in extra cloth.

SACRED PICTURES - COLORED CRAYONS of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary - size 1 1/2 x 3/4, 50 cents each. Same size engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size (extra) 75 cents each. Smaller size (extra) 50 cents each. The Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Sacred Heart of Mary, 25 cents; The Holy Family, 25 cents. Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua - size, 1 1/2 x 3/4 - 25 cents each.

ST. HANCOCK'S HYMNAL, FOURTH EDITION containing the latest in MUSIC and Verses for all the Sundays and Festivals of the year, Three Masses and over Two Hundred Hymns, together with the Holy Scriptures, Prayers, Prayers at Mass, Preparation and Prayers for Confession and Communion, and the Office and Rules of the Society of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Compiled from approved sources. Price, 75 cents. The same book without the music, 25 cents.

FAMILY BIBLE - FOR THE SUM OF \$5 we will mail to any address - charges for carriage prepaid - a Family Bible (large size) bound in cloth, gilt edges, splendidly illustrated throughout - and also give credit for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

FAMILY BIBLE - THE HOLY BIBLE containing the entire Canonical Scriptures according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated into English, and elegantly compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in diverse languages. For sale in twelve separate printings of the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. So faithful and true, and so magnificent a work of art as the present picture is, therefore, of incalculable value to everyone. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. THEOS COFFEY, Catholic Record, London, Ont. Liberal commission allowed to agents.

A Great Picture of the Pope. The magnificent painting of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., is the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, Mr. J. M. W. Turner, in painting this picture, he had the advantage of the constant criticism and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting, and the result is a finished work which would be as near perfect as anything that has been brought out. Who have been favored by His Holiness with an audience exclaim over the remarkable likeness in this painting. "It is, indeed, a portrait absolutely true to life." The work has been gotten out at an expense of over \$5,000, the lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings of the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. So faithful and true, and so magnificent a work of art as the present picture is, therefore, of incalculable value to everyone. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. THEOS COFFEY, Catholic Record, London, Ont. Liberal commission allowed to agents.

CARLING. When Ale is thoroughly matured it is not only palatable, but wholesome. Carling's Ale is always fully aged before it reaches the market. Both in the wood and in the bottle it is mellowed by the touch of time before it reaches the public. People who wish to see the best Ale should see to it that they receive Carling's. It is easy enough to get it, as nearly every dealer in Canada sells Carling's Ales and Porters. W. J. SMITH & SON, Undertakers and Embalmers 113 Dundas Street, Open Day and Night. Telephone 354.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A YOUTHFUL KING. Prophetic Scene on the Plains of Nazareth.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. The children on the plateau had been playing a game of war, but the pastime among the Jewish people, that period, and which included most sports of children do, the national thought and desire were chosen, and Hebrews were against Romans. The game ended with the defeat of the Jews and the triumphant establishment of Jewish independence by choosing king and crowning him with a crown with roses, amid the plaudits of a victorious side.

"Whom shall we crown?" shouted Micha, the son of Ozziel, the mock contest was ended. "A king! a king!" shouted at once. "We want no king," said the eldest son of Geddeli Sodi, who had been chosen leader of the mock contest. "We want no king, no king is our shame!" "Shame! shame! Shame!" cried a tall boy in the little crowd. "Even in our games you object to being free. O! that the great eraser would come in truth! The prophecies, so my father says, pertain to the time when the great eraser shall come to deliver Israel from the Roman yoke." "Abner agreed with his brother, and it would seem for good would have an unusual but Micha persisted. "A king! a king!" he again.

Just at that moment Jesus came at the outer edge of the plateau. Micha caught sight of Him and said, "See, here comes the Son of Joseph. He is our king!" The group of handsome youths turned to look at Jesus as he approached. There was a city surrounding Him which the noblest among them for a moment slowly he walked a little gathering, and looking at James, he said, "I bid you welcome to Nazareth. James bowed low, as he would have done to some prince or the high whom he had seen in Jerusalem when his father had taken his paschal feast in the holy city. It was different with Jesus. He stood transfixed and motionless, eyes were riveted on that serene and it seemed as if he could not sufficiently drink in the sight. He came and went. He scarcely a new life seemed to course in his veins. With unspoken admiration he stepped forward with an almost unconscious boldness laid his hand lightly on the shoulder of Jesus and said in a low tone, by the others: "Thou art our king, and oh! I love Thee so much I am almost fainting under the excitement. My heart beats in his temples throbbing, and the love of his soul seemed to towards this marvelous youth he now saw for the first time pure souls had met, and the fellowship of the pure had at last met itself, and so strongly influenced by it that he would have died for this newly found Jesus, but long enough for Him to say, "Thou shalt yet know Me, love Me more."

The boys of Nazareth were accustomed to this strange which Mary's Son frequently over them, and not being expected, recovered from it so did the visitors. Micha was upon a fitting termination to and once more demanded that be chosen. This time the boy referred the question to the from Bethesda. John was still under the force of the searching eyes of his friend, and advanced from the side of Jesus and said to Him said vehemently: "Crown Him! crown Him! worthy in every deed to be king of Jews - aye, of the world!"

A faint color tinged the beautiful youth, showing that this speech had given him general approval with general approval immediately in the little band brought clusters of roses from trees that had been transplanted the famous Valley of Shallem gathered sprays of myrtle fingers began to make a crown. Others brought forward seat to be used as a throne for king. With laughter and compelled Jesus to sit on while all in boyish mirth knee before Him. Then great ceremony which closed the king's sport - the coronation. It was the custom in those times for the mothers and fathers to have an interest in their games and pleasures. On evenings at Nazareth this was done by the elder people on their knees on the plateau present at the coronation of the young king. The young king and this evening Joseph invited the aged Zachary and Miriam had also brought their guests, Zabdai and Simeon. At that moment of the when the merry boys were heartily, "Hail, king of Long live our nation's bowing the knee in homage."

THE CATHOLIC PAPER.

There was once a great painter, who, to get the sense of the public, exposed one of his masterpieces in the public highway, and left brushes and colors for the convenience of anyone who might think the work needed improvement.

What d'ye think about it? asked Mr. Hennessy. "I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christian Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christianly, it wud make any difference which you called in—if ye had a good nurse."

EASTERN ONTARIO PILGRIMAGE

The first annual pilgrimage of the Diocese of Alexandria, Ont., to Saint Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, will take place on Monday, July 29, 1901. Arrangements have been made for the convenience of pilgrims by regular morning trains, going east on Grand Trunk railway to Cornwall Junction.

A dining car, in which an excellent meal will be served, will be provided for the pilgrims, for \$1.00 extra will be attached to the train.

The return fare from nearly all stations is \$3.50, and tickets will be good for return on Friday evening, August 2nd.

The committee of management assures intending pilgrims of a delightful trip by daylight, the comfort of a private conveyance, and excellent hotel accommodations at St. Anne's over night.

The pilgrimage is under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Alexandria and the direction of the Rev. D. R. McDonald of Crisler, Ont.

DIocese of Hamilton.

Twenty-first anniversary of ordination. Last Saturday, 29th June, Rev. Father Feeney, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, celebrated his twenty-first anniversary of ordination.

The first retreat for the diocesan clergy, which opened on the 15th inst., closed on Saturday, 6th inst. Twenty-two priests assisted, and His Lordship the Bishop presided.

During the past month His Lordship the Bishop visited twenty-eight parishes of the diocese and confirmed one thousand five hundred and six persons.

Seven theological students who are preparing for the priesthood of Hamilton diocese are to enter the Grand Seminary at Montreal next September.

DIocese of London.

Ordinations at the cathedral. On Sunday, July 15, Right Rev. Bishop McEwen, assisted by Messrs. Masson, Pinnoneault and John Stanley.

Reverting again to the fearful daub which the vagabond critics made out of the painter's masterpiece, we might adapt the story of the case of the Catholic journal.

At the Catholic paper, however, inferior, is worth the price asked for it. As an influence for good in the family, it would pay to take it, even if its terms of subscription were ten times what they usually are.

Of course, the Catholic journal should be as new as any cosmopolitan as possible. Of course, its terms of subscription should be as reasonable as possible.

DOOLEY AND THE EDDYIES

Mr. Cooley discussed in last Sunday's Boston Globe the relative merits of Christian Science and the Practice of Medicine and, as usual, was wiser and wittier than any oracle regarding both, especially regarding the "specialist" who declines to express an opinion about the patient's health, because "I never learned below the chin and I'd be fired by the Union if they knew I was working on the heart."

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Karina Grace Podger, Kaitie Bush, Berbie Lavers, Katydids.

LETTER FROM KEARNEY.

Dear Sir, Please oblige by inserting in your valuable paper of this week's issue that there is a good opening here for a shoemaker.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

The time is at hand in which preparation is being made for the truly great holiday outing for the people of Western Ontario.

MARRIAGES.

A wedding of much interest to many in Elora, Pilkington and Arthur was solemnized in the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

OBITUARY.

On June 27th died again visiting this vicinity, John Howard, Chatham.

DIocese of London.

On Sunday, July 15, Right Rev. Bishop McEwen, assisted by Messrs. Masson, Pinnoneault and John Stanley.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENTS.

St. Joseph's Academy, Lindsay. The closing exercises of the twenty-ninth year of St. Joseph's Academy took place last evening in the Assembly Hall of that fine building.

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humily ask the prayers of all that his soul may rest in peace.

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\$5.50 to \$6.00; veal, by the carcass, \$6.50 to \$7.00; mutton, by the carcass, \$6 to \$7; spring lambs, each 3.50 to 4.00; spring lambs, per pound 12 to 13.

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cut mutton, \$10.50 to \$10; selected heavy short cut mutton, bonies, \$20.50 to \$21; family short cut mutton, \$18.50 to \$19; heavy short cut mutton, \$16.50 to \$17; Canadian lard, in 56 lb tins, \$10.50 to \$11; mutton-lined 12 lb boxes, 11 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 12 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 13 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 14 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 15 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 16 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 17 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 18 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 19 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 20 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 21 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 22 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 23 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 24 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 25 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 26 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 27 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 28 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 29 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 30 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 31 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 32 lb; 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parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 89 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 90 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 91 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 92 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 93 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 94 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 95 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 96 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 97 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 98 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 99 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 100 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 101 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 102 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 103 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 104 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 105 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 106 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 107 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 108 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 109 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 110 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 111 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 112 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 113 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 114 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 115 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 116 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 117 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 118 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 119 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 120 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 121 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 122 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 123 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 124 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 125 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 126 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 127 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 128 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 129 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 130 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 131 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 132 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 133 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 134 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 135 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 136 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 137 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 138 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 139 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 140 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 141 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 142 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 143 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 144 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 145 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 146 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 147 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 148 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 149 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 150 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 151 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 152 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 153 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 154 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 155 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 156 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 157 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 158 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 159 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 160 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 161 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 162 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 163 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 164 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 165 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 166 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 167 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 168 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 169 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 170 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 171 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 172 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 173 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 174 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 175 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 176 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 177 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 178 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 179 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 180 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 181 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 182 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 183 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 184 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 185 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 186 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 187 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 188 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 189 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 190 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 191 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 192 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 193 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 194 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 195 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 196 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 197 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 198 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 199 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 200 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 201 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 202 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 203 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 204 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 205 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 206 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 207 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 208 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 209 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 210 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 211 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 212 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 213 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 214 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 215 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 216 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 217 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 218 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 219 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 220 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 221 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 222 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 223 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 224 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 225 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 226 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 227 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 228 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 229 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 230 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 231 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 232 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 233 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 234 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 235 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 236 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 237 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 238 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 239 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 240 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 241 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 242 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 243 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 244 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 245 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 246 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 247 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 248 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 249 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 250 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 251 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 252 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 253 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 254 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 255 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 256 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 257 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 258 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 259 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 260 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 261 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 262 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 263 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 264 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 265 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 266 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 267 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 268 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 269 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 270 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 271 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 272 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 273 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 274 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 275 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 276 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 277 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 278 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 279 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 280 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 281 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 282 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 283 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 284 lb; 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parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 313 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 314 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 315 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 316 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 317 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 318 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 319 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 320 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 321 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes, 322 lb; parchment-lined 12 lb boxes