

The Catholic Record.

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

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TOO FAR FROM MANDALAY.

In these days Rudyard Kipling is too near the bank and too far from Mandalay. His friends, who care little for him as official adviser to the empire, would like him to hearken to the call of the temple bells and go out again to the old Moulmein pagoda, and weave on the loom of his genius some more of the stuff that has a sob and a laugh and something else in it. Whatsoever his admirers think of his moderation of thought and width and compass of outlook, they must be puzzled on reading some of his letters on Canada. For instance, what can they make out of the following citation from a letter on Quebec: "She has the double-language, double law, double politics drawback in a worse form than South Africa, because, unlike our Dutch, her French cannot well marry outside their religion, and they take their orders from Italy—less central sometimes than Pretoria or Stellenbosch." We have heard this before, and from gentlemen far less eminent than Mr. Kipling. We shall probably hear it again, and have the distinguished writer put forward as an excuse for loquacity. Now Malvany could set him right on this question. Malvany does not know just how a Maxim is constructed, and he is not aware of how the ship found herself, but he does know that Quebec obeys Italy in matters which regard its religious faith, and in these matters of ecclesiastical discipline which have already been defined by the competent authorities. And this obedience does not detract from what is due to the State, because the laws of God, which the Pope does enforce among Catholics, ordain that we should pay obedience to the existing government of the country where we dwell, so the obedience we owe the Pope only tends to confirm us in our allegiance to such government.

We regret Mr. Kipling's misleading words, not because they will do any harm, but because they may incite the empire builders in Ontario to borrow the colonel's musket and march forth to war.

THE LIQUOR MEN'S THREAT.

The liquor interests in England are resisting in no lukewarm fashion the proposed measure to reduce the number of licenses. So far as we can learn, their weapons were fashioned in the same factory as those of their brethren in Montreal. There, as in the Canadian city, they claim immunity from interference on the grounds that they have been generous contributors to schools, churches, etc. They warn churchmen that their advocacy of the measure will forfeit the confidence of a great number of their followers who have consistently supported them and have subscribed to their church, schools and other objects, but who will no longer be able to entrust them with funds for these purposes. There, as in Montreal, prominent men are outspoken in their condemnation of the attempt to reduce the number of licenses. But we are of the opinion that the liquor men have an undue idea of their own importance and fail to understand that, thanks to the instruction on this matter imparted by scientists, medical and business men, and labor leaders, the trade is not in a position to dictate a line of action to either churchmen or to the man in the street. The petition of some of Montreal's prominent citizens to the Legislature, not to reduce the number of saloon licenses, may be granted, and the trade has a breathing space. But certain it is that the temperance army, waxing daily in strength, will ere long exercise a restraining influence on the lawmaker tempted to serve the liquor interests. They who wish to represent the people in the Legislature will not ignore the demands of those who insist that law shall not be made or unmade at the behest of alcohol.

A GRIM TRAGEDY.

Some time ago we heard a superintendent of a poor house say that many a grim tragedy is enacted within its walls. He spoke of the fathers and mothers—the old men and women whose earning days are over—being obliged, through the ingratitude and neglect of children, to seek shelter within its walls. When they died their bodies were taken, cautiously of course, from the asylum, and forthwith we learned from the daily prints of the demise of

the father or mother of our respected fellow-citizen. Then here are wreaths and creations of floristic art as tokens of the love of the bereaved children, who persist in playing the hypocrite to the last. These affectionate children never gave a thought to the parents when they were housed and clothed and fed as paupers. They never visited them, so fearful were they that the world would learn of their cruelty. They swept their hearts clean of filial affection, and forgot the love that once lavied them in generous waves, the anxiety and work occasioned by their upbringing, the many sacrifices made for them. The tired face and eyes filled with tears—the tired heart breaking under its anguish and misery, the tired and wasted body garbed in pauper raiment—all this never crosses their line of vision. But what a source of bitterness these children dig for themselves. When reverses come upon them, and experience punctures their illusions, and life is as bleak as a wind-swept moor, memory will rise up and scourge them and burn into their heart of hearts, that for them there is naught but repentance. Memory will dog their steps to the grave, showing them ever and anon the tear-stained face of her who was their visible guardian angel and who should have been surrounded with all the comforts that a dutiful heart could invent. The waves of remorse, but unavailing, will flow round about them, and conscience scourge and remind them always of the parents who were allowed to die in the poor-house.

And parents want so little, a nook in the child's home—a word of love to cheer them as they go down into the valley, a little thought and sympathy to make the way easier—surely these demands are moderate. But they are ignored by some children. Instead of love they give neglect; instead of a home, a place among paupers, and, instead of thought cruelty that a decent-hearted man does not speak on a dog. And we have witnessed the passing of some of these deserted parents and heard them committing to the care of Jesus and His Blessed Mother the boy or girl whom they had crooned to sleep in the long ago—forgetful, or not wishing to remember, that the boy or girl living hard by had left them unvisited and denied them a measure of the love that would have gladdened their old eyes and made music in their hearts. We are not giving vent to our imagination; we are referring to men and women known to the world as respectable members of society and to their consciences as beings of whom an author said: "When the hypocrites are stripped of their shams even the devils will laugh."

"THE STREET ANGEL AND THE HOUSE DEVIL."

Our readers may know the individual who is a street angel and a house devil. They have heard his merry laugh, his quips and jokes, and have noticed, and, perchance, admired his graceful urbanity. He is a favorite with the boys; a good "mixer," a contributor to the gaiety of the festive board, and always on the side of the majority. But now and then, when we get a glimpse of the home life of this individual, we rub our eyes and have doubts as to the reliability of our eyes, because the picture is so strange and so unexpected. Instead of an Eden we behold something entirely different. Instead of a home warmed by the geniality that this individual exudes so generously for the benefit of the street, we see a house quivering with horror at the sight and touch of a more brute than snarls and vomits the contents of an unclean heart on his wife and children. He treats the woman whom he promised to cherish as he would not dare to treat any other woman on earth. He pours upon her insults that would be resented by a woman of the slums. He berates her before her children and taunts her with charges born of the heart of a degenerate. The woman suffers in silence because there are sorrows too deep for words, and because for her children's sake she will not take the public into her confidence. Her heart is devoid of cheer and her skies are gray, but she goes on as cheerfully as she may, buoyed up by the hope of happiness and peace beyond the grave. And the house devil hounds her to death systematically and carefully, so as to bruise and kill everything that makes life worth the living.

We may talk of gallantry on the field, of explorers, who, reckless of danger, trail discovery, but their cour-

age pales before that of the wife who covers her wounds, shows ever a brave front to the world, and guards the ghastly secrets of her prison cell miscalled a home.

BISHOP McPAUL ON SOCIALISM.

From time to time, in public addresses, delivered in our large cities, we have referred to Socialism and warned Catholics of its dangers. Invariably, we have been assailed by the Socialistic press and by letter-writers. We feel certain that most of these attacks were made not by the conscientious men, but by demagogues, who were supporting themselves at the expense of the uneducated multitude, unable to discover the fundamental errors of Socialism, because they were so artfully covered up by the cloud of dross which noisy declamation raised against capitalists and employers. Holistic appeals are made to the passions against the wrongs suffered, not often, indeed, by workmen, at the hands of their masters. These are vividly depicted, while nothing is said of the dangerous fundamental teachings of Socialism.

It cannot be denied that the Socialist party is rapidly increasing both in Europe and in the United States. In fact, it is found wherever modern industry flourishes. Germany seems to be the first field in which it took root. France is spreading over the Continent of Europe, and manifests its principles and strength at present throughout Italy, France, and all over Europe.

If Socialism be dangerous, it certainly behooves the leaders of the people to sound the alarm with no uncertain voice, because it is rapidly increasing and spreading. The year 1888 saw the first Socialistic national campaign in this country. Only 2,068 votes were polled. The total national vote in 1900 was about 14,000,000, and the total Socialist vote about 128,000. In 1904 the total national vote was a little over 13,500,000, and the total Socialist vote nearly 436,000.

The total vote of New Jersey for 1900 was 401,050; the vote of both Socialist parties was 6,583. The total vote of this State in 1904 was 432,547, and the vote cast by both Socialist parties was 12,267. These figures show that in the nation during four years from 1900 to 1904 the Socialist parties have increased two and a half times their number in 1900, and in the State they have nearly doubled the number of that year.

The word Socialism has been used to designate various theories of political economy. At the present time, however, the word can be restricted to the Marx Engels school. The Socialists, in their Chicago platform, tell us: "Into the midst of the strain and crisis of civilization, the Socialist movement comes as the only saving or conservative force. If the world is to be saved from chaos, from universal disorder and misery, it must be by the union of the workers of all nations in the Socialist movement. The Socialist party comes with the only proposition or programme for intelligently and deliberately organizing the nation for the common good of all its citizens. It is the first time that the mind of man has been directed to the conscious organization of society."

This sounds plausible, but it is very deceptive. When we closely examine the fundamental principles of Socialism, we find that they are absolutely destructive of the common good. First of all, the Socialists propose to destroy the family. The union of one man and one woman in marriage for the propagation of the race is in conformity with the laws of nature and revelation: "Wherefore, a man shall leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh." "Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away, from her husband, committeth adultery."

On the contrary, Marx and Engels tell us: "It is self-evident that the abolition of the present system of production must bring with it the abolition of the community of women—present marriage—springing from that system of prostitution, both public and private." Morris and Bax maintain that through Socialism "A new development of the family would take place on the basis, not of a pre-determined life-long business arrangement, to be formally and nominally held to, irrespective of circumstances, but on mutual inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party."

Hence, according to Socialism, a man and a woman may unite themselves for a long or a short time, according to their desires, and continue the relation during the period that lust may dictate. This is certainly the destruction of the family.

The Socialist says: We do not wish to abolish religion; that is a private affair. Why does not the Church, then, leave us alone? Marx declares: "Man makes religion, not religion man. The abolition of religion, as the deceptive happiness of the people, is a necessary condition for their true happiness."

Engels writes: "Three great obstacles block the path of social reform—private property, religion and the present form of marriage." The Church, therefore, as the duly authorized teacher of religion, must defend herself against her enemies, and protect her people against poisonous errors that would bring misery and ruin upon them.

It is claimed by the Socialist that he does not propose to divide up pro-

erty. It is true that he may not wish to apportion to each person so much real estate or so much money, but he does intend that the public's all take possession, forcibly or otherwise, of land and capital, so that each one may have an equal portion of the income. How is this to be accomplished? Marx tells us: "In most countries of Europe violence must be the lever of our social reform." The Socialist claims that existing evils can be remedied by abolishing private ownership in the means of production. But man has certainly a right to land and the means of production, a right which existed previous to civil society, because the family existed before the State, and is the unity whose aggregation forms civil society.

Mr. Boardman, S. J., affirms that "It will not do for Socialists to object that the earth and the fullness thereof have been given to the whole human race; and, therefore, he who owns a part robs all the rest. The earth, it is true, has been given to the whole human race, but individual ownership depends upon occupancy, in intention to use, cultivation, work, and such other human actions as make for rational division."

"If private ownership in the means of production were once abolished, the world's order and thrift would vanish. Man's strongest incentive to work is selfishness. He puts forth his best energies only to increase for himself and family his private store of wealth, happiness or glory. With the abolition of private ownership in the means of production the opportunity of producing for private exchange would disappear and human energy become stagnant. The ploughman would not till the soil, the miner use his drill, or the woman her needle. Dullness, listlessness and idleness would reign supreme."

Mr. David Goldstein, the ex-Socialist of Massachusetts, says: "The Socialism of America, and the Socialism of Germany, France, Italy, England, etc., are one and the same. Socialists seek the establishment of the principles embodied in the teachings of Marx, Engels, Ferri, Bax, and Herron, and a host of others of international standing. To these teachings the modern Socialist movement is irrevocably committed."

We have now briefly outlined the principles of Socialism as presented by its most eminent leaders. We have shown that it is opposed to marriage, to private ownership of property, to the abolition of the existing order of society, an abnegation of the greed, the lust and the baser passions of human life.

It is true that society has many and great evils; that we should all work together to remedy them. Let us not, however, be deceived. The elevation and the happiness of the laboring man will not be attained by destroying the great organization of society, the family and religion. These are all essential to his happiness.

Our civilized society is the product of centuries of struggle, of bloodshed, on a thousand fields. It was born amid the bitterest pangs of humanity, from Adam to this hour. It cannot be violently cast aside or destroyed without confusion and lasting chaos. Socialism furnishes no foundation stones which can be substituted for those of the present edifice. The whole fabric of Socialism must eventually fall by its own weight, and inevitably end in anarchy and despair, and what must be the suffering during the period of invention, trial and experiment!

Let us here state distinctly that we recognize some good features in Socialism; we deny, however, that they are peculiar to it. They have been appropriated from Christianity. They are the elevation of the poor, the obtaining and the defending of the rights of the working classes, the betterment of the individual and society. These must be obtained, not by violence and robbery, but by rational, moral and feasible means.

At the advent of Christianity society was in a deplorable condition. Under a pleasant exterior was veiled the most horrible corruption. As the philosopher Balzac declares: "Morality was without reality, manners without modesty, the passions without restraint, laws without authority, and religion without God. Man was a profound mystery to himself; he did not know how to estimate his own dignity, for he reduced it to the level of brutes; and when he attempted to exaggerate its importance, he did not know how to confine it within the limits marked out by reason and nature; and it is well worthy of observation, that while a great part of the human race groined in the most abject servitude, heroes, and even the most abominable monster, were elevated to the ranks of god."

"Such elements must, sooner or later, have produced social dissolution. Even if the violent irritation of the barbarians had not taken place, society must have been overturned, for it did not possess a fertile idea, a consoling thought, or a beam of hope, to preserve it from ruin."

The same consequences would be the offspring of the fundamental principles of Socialism. Hence the Catholic Church, organized Christianity, cannot possibly advocate Socialism in the sense in which its modern leaders have presented it in their public addresses and writings.

If we are asked what are the remedies for the wrongs under which the working classes groan, we should reply: a virtuous Christian life, education, frugality, temperance, the organization of the forces of labor for the betterment of the working classes, and the attainment of their lawful demands by

those just and peaceable methods which will bring to their aid the sympathy of the community.

Let not our Catholic people be persuaded by voluble unbelievers and Socialists that the Catholic Church is the enemy of the working men and of the poor. Holy Scripture tells us that when John the Baptist: "Had heard in prison the works of Christ, sending two of His disciples, he said to Him, art Thou he that art to come, or do we look for another? And Jesus making answer, said to them: Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

One of the signs then given by the Savior Himself for the divinity of His mission, continued through the Catholic Church, is: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." The Catholic Church is pre-eminently the Church of the poor. Beginning with her great Pontiff, sitting in the chair of Peter, upon the hills of Rome, how many of them have been the sons of toil! The present Holy Father, Pius X., is of lowly origin, and filled the fields with his own hands. How many of her Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and priests and religious of both sexes have sprung from the lions of the common people! She is the Church of all men indeed, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, weak and strong, helpless and friendless. Nevertheless, she glories in the undeniable fact that she is the Church of the poor, the loving mother, guardian and protectrix of the humble and the oppressed. Centuries ago she proclaimed the immortal doctrines of the Declaration of Independence and preached the equality of all men before God and before the law. The principles of the Declaration are the doctrine of her Fathers and Doctors: "That they (men) are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed."

O Glorious Church of Christ! Thou hast ever been the friend of humanity and taught unceasingly that all men are brethren; that they all bear the same relationship to the eternal Father, that they are all His children with the same right to happiness here and hereafter; that for them Christ came from Heaven, preached His Gospel, established these, placing within thee the means whereby the human race is led onward and upward in this imperfect world to the perfect happiness of Heaven!

Who have built her church edifices? Who have erected her schools, her colleges, her universities, her hospitals and other charitable institutions? The pious sons and daughters of the working men and women. Therefore, she loves them with a mother's heart, and she is no sacrifice which she is not willing to make to advance their temporal and eternal interests.

It is unfortunate that a few among the laboring classes are unable to recognize their true friends, and allow themselves to be drawn into the camp of their enemies. One of the best friends labor ever had was Mr. Terence V. Powderly. Listen to the description of his work, and how the Socialistic element bill d his efforts: "I began," said he, "the work of organizing workers when it was new. Of course, many for whom I spoke and worked did not understand me, my work or my motives. They expected the radical and the hurried. I aimed to unite the men and women who worked in harmony with those who employed them, and for years a large number of employers and manufacturers were members of the Knights of Labor. This did not suit him of Socialistic tendencies, and eventually I quit, resigned. I am not a quitter, but when your every motive is misconstrued by those you work for and love—what's the use? I could do more for them out than in and out I went."

"While I was at the head of the Knights of Labor, I never ordered a strike. No workman ever lost a day's pay through an order of mine. I was mixed up in four large strikes, begun without my consent, and was proclaimed a striker. In the fifteen years of my official life in the Knights of Labor I personally settled one-thousand one hundred cases of dispute between capital and labor, but being peaceable they were not sensational enough to break into print in very large letters."

—New York Freeman's Journal.

Another thing is, to make all your spiritual exercises, daily, or otherwise, whatever manner of prayer you may be using, with the greatest peace, calmness, and stillness of heart. There is nothing worse in prayer than anxiety, fear, fretfulness, hurry, or eagerness to do it right, or any over-straining of the soul.

WORKINGMEN WHO GO TO CHURCH.

Some recent statements as to the alleged drifting away of workmen from all church affiliations moves the Christian Register to remark:

"When we hear a man say that three fifths of the workmen in Massachusetts are Catholics, and a little later exclaim that the majority of all workmen have ceased to attend church, we wonder what he means. Do not Catholic workmen attend church, and, if they do, it is true that the majority of workmen do not attend church?"

Any one who doubts that Catholic workmen attend church should be present at one of the many Masses celebrated in every one of our city churches every Sunday. There are malcontents and soreheads as well as indifferentists among Catholic workmen, of course, as there are among Catholics of all other classes—men who go to church but seldom, if at all—but it is the glory of the Church in the United States that her adherents are largely of the working class, and that pre-eminently through her, the "poor have the Gospel preached to them." Not long since our Protestant friends used to fling this as a reproach at the Catholic Church—that she had so many of the poor and of the apparently ignorant in her ranks. Lately, since the sects have awakened to the defection of the working people from their own congregations, they are beginning to look at things differently, and to view with wonder the fidelity of the working classes to the Catholic Church. So long as three fifths of the workmen of Massachusetts are Catholics so long will the charge be untrue that the majority of them do not attend church.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

On last Sunday in the Baltimore cathedral Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, was consecrated Bishop of Sebaste by Cardinal Gibbons.

The McKinley homestead at Canton, O., a place of pilgrimage for people in all parts of the country during the presidency and since the tragic death of Mr. McKinley, is about to be transformed into a Catholic hospital.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan of New York, has purchased the beautiful home in Rossmore, Va., known as "Greenway Court," to be used as a home for aged Catholic priests, paying \$30,000 for it. It is one of the most beautiful residences in the city.

Father Walsh of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, says that the Catholic missions in Eastern Asia are just now suffering woefully for lack of English-speaking priests. English is to-day the commercial language of that section.

Rev. D. S. Phelan, pastor of the Western Watchman, and editor of the church of Our Lady at Mount Carmel of St. Louis, Mo., was presented with two purses amounting to \$3,000 by the clergy and laity of that city at a banquet commemorating his forty fifth year as a priest.

On the 6th inst. Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and primate of all Ireland, was tendered a luncheon at the White House by President Roosevelt. Amongst other distinguished churchmen present were Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate.

Many Catholic noblemen of England are in convents. One of the sisters of the Duke of Norfolk, one is a Carmelite nun, and the other is a Sister of Charity. Lady Frances Borthwick, sister of the Earl of Abington, is also a nun, and resides in the Convent of the Visitation, in Harrow.

With a view to establishing a college and seminary in the south of Ireland, where English-speaking priests will be trained for foreign countries, Rev. Robert L. MacNeely, vice-rector of the church of San Silvestro in Capite at Rome, has come to this country, and was the guest last week of Cardinal Gibbons, who is interested in the project.

Up to the present more than 2,500 membership tickets for the London Eucharistic Congress have been sold, excluding the applications from foreign-speaking countries. It has been found that it will not be possible to admit more than 6,000 persons into Westminster cathedral at one time. The first 6,000 members enrolled will, therefore, be given the prior right of admission to the cathedral at all the Congress services.

Cardinal Gibbons has accepted the invitation to offer prayer at the laying of the cornerstone of the \$1,000,000 palace to be erected in Washington by the South American Republic. A delegation of representatives of the South American countries, headed by Hon. John Barrett, visited Baltimore and formally invited the Cardinal. The cornerstone of the palace will be laid in the presence of President Roosevelt and his Cabinet and the diplomatic corps.

After an interruption lasting for more than four hundred years, worship has now been restored in the ancient church of Karist-el Anab by the Benedictine Fathers of Pierre-qui-Vire, who are stationed at the Mount of Olives. This church, which was founded by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century, was for a long time served by the Franciscan Fathers; but, in the massacre of their community by the Saracens, about 1487, the building was seriously dismantled.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER XI. CONTINUED.

At Maria's first touch the maiden started from her sleep in alarm, opened wide her eyes, and regarded her friend with mingled doubt and terror.

"Is it you, Maria?" she exclaimed, hastily passing her hand over her eyelids; "what brings you to me at this strange hour?"

"My poor friend!" cried Maria, bursting into tears, "you must get up and let me dress you. Nerve yourself as best you can, and above all make haste. A great misfortune has befallen you."

In her bewilderment Matilda rose from her bed, fixing a look of anxious inquiry upon Maria, who immediately began dressing her, sobbing bitterly the while, and making no answer to the terrified girl's repeated questions, till, at the moment of handing her a long riding dress, with a painful effort she said:

"You are about to take a journey, dear Matilda! My St. George portrait and keep you! What means this, my Maria? Ah, now I see what lot awaits me! My sad dream, then, was a true one; for, even as you woke me, I thought I was being carried off to France, to Joanna of Navarre. Now is all hope gone from me! I never again shall I behold my beloved! I shall never see you, my father, never again in this world, shall you embrace your child!"

Overcome with grief, Maria had sunk into a chair; her voice inarticulate with sobs, was unable to utter a word of comfort, when she felt her neck encircled by Matilda's arms, and heard her tender accents sounding in her ear:

"Weep not for me, sweet friend. Sorrow upon sorrow is nothing new to my sad heart: is left for the house of Flanders there is left no joy, not even peace."

"O hapless, yet ever noble girl!" Maria at last found words to say; "you know not that the French soldiers who are to carry you hence all ready guard the house!"

At these words Matilda turned pale, and an evident shudder passed over her frame. "Soldiers! she exclaimed, "am I then to be exposed to the insolence of ruffian hirelings? Save me, my Maria! O God! that I might now die! My father! my father! you know not what insults are offered to your blood!"

"Be not thus terrified, my Matilda; the leader is a good knight and a noble gentleman, and he will not allow you to be treated as a slave. The fate of the hour, then, is come. I must leave you, Maria; and the wicked Joanna, will cast me, too, into a dungeon. Be it so; for there is a Judge in heaven, and He will not forget me!"

"Quick, now, and put on the riding dress," for, I hear the soldiers approaching."

While Matilda was fastening her dress about her, the door opened, and the waiting maid entered.

"Madam," she said, addressing herself to Maria, "the French knight desires to know whether the Lady Matilda is yet ready, and whether it is permitted him to present himself before her?"

"Let him come," was the unhesitating answer.

Messire de Cressines had followed closely upon his messenger, and now made his appearance. He bowed respectfully to the ladies; and his compassionate looks sufficiently testified his distaste for the commission with which he was charged.

"Noble countess," he commenced, "bear with me if I call upon you to accompany me without further delay. I assure you I have already allowed you all the time that it is possible for me to grant."

"I will follow you, Messire, on the instant," answered Matilda; "but I trust that I may rely on your knightly honor to secure me against any unworthy treatment."

"I swear to you, lady," replied de Cressines, deeply moved by her resignation, "that so long as you are in my charge, you shall meet with nothing but respect."

"But your soldiers, Messire?"

"As for my soldiers, lady, not a man among them, I assure you, shall address one word to you. Let us now be going."

Anxiously and tenderly the two friends embraced one another, while tears trickled down their cheeks. Often was the bitter word "farewell" repeated, and the last embrace given, only to be commenced anew. At length they left the room, and began to descend the stairs.

"Messire," said Maria, earnestly, "tell me, I entreat you, whither are you conducting my unhappy friend?"

"To France," he replied; and then turning to his soldiers:

"Mark my words well," he said, in a voice of stern command; "let no unseemly word pass the lips of any of you in this lady's presence. It is my will that she be treated in every respect as becomes her noble rank; bear this well in mind, or—; you know me. Now let the horses be brought round."

The horses came; the last words of the last embrace were exchanged amid sobs and tears; Matilda was lifted upon her palfrey; Master Brakels and the two servants were released; the party hastened away through the streets of Bruges, and were soon far beyond its walls.

The night was dark, and all nature seemed to slumber in solemn stillness. Messire de Cressines rode at Matilda's side, scrupulously refraining, however, from intruding upon her grief by any attempt at conversation; so that probably the entire journey would have passed without the interchange of a word, had she not herself broken silence by asking:

"Is it in your power, Messire, to give me any information as to the fate which awaits me? And may I inquire by whose command I am thus forcibly removed from the residence I had chosen?"

"The order was given to me by Messire de Chastillon; but it is by no means possible that it may have, in the first instance, proceeded from a still higher authority; for Compiegne is the place of your destination."

"Ah, so I might have imagined! It is Joanna of Navarre from whom this blow comes. It was not enough that she should imprison in her dungeons my father and all my kindred; her vengeance was not complete while I remained. Oh, Messire, you have an evil woman for your queen!"

"A man should not dare say that in my presence with impunity, lady; nevertheless, it is true, that our queen deals hardly with the Flemings, and especially with the house of Damptiere. From my heart I grieve for Messire Robert; still I may not hear my princess blamed."

"Forgive me, Messire; you speak like a true knight, and your fidelity demands my esteem. I will vent no more reproaches against you, and will even deem myself fortunate that in my calamity I have fallen into the hands of one who has the heart of a true and honorable knight."

"I should have rejoiced, noble lady, to have been your conductor throughout the entire journey; but that is a pleasure which is denied me. It is but for some short quarter of an hour more that I shall have you under my charge; you will then proceed under other escort. That circumstance, however, can make no change in the movements of the French knight; he will fall to remain, what is due to your sex, your rank, and your misfortunes."

"True, Messire, the nobles of France have ever borne themselves courteously and honorably towards us; but what assurance have I that I shall always be escorted in such wise as becomes one of my noble father's race?"

"You need be under no apprehension on that score, lady. I am now conducting you to the Castle of Male, where I am to deliver you over to the custody of the castellan, Messire de St. Pol. So far only does my mission extend."

The conversation continued till they found themselves in front of the castle, which for the present was their journey's end. The warden announced their arrival from his station above; the gates opened, and prisoner and escort passed on into the interior of the fortress.

CHAPTER XII.

Months had now gone by since the surrender of Bruges. De Chastillon had appointed Messire de Mortenay governor of the city, and had himself returned to Courtrai; for he knew enough of the true feelings of the men of Bruges not to feel himself ill at ease within their walls. Meanwhile the garrison which he had left behind to insure submission indulged them selves in deeds of violence of every description,—plundering, insulting and wantonly annoying the citizens in a thousand ways. The foreign merchants, disgusted at this state of things, had mostly betaken themselves elsewhere; the commerce of this city fell off from day to day, and with it the prosperity of the manufacturing and working classes, whose sullen dislike of their new rulers had thus gradually ripened into active hatred, which waited only an opportunity to exhibit itself in open rebellion. The time that attempted this, however, with any hope of success was not yet come. The French garrison was too numerous, and every possible means had been adopted by them in order to secure what they had already won. The city had been dismantled, in a great measure, of its defensive works, and a strong citadel was in progress of erection, by which they hoped more effectually to overawe the inhabitants.

To the great surprise of his fellow-citizens, Deconinck allowed all this to proceed without opposition, and, as far as the public could discern, went quietly on his way, as though now only intent upon his own affairs. In the private assemblies of his guild, however, he was all the while encouraging, by his fervent exhortations, the hearts of his fellows, and cherishing in their hearts the warmest and noblest aspirations for the deliverance of their country.

As for Breydel, there seemed to be nothing of his former self remaining. Ever darkly musing, with knitted brows and downcast eyes, the gallant Butcher went about as if bowed under the weight of years. It was seldom, indeed, that he left his house. Bruges, enchained and oppressed, was to him but a wider prison, whither the light and air of freedom could no more enter; upon the forehead of each brother-citizen he read only the brand of shame; in the eye of each stranger glanced the insulting taunt, "Slave! slave!" For him there was neither joy nor comfort more. In this mood he was one day pacing his shop in the early morning, and fitfully continuing the dreams of the past night,—now plunged in gloomy thoughts, now fuming with rage; at one moment grimly smiling upon his axe as he poised it in his hand, and at another wrathfully casting it from him as the useless plaything of a slave,—when suddenly the door opened, and to his surprise the Dean of the Clothworkers stood before him.

"A good morning to you, master," said the Butcher; "what evil tidings is it that brings you to me thus early?"

"My friend Jan," answered Deconinck, "I am not why you are sad; the thought of slavery."

"Silence, Deconinck! I pray you, speak not that word; the very walls of my house seem to re-echo it around me in a thousand tones of insult. Oh, my friend, would that I had died that day upon the ramparts of our city! I should not then have fallen unrevenged and, oh, what bitterness of spirit should I have been spared! But I lost that chance, and—"

Calmly, but not unmoved, Deconinck interrupted him:

"Be of good cheer, my noble hearted friend," said he; "our day shall yet come. The embers still glow under

the ashes; and the time will surely arrive, though it is not yet. Let the chains press more sorely still upon our necks, until they become too galling even for onwards to bear; and our Black Lion shall yet again float aloft, with Bruges in the van."

A smile full of confidence flitted over the countenance of Breydel; and as he seized the Dean's hand, he joyfully exclaimed, "You alone, my friend, you alone know how to comfort me; you alone understand my heart."

"But now, Master Jan," proceeded the Clothworker, "to the object of my visit. You have not forgotten our promise to keep guard over the Lady Matilda?"

"What now?" cried Breydel, hastily his cheeks flushing at once with anxiety and anticipated indignation.

"She was seized, and carried off by the French last night."

The Butcher took a step forward, caught up his axe, and furiously swung it over his head. For a moment he was unable to speak; then a torrent of incoherent curses burst from his lips; at last he exclaimed:

"Deconinck, this is too much,—not a word more! I listen to no pitiful now, to day I must see blood if I die for it. Reasonably, my friend, softly; be reasonable. You life belongs to my country, and you must by no means risk it uselessly."

"Not a syllable will I hear! I thank you for your good advice; but I neither can nor will follow it. Spare your words, therefore, for they are all in vain."

"But be reasonable, Master Jan," rejoined the Clothworker; "you cannot drive the French out all by yourself."

"What care I for that? My thoughts carry me not so far. Vengeance and death, therefore, for they are all in vain."

The violence of his emotion prevented further speech. After a few instants' pause, however, he continued more calmly:

"Well, Master Deconinck, after all, I will be cool, as you tell me. What more, then, do you know about this matter?"

"Not much. This morning, before daylight, I was disturbed by an urgent message from Sir Adolf of Nieuwland's house, to the effect that the Lady Matilda had been carried off in the night; by the French, and that it was the traitor Brakels who had acted as their guide."

"Brakels! There is another for my axe! He shall not play the spy for the French much longer."

"Whither have they taken her I know not," continued Deconinck; "but I suspect it may be to the Castle of Male; for the more polished and softer accents which sounded from the mouth of the traitor, and which you see well, Breydel, that it will be better to wait for some further information than to take any step hastily, especially as there is every probability that the countess is by this time already in France. It seems that the only course is to stay at home and bide our time."

"You press to the deaf, my friend," replied the Butcher; "at all events, I must and will go out. Forgive me if I now leave you."

And with these words, concealing his axe under his garment, he moved towards the door. By a sudden side movement, however, Deconinck so placed himself as to intercept his passage.

"Have done with this childish impatience," said the Clothworker, while Breydel looked round as though of that moment ready to spring through the window; "forth with that axe you shall not go. You are by far too dear a friend to me, and too valuable to our cause, that I should let you thus rush upon destruction."

"Let me pass, Master Peter. I pray you, let me go; you keep me on the rack."

"Not so, Master Jan. Think you that you are your own property, and may risk your life at pleasure? No, no, master; God has given you your great gifts for nobler aims than that. Rejoice in your high calling, master; think of your country, and of the service you may do her. How shall you aid and save her if now you fling away your life upon a useless vengeance?"

While Deconinck was speaking, Breydel had gradually cooled down, and now answered in a calmer tone:

"You are right, my friend," he said; "I am too easily carried away. There, now, see my axe is hung up in its place again. You can let me go; for to-day I must to Thourout to buy cattle."

"Well, I will keep you no longer; though I know well enough that it is not to Thourout you are going to day."

"Indeed, what I tell you is true, master; I haven't a hoof in, and I must provide myself a fresh supply this very day."

"You cannot pass that off upon me, Master Jan. I have known you too long, and I can see into your soul through your eyes; you are going to Male."

"You are certainly a conjurer, Master Peter; I believe you know my thoughts better than I do myself. Yes, I am going to Male; but I give you my word it is only to reconnoitre, and if possible to procure some intelligence of our unfortunate princess. I promise you to put off the reckoning till a more convenient season; but I warrant you they shall pay with interest when they do pay, or my name is not Jan Breydel."

The two deans now went out together, and parted, after exchanging a few more words, in the street. Breydel walked off without delay, and a rapid walk of half an hour brought him to the village of Male, which at this time consisted of some thirty thatched cottages scattered here and there in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. All around stretched away impenetrable forests, amidst which the industry of the villagers had cleared an open space of cultivated fields. To judge by the fertility of the soil and abundance of the harvests, the peasantry should have been rich and prosperous,—a position, however, which was strangely

belied by their dress and general appearance, which in all respects bespoke the deepest poverty. Slavery and despotism had borne their fruits. The peasant did not labour for himself; all belonged to his feudal lord; and he thought himself fortunate, if, after payment of all exactions, he could, by unremitting exertion, secure for himself even the barest maintenance.

At some little distance from the castle was an open space, round which stood a few houses of stone, built somewhat closer together than the rest; in the middle rose a tall stone pillar, to which was attached a chain with an iron collar, in fact, a kind of pillory, which betokened the criminal jurisdiction possessed by the lord. On one side was a small chapel, the wall of its chancel and encroaching a few paces upon the square. Adjoining the chapel stood a tolerably lofty house, the only place of public entertainment which the village boasted. A stone image of St. Martin above the door served for a sign; but so rudely chiselled, that its representation of a human figure might be regarded as purely conventional. The whole ground floor was occupied by a single apartment, one end of which was almost entirely taken up by a projecting fire-place, so disproportionately large, that it left only a recess at either end, in the middle of which were herbs and roots. The other walls were white washed, and hung all over with various cooking-tensils in wood and pewter; a halibut, and several large knives in leathern sheaths, occupied a place apart. The whole aspect of the place was gloomy to the extreme. The rafters overhead were black with smoke, and a perpetual twilight reigned even when, as now, the sun shone brightly without; for but few of his rays were admitted by the small panes of the windows, which, moreover, were raised high seven feet above the floor. Some heavy wooden seats and still heavier chairs completed the furnishing of the room.

The hostess ran hither and thither, hastily waiting upon her guests, who, at the time, happened to be unusually numerous. Flagon and breaker were their round incessantly, and the merriment of the revellers blended into one confused hubbub of voices, in which not one intelligible word could be distinguished. It was easy enough, however, to perceive that the result was a not perfectly homogeneous, and that two distinct and different tongues combined together to produce it. From about the fire place might be heard the manly and vigorous tones of the Flemish, while in the more polished and softer accents which sounded from the body of the apartment might be recognized the language of France. Among those who spoke in the foreign tongue, and belonged to the garrison of the castle, the principal leader was one Leroux, at least such he seemed to be, by the authoritative tone in which he spoke, and the air of superiority which he assumed. He was, however, but a simple man at arms, like the rest; it was only his extraordinary strength and lofty stature, and his readiness to profit by those advantages, which had procured him this kind of pre-eminence among his fellows.

While the Frenchmen were thus lastly addressing themselves to the flagons, and merry jests and jovial shouts went freely round, another soldier of the garrison entered the room.

"Good news, comrades!" said he; "we shall soon be out of this cursed Flanders. I trust before to-morrow is over we shall see our own pleasant land of France again!"

At this, every man was instantly on the alert, and looked the new-comer in the face with an expression of mingled doubt and inquiry.

"Yes," he went on; "to-morrow we set off for France, with the lady that paid us a visit at such an out of the way time last night."

"Is that so, indeed?" asked Leroux. "Nothing more certain; Messire de St. Pol has sent me to desire you to be in readiness."

"I do not doubt you for you are always a bringer of bad news."

"Why, what now? are you not then glad of the news? and don't you want to get back to France again?"

"No, not a bit of it! Here we are enjoying the fruits of victory, and for my part I don't want to leave the feast so early."

"Well, you needn't be so put out about it; 'tis only for a few days; we shall soon be back."

Just as Leroux was about to reply the door opened, and a Fleming entered, who, with a bold and careless glance at the French soldiers, sat down at a table by himself, and called out:

"Now, host! a stoup of beer. Quick, I'm in haste!"

"Anon, anon! I'm coming, Master Breydel!"

"He's a fine fellow, that Fleming!" whispered to Leroux the soldier who was sitting next him. "He's not so tall as you; but what a build! and what a voice too! He's no peasant that!"

"He is a fine fellow, indeed," answered Leroux; "he has eyes like a lion. I like him."

"Host!" cried Breydel again, rising, "what are you about all this while? my throat is as dry as a smoked herring!"

"Tell me, Fleming," asked Leroux; addressing him "can you speak French?"

"I'm sorry to say I can," answered Breydel in that language.

"Well, then, as I see that you're impatient and thirsty, accept a drink from me, till your own comes. Here, and good luck to you!"

The Fleming took the proffered cup with a motion of thanks, saying, as he raised it to his mouth:

"Health and long life to you!" But hardly had a few drops of its contents passed his lips, when he hastily set it down again upon the table with an ill-suppressed look of disgust.

"What's that? why the noble liquor frightens you! Ah! you Flemings are not used to it," cried Leroux, laughing.

"It's French wine!" answered Breydel, with careless indifference, as though his aversion had been a more natural distaste.

The soldiers looked at one another, and a movement of displeasure contracted Leroux's brow. Nevertheless, Breydel's manner and countenance gave so little appearance of intention to his words, that nothing was said, and the Fleming returned quietly to his table, where the beer he had called for stood ready for him, and resumed his seat, taking no further notice of the French party.

"Now, comrades," cried Leroux, raising his beaker, "one draught more, that we may not go away with dry throats; here's to the health of this Flemish fair one, and may the devil fly away with her!"

At this toast Jan had some trouble to contain himself; but with an effort succeeded, and Leroux went on:

"If only by good luck all keeps quiet while we're gone! These rascally citizens are getting more than half disposed to rebel, and there may be an outbreak any day. A pretty take in it would be for us, if the others are at the plundering of Bruges while we are out of the way! We should have to thank this jade for it!"

Again Breydel's blood began to boil; but he remembered his promise and held his peace, listening, however, the more attentively as the Frenchman resumed:

"I should like to know who she is. I suppose she's the wife of one of the rebel nobles, and going to waste one with the others, they've got safe hold of her. Yes, yes! she'll not spend

her time very pleasantly in France, depend upon it!"

Jan, meanwhile, felt that if he was to hold his peace he must bad some vent for his feelings; accordingly he rose from his seat, and paced up and down at the farther end of the apartment, humming over in a low voice a Flemish popular song of the day:

"The noble Lion! Mark him ramping so proudly on his golden shield! Mark well his claws, his giant weapons, That rear the foe's spirit and shield! Behold his eyes, for battle flashing! Behold his mane, how wild it flies! That Lion is our Flemish Lion, That crouching still the foe defies."

The French soldiers looked at one another in astonishment. "Hark!" said one of them; "that is one of the Claward songs; and the insolent Fleming dares to sing it in our presence!"

"These words Jan Breydel heard plainly enough; but he took no notice of them, and went on with his tune. He even raised his voice somewhat, as though in defiance of the Frenchmen:

"He showed his claws in Eastern regions, And trembled at the Eastern heat, Before his keen eye paled the Crescent, The Saracen forced his bow to bend, Returning to the West, his children He quivered for their deeds of fame; He saved and hid from Baldwin, A royal and imperial name."

"Tell me, what is the meaning of that song they always have in their mouths?" inquired Leroux of a Fleming belonging to the castle, who was sitting by him.

"Well, the meaning of it is, that the Black Lion clawed the Saracens and their Crescent right handsomely, and made Count Baldwin Emperor of Constantinople."

"But I say, Fleming," cried Leroux to Breydel, "you must acknowledge that your terrible black lion has had to tarry till before King Philip's lilies; and now, I suspect, he's dead, for good and all."

Master Jan smiled contemptuously. "There's another verse to the song," he said; "listen!"

"He slumbers now; the Gallic Philip Can his fine lines with chains oppress, While robber-bands of foreign hirelings, The Lion's tattered banner possess. But when he wakes—O, then, ye robbers, Then shall ye feel the Lion's claw! Then shall in mud and blood your Lily Lie low beneath his mighty paw!"

There! now ask what that means!"

"The sense of the verse was explained to Leroux, who immediately rose, thrust his seat hastily back, filled his drinking-cup to the brim, and exclaimed:

"Call me a coward my life long, if I don't break your neck, if you speak another word!"

"What, you think I am to be silenced by you?" answered Breydel, with a scornful laugh. "Not by all the lilies of you unbung; and to show you—here's to the Black Lion! and a fig for the French!"

"Comrades!" cried Leroux, trembling with rage, "leave this Flemish dog to me! he shall die by my hand!" And advancing towards Breydel, he shouted at him: "You lie! the Lily forever!"

"Liar yours! and the Black Lion forever!" retorted Breydel.

"Come on!" pursued the Frenchman. "You are strong enough; but I will show you that it is another Lion than yours that must tread down the Lily! Come on, and to the death!"

"With all my heart, and the sooner the better. It's a real pleasure to me to have to do with a brave enemy; it's worth all the trouble!"

"No sooner were the words uttered than they left the house, and straight-way proceeded to seek out a convenient place for the encounter. This was soon found, and stripping a few paces apart, the two adversaries made their preparations for the fight. Breydel first took his knife from his girdle and threw it from him, then stripped up his sleeves to his shoulders, laying bare his sinewy arms, the sight of which struck with amazement the soldiers who were standing by. Leroux, too, threw from him

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justice and glorious body, forever free from pain or loss?

Why, too, should we not meet again, and talk again and abide in holy love forever? What, after all, is death but a curtain behind which our friends are waiting for us to come? We part here, while living; one goes to Alaska, another to Australia; the seas, the rivers, the oceans divide us but love abides. Well, the river of death may separate us, the unknown paths of another world than this may be trodden by those we love; but as on earth we write, we pray, we love, though absent by many miles from one another, so we may pray and love, and meet in God, though sundered by death's power.

"One never loses," said St. Augustine, "one never loses those whom one loves in Him whom we can never lose." The Lord watches over all of us. That child, that parent, that friend, whom He takes from us, shall we grudge them to Him Who loves them best? Shall we act as though all was lost, and life was blasted, because one we love has gone to Him Who should be our first and truest love? By and by, it will be "face to face" for us; not face to face with God only but with all who are His own.—Sacred Heart Review.

Sometimes it so happens that both the imagination and the reason seem to be paralyzed, so that after faithfully trying to go on with our meditation for a little while, the soul finds itself so dull and stupid as to be unable to imagine or reason upon anything. Let her not be discouraged. Let her make simple acts of the will, however hard they may seem to be.

Why, then, should it even appear to us strange, let alone incredible, that our bodies shall rise again? Has the God who gives life to the tiny seed, the frost-bound branches the snow-clad earth, less power to raise the dead, and to make of that clay-cold body a man-

THE EVANGELINE OF REALITY.

The Chicago News World

Everybody knows the story of Evangeline, as told by Longfellow. Many, too, know the story of her people. The famous American poet himself gives us glimpses of their history, but Parkman and Bancroft do better still. There are facts connected with the life of Evangeline which the poet does not give us, and which are more pathetic than the denouement furnished by him. The real is often more tragic than the imaginary, only there is no magician present to throw over it the glamour of poetry and romance. As one who has traversed the ground where Evangeline first saw the light of heaven in the northern harbor of Grand Pré, and who has also stood on the banks of the languid Tche, where the old town of St. Martinville dreams amid the stillness that lies upon "the Eden of Louisiana," perhaps I may claim to speak from knowledge of things seen and heard.

The expulsion of the Acadians of Canada was an act of consummate cruelty and injustice that has no parallel in history. Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers too late saw their children left on land extended their arms in wild entreaties. Evangeline Bellefontaine (whose real name was Emmeline Labiche), just seventeen years of age and the pride of the village, was silhouetted to Gabriel LaJeunesse (Louis Arceveau), the son of Basile LaJeunesse, Longfellow thus describes Evangeline: "Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. Back were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside. Black, yet now softly they gleamed beneath the brows of her mother's death of kind that fed in the meadows. When she looked next she bore to the raptures of a saint. Flashes of home brewed ale, half in south fairer was she when on Sunday morn, with the bell from his turret. Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop. Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessing upon them. Down the long street she passed with her chaplain, wearing her Norman cap and kirtle of blue, and the earrings, times from France, and since, as an heirloom. Handed down from mother to child, though but a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, she solemnly walked with God's benediction upon her. She and Gabriel were carried away on separate ships. The efforts of Evangeline, accompanied by Father Felician (Father Felix Palm), her friend and father confessor, to find the whereabouts of her fiancé, their wanderings from town to town and through the wilderness of Louisiana, is a story that touches the heart as no other ever could.

JOSEPH W. FOWLER.

WHY DOUBT?

THE EARTH ITSELF IS CONSTANTLY FURNISHING PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION.

Why are there any doubters in the resurrection of our bodies from the dead? We look in March on the leafless trees; in May they are alive with leaf and bud and bloom. We put the hard, small seed of corn into the hard, dark ground; that seed springs up into beauty and fragrant life; we grind the wheat in the mill and the flour is made from it, and bread is made from the flour and we eat it and grow strong. All about us, in many ways of our ordinary every-day existence, life comes from death, strength comes from weakness, and we prove, over and over again, the gain that comes through loss.

Why, then, should it even appear to us strange, let alone incredible, that our bodies shall rise again? Has the God who gives life to the tiny seed, the frost-bound branches the snow-clad earth, less power to raise the dead, and to make of that clay-cold body a man-

A WOMAN'S WAY

THE PATHETIC STORY OF A WOMAN WHO LOVED TOO WELL.

With considerable difficulty Lewis Ivers persuaded Annie D. Knox to marry him. If she had loved him less he never would have succeeded. Nor does the fact that she loved him dearly prove that his pleading was unnecessary. There is a type of woman who sets out in life with her mind made up to marriage in the abstract, marriage to almost any one rather than to no one. There is another type whose love annihilates doubt and hesitation, who flies to her lover when he appears like the approved heroine in the last chapter. But there is a third type of which the romancers are less cognizant—the woman who has no desire whatever to marry, and in whom even strong affection does not overcome her repugnance to marrying her identity in one whom she instinctively feels will be her master as well as her lover.

Of the last named was Annie, not from independence nor strong-mindedness, for she was the least self-assertive of beings, but because she was thus by nature bent. Lewis Ivers—all his acquaintance called him Lew—had all the traits that Annie lacked. He was brown-eyed; her eyes were dark blue, as soft as his were flashing. He was full of talk and laughter; she was quiet, and laughed inwardly more often than audibly. He made acquaintances, whom he called friends, wherever he went; she cared for but few, and rarely added a new friend to the old ones, but these few were dear to her, as she to them, beyond the need of naming.

So all the traits that Annie lacked, Lew had. But when one went to turn the statement about, Lew came out less well, for not all the virtues that Annie had, Lew possessed. In the matter of selfishness, for instance, in a capacity for entire devotion, in sweetness of temper and in patience Annie was rich, while Lew—well Lew rarely thought of other people except as accessories, and he was far too jovial abroad to be always amiable at home. While patience is less a virtue in a woman than it is in her husband, "And so they were married," as the story books say, ending at the beginning.

As if to stone for her reluctance to be a wife, Annie became a rapturously happy one. She threw all her single-heartedness into the marriage, and her devotion, into the scale to weigh it on the stiller side of the question as to whether marriage is a success, and marriage, plus these qualities in the bride, could not be a failure. Lew was so pleasant, so droll, so easy going, that housekeeping was a pastime, the most difficult of his tasks light—as first.

Annie surprised herself by learning to laugh at nothing, even by making her own lists as she made her own bread, by singing as she ran out and in and up and down. She had been rather a demure little creature, but she was expanding into liveliness under the inspiration of Lew's merriment. Content had taught her heretofore, now active happiness was arousing her into activity of wit as well as of hands. The first quarter of a year went thus winged like Mercury who brings the messages of the gods. Then the days moved slower; Annie wondered if the domestic cares which had been so easy could be tiring her.

Lew began to go out more—without her, but Annie persuaded herself that she was glad that he could enjoy himself—and she was so happily kept at home! She could not quite persuade herself that she liked to have him find fault with small things when he was with her, and this he did. However, she accomplished the next best diversion—she persuaded herself that she was invariably in the wrong, which comforts a truly womanly woman.

The baby that was born died. Lew was very kind, then. He was attentive to the poor little mother, who barely lived herself, and he told her not to grieve; that if the baby had lived it would have come discordantly into their dust of happiness.

"Ah, you don't mean that, dear! It is good of you, but you don't mean it. I grieve for you, but I am disappointed in the loss of your son. I am more sorry for you than myself, poor Lew!" Annie cried.

"You needn't be then!" Lew doled fervently. "I was ready enough to accept the baby, but I am just as ready to go on without one. Truly, Annie, I can't mourn deeply for a young person whom I did not know. Don't you fret about me little girl? Now when I feared you were going—that was different!"

Annie tried to smile, but it was a wan failure. He was good to try to comfort her, but this was not the way to do it. Rather the heartache for him than to know he was outside her grief. For Lew prided himself on his candor, and his words rang sincerely. They fell on her empty, disappointed heart almost as if some one had struck a blow at the tiny face which had slipped away from her when she had so long counted on pressing it to that empty heart.

Then she instantly reproached herself. A mother was a mother from the first hour's thought of the child—nay, from her childhood, when she held her dolls and planned the names of her future children. But a man was different. Paternity had to be practiced to be perfected. Men were not usually interested profoundly in their offspring until their intelligence dawned; even Annie had discovered that, most of all things, the average man likes to be entertained. So she tried to rest on Lew's expression of the supreme importance of her own life, and as the Mother of mothers hid in her heart the words of her Son, this little mother hid in her heart her longing for the son who would never speak to her.

It was after this, long enough for Annie to seem herself again, while she felt conscious of being altogether another and less strong self, that Lew left into the habit of constant fault-finding. "Did you move that chair? Well, I

his sword and dagger, and so remained totally unarmed when turning to his comrades, he said: "Mind, come what will, let there be fair play! he's a brave fellow, this Fleming!"

"Are you ready?" cried Breydel. "Ready!" was the answer. The word was given, and the combatants advanced upon one another, their heads thrown back, their eyes flashing, their brows knit, their lips and teeth forcibly pressed together; like two furious bulls they roused upon each other.

A heavy blow resounded upon either breast, as of hammer upon an anvil, and both reeled backwards from the shock, which, however, did not inflame their rage the more. A short deep growl mingled with their heavy breathing, and with their arms they seized each other round the body as in a vice of steel. Every limb was strained to the uttermost, every nerve quivered, every muscle was in play; their veins swelled, their eyes became bloodshot, their brows from red grew purple, and from purple livid; but neither could win upon the other by an inch of ground; one would have said their feet were rooted where they stood.

After some time spent in this desperate struggle, the Frenchman suddenly made a step backwards, twined his arms round Breydel's neck, and taking a firm purchase forced the Fleming's head forward and downwards so as in some degree to disturb his balance; then, following up his advantage without the loss of a moment, Leroux made yet another effort with increased energy, and Breydel sank on one knee beneath the overpowering attack.

"The Lion is on his knees already!" cried the French champion, triumphantly, dealing at the same time a blow on the head of the butcher that might have felled an ox, and well nigh laid him prostrate on the ground. But to do this with effect, he had been obliged to release Breydel with one hand, and at the very moment that he was raising his fist to repeat the blow, the latter extricated himself from the single grasp which held him, rose from the ground, and retreated some few paces, looking round upon his adversary with the speed of lightning, he seized him round the body with a hug like that of a forest bear, so that every rib cracked again. The Frenchman, in his turn, wound his limbs about his foe with a terrible vigor, strengthened by practice and directed by skill, so that the Fleming felt his knees bend beneath him, and again they nearly touched the ground.

An unwonted sensation stole into Breydel's heart, as though for the first time in his life it had begun to fail him. The thought was mad and; but, even like madness, it gave him strength; suddenly losing his hold, and again reeling, he fell on his back; with a long cry he felt heavily to the earth, and all was over.

"Now you feel the Lion's claws!" cried Breydel. The soldiers who had been witnesses of the conflict had indeed encouraged the French champion by their shouts; but had rigorously abstained from any further interference. They now crowded about their dying comrade, and raised him in their arms; while Breydel, with slow and deliberate steps, retired from the ground, and made his way back to the room where the quarrel had begun. Here he called for another stoup of beer, which he hastily and repeatedly drank to quench his burning thirst.

He had now been sitting there some time, and was beginning to recover himself from the fatigue of the combat, when the door opened behind him; and before he could turn his head, he was seized by four pair of powerful hands, and roughly thrown upon the ground, while in a moment after the room was filled by armed soldiers. For some time he maintained a fruitless struggle against numbers; but at last, exhausted with this new conflict, he ceased to resist, and lay still, regarding the Frenchman with one of those terrible looks that precede a death blow given or received. Not a few of the soldiers looked on the Fleming, as he lay, with hearts ill at ease, and secretly and threateningly did his flaming eyes glare upon them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EFFECTS OF IRRELIGION.

According to the [Rome] correspondent of the London Morning Post, there were no fewer than five thousand suicides in Rome last year. An Italian paper supplements this by saying that 75 per cent. of those suicides were boys and girls under twenty years of age. The explanation offered for this shocking state of affairs is that the horribly obscene and blasphemous papers and pamphlets which an anti-Papal government and an anti-Christian municipality allows to be freely circulated have corrupted the Roman youth to such an extent that they are worn out with vice before they reach manhood, and are lying in no hereafter, they seek relief in death.

Commenting on the above shocking results of war on religion, the Lamp (Anglican) says: "Several months ago we quoted from official documents to show that similar results were taking place in France owing to the same causes. 'Our houses of correction are gorged with boys and girls,' the young criminals spring up like weeds between the cracks of the pavement; 'our prisons are crowded and too small; and yet certain of our leading Church periodicals continue to show very plainly that they have more sympathy with the anti-Christian governments of Italy and France than they entertain for the Roman curia and the Holy Father of Christendom. If only our Protestantism would commit

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1908.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1908.

UNIVERSITY HISTORY.

In the University of Toronto there is teaching against which we respectfully and earnestly protest. We allude most especially to one of the professors or lecturers connected with medieval and modern history. It was only the other day that the case was mentioned to us, or we should have referred to it before.

In regard to the historical point itself, viz., the life of Pope Alexander VI., a quotation from Brownson is, unless we go too far, the most appropriate we can present: "We do not pretend that the Popes are personally impeccable nor that every Pope has been a

saint; but we have yet to see full evidence that any one of them during his pontificate has been a very bad man. Nearly all we read against some few of them is mere calumny, invented by men whose projects they had thwarted, or by party, political or sectarian spite and vindictiveness.

ANSWERS.

Our first correspondent wishes to know the name of the Pope who corrected the calendar. Our year was first corrected, in a limited way, by Julius Caesar. He added a day to every fourth year, known as leap year.

Our second correspondent sends us an extract taken from The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer, touching the origin of the supposed custom of ladies proposing in leap year. We went into this question about two or three months ago.

Another correspondent wishes to know whether there is a general rule governing the appointments, duties and privileges of church wardens.

IV. Really our friends are under the impression we are at examination. Here are five questions, enough to give a man a degree. (1) Give one text (from the Donay) mentioning Purgatory.

(2) One command to invoke the saints. We respectfully hope our examiner is not setting any catch question. A command may be either formal or implied.

(3) One single instance where a sinner ever confessed his sins to an apostle with an apostle's approbation. We do not like the way that question is put.

(4) One single command to deny the cup to the laity. Our examiner need not pride himself, because we freely admit that the New Testament contains no command upon the subject.

(5) What does the priest break when he breaks the consecrated wafer? Our examiner is very inconsiderate in the language he employs, unnecessarily and inexcusably discourteous.

Everything in prayer should be done with the greatest calmness, stillness, peace and tranquillity possible. The loss of that interior calmness, that recollection, distracts the attention, and hinders the workings of the Holy Spirit.

the receiver, nor broken, nor divided: He is taken whole. And when the Sacrament is broken, waver not! remember that there is as much under each fragment as is hid under the whole.

A NEW ANGLICAN HYMN BOOK

The Anglicans are scarcely ever free from trouble. Either Rome is whispering through the cracks in the fence or else Evangelicalism is on the other side leading away others.

We have received a note from an esteemed correspondent asking us to write a small article upon Marion Crawford. Any criticism we might be inclined to make would be from a religious standpoint.

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THE QUEBEC CELEBRATION.

One of our most prominent and respected subscribers has written us in regard to the coming celebration in the ancient capital, commemorative of its foundation. He wishes to know if it is intended to have a representative from the French Government invited to be present during the festivities.

Since writing the above we have received a communication on this subject from a distinguished Catholic residing in the city of Quebec.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

Announcement has been made of the appointment of Hon. F. R. Latchford, K. C., Ottawa, Commissioner of Public Works and afterwards Attorney General in the Ross Government, from 1899 to 1905, to the Ontario High Court Bench.

the country. May he be given length of years to enjoy his new and richly deserved honor.

A TYPE OF THE FALLEN SET.

American papers tell us that one Maloney, of Philadelphia, who has planned to his name a marketable title picked up in some European curiosity shop, thinks there will be no difficulty in the way of his daughter's contracting a second marriage while her first husband is living.

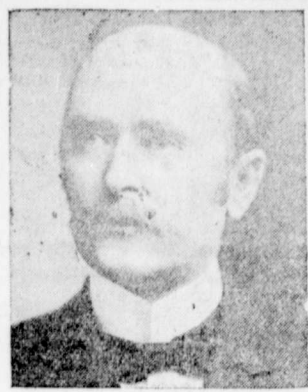
A BAD HABIT.

The average man about town, young and old, who feels he should have a glass of whiskey or a glass of beer, looks about him to find an acquaintance whom he would wish to invite into the bar-room to partake of his hospitality.

There are no sufferings which sympathy may not make lighter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE QUEBEC CELEBRATION.

Mr. Fisher, - All Canada is interested in the Quebec celebration, and in a few months many distinguished visitors will be received in a becoming manner by the Church and civic authorities.



Hon. F. R. LATCHFORD. Lately appointed Judge of the High Court of Ontario.

The only circumstance that will make a few things about freedom and religion and charity that would be useful and beneficial to the government he represents.

An Old Subscriber. Quebec, May 7, 1908.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

So prevalent and so persistent has been the disdainful attitude of non-Catholics towards the use, by the faithful, of the Rosary, of prayer beads, and the use of them in the recitation of prayer, that it is somewhat surprising to note the readiness with which the average convert adopts them, and thereafter clings to them.

I have observed that in many cities there are Catholic hospitals, and I have heard it hinted that they are erected for the purpose of gaining proselytes.

Let us imagine a foreigner coming to-day to New York, from Germany, Switzerland or sunny Italy. As he walks through the streets of your city he feels that he is in a strange land, a stranger to your country, to your institutions and even to your language.

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EXODUS TO ROME.

PREDICTION OF AN EPISCOPALIAN MINISTER.

Philadelphia, Penn., April 29. - Rev. Sigourney W. Fay, Jr., canon of St. Paul's Cathedral in Fond du Lac, Wis., former Archbishop in the diocese of Fond du Lac, and at present Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology at the Episcopal Seminary at Nashotah, Wis., when shown the account of the reception into the Catholic Church of Rev. John George Eweas, attributed the change of faith on the part of Mr. Eweas to the passage of Canon 19, which took place last October at the General Conference of the Episcopal Church at Richmond, Virginia.

"One of two things," said Mr. Fay, "is bound to happen. Canon 19 must be repealed for its true interpretation must be fixed by the Bishops, or there will be a disruption in the very midst of the Episcopal Church and a secession to the Church of Rome larger than any since 1845, when Cardinal Newman and a number of distinguished clergy men of the Anglican Church were received into the Catholic Church in England. All through the Episcopal Church in the West, from where I have just come, as well as in the East, there is widespread dissatisfaction and unrest which is increasing every day."

When asked if he thought the crisis would take place soon he answered: "I should say within a year or six months, as no man can live in such a state of uncertainty."

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.

SERMON BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

At one of the functions of the great celebration in New York, Cardinal Gibbons delivered the sermon of the day. He ably reviewed the history of the diocese and paid a splendid and deserved tribute to the immigrants, particularly the Irish, who have made possible the amazing development of the Church in this country.

"The most impressive sermon ever preached in this church," said the Cardinal, "is delivered by the Cathedral itself. It is a sermon in marble. It preaches the silent but eloquent language to the immigrant daily arriving at your harbor."

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"A word in conclusion to you, my brethren, who are the heirs of the faith of your fathers. It is your sacred mission to see to it that the glorious prophecy of Isaiah will be amply fulfilled and that the twentieth century will emulate the century that has closed by the growth and expansion of the Church of Christ. This result you will accomplish by co-operating with your Bishops and clergy in promoting every good work undertaken in the cause of religion and humanity."

"Take an active, loyal, personal interest in all that concerns the temporal and spiritual welfare of your beloved country. No man should be a drone in the social beehive. No one should be an indifferent spectator of the social, economic and political events occurring around him. As you all enjoy the protection of a strong and enlightened Government, so should each man have a share in sustaining the burden of the commonwealth."

THE CONFESSIONAL VIEWED THROUGH OTHER EYES.

NON-CATHOLIC TESTIMONY CONCERNING THE NATURAL BENEFICENCE OF THE TRIBUNAL OF Penance.

An institution so essentially Catholic as the tribunal of penance has not, of course, met with universal favor on the part of those whose very religious origin is in protest against things Catholic. Yet, in this case at least it would be untrue and unjust to charge all Protestants or all non-Catholics with uncompromising hostility or with failure to appreciate or unwillingness to acknowledge the great utility and convenience of the practice of confession. True, a little apart now and then is moved with righteous indignation at the thought of the un holy practice, froths at the mouth in public and betrays a bent of mind towards the unclean. But there is evidence a plenty that his views are not shared by the sane and healthy minded portion of his flock. So if there were a man such, the name and testimony of the great Leibnitz alone would more than suffice to rule them out of court.

Leibnitz, undoubtedly the greatest Protestant philosopher of modern times, speaks thus: "It cannot be denied that the whole institution of confession is worthy of the divine wisdom and, indeed, if there is anything beautiful and praiseworthy in the Christian religion, it is certainly this institution which was adopted even by the Chinese and Japanese. For the necessity of confession offers many from sin, especially those who are not yet thoroughly hardened, and it vouchsafes great consolation to the fallen. So that I believe a pious, earnest and prudent confessor to be a great instrument of God for the salvation of souls. His advice is useful for the regulation of the passions, for the warning against crime, for the avoiding of the occasions of sin, for the restoration of stolen goods, for the reparation of damage, for the elevation of the depressed mind, finally for the extirpation of mitigation of all the ills of the soul. And if on earth there be hardly anything more precious than to possess a true friend, how much more important will such a one be for us when he, by the invaluable sanctity of a divine sacrament, is bound to be ever faithful and to administer help."

Another distinguished Protestant layman, in a discourse on prejudice against the Catholic Church, writes as follows: "Who can deny that millions of Christians have derived from this institution (confession) the impulse to a change of life for the better, consolation and peace of the soul, the aid of a humane leader, have been brought back to the road of salvation, from which they had been removed by their frivolity and passion? What the most powerful public sermons would not bring about has frequently been effected by private admonitions. The celebrated Dean Liddon wrote from Christ Church, Oxford, to a friend in 1883: "I have myself used confession whenever I have needed it ever since 1847, and have never regretted it. I think it braces the soul as nothing else does. * * * It helps us, if we will, to repent and make a great moral effort which is not made so easily when we are alone." And to the extent of a very testimony from a champion of religions thought outside the Catholic Church we might add that of another staunch Protestant, Naville, the renowned Egyptologist, who thus exclaims: "Who has not cast envious eyes on the tribunal of penance? Who has not longed, in the bitterness of remorse, in the uncertainty of divine pardon, to hear from lips that could speak with the power of Christ. 'Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee?'"

Now listen to Voltaire, that arch-enemy of the Catholic Church, who did so much to overthrow all religion in France. "Confession," says he, "is an excellent thing, a restraint upon inveterate crime, a very good practice to prevent the guilty from abandoning themselves to despair and relapsing into sin; to influence hearts ulcerated by hatred to forgive, robbers to make restitution. The enemies of the Roman Church who have opposed so beneficial an institution have taken from man the greatest restraint that can be put upon crime."

Plato, the sage of ancient Greece acknowledged and proclaimed the necessity of confession, and taught it to his disciples. Such are his remarkable words: "If one has committed an injustice, he should betake himself where he may receive as soon as possible a proper correction; he should hasten to the judge as to a physician, lest the distemper of evil confined within his soul beget a secret corruption that will become incurable. I know of but one way to make philosophy useful, which is to accuse one's self as soon as one has done wrong, not to keep it secret, but to make a clean breast of it so that it may be punished and atoned for. Let him be the first to give testimony against himself." As for Plutarch, the fathers themselves never offered a finer apology of the

Catholic sacraments: "Beware of concealing thy life even when it is evil; rather make it known, so as to recover thy health and correct thy faults. Ye who advise concealment have a care to whom this advice is given. Is it to a vicious, ignorant or foolish man? It is as though you said to a sick person, 'Whatever is thine ailment, mind will not mention it to thy physician, so that no one may know that thou art sick. As for those who deny their faults, who hide or disguise them, they simply succeed in plunging themselves deeper in the mire.'"

Such testimony, and much more that might be adduced, goes to prove, better than any reasoning could do, the natural beneficence of confession of sins as it is practiced with us in the sacrament of penance. Those men of acknowledged superior wisdom had either no love for or no knowledge of the Catholic Church; they uttered from the depths of their sincerity the fruit of their unbiased judgment. Their words mean much, and confirm strikingly what we know to be true, that God in His Church deals with humanity.

COMING BEATIFICATION OF VENERABLE MOTHER BARAT.

AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE TO ROME FOR CEREMONY OF MAY 21.

In honor of the coming beatification of the founder of her order, Venerable Madeleine Sophie Barat, the Religieuses of the Sacred Heart, Arch street, will have a Pontifical Mass in their chapel on Monday, May 25, of which Bishop Pendergast will be celebrant.

The ceremony of beatification will take place in the Vatican on May 24, and will be attended by representatives of the order from all parts of the world. Mother Pardo, superioress of the Arch street convent, together with superioresses of other houses in this country, took passage Wednesday, 6th inst., on the Madonna of the Fable Line from New York. Accompanying them are Mrs. Nancy Bakewell Monroe, of De Soto, Mo., and other lay Catholics. Mrs. Monroe will figure conspicuously in the ceremonies at Rome, because she is one of three persons upon whom miracles were performed through the intercession of Venerable Mother Barat. She will be accompanied by one of her daughters. Besides these, many other Catholics are now journeying toward Rome, and pilgrimages will be made from all parts of Europe for the occasion.

The beatification will take place on the forty-third anniversary of Mother Barat's death, which occurred in Paris in 1865. She was born in Joligny, Burgundy, December 12, 1779.

Soon after her death the long process of proving her saintly life and character was begun. In 1879 she was declared Venerable and the process of beatification introduced. After this stage has been completed she may be spoken of as Blessed, and may be mentioned in the prayers of the devout. The next stage will be her canonization. This final step in establishing the Venerable Mother's ultra human character and virtues probably will not take place for several years - Philadelphia Catholic Standard Times.

RECTOR AND AIDS MAY TURN TO ROME.

SON OF THE LATE DR. LOBBELL OF THIS CITY AND OTHERS, OPPOSING OPEN PULPIT EJECT, RESIGN.

New York, May 4 - A dispatch to the Herald from Philadelphia, says: "Failing in his efforts to have the Protestant Episcopal church evoked the aid of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and which permits clergy men of other denominations to, at stated times, occupy the pulpit in Episcopal churches, the Rev. William McGarvey, rector of the St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal church has tendered his resignation as rector of that parish."

At a special meeting of the vestry held after the morning services yesterday the resignation was accepted, as was that also of Samuel P. Woodward, the chief warden of the church, who was in thorough sympathy with the rector.

Dr. McGarvey's resignation means that the church will lose his services; but that with him will go the three curates, appointees of the rector. All of them take the same stand upon the open pulpit question as does the rector.

It was stated that Dr. McGarvey with his assistants, will make a formal application to join the Roman Catholic Church, although last night the

ALMOST GIVEN UP

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrews Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glangary - and Tax Collector for Charlottetown - for fourteen years continuously. Read how strongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th, 1907.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvelous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives."

I was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." The medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.

Sgd JAMES DINGWALL.

"Fruit-a-tives" - or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box - 6 for \$2.50 - or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

rector refused to positively confirm this, preferring to state only that he intended to take a long rest.

Recently with a number of other prominent high churchmen, Dr. McGarvey held a conference in New York and at that time a plan was proposed by which these dissatisfied clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church would ask that they be permitted to conduct services in the English language and yet be admitted to the Catholic Church.

Dr. McGarvey is superior of the religious order known as the Companions of the Holy Savior, and the headquarters of this order is at St. Elizabeth's Church. Where its future home will be is not yet definitely decided.

In a sermon preached at the evening prayer service last night, the retiring rector severely condemned the open pulpit doctrine and said that in allowing the men who had not been ordained according to the methods prescribed by the canons of the church, the gospels had been tampered with.

"When we see men who have not been ordained according to the directions of our Saviour," continued the rector, "allowed to enter the pulpits of our church, our hearts are filled with sorrow. It is a betrayal of Christ. Woe, woe to the church that permits it."

The clergyman who will depart from the parish with Dr. McGarvey are Mr. L. Cowl, who was the retiring rector's predecessor as head of the parish; the Rev. W. L. Hayward, who has been connected with the church for fourteen years, and the Rev. F. D. Lobdell.

Good Example

The apostolate of good example senses a power greater than we can conceive. If Catholics could only see the value of good example, many of them would lead different lives. The Washington Catholic says that some years ago there was in St. Albans a young man, the general manager of a firm, who was a clerk in the Post-office Department. After he went into the general Post-office, he was a clerk in the Post-office Department. After he went into the general Post-office, he was a clerk in the Post-office Department.

Advertisement for ROLLED GOLD SPECTACLES. Features a woman wearing glasses and text: 'Ten Karat ROLLED GOLD SPECTACLES GIVEN AWAY'. Includes details about a contest where writing names and addresses can win a pair of spectacles.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

SUPERSTITION.

"Thou shalt not have strange gods before me." (Exod. xx. 2.)

There are some sinful practices forbidden in these words which it is well to consider to-day, beside fortune-telling and the observing of dreams and omens. These are the use of charms, and the consulting of spirits, or seeking of the truth from the dead.

First, then, with regard to charms, amulets, and the like, Christians are unfortunately to be found, even at the present day, who use in superstitious way, and it may be for sinful purposes, things which can have no natural power to accomplish the end desired, but must derive any efficacy which they can be supposed to have from the devil, whose aid is therefore implicitly invoked by those who possess such things. Let every one, then, understand that the use of these charms and amulets, though it might be even for a good object, as the preservation of one's life is a great sin, and will bring a curse instead of a blessing on any one who perseveres in it. If any one, then, has any such object which he has been told will keep him from danger, give him success in his undertakings, or anything of that kind, let him cast it aside or burn it up without delay. Doubtful, of course, is it to keep or use such objects with the hope of working harm to others, or of exciting evil passions in them; and the sin will in no case be avoided by the absurd character of the things employed in this way.

"But how," it may be asked, "about holy things, such as relics, medals, Agnus Dei, gospels, scapulars, and the like? Surely you would not call it superstitious or sinful in any way to keep or wear such things as these, or to think that they might do us some good, not only spiritually but even in the temporal order?" No, you are right about this. It is not sinful even to ask for miracles by the aid of things like those, which are either sacred by their nature, or by the blessing of the Church. And the reason why it is not sinful is very plain. It is because God is invoked by means of them, and that any favors which are obtained by them will be for His honor and glory. Still that this should be so, they must be used with piety and devotion. To wear a scapular, for instance, simply as a sort of charm, without any desire or intention of honoring the Blessed Virgin by it, or to invoke her aid to escape from sin, would be not only useless but highly displeasing to her Divine Son. Almost every one feels this; few dare to profane holy objects of this kind by such use of them; those who have really given themselves up to the devil seldom try to protect themselves in his service by such means.

Well now, to pass to the other subject, that of consulting spirits, or seeking, as the Jewish law has it, the truth from the dead. You see it is no new thing, this spiritism, though the rapping and table-tipping business is rather a new form of it in these days.

It has been and is still very common among us though it may be losing ground somewhat lately. But I do not think that Catholics have at any time been much interested in it compared with some other people. With regard to the next life, we have our faith to instruct us and are not inclined so much as others to ask the spirit-rappers to give us information. But still many Catholics have gone to their meetings, and would have little scruple in going now, just as they say, from curiosity. They think there is nothing in it; that it is only a more or less clever piece of jugglery. Now, in this they should understand that they are likely to be greatly mistaken. Jugglery and trickery it is sometimes, no doubt; but there is the gravest reason to suspect that in many cases the spirits actually have a hand in the matter. Not, it is true, the spirits of the departed who are invoked, but evil and lying spirits who personate them, and wish by information seeming to come from them to weaken or destroy our belief in the truth of revelation. It is, then, no joking matter, but a very serious and dangerous one to put one's self in the power and under the influence of these spirits from hell; and this is what one who goes to these spiritual seances, as they are called, may probably do. Remember, then, to have nothing to do with them if you value your immortal soul.

A SERMON BY FATHER BENSON.

The attraction of Father Robert Hugh Benson's preaching at the Carmelite Church, Kensington, at the High Mass on Sunday, March 22, brought so large a crowd to hear him that there was not an inch of space left vacant. The subject itself, in its general terms has excited curiosity, and the treatment of it touches some of the thoughts that engage and sometimes disturb the minds of thinking people within and without the pale of the Church. "The paradoxes of the Catholic Church" are presented to the mind as they have proved being in every age to those who do not understand, either at all or in due proportion, that the Kingdom of God on earth is both human and divine. The particular illustration on Sunday was developed from the contrasted passages from St. Luke's Gospel: "And I say to you: Make unto you friends of the Mammon of iniquity, that when you shall fall they may receive you into life everlasting dwellings." And, again: "No servant can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will love the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon." After a lengthy recapitulation of the previous Sunday's discourse, the preacher turned to some objections which were frequently directed against the Church, felt by loyal Catholics within, and sometimes felt by loyal Catholics within. The Church was accused of worldliness in its temporal policy and practice, in the riches it accumulated,

pomp of the papal court, the political power it applied to and exercised. All this was quite different, said the accusers of the Church, from the teaching of Our Lord and the example of the Apostles. Compare all the pomp and circumstance, the splendour and power of the Church in modern times with the Church in its first days of simplicity and poverty. Then, again, the Church was accused of being impractical, always looking to the other world, taking no care for this, letting the people in its care drift into poverty, subservience, and material decay, without energy and without resource, instancing such countries as Ireland and Italy and Spain, compared with progressive countries not under its dominion. The Church, said the accusers, ought to care for its people in this world as well as the next, feeding the poor, bettering their material conditions, spreading the blessings of education, and the rest. It was to be observed that these objections and accusations were mutually contradictory. It was the same our Lord's time, St. John the Baptist came as an ascetic, but the people would have none of him. Our Lord came and lived an ordinary human life among the people, and he was called a glutton and a wine-bibber. The answer to both sets of objections was the same—the Church was at once divine and human. It was king-dom, the Kingdom of God, but the Kingdom of God on earth among men. Its mission was to teach men the truth about the next world, the eternal, and to assist them in attaining eternal happiness. It was supernatural. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." It was also human. "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." The Church has ever been in the van in building hospitals, ministering to the wants of the poor, promoting cleanliness and sanitation, diffusing knowledge, all which it had engaged itself in doing when the State had no time or inclination for anything but the pomp and arrogance of brute force and war. Power and pomp and riches had flowed into the Church in its development, and were to some extent necessary for its worldly administration, but from time to time God allowed it in His providence to be stripped of all its possessions, as in England at the Reformation, as in France to-day. The world was jealous of the Church. In poverty or riches it never lost heart. Whether the kings of the earth thought glory to it, or stripped it of its power, it was the same, divine and human, one and the same, in the tabernacles of the poor, or the majestic cathedrals of the rich.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. "FRIENDS WHO FAIL NOT."

Although it is now the second day of April, the snow has been falling all day. Softly and gently it descends, and now Nature's foul deformities are hidden beneath a pure mantle of downy softness. As I gaze from the window, I think that perhaps this may be the last snow-fall of the season, and it seems a sorrowful thing to reverie.

My attention is attracted by the evergreens which bound my view. There they stand! What a welcome sight they have been all winter. They seem to say "You admire me now because there are no other trees around. But in a short time, the other trees of the forest, will put their heads in other directions to greet your fair weather friends."

Now the snow covering my branches, and bringing to your mind as it gently falls, memories of all the blessings this season has bestowed upon you; that it must speak, ere you turn your heads in other directions to greet your fair weather friends. They will be beautiful beyond description, those trees so motionless around me now, when their new dresses arrive. Can I blame you that you turn to them for shelter and refreshment? But where will they be, when the weather is bleak and cold, where do you find a refreshing piece of verdure? Then you will come back to me once again. My old green dress is pretty then. So you forget your winter friends when the summer sun is shining. But come, I will welcome you at any time.

WHAT THE CIVILTA THINKS OF M. LOISY.

If Monsieur Loisy has tears, he may prepare to shed them now, for the Civiltà Catholica (Rome) has come into the world exactly what manner of man he is.

He wishes, says a publicist in the great Roman review, to eat his cake and still have it. No man is more a pantheist as any of the Elocutio schools, and as such an atheist as any of the Encyclopedists. He has not even the courage of his convictions for he attempts to make the Church explain, or at least concur in, doctrines which she has always declared to be antithetical to her teachings.

He is, says the Civiltà reviewer, a writer rather than a preacher, but even of heresy which was far more detrimental to Church interests than even were the theorizations of Renan. For Mr. Loisy there is no Christ as Catholics think of Him, and as all the Christian world reveres Him, but only a man who exceeded all other men that lived in imposing upon the age. He lived in a type of teaching which was lucky enough to survive in more or less modified form.

The Blessed Mother, according to Loisy, forfeits her sacred motherhood when the light of history is thrown upon her case. Our Saviour did not rise from the dead, nor did He found a Church, nor appoint St. Peter to be His Vicar on earth, and as for the sacraments, they were devised with human motives in order to ensnare the human will. The whole scheme of Christianity, according to this unfringed priest, makes for the perpetuation and solidification of the arrogance of an imperious hierarchy. At least, says the reviewer, let Renan be credited with more than ordinary ability, both as a thinker and as a writer. In Loisy we have, however, nothing but the rapid utterings of mediocrity, but, alas, just that type of mediocrity, as to pose and method, which is within the mental scope of weak minds that have failed to grasp the fundamental tenets of the Church's philosophy and theology.

What is the result? Really not brilliant for Loisy, but he has seduced from the allegiance to Catholic Truth a band of young ecclesiastics who are tempted by the "poetry of rebellion" to declare themselves in favor of the new-fangled doctrines. With them it is not so much a matter of believing or not believing as it is their supreme wish to be able to pose before the world as men who are of the "esprit fort" order. The ease with which they allowed themselves to be led away is another argument in favor of strict selection by Bishops and seminary heads, when it is a question as to who shall study Church philosophy, and who shall not.

The inability of these young men to even come within the radius of the intellectual scope of Thomas Aquinas has had the effect of throwing them, in sheer despair and vanity, into the new-fangled theory which would not be half so inviting were it not so specious and so easy of comprehension. The writer ironically talks of "justifying the accommodation of the Church to the world."

Loisy." There was no other, nor could there be any other course open to the Pope. Here was a man who was in reality blaspheming the Church, and yet wished to maintain that he alone held the true teaching of Christ in his doctrinarism. He was going to detrone "old-fashioned Catholicism, and put a scientific God in its stead." He had not even the grace to submit as other Modernists have submitted to the logic of their situation as impossible members of the Church. He is all defiance and all obstinacy, even to the verge of childlikeness and pettishness. He is not only hostile to the Catholic Church, on the evidence of his own peculiar views, but he is anti-Christian in every mood in which his writings show him.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SEEKING TRUTH.

One of the strangest ideas prevalent at the present day is that it is the duty of the human mind to be forever engaged in the pursuit of truth without ever finding it. So long as a man says he is on the search, the world applauds him; as soon as he declares he has found the object of his desires, the world declares that he has lost his love for truth. This peculiar view is happily satirized by that clever epigrammatist, Gilbert K. Chesterton, in the following passage from his book entitled "Heretics":

"The vice of the modern notion of mental progress is that it is always something concerned with the breaking of bonds, the effacing of boundaries, the casting away of dogmas. But if there be such a thing as mental growth it must mean the growth into more and more definite convictions, into more and more dogmas. The human brain is a machine for coming to conclusions: if it cannot come to conclusions it is rusty. When we hear of a man too clever to believe, we are hearing almost the character of a contradiction in terms. It is like hearing of a nail that was too good to hold down a carpenter; or a bolt that was too strong to keep a door shut. Man can hardly be defamed after the fashion of Carlyle, as a animal who makes tools; ants and beavers and many other animals make tools, in the sense that they make an apparatus. Man can be defamed as an animal that makes dogmas. As he piles doctrine on doctrine and conclusion on conclusion in the formation of some tremendous scheme of philosophy or religion, he is, in the only legitimate sense of which the expression is capable, becoming more and more human. When he drops one doctrine after another in a relaxed scepticism, when he declines to tie himself to a system, when he says that he has out-grown definitions, when he says that he disbelieves in finality, when in his own imagination he sits as God, holding no form or creed but contemplating all that he is by that very process sinking slowly backwards into the vagueness of the vagrant animals and the unconsciousness of the grass. Trees have no dogmas. Turnips are slightly broad-minded."—The Gasket.

"OUT OF EVIL COMETH GOOD"

Presiding at the Holy Name, Manchester, England, recently, Father Nash asked the prayers of all for the victims of the crime at Lisbon. He added: "Out of evil cometh good. Our own King, God bless him! has honored the memory of the illustrious dead by assisting at the Requiem Mass. Such a thing has not been known in England since the disastrous days of James II. And so another landmark has been reached, another step gained, another page rolled back of the tear-stained history of the Church in England. That such a thing was done yesterday, with full knowledge of the inevitable outbreaks of Protestant fanaticism that must ensue, gives at once the true measure of the dying down of insane bigotry and the greatest possible reminder to the blasphemous falsehoods of the unhappy oath of accession. We know now how much that wretched declaration is worth in the judgment of the person most concerned, and most competent to judge."

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X-RAY TREATMENT A FAILURE

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Advertisement for Catholic Record, London, Canada. "Standard Catholic Literature Father Sheehan's Works: Geoffrey Austin, Triumph of Failure, My New Curate, Luke Delmege, Glenanaar. Father John Talbot Smith's Works: Brother Azarias, A Woman of Culture, Saranac, His Honor the Mayor, The Art of Disappearing. Catholic Record, London, Canada

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Advertisement for "New Century" Washing Machine. "Your Little Girl Can Do The Washing WITH THE 'New Century' Washing Machine. It's far easier than churning or running a sewing machine. No rubbing—no work. Just turn the handle for 3 minutes and the clothes are washed—snowy white. Has a strong wringer stand that allows the water to drain right into the tub. Price delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec—\$35. Our booklet tells how to turn wash day into child's play. Write for free copy. Downsvell Mfg. Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Advertisement for MENEELY & CO. "MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, (West Front), N.Y. The Old Reliable CHURCH, MENEELY Foundry, CHIME, SCHOOL BELLS

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Music and Health.

Musical has a decided influence upon the blood pressure in the arteries, and upon the respiration. We all know how it soothes, refreshes, and rests us when we are tired and worried.

Many nervous diseases have been cured by music, while others have been greatly retarded in their development by it. Anything which keeps the mind of our troubles tends to restore harmony throughout the body.

All the uplifting, encouraging, cheer-provoking emotions, the emotions which create hope and buoyancy of spirits, expectancy of better things—all optimistic emotions—have a decidedly beneficial influence upon the health.

A feeling of uplift, of happiness and well-being, quickens the heart's action, increases the circulation of the blood, and tends to open up all the avenues to health.

Worry, fear, anxiety, jealousy—all the destructive emotions—tend to give a sense of restriction and repression. They inhibit the heart's action rather than accelerate it.

Where these emotions predominate there is a sense of constriction through the whole arterial system; even the internal organs feel the suppression and constriction.

Whatever makes us happy, whether it is a good or useful story, a good joke, or the tonic which comes from success or any unusual achievement, tends to produce health and mental well-being.

All have felt the uplift of a great, unexpected joy, which sent a thrill through the entire being. Every emotion which tends to produce mental harmony lubricates the bearings of the physical machinery and helps promote health.

Whatever makes us happy tends to make us healthy and efficient. But we must not confound happiness with that which gives temporary physical pleasure, but which is followed by fatal depressing reaction.

That can only be called real happiness which is lasting, which promotes permanent well-being.

We have all felt the refreshing, uplifting influence when physically worn out and discouraged after a nerve-racking day's work, on returning home we found some unexpected joy awaiting us—perhaps in the arrival of an old friend or friend whom we had not seen for a long time, and whose genial presence made us forget completely our troubles and weariness.

Common; horribly common—you know that girls. Nothing can make us more common, more inferior, more to be disregarded and despised. If you can say no good, then determine that you will at least say no evil.

You are perhaps out for the evening and your young companions being of the "common" caliber, some of them may indulge in a few choice crumbs of gossip "What an I do then?" you say. "I cannot put a long face on and preach to them a sermon on the fifth commandment—do not murder."

By your manner, however—a deaf, listless, "faraway" manner invariably "side-tracks" the gossip—you can do wonders. Remember that it requires more than one to take part in conversation, and even the gossip finds no pleasure in talking to herself.

Give her plainly to understand, and do not be afraid to do so, that you are a lady and not a common scandal-monger. She will admire you secretly and perhaps can never get a start for himself, but must always work for somebody else; when I see him standing unconquerable obstacles everywhere, when he tells me that he could do this or that if he could only get a start, if somebody would help him, I know there is very poor success material in him; that he is not made of the stuff that rises. He acknowledges that he is not equal to the emergencies which confront him. He confesses his weakness, his inability to cope with obstacles which others surmount. When a man tells that luck is against him, that he cannot see any way of doing what he would like to do, he admits that he is not master of the situation, that he must give way to opposition because he is not big enough or strong enough to surmount it. He probably hasn't time enough in his backbone to hold a straw erect. There is a weakness in the man who always sees a lion in the way of what he wants to do, whose determination is not strong enough to overcome the obstacle. He has not the inclination to buckle down to solid, hard work. He wants success, but he does not want it badly enough to pay the price. The desire to drift along, to take things easy, to have a good time, overbalances ambition. Obstacles will look large or small to you according to whether you are large or small. People who have a tendency to magnify difficulties lack the stamina and grit necessary to win. They are not willing to sacrifice a little comfort and pleasure. They see so much hardship in working their own way through college or starting in business without capital that they do neither. These people always look for somebody to help them, to give them a boost.

Character. Character is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths beaten hard by the multitude of light footsteps which go to and fro. The daily restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of life, creates the character, which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny. Men forget what life is for. Their consciousness takes in only the flimsy, transient, passing show. They forget that experience is the only important factor. That character is worth more than all else the world can possibly yield—the very object of all materials, of all circumstances.—Our Young People.

So, if your tranquillity in prayer is disturbed, you must endeavor by all means to restore it before you go further, even though the whole time of your prayer be occupied in doing this.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A TALK TO THE GIRLS.

AVOID IDLE GOSSIP, AND DO ALL YOU CAN TO DISCOURAGE IT.

It is pre-eminently and peculiarly a fault of girls from their earliest childhood to lead themselves to gossip and "small talk," says Mary J. O'Brien in the Christian Family.

So much so is this the case that one cannot pick up an almanac or a "funny paper" without seeing this feminine failing made the basis of all sorts of weak jokes and silly pert epigrams at the expense of girls and women. The universal world seems to accept it as a foregone conclusion that all girls are gossips.

Let us now consider carefully whether we belong to the rule or the exception. If we are of the latter then this article for us is needless, but if of the former then pause and contemplate closely the sin of gossip in its different aspects.

First, what does gossip betray? An empty, small and oftentimes vicious and spiteful mind and surely always a thoughtless one. This is an injustice, girls, an injustice done by you yourselves to that generous, kind and unselfish girlhood that is the birthright of every one of you. How can a flower grow if it be choked with the city grime which hides it from its life giving sun?

How can your womanhood grow if you choke and stifle it with small, mean tongues?

I once knew a girl who became to me, a living example of the self-betraying, degrading effect of gossip.

On first acquaintance she seemed all that could be desired, a true, charming lady who could talk fascinatingly and brightly of all the delightful things of life—music, art, literature were absorbing themes, in which she was brilliantly versed. But as acquaintance passed into familiarity she dropped her pretty mask.

Having once gained interest and attention by brilliancy and wit and seeming charm, she relaxed and—oh! what a fall! relapsed into the smallest and pettiest of gossips. With the first ill-natured remark that fell from her lips she was transformed from the ideal girl "who speaketh no evil," to that common, everyday, narrow, despicable little gnat—the gossip.

Common; horribly common—you know that girls. Nothing can make us more common, more inferior, more to be disregarded and despised. If you can say no good, then determine that you will at least say no evil.

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THE CAUSES OF UNBELIEF.

Gibbon, the author of the well-written but unreliable "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a title by the way, taken from Montaigne's earlier work, tells us that after his conversion to the Catholic faith at the age of sixteen, the age of his innocence and still uncontaminated purity, his father "threatened to banish, disown and disinherited his rebellious son;" and then inflamed with Anglican hate of the true Church sent him in exile to Louisa, in St. Ireland, to live in the house and under the tutelage of a Calvinist minister named Pavillard, where in "exile and a prisoner, after some irregularities of wine, of play and of idle excursions," he lost his faith and became a Calvinist, to end his career, as was natural, in infidelity. Thus, hatred of the Church by his father, a typical eighteenth century Anglican, brought the son into the quagmire of unbelief. But, his hatred of the Catholic Church still lives and acts in many a so-called Christian heart. "Let him be anything, Unitarian, deist or infidel, but not a Papist," is the cry of many a modern Gibbon senior in dealing with his children. And consequently many of them prefer to be everything infidel and take their place in the army of hate of everything Catholic.—The Monitor, Newark.

Speaking in Chicago recently, Mr. Byran urged a union of Irishmen throughout the world, whether Catholic or Protestant. "Love of liberty is not the sole possession of any one church," he said. In America, speech and religion are free. And in this country we can unite, not only in defense of liberty, but in sympathy with all who struggle for it everywhere. The chief sign of the times is human progress. First comes intellectual advance. Illiteracy is decreasing, schools are more numerous and the level of education is raising throughout the world. Second, throughout the world there is progress in government. Some imagine we are just beginning to be a world power. But for more than a century the American idea of government has been spreading, and in all countries there are signs of the coming of universal popular government. Public opinion is more potent than ever before and the increase in the feeling of brotherhood must surely work to the benefit of Ireland. God give to every human being a sense of justice, and on that sense of justice is built. Human progress is slow, but just as every rain drop helps the parched earth, so every wrong hastens the day of justice to the oppressed. And in no spot on earth is justice more needed than in suffering Ireland.

THE VOICE OF IRELAND. "Look with me a little into the soul of the Irish Gael," Father Sullivan S. J., said, "and see if I read it aright. And as I pause, thinking of that soul, I seem to hear the music of Ireland—I hear the harp of Tara. I hear the minstrels singing in its halls, in cottage and hut; I hear the mothers crooning to their babes; I hear the men in the fields and on the hills and by the rivers. Over the windy seas their songs are blown to me in one heart-breaking harmony, in one magnificent symphony. Now soft and low, like the summer winds that sob at night around her ruined and ivied towers; now measured and solemn as the moan of the winter waves breaking along her Atlantic shores, with the voices of unnumbered wandering spirits in pain, now dropping to the rippling laughter of running streams, now rising sweet and clear and high like a silvery eagle call to battle.

Smiles and tears, yearnings and untold longings, battle-cries and groans are in that music; but through it all there pulses and beats an intensity of feeling that no other nation can claim in its song. True, Germany and Italy may claim the masters in grand opera and oratory, in the great epics of music; but for the songs that steal into the heart and nestle and abide there, Ireland stands pre-eminently. Sorely Handel, the German composer, was a great master, and the world has not yet forgotten him, and it cannot forget his music, and yet once, when he heard a little Irish song, "Eileen Arois," with which perhaps you are familiar, and which came down to us from the thirteenth century, he said: "That is music; I would rather have written that little melody, than all my compositions put together. It is this utter intensity of feeling that has put a magic charm into Irish song, and the music of a people is but the expression of its soul, we must admit that intensity in the religion, in the love, in the patriotism, in the very life of the Gael."

FATHER VAUGHAN THINKS WE LIVE TOO FAST. Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the English Jesuit, sends this New Year's message to the New York World:

"I think the world is getting more and more wicked as time goes on. It seems that every one wants to be like a motor car and run through the ways of life at top speed. It cannot be done without a breakdown or a collision or both.

If man's mission in life were to catch the speed fever and rush like a motor, gone mad, screaming through life, craving nothing after him but a cloud of dust, be it road dust or gold dust, why then, instead of being a human being he ought to have been a glorified dust-bin.

All this fever, fret and fume, all this dissatisfaction, with what is and craving for what is not, is to any thoughtful man a fine proof of the immortality of the soul, with its resting place in the bosom of God.

There are many causes at work to undermine man's true life, the spiritual. First of all, there is the philosophy on which his mind is not fed, but poisoned. Spencer, Huxley, Kant, Hume—all have left their mark on the present age. These men were light leading, no doubt, able, clever and fascinating, but their principles were wrong, and generations have been led

Archbishop Farley, in enumerating the reasons for the great numerical growth of the Church in New York City, named as the most effective of all agencies the quiet influence of the army of young women employed as servants in American homes. "You may not understand why it should be so," he said, "but it is a fact that the girls, our Catholic domestics, God bless them, are a powerful agency in the conversions of non-Catholics. Their fidelity to those who employ them, their splendid devotion to the faith of their fathers and their clean lives leave a deep impression. Indeed, the Church owes much to that army of servants."

This is true everywhere—and suggests as a corollary truth that hardly any class of people has a greater responsibility for the right representation of Catholic faith than those who form part of the household of observant outsiders. The Catholic servant girl in a non-Catholic home can be either a missionary or a traitor to her Church. Her exemplification of Catholic practice, her explanations of Catholic belief are about all many non-Catholics ever know of either. Her opportunity is so great that she cannot regard it too seriously or be too careful that her example shall not in any way misrepresent the faith whose preacher and type she must be to many.

It is to the everlasting credit of the Catholic houseworker in this country, particularly of the Irish girls who sought domestic service in America in such numbers during the last generation, that they did so much, in the quiet and humble ways that are most impressive, to dissipate prejudice and enlighten ignorance among those who know the Church only through them. The high type of Catholics which they represented is not, it is to be feared, so well exemplified by their successors in this generation. While the majority, perhaps, are still a credit to the faith they profess, there are some who serve their own advantage by trading upon the credulity and prejudice of their employers at the expense of the Church. We all hear too frequently of the Catholic servant girl who demands money to go to confession, who invents confidant punishments which she declares the priest will visit upon her if she is not on time for evening services, who tells tales of extortion and tyranny to arouse the sympathy of her non-Catholic mistress.

Though happily less common as a type than her more exemplary sister, it is a thousand pities that there should be a single instance of a Catholic so dead to a sense of honor and responsibility as to circulate these slanders and falsehoods. If the domestic workers who are tempted to impose on the ignorance or bigotry of their employers could realize how great is their influence, for the Church and against it, they would not only be more careful of their conduct and of their speech, but they would also be more eager for instruction, more anxious to listen to sermons, to read Catholic books and periodicals, in order that they might be better able to reply truly and intelligently to the many questions that must inevitably be put to them in the course of their daily duties. Few Catholics need to be more thoroughly in-

THE ROSARY IN IRELAND.

No one familiar with the Irish at home or abroad will discern any note of exaggeration in this paragraph from a paper by the Rev. Father Procter, O. P., in the Rosary Guide.

"In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the beads were ever in their talismans, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus the Incarnate Son, and to Mary, the Spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the Rosary was their 'shibboleth,' the password by which they were known to be 'of Christ and of God.' During the dark days the Rosary kept the lamp of faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the so-called 'black' or 'white' children—the Rosary, under the sweet Providence of God and the influence of the Virgin Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Incarnation and in the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race."

We have often thought that, as Mary has "put down all heresies," so Irish devotion to Mary has been the "licker" cause of Ireland's having ever been preserved from either heresy or its half-sister, schism. Alone among all countries, the Emerald Isle holds the distinction of never having given her Pope.—The Ave Maria.

BY WHAT RIGHT? The right of the Church to legislate regarding the holy sacrament of matrimony was ably demonstrated recently by Rev. M. J. Riordan of Baltimore.

"Some of our non-Catholic brethren," said Rev. Father Riordan, ask by what right the Church assumes to make laws validating or invalidating marriage. This is a fair question and deserves an answer. Marriage is not only a legal relation, but a holy union as well, a divine institution as revealed in Genesis and in the New Testament. The State prescribes conditions and disabilities for marriage so far as it is a purely civil contract, and the Church does the same in so far as it is a religious act. In certain parts of the United States the civil law makes a marriage between first cousins void, and in England for centuries a man might not validly marry his dead wife's sister. The State establishes nullifying matrimonial impediments in order to promote social welfare. The Church does the same thing for the spiritual advantage of her children. That the Church's marriage laws do not always agree with those of the State is natural and necessary. There is no uniform legislation on the subject among nations or even among the States in our own country. The same persons are held married in one State and unmarried in another. Nor is there any church whose enactments or discipline do not conflict with some civil statutes. Thus certain religious bodies forbid dancing, the sale of liquor and other things which the State permits. The Catholic Church claims a similar jurisdiction over her members in the most sacred of all contracts, that of holy marriage."

Misinformed Catholics. Unfortunately there are not a few Catholic families whose entire reading matter is supplied by the secular press. They are strangers alike to Catholic paper and magazine, and consequently are out of touch with current Catholic thought and events and are misinformed generally on things Catholic, accepting unquestioningly of Catholic "news" the most absurd reports and speculations concerning the Church and her worldwide interests and policies. Truly, such Catholics are proper subjects of commiseration—and their name, alas! is legion.—Rosary Magazine.

There may be no sensible fervor in such prayer; these acts may seem to the soul to be perfectly stupid; yet such acts of the will, done, at the same time, with great calmness and interior stillness, without hurry or anxiety, will be of the greatest value to the soul itself, and also in the eyes of God. You will make more progress during that hour than in many others when the reason was bright and the affections came gushing forth like a fountain.

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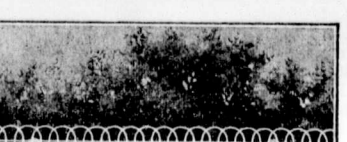
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WHAT I SAW IN ROME.

From "The Experiences of a Convert" by Rev. Robert Hugh Benson.

I very soon after I had been received into the Church I went to Rome, and for eight or nine months studied in preparation for the priesthood, at San Vito's—a church served by a community of all nations, amongst which the English nation is particularly prominent.

First I noticed its Unity and its Catholicity. The very first Mass I was present at in Rome was celebrated by a German, served by a negro, and attended by English, Germans, French and Italians.

The next mark of the Church that I saw in Rome was that of sanctity. Now, sanctity is an extraordinarily difficult thing to speak of. It is very nearly undetectable, but yet perfectly apparent, and I always think that a very good illustration of the difference between simple goodness and sanctity is the comparison of that between talent and genius.

Her sanctity is to be seen again in the way in which the people pray. I remember once observing a country boy—the dirtiest boy I have ever set eyes on, and who looked as if he had not taken off his clothes for six weeks.

In Rome, too, you are everywhere reminded of the fact that the Church is Apostolic. I have been accustomed to look upon the Apostolic age as being very far distant, but in Rome it appears to be very near, and you find that St. Peter and St. Paul are in a sense there to-day.

I saw the Holy Father several times. I heard him preach in the great courtyard of the Vatican. Twenty thousand people had assembled to hear him, and he was to address them. Presently the Pontiff appeared upon it, and immediately the great mass of humanity broke into a thunder of applause.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c.

I saw the Holy Father two or three times after that, and each time the impression deepened. There was the man who sat in the Chair of Peter. When I saw him celebrating Mass, there on the dome above the altar were inscribed the significant words: "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram prevelebut ad versus eam"—"Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

THE NEGLECT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The press of the Twentieth Century is the greatest power on earth for good or evil. It is the maker of public opinion, and public opinion shapes our social, political and national destinies.

I regret to say that we Catholics are apathetic towards the Catholic press and Catholic literature. We give little support to Catholic writers and thinkers. Unfortunately we are not a reading people. At best we are satisfied with the secular press which is often a poisoned source of information.

A glance at the condition of Catholicity in the various countries of Europe will prove the truth of these burning words, "Contra Francos et Germanos." At the present moment the Catholics of Germany are a great power at home and abroad. They are thoroughly organized; their religion is dear to them, and they are not ashamed to bring it to bear upon all that is around and about them.

What are we Catholics doing in our own dear republic for our Catholic press? We are alive to the necessity of an aggressive Catholic defender of religion? Making every allowance for our shortcomings and inactivity, we are not doing all in our power to support the means of strengthening the Catholic faith in the hearts of our children.

Without exaggeration it is safe to say that Catholics of this country neither read nor encourage the Catholic publication to that extent which might reasonably be expected. They have little taste for such reading. They prefer the non-Catholic publications, especially the light, frothy periodicals.

The sporting columns of our daily press and the frivolous magazines are all the rage. Our graduates from Catholic institutions have little taste for reading. They have plenty of money to spend on theaters and amusements, but to subscribe for a good sound Catholic journal never enters their minds.

PURITY FLOUR advertisement with logo and text: "It's a pretty good sort of PLEASURE to eat good bread. You will always have the best bread if you use PURITY FLOUR."

fields. The day is near at hand when the rising generation will be called upon to take part in the great struggle. The battle is to be fought, not with the sword, but with the pen, not with noise and shouting, but with keen intellects well-stored with correct data.

IS AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY DYING?

This week the local press has given much publicity to the views of a University of Chicago professor who boldly asserts that Christianity in this country is dying.

The general public ought to be sufficiently aware of the character of the Chicago University by this time. We presume there are sane, upright men and women within its walls, but unfortunately, those of the highest order, from appear to be long haired freaks. It must be admitted, also, that a majority of these freaks pose as picturesque pagans.

Then there was Triggs—Triggs, the worshipper of Walt Whitman, John R. Rockefeller and Nature. What delicate notions he had and how, finally, they got him into all sorts of trouble and caused his undoing. We've all seen poor Triggs.

Yet is Christianity dying in the United States? How can any man, with the stupendous growth of the Catholic Church before him, make such

assertion? Look at its advance in New York during the last century—a amazing, convincing, soul-thrilling century ago the Puritan dominated New England. He does not do so by day. New England is Catholic. A hundred years ago, likewise, Pennsylvania had comparatively few Catholics. Look at her Catholic hosts at this moment. Look at the Catholic growth in New Jersey, moreover; then the Kingdom of God has advanced in Ohio; now it glows in Indiana; how it splendors a dazzling noon here in Illinois. Look toward the Pacific coast, and note that a radiant dawn is rising in the far West. Look South and see a Catholic day breaking from Kentucky to the Gulf. There is nothing like it in modern times, and the only thing like it in ancient days is the work of the glorious Apostle of Ireland. See, too, how thousands of churches, parochial schools, academies, colleges and universities are lifting the Cross of Christ before the eyes of men, and note the Catholic millions that go forth from beneath their roofs to engage in conflict with the spirit of paganism, which constantly preaches the Gospel of the world, the flesh and the devil.

No; Christianity will not die so long as time exists. The Catholic Church cannot die; neither can she be retrained in her forward advance. A France may strike her down here, yet behold she rises in Africa. A cloud may darken her face in Uruguay; in Germany there glows a moonday splendor. Here a fool may go out; yonder a Newman comes in. Long haired university professors to the contrary, paganism will not dominate the United States. Protestantism, indeed, will perish, but Catholic Christianity will live on. As the centuries pass it will teach the truths of God in the very halls where agnostic savants now rule and utter words of unfaith. She who overcame the Caesars and later taught in their halls knows that stranger things are possible.—New World.

BIGOTRY LYING OUT.

Thus the Ave Maria:— The imposition of a fine of \$150 on a newsdealer in New York for selling copies of French and Italian anti-Catholic publications is another illustration of the marked change in public sentiment toward the Catholic body in this country. Less than thirty years ago it was considered no offence to vilify the Church, her clergy and members; now the people won't "stand for it," as the saying is. The day of the bigot and the defamer is passing. It would be easy to multiply proofs of the long-looked-for and blessed change. At a conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles, some prominent laymen in attendance sternly rebuked the Rev. Dr. King for indulging in an attack upon the religion of Catholics. Like action was taken at a subsequent conference of the same denomination in New England. The Presbyterian Church North has excommunicated its members for faith denunciation of the Pope as anti-Christ. The same spirit is shown in constant references to the Church in books, reviews, and news

THE HOME BANK of Canada advertisement with logo and text: "Dividend No. 6. Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the three months ending 31st of May, 1908, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after MONDAY, the FIRST DAY OF JUNE next."

Baptist Sunday School at Catholic Mission. The scholars of the Sunday school attached to the Baptist Church of West Conshohocken asked permission to attend a sermon by Rev. Father Alexis, C. P., on "Why I am a Catholic" in the nearby Church of St. Gertrude, of which Rev. James P. McCloskey is rector. Of course, they were told they would be welcome. Thirty-five attended in a body, and were not only given choice seats but each individual was presented with a copy of "The Faith of Our Fathers," which was accepted.

DIocese of London. MISSION AT WOODSLEE. On Sunday last, Rev. Father McPhail of the Redemptorist Order, opened the renewal of the mission in the parish of Woodslee. His exercise was largely attended, and the devotion of the people was truly edifying. Sadism, if ever, has been heard here; a choir, more complete, or more eloquent expression of Catholic teaching in that presented by the great Redeemer, and that the beautiful instructions bore abundant fruit was plainly proven by nearly every member of the parish approaching the Holy Sacraments during the week. Above all, he earnestly exhorted them to temperance and to stay on the farms where they were placed, and to avoid the city unless they were sure the Almighty had called them thither. The closing of the renewal on the evening of the 14th following was most impressive. After a sermon in plain good English, the Rev. Father exhorted and after bestowing upon all present the Pious Benediction, the eloquent missionary next called upon all members of the Temperance League to approach the altar rail, and renew the pledge he had given them a year ago at the Mission, and which he was glad to hear they had faithfully kept. Once more they came forward almost to a man, and promised as before to practise sobriety. He then exhorted, and pledged the women of the parish to pray daily for their perseverance. It was certainly a grand and touching and most inspiring scene as the men, each reverently kissed the crucifix and repeated, after the missionary, the words of the sacred liturgy. Father McPhail is an ardent spirit of temperance, a true Canadian Father Missionary, and few there are who can resist his burning appeals. In closing his remarks he spoke in kindly and laudatory terms both of our and people and further more stated that while he was never moved by history, but rather by his own often too outspoken, will he wish to say, before taking leave of them that in all his thirteen years of missionary experience if asked to name the place where he had found the best results from a mission and renewal given by him he would undoubtedly say that it was in the parish of Woodslee. After the conclusion of the ceremony he proceeded to the neighboring parish of Malvern in conduct a renewal there in conjunction with Rev. Father Doyle, leaving behind him the regrets and well wishes of all, as well as the sweet memory of the great and laudable work accomplished in our midst.

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