The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov 2, 1907.

THE UNSCIENTIFIC SCIENTISTS.

In an address delivered at the recent Catholic Truth conference (England) Father J. Gerard, S. J., referred to scientific fakirs in the following words: "In the first place the authors of whom we are speaking know nothing of scientific caution, nothing of what Professor Huxley styles the art of arts -that of saying 'I do not know.' For them there are no dark places in nature: they are ready at any moment to turn their searchlight upon its every nook and cranny." "I wish," said Lord Melbourne, when Prine Minister, " I wish I was as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." And in like manner our acknowledged leaders in science, our Kelvins, our Thompsons. our Crookes, Gills, Wilsons, Lodges and Pasteurs-even our Huxleys and Darwins-might well envy the sublime assurance of those who contribute " scientific " articles to popular magazines, or load our bookstalls with sixpenny treatises which are to impart to the millions the pest results of modern research.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Says the Anglican Rev. Percy Deamer, in the Commonwealth: "Or may we see again a Church . . . fearless, radiant and splendid with the light in her eyes." The editor of The Lamp applauds this sentiment, but he asks what is there to bring light into the eyes of our Anglican Mother save the vision of re-union with the Holy See as she looks again to the Rock " whence (she) was hewn and the hole of the pit whence (she) was digged," and remembers once more her ancient glory when the hand of Peter guided the ship of her destiny.

THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

The Christian Guardian is a curious type of paper for the household. Some time ago the editor lifted up his voice in praise of the " extreme but reason able measures" of Clemenceau. It mattered not that the synical Prime Minister of France was unashamed in his declaration of war against Christianity. It did not shock him that some of the officials went up and down the land vomiting blasphemies against all that he should reverence. But no word of disapprobation fell from his lips. He saw but the hands that tried to strangle the Church, and to the best of his ability he strengthened them. In his own poor way he denounced the policy of the Vatican, forgetful that to us, as well as to many without the fold, sources of our vocabulary. These the action of Pius X. is essentially in preachers, offensive oftimes, and ridicharmony with the spirit of the Apos- glous always, make us smile: the

In a recent number the editor descants on the latest disciplinary decree of the Holy Father with a volubility that is as futile as it is pathetic. To his mind the "more liberal Roman Catholics will view it as an unfortunate piece of reactionary legislation ;" and he concludes his performance with the old fashioned ditty : "The thunders of the Vatican have lost their ter-

His is a bad case of Catholic phobia, but a dose of reading, plus a regard for the canons of social amenity, might

As a change of subject may not be an inconsiderable aid towards his recovery we prescribe for him a " look at" the "Eighty-Right Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," for the year 1906.

We do not question the sincerity and earnestness of the missionaries : we but wish his editorial eye to note how little, despite money and work, they have garnered in foreign fields.

Our esteemed contemporary, Rone, says that one is justified in calculating that since 1870 over \$2,500,000 have been lavished (by Methodists) in converting Italy. The pages 118 and 119 of the report inform us that in Italy and Italian Switzerland, with a population of about 34,000,000 of people, the Methodists, among them including both members and probationers, total exactly 3,449. It will be found, then says Rome, that the attainment of the present Methodist following in Italy has cost about 7,000 francs a head; that the 500,000 francs spent on Italian Methodistism last year has resulted in methodistism last year has resulted in a net gain over the numbers of the previous year of just 75 persons, which works out at 6,606 france per every additional Methodist; that at the same rate of expenditure and the same rate of e

of progress, it will take 12,500,000,000 francs and 36,000 years to convert the Italian people from the errors of popery to the light of Methodism.

To prevent our friends from getting comfort from this prediction Rome says the last report announces that there were 32 "native preachers" "on the field," whereas the previous one registered 55; we note, also, that in the space of one brief year these 32, aided by the 9 foreign missionaries of Methodism, baptized as many as 2 adults and 86 infant Italian Methodists, while in the previous year the baptisms of adults were no fewer than 5. and of infants 87. This means a diminution of 6 baptisms in the year but it must be remembered that there were 23 fewer missioniaries to do the work.

SEEING GHOSTS.

The Syllabus of Pius X. has a disquieting effect on some of our friends. They regard it as an affront to the intellect, and in expressing their annovance make use of the vocabulary of vituperation. It is amazing-a kind of insanity-this outcry, this reiteration of charges that are as old as the Church.

The Holy Father has his definite work to do-to instruct and safe guard his people. We render him obedience because he has the right to rule. And all this talk about our being unmanly for doing this is claptrap, and an insult to all who respect and heed the voice of authority.

The scribes who regard the Syllabus as a menace to progress have abnormal optic nerves. They remind us, in a certain sense of Mr. Pickwick's discovery of the curious words on the stone found in the Cobham church yard-BILSTUMPHISMARK. The inscription was burdened with mean ing. How he and his triends gloated over it, and around it wove the airiest speculations, our readers know, as well as how Mr. Blotton dammed up the waves of erudition by declaring that it only meant Bill Stump' his mark. The individual, however, who descants on the Syllabus and reaction ary legislation of the Vatican lacks the simplicity of Mr. Pickwick. Instead of seeing things as they are, they persist in looking at them through the haze of prejudice. And as record of their impressions we have the commonplaces, the half-baked ineptitudes that sully the pages of some non Catholic writers.

DEADLY DULL PROSINGS.

When we say they are more tiresome than the preachers who clamor about ungodly Quebec we exhaust the rescribes who see weird things in every pronouncement emanating from Rome are descendants of editors who wrote for a public that neither read nor thought.

SEEING THINGS AS THEY ARE.

Says the doctor, in Rev. Dr. Aveling's " Philosophers of the Smoking-Room:" "Nowadays people are wondering whether there is a Godnot what are the proper colors of the Sarum rite. It is nothing - or the Catholic Church-I haven't made up my mind which; but provisionally it's nothing. In the thundering roar of questions, like that one surging hungrily around the solid rocks of reason and religion, the petty little squabbles between the sects are like the-like the squeals of mice. One of the best reasons why I admire your Church is be cause she takes things calmly. She always says the same thing with monotonous reiteration. She does not care what other people shrick out. She has seen 'em all come and go. Systems of philosophy, theories of science, new religions. And she goes on saying always the same thing in the same tone of voice, while they all shift and change like a kaleidoscope picture."

A PROBLEM AND OUR ADVICE.

Why some preachers wax vociferous on the "sad state" of Quebec is problem we pass on to our readers.

We may remark, however, that the journey at 10 o'clock on Friday night. She remained allent all that night, things which afflict the vision of the We may remark, however, that the preacher, and concurs, with Carlyle, that religious belief-at least when it seems heartfelt and well-intentioned-

which the French Canadian loves. In other words, they should destroy the caricature which for them does duty as the Church. Then with open minds let them visit the French-Canadian and see for themselves that the portentous nothings shrieked from pulpit and platform are as childish as they are contemptible.

MODERN MIRACLES-A GEM FROM THE TREASURY.

The Journal de la Grotte is surely one of the most interesting papers pub-lished in this twentieth century of ours. By a mere chance one of the recent issues of it, that for September 29, has found its way to the editor's desk— a little sheet of four pages, the last of which is mostly occupied with advertis ments for the hotels of Lourdes (which, and the first by a communique of the Bishop of Tarbes with a calendar of the religious services for the coming week in the Basilica and the crypt and the Grotto, besides a list of the pilgrimages which are to arrive during the first

the Official Resume of the cures registered by the Bareau des Constatations there is a bureau of doctors at Lourdes to examine and report on cases of alleged miracles. In this number of the Journal de la Grotte there are a the Journal de la Grotte there are a dozen such cases, which came under the observation of the Bureau des Constatations during the preceding week, and which are here set forth with almost painfully scientific accuracy and an utter lack of enthusiasm. But all though neither the scientific accuracy nor the lack of enthusiasm serves to diminish the extraordinary character of these cures, it is very pleasant to turn from them to the second page, in which the Journal copies from the Sem-aine Religieuse de Nantes of September 21 the following touching story from real life narrated by an eye-witness— the Abbe Colas, vicaire at St. Donatien

The last pilgrimage, he writes, from Nantes to Lourdes was favoured by a quite extraordinary cure which took place during the return journey. I was

a happy witness of it, and I have been asked to describe it. Mile Jeanne Vincent is twenty-three years of age and lives with her relatives in the rue du Coudray. She suffered for nine years from an osteo-periostitis. The development of the though sharp, were bearable, and the girl, with her energy, succeeded in hiding them from others. But in Oct. 1904 they became intolerable and in February following Drs. Lacambre and Rivet decided to make a paracenthesis, which, however, brought no re-lief to the sufferer. At the end of March 1905. Dr. Lacambre employed March 1905, Dr. Lacambre employed cautery, and several times pointes de feu, but still without result. From that time walking became extremely pairful to the patient, and it was only with great difficulty and very slowly that she used to manage to drag herself every Sunday to the chapel of the Good Shapherd, about twenty-five Good Shepherd, about twenty-five metres from her house, to assist at holy Mass and communicate. She went there for the last time on Dec. 8, went there for the last time on Dec. 5, 1908—after that she was obliged to keep her room; the least attempt to walk caused her racking pains and she passed her days stretched on a chaiselongue. Dr. Lacambre who continue attend her all the while expressed move even a few steps in the state she

But her trouble did not end here In November 1904 an abcess formed on her neck and during the following winters suppurated for two or three months. Then other abcesses made their appearance—last winter there were fifty of them which suppurated from seven to eight weeks. When she left for Lourdes there were two of them which caused her much suffering them which caused her much suffering during the pilgrimage. With this, au obesity which Dr. Lacambre pronounced must go on increasing and which already gave her thirty-seven inches around the waist. On August 15 last Dr. Lacambre gave her the following certificate: "I, the understand detects in medicine of the signed dootor in medicine of the Faculty of Paris, formerly head of the Clinic of the Hospitals of Nantes, certify that Mile. Jeanne Vincent, living at Nantes with her relatives, 72 rue du Coudray, has suffered since the summer of 1904 from osteo periostitis of the right iliac crest (crete) a malady for which all possible treatments, medical and surgical, have been tried without success: that since then Mile. Vincent has been reduced to a state of almost powerlessness, suffering terribly from the least attempt to walk; and that in consequence I consider her malady permanent (je considere cette situation

comme acquise.")
The journey was intensely painful. No improvement took place at Lourder and she was very afflicted when she was taken back to the station for the return soled because she had not been cured. She had prayed so hard, and her confidence and her fervour had been so warm!

hood and hierarchy, etc. They should lives in Vertou. A year ago she enstrive to know something of the Caurch | tered as novice the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny with the idea of going on the African missions, but last January a terrible disease, pulmonary consumption, made its appearance, and she had to return to her family. The first time I entered her compartment on the way

I entered her compartment on the way to Lourdes she had just had a paroxysm of coughing. I asked her:
"Are you suffering much?"
"Oh yes." she replied, "I am a consumptive—I am going to die soon. What happiness! I am going to heaven!"

"But then," I asked, "Why are you

going to Lourdes? Will you not ask for your cure?"

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I have a mother and father who are so good, and who love me so much; I have a little sister who cries every time I speak of friends who have begged me so much ! It is for them that I am going to

Very soon she made friends with Mile. "I am going to pray hard, but not at

all for myself—only for Jeanne."

Several times when I went to her at

Lourdes she said to me with angelic fervour: "I am praying for Jeanne." She, also, left Lourdes without any improvement, and on the return journey did her best to console her companion.

did her best to console her companion. I got into their compartment at about 10 in the morning, at the station of Saintes, and asked Mile. Vincent how she had passed the night.

'Very badly,' she replied, "the pains have been terrible, Besides, I have found it hard to make the sacrifice of my cure. I have only just now resigned myself—but now I have submitted and as a proof of just now resigned myself — but now I have submitted, and as a proof of it I have resolved not to be cast down but cheerful."

The little consumptive, too, had made her sacrifice, but—O the sublime devotion that charity inspires!-it was the sacrifice of her life. Noting the sadness of her companion, she said in low

tones with a fervour as impossible to forget as it is to describe:

'Holy Virgin, let me die, but cure Jeanne!" and then turning to me:

'I have not done wrong, have I?" It will be easy to understand my emotion in the presence of these two invalids—the one uttering her Fiat

and the other offering her own life for her companion's. After the stop at Saintes, the train moved on again, and only a few minutes had passed when I was struck by the brightness of Mile. Vincent and the freedom of her move-

that you are not suffering so much?"
"Mais—it is true," she exclaimed quickly. "I have no longer any pain quickly. "I have no longer and her in my back," and she sat up on her

"Let us pray," I said, "let us say a Rosary. The Blessed Virgin can cure as well during the return as at the Grotto or at the Pools' and we took out our beads. There were seven of us in the compartment, including the mother and brother of Mile. Vincent. When we had finished the first chaplet, the sick girl stopped me and with an emotion which left us mute with

emotion which left us mute with astonishment exclaimed: "I cannot believe it, but the Blessed Virgin is curing me. I feel a strange feeling of health descending on me — I can get on my knees.—Oh, let us go on praying !" and she remained on her knees during the second chaplet. As with a piercing crown of thorns. It has

we finished the rosary we reached the station of Lucon. "I am cured," she said, "I am able to waik and get out of the train." We sent to tell her father who was in a distant carriage, and imagine his amazement on seeing his daughter run to embrace him! During the rest of the journey, whenever the train stopped, she got out and a paid visit to the invalids. All of us had the tears in our eyes, and the little consumptive was radiant.

"How good the Blessed Virgin is!"

"How good the Blessed Virgin is!"
she repeated again and again, but once
her sister sobbed out: "Why didn't
she cure you too!" and she answered:
"Don't cry—please don't; look at me,
and see how happy I am!"
On reaching Nantes Mile. Vincent
was able to go on foot to her house by
the rue de Coulmiers, a distance over
two kilometres. On the following Sanday she assisted at a Mass of thanks
giving, which I had the happiness to
celebrate, and at which she received
Communion with many of her relatives
and friends. She took part in all the
solemn offices of the day.

solemn offices of the day.

Since then she has attended to all her occupations and makes long jour-neys without fatigue or the slightest pain. She has regained her normal size and is waiting now to be visited

by Dr. Lacambre. . . The little consumptive returned to Vertou and grew weaker and weaker, until it became necessary to watch her night and day. Alarming symptoms soon declared themselves, but she never wavered in her resignation or lost her smile. On Saturday last, September 14, I had occasion to see her. She spoke to me of her approaching death as of a feast, and she made me this con-fidence: "My sweetest consolation is that I have never soiled the white robe of my baptism by a mortal sin." She started with joy when I suggested to her this thought of Sister Theresa of the Infant Jesus: "I wish to spend my

heaven by doing good on earth."
On the following day, September 15, she passed away peacably without agony. of Our Lady of Lourdes, uttered the

crown of roses on her head, and a rod of livies in her arms, and all her friends came and touched their medals and beads to her hands, and at her funeral in the front row knelt, sobbing with emotion the girl whom her sacrifice

BATTLE FOR TRUTH.

To relinquish the truth, the Cath-olic faith, the belief of the ages and that of countless millions, because something goes wrong on the human side of the Church, is base and cowardly. Catholic faith does not rest on human agencies, but on truth, and only that can make man free. Nor should the indifference of others, nor any earthly motive weaken the faith, nor retard it progress in the souls of those who know the truth and want to avail themselves one can save your soul without your own co-operation. The priest may stimulate one's spiritual slug-gishness when contrite and reof its many spiritual advantages. sins in confession by the power Christ conferred on him, but he cannot any more than God could, bring you to eternal life in spite of yourself. Do not be an habitual grumbler. There are hun-dreds of professing Christians who would do not sent of divine work for the do any sort of dirty work for the political leader of the ward in which they reside, and yet are constantly assailing the Caristian Church of God to the delectation of infidels and scoffers of all forms of belief.

There is a certain kind of grumbling that is harmless, and which can be used during those periodical hours when one has the blues after getting out of bed on the wrong side, or trying to eat everything on the table. One may say his neighbor gets in a bad temper or that he does not fast as he should do but he must not forget that he himself never fasts.

One should not become lukewarm be

cause he reads in the press of a few grave scandals in Mexico or Italy. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and what appears in the press is not always true. But true or there are tares and wheat, bad and good fish in the strong net of Peter the Fisher of men. Christ said: "All ye shall be

scandalized in me this night." apostles were excusable in the infancy of Christianity. Today there is no excuse, because we have the ages and their truths testifying what Christian ity has done for humanity to support our claims. Those, who hate, for ex ample, the oldest form of Christianity, wish to see her dead, have nothing to offer in her place but their own vaporings which would be quickly d ssipated by every novel and modern desire for a change. Courage to avow, and open profession of the truth, Christ exacted of his followers. "They who are ashamed of the before my Father in heaven." Again, "They who deny Me before men I will deny them before my Father in heaven." Be not ashamed of the Catholic Church, the bride of the Saviour, which He came to establish and sanctify with the shedding of His blood. It is well to remember that the Catholic Church whose first chief, Simon Bar-Jona, reigned in Rome, bears in its persecutions earmarks of its divine origin. been unjustly judged. Its arms have been fastened at times with the manacles of unjust laws. Its children have been crucified by iniquity and falsehood and their hearthstones drenched with their blood. All these things they did to the Son of God, but let us do as those storm-tossed clouds without water carried about by every wind of doctrine did. They who possess and in-herit the truth are the children of the rible multitude whose earthly wisdom the fearful and sublime King of the Jews will confound forever and whom He will eternally laugh at from his

awful throne of omnipotence.

We are as little innocent children brimming over with innocent laughter. Foolish are we then if we let the seed of sin, uncharitableness, hate and hypocrisy enter into our hearts making us hideously detestable to the Babe of Bethlehem. And if Lucifer, the prince of degeneracy, rage, deceitfulness, re-pulsive jests and tigerish malice, whom God in times past made a serpent and a roaring wild beast with all his off-pring, should momentarily overcome us, let us manfully, going forth as to a righteous cru-ade, rise again, and striking him across his double tongued mouth, by new deeds of virtue, forgiveness and generosity, say, take them thou bestial image of thy Creator in retaliation for the buffets thou didst urge men to strike the Rock of Ages, when He was unjustly judged by thy servile minions; we are not spiritual cowards in the battle for the Hero of Calvary; we will charitably hurl back the serried ranks of infidelity and indifferentism. And if we die on the battlefield of moral and Godly warfare, others braver than ourselves will spring into the breach, for the Christian martial struggle must go on.—R. S. K., in Salt Lake Catholic.

A Catholic who tells you, "I don't read a Catholic paper," is apt to have a son who will say, "I don't go to church."—Catholic Citizen.

Let us do all that depends on us to

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, head of the English Benedictines, has been appointed chairman of the committee for the revision of the text of St. Jerome's Vulgate, which work, as is well known, has been confided to the Benedictine

Father Fourquet, the rector of the Cathedral in Canton, China, is forming native teachers, men and women, for the Catholic schools. He writes of a class of young women, that they are advancing rapidly in knowledge and piety. Some are already capable enough to take a class of little ones.

consoled by the splendid unity of the Catholic Episcopate throughout the world in their condemnation of the errors denounced in the Syllabus and the Encyclical. No day passes without some striking proof of this unity being given to His Holiness.—Rome

While the Grand Dake of Luxem burg is a Protestant, mother and daughters are Catholics. In 1905 the population of the Grand Duchy was 246,455 souls; of these, 32,339 were foreigners; there were 241.883 Catholics; among the natives of the country there were only 189 Protestants.

To perpetuate the memory of Cardinal Manning a monument, consisting of a recumbent bronze effigy on a marble pedestal, is to be erected in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral. The Cardinal will be represented as an Archbishop, vested in full pontificals. Bishop Johnson, Archbishop's house, Ambrosden avenue, S. W., is acting as treasurer to the fund.

Fourteen thousand members of Holy Forteen thousand members of Holy Name societies in Hudson and Bergen counties, New Jersey, participated Sunday afternoon in a parade and openair meeting in Hoboken as a protest against profanity. Every man in line carried a small flag of the order, with white letters "H. N. S." on a blue background, and the sight was an impressive one as they marghed along pressive one as they marched along the principle streets of the city.

Latterly the papers have published foolish stories to the effect that the Pope intends to give an absolute divorce to the King of Saxony from his wife the Princess Louise, who contracted a civil union in England with one Signor Toselli, and that His Holiness has consented to receive the ex-Princess in audience when she comes to Rome. Of course both stories are false and absurd .- Rome.

There were thirty-two converts among the fifty adults confirmed in a class of two hundred at St. Agnes' Church, Cleveland, a few days ago. This is probably the largest number of converts ever confirmed at one time in a Cleveland parish and represents inaugurated with the lectures of Dr. Lloyd last year and zealously kept up by the pastor, Father Jennings, and his assistants.

Cyril Martindale, S. J., of Pope's Hall Oxford, has lately crowned an academic career of almost unexampled brilliancy by carrying off no less a prize than the Ellerton theological scholarship! Mr. Martindale is a mem-Benedictines also have done, a few years ago. The Etlerton prize was founded by a clergyman of extreme evangelical views, who wrote a famous, but your forgotten invacting Treaturi but now forgotten, invective Tracturianism in 1845, and it is a curious sign anism in 1845, and it is a curious sign of the times that a young Jesult should now win a prize which its founder suggested should be awarded for an essay on some such theme as "the diference between the Protestant and Romish Churches." — The Living Church, Episcopal.

The national complexion of the Diocese of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, is given as follows: Irish Catholics, 21,992; Acadians, 13,863; Scotch, 7,930; others, 2,012; total, 45,796. Of the clergy the Scotch are in the great majority there being 26 of them, several speaking the Gaelic tongue; 9 are Acadians, the Gaelic tongue; 9 are Acadanas, speaking the French tongue; 6 are native born of Irish parentage and 3 are from Ireland. The first Bishop of the Island was a Highland Scotchman named McEachern; the second, Bishop McDonald, a native of Scotch Bishop McDonald, a native of Scotten descent; the third, Bishop McIntyre, a'so a Scotchman; and the present, or fourth, Bishop McDonald the second. The Magdalen Islands, geographically in the Province of Quebec, are under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Chaplethelows. of Charlottetown.

NUNS OF GENTLE BLOOD

Of the Sisters of the Duke of Norfolk one is a Carmelite nun and the other is a Sister of Charity. Lady Frances Bertie, sister of the Earl of Abingdon, is also a nun, and resides at the Convent is also a nun, and resides at the Convent of Visitation at Harrow. Lady Edith Fielding, a sister of the Earl of Denbigh and of Lady Agnes de Trafford, is a Sister of Charity at Kion-Kiang, China. The Hon. Cicely Arundel, half-sister of the recently-deceased Lord Arundel of Wardour; the Hons. Mary and Edith Clifford, sisters of Lord Clifford of Chuldish: the Hons. Ellen Clifford of Chudleigh; the Hons. Ellen snd Marie French, sisters of Lord French; and the Hon. Frances Morris, sister of Lord Killanin, are nuns. So are several sisters of Lord Trimlestown. Four sisters of the Lord Herries, and aunts, therefore, of the Duchess of Norfolk, are nuns; while of Lord Petre's sisters, two are nums of the Order of the Good Shepherd and a third is a Sister of Charity. Lady Leopoldina Keppel is the sister of a Protessant peer, the Earl of Albemarle. She is a nun of the Sacred Heart.

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Goods er and

YMAIL of your you wish orward to a Switch, Wave, of

ny other on. Mar-ing, manfree to ER pecialists.

LUKE DELMEGE.

OT THE REV P. A. SHERHAN, AUTHOR OF "MY MEW CURATE," "GEOFFREY AUSTIN: STUDENT," "THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE," "CITHARA MEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

CROSS CURRENTS.

He congratulated Mary warmly on the success of her dinner. He had seen nothing like it, since he had left England. Mary blushed with pleasure.

"I did not think it was possible to procure such fowl at this time of the year," said Luke.

"Oh, the neighbors were good, your reverence," said Mary.

"The neighbors?"

"Yes," she said. "Mrs. Mahony sint the chickens; and the ducks came from Mrs. Cleary's yard; and—"

"You surprise me," said Luke.

"How did these people send them?

You purchased them, of course?"

"Indeed'n I didn't," said Mary.

"The laste they may do is to help their pricets, who are workin' night an' day for thim."

"But, my good girl, it was highly CROSS CURRENTS.

day for thim."
"But, my good girl, it was highly improper to solicit from these poor "I didn't solicit," said Mary, whose

temper was rising.
"Then how could they know that I had a dinner in contemplation?" saked the bewildered Luke.
"Know?" said Mary, with a toss of her head. "They know more'n that.
They know what's inside'n you."
Luke was silent for a few accords.

They know what's inside'n you."

Luke was silent for a few seconds.

"Was there much glass broken?"

"There was, thin," said Mary.

"But it wasn't ours."

"Oh, the parish priest's? That makes it all the more necessary that we should restore it."

"Ah! he won't miss it," said Mary.

"Sure, he has double your jues."

"Oh, no, no, no," criod Luke, amazed at this liberal theology. "He has been very kind; and we must return every article he has lent us."

"There'll be a nice hole in your quarter's wages," said Mary to John in the kitchen. "You'll have to pay in the Ritchen. "Tout I have to pay for all the glass you broke."
"How could I help it?" said John.
"Sure, every one knows that things must be broke"
"You"!" pay for it?" said Market

You'll pay for it," said Mary. "And they were the parish priest's; and worth about half-a-crown a glass."
"Begor, thin, if I do, I'll have it out of him," said John.

im," said John. Not while I'm here," said Mary. "If you put a wet finger on anything while I'm here, you'll suffer for it."

"I must congratulate you," said the kind old man. "on that beautiful dinner last evening. It was a rare "Only for that unhappy discussion,

Luke visited his pastor.

everything of that kind in future. It disturbs me too much.'
"Much better than foolish talking

"Much better than foolish talking about each other," said the old man. "Youth is the age for problems; old age is for the one great certainty." "You must give me a few days indulgence," said Luke, "to replace that glass which was broken. I hope to have it all from the city in a week." "Now, never mind, my dear boy! I'm disposed to make the little sacrifice cheerfully, you have made such a convert of that poor boy. You must lend him to me in future, when I give our little parties here."

our little parties here."

Luke was not quite so enthusiastic about his convert. Complaints were coming in from the people; and little bills appeared on his breakfast table every second morning:

To wan pare of chickens, kilt by the mare—5-MAIRY HAIGERTY. MAINY HAIGERTY.
To five bags of otes for the mare, £2-7-6.
JOHN RAFFERTY.
To wan dashboord, kicked to pieces by the

mare—15—
DANIEL REGAN Carpenter.

To wan sheep, run over by your car, with one leg broke, comin' home from the fare at Kildinan—£1—10—0. JAMES DALY.

"This won't do," said Luke. "It means bankruptcy. Come here," he said to John; "read these. What said to John; does it mean?"

does it mean?"

"Mane!" said John. "It manes that they're the graytest liards and rogues unhung. I admit the oats; but all the others are chayting"

"These people would hardly send in bills without reason," said Luke.

"They wouldn't only they think you're innocent-like," said John.

"Well, it must be stopped," said Luke. "You're giving the mare too much oats. She's getting restive."

"Annythin' you plaze, yer rever-"Annythin' you plaze, yor rever-ence," said John. "But don't blame me if she breaks down on the road."

"You seem to have taken whiskey this morning? I thought you had the -whiskey?" said the startled

John in horror. "Devil—ahem—not a drop since I took the pledge from the rish priest, so help—"
'Sh—sh," said Luke, horrified. "I

may be m staken. Our senses deceive us. But there's an unmistakable odor of spirits around the room.' Maybe the decanther is broke,"

n, looking with great anxiety towards the sideboard.

"Hardly," said Luke. "Now, be a man, and confess decently that you

have broken the pledge." it break the pledge," said John, with the tore of a casuist pro-pounding a difficult problem, "to smell sperrits, or to draw them in wid your bret!"

Well, hardly, I think," said Luke. "But I can scarcely conceive how such remote contact could leave behind such

permanent results."
"Well, yer reverence," said John,
with the air of a man unjustly accused,
and who is playing the trump card for
acquittal, "that is what happened. acquittal, and you'll see I'm innicent. I wint down this mornin' to Mrs. Dennehy's wid a message for Mary—that's the

"watherin' the whiskey." He spoke

"watherin' the whiskey." He spoke as of a sacrilege.
"'What the d——are ye up to?' ses I. 'Thry is it wake enough,' ses Mrs. Dennehy. 'I won't,' ses I; 'I've my pledge an' I'll keep it, wid God's blessin." 'Thry it,' ses she agin. 'Sure, you needn't swalley it; and ye have betther taste,' sez she, 'than whin you wor drinkin." She was fillin' up a glass, as she was spakin. 'Stop that!' sez I, 'stop that!' 'Tis only a sample,' sez she. 'Sure, ye needn't take but as much as ye like.' So I smelled the glass. 'Tis strong still,' sez I. 'So I thought,' sez she. 'It wants more wathering.' 'Twould spile it,' sez I. 'Taste and see how wake it is,' sez she.' I tell you, 'oman,' sez I, 'I can't.' 'Did you iver see such a fool?' sez she.' Sure, I'm not axin' ye to dhrink it, but to taste it.' Wid that I tak a sup in my mout,' when the young blagard began to laugh at me. And begor, I got mad, and was goin' to say somethin,' whin I forgot all about the whiskey, and down it wint the wrong passage. An' I coughed and coughed, as if I was in a decline. Thin, Dennehy had to slap me on the back; but begor, 'twas no use. I was coughin' and coughin,' till I was black in the face. 'Begor,' sez she, 'you'll have to swalley the dbrop now, whether you like it or no; or else we'll have a corp in the house.' So begor, I had to take the reat of it; but 'twas in wather. That's all, yer reverence, the same as if I'd kissed the but 'twas in wather. That's all, yer reverence, the same as if I'd kissed the

book."

"Well, you'd better go and renew the pledge," said Luke. "I won't keep you on other conditions."

"Sure I often hard yer reverence sayin' from the althar, that a thing is no harrum, if you can't help it!" said the bewildered John.

"That'll do," said Luke. "Get away, and bring me a note from the parish priest."

So Luke was not quite so enthusion.

parish priest."
So Luke was not quite so enthusias-tic as the good pastor; and he changed

"Some of these poor people," he said, "have been asking me to assume the presidency of the local branch of the League. Do you see any objection, air, or do you deem it prudent?"

"There certainly is no objection, said the old man, "but it means trouble and even disappointment to you."

"I shouldn't mind the trouble, said Luke, "but I fear the disappoint ment. I cannot make out why my good old pastor, Canon Murray, is able to turn his parish into a little Paragusy,

but all other efforts seem to be "It's the dread of the superior

powers, which are quite out of sympathy with the people, that paralyzes everything," said the old man.

"Well, if it does nothing else but to make them hold up their heads and assume an air of manly independence,

signedly.
So the Rev. Luke Delmege became President of the local branch of the League. His first speech was sensa-tional.

"I want you distinctly to under stand," he said, "that if I am to re stand," he said, " that if I am to re-main your president, it must be on condition that your constitutions are strictly observed. I shall allow no strictly observed. I shall allow no backsliding. (Hear, hear.) Nor shall I have any distinction of persons. (Hear hear.) If the rules are violated, you'll hear from me. Now, I understand that some gentleman has a resolution to propose. You will please mark its phraseology, so that no one can say afterwards that he did not understand its significance." its significance.'

The resolution was :

"Resolved; That we, the members of the Rossmore Branch of the Land League, hereby solemnly bind ourselves not to takeoff our hau to any man in future, except the priest."

There was a long and heated discussion. They all knew at whom it was directed—a local magnate, fierce and flery, and military, with a great tawny mustache, that he tied behind his neck sometimes, like the mighty warriors of Jena and Austerlitz. He was by no Jena and Austerlitz. He was by no means popular, but very much dreaded, and he loved salutations in the market-place. Indeed, it was whispered that sometimes, when he had English visitors at the Lodge, he used dispense sundry sixpences to the gamins of the village to secure their fealty.

Sundry amendments were proceed.

Sundry amendments were proposed, debated, and rejected. One demanded debated, and rejected. One demanded that the clause, "or when passing the chapel door," be inserted. Another insisted that the words "or our sweet-rearts" should be the final clause. Another thought that "cap" should be put in after "hat," "because," he said, "there were fellows mane enough to lave their hats at home in order to escape the pinalty." However, it was finally decided that the original resolution should stand. Then Luke arose.

"Now," he said, "that resolution i after my own heart. I am a thorough democrat in the sense that I hold that every man is just what he is in the sight of God, and nothing more. And I tell you, that until you conceive this lofty opinion of yourselves, and under-stand the necessity of the self-respect stand the necessity of the self-respect that accompanies it, there is no chance that our generation can work out the liberties of Ireland. We want men, not pieces of puty in the shape of men—"Much more he told them, as they wondered and were glad. And he read a page or two of Carlyle, and accound up with the dealeration." The read a page or two of Carlyle, and wound up with the declaration, "that the true Shechinah—the revelation of

God to the world—is man !"
This evoked tremendeus cheering, and Luke floated on the blissful tide of

popularity.
"Yerra, that's the man we want."

"Yerra, that's the man we want.
"That's the way to talk to 'em.
Begor, now we'll see who's who!"
"Afther all, 'tis these quiet min have the go in 'em. Faith, he'!! make 'em quake!"
"The ould Gineral will be a sight on Sunday. He'll want a pound in six-Sunday. He'll want a pound in six-pences to bribe the young blagards to

would instruct the farmers' wives how to prepare poultry for market, was met wish a kind of playful scorn. It was unintelligible. Lake explained; and told them's good deal about the anatomy of fowls, the various chemical elements in food, and the carnal desires of the English, who wanted fat fowl for good money. It was no use. The idea of importing a city girl to teach farmers' wives how to raise chickens was too abourd. And when the good women heard it, there was great hilarity. And many and pungent were the jokes that echoed around the hearths in m.ny a peasant's cabin during these days. Yet Luke persevered. He had a mission, and was determined to fulfil it. He returned to the subject again and again; showed how many thousand chickens were imported into England from Normandy and the Channel Islands year after year; counted up the millions of eggs that were used in one biscuit factory in England; and dilated on the certainty of opening up a mar ket for fruit and vegetables in Londor, and the thousands of pounds that might be made from strawberries alone. They only shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and turned it into a joke. Then Luke saw there was no use in appealing to the cupidity of this people. Some other chord must be touched.

His sermons, too, for similar reasons were a failure. Luke disdained appealing to the passions or sentiments of the people. He had read some-

were a failure. Luxe disdained appealing to the passions or sentiments of the people. He had read somewhere that the Greek equivalent for preacher is an interpreter or expounder—thence a player, or actor. And with his high ideas of humanity, and his religioustance to calle as a metals. his reluctance to gain an urfair vic-tory, he reasoned, argued, but dis-dained using the least word or gesture

dained using the least word or gesture that might affect the feelings of the people at the expense of reason. His choice of subjects, too, was original. He spoke of justice, temperance, punctuality, foreight—the great natural virtues which must be the foundation of the supernatural superstructure. Alas! what could these recovered this time for the waters poor people, thirsting for the waters of life, as plants thirst for the evening shower, what could they make of such reasoning and philosophy?

reasoning and philusophy?

"Begor, he must be very fond of the money. He's always talkin' about it. Post offices and savings banks, an' intherest! Why doesn't he spake to us of the Sacred Heart, or our Holy Mother, or say somethin' to rise us, and help us over the week?"

"Wista, indeed, Cauth, 'tis a change from ould times. The ould priests used so tell us: Never mind! God is good, and He said He would. Trust in Him. And look at the Blessed and Holy Family! Didn't know when they had their brekfus, where they'd get their supper: nor whin they had their supper, where they'd get their supper, where they'd get their brekfus. But now, 'tis all money, money, money."

"I suppose he has a lot of it, Maurya?"

money, money, money."

"I suppose he has a lot of it, Maurya?"

"They say he have. But he's the quare man. He thinks nothin' of givin' a half crown or a shillin' to a poor man, but, begor, if you put your nose inside his gate to look at a flower or a head of cabbage, he'd ate you. Look at that poor angashore, Kate Mahoney. In the ould times, she'd always a sate in the priest's chimley corner; and whin the dinner wos goin' en, she'd stick her fist in the pot, and take a pratie and ate it; or perhaps, pick a bit of the chicken, or rub the pratie agin the bacon. Pillalu I when this man hard it, he got into a tearin' passion. Poor Kit will never see the inside of that kitchen agin. But he gives her a shillin' a week all the same."

"And sure, they say he was goin' to dismiss that poor boy he has—and a hard job it is—because he caught him takin' out a han'ful of oats in his two pockets to give the poor widda Maloney for her little chickens."

"'Tis thrue, I believe. And sure, what have he but what the people give their own."
"I suppose he belongs to a high-up

family intirely?"
"Wisha, hard to say. Nobody knows who's who, nowadays. But, if he's anything to the Delmeges of Lis-nalee, he's be a cousin of me own—"

" You wouldn't be afther tellin' me Cauth ?'

Cauth?"
"I would, indeed. But I wouldn't
purtend it to him for the wurrald. I
don't wan't bit, bite, or sup of him,
thank God. If we're poor, we can be

The eventful Sunday came at last The eventful Sunday came at last, which was to witness the triumph of the democracy—the first assertion of manly independence which the people of Rossmore were called upon to make. There was great exultation in the minds of the strong and virile—the glamour of battle and victory; and corresponding depression in the hearts glamour of battle and victory; and corresponding depression in the hearts of the weak and the wavering. For the "Gineral" was a great power. A faultless disciplinarian, he had been cordially disliked in the army. He now brought into civil life the iron discipline of the profession. He, too, was a beautiful, polished, merciless machine. He sought to make all his was a beautiui, poinsied, mercuess machine. He sought to make all his subjects like himself. He took credit of having made Rossmore what it was —an English village planted in the midst of an Irish population. And he drove through the one street of the willsee with great pride, when he who evicted removed lessly, if everywho evicted removed lessly, if everywho evicted remorselessly, in every-thing was not pipe-clayed; and sent his alarmed subjects to hell, if a hen walked across the tiled and sanded floor. And what a doleful place an Irish village would be without the morning reveills of a dozen chantic-The proposer and seconder of the

famous resolution had posted sentinels all along the road through which the "Gineral" had to pass to church. Now, he always timed that triumphant down this mornin' to Mrs. Dennehy's wid a message for Mary—that's the housekeeper—"

Luke nodded.
"And just as I intered the dure, what wor they doin', d'ye think?"

Luke declined to conjecture.
"Watherin' the whiskey," said John; because to bribe the young blagards to bring down an organizer, or teacher, in the shape of a young lady from Dublin, who the first batch of rebels passed by, and colly riding up the narrow, gravelled march, so as to meet the great bulk of the villagers as they returned from the villagers as they retur

hed, almost hysterically, at scalarly good story. They particularly good story. They was no engrossed, that they never even asw the "Gineral." He turned to his daughter, Dors, who was with him and said significantly—
"There's something up !"

"There's something up!"
Batch after batch came on, talking, laughing. They seemed to scan the entire horizon, except the particular arc that was cut by the "Gineral's" hat. He got furious, and although he was going to church, probably to hear a gospel of peace, he dashed, and dashed and dashed between his teeth at these ras sally rebels. He saw the mighty fabric of his despotism toppling to its fall. The sentinels rejoiced. It was the great renascence of the new spirit that was just then stirring the dead clods of Irish life. They could not forbear smiling, as group passed after group, and drove their hands deep into their pockets, and glued them there, lest the force of habit should prove traitorous to the great principle at stake. The "Gineral" raged and grow pale, lashed his horse until he threw him into a gallop, then reined him suddenly and fung him on his hind legs. He was a beaten and baffled man. Just then, woman's wit came to the rescue. His daughter quickly divined the nature of the conspiracy; and taking the reins quickly from her father's hands, she drew the horse and trap over against the furthest wall, so that all the people should pass on her side. Then, bending down, and fixing her brown eyes on a little group, she said, with her sweetest smile:

"Good morning, Pat! Good morning

sweetest smile:
"Good morning, Pat! Good morning
Darby! Glad to see you so well,

There was a moment of bewildermen There was a momest of bewilderment and horror. Then Irish chivalry, that is always losing Irish battles, conquered Irish patriotism. They took their hands from their pockets, lifted their hats, and said with shamed faces:

"Good morning, Miss Doral"

The "Gineral" lifted his hat courtered.

The "Gineral" litted his hat courteously. It was the first time he was
ever guilty of that politeness to his
serfs, whose very bedrooms he always
entered and examined with that hat
glued to his head. But the occasion
was critical. The battle was won. was critical. The battle was won. Every succeeding group now followed the example; and Dora amiled and saluted and caressed them, while the sentinels raged and thundered, and formed dire projects of summary justice

formed dire projects of summary justice and revenge.

A meeting of the League was promptly called at 3 o'clock. Luke was wild with anger. The one thing that galled him most painfully was this dread servility. He believed that the first step to Irish independence was the creation of a new manhood, self-respecting, self-reliant; reverent, yet independent. This day he broke utterly through the crust of quiet, polished English manner ism, and poured out a lava torrent of Celtic eloquence. His audience grew white and trembled under such a sudden and unexpected display. They thought and unexpected display. They thought they could laugh it off. It was growing

they could laugh it off. It was growing serious. Something should be done.
"Is your reverence finished?" said one of the delinquents.
"Yes," said Luke; "for this occasion," he added significantly.
"Would the secretary be plazed to read that resolution agin?"
The secretary did, with great solemate.

nity.
"I submit, your reverence," said the chief culprit, "that none of us who chief culprit, "that none of us who have been arraigned before this tribunal is guilty. We saluted Miss Saybright, not the Gineral, and the resolution says pothin' about ladies."

"That's a contemptible and miserable subterfuge," said Luke, angrily. And there was a roar of indignation through the hall.

"You know right well," said Luke, "that this was a ruse; and, like your countrymen always, you were led into the trap.

the trap.
"I don't know about that, yer reverye be placed to tell us what ye'd do yourself in the circumstances?" " What I'd do ?" echoed Luke.

"Yes, yer reverence, what 'ud you do, if you were saluted by a lady in the public street?

Luke flushed, grew pale, stammered.
"That's not the question," he said.
"Oh! but it is the question," said his tormentor. "If you wor goin' home from Mass on Sunday, and if Miss home from Mass on Souday, and it mass Saybright said 'Good mornin', Father Delmege, what 'ud you do?' "I certainly should return the salute," said Luke, in dismay. "That's all we did," said the victor,

looking around triumphantly.

And Luke had to admit in his own And Luke had to admit in his own mind, as the meeting broke up, that this race must lose their chivalry and become brutalized before they shall ever attain freedom in these days of savage force. But then, is freedom worth the sacrifice? Here again is the enigma, the problem of the race.

the enigma, the problem of the race.

During the following week the weather continued warm, and one sultry afternoon, when Luke was away on a sick-call, Mary escaped from the heat of her kitchen and sat near the open window in one of the upper rooms. It was very cool and pleasant, and the woodbine, with all the beautiful familiarity of nature, was pushing its scented blossoms over the boxes of mignonette that filled the window-sill. Everything tempted to a reverie; and Mary began to dream, to dream of one of those little diamond paned cottages down there in the village, with its roses and honeysuckle, and she dreamed it was her own, and there was a lovely fitenoneysuckie, and she creamed it was her own, and there was a lovely fire-place, painted brick-color, and shining pots and pans, and a tiled floor, and— at noon a shadow flung across the sun-shine, and—from a corner, out from a mass of pink embroidery, came a tiny voice and she saw the blinking blue voice, and she saw the blinking blue eyes and the tossed, helpless hands; and then she woke up to see the gar-den gate open and the "Gineral" coolly riding up the narrow, gravelled

ting, with folded arms and all the selfpossession of a Vere de Vere.

"Good-day !" said the General,
trying to control his horse.

"Good-day !" said Mary, without

stirring. "Is the Rev. Mr. Delmege home?"
"He isn't," said Mary. "I'm thinkin' he won't be plazed to his flower-beds trampled when

"Will be return soon?" asked the

"He might, and he mightn't," said Mary. "Would you kindly tell him," said " that General Sebright

"Gineral what ?" said Mary, struck

"Gineral what?" said Mary, struck with sudden deafness.
"General Sebright," echoed the visitor. "Stop, I think I'll leave a card."
"Oh, ye needn't take the throuble," said Mary, grandly. "He has plinty of thim, himself, in his dhrawing-room."
The General put back the rejected card, and stared hopelessly at this appartition. apparition.
"Perhaps ye'd be afther tellin' me
your business with the priest?" said

Mary.

"Oh! it was merely a call of courtesy," said the General. "Good day!"

"Good-bye, and good-luck," said
Mary; and then, sotto voce, " and
that's not what I mane, me oule exterminator !' For Mary was a red-hot little rebel

like most of her country women.
too had her idols and ideals. Amo too had her idols and ideals. Amongst the former were Robert Emmett and St. Anthony of Padua, whose pietures graced her little bedroom, just under the great hierarchy of the Incarnation. Amongst the latter, neither rank, nor title, nor Mammon had a place. True as the needle to the pole are the instincts of her class and race. May no stincts of ner class and race. May no doctrinaires or self-elected prophets ever succeed in making such as this poor girl swerve one inch from their simple principles, which are the highest philosophy of existence!

At dinner she told Luke of the visit.

"'Tis a wondher he never called be fore," she added. "I m thinkin' he got a lesson on Sunday, tho' the stagens renaged."

Now, Luke was in another dilemma.

Now, Luke was in another dilemma. Should he return that call or not? He knew perfectly well that that visit was purely diplomatic. The General had allowed months to elapse, since Luke's advent to the parish, and he had never shown that courtesy before. Well, then? Meet diplomacy with diplomacy. Luke determined that he would return that visit. But what construction would be put on his action by his parishioners? How would they view this alliance with their deadly enemy? He saw all the possible consequences: but he despised consequences: The question is, what is right, and what is wrong? Yes! he would visit at the Lodge.

right, and what is wrong? Yes! he would visit at the Lodge.

He did, and was received with a certain kind of courteous homage. He lingered there more than an hour over the teacups. No wonder. It was Aylesburgh again! The beautiful drawing room, hung with such dainty pictures; the soft heavy hangings and portieres, that deadened all sound, and made a dusk of colour in the room: portieres, that deadened all south, and made a dusk of colour in the room; the large vases, filled with early chrysanthemums of every size and hue; the grand piano, covered over with costly furs, the wood fire blazing merrily in furs, the wood fire blazing merrily in the grate—ah, yes! it was the grace, the light and beauty of civilization once more; and Luke, with all his fine tastes, seemed to be wrapped in a dream of sweetness and luxury again. And Luke theorized, and made sundry complaints and suggestions, which which were very flattering. Why could not the Irish gentry do what their brethren were doing the wide world over? Why could they not come down to the level of the proletarist, and by a little zeal and self denial, introduce the sweetness and denial, introduce the sweetness and light of the higher life? Here, to his mind, was the radical difference be-tween England and Ireland—that in tween England and Ireland—that in the former country there was a per-fect link between the classes, the nobility and gentry being gently associated with the labouring classes through the medium of the clergyman and his family; whilst here, in Ire and his family; whilst here, in Ire land, there was an unspanned gulf between them, to their common detriment and disadvantage. The General and his lady and Dora Sebright listened with sympathy, and even enthusiasm. It was a happy idea! The very interpretation of their own thoughts. And Mr. Delmege really wished that they should enter into the cordial and intimate relations with the neonle he had should enter into the cordial and in-timate relations with the people he had so admirably expressed? Unquestion-ably! Well, then, they were most grateful for the suggestion; and would promptly act upon it. And Luke, as he passed down the avenue that wound through thicket and shrubbery, felt that he had gone far towards settling forever the eternal and insoluble pro

In less than a month he had to con-In less than a month he had to confess to an uneasy and undefinable feeling that something was wrong. His remarks at the League meetings were received coldly; and he was greeted with soured silence on the streets. The good old pastor, in the most gentle manner, hinted at attempts at proselytism, which he heard had been made. It had been reported to him that certain ladies, on their visitation at the cottages, and under pretence of introtain ladies, on their visitation at the cottages, and under pretence of intro ducing a finer esthetical taste among the villagers, had tried to remove the time honored portraits of patriots and the villagers, had tried to remove the time honored portraits of patriots and saints, and replace them with good loyal pictures from the Graphic. At home, Mary had hushed her merry songs; and, alas! did slam the door twice or thrice violently. Altogether, Luke felt between Soylla and Charybdis. the cross currents and pitiless vortices of daily life.

The child who is given a feast of the Sunday papers' comic supplement every week can not, in the nature of things, grow up with much reverence for old age.

THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY MARY B. MILLET. Oglesby shut his watch with a satis-

or the club. Don't send to his secretary,
"it's 2 o'clock and I'm going over to
the club. Don't send for me for anything short of a run on the bank."
Turning to me and clapping an affectionate hand on my shoulder, he said:

Turning to me and clapping an affectionate hand on my shoulder, he said:

"I mean to have more than twenty minutes with you, Carter, after having had twenty years without you."

"Would you please sign these letters, sir, before you go?" asked the secretary, and Oglesby sat down at his desk and went at it.

I watched the long, white hand travelling with curious little hitches through the characteristic signature, and thought of the old college days when I had christened him "Gogglesby for his eyeglasses, and he had known him to be in a state of chronic impecunicalty which gave no indication of the future bank president. We had been good chums in those days, but the dividing of our ways had come at the vary foot of the class tree, around which we marched singing, and they were touched again now for the first time.

Twenty years! That was a good, long pull. I sighad a little as I choose.

time.

Twenty years! That was a good, long pull. I sighed a little as I glanced idly over the array of handsome deak appointments and reflected that Oglesby had done more with that twenty years than I had. The usual things years than I had. The usual things were there, but my attention was especially attracted by a peculiar oval case of leather, richly bound and clasped with silver, which puzzled me until I happened to think that it, doubtless contained a picture of Oglesby's wife. This idea rather stirred my curiosity, and as he laid aside the last of the letters, I nodded toward the

"Haven't you a picture of your wife

Oglesby's glance followed mine.
"No," he said, shaking his head,
"No, not my wite."
He seemed to reflect a moment, then He seemed to reflect a moment, then slipped the case into his pocket.

"I'll show it to you after luncheon," he said, and closed the desk.

It was when we were settled in the corner of the smoking room and I had just determined to remind Oglesby of his promise that he drew the case from

his promise that he drew the case from his promise that he drew the case from his pocket, studied it a moment, then handed it across to me.

Absurd though it may have been to have such a notion, I confess now that I thought Oglesby was going to confide to me some affair of the heart, and I fully expected to find a woman's face looking at me when I took the case from his hands. I smiled, somewhat sheepishly, perhaps, when, instead of a miniature of some pretty young woman, I found a daguerreotype of a young man of the period of the fifties.

It was a fine face, with its wide, clear eyes, its straight, delicate nose, its broad brow under the thick dark hair, and its sensitive mouth with a humor-

broad brow under the thick dark hair, and its sensitive mouth with a humorous twist at one corner. I had no idea who the original might have been, but the picture was so full of charm and of promise that, coming as it did on top of our talk of old days, it made my heart ache with verhaps, the worst of pain which comes to us with age—the pain of longing for an irrecoverable youth. "Who is it?" I asked.
"My father," said Oglesby, and in his voice there was something else, something more than the pride of a son in the memory of a distinguished father.
"Ah!" said I. "I'm not surprised. The face promises what the years fulfilled."

Oglesby looked at me rather queerly.

Oglesby looked at me rather queerly.
"Doesn't it?" said he.
"Do you know," I went on, "it never occurred to me, somehow, that the Dr. Oglesby was your father until the time of his death? Then, through the papers, I found out that I had been hobrobbing with the son of a genius without knowing anything about it. Who didn't you ever tell us?"

"Why—because—when we were hob nobbing—I didn't know it myself." I stared rather blankly at Oglesby while my mind made futile guesses at what he meant.

"Didn't know it?" I echoed. Oglesby settled himself deeper into his chair and smoked thoughtfully for a

"When I was at college," said he, "When I was a college," said he,
"my father was a general practitioner
out in Indiana. He had gone there
soon after his marriage and had settled
in a town which, though small, was
chirping pretty loud under the impression that it had a great future before it. To-day it is still a little town
and the great future is still imperceptthe in the distance. ible in the distance. "You know, though, how things go.

The increase in population was not all that had been predicted; but our family at least, did what it could. It trebled its numbers with all possible dispatch. My three sisters and myself tried, though with indifferent success, to swell the size of the town; but where we did succeed was in tying a dead weight of cares and responsibilities around father's neck.

"Most men would have broken the

"Most men would have broken the fetters as soon as they realized that the place was a living tomb for ambition. They would have kicked loose somehow. But father wasn't that sort. He was a great physician in every fibre of his heart and brain—but he was that, and that alone. He didn't think and that alone. He did now he was a great physician. He simply went ahead being one.

"As for the commercial side of the

"As for the commercial side of the profession, it was not in him to consider that. People who paid their bills generally did so on their own initiative. Father grieved more, I fancy, over the defection of a single patient ithan over the loss of a hundred fees. He did his work—I afterward realized it—with the intense delight of a master in bis craft. He never stopped to think that he was doing marvelous things, and there was no one in that little place to realize it for him. for him.

"On the contrary, his very gentle-ness and modesty, his very lack of assertiveness, made him a sort of dim figure even in the quiet run of affairs at Plainville. Youngsters just out of

izing at old Dr.

around in his muddy
"These youngste
Dr. Ogleeby' before
old. And they 'p
of one patient after
the less of some wh
deplorable loyalty of
pay, his income a
unecomfortably close
point. Of course, I
a serviceable age,
was set on my golf
used to have a fami
while, to discuss w while, to discuss with sticks in my he this day the look the

father's eyes as he
"Donald, boy, amount to much, do LOglesby was silen I, for my part, was wer.
" Perhaps you we it may not appeal length, somewhat a the wonder of it be off me. I wish I cather as he muse others at the time for we finally scrape possible sum that v You could find his a

imagine, in almos Rather shabby, slig to pass you witho always kindly and dent his mind was and nobody wanted "Oh, of course, I Oglesby's lips curl me? I've seen oth 'nice' to their fat to take them by t their ideas into so an unsuccessful ma just one really go to state." Ogles "that good thing a gifted son who w

in good season.

father in an off ha

I didn't encourag

that, but mother d cine, either, and the family indiffe subject, as I restabled because I shouldn't wonde same sort of thing Oglesby said, and "Well," he we through college, I went into a Thanks to some lu plugging, I got to years, and I guess nearly the mort in the country. Ma, son thinks You can't und

said. " how the m

You've never take

bone !—in return. own father!" I made no rep ment occupied, was question. I was I do that?" But "I like to th little by little truth. Father h which seemed en graphically speal went with him I afterward four out the country In some cases the to some. He to order to study But the wards w patients far apai diseases are o among farmers' be among the p things. Diseas things. Diseases

farmhouse on or always on the al study—and help "Agnes and I a little house ne so happy that the into a sort of to were concerned and she and cronies. As for him, there was couldn't pry m with him when
gradually I begrathings she rep
her. I don't in
she "cared fo than the rest of assumed the viril she really did hone could help opened the doo 'A' Agnes and about a year with her mother.

nervous syste

especially to fati

to her mother. city soon after rather hard on of us have been it did. If she father would ning of the tro Oglesby looke "I might neve "No," I said hadn't the f meant.

"Four wee away," Ogler mother telegre and for me to home, threw and ran over t was going. I'
tone as he g
and said :
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"' Father,"
" We hav

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oed.

echool came to town and smiled patronizing at old Dr. Oglesby plodding around in his muddy buggy.

"These youngsters called him 'old Dr. Oglesby' before he was forty years old. And they 'patronized' him out of one patient after another until with the loss of some who did pay and the deplorable loyalty of some who did not pay, his income sometimes dwindled uncomfortably close to the vanishing point. Of course, I was growing up to a serviceable age, but father's heart was set on my going to college. We used to have a family council once in a while, to discuss ways and means, and it sticks in my heart like a knife to this day the look that would come into father's eyes as he would say:

"Donald, boy, your father doesn't amount to much, does he?"
Loglesby was silent for a moment, and I, for my part, was too puzzled to answer.

"Perhaps you won't understand—or

I, for my part, was too puzzled to answer.

"Perhaps you won't understand—or
it may not appeal to you," he said at
length, somewhat apologetically; "but
the wonder of it has never quite worn
off me. I wish I could make you see
father as he must have seemed to
others at the time I was in college—
for we finally scraped together the least
possible sum that would take me there.
You could find his apparent prototype, I
imagine, in almost any little town.
Rather shabby, slightly stooping, likely
to pass you without seeing you, but
always kindly and gentle. It was evident his mind was bent on his work,
and nobody wanted to hear about that.
"Oh, of course, I was nice to father!" and nobody wanted to hear about that.

"Oh, of course, I was nice to father!"
Oglesby's lips curied. "Can't you see
me? I've seen other young cubs being
'nice' to their father, and I've wanted
to take them by their heels and shake their ideas into some sort of order. I 'patronized' him, too. To me he was an unsuccessful man who had achieved in the constraint of the constraint of the constraint of the constraint. The constraint of the constra

in good season.
"In the meantime I was 'nice' to father in an off hand, superior fashin. I didn't encourage him to talk about his work. I 'didn't care for medicine.' Mother—well mother was dear and all that, but mother didn't care for medithat, but mother didn't care for medicine, either, and my sisters shared the family indifference. In fact, the subject, as I remember, was rather tabooed because it was not pleasant. I shouldn't wonder if you've seen the same sort of thing in other families." Oglesby said, and I nodded reflectively. "Well," he went on, "I pegged through college, as you know, and then I went into a bank at Plainville. Thanks to some luck and a good deal of plugging, I got to be cashier in a 'ew years, and I guess I thought I was very nearly the mort promising young man

nearly the mort promising young man in the country. I know father thought so. You ought to have heard him say,

Ma, son thinks so and so."
"You can't understand, Carter," he said, "how the memory of a thing like that makes a man feel hot all over. You've never taken the service and the —the homage of a better man than you and thrown him a bone—yes, call it a bone!—in return. And that man your

own father!"

I made no reply, being at that moment occupied, with a sudden, sharp question. I was asking myself, "Did I do that?" But Oglesby went on.

"I like to think," said he, "that little by little I was coming to the truth. Father had a country practice which seemed extensive enough, geographically speaking, and sometimes I graphically speaking, and sometimes is went with him on long Sunday rides. I afterward four dout that not one of a sterward four dout that not one of are of the patients he visited throughout the countryside was a paying one. In some cases they didn't even ask him to some. He took all that trouble in to some. He took all that trouble in order to study certain diseases and their treatment. It was his hospital. But the wards were miles long and the patients far apart. Perhaps you don't know that insanity and certain nervous diseases are comparatively common among farmers' wives. They seem to be among the perquisites of the poor things. Diseases of the brain, or things. Diseases of the brain, or rather diseases affecting the train and nervous system, seemed to appeal especially to father. So he went to the farmhouse on one pretext or another, farmhouse on one pretext or another, always on the alert for cases he might

study—and help. "Agnes and I began housekeeping in a little house next to father's, and were a little house next to father's, and were so happy that the rest of the world went into a sort of total eclipse so far as we were concerned. Agues came out of her trance oftener than I did, I guess, and she and father became great cronies. As for my Sunday rides with him, there was an end of them. You him, there was an end of them. You couldn't pry me out of the immediate vie'nity of Agoes. But she often went with him when I was at the bank, and gradually I began to take an interest in things she repeated from his talk to her. I don't imagine that, at the start, she "cared for medicine' any more than the rest of us did. I suppose she assumed the virtue, and as her reward, she really did become interested—as no assumed the virtue, and as her reward, she really did become interested—as no one could help being when father opened the doors of his experience.

"Agnes and I had been married hand."

about a year when she went for a visit to her mother, who had moved to the city soon after our wedding. It seems rather hard on the poor girl, but both of us have been glad it all happened as it did. If she had stayed at home, father would have noticed the begin ning of the trouble and have righted it they and there in which case." and ning of the trouble and have right then and there; in which case," and Oglesby looked up with a sharp nod, "I might never have known that I was,

as you say, the son of a genius."

"No," I said encouragingly, though I hadn't the faintest idea what he he said.

"Four weeks after my wife went away," Oglesby continued, "her mother telegraphed that Agnes was ill and for me to come at once. I rushed home, threw a few things into a bag and ran over to father's to tell them I was rough. I'll payor towart his calm was going. I'll never forget his calm tone as he got up, picked up his hat

and said:
"' We will lese no time."
"' Father,' I said, ' you needn't go.'
"' We have no time to lose if we want to take this train,' father said,

just as if I hadn't spoken, and he kissed mother good-by and opened the

door. "The ride on the train that day brought me closer to my father than I had ever been in my life. I was comforted by his presence and found myself appealing to him in a dozen ways. Even then, though, it was only as my father that I was knowing him better. I was as far as ever from dreaming that he was a wonderful physician. That was all to come."

Oglesby amoked in allence a while.

was all to come."

Oglesby smoked in silence a while.
Then he began slowly.

"I don't suppose you ever—went through the experience—of having your wife—lose her mind?"

I shook my head, surprised.

"No," I said, "oh, no!"
Oglesby leaned forward a moment, his elbows on his knees. Then he looked up, smiling a rather unsuccess ful smile.

"It's hell." he said. "I know."

Iul smile.
"It's hell," he said. "I know."
"Why—old fellow"—I stammered.
"It was all over long ago, thank
God! Don't let's think about it—that

way. He seemed to shake off the memory with a straightening of his broad shoul-

"When we reached Agnes," he went on, "she was in a delirium which no one had been able to quiet. The physician they had called in had at least fourteen good reasons for assuring us that the case was very serious, and when he said serious with his lips, he when he said 'hopeless' with every other part of him. At least fourteen reasons! And one would have been enough for me. I was frightened I couldn't see a ray of hope anywhere, not even when father came to me and patted my

sther came to me and patted my shoulder reassuredly.
"Don't worry, son. Agnes is quieter now, and she will be all right soon."
And I can see now the stung look in his eyes. He had been so happy in knowledge that Agnes would be all right and help there are seen to put an end and had been so eager to put an end to my anxiety! and that was the way I met him—with the curtest sort of

a snub.
"Well," Oglesby drew a deep breath,
"I saw that he was hurt, but I said to
myself that there was only one thing to
be considered just then, and that was, what would be best for Agnes. So, while I tried to be kind about it, I told father that I wanted Dr. Benson called at once. You know, Benson is one of the masters of diagnosis in this country, and I think it eased father's heart to see that it was at least for a great man he was put aside. He was very gentle and kind with me and said no more about his own opinion of the case.

more about his own opinion of the case. He certainly was a trump, Carter.

"Well,' Oglesby went on, after a pause, "Benson was sent for at once and came in the course of an hour or two. It happened that the physician who had been called in by Agnes' mother was not there, so father took Dr. Benson in charge to explain the case. I don't think they expected me to be present, but I was possessed by an unreasoning terror that I might miss some chance of helping my wife. As for father's explaining the case, I was so skeptical of his ability that I really expected to become an important factor in the consultation by eking out his meager knowledge. So I followed them into Agnes' 100m, and they let me stay.

"Then" esid Oglesby, with a sudden

me stay.
"Then," said Oglesby, with a sudden lifting of his head and a ring in his volce, "then came the surprise of my voice, "then came the surprise of my life. A few questions from Dr. Benson and my father turned, before my very eyes, from the rather apologetic man of small success to the great physician.

"I suppose the contact with a man who could understand and appreciate him was an inspiration. He had never allowed himself the extravagance of going to medical conventions, or to the

he would not have had the self-confid-ence to approach them.

This was different. It was his place, his duty, to give the consulting physi-cian all the information he could and, once launched, he was swert on by the current of his wonderful knowledge. In three minutes Benson had ceased asking questions. In five minutes he was an absorbed listener. In ten min-utes I was forgotten by both men as completely as if I had been a medicine bottle on the table in the corner.

"Half of it was Greek—worse than

" Half of it was Greek-worse than Greek—to me, and yet I felt the lucidity of it to the initiated mind. As for ity of it to the initiated mind. As for confidence, I had a queer wish that I could get into physical touch with my father; he seemed so much the embodiment of calm, sure knowledge. I didn't have any anxiety about Benson's verdict. I suppose I could see that he agreed with my father, but, anyway, I was sure that Agnes would be all right. Father had said so. There were tears of relief in my eyes as we went into the next room and he talked on and on, in that new vibrating voice, while Benson threw in a sharp word of inquiry now and then.

threw in a sharp word of inquiry now and then.

"They turned me out of the room after a while, and I went humbly, too, and willingly. I cried like a girl, I remember, when I got out. I was so glad about Agnes and so wonder-struck over the transformation in my father. When the two men finally came out together they were still talking; but at sight of me Dr. Benson seemed to recall himself. He looked a little puzzled, as if he scarcely knew what to say.

as it he scarcely knew what to say.
Then he turned to my father.
"I don't think I caught your name,"

again he stopped short. 'Your father!'

"Then he stared curiously at me. "Then he stared curiously at uc.
"Well, young man,' he remarked,
dryly, 'I don't know why under heaven
you called me in, but I'm very much
obliged to you for doing so.'
"What is your fee, doctor?' I

managed to stammer.

"'Fee?' He was pulling on his gloves and was thinking intently. Then he seemed to come out of his reverie.
'Eh! What? Fee, did you say? It

the profession, he said.

"Then he turned his back on me, took my father by the hand and held it. for a good minute, giving it a little shake now and then.

shake now and then.
"'Fee! he chuckled. 'I'll get my
fee all right, eh, doctor. Let's see! I'm
to call for you at 9 o'clock tomorrow
morning to go and have a look at that
case I was telling you of. You'll be

case I was telling you of. You'll be ready at 9?'
"'Yes,' said father—the new father I had just discovered. 'I'm pretty sure, she can be helped.'
"As Dr. Benson went out of the door, he looked back at me and shook his head, as if he despaired of me.
"'Fee!' he chuckled again. And then he muttered: 'Plainville! Good Lord!'

Oglesby smiled at me with pleased light in his eyes. Then he picked up

the daguerrotype.

"Taat was the way it happened,"
he said. "Wasn't it wonderful? I
found this daguerrotype as I was helping to pack my father's things when he
came to the city to take up his new
work. Even then, when the change of
fortune made us all feel as if we were living in a rose-colored dream, the pic-ture used to give me a headache. Just

think, Carter, of all those long, slow years when he could feel his ideals and ambitions being swallowed up, inch by inch, in a hopeless bog of failure—at feast, apparent failure.

"I remember the day I came across this pleture. I opened the case carelessly, and it seemed as if the fine, big

possibilities which made his face so full of life and hope then were reproaching me with those years. Yes it gave me a heartache when I did find it; but I wonder how I should have felt if he had died, an obscure and apparently un-successful country doctor and I had

successful country doctor and I had found it then.

"I expect," Oglesby said thoughtfully, "I expect there are plenty of daguerrotypes like this, put away in old trunks and boxes. Pictures full of life and hope and promise—all unrealized because circumstances have shut them. I tall you. the door against them. I tell you, Carter, it makes a man think twice before he calls any one unsuccessful, doesn't it?'

It was a good minute before I remem-

It was a good minute before I remembered to answer.

"Yes, it does," I said slowly.

I picked up the daguerrectype and opened it again. But there was a mist between my eyes and the picture, so that I could not see it clearly. It was not the face of Oglesby's father at all. The one I saw had thin temples, tired eyes, a patient mouth, a framing of scant white hair. But there was something sweet and brave and honest in every worn line. I remembered how, sometimes, when my mother kissed the tired eyes there would be tears in her own. If I had only wn. If I had only—
My heart contracted with a sharp

pang of regret and envy as I bent my head lower over the daguerreotype of Oglesby's father.—Scribner's Maga-

A LETTER ON SLANDER.

Chas. C. Starbuck, Protestant Theologian in the Sacred Heart Review.

If Catholies would not be slandered they should not slander. A very con-spicuous English Catholic clergyman once wrote to a friend of mine, who showed me the letter, that he never showed me the letter, that he never knew a cultivated Catholic that could endure Marshall's attack on Protestant endure Marshall's attack on Protestant missions. For himself, he owned that he had never been able to read more than an occasional page. The little book of the Rev. Nicholas

The little book of the Kev. Nicholas Walsh, S. J., is much less objectionable, yet he says that Adoniram Judson, the famous Burman missionary made no converts, and that he finally gave up the work and came back to Boston and died here. Neither statement is true. Dr. Judson made few Burman converts, but hesides his translating the whole but besides his translating the whole bible into Burmese, his few converts opened the way to the Karen missions which now include more than 100,000 Christians, most of them Baptists, but a certain proportion Anglicans or Cath-olics. Dr. Judson is the root of this whole success. Moreover, he continued in the work until his death, at the age of sixty two.

How much more honorable is the frank acknowledgment given by an English Jesuit to the enlightened English Jesuit to the enlightened labors of the American Presbyterians among the Copts in Egypt, and to the essential help they render to his endeavors to redeem this ancient Church from her stagnant isolation. How honorable, too, the careful courteousness of the French Catholic official report on Protectant missions! Still port on Protestant missions! Still more the appreciative work of the Abbe Viviani. I think I have his name right. Probably he is a Christian kinsman of the notorious Socialist Viviani, whose atheistic speech the Chamber of Deputies has honored with publication throughout France. The family talent seems to be parted be-tween Christ and Apollyon.

If Catholics will imitate the brother-

ly cordiality of that Bible society which has its seat in the Vatican, they will be invulnerable. Until then they he said.

"'Oglesby,' said father.
"'Oglesby,' he repeated, as if trying to place him. 'You—you haven't been practicing here long, have you?
"'I don't live here,' said father, with a touch of his old manner. 'I live in Plainville. It's a small town. You may not have heard of it.'
"Plainville!' exclaimed Dr. Benson.
"'He didn't seem able to say anything more, so I ventured the information that Dr. Oglesby was my father.
"'Your father!' he exclaimed, and which has its seat in the Vatican, they will be invalnerable. Until then they must content themselves with alleging that what they say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are more drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are more drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what they say against the Protestants is a mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the bucket to what they are against the Protestants are mere drop in the stants are against the Protestants are mere drop in the stants are against the Pr

sources of the Castilian tongue must be terribly taxed. Curiously enough, however, El Abogado seemed always to hold the person and character of Leo XIII. secred from attack. Surely this will effect no mean mitigation of the retribution to be exacted of the editors hereafter.

We remember that Ridolfii, a Florentine banker, having business in England, thought he might also do something for the Church. Accordingly he went to the Pope, and proposed a plan for deposing Queen Etizabeth. The Pope approved and sent him to Madrid, where Philip added to the plan of deposition a plan of assassination, Ridolfii then went on to England, but finding the English Catholics (with a few exceptions) stubborn against murdering the Queen and not very friendly to dethe Queen and not very (riendly to de-throning her, he transacted his own business and went home to Florence, where he relapsed into his former

Now Mr. Lansing, who has the most extrao dinary amount of information never known to mortal man before, and never to be known again, tells us that Ridolfi has been canonized, and suggests that it may have been for his plot against Elizabeth. Whether for the plot or the failure he does not say, probably the former.

Of course, if Mr. Lansing says any-Of course, if Mr. Lansing says anything, the presumption is overwhelming against its truth. I would hardly take his word that the Ohio runs by Cincinnati, if I had not been there, or had not had near kindred long living there. Still I would not be too incredulous. For instance, he once mentions Rhode Island, and I firmly believe there is such a State, for I have been through it. Indeed, should Mr. Lansing inform me that he had had fish Lansing inform me that he had had fish for dinner, Popish as this might sound, I should believe him without hesitation.

Accordingly I have importuned two friends to take up a wearisome search through the calendar, and they have brought out not one St. Ridolfii, but three. Surely now Mr. Lansing will begin to lift up his head. Unluckily, however, not one of the three will serve his turn. One is a Swiss boy (Rudolf;) one an Italian Bishop, and one an Italian Jesuit. The Florentine layman and banker does not appear.

However, Father O Brien informs me

that a century since there was residing at Rome a certain Rudolf Schadow, whom the Romans, after their manner, knew as "Messer Ridolfo." Being a Geras "Messer Ridolfo." Being a German Protestant artist, but becoming a Catholic and dying in a high reputation of piety, he might easily be popularly designated for awhile as "Saint Ridalfo." An English visitor might easily catch up the word, and knowing no Ridolfi but him of Elizabethan celeb Ridolfi but him of Elizabethan celebrity, might inform his countrymen that the banker's attempt on the life of their great Queen had been rewarded with a place in the calendar.

Such a story, once alloat, and seeking for lodgment in some brain empty of reality and full of calumnious cobwebs, would seen find out where to take up

would soon find out where to take up it has found entertainment.

meanings and puts into the mouths of Catholics a formula which they never use, cunningly concealing from the simpletons who crowd around him the fact that he and the Catholics believe just the same thing. For instance, let us say that the minister who baptized him turns out a hypocrite. Would he be rebaptized? Of course not. He would simply say: "The man was a scoundrel, but his authenticated official acts hold good, and are not to be re-peated." In other words, he believes just as the Catholies do. But by his tricky dishonesty he easily deceives such hearers as commonly resort to him. No device could be too transparent to take them in.

editors hereafter.
We remember that Ridolfii, a Flor-

its quarters. We may therefore leave it to rest in the Fool's Paradise in which

it has found entertainment.

Lansing tells us that Boman Catholics hold that one may be a bad man but a good Pope, a bad man but a good Bishop, a bad man but a good priest. Note the lcw cunning of the fellow. Taking advantage of the ambiguous meaning of "good," sometimes signifying morally excellent and sometimes legally valid, and knowing that he has to do with hearers as malevolent as himself, and even more idiotic, he slily swaps meanings and puts into the mouths of

Long on Profession, Short on Practice.

Says the Sacred Heart Review : Says the Sacred Heart Review:
"The Catholic Church is not responsible for individual Catholics who are dishonest in public or private life. The tares will grow with the wheat until the end of time. It is hard, however, to convince non-Catholics of this; and the Catholic body, and by this we mean Catholic citizens, are unfair to themselves and to the Church when they give their votes to elect a man who is give their votes to elect a man who is long on the profession of Catholicity but short on its practice."

weak and sickly.

entire body.

blacksmith.

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REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., PRES.

CERTAIN FACTS.

Whatever be the cause and whatever Whatever be the cause and whatever be the remedy, the fact remains that Catholic families do not read enough Catholic literature. To have no friends but non-Catholics is dangerous for a Catholic, since it may lead him uncon-Catholic, since it may lead nim unconsciously to form opinions which are decidedly un-Catholic if not anti-Catholic. Few of us are so strong as not to be influenced by our companionship. And the companionship of books is often more influential than the com-panionship of persons, for its influence is more subtle and more likely to catch is more subtle and more likely to caten
us off our guard. The religious indifferentism so prevalent at the present day not only creates a literature of
indifferentism; it is largely created by
such literature. And if our young
Catholic men and women do not get
acquainted with any literature except
the if their only grip upon their faith this, if their only grip upon their faith is a gradually fading recollection of the catechism lessons of childhood, an occasional sermon listened to inattentive ly, and an infrequent, perhaps, luke-warm, reception of the sacraments, there is danger that their faith, if it does not die of inanition, will be too weak to be transmitted to another gen

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Obtawa, June 1862, 1862.

Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with eathstaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability and, above all, that it is immed with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenu easily idefends the theorem of the control of the co

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. wa, Canada, March 7th, 1900. Ottow

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper. THE CATHOLIC RECORD,
and congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published. Its matter and form
are both good; and a truly Catholic spirits
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleastre, I can recommend it to the faithful
Hessing you and wishing you success, believe
mate to remain.

wours faithfully in Jesus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.
Acost. Deleg. LONDON, SATURDAY, Nov. 2, 1907.

CONGREGATIONALIST

ADMISSION. Little by little, faster now than

formerly, our separated brethren are

beginning to wish to close their ranks

and to seek a more practical function

for the (?) Church than merely reading their Bible. The Canadian Congregationalist says: "The Church has to learn sooner or later that the main thing about Christianity is not a Bible in the hand but a Christ in the heart ; not a doctrine in the mind, but an atmosphere of communion with the Inanite." Some of that reads like rhetoric, some more is sound enough; but all of it is a great change of front. Why or how a church can be dilatory about learning its duty or the principles of sanctification which it is to have at hand may and does seem like self-accusation. We can understand severity of discipline mitigated from time to time. Fasting may not be so strict to day as a generation ago. How can a church, however, change " the wain thing," and unlearn at a later period what it had learned at an earlier. At one time it was the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible; now it is "Christ in the No longer a "doctrine in the heart." mind" it is " an atmosphere." The " Bible in hand " was certainly no great success. From the first lot of the pseudo-reformers down to the last yearly reports of the Bible societies they have spread Bibles by the thousands, carried them in Orange processions, boasted in language loud and strong how the heathen and Catholics too had them given to them-and now all this goes for nothing. It was not the Bible which was wanted : that was not the main thing at all. After three centuries they are just beginning to learn-and sooner or later they will learn it-that the chief function of a church is to form Christ in the heart. Was not the divine commission clear? " Teach all nations to observe what I have commanded you, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." The men who received that mandate knew well what it meant. There could be no such thing as evolution or develop ment. No generation amongst their followers would arise and find that the Church had on the main thing been mistaken, and that the Church was gradually learning something about the original deposit of truth. As if Christianity could be the result of experience, it would seem that the Bible, being a failure by reason of the divisions it caused, then something else must be tried. "The Church," they say again, " must not insist upon a certain attitude towards the Bible, but a certain attitude towards Christ." The Church, Christ, the Bible, the individual-how do these stand to one another? How can a Church insist upon any attitude either towards Christ or the Bible which is not consistent with its own position, which at one time held the Bible to be the main thing and now denies it? Nay, the Church is not to insist any longer upon any particular attitude towards the Bible. It may be therefore quite consistent for a man not to believe in the inspiration of the Bible and yet be a member of the Congregational Church. Where does the Church derive its authority to free a member from, or to oblige him towards, a certain attitude towards the Bible. If private judgment counts for anything, and we always thought it was the corner stone of all the sects, if it still prevails, the thing, a zero, empirically impossible, specific. For our part we know only and thou shalt go into life everlasting.

individual has just as much power as the Church. It is unsound in logic and theology for any Protestant sect to talk about insisting. They can insist as much as a social or political clubno more, no less. They put the Bible into the hands of their laity, and in the act declared to them they had the right to judge for themselves, and within the secred volume they would find life and salvation. The time has come when they wish to revert this doctrine, when the Church wishes to insist. But who is the Church? In the Congregational system every build ing or congregation is a church. Then the congregation down town will insist upon one thing, and the congregation up town upon another. The Bible gone, a church without power wishing to have discipline and exercise authority, what can be more pitifully tossed by the waves and winds of time? Such is Protestantism.

> MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE. We hope our correspondents will

deal mercifully with us; for we lay no

claim to heing walking encyclopædias.

If they wish they may take us around from theology to philosophy, and thence to points of history: the route is a pleasant one, the scenery varied and the travelling invigorating. But please let us get home once in a while, if it is only to use our scissors. The scissors in our office are mightier than the pen, and the pen mightier than the sword. There is no use explaining such an argument; for here is a letter on mathematics, a siren's voice, a challenge to us when we are eager for a fray. "Another thing," our correspondent writes, " that needs illuminating for the educated(?) classes is the development of science based on mathematics which is so eloquently quoted to us as absolute truth. The fact is that later mathe matics, since the advent of the non-Euclidian school, is fundamentally in error both mathematically and philosophically." We beg to state that the note of interrogation is not ours. However grave our interior doubts may have been about the decline of learn ing and the need of more elevating subjects, we would not, for mere polite ness' sake, question there being t large number of learned people amongst the educated classes. Without being re-actionary, we hold that the child who knows the leading mysteries of religion is better educated than the agnostic graduate of a university; that absolute truth can no more be found in a mathematical function than absolute happiness can be found in this dull vale of tears. A few of our readers may not be mathematicians. For their sake we shall avoid being technical, strive to be brief and touch upon the principles called into question. There was a time, not long ago, when it was considered as difficult for mathematicians to differ as for doctors to agree Division has come at last; a cleavage is now evident. Some for Euclid, others for more modern methods have pitched their tents on both side of the pons asinorum claiming victory, truth and enlightenment for their several sides. Science, it must not be forgotten, is used with a double meanlaxed In the former sense it signifies knowledge of a subject by its causes, and notably by the deeper underlying causes, and, indeed, the first cause. Every science has its subject matter and its method. The deeper the matter is, or the more closely the sub ject approaches the first cause, the

> oates. The superior force of mathematical reasoning is derived mostly from the nature of the subjects discussed. Mathematical science is merely the science of quantity-spatial and numerical. It is therefore limited as to the character of its subject and as to its extent. And as to the method em ployed, mathematical reasoning has no advantage over any other. Much has been said about the inductive method of mathematics, who ther from the observation of the falling app e by Newton or the telescopic studies of later astronomers. Induction may have done more for mathematics than for philosophy: in both cases it has left the mind unsatisfied with its conclusions, which at best are only empirical. If it has been employed more in mathe matics it is because the facts to be observed were fewer and the sphere of investigation was more limited. Whilst quantity is the subject of mathematics, God, man, the universe are the subjects of his philosophy-nor yet alone of his philosophy, for man cannot, since he is finite, take into his comprehension Infinity, with all its unity and multiplicity. What is the difference between the Infinitude of God and mathematical infinity? The former is a reality, the absolute truth, the

more scientific it is likely to be, the

more extensive is its field, the more

stable its principles and the more im-

portant are the truths which it incul-

one Church. Its message is the same unrealized, unrealizeable, hypothetical, a harmless error when balance ed by another infinity. Mathematicians never examined the foundations of their building. It was only when new methods were applied to old problems, and particular cases evolved contradictions, the foundations showed cracks Algebra was applied to geometry analysis became more general. Defini tion weakened according as ideas changed; and ideas changed according as metaphysical theories changed Newton's theory of space differs from that of Kant or Hegel. Mathematic became more and more the organon of other physical sciences and less a mere solitary science realing with abstract quantity or ideal space. Truth in the sense of the reality of a being and its relation to the mind is not the clear result of mathematical investigation which is to be expected from either the Euclidian or the non-Euclidian method. In plain language, the conclusion cannot be wider than the premises. Whatever truth is contained in the premises, that and no more will be contained in the conclusion. By this we do not mean that man's knowledge does not, or cannot, advance, or that his process does not widen with the Far otherwise. Every proposisun. tion learned and every puzzle solved increases the store and treasure of the mind. We mean that if the premises are weak or the definitions hypothetical, then the conclusions are also weak. If, therefore, mathematics do not give truth, in the strongest sense of the term, where are we to look for it? Truth is the great object of quest. What is it? is still demanded by the race as when the cowardly Pilate asked it of Him Who alone knows it, Who alone teaches it and Who still gives testimony to it. All other truth is partial, unsatisfying, be it mathematical, philosocal or sensible. "He in an instant elevateth the humble mind to comprehend more reasons of the eternal truth than if any one had studied ten years in the schools."

THE PROBLEM FOR PROTEST-ANT CHURCHES.

The Toronto Globe, in an editorial,

lately approached with courage the grave question which faces most, if not all, of the denominations other than the Catholic Church, According to our daily contemporary there is a difaculty - membership is falling off, young men are not entering the ministry, churches themselves and their services are less and less regarded as the public worship of God, but more like clubs, which may, or may not, be at tended according to the individual's feeling or convenience. What is the cause, where is the weakness of the Church? It is not that salaries are low and that young men do not on this account wish to enter the ministry. The salary question is not the weak spot in the modern Church." Again, The trouble with the modern Church is not its penury, not its obstacles, not its persecutions, not the martyrdoms to which its members are exposed, but rather its very wealth and luxury in produced in its membership fatty degeneration of the soul." It is with the busy man, "the man in the street," as the Globe calls him, that the Church has to deal. This man is not a theo logian or a Biblical critic. But he knows what is what, and cares nought for high-toned essays or "impromptu drivel which does duty for pulpit discourse." His business may be material, but his life-creed is not. "Materialism is not," maintains the Globe, "the life creed of any intelligent man in Canada to-day." Now the Church has no "compelling" message to this class: it does not touch this busy man of the world. These people may hun ger for bread; there is none to break it to them. Whilst the foreign missions lure young men of intellectual ability and personal power, home work and ordinary congregations do not present opportunities for heroism or the same attractions for influence. Here is the case as presented with the candor of one who wishes to bring about a better state of affairs and with the force of one who recognizes still a divine element in what he is pleased to call the Church. To this term we take objecttion. The Church is no indefinite makeshift-a ship with a mob for sailors and a quarreling set wrangling who should be captain, and winding up by all taking turns at it. The Church cannot be spoken of at one time as St. Peter's. at another John Knox's, and again as John Wesley's. All these present different credentials to the man on the street, and appeal to him in a very dissimilar manner. If any institution wishes to deserve the name of the Church it must possess a clear right to the title, and be able to point to

somewhat closely to its ideals.

as it ever was, its powers of holding the heart enthralled are as sacramental to-day as when on the eve of His death the Master bade His Apostles commemorate His loving sacrifice. Its mission is as carnest to the man on the street as when the first apostles were sent to evangelize the gentile world. It is not a question of salary but of leaving all; it is not a question of young men choosing the ministry, but of the Master choosing them; least of all is it question of marked ability and power, for the weak are chosen to c found the strong, and the things that are not as if they were. Judging by the arguments there is buying and selling in the temple. The natural is diluted with the supernatural until it is hard to say which predominatesmore than likely the natural. As for the creed of the members, materialism may not be the first or the last article or the whole creed, but it locks very much as if it were, and as if prosperity were the measure of virtue and the standard of sanctity. It is all very well to let men devote all their mind and soul and strength to wealth gathering and money making six days in the week, and then expect worship fervent, unselfish, and unworldly on the seventh day. The message which would compel the modern man of the street is hardly consistent with the canonization of poverty or the authoritative demand to sell all and give it to the poor. It may be that there is a craving for the kingdom of heaven, but its expression is unsaint like to say the least. The religion which men of the world seek to day is a compromise between God and mammon. It was said by Him whose word does not pass away that we cannot serve both; but nowadays the " man in the street " is trying the experiment. How far he is succeeding hath not yet appeared, nor will it be known until it is too late for practical purposes. As long as the energies of the many are directed along material lines, as long as men are achieving such success, moderating their desires for economical purposes, finding this world pleasant without the extremes of sensuality, and rich in influence without tyrannical pride, sharp in a bargain yet not dishonest, selfish yet amiable, patient because they have abundance, and benevolent for the sake of ostentation, as long as wealth can be kept busy and poverty be prevented from being too importunate - so long will religion fail with its message, and the gospel invitation be unheeded. They are busy; they cannot come. There are reason too in which the Church is concerned Union must close the ranks of divided Christendom before it can successfully appeal at home to men of the world or abroad to heathen nations. Another thing is the supernatural character of the message. If the world were only the publican in the temple, if it would acknowledge sin and plead for mercy, if it would seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, then would all else be added to it. The same message goes forth to the faithful of the Church we know and love; the same warnings are Sion which have engendered a spirit of made against worldliness and the things mercialism in its enterprises and of the world; the same sacraments are there to heal the wounded and strengthen the pilgrim; the same sacrifice is there for worship and thanksgiving and prayer-the same word to the ear, the same example to the heart-"We have not here an abiding city, we seek one to come." "Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day, the same forever." wishes to be my disciple must deny himself and carry his cross." The message has not changed, but man's bearing towards it has changed, and justification by faith-that false teachingis largely accountable for it.

CAUTION. We deem it necessary to again warm our people against those well groomed frauds who represent themselves as ecclesiastical students," and who go about the country selling articles to the Catholic people at more than double the actual value. In the Maritime Provinces some of our people are putting these cases into court. We have been informed that their mode of doing business is to sell a book at \$6.00 cash or \$7.00 on time, giving a year to pay. About a month afterwards a collector makes his appearance and demands the full amount for the book. When his request is not complied with he desires to take the book away, making no recompense to the purchaser for what he had already paid. The "ecclesiastical student trick is pretty well worn out now and no doubt some other scheme will be tried in the near future. There is a regularly organized gang of sharpers who make it their business to prey upon the people in the rural communities, more especially where a policeman is not at a convenient distance. those who obey its mandates and live

A USEFUL WORK.

We have received from Halifax, N. S., a pamphlet issued by the King's printer bearing the title "Three Re quirements of Health." The author of this very able and useful book is Dr. A. P. Reid, M. D., chief health officer. The particular subjects dealt with are: " The air we should breathe, including warming and ventilation, "The food we should eat," and "The exercise we should take." The author. who has attained distinction in the medical profession, is a son of Mr. James Reid, one of the first settlers of London, Ont., a staunch Scotch Catholic and one of the most respected citizens of the Forest city. Another son of this pioneer of the early days, Dr. John J. Reid, holds a high place amongst the medical men of New York city. We always feel a certain degree of pride in chronicling the success natives of London. Respectability, honesty of purpose, perseverance, s laudable ambition and integrity character invariably meet their reward. Such has been the case with the family of our old friend James Reid.

Translated for The Freeman's Journal.
ENCYCLICAL ON "THE DOCTRINES OF THE MODERNISTS." BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

PIUS X. POPE.

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries who are at peace and in communion with the Apostolis See. CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

SUBJECTION OF THE CHURCH. For the Modernist school it is not enough that the State should be separated from the Church. Just as faith must subordinate itself to science, in must subordinate itself to science, in respect of the phenomenal elements, so in temporal affairs must the Church be subject to the State. They do not assert this openly; but they will have to declare it if they would be logical. Granted that in its temporal affairs the Chattier measure it follows that the here State is master, it follows that the be-liever, when he wishes to add to the internal acts of religion, ex ternal acts, as for example, the reception or the administration of the sacra ments, he falls under the vigilance and control of the State. What then be-comes of ecclesiastical authority, which can be exercised only by external acts? Clearly it will be subject en-tirely to the State. This inevitable consequence has led a large number of liberal Protestants to reject all kind of external worship, nay, every form of external religious association, and trust to purely individual religion. Though the Modernists have not quite come to this pass, they in the while ask that the Church, without waiting to be subjected to excessive pressure, should follow their leadership and adapt herself to the present existing civil forms. Such are their ideas on disciplinary authority.

DOCTRINAL AND DOGMATIC AUTHORITY.

The teachings of the Modernists on

doctrinal and dogmatic authority, are much more pernicious and advanced. Here is their view of the teaching function in the Church: No religious society has any real unity unless the religious conscience of its members is one, and unless the formula which they adopt is one. Now this "two-fold unity" requires a kind of universal intelligence whose functional office is to seek out the formula most adaptable once the formula is agreed upon, to im pose it upon the community. From the combination, and as it were the fusion of these two elements, namely, formula and the authority which imposes it, there arises, according to the teachings of the Modernists, the notion of an ecclesiastical magisterium. Now since this function can be traced back to individual conscience a its origin, and since it per'orms a ser vice of utmost importance to the latter, it is quite evident that it must be sub ordinate to them and must take on ordinate to them and must take on popular forms. To prevent individual consciences from openly and freely pro-claiming their needs, to gag criticism and forbid it helping in the necessary evolutionary processes, is not a legiti-mate use of authority, but an abuse of power which was conceded for the public benefit. Moreover the exercise of authority should be duly regulated. To condemn and proscribe a work with out the author's knowledge and without giving him an opportunity of explaining, is to exercise a veritable tyranny. Here again a middle course must be found which shall reconcile the rights of authority with those of liberty.

Meanwhile, what attitude is he Catholic to adopt? He is to proclaim publicly his profound respect for authority, but without in any way renouncing his

opinions or his ideas.

In general terms here is what the Modernists would have the Church do: As her end is wholly spiritual, religious authority must divest itself of all the external pomp and show which impart a spectacular character to the Church. They forget that whilst religion, is es-sentially for the soul, it is not exclu-sively for the soul, and that honor given to authority is reflected upon Christ Who instituted it.

EVOLUTION.

To finish with the entire question of Faith and its offshoots we must see Venerable Brothers, what the Modernists have to say about their development. They lay down first of all this general principle that in a living religion there is nothing which is not subject to change, n thing in fact which must not change. From this principle that mass on to what must be regarded ject to change, nothing in fact which must not change. From this principle they pass on to what must be regarded as the chief doctrine of their system, to wit, Evolution. Dogma, the Church, Worship, the Sacred Scriptures, even faith itself, are subject to the laws of evolution which they must either obey, or perish. The principle deduced will

not astonish anyone who has taken a cursory glance at what the Moderniste have to say about these subjects. When it comes to the application of this principle according to the laws of evolution Modernists teach that primingly the same of the same tive form of Faith was rudimentary and common to all men alike in conse quence of having its origin in human nature and human life. It subsequently developed through the means of vital evolution, that is to say, not by the accretion of new and purely adventive forms from without, but by the conscience becoming more and more transfersed with the conscience more and more transfersed with the conscience of the conscience becoming more and more transfersed with the conscience becoming more and more transfersed with the conscience of the conscience becoming more and more transfused with the religious senti-

TWO ELEMENTS IN EVOLUTION TWO ELEMENTS IN EVOLUTION.

This progress was of two kinds: Negative, by the elimination of all foreign elements, such as the sentiments, of family or nationality; Positive by allying itself with the intellectual and moral improvement of man which resulted in broadening and clarifying the conception of the divine whilst at the same time the religious sentiment became more elevated and more intense. more intense.

The progress of faith is explained by the self same causes which originated faith. To these causes however, must be added the influence of those religibe added the influence of those religi-ous geniuses whom we call prophets, of whom Jesus Christ was the greatest. They assisted in the progress of faith, either because they presented in their lives and their preachings, something mysterious which faith having seized on, finally attributed to the divinity : hey were favored with nev and original experiences in harmony with the needs of the times in which they lived.

The progress of dogma is due principally to the obstacles which faith has to surmount, to the enemies which it has to conquer, to the contradictions which it has to remove from its path. Add to all this a perpetual effort to penetrate ever more profoundly its own penetrate ever more profoundly its peculiar mysteries. Thus—to ourselves to one example—it has bap-pened that this divine something which faith recognized in Christ went on growing and becoming ever more ex-alted in the eyes of believers, till at last they made Him God.

The principal factor in the evolution

of worship is the necessity of adaptaof worship is the necessity of adapta-tion to the customs, traditions and ex-isting forms of civil societies. Again there is the need of drawing a moral profit from acts which are sanctioned by long usage. Finally for the Church, Evolution is the need she has of con-forming herself to historical conditions and of adapting herself to existing forms af society. This is religious

Evolution.

Here we would have you note wellthe theory of needs or necessities. It has been hitherto the basis of everything. Upon it is founded the famous method to which the Modernists have given the name " historic method.

We have not quite finished with Evolution. Evolution is due, no doubt, to these stimulants called needs; but, under their action alone, Evolution would be liable to break with tradition would be label to break with tradition and thus turned saide from its primitive vital principle it would lead to ruin rather than to progress. In order to state more plainly the views of the Modernists, let us add that Evolution results from a conflict of two forces, one of which tends towards progress, while the other tends to conservatism

The conservative force in the Church is tradition, and tradition is represented, by religious authority. This is so, de jure and de facto : de jure, be-cause to defend tradition is for authority a sort of natural instinct; de facto because authority raised as it is above of ordinary life feels the contingencies hardly, or not at all, the stimulus of progress. Progressive force is that which responds to the profound needs or men, which lies deep in the individual consciences, and ferments there who are in close touch with life. Here, Venerable Brothers, you see the outveneratis of the pernicious doctrine, which would make the laity a factor of progress in the Church. Now, it is in virtue of a sort of a compromise between the conservative and the progressive forces, that changes and progress are realized. The individual consciences, some of them at least, re-act upon the collective conscience. The latter, in its turn, exerts pressure upon the depositaries of authority, until finally the latter agree to compromise their differences. After the pact is made the collective conscience

watches over its maintenance. THE GRIEVANCES OF THE MODERNISTS. We can now understand the astonishment of the Modernists when they are reprimanded or punished. What is imputed to them as a fault, they regard as a sacred duty. In close touch with the consciences of individuals, they know their needs much better than know their needs much better than any one else, certainly far better than ecclesiastical authority. Figuratively speaking, they incarnate these needs in themselves. Having pen and ink at their command and possessed of the gift of oratory, they deliver public speeches and write for publication, deeming it their sacred duty to do so. Let authority reprimand them as much deeming it their sacred duty to do so.
Let authority reprimand them as much
as it pleases; they have their own conscience on their side, and an inward
experience which tells them with absolute certainty that they should be
praised, not blamed. Then they reflect that, after all, progress is not
made without a crisis, nor can there be
a crisis without victims. They are a crisis without victims. They are willing to be victims in the same way Christ and the Prophets were.

They harbor no bitterness against authority which ill treats them. Authority, after all, is only discharging its duty. They only deplore the fact that authority should remain deaf to their warnings, because in the meanwhile obstacles increase in the path of souls in quest of the Ideal. But assuredly the time will come,

bowing their heads they, audacity than ever, empiratellectual resources as energy to the carrying out gram they have mapped or selves. They voluntarily tactics for two reasons. I they hold that one m ate authority, not dest secondly, because they w in the bosom of the Chui for the gradual change of conscience, thereby un fessing that the common not with them, and that right to claim that they

Thus, Venerable Brothe ernists are trying to p doctrine that there is n and immutable in the C and immutation in the chare had precursors, of IX., Our predecessor wenemies of Divine Rethauman progress, and with and audacity truly sacted to introduce it introduced to introduce as if this religion. religion, as if this relig the work of God, but the philosophic invention, being made more perfe efforts. (Encyc. 1846) As regards Revelation ally Dogma, the doctrin ernists has nothing new find the Modernist doctr

in the Syllabus of Pius I is enunciated in these to Revelation is imperfect quently subject to a c indefinite progress corre the progress of human r the progress of human r bus, Prop. 5.) The doc more solemnly condemne eil of the Vatican: T the faith which God had not given to human int philosophic system whi perfect, but as a divis trusted to the Spouse of faithfully guarded and terpreted by her. The meaning of degmas at fined by our Holy Moth should be retained, and abandon this meaning abandon this meaning text or plea of a more prehension of the trut Filius.) Nor is the our knowledge even faith impeded. On the is aided and promoted the Council of the Va on the same subject, ad lore, intelligence, scien increase and progress vigorously in individus the masses; in the liever as well as in the throughout the ages as but let this take place with the same dogma, the same acceptation. THE MODERNIST HISTOR

as philosopher, believed it now remains for us as historian, critic, a former. Some Modernists wi selves to the study of have a great dread of philosophers. They have the slightest k ophy and in so doing markable astuteness really fear is that the pected of injecting i conceived philosophic would expose them to being sufficiently object much in use. Yet it is to prove that their conclusions are essent of the philosophical p history and their crit works of philosoph three laws are embod principles of their p dealt with, namely, agnosticism, the prin-figuration of thing finally, the principle given the name of dis Agnosticism decla like every other scie with phenomena. C and all intervention

After having studied

affairs, should be r which is their exclu something should which the divine a mingle (for instance, Church and the Sac be necessary to reso mental components i tory and what is cosigned to faith. Her so much in vogue a ists, between the Christ of fa Church of history of faith, between of history and the chithest of the christ of the christ of history and the christ of faith, and so on. human element itse documents which for the historian has entired by faith. has been raised at conditions. It is to eliminate also al to faith and assign the history of fa case of Jeans Ch eliminated which is not His natural condition ception psychology with the country in with the country in and with the age Finally, by virtue sophical principle, long to the provine a subjected to a the judgment of the should be eliminat assigned to faith all appropriate in its notification.

> narrated. Thus the Modern Savior never utte could not be under tudes that surro therefore draw th the allegories one discourses, must His real history faith. The quest

characters of the p

bowing their heads they, with greater audacity than ever, employ all their intellectual resources and all their energy to the carrying out of the program they have mapped out for themselves. They voluntarily adopt these tactics for two reasons. First, because they hold that one must stimulate authority, not destroy it and, secondly, because they wish to remain in the bosom of the Church and work for the gradual change of the common conscience, thereby unwithingly confessing that the common conscience is not with them, and that they have no right to claim that they are its interpreters.

CONDEMNATIONS.

Thus, Venerable Brothers, the Modernists are trying to propagate the doctrine that there is nothing stable and immutable in the Church. They have had precursors, of whom Pius IX., Our predecessor wrote: These enemies of Divine Revelation exalt human progress, and with an insolence and audacity truly sacrilegious pretend to introduce it into the Catholic religion, as if this religion were not the work of God, but the work of men, a philosophic invention, susceptible of being made more perfect by human efforts. (Encyc. 1846)

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As regards Revelation and especially Dogma, the doctrine of the Modernists has nothing new to offer. We find the Modernist doctrine condemned in the Syllabus of Pius IX. in which it is enunciated in these terms: Divine Revelation is imperfect and is consecuted under the according to the syntax of the syntax o Revelation is imperfect and is consequently subject to a continuous and indefinite progress corresponding with the progress of human reason. (Syllabus, Prop. 5.) The doctrine was still more solemnly condemned in the Council of the Vatican: The doctrine of the faith which God had revealed was not given to human intelligences as a philosophic system which they might not given to human laterligences as a philosophic system which they might perfect, but as a divine deposit in-trusted to the Spouse of Christ to be faithfully guarded and infallibly in-terpreted by her. That is why the terpreted by her. That is why the meaning of degmas at any time defined by our Holy Mother the Church should be retained, and we must never abandon this meaning under the pretext or plea of a more profound comprehension of the truth. (Const. Dei Fillus.) Nor is the development of our knowledge even concerning the faith impeded. On the contrary it is aided and promoted. That is why the Council of the Vatican, dwelling on the same subject, adds: Let therefore, intelligence, science and wisdom fore, intelligence, science and wisdom increase and progress abundantly and vigorously in individuals as well as included the control of the vigorously in individuals as well as in the masses; in the individual be-liever as well as in the whole Church, throughout the ages and the centuries but let this take place in conformity with the same dogma, the same sense, the same acceptation. (Soc. cit.)

given the name of disfiguration.

Agnosticism declares that history, like every other science, deals wholly with phenomena. Consequently God, and all intervention by God in human affairs, should be relegated to faith which is their exclusive province. If something should present itself in which the divine and the human comingle (for instance, Jesus Christ, the Church and the Sacraments) it would be necessary to resolve it unto its elemental components in such a way that istence with the view of determining what has been the conserving force she has put forth, what have been the needs internal and external that have stimulated her progress, what were the obstacles she had to encounter, in a word everything which will inform us of the manner in which the laws of evolution have been carried out in her be necessary to resolve it unto its elemental components in such a way that what is human will be allotted to history and what is divine will be assigned to faith. Hence the distinction, so much in vogue among the Modernists, between the Christ of history and the Christ of faith, be ween the Church of history and the Sacraments of history and the Sacraments of history and the Sacraments of faith, and so on. Then again this human element itself as it is found in decuments which furnish material for the historian has evidently been transfigured by faith. In other words, it has been raised above its historical conditions. It is therefore necessary to eliminate also all the accretions due to eliminate also all the accretions due to faith and assign them to faith and the history of faith. Thus in the case of Jesus Christ all must be eliminated which transcends the man and which is not in keeping with His natural condition, with the con-

what criterion do they adopt to make these divisions? The answer is that they are based on the character of the man, his social condition, his educa-tion and all the circumstances under which the facts took place. All this, if we understand it aright is reducible to a criterion which is purely subject-

Their method of procedure is to assume the personality of Jesus Christ and that done they do not hesi tate to declare that what they would have done in certain circumstances. Jesus Christ would have done. Thus absolutely a 'priori and in the name of certain philosophic principles which they affect to ignore, but which constitute the basis of their system, the Modernists deny that the Christ of real history was God and that His acts had anything divine in them. As to Christ the man, He has only done or said what, they, taking into consideration the time in which He lived, will allow that He has said or done.

THE CRITICAL METHOD OF THE MODERN.

THE CRITICAL METHOD OF THE MODERN

Just as history receives its conclusions ready made from philosophy, so does criticism derive its conclusions from history. The critic with the data furnished by the historian divides his documents into two parts. The documents which remain after the trip le eliminations described above constitute real history; the rest belong to the faith, or as it is called internal history. The Modernists very care fully distinguished between these two kinds of history: It should be care fully noted that they contrast the history of aith with real history precisely because it is real. We have therefore the two Christs of whom we have spoken. One is real, whilst the other, the Christ of faith, never existed in reality; one lived in a given time and space; the other never existed except in the pious meditations of the believer. Such, for instance, is the Christ presented to us by the Gospal of St. er. Such, for instance, is the Christ presented to us by the Gospel of St. John. That Gospel from beginning to end is pure contemplation,

ond is pure contemplation.

The guardianship exercised over history by philosophy does not end here. After the historical documents have been divided into two parts the philosopher, with his principle of vital immanence, again makes his appearance. V.tal immanence, he declares, explains everything in the history of the Church. Since the cause or condition of every Vital emanation resides in some need, it follows that no fact can antedate, the need producing it; his torically it can only be posterior to the need. Here is how the historian goes to work, guided by this principle. Availing himself of documents taken from the Sacred Books or from elsewhere, he draws up from them a list of the successive needs the Church has throughout the ages and the centuries but let this take place in conformity with the same dogma, the same sense, the same acceptation. (Soc. cit.)

THE MODERNIST HISTORIAN AND CRITIC.

After having studied the Modernist as philosopher, believer and theologian, it now remains for us to consider him as historian, critic, apologist and reformer.

Some Modernists who devote themselves to the study of history appear to have a great dread of being taken for philosophers. They profess not to have a great dread of being taken for markable astuteness. What they really fear is that they may be surpected of injecting into history preconceived philosophical theories which would expose them to the charge of not being sufficiently objective, a word now much in use. Yet it is an easy matter to prove that their historico critical conclusions are essentially the outcome of the philosophy. Their first three laws are embodied in the three principles of their philosophy already dealt with, namely, the principle of agnosticism, the principle of the transfiguration of things by faith, and finally, the principle to which We have given the name of disfiguration.

Agnosticism declares that history, like every other science, deals wholly like every other science and the conditions affecting the submitted two the submits it to the critic. The latter then proceeds to study his documents again examining carefully the circum stances and the conditions affecting the Church during the course of her existence with the view of determining

> case. This done he finishes by giving an outline of the history of the development of the facts. Then follows the critic who fits in this sketch with the rest of the docu-ments. He takes up his pen and in a brief time the history is completed. brief time the history is completed. Now we put the question who is the author of this history? Is it the historian? Is it the critic? Assuredly neither. It is the philosopher. Every thing is a priori and a priori that reeks of hereay. These persons are to be thing is a priori and a priori that reeks of heresy. These persons are to be pitied. Of them the Apostle might well say. "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." (Rom. 1.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BY WHAT RIGHT ?

and which is not in keeping with His natural condition, with the conception psychology makes of Him, with the country in which He was born and with the age in which He lived. Finally, by virtue of the third philosophical principle, matters which belong to the province of history should be subjected to a thorough sifting. In the judgment of the Modernists there should be eliminated from history and assigned to faith all that which, as they express it, is not in harmony with the logic of facts and in keeping with the characters of the persons of whom it is narrated.

Thus the Modernists allege that Our Savior never uttered a phrase which could not be understood by the multitudes that surrounded him. They therefore draw the interence that all the allegories one meets with in His discourses, must be eliminated from His real history and be assigned to faith. The question suggests itself,

American religions are like the Dingley tariff: they have one scale for Americans and another for foreigners. We have only to glance at what is published in the daily press and in the religious pamphlets to get a notion of the difference between what is intended the difference between what is intended for home consumption and what for the foreign market. We enter reluctantly into a consideration—a very limited one—of the subject, because the task of cr. ticising any set of people who profess to speak in the name of the Divine Redeemer for the gaining of souls is a sorry one. But when we find that in speaking to the foreigner the only means these know are delamation utterly unscripulous and calumny most vile mean these show are demantion uncorry unscropulous and calumny most vile concerning the Catholic Church, its doctrines, its practices and its min-sters, it is our bounden duty to brand it as it deserves to be, and defend the honor of our Church as we would the honor of our mothers.

We have befere us a document—one

We have befere us a document—one of millions—sent out by the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church from its literary bureau—a department into whose coffers millions of dollars are annually poured for this vile purpose of defamation. Its author is the Rev. G. E. Strobbridge, D. D., of New York city. It is a wee pamphlet bearing the title, "Our Opportunity in Iatly." After opening in the stereotyped way about "Romish" (this is the favorite word throughout) devotion to the Virgin Mary and the inequality of the Pater Nostres and the Ave Marias in the Rosary—a common complaint of in the Rosary—a common complaint of the ignorant—the reverend D. D. goes

"A tourist was present in the Cathe dral at Florence on Sunday morning. There were fully two hundred priests in attendance, filling the large space in front of the altar, all arrayed in their flores. spectacular robes. They spent the whole time in chanting and intoning—

whole time in chanting and intoning—
not a word of sermon.

"Now men get tired of this; they
have heard it a thousand times. Even
the officiating priests have lost their
interest in it. This could be seen by
their listlessness, their inattention,
their gazing around, their taking snuff,
nodding and smiling to their triends,
all the while the stream of sound was
running drowsily on. The service is at
a premium in such a form of worship,
and the sermon at a discount. There
is nothing to excite thought, and so
the men stay away. They would rather
roam the fields, or read the Surday
newspaper or rationalistic novels."

Now, is this observation about sermons and Sunday newspapers really inspired by what is seen in Italy by inquisitive, interested travelers on the
lookout for material for pamphlets, or
what is witnessed, Sunday after Sunday, in every American city, town and

what is witnessed, Sunday after Sunday, in every American city, town and village from here to the Rio Grande? Let us judge for ourselves from the evidence to hand. Here, for instance, is the statement as to Sunday church attendance of all Christian denominations given less Pridey (Outplet 4) at attendance of all Christian denomina tions, given last Friday (October 4) at the Baptist celebration, by Mr. W. G. Landes, secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sunday School Association. He quoted statistics to show that of the American-born population in this country, 20 per cent. see regular church country, 20 per cent. are regular church goers, 30 per cent. go once in a while and the remaining 50 per cent. do not go at all. Of this last half of the population, said the speaker, 40 per cent. at one time attended Sunday School, so that the Church is touching all but 10 per cent. of the American box. per cent. of the American born, but holding only a little more than a fifth of those it once had within its walls. Mr. Landes deplored the fact that life

the was becoming so hurried that "no one stays at home long enought to have family prayers and Bible reading."

We might respectfully invite the attention of those zealous guardians of Italian religion and morals to these interesting statistics, and ask them why do they go abroad to seek object lessons in popular indifference? It would be too much to suggest that they have any eye to the millions that have to be "eaten up" in the foreign missionary field. But there is some reason.

What is it?

Men like this D. D. are never the said business, and later on he felt his pulse often, and said, 'It is a bad case.' He was more than self-possessed. A benignant cheerfulness beamed from his mind, and in the fits of pain he frequently looked up with a gentle smile, and made some little joke. Toward midnight he grew worse. The priest, the Rev. R. Browne, was summoned, and Waterton got ready to die.

"He pulled himself upright without help, sat in the middle of the sofa, and gave his blessing in turn to his grand denoted."

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Men like this D. D. are never tired of asserting that one of the strongest causes of dislike of the Catholic Church by the present Socialistic generation is the interference of some of its clergy in politics. They seem to imagine that it is only the right of Baptists and Methodists and other dissenters to enter this preserve. While the late President McKinley was alive Method ist speakers could and did boast that Method sts were running the United Method sts were running the United States Government. And now here is Dr. McArthur—Rockefeller's eulogist ond Standard Oil money champion—publicly proclaiming that he wants the Baptists to have their turn at the White House. In New York, at Baptist convention, he gave out the note of battle. According to the report of his address. Dr. MacArthur was conbattle. According to the report of his address, Dr. MacArthur was congratulating his brethren on the growth of their denomination and the greater influence it was gaining, and then exhorted them to exercise it in politics. "Nothing is too good for the Baptist Church," he said. "I want to see more Baptist judges, more Baptist Congressmen; I want to see a Baptist President." And at this point he eulogized Governor Hughes as the man for the Governor Hughes as the man for the place. The principal reason for Dr. MacArthur's utterance was that Governor Hughes is a Baptist, or would be

"a Baptist President."

Now, what Church is it that is found guilty of interfering in politics? By what right does any Baptist or Presbyterian proselytizer fling such a reproach at the priests of the Catholic

Charch?

Dr. Strobbridge's venomous little
"dodger" is stuffed full of the lowest kind of abuse of the Catholic clergy, as well as of the Church. We suppose it is believed that such coarse methods are more likely to be appreciated by those who have money to spare than any gentlemanly line of appeal. Can olics know better than to resort to such unworthy methods. They take no notice of the constantly re-curring and often shocking scandals that occur in

THE HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY MARKETS.

American religions are like the Dingley tariff: they have one scale for Americans and another for foreigners.

LAST HOURS OF A GREAT NATUR

[The emirent English Naturalist, Waterton, was a devout Catholic. For the following interesting account of his last hours, we are indebted to Walter Lecky's "Impressions and Opinions." Ed. C. P. B.]

It is pleasant to know that when this

It is pleasant to know that when this sunny-hearted traveller no longer cared to wand r, that he was enabled to pur-sue at Walton Hall, his boyhood home, sue at Walton Hall, his boyhood home, the studies he so fervently loved; that at his biddance and for his love, owls and goatsuckers, ("Whip-poor-Will") herons, wild ducks and cots, etc., and singing birds came to the green fields and groves of beautiful Walton Hall for his observation and delight. He often quoted these lines in speaking of his little arek."

"No bird that haunts my valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by the Power that pities me
I learn to pity them."

"He usually went to bed early, and slept upon the bare floor with a block of wood," says his biographer, "for a pillow. He rose for the day at halfpast three, and spent the hour from four to five at prayer in his chapel, and after his breakfast sought his life-long pursuits in his own little world, dreaming, no doubt, as he watched the sport of his English kingfisher, of toucans and toncanets, campaneros and cayman. of his English kingfisher, of toucans and toncanets, campaneros and cayman, forests far away and vanished days." And when the last summons came the ...ld naturalist, whose life had been a constant preparation, was ready to answer the Master's call. In the whole range of literature I know of no manifer death. Let his biographer tell us of it.

it:

"After breakfast we went with a carpenter to finish some bridges at the far end of the park.
"The work was completed, and we were proceeding homeward when, in crossing a small bridge, a bramble caught the Squire's foot and he fell heavily upon a log.

caught the Squire's foot and he fell heavily upon a log.

"He was greatly shaken, and said he thought he was dying.

"He walked, notwithstanding, a little way, and was then compelled to lie down. He would not permit his sufferings to distract his mind, and he pointed out to the carpenter some trees which were to be felled.

"He presently continued his route, and managed to reach the spot where the boat was moored.

"Hitherto he had refused all assistance, but he could not step from the bank into the boat, and he said, "I am afraid I must ask you to help me in." ance, but he could not step from the bank into the boat, and he said, 'I am alraid I must ask you to help me in.' He walked from the landing place into the house, changed his clothes and came and sat in the large room below. The pain increasing, he rose from his sest after he had seen the doctor, and though he had been bent double with auguish, he persisted in walking upstairs without help and would have gone to his own room in the top story, if, for the sake of saving trouble to others, he had not been induced to stop half-way in Miss Edmonstone's sitting-room. Here he lay down upon the sofa, and was attended by his sistering law. The pain abated, and the the sofa, and was attended by his sisterin law. The pain abated, and the
next day he seemed better. In the
afternoon he talked to me a good
deal, chiefly about natural history.
But he was well aware of his perilous
condition, for he revarked to me,
This is a bad business, and later on

son, Charlie, to his grand-daughter, Mary, to each of his sisters in-law, to his niece, and to myself, and left a message for his son who was hastening back from Rome. He then received

was beginning to grow grey, a few rooks had cawed, the swallows were twittering, the landrail was croaking from the Oxclose, and a favorite cock, which he used to call his morning gun, which he used to call his morning gun, leaped out from some hollies, and gave his accustomed crow. The ear of his master was deaf to the call. He had obeyed a sublime summons, and had woke up to the glories of the Eternal World. He was buried" continued his biographer, "on his birthday, the 3rd of June, between two great oak at the lar end of the lake, the oldest trees in far end of the lake, the oldest trees in

the park.
"He had put up a rough stone cross to mark the spot where he wished to be buried. "Often on summer days he had sat in

the shade of these caks watching the kingfishers. 'Cock Robin and the kingfishers. 'Cock Robin and the magpies,' he said to me as we sat by the trees one day, 'will mourn my loss, and you will sometimes remember me when I lie here.' At the foot of the cross is a Latin inscription which he wrote himself. It could hardly be simpler. 'Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, whose tired bones are buried near this oross.' The dates of his birth and death are added."

INTENSIFIED FRUIT JUICES AN IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE

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Remarkable Success Attends the Finding of a New Medicinal Compound by Combining the Juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes.

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Just here is where science stepped in. An Ottawa physician did what nature could not do. He first found that some others—and that apples, oranges, figs and prunes contained all the healing properties of other fruits. There are two principles in fruit juices-bitter and sweet. After extracting the juices of the four fruits mentioned, this physician succeeded in replacing one atom of the sweet principle by one of the new combination being formed. This Ottawa. new compound was many times more

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WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

William Henry Thorne, who died recently, was well known to the American Catholic public as editor of The Globe, a magazine devoted especially to telling the hierarchy how to govern the Church. Now that Thorne is dead it is best to let his works die with him. However, the following paragraph from the Church calendar is

paragraph from the Church calculated to the point:

"Among those who passed recently from the scene of life was Mr. William H. Thorne, for some years proprieter and editor of The Globe. The late Mr. Thorne unfortunately was of a pessimistic trend of mind, and was among that class of writers who were always trying to tear down and never among that class of writers who were always trying to tear down and never build up. He was always hunting what was weak among the human ele-ment in the Church, and could never raise himself to the noble or grander side. There are fortunately very few lik him who are ever criticising and seldom encouraging, who can always see faults but seldom virtues."

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pente

PREPARATION FOR ADVENT. "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and speareth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." (St. Matt. xxiv 27)

Math xilv 27)

Our holy mother the Church, before Advent, fixes our attention upon the second Advent or coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in His majesty to judge the living and the dead. She does this to excite us to examine and judge ourselves, that by a true contrition we may be prepared to receive Him with joy when He comes as a little Infant at Christmas, when He comes at the hour of death, and when we meet Him at the great judgment day.

Our Lord in the gospel foretells at the same time the destruction of Jerusslem and the final destruction of the

salem and the final destruction of the

Jorusalem may be taken as the figure of the soul, so that what befell Jorusa-lem represents to us in lively colors what shall befall souls which, dying soiled to God, shall fall under

His judgments.

Now, our Lord says of Jerusalem that she shall suddenly be surrounded by her enemies, who shall dig a trends and the sain on every her enemies, who shall dig a trence around her, and wall her in on every side, so that no one can escape from her. That her inhabitants shall die victims of pestilence, of famine, and the edge of the sword, until she shall be left an utter waste. That the anguish and distress of that time shall be the same of the time shall be the same and the same shall be seen than anything which had be greater than anything which had happened before since the world began. He told the exact time when all this would take place: "Amen, I say to you this generation shall not pass away until all these things be done."

All this literally came to pass within forty years after this prophecy was spoken, when the Romans beseiged the city, slaughtered over a million of people, and led the remnant army captive, to be scattered over the face of the earth.

All this horror and desolation is mere figure and shadow of what shall take place at the end of the world. The sufferings of that time are nothing in comparison of what the wicked and disobedient shall endure at the awful

day of judgment.

Jerusalem, that city of God, so beau
utterly de tiful and glorious, was utterly de-stroyed because of her sins and obstin-ate rejection of God's mercy offered her by the Son of God, the Messias,

her by the Son of God, the Messias, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The soul, the greatest and nob'est work of the Creator, capable of unbounded happiness, if she chooses sin and disobedience, if she refuses to repent and accept God's forgiveness, shall fall a prey to His justice, and for ever fall from her high estate by her own folly.

own folly.

The hour of death shall shortly be upon us. Then the soul will be in great straits. The devils of hell shall surstraits. The devils of hell shall surround us, and our own sinful passions
shall rise against us. If we have lived
to gratify them and to sin, how difficult
it will be to repent. We cannot, all of
a] sudden, love what we have hated,
and hate what we have loved. All
hope of escape will be out off and we
shall be an easy prey to our enemies.
The great judgment day for the whole
world may be a long way off; but, after

world may be a long way off; but, after all, that is of little consequence to us, for each one of us must have his own particular judgment within a few years or months or weeks—when the time of

Let us take our Lord's counsel then leave Jerusalem before the enemy sur-rounds her; flee to the mountains; not stop to take anything with us, but flee at once, nor hesitate a moment—that is, fiee from our sins, fiee from all sinful practices and indulgences. Exam ine ourselves, deplore our sins, judge ourselves, condemn ourselves; fice to the mountains of God's mercy; entreat and over again not to sin again, but for the rest of our lives to be faithful

God will hear our prayer; He will wipe out all our sins, receive us into the heave ly Jerusalem, where we shall rest safe and secure from all our enemies for all eternity. Amen.

OUR ANGELS GUARDIAN.

There is something beautiful in the thought that there are angels guarding us from the first moment of our existence to the last moment of our life. "He hath given His angels charge over thee," says Holy Writ, and their effice is to guard us against the temptations that assail our soul. The scriptures speak of the three great archangels, Michael, Raphael and Gabriel. The first is the great angel shining angels, Michael, Raphael and Gabriel. The first is the great angel shining with glory, who stands nearest the throne of God and who is captain of the angelic hosts, and as such with his battle cry of "Who is like God?" drove Lucifer and the rebellious angels out. The second is called "the medium of God," since, as shown in the case of the young Tobias, he ministers to the ills of the body and protects it from harm. The third is the angel of fortitude who brings comfort to the soul in tude who brings comfort to the soul in distress and was the messenger of salvation to mankind in announcing a Saviour was to be born to the world. Then there are the nine choirs of angels; the virtues strive to sow virtue in our hearts; the powers uphold as midst life's struggles; the principalities watch our kingdoms; the demominations seek the extension of God's domions; the thrones seek to have God reign in our hearts; the seraphim and cherubim strive to make mance and good will reign in the soul. vation to mankind in announcing s

have God reign in our hearts; the scraphim and cherubim strive to make peace and good will reign in the soul.

There are angels guarding nations. There are those guarding cities and hamlets as well as guarding our individual souls, and whilst fulfilling their duties Holy Writ tells us they always see the face of the Father in heaven. They were created by God to adore and glorify Him and they are ever faithful to their duty; but they are given at the same time a task with regard to us, and that is to shield and protect us from evil and to bring us eventually to share with them the glery and happiness of heaven. They are our companions day and night and never ceases ights on our alters, the secret whisper-

their watchfulness as their care over us. They know God's love for us, and so their love for us is without bounds. They know the dignity to which mankind has been raised by the Son of God adopting our nature, and so they honor us and appreciate our greatness. They understand the destiny for which we have been created and they do their best to help us to attain it. They are ever at our side to help us on the way to eternal life. How precious their charge? Souls made to the image of God the Father and redeemed by God the Son, and to be helped to sanctification by the Holy Ghost; souls which God has thought of from all eternity; souls which He longs to have by His side in heaven. These are the charges of the angels guardian and they are most faithful to their trust. Every moment they are warding off the attacks of satan; every moment they are giving God's grace to shun evil and do good; they are always battling for us against the evil one.

It is for us to co-operate with our heavenly and valiant champions. They

against the evil one.

It is for us to co-operate with our heavenly and valiant champions. They are invincible in themselves, but we must co operate if there battle for us is to end triumphantly. We have our powers and we must use them. If we struggle as best we can then heaven will be gained and we shall be crowned with the crown of eternal life. It is the giving of our wills to God at the hands of our angels guardian that is most needed for the attaining of our salvation. This readiness to comply with the will of God who has willed our salvation is the first and the one great with the will of God who has willed our salvation is the first and the one great requisite, this once done all else is easy. The divine will is made known to us through the voice of conscience, then our angel guardian strives to lead us as the voice of God directs and grace is given to us to comply and all is well if we correspond and go and all is well it we correspond and go the way our angel leads us. How pure and noble one must be-come if he but keep mindful of the pure heavenly being that is his companion and guardian, and how one must long for heaven when he realizes how much God is doing to bring him there! It would be ungrateful and unworthy to be indifferent to service so great. How many times we have given our angel cause to grieve by our waywardness, and how often they must have been pained by our indifference and neglect! Their

only thought is God and us, and we fre-quently forget all that has been done and is doing for us. No one but God and our angels know how many corporal dangers we have been kept from, and for all this there should be some token of our gratitude and a determination manifested to make every effort to save our immortal soul. Our holy re-ligion shows us how to walk in the right path, and the graces that come to us by availing ourselves of its sac-raments are all sufficient to help us

attain the heavenly goal. We have but to start to succeed; our angels will help us and comfort us on the way. How long we must go before we reach the end God alone knows, but we know that it is nearer than most of us think

Let us look up and pierce the clouds that stand between earth and heaven, as do our angels, and then, like them, we shall see, in spirit at least, the face of our heavenly Father, and we shall have renewed courage to fight against the obstacles to our salvation. We will unite with our angels ever battling against the enemies of our salvation against the enemies of our salvation; and their victory will be ours, heaven will be gained and we shall go to our Father's home, and there we shall see our angel face to face and can thank him for all he did for us. — Bishop Col-

sality. The Church is Catholic as to time and as to place, because she sub sists in all ages and teaches all nations. Go back to the first days of Christianity, and you will find the Church of Rome there. You will find that then, as now, union with Rome was the test of Catholicity.

was the test of Catholicity.

St. Cyprian, writing to Pope Cornelius, speaks of the efforts he has made to effect that his colleagues "might steadfastly approve and hold to your communion, that is, to the unity and charity of the Catholic Church." (Ep. 45)

All the rights and prerogatives which the Bishop of Rome now claims were then conceded to him in the sixteenth century, Henry VIII., in his "Assertion of the seven sacraments," which won him from Leo X. the title of "Defender of the Faith," thus addresses Luther: "Deny, if you can, that the whole Christian world hails that the whole Christian world hairs Rome as its spiritual mother. Even to the remotest ends of the earth, all that bears the Christian name, on the sea and in the wilderness, bows before Rome."

Will she continue till the end? Macauley, viewing the question from a merely human standpoint, is inclined to believe that she will. Edmund Burke was certain that if Catholicism went, Christianity could not long sur-

The Church of Rome is Catholic or universal in place, as well as in time, because she teaches all nations. If you should visit Rome, pay a visit to the Propaganda College, which Napoleon I. declared to be a model miniature of the Catholic Church, you will find amongst the students, representatives of every nation under heaven.

ing of the Apostles' Oreed when the Divine Office is recited, the crypts under many of our churches?

In the sixteenth century, Schism shouted to her to "go back to the catacombe"; and while heresy was fighting for a duchy, her answer was to send her missionaries to America and the Indies, to win whole continents.

for a duchy, her answer was to send her missionaries to America and the Indies, to win whole continents.

Always a distinctive name of the True Church has been this name of Catholic. St. Augustine, after saying that he is held in the Church by "a succession of Bishops descending from the See of Peter, to whom Christ, after His resurrection, committed His flock," says: "Lastly, the very name of Catholic holds me; of which this Church alone has, not without reason, so kept the possession, that, though all heretics desire to be called Catholics, yet if a stranger asks them where Catholics meet, none of the heretics dare point to his own house or Church. (Contrs. Epist. Fund.)

Do the Protestant sects, which claim to be true Church according to the Gospel, possess any note of Catholicity? They are Catholic neither in time, nor in place. Luther declares when he fell away, that he was alone, as the preface of his works will show. Calvin admits, (Epist. 141) that the reformed churches broke away from "the communion of the whole would "

broke away from "the communion of

Again, there is no universality without Again, there is no universality without unity, and who shall say into how many sects Protestantism is broken? It is at best an aggregate of national or sectional churches, just as Europe is an aggregate of nations. The Thirty Nine Articles may serve for England; but in other countries, they would run counter to prevailing doctrine.

CATHOLIC SCOTLAND EXILED.

Letters from Father Campbell, S. J. continue to delight the Catholics of Glasgow. Of the 80,000 Catholics in the diocese of Antigonish, 45,000 are Highland exiles or their descendants, 20,000 are French, and 15,000 Irish. 20,000 are French, and 15,000 Irish. There are sixty Gaelic-speaking priests, of whom the doyen is Bishop Cameron, who bears his four-score years wonderfully, and who has frequently visited the Braces of Lochaber, where his people dwelt. A wonderful old man he is, who has himself seen Popes Gregory XVI., Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Plus X. Besides the sixty priests, there are about fifty Gaelic-speaking nuns in the diocese who are chiefly enthere are about fifty Gaelic speaking nuns in the diocese who are chiefly engaged in the schools. Father Campbell concludes one of his letters to the Fathers at St. Joseph's with the request that his kindest regards be given "to every body in Glasgow." It is interesting, by the way, to find that papers of all kinds throughout Nova Scotia are full of Father Campbell's mission, and the Protestant as well as the Catholic press, teem with expressions of amazement at the remarkable effect of his visit. A few weeks ago it was indicated, in aspecial article in our effect of his visit. A few weeks ago it was indicated, in a special article in our own columns, that posterity would look back upon this as a great event in the history of Nova Scotia. The priests, press, and people here are already beginning to realise the greatness of the

Father Campbell's friends in Glasgov welcome on his home-coming from Nova Scotia, which was expected about the middle of November. Since the arrangements were first considered, however, it has been ascertained that the time of Father Campbell's return is a no of Father Campbell's return is so un-certain that it would not be safe to enwill be gained and we shall go to our Father's home, and there we shall see our angel face to face and can thank him for all he did for us. — Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE NOTE OF THE TRUE CHURCH

The note of the True Church, writes Doctor Gildea, is Catholicity or universality. The Church is Catholic as to "own people" in Glagow may not be "own people" in Glasgow may not be less enthusiatic than that given by the 45,000 Gaelic speaking Catholics of Nova Scotia, amongst whom he has conducted no fewer than nineteen missions since he left Glasgow.—Autigonish Catholic.

AND THE CONVERSATION CEASED.

A very interesting and instructive little story was told by Father Rowan in the cour e of a sermon at the church of the English Martyrs, Alexandra Park, recently, on the subject of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Father Rowan related how he had met an old Nonconformist lady at a hotal recently, and that a conversation

hotel recently, and that a conversation took place on Catholicity. The old lady told Father Rowan that there were lady told Father Rowan that there were many religious votaries whom she could not stand. "But," she added, "I can get on very well with Catholics—that is, if they are not Irish Catholics."
"What I object to in Catholics," continued the old lady, who let her antipathy to Irish people unexplained, "is that they do too much honor to the Virgin."
"Well," retorted Father Rowan, "can you tell me of one instance in the

"can you tell me of one instance in the bistory of the Catholic Church showing that Catholics ever paid greater honor to the Blessed Virgin than did God Himself when He chose her to be His Mother?"

"Oh, that's a different thing," replied the old lady, closing her mouth with a peremptory snap and stopping the conversation on the spot.—Manchester (Eng.) Catholic Herald.

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POOLISH GIRLS.

It is enough to make one's heart ache the way forlish girls will pass by splendid, hard-working men and choose insignificant little nobodies for their life's partners, and all because they won't take the trouble to look below the vener of fine disease.

wrecks.

Look forward a few years and imagine yourself in the place of either and then marry a good for nothing loafer if you

Marry the worker and help him build up a successful career. Let him come home at night and find a cheerful home and a happy, smiling wife who is proud of his success and sympathizes

But don't deliberately walk into a life where failure is bound to come. Don't tie yourself to a man for whom as the time goes on you will be able to feel neither love nor respect.—Sacred Heart Raview.

May Lay Aside The Cassock.

public streets or the tonsure, and even from the daily recitation of the breviary. The dispensation was received with general approval in France, because the clergy could no longer support themselves in their Church work, repeatedly had told the Congregation that it was impossible for them to find lay employment while they were wearing the cassock. ing the cassock.

It is a woful sign of the times that under a radical government, the soldier police—the permanent army of occupation in Ireland — is to be strengthened in the year of our Lord 1907. It is doubtful whether people in this country rroognise the full significance of that fact. It means that Ireland is in the same relation to England as Poland is to Russis, a country in a state of perpetual, webullion

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won't take the trouble to look below the veneer of fine dress.

The man who has an aim in life can't spend all his time in running after girls and going to dances.

He has something better to do. He has to make a name and place for himself in the world.

The young men who are lounging around the street corners and saloons will never be anything better than they are now. The chances are they will be much worse.

Look around at the married women of your acquaintances. Some of them married honest, hard-working men. Others married loafers. Some of them are happy wives, others miserable wrecks.

The Congregation of the Council has issued a circular note to all the Bisbops in France, notifying them that, whenever priests are compelled to resort to manual labor or non clerical work in order to eke out a living, as is the case with many in France, they shall be dis-pensed from wearing the cassock in public streets or the tonsure, and even

A Woful Sign.

land as Poland is to Russis, a country in a state of perpetual rebellion, which is only repressed by an overwhelming display of armed force. Such, after all these centuries, is the melancholy result of English rule in Ireland—coercion veiled under constitutional forms. — Reynold's Newspaper London. paper, London.

Set thyself, like a good and faithful servant of Christ, to bear manfully the cross of thy Lord, crucified for the love

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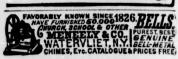
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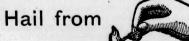
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CHATS WITH YOUR

On a street car recently a fine-looking young mar twenty-one, telling two how he managed to cheat hout of an hour and a half's day for over a year. This stance of what he said.

He was out a great debys and got on an average two and a half hours' sile This not being sufficient, to sleep an hour and a hiduring business hours.

He went on to describe

NOVEMBER 2, 1907

to sleep an nour and a miduring business hours.
He went on to describe situated just back of the ginthe store, which, when quite a little corner of spawy that he could seel there without danger of the seel under corner. In this seeluded corner, chair, he took a nap of an

chair, no took a map of an half each day.
Several of the other about this retreat, and that during the day, so that them was resting or all most of the day.

One of his companion young man how he mans detection. He replied th opened into a passagewinever closed in the dayti s never had occasion t it, and that he would no miss one clerk among s that even if he did, then someone who would give so together the young to cheat their employer equivalent of one man's en

I had been admiring this striking appearance before tory. He had a splending very strong face, and myself, "How I wish I c young man what great postore him if he is onle opportunity." Yet, on thold of his career he was cheating his employer, a his eleverness in doing it

Think of a young m possibilities boasting o hour and a half's time detection ! This young man we have been horrified suggestion of stealing hour and a half's work ployer's money drawer really doing the sathought he was getting

but was he? Did he realize that practised this deception infinitely more out of h of his employer, that an indelible stain up branding an indelib'e character?

Did he realize that he habit which would blur distinguish between ri that every deception his employer would m a larger one more poss that familiarity with whis conscience until the the sin no longer acte

to other wrongs?
There are tens of the There are tens of tin the great failure at thought they were get their employer in the because they clippe shirked their work. they were going to get just as you do; but, ised it, they had faste selves the habit of cheing, until they grad ing, until they grad dishonest that they no promoted, but either tions, as well, or when business for themsel credit, their standing of others and gradus

The thief thinks the for his theft, but h he loses by the theft is er than the insignific he gets. He may he dollars, but he has lo his self-respect, he hall the money in the restore. There is escutcheon, a stain which all the seas can

your employer's time satisfaction which w to him, true to his yourself! Think how mean and humiliated you daily theft were your employer's co gone forever. You cover it. He might sin, but he never we are you would be d thing which may se may follow you thing

Just compare the which you think you

you up everywhere
But the fact tha
of your theft is in
parison with the fac can never forget it; think quite as much There is no one for one's real advan thorough self-respe well of yourself, or spect you. And well of yourself are a scoundrel, you are systemati

employer.—Success "Make Your In an address r newspapers, Secretincident that put words the secre A young clerk is asked for an inco-proprietor gave is later the clerk ask

later the clerk ask At first the own then, after think he sent for his cle "Young man," need is not more n fulness." Then h countless ways in done something had missed his

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"How I Fooled My Boss."

On a street car recently I overheard a fine-looking young man of about twenty-one, telling two companions how he managed to cheat his employer out of an hour and a helf's time every

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out of an hour and a half's time every day for over a year. This is the substance of what he said.

He was out a great deal with the boys and got on an average, only about ave and a half hours' sleep a night. This not being sufficient, he managed to sleep an hour and a half each day during business hours.

He want on to describe

to sleep an hour and a nair each day during business hours.

He went on to describe a large door situated just back of the private office in the store, which, when open, cut off quite a little corner of space in such a way that he could seclude himself there without danger of being seen. In this secluded corner, seated in a chair, he took a nap of an hour and a half each day.

Several of the other clerks knew Several of the other clerks knew about this retreat, and they took turns during the day, so that some one of them was resting or sleeping there must of the day.

One of his companions asked the young man how he managed to avoid detection. He replied that the door

opened into a passageway, and was never closed in the daytime; that the boss never had occasion to look behind boss never had occasion to look behind it, and that he would not be likely to miss one clerk among so many; and that even if he did, there was always someone who would give the signal. So together the young men managed to cheat their employer out of the equivalent of one man's entire time.

I had been admiring this young man's striking appearance before he told his story. He had a splendid head, and a story. He had a splendid head, and a very strong face, and I had said to myself, "How I wish I could tell that nyself, "How I wish I could tell that young man what great possibilities are before him if he is only equal to his opportunity." Yet, on the very thres-hold of his career he was systematically

hold of his career he was systematically cheating his employer, and glorying in his eleverness in doing it.

Think of a young man with such possibilities boasting of stealing an hour and a half's time a day without

detection!

This young man would probably have been horrified at the mere suggestion of stealing the value of an hour and a half's work out of his employer's money drawer, but he was really doing the same thing. He thought he was getting the best of it, but was he?

Did he realize that every time he practised this deception he was taking infinitely more out of himself than out of his employer, that he was putting an indelible stain upon his name, branding an indelible scar upon his

character?

Did he realize that he was forming a habit which would blunt his ability to distinguish between right and wrong; that every deception he practised on his employer would make another and a larger one more possible and easier; that familiarity with wrong would duli his conscience until the hideousness of the six no longer acted as a deterrent to other wrongs?

to other wrongs?
There are tens of thousands of men There are tens of thousands of men in the great failure army to day, who thought they were getting the best of their employer in their younger days because they clipped their hours, shirked their work. They thought they were going to get on in the world just as you do; but, before they realized it, they had fastened upon themselves the habit of chesting, of deceiving, until they gradually become so dishonest that they not only were not promoted, but either lost their positions, as well, or when they started in business for themselves, lost their credit, their standing, the confidence of others and gradually went to the wall, or landed in the penitentiary.

The thief thinks that he is the richer for his theft, but he is galaing the worst kind of poverty, because what he loses by the their is infinitely great-

The thief thinks that he is the richer for his theft, but he is gaining the worst kind of poverty, because what he loses by the theft is infinitely greater than the insignificant value of what he gets. He may have gained a few dollars, but he has lost a great alice of his self-respect, he has lost that which all the money in the world can never restore. There is a smirch on his cascutcheon, a stain on his character which all the seas can not wish out.

Just compare the little advantage which you think you get from stealing your employer's time with the infinite satisfaction which would come to you from the consciousness of being loyal to him, true to his interests, true to yourself!

Think how mean and contemptible and humilisted you would feel if your daily theft were discovered! Then your employer's confidence would be gone forever. You never could recover it. He might try to forget your sin, but he never would. The chances are you would be discharged, and this thing which may seem so small to you, may follow you through life and trip you up everywhere you go.

But the fact that others may know of your theft is insignificant in comparison with the fact that you yourself can never forget it; that you can never think quite as much of yourself again.

There is ro one thing so necessary for one's real advancement in life as a thorough self-respect. You must think well of yourself, or others will not respect you. And you can not think well of yourself when you know what you are a systematically cheating your employer.—Success.

"Make Yourself wanted."

In an address reported in the daily newspapers, Secretary Shaw tells an incident that puts in half a dozen in the fact hat load of the puts of the condition of the puts o

"Make Yourself Wanted."

In an address reported in the daily newspapers, Secretary Shaw tells an incident that puts in half a dozen words the secret of business success. A young clerk in a store, he said, asked for an increase of salary. The proprietor gave it to him. A little later the clerk asked for another raise. At first the owner was indignant; then, after thinking the matter over, he sent for his clerk.

"Young man," he said, "what you need is not more money, but more usefulness." Then he pointed cut to him countless ways in which he might have done something for the company and had missed his opportunity — times thought:

"Where can it be hidden? Oh, how cruel that I—a poor, sickly fellow—cruel that

everywhere the one whose work is thorough and cheerful and enthusiastic is the one who is making the most of his life. "Make yourself wanted" and you will soon know the joy of solid

Moderation in Exercise

Moderation in Exercise.

Too much exercise is as bad as too little. Great athletes, great pugilists, great oarsmen are not always the healtbiest men or the longest-lived. Sooner or later they are apt to try the muscles and the nerves too far, and they go to pieces often at an age when much more delicate men are still fit for the work and the pleasures of life. Moderation is the lesson taught by science and experience in regard to physical exercise, a lesson which is needed by the amateur athlete quite as much as the professional. The bicycle has unquestionably been a blessing to thousands of men who have used it with discretion. It is to be hoped that it will not be converted into an instrumentality for evil by a mania for making extraordinary records, or be made to do permanent service as the feature of public exhibitions of endurance. durance.

Bear Your Burdens Like a Man, Every man must bear his own bur-den, and it is a fine thing to see any-one trying to do it manfully, carrying his cross bravely, silently, patiently, and in a way which makes you hope that he has taken for his pattern the

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FRITZ AND THE PURSE OF GOLD. What was the matter with Fritz? Evidently something ailed him, but no one seemed to be able to state just

what it was.

There was a dull, sluggish look in his eyes, his face looked pallid, and nearly all the time he complained of a headache. His shoulders were rounded, his muscles were not firm and active, as they should be; he slept poorly, and as for his appetite, why, it had to be coaxed and coddled like what it was.

an old man's.

Above all things that disagreed with Fritz, work was the worst. And so mother watched closely to prevent his

mother watched closely to prevent his ever doing any work.

And never were there kinder neighbors. Each and every one took an interest in poor Fritz, sending in every kind of herb tea that they had ever heard of, every drop of which Fritz gratefully gulped down, but to no avail, for he grew no better.

"Poor fellow!" sighed the neighbors.
"What on earth can be the trouble with him? Why cannot some one find out?"

"Deary me! What will ever become of my poor boy when I am gone!"
thought his distressed mother, who felt her life of grinding toil and trouble was

soon to end.

And, sure enough, she presently died, leaving Fritz nothing but her humble but snug little cottage and her garden and orchard. The latter were straggly and poorly kept, and now that the mother was gone, they seemed fated to die from neglect.

"Oh, dear! What is to become of poor me!" thought Fritz one evening, as he sat at his cottage door. Just then he heard a voice addressing him from the gate:

from the gate:

"Good evening, Master Fritz."

It was the old village schoolmaster
who had come to call on his old pupil.

"Fritz," said he, my friendship for

when he had been careless or indifferent or ignorant.

"Every time, he concluded," that a customer comes in and asks for you personally, it counts for you and counts for the store. Your business is to make yourself wanted."

It is the secret of success in business; is it not also the secret of success in every place in life! In the home, in the church, in the school, everywhere the one whose work is

spade, mended it, and, picking out a remote corner of the garden, began to dig.

He dug deep and carefully, and crumbled up every spadeful of soil secape his eye. And, mindful of the charm which the old man had related, he got out his mother's seed bags and planted a variety of seeds in carefully laid out beds.

"Ugh! my back does ache and my He dug deep and carefully, and crumbled up every spadeful of soil so that the purse of gold might not escape his eye. And, mindful of the charm which the old man had related, he got out his mother's seed bags and planted a variety of seeds in carefully laid out beds.

"Ugh! my back does ache and my legs are stiff and sore!" he groaned as he stopped work to prepare breakfast.
"But even if I die from overwork, I shall keep on. No one else is going to get that purse of gold if I can prevent it.

How good his breakfast tasted. The How good his breakfast tasted. The black bread and the water! Why, it was the best losf the baker had ever baked, thought he. Then he went out and resumed his work, and gradually, before he knew it, all the ache and stiffness wore off, and he became so interested in planting that at times he actually forgot that his original and only interest had been in the purse of gold.

As the days went by his delight in watching the tender, green shoots grow into wonderful, productive, plants be came unbounded. All he had done was to dig and plant, water and tend. Then sun, wind and rain had done their share in helping him. And now their share in helping him. And now behold the wondrous result! The garden grew so fast, that almost be-fore his back was turned on the latest dug and planted bed, lo! the little leaves peeped up out of the ground, and seemed to say, "Good morning, good Fritz, we have come up from those little brown seeds you hid in the

Pretty soon the neighbors began to Pretty soon the neighbors began to gather in groups and discuss the latest wonder—Fritz, once so weak and helpless, was carrying baskets full of garden stuff to market!

"Why, he's as rosy and healthy as any one now!" exclaimed one. "Evidently he has recovered from that mysterious disease that he had. I wonder what it was?"

The schoolmaster came and hange

The schoolmaster came and hung over the fence one day, and looked carefully at Fritz's garden and or-

chard.

"A fine crop of cabbages, Fritz," he remarked: "found the purse, eh?"

"No," answered Fritz, who was busy with his hoe. "No, not yet, sir. Fact is, I've been too busy to look for it lately. I've worked the garden from one end to the other; so I suppose it is in the orchard. But I shall not have time to hunt for it there until next spring at the earliest."

til next spring at the earliest."

"Oh, well, it will keep," said the old man. "How are you feeling these days, Fritz?"

"Feeling? Oh! fine, thank you. Really, I haven't had time to think of contracts."

Really, I haven't had time to think of my health."

No one, indeed, by this time boasted of a better appetite or sounder sleep than Fritz enjoyed. Every day was busier and happier than the day before the crops outdid themselves in bountifulness and quality, and Fritz found himself possessed of more money than he needed to spend, so he put it in a bank and kept his bank book in a corner of the old family desk. **

Time slipped by until it was the end of the second summer, and one day the old schoolmaster came for another visit to his old pupil. He noted the beautiful appearance of the garden and

beautiful appearance of the garden and orchard, the finely cultivated vines over the porch and the borders of bright flowers, and he thought:

"Aha! Fritz is doing so well that he is getting ready for a bride."

He entered the house without knock-ing, and found Fritz seated at his desk, counting some money he had just re ceived from a sale of fruit. "Ah, you have found it!" exclaimed

the old man.
"Found what?"

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1 The Catholic Record

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"Why, the purse of gold!"
"O—oh!" and then Fritz smiled.
"Why, sure enough—the purse of gold. I had forgotten it. Oh, I long ago quit looking for it, sir. I have already earned more gold than the

already earned more gold than the purse contains, I am sure. So I'll let the next fellow hunt for it, if he wants to, I'm too busy myself."

Looking at his bright eyes, glowing cheeks, straight, strong back and clean powerful legs, the old man laughed aloud, and Fritz, from pure sympathy joined in with his own loud laughter.

"What's it all about, sir?" he " What's it all about, sir?

asked. "Well," returned the old man. " promised you one purse of gold, but I see I should have promised a hundred. For see what you have accomplished!"

Fritz stared, light dawned upon his mind, and he shook his finger at the old man, but something.

mind, and he shook is inger at the old man, half accusingly.

"Then you were only jesting?"

The old man's face schered.

"No, Fritz, what I said was true.

You have made it true. If you had not, some one coming after you would have."

Fritz understood, and took the schoolmaster's hand in his own warm one, with a look of great gratitude and affection. He, at least, now knew and affection. He, at least, now knew what the old, mysterious disease had been from which the schoolmaster had helped him to recover,—Our Young

EFFECTIVE WARFARE ON INDECENT POSTERS.

CATHOLIC SOCIETY OF JERSEY CITY PASTES PROTESTS ON BILL BOARDS.

The Holy Name Society of St. Bridget's Church, Jersey City, has his upon an effective method of warring upon indecent posters. It has complained again and again to the police authorities about the objectionable theatrical lithographs posted on the bill-boards of the town, but billposters continued to decorate fences and billcontinued to decorate fences and bill-boards with offensive posters. Finally the officers of the society caused the

the officers of the society caused the tollowing announcement, printed on strips of paper, to be pasted over many of the objectionable bills:

"We have protested against the exhibition of such vile pictures until our patience has almost been exhausted.

"Holy Name Society,

"St. Bridget's Church."

The police saw the anneuncement and Chief Monahan got busy. He no tified the theatrical billposter that henceforth he will be obliged to sub mit all lithographs to him for his cen-sorship before the bills can be posted

in public places.

"My men will promptly suppress all indecent exhibitions and posters," said

The mayor of Jersey City is a member of St. Bridget's Church.



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To be good is simply conforming our lives to God's commandments. This is the important business of every individual. Yet there is still the duty remaining of doing good as well.

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6006	17 "	Pearl.		Cut	50	"

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The Catholic Record

484 - 486 Richmond Street

LONDON, CANADA

November, "the month of all souls," is say something of Purgatory and of the devotion that brings us to our knees to

pray for the dead. The faithful in large numbers wend their way to the cemeteries on All Souls' Day to pray for the dead. While loving hands lay garlands of flowers, wreathes and crosses on the graves to honor those who are gone, the love of the mourners with Catholic faith the they the work research to form of

the love of the mourners with Cathelle faith takes the more reasonable form of praying for the souls departed.

Pargatory is one of the three great divisions of the Universal Church. The faithful on earth constitute the Church militant, those in Pargatory, the Church suffering, and the blessed in heaven, the Church triumphant. Many go to Pargatory. We may be sure go to Purgatory. We may be sure that few adults entirely escape its cleansing fires. That nothing defiled can enter heaven is the declaration of can enter heaven is the declaration of the Scriptures as it is the judgment of reason. Since even the just man falleth seven times, others who will not pre-sume to lay claim to that title fall more

sume to lay claim to that title fall more frequently.

Purgatory may be considered as the realm of darkness and of suffering, and at the same time a place of patience, hope and love. There, both the justice and the mercy of God are conspicuously displayed. While He demands that "the last farthing be paid," He does not exclude His children forever from heaven for mere venial faults. The inhabitants of Purgatory are numerous and are "of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues." We are told by the words of revelation that "the fire shall try every man's work" and "he shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

The souls in Purgatory are called Holy Souls, because they are forever

The souls in Purgatory are called Holy Souls, because they are forever to be favorites of God. They have fought the good fight on earth, and are detained in the purifying fires before they receive the crown of justice. They contracted some stains in the battle for heaven, or they were called away before they had fully atoned for past sins in penitential deeds. "The fire shall try every man's work." "I am He that reacheth the r sins and the heart, and I will give to every one of you according to your works." (Apoc. ii, 23.)

While the Church does not teach us anything very explicit about either the nature or the duration of the pains of Purgatory, we can easily deduce

the nature or the duration of the pains of Purgatory, we can easily deduce that the punishment of sin in Purgatory is more severe than anything we are called upon to endure in this world. In God's sight "a thousand years is as one day, and one day as a thousand years" and we know that "it is a fear-state the state of the state o ful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."

Knowledge and a clear idea of faith constitute the foundation of true devotion. What is needed is solid and constant and not spasmodic devotion.

The doctrine of Purgatory should be clearly and strongly held. It is of faith. It is reasonable and it is

faith. It is reasonable and it is Scriptural.

Justice demands proportion between the crime and the penalty. A thief who steals a dime is not punished by human law and by fallible judges as is the criminal who commits deliberate murder. Were there no Purgatory, no middle place all soule delibed in little murder. Were there no Purgatory, no middle place, all souls defiled, in little or in much, would necessarily go to hell, since nothing defiled can enter heaven. Why? God will render to every one according to his works. God is just. From these premises anyone can make those deductions which logically demandfa place of purgation, where some souls may be saved.

here some souls may be saved. The Holy Scriptures are quite explicit concerning a place where some souls will be saved, "yet so as by fire." We read in (1 Cor. iii, 2:) "Other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid, which is Christ that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus. Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, be cause it shall be revealed in fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. It any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward; if any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved yet so as by fire." St. Paul here is obviously speaking of Purgatory, of those who have built on the foundation Jesus Christ. He is also speaking not of our day, but of "the day of the Lord," when defects will be purged by fire.

Then we know that praying for the

Then we know that praying for the Then we know that praying for the dead was in vogue among the people of God before the coming of the Messiah. Judas Machabeus sent silver to Jerusalem to have sacrifice offered up in the temple for the soldiers who had fallen in battle. Why? "Because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness had great grace laid up for them. It is, therefore, a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin." (2 Mach. xxxiv. 46)

This practice was not condemned by Christ. It has been cherished and continued in the Church, which is "the pillar and ground of truth." For the suffering souls we should often pray. They turn to us for help: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Catholic Universe.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, GALT.

St. Patrick's church has been greatly enhanced by the introduced of an entirely new set of windows, the effect of which, in conjunction with the recent interior decorations, is delightfully harmonious. The two large windows in the entrance and the eight in the side walls of the nave are composed of various make of leaded cathedral tinted glass, enriched with ornam nal detail in opalescent glass. This latter material, while not intended in the original contract, was introduced by the original work into design than the ordinary makes of glass the real value of the windows of St. Patrick's church must therefore be apparent. Each window has a double angle steel pivotted venuliator, which is a great improvement on the old eliding sash that were originally to use.

The crowning feature of the series is in the two beauliful subject windows of

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richly stained glass, one of which contains a representation of "The Sacred Heart of Josus," the other is a fine design of "The Good Shepherd" The figures are life size and are made of the most valuable glass, known as "Antique." Great care and artistic skill have been expended on those two interesting pictures, which are made additionally hand some by their architectural basis and vinaceled canopies in solid antique glass. The work was entrusted to Robert McCausland, Limited, Toronto. The windows were all donated by members of the congregation.—Galt Reporter.

DEATH OF REV. R. E. M. BRADY FATHER.

DEATH OF REV. R. E. M. BRADY'S
FATHER.

Mr. Philip Brady, of St. Antoine Abbe, Huntingdon, P. Q., died Oct, 22nd inst., and the funeral took place Oct. 25th. The funeral Mass was ceiebrated by his son, Rev. R. E. M. Brady with Rev. Canon O'Mere P. P. St. Gabriel's, Montreal, as deacon, and Rev. J. J. Donnelly. P. P., St. Antonny, Monireal, as sub-deacen two life long friends of the family.) Rev. P. J. Brady, P.P., of 5th Mary's, Montreal, celebrated Low Mass at a side altar during the funeral Mass.

Besides the above mentioned clergy, there were present; Revs. J. P. Kiernan, P. P., St. Michael's, Montreal, J. Toupin, P. P. St. Antoine Abbe, C. D. Guilbeault, P. P. Huntingdon J. Queenel, P. P. Ormstown, M. Previll, P. P. St. Chrysostome and C. B. O'Hara P. P. Hinchinbrooke, Mr. M. Dinsen, Montreal, Friends and relatives from both countreal friends and relations from the family residence to the parish chu.

Mr. P. Brady, a retired farmer and mgal, respected by all classes of Protestants and Catholics, had a remarkably long life, being within two months of his eighty-ninth birth day and retaining all his faculties and being active until a week before his death.

Born in Milltown, Cavan, Ireland, Jan, 2ad, 1819, he settled in Huntin

MARRIAGE.

HYLAND CARLING.—At Hamilton, Ont. Oct. 21st, at Sa. Parick's Church, by Rev. Father Coty. Edward J. Hyland, Esg., to Miss May Alice Carling, both of Hamilton.

O'MEARA - In this city, on Oct. 18. 1997, Miss Margaret O'Meara, daughter of Mr. Stepher O'Meara. May her soul rest in peace! GALLAGHER—At Grand Rapids, Mich., on Spt. 20th, at the residence of her son James, Mrs. Anne Gallagher, relect of the late Patrick Gallagher. of Simoco. Ont. Agod seventynice years. May her soul rest in peace.

SERVANT WANTED. WANTED, EXPERIENCED GENERAL Servant No washing. High wages, Apply to Mrs. Gunn, 136 Kent st, 1516-3.

TRACHERS WANTED, WANTED ENGLISH TEACHER FOR Indian school, Apply to Rev. J. R. Richard, S. J., Sault See Marie, Ont. 1515 tf

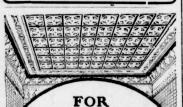
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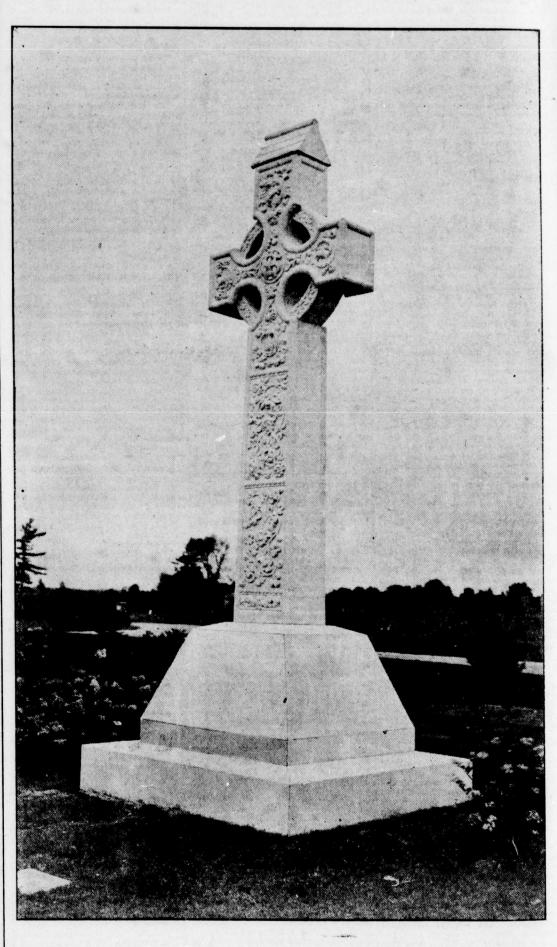
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