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# The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1908.

TAKE A LOOK INSIDE.

During Lent we are exhorted by man is, and what is the use of him; what is his good, and what is his evil." is God an element in our lives. Do we honor Him as our Father and fear

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.

Him as our Judge?

If we do God's will we shall know of His doctrines. The soul of a holy man discovereth, sometimes, true things more than seven watchmen that sit in a high place to watch. If we begin to love we shall end by understanding that the wisdom that is from above, first indeed is chaste, then peaceable, modest, easy to be persuaded, conenting to the good. The realization of the truths of religion is in proportion to our advancement in virtue.

To see ourselves as we are may mark the beginning of a new life for us. It we penetrate the baze of indifference of worldly maxims, we may come upon a thing unspeakably vile and loathsome -a dead soul. Scarred by drunkenness, or impurity, or biasphemy, or disobedience, there it is before us. It sold itself to the devil and received as salary nothing but a moment ary satisfaction, a brutal pleasure, filthy delight, a sordid, per ishable interest. It is not a pleasant sight. But we cannot expect to see any beauty in a soul that has wallowed in filth. But it belongs to us. And to incite ourselves to do saying : speedily something for its welfare let us not forget that above our heads is hanging by life's thread the sword of God's jadgments.

THE HAMMER OF PENANCE.

Penance is a hammer to batter down the obstacles between us and our Oreator. When we have our nose in the trough we have no taste for the the pearl of great price?
supernatural. We turn back to God; "Is not he blind who is wallowing in we have contrition : sorrow of the will We do penance. We realize that we are sinners. As such we pay the debts we owe to God. Penance must be a medicine as well as a satisfaction. St. Thomas tells us that penance, as a peculiar and particular virtue, means necessarily a punishment of the sinner.

SAME DOCTRINE.

The austerities of other days are not in vogue now. But when they were a fashion Tertullian could challenge the pagans to discover a Christian among the law-breakers. But penance has not been abolished. The guilt of sin is the same now as then and the words, "Unless ye do penance ye shall perish" are unchanged. It is not pleasant, but because God had willed it it takes the place of His anger.

## WAYS OF PENANCE.

We can use our daily trials to wipe out the temporal punishments due to our sins. Do not fuss about them, keep them under cover and treat them as God's mercy and love for you. Give something to the poor, and quietly, not through the channels of public subscription lists. Some of us are slack in this matter of alms-giving. We have our families, our personal needs, and there is, as a rule, nothing for the outsider. Bat suppose we pare down our expenses. The money given for drink could be set aside for alms. So far as fasting goes consult your confessor. Bat state your case without partiality for your appetite. " Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within

JAMES R. RANDALL.

The people of Maryland and Georgia are all eagerness in their efforts to honor James Ryder Randall. A monument will be erected to his memory. Aud when it is unveiled goodly speeches lauding the dead poet will be made. This, says the Syracuse Cathlie Sun, is bitter irony. While Randall lived he had scarcely whereon to lay his head. He had no home: he never had any surplus money in all his life. In New Orleans he lived like a pauper in order to send as much as possible of his small salary home to his family. No man better knew the face of self denial SOME REMARKS.

it has his chance now.

2. The garrulous should try to understand the value of silence as a

nerve soother and thought stimulator. 3. The individual who is a member the Church to endeavor "to know what of many societies should spend more time in the hone organization. We venture to say that his wife can talk as intelligently as his club brethren, and will tell no stories that need a sprinkling of carbolic acid.

4. The Catholic who boasts that he is ever prepared to stand up for his religion should get ready to kneel down for it between this and Easter.

5. And the little games to the accompaniment of cigars and mineral water may be discontinued to the improvement of the head on the morning

after, not to say anything of character. 6. They who think that piety means a big prayer-book and a discriminating taste in sermons should have another think on the question.

7. The men and women who have the latest thing in scandal should buy a ticket for the country of decency and fair play. Cackling over the offal of slander and hawking it around from house to house is certainly a very ignoble business. And yet people who have souls and brains enough not to be fools make mud-pies and live in cesspools. They should cease playing the barbarian and come back to civilization.

THE FACULTY OF FREE WILL

By Cardinal Gibbons. Cardinal Gibbons preached recently at the Cathedral, Baltimore, on The Prerogatives and Responsibilities of Moral Freedom. The Cardinal's sermon was as follows :

"Jesus commanded the blind man to be brought to Him, and He asked him, saying: 'What wilt thou that I do for thee?' And he said: 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.' (Luke, xviii,

None is so blind as he that will not see. All are spiritually blind that are not enlightened by Him 'who is the light of the world, who is the true light enlightening every man that cometh into the world.'

"Is not he stone blind who is en tirely engrossed by the desire for earthly riches and shats his eyes to

the mire of sin, who is leading a life of sensuality which leads to melancholy and despair?
"Is not he blind who is bending all his energies to the acquisition of honor and fame, and when he acquires it it

fails to satisfy the cravings of his "Is not he blind who looks up to Heaven and contemplates the works of creation, but discerns not the exist-

ence of a Creator? "Is not be blind who sees the hands moving in the clockwork of time, but fails to recognize the invisible hand which keeps these works in motion? "Is not he blind who counts the days of his years as they flow by, but does not consider the ocean of eternity that

lies before him?
"Now, Christ says to each of you what He said to the blind man : What is thy will? What wilt thou that I do

"Let your answer be to day like that of the blind man: Lord, it is my will that I may see and follow Thee. 'This is eternal life that we may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.'

" Yow sublime is the faculty of free

will ! It is a gift which distinguished you from the brute creation, for man is the only creature on earth that enjoys moral freedom. It is a prerogative which you possess in common with the angels and which makes you like to God Himself. God and the angels and man are the only beings that have free will. RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE GIFT.

"What a tremendous responsibility is attached to this perilous gift ! righteously employed, it becomes an instrument of unending bliss. If abused, it becomes an engine of endless des truction. If kept within the bounds of the moral law, it is a heavenly stream enriching the kingdom of the soul with fruits of grace and benediction. If it leaps its legitimate barriers, it covers the earth with ruin and desolation. " It is the exercise of the will that

distinguishes the saint from the sinner, the martyr from the apostate, the hero from the capricious tyrant. The name of Nero and Diocletian, of Achab and Jesabel and of Judas and Herod are execrated by mankind because they abused their free will in gratifying their passions and inflicting sorrow and on their fellow-beings. The names of an Alfred the Great and a Vincent de Paul are held in veneration cause they consecrated their will to

welfare of their fellow-beings.
"And it is so with us. If we are destined to be of the number of the elect, we shall owe our salvation under God to the right use of our freedom If we are to incur the vengeance of our liberty: 'Thy destruction is thine own, O Israel.' In a word, our liberty

Michael the Archangel, we can con-

quer the infernal enemy and win our way to Heaven.
"How are we to exercise our moral 1. The man who can take it or leave

freedom? We should employ it:
"1. In resisting temptation and our vicious inclinations. We should be 'as free,' says St. Peter, ' and not as mak ing liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God.' Whom to serve is to reign. And St. Paul says that we are the servants of him whom we obey, whether it be God or satao.
'Whosoever,' says our Lord, 'commit eth sin is the slave of sin.' What a eth sin is the slave of sin.' What a ments, you make to Him an agreeable ments, you make to Him an agreeable of sin.' Bat if you lay on the altar a become the slaves of satan! What a humiliation to cease to be heirs in our Heavenly Father's House and to become, like the Prodigal Son, the hire-lings of a heartless taskmaster! 'Man

HOW TO SERVE TRUE PREEDOM.
"Oar Saviour told the Jews that the knowledge and practice of His pre-cepts would secure for them true free-heart or will you had once consecrated The Jews were in ignant that their freedom should be called in question, 'We are the seed of Abraham, they exclaimed, 'and have never been slaves to any man, But our Lord replied that, though children of Abraham, they were in bondage so long as they were in sin. 'Amen, I is the slave of sin.'

blessings of civil freedom if we do not enjoy the glorious liberty of children of God by which we are rescued from ignorance and can trample on sin? What will it avail us to be recognized in the public walks of life as free and by the demon of passion; if we are slaves to a petulant temper, slaves to lust, to intemperance, pride and vain-glory, slaves to public opinion, the beloved Son, hear ye Him.'

"Who possessed the greater liberty lerod on his throne or John in his Who possessed the grown in his Herod on his throne or John in his prison? Herod could move according to his good pleasure from place to place; he enjoyed civil freedom. His spoken to you in the Tempie of God. "3. God reveals to you every hour power of life and death over his sub of the day His will by the voice of conscience speaking without noise of And yet his soul was bound in he chains of an unlawful attachment. John's body was confined in a dungeon but his soul roamed in unrestrained freedom through the Kingdom of God that was within him.

We should exercise our moral freedom not only in repressing tempta-tions, but also in pursuing virtue, and particularly by an entire conformity to the will of Ged. We should study and 'prove what is good and acceptable and the perfect will of God.'

"The perfection of sanctity consists in the love of God, for 'love,' says the Apostle, 'is the fulfilling of the law.' And the perfection of the love of God consists in absolute conformity to His holy will-this is the closest bond that can subsist between the Creator and creature.

"Jesus Christ is the highest ideal of Christian perfection. He is 'the way and the truth and the life.' He came to teach us by word and example Now, if there is any one virtue Our Savior inculcates more forcibly than another it is this: I hat our heart and will should be in harmony wi h God's will. 'I came down from heaven. He says, 'not to do My own will, the will of Him that sent Me. food is to do the will of Him that sen became subject to Mary and Joseph, the creatures of His own hands, beseatatives of his Father. In his agony in the Garden of Gethsemane He thus prayed to His Father: 'My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, sentatives of His Father. In His agony from Me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou.' Every fiber of His sen sitive heart recoiled with horror from the appalling and humiliating suffer ings which awaited Hin. Bat though His feelings revolted, His will re mained steadast; and again, after

oraying to be relieved, He added: 'Not My will but Thine be done.'
"What our Lord practices He preaches to us. He tells us that, though we prophesied and wrought miracles in His name, though we con verted nations, He will know as not if our heart and affections are estranged from God. 'Not everyone, He declares that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven bat he that doeth the will of My Fa ther who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' He tells us that the harmony of our will with the will of God is the key that will un lock the golden gate of the beavenly J rusalem and admit us to the fellow ship of the children of God: 'Whosoever shall do the will of My Fathe who is in Heaven, he is my brother and sister and mother.' And in that beautiful prayer which He dictated to and with which we are so familiar He bids them to ask that they may accomplish the will of God on earth as the blessed do in Heaven: Thy will be done on earth as it is in

praying to be relieved, He added: 'Not

And in exhorting us to make the will of God the supreme rule of our actions our Lord is echoing the voice of His eternal Father: 'My Son.' says Almighty God, 'give me thy heart.' He

does not say, My son, give the service of thy body, for that also valongs to Him. 'Thy hands,' says the prophet, 'have made and fashioned me.' And, besides, we readily bestow the service of our brain and hands on one who has already gained our affections. But He says: 'Give me thy heart and the affections of thy will, for this is that you can call your own.' Th the only free, unmortgaged property

offering. But if you lay on the altar a neart subdued and attuned to the will of God you make the most acceptable offering that creature can offer to his Creator: "A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit. A humble and contrite when he was in honor cid not under-stand. He is compared to senseless beasts and is become like unto them.' alter or from the hand of the poor a gift once made you would be conscious of doing a great wrong. But is it not a

to Him? But perhaps you will say: 'How am I to know the will of God that I may comply with his good pleasure? It is true, indeed that God does not make a special revelation to any of us as he did to the prophets of old. Nevertheless, He gives to each of us a say to you : whoseever committeth sin clear and positive manifestation of His

will.

"1. God reveals His will to us in in this way? We are freeborn citizens the Holy Scriptures. In the parable and yield to no despotic power. But of Dives and Lazarus, Dives en what will it profit us to enjoy the treated Abraham to send someone from the dead to his five brothers on earth Let him admonish my brothers, says Dives, 'to avoid my sinful life, so that they may escape the torments I suffer here.' Abraham replies to Dives: "They have Moses and the prophets. independent citizens if in the circle of if they will not hear them, neither will our own family and in the sanctuary of they believe if one speaks to them from our own hearts we are lashed as slaves the dead.' You will then discover the will of God in the Holy Scriptures, and particularly in the Gospel of Ha

> "2. God revea's His will to you by the voice of His Church and her min conscience speaking without noise of word within your heart. Scrupulously follow the admonition of this secret

> You should discern the hand of God in the daily occurrences of life. You should regard all the events happening to you, such as poverty and wealth, sickness and health, life and death, and even the afflictions and per-secutions arising from the malice of men ; you should regard all these. I say, not as accidents and real evils, but as visitations controlled and directed by an overruling Providence.
> They are links in the chain of your mmortal destiny; they are so many gems in the diadem of your glory. This is the teaching of the Apostle, who says that ' to them that love God all things work together unto God.' I consider the recognition of this truth the highest Christian philosophy and the practice of it the only substantial basis of genuine peace. You will never enjoy solid tranquility till you

scept with composure and equanimity all the visitations which come from His loving hand. INSTRUMENTS OF DIVINE WILL. "Our Saviour insinuates the same comforting doctrine. When He is arrested in the garden before His cruciaxion Peter draws a sword in His de Pat thy sword into its scabbard. The chalice which My Father hath given Me shall I not drink it?' He does not Me shall I not drink it?' say the chalice which Judas and Cai given me. No. He regards them all as the unconscious instruments of God in the work of man's redemption. God used these vile instruments for the sacrifice and glorification of His Son, just as a father uses a scourge to chastise his child and then throws it into the fire. 'Do you not know,' says Pilate to Christ, 'that I have the power of life and death over you?' 'You would have no power over Me,' replies oar Lord, 'if it were not given thee

"Bles-ed is the man who in every occurrence of life preserves in his heart an unalterable adhesion to God's will, brough honor and dishonor, through evil report and good report, in sick ess and in health, in prosperity and dversity. Bessed is he who hears the external voice of God in the thunder of ribulations that resound over his bead. tappy is he who has this short but mprehensive prayer often in his heart and on his lip : 'Thy will, O Lord, be Thrice happy are they who can ay with the confidence of the Apostle: Who shall separate us from the love of Christ, and a loyal attachment to His will. 'Shall tribulation or distress or danger or persecution or the sword? I am aure that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers. nor height nor might nor death, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the charity of God.'
"Whoever of you are animated by

these sentiments are free indeed. Then, in all your movements you will be guided by the Spirit of God. 'And where the Spirit of God is there is liberty.' Then, indeed, you may be truly called the children of God. 'For

ised in the life to come when you 'shall the vocal silences of the Mass, all that be delivered from the bondage of cor-ruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.'

THE HOLY FATHER AND LOURDES.

Just fifty years ago last Tuesday, February 2, 1858, a little peasant girl, gathering dead-wood in the woods of Lou des, a little peasant girl who could neither read nor write, who differed in no way from her companions except in that she was an unusually good and obedient child, was privi-leged to behold Mary Immaculate her self, and to be the depositary of her instructions. In her wonder and ecstasy she fell on her knees and re peated the salutation used by the Angel Gabriel: "Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee," and twenty years after, on the least of Our riches of divine grace-coming to the of Sorrows, after five months of suffering she died, saying: "Holy Mary, Mother of God pray for me." During the fifty years that have elapsed since the first apparition, Lurdes has been visited by hundreds of thousands of devout pilgrims from all parts of the world all parts of the world, and miracles, striking, parent, controlled by the most searching investigation which modern science could bring to bear upon them, have become so frequent that they have long since ceased to cause surprise. Here is a very curious fact. Modern ists and other rationalists have exolained away the miracles wrought by Our Lord himself nineteen hundred years ago, but not one of them ventures to give an explanation of the "phenomena" which are constantly happen ing at Lourdes. Nineteen convaries hence, perhaps, the modernists of the day will be ready with a critical analysis, free from all control of logic or verisimilitude, of the won deriul miracles of our time. In the meantime, however, Catholics will un-derstand the extraordinary confidence of Pius X in the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, whose jubilee coin-cides with his own. Last Tuesday, the Legate of his Holiness, Cardinal Lecot, accompanied by ten Bishops, entered Lourdes in triumph, and was greeted by over twenty thousand persons with enthusiasm "When Pius X. selected me, " he said a little later in the day, "to represent him at this feast, he selected a friend of Lourdes, but my person counts for nothing. I represent here the highest authority on earth, the Sovereign Pontiff who wished to be present at the cinquantenary of Lourdes. This land has been the theatre of proligious events; in all history there is no parallel to the sacred prodigies that have been wrought here during the last fifty

While the French Cardinal was addressing the people at Lourdes itself, Cardinal Richelmy of Turin, with four hundred pious Piedmontese, was praying before the replica of the Grotto of Lourdes in the Vatican Gardens. After the reserv His Eminence reminded those present that the whole world was then conmemorating the Jubilee of Lourdes and concluded with the significant sentence: pray that the theories of modernism be not permitted to cloud the minds of Catholics, and that the persecutions which the Church has had to undergo in France may not be unchained on our bloved Italy .—Rome.

ONE YEAR IN THE CATHOLIC

Henry C. Granger, formerly pastor of a leading Protestant church in Evanston, Ill., contributes the follow-ing to the New World:

In view of the sacrifices made in order to enter the Catholic Church, it is perhaps natural at the close of one year in the same to ask ourself this question: "What has been gained by reason of the change?" Particularly is this so when the previous thirty years of ministerial life in totally dif ferent surroundings is taken into con There has been a positive gain. In

what direction does this lie? Cer tainly no money value can be placed upon much that has been acquired. .The laws are not for sale in the market place. Spiritual riches are not quoted on the stock exchange in these days, if ever they were. Says the inspired writer. "I know thy tribulation and thy poverty, but thou art rich." If not in material—as the results of the change—assuredly then in things spiritnal. Here we must look for the gains inner peace of soul, which must be ex perienced to be fully realized, the quet harbor, after the storm, the anchorage sure and steadfast. It has not been quiet in the soul because there was nothing to disturb, or annoy, or try; but owing to the fact that there was a power superior to all these; consequently they were kept in their proper place. We need not enumerate the crosses, since there has been grace sufficient to carry these. Another gain has been a growing appreciation of what our Lord intended

His Church to oe, the vi-ible abodeon earth—of His Real Presence. In the Sacrament of the altar, the Holy than he, and now two Southern States that should have seen that he had bread, are building measurements to him.

Our liberty: "In destruction is time of an own two Southern States that should have seen that he had bread, are building measurements to him.

Our liberty: "In destruction is time of God. "For time comparatively in the Contract of God cause has been made. There is a cown, O Israel." In a word, our liberty: "In destruction is time of God." For time comparatively in the Contract of God. The comparatively in the Contract of God. The comparatively in the Comparative in t

serves to impress one with the fact: This is Holy Ground! Bow down! Cover thy face! Call in thy wandering thoughts! God is here! To have gained any slight realization of such a truth is truly a 'gain' to be cherished, cultivated and prized far, far beyond any sacrifice that may have need any services.

any sacrifice that may have been made to attain unto it. Autother gain has been in the line of oming to see the various devotions of he Church in their right proportions. Those "outside" make so much and wrongly of the honors paid saints, martyrs, angels, the Blessed Virgin Mary. Why is this? Simply and largely owing to the fact that not standing "within" and with Christ in the centre of everything, they fail to grasp the proportions that all the others sustain to Him. Difficulties hitherto insurmountable in these particulars have vanished, changed in soul by means of these holy presences round about us, and especially that of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. Helps all to lead us whither? To our Lord Himself in a way and with a definite reality not to be found save in

the Catholic Church.

The one other gain of which mention is to be made now is the spiritual strength that sprung from being under the shadow of a certain authority. The tones are clear, the position is assured; there need not be any misunderstand-ing as to what the Catholic Church believes and teaches and enforces. The successor of St. Peter and Vicar of successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ on earth is not afraid to speak out in the defense of the faith; nor is there any hesitancy in demanding for that faith a timely, loyal obedience. Tais applies alike to all classes and conditions of believers. From what a multitude of "opinions," "isms," "vagaries" and one knows not what, such an authority delivers us! Gains of the character indicated are vital quently sources of renewed and daily increasing strength to live as we find it necessary day by day.

"Dear Father McKeon,- Your unique booklet will be more and more appreciated as it becomes known. The confessional has long been a stumbling block for non-Catholics; you have turned it into a stepping-stone on the road to the true Church."

RT. REV. MGR. LYNCH, D. D. M. R., Utica, N. Y.

"Repeated and careful perusal of your . Catholic Confessional vinced me that, of all the literature on the subject, which has come to my notice in my missionary career, your pamphlet is the most satisfactory for the busy educated twentieta century man. I have recommended it in all my missions, and shall use my best efforts in the future, to give it a large circulation, because it meets as no other publication does, the peculiar require-

ments of our day. '
REV. J. R. ROSSWINKEL, S. J., Jesuit Missionary, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Hon. Harry Lee Dillon was on Sunday last received into the Catholic Church by Father Bernard Vaughan. S. J. Viscount and Viscountess Dillon. General Sir Martin Dillon and Everard Green (Rouge Dragon) were present. of Viscount Dillon, and is J. P. for County Roscommon. Cardinal Gibbons will go to London

in July for the great international Eacharistic Congress which will be held there from Sept. 9 to Sept. 13. He goes at the special invitation of Arch-London, under whose auspices the con gress will be held.

Another English Princess will enter the Catholic Caurch, in Princess Patricia, of Connaught, niece of King Edward, whose betrothal to the Count of Tarin, cousin of King Victor Emanuel, is announced. Two young ministers of the Protest.

ant Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee, who for some years were engaged in teaching at an institution of that com-munion at Nishotah Seminary, were received into the Catholic Church re-Fathers. They are the Rev. Hawks and the Rev. James H. Bourne.

Not only French Catholics, but those of most countries will be glad to know that it is very probable that the Sacred Congregation of Rites will be able to conclude within the present year the cause of the Venerable Joan of Arc, and that the solemn beatification the Maid will take place during the jubilee year in St. Peter's. Should this be the case, one of the most imposthis be the case, one of the blost and of ing pilgrimages ever organized in France will go to Rome, and it is expected that nearly half the French hierarchy will be present in St. Peter's on the occasion.

The Rev. Dr L A. Lambert, editor of Freeman's Journal, underwent, re ently, a surgical operation on the right lung. Tho Though still weak, he is able to

The annual report of the Irish Asso. ance shows that steady progress in the good cause has been made.

### THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED. On the way, Charles ce Vaiois, re-sumed his conversation with the old expedition into France, was yet out of love for his children, disposed to undertake it; and finally, on the re peated instances of the French prince, resolved on casting himself at King Philip's feet, with all the nobles who ed faithful to him, in the hope that so humiliating a homage might move the conqueror to compassion The absence of Queen Joanna, flattered him with a ray of hope that he should not find her husband inexorable.

Since their moraing's quarrel Robert de Bethune and De Chatillon had not met again; they purposely avoided each other, and neither of them said another word on the subject of what had passed between them. Adolf of Nieuwland was now riding beside Matilda and her brother William. The young lady was evidently occupied in learning off some lay or tale which Adolph was repeating to her; for every now and then one of her ladies exclaimed in admiration; "What a master in minstrelsy Sir Adolph of Nieuwland is!"

And so at last they got back to Wynandael. The whole train entered the castle; but this time the bridge was not raised nor did the portcullis fall, and after a delay of a few minutes the French knights issued again from its walls armed as they had come. As they rode over the bridge De Chatillon eserved to his brother:
'You know that I have this evening

is that to the purpose?" answered De Chatillon hastily. "A not to mere strength.

"You are quite right, my good brother; a knight must hold his ground against every one, be he who he may; but for al that it is better not to expose oneself unnecessarily In your place I should have let Rober talk his spite out. What signifies what he says now that his lands are gone

and he is as good as our prisoner?"
"Be silent, St. Pol. Is that
seemly way to talk? Are you
coward?"

As he spoke these words they dis appeared among the trees. And now the portcullis fell; the bridge was raised; and the interior of the castle was again concealed from view.

#### CHAPTER III.

The knight or minstrel, who was admitted within the walls of Wynandael by the hospitality or compassion of its inhabitants, found himself on passing inhabitants, found himself on passing its gates in an open square; on his right he saw the stables, amply sufficient for a hundred horses, before which innumerable pigeons and ducks were picking up the stray grain; on his left were the lodgings for the soldiers and military retainers of all kinds, together with the magazines for the siege artillery of that day; as, for instance, battering-rams, with their carriages and supports, balistas, which at one cast threw a shower of arrows at one cast threw a shower of arrow into the besieged place, and catapults which hurled crushing masses of stone against the hostile walls; besides scaling ladders, fire barrels, and other like implements of war.

Right in front of the entrance lay the residence of the Count and his family, rising majestically with its turrets above the lower buildings about it. A flight of stone steps, at the foot of which two black lions reposed, gave entrance to the ground-floor, consisting of a long range of consisting of a long range of

with the arms of bygone Counts of Flanders, and with banners and pen-nons won on many a hard fought field. On the right hand side, in one corner of this vast building, was a smaller apartment, altogether different from the rest. On the tapestry with which its walls were adorned might be read the whole story of the sixth crusade in figures which almost looked alive. On one side stood Guy, armed from head to foot, and surrounded by his warriors, who were receiving from his hands the Cross; in the back ground was a long train of men at arms already on their way to the scene of action. The second side exhibited the battle of Massara, won by the Christian army in the year 1250. St. Louis, king of France, and Count Guy, were disting-Cross; in the back ground was a long France, and Count Guy, were distingnishable from the other figures by their banners. The third side pro sented a hideous scene. A multitude of Christian knights lay dying of the plague upon a desert plain. Among the corpses of their comrades, and the carcasses of horses, black ravens flew over the fatal camp, watching for each one's death to gorge themselves with his Resh. The fourth side showed the happy return of the Count of Fianders. His first wife, Fogaets of Bethune, lay weeping on his breast, while her little sons Robert and Baldwin lovingly pressed his hand in theirs.

By the marble chimney-piece, with-in which a small wood fire was burn-ing, sat the old Count Guy in a mass-ive arm chair. Full of deep thought, he was supporting his head on his right hard his expectation. right hand, his eye resting unconsciously on his son William, who was busily reading prayers from a book silver clasps. Matilda, Robert de Bethune's youthful daughter, stood with her hawk on the other side of the chamber. She was caressing the bird, without heeding her grandfather or uncle; while Guy, with a dark misgiving of the future, was brooding over the past, and William was praying to heaven for some alleviation of their sorrows, she was playing with her favourite, without a thought that her father's inheritance was confiscated, was confiscated, where the batterial would soon be at an end, if it depended on him. May God grant him eternal him him. May God grant him eternal on him. May God grant him eternal him eternal

and possessed by his enemies. Not that she was wanting in feeling; but, half child as she was, her sorrow did not last beyond the immediate impres sion which excited it. When she was told that all the towns of Flanders were occupied by the foe, she burst into abundant and bitter tears; but by the evening of that self-same day her tears were dried and forgotten, and she was ready to caress her hawk

After Guy's eyes had for some time After Guy's eyes had for some time rested unmeaningly upon his son, he suddenly let fall the hand which supported his head, and asked.
"William, my son, what is it you are asking so fervently of God?"
"I am praying for my poor sister Philippa," was the youth's answer; "God knows, my father, whether the Queen Joanna has not already sent her to her grave; but in that case my prayers are for her soul"
And as he spoke he bowed forward his head, as if to conceal the tears which fell from his eyes.

which fell from his eyes.

The old father sighed heavily and painfully. He felt that his son's evil foreboding might but too easily turn out true, for Joanna of Navarre was wicked enough to make it so: never-theless he would not give atterance to

such a feeling, and so he only replied. "It is not right, William, to sadden ourself with forebodings of evil. Hope is given to us mortals for our then, should you not hope? Since your sister has been in prison, you mourn and pine so, that not a smile ever passes over your countenance. It is well to feel for your sister; but in God's name do not give yourself up

to this dark despair.' to this dark despair.

"Smile, said you, father? Smile, while our poor Philippa is buried in a dungeon! No, that I canreckon on you as my second."

"Against this rough spoken Robert de Bethune?" asked St. Pol. "I cold ground in the silence of her dungknow not what may happen, but I fear you may come but badly out of it; for this Lion of Flanders is no cat to be taken hold of without gloves, and that you know as well as I."

"What is that to the purpose 2" cold ground in the silence of her dung-eon; she cries to heaven because of her sorrows; she calls on you, my father,—she calls on us all for relief; and who answers her? the hollow echo of the deep vaults of the Louvre! e?" See you her not, pale as death, wasted and faded like a dying flower, with her hands raised to heaven? hear you her not, how she cries, 'My father, my brothers, help me; I am dying in these chains!' All this I see and hear in my heart ; I feel it in my soul ;

ow, then can I smile?"
Matilda, who had half listened to these sorrowful words, set her hawk hastily on the back of a chair, and fell with a violent burst of tears and sob Laying her head on his knees, she

eried out piteously:
"Is my dear aunt dead? O God! what sorrow ! shall I not then see her

The old Count raised her tenderly from the ground, and said kindly:
"Be calm, my dear Mailda; weep

not; Philippa is not dead."
"Not dead!" exclaimed the girl with astonishment; "why, then, does my uncle William speak so of death?"
"You have not understood him," answered the Count; "we know of no change that has taken place with regard to her."

The young girl then dried her tears, casting the while a reproachful look upon William, and saying to him, in

the midst of her sobs:

"You are always saddening me to no purpose, uncle! One would think you had forgotten all words of comfort; for you ever talk in a way that makes me tremble. My very hawk is frightened at your voice, it sounds so hollow! It is not kind of ou, uncle, and it vexes me much."
William regarded his niece with eyes

that seemed full of sorrow for the suffering he had caused her. No sooner had Matilda perceived this look of grief. than, running up to him, and seizing tenderly one of his hands:

"Forgive me, dear uncle William!" she said; "I do love you dearly; but do you too think of me, and not torture me so with that terrible word, death, which is now ever upon your lips and in my ears. Forgive me, I pray von."

And before her uncle could answer her, she had already returned to the faithful attachment is truly gratifying other end of the room, and was playing with her hawk again, though with tears still in her eyes.

"My son," said Count Guy, "do not take our little Matilda's words amiss; you know she does not mean unkindly

forgive her, sir, from my heart; for, indeed, I love her fr. m my heart. And the sorrow which she showed at

and read, this time aloud .

and read, this time aloud.

"O Jesus Christ the Saviour, have mercy upon my sister I By thy bitter pangs release her, O Lord!"

And as the name of his Lord sounded in the old Count's ears, he uncovered

his head, folded his hands, and joined in William's prayer. Matilda set down her hawk again in the back of the chair, and knelt in a corner of the chamber, on a great cushion, before a crucifix.

William went on:

"My noble friends, I doubt not in

"Blessed Mary, Mother of God, hear me, I pray! Comfort her in the dark ungeon, O Holy Virgin!
"O Jesus! sweet Jesus! full of pity!

have mercy on my poor sister!"

Count Guy waited till the prayer was at an end, and then asked, without giving further heed to Matilda, who had again returned to her hawk:

"Tell me one thing, William; do you not think that we owe great thanks to

Messire de Valois ?' "Messire de Valois?"

"Messire de Valois is the worthiest knight I know," answered the youth; "he has treated us with true generosity; he has honored your grey hairs, "Sir Diederik," asked the Count, "will you not go with us?" and even done his best to give you some comfort. I well know that all our troubles, and my sister's imprisonment, with her hawk on the other side of the would soon be at an end, if it depended

"Yes, my father, I do understand it, when it is Charles de Valois that does it. But, after all, what can he do for

we were riding together to the hawking, he showed me a way whereby, with God's help, we may be reconciled with King Philip."

In a transport of joy the young man struck his hands together, and ex

"O Heaven! His good angel mus have spoken by his mouth! And what is it you have to do, my father?" "I, with my nobles, must go to the king at Complegue, and throw ourselves at his feet.

"And Queen Joanna?"
"The implacable Joanna of Navarre is at Paris, and Enguerrrand de Marigny with her. Never was there a moment so favorable as this."

"The Lord grant that your hope may not deceive you! And when will you undertake this perilous expedition, my father ?

The day after to . morrow Messire de Valois comes to Wynandael with his suite, and he will accompany us. I have called together those nobles who But your brother Robert comes not how is it that he has not yet returne to the castle?"

"Have you already forgotten his quarrel of this morning, my father? he has had to clear himself of the lie direct; of course ne is with De Chatillon

gotten that. This quarrel may do us harm; for Messire de Chatillon is powerful at the court of Pailip the

In those times honor and good name were a knight's dearest possessions, and not the shadow of a reproach could he allow to pass upon them without a de mand for instant reckoning; combats, therefore, were matters of daily occur-rence, and excited but little attention.

Presently Guy rose, and said:
"There, I hear the bridge fall;
doubtless my faithful nobles are already there. Come, let us go to the great

And immediately they went out together, leaving the young Matilda alone, and took their way to the hall, where they were speedily joined by the Lords of Malaeghem, of Roode, of Cour trai, of Oudenarde, of Heyle, of Nevele of Roubuis, Walter of Lovendeghem, with his two brothers, and several more, who came in one after the other, to the number of two and fifty in all. Som of them were already temporarily lodged in the castle, others had their possessions and residences in the neighboring

All stood with uncovered head before their lord, anxiously awaiting the intel ligence or command he might have to communicate. After keeping silence for some little time, Count Guy addressed them thus:
"My friends, it is well known to you

that the true obedience with which I have ever followed the commands of my liege lord King Philip, has been the cause of all my misfortunes. He it was that laid it upon me to call the city corporations to account for their govern ment, which I, therefore, as a true sub-ject and vassal desired and attempted to do. Then the city of Bruges refused against me. . . Afterwards, when I went into France to do my homage to the king, he made me prisoner; and not only me, but my poor child, who was with me, and who still groans in the dungeons of the Louvre. All this you know; for you were the companion of your prince. Then, as became me, I sought to make good my right with arms; but fortune was against us, and the talse Edward of England disregarded the bond we had entered into, and de serted us in our need. Now my land is confiscated; I am now the least among

you, and your prince no more; another is now your lord."
"Not yet!" cried Walter of Lovendeghem; "when that day comes I break

lathful attachment is truly gratifying to me; but hear me patiently to the end. Messire de Valois has overrun Flanders with his arms, and has now received it as a firf from his brother king Philip. Were it not for his magnanimity, I should not be with you here at Wynandael; for he it was that assigned me this pleasure he does not be sufficient. assigned me this pleasant abode. But this is not all; he has resolved to build up again the house of Flanders, my poor sister's supposed death was comforting to me."

And again William opened his book, seat. That is the matter which I have for I need your heip in it."

The astonishment of all present, who were listening with the deepest attention, reached its highest pitch at this announcement. That Charles de Valois should be willing to give up the land he had won and taken possession of, seemed to them utterly incredible. They regarded the Count with looks

the least your affection for me; therefore I speak in the full confidence that you will grant me this last request which I now make you; to morrow I set out for France, to throw myself at the king's feet, and I desire to be accompanied by you, my faithful nobles.'

All present answered, one after the other, that they were ready to accom-pany and stand by their Count, where and when and in what way he would.

" Surely asked " Surely asked

"Surely, surely," answered he, thus personally appealed to, "the fox will go with you, were it to the mouth of hell. But I tell you, noble Count—for-give me, but I must have my say—I tell you, that one need be no fox to see where the trap lies here. What! after come having heen caught in this way. once having been caught in this way, will you run into the very same snare again? God grant that all may turn out well; but one thing I tell you, Philip the Fair shall not catch the fox."

"You judge and speak too lightly, Sir Diederik." answered Guy; "we are to have a written safe conduct from Charles de Valois, and his honour is

The Flemish nobles, well knowing De promise, and went on to discuss the matter with the old Count. Mean while Diederik slipped unobserved out of the hall, and wandered up and down the outer court wrapped in deep

Before he had spent much time in this occupation, the bridge was low ered, and Robert de Bethune entered the castle. As soon as he had dis mounted, Diederik approached, and

thus addressed him.
I need not ask, noble Count, as to
the result of your affair of to-day: the Lion's sword has never failed him yet ; doubtless by this time Messire de Chatillon is on his journey for the

"No," answered Robert; "my sword came down upon his helmet in such sort that he will hardly speak for some days to come. He is not dead; God be praised for that; but another Misnap has befallen us. Adolf of Nieuwiand, who was with me as my econd, fought with St Pol. and h had already wounded his opponent in the head, when his breastplate failed him; upon which he received a severe wound, I fear even a mortal one. In a few minutes you will see him, for my men are now carrying him hither."

"But say, my lord," proceeded Diederik; "think you not that this journey to France is a venture some-

of the rashest? "Weat journey? I know not what

you mean."
"What! you have not yet heard of

Not one word."

"Not one word."
"Well, we set off to-morrow with your noble father for France."
"What is it you say, Diederik? Are you jesting—to France?"
"Yes, Lord Robert. To throw ourselves at the feet of the French king, and sue for forgiveness. I have never yet seen a cat creep into a sack of her wn accord; but before long I shall see it at Compiegne, or I am greatly mis-

"But are you quite sure of what you say, Dederik? You fill me with

go into the hall; there you may see all your friends assembled with your lather. To morrow we set out for our prison. B-lieve me, then and cross Robert could hardly contain himself for indignation at this intelligence. "Diederik, my friend," he said, "I

pray you have my poor Adolf taken up to my own chamber when he is brought in, and laid upon the left hand bed. See that he is duly cared for until I can come myself; and send, too, for Master Roger to dress his wounds.

And with these words, he hurried away to the hall, where the Count was still in conference with his nobles, and pressed forward hastily till he stood before his father, not a little to the astonishment of all present; for he was still in full armour from head to foot.

"O my lord and father!" cried he

"what report is this I hear? are you really about to deliver yourself up to your enemies, that they may make a mock of your grey hairs? that the "Yes, my son," answered the Count steadfastly; "I am going to France, and you with me—such is the will of your father."
"Let it be so, then," replied Ro

bert; "I will go with you; but not to fall at the king's feet! God forbid that we should so humiliate ourse "It must be so, my son; and it behoves you to accompany me," was the

"I!" cried Robert in fury; "I fall at Philip's feet! I, Robert de Bethune prostrate myself before our foe! What! shall the Lion of Flanders bow his head pefore a French man, a maker of false

coin, a perjured prince?"

The Count was silent for a few moments; but as soon as Robert's first burst of indignation had subsided, he

" And yet, my son, you will do it for

No, never!" cried Robert ; "never shall that blot rest upon my shield. Bow before a foreigner—1! You know

not your son, my father!"

"Robert," pursued the old Count calmly, "your father's will is a law for you: I command it!"

"No!" cried Robert yet again;

"the Lion of Flanders bites, and fawns not. Before God alone, and you, my father, have I ever bowed the head or bent the knee; and no other man on earth shall be able to say of me that I have thus humbled myself before him." "But, Robert," insisted his father, "have you no compassion for me, for your poor sister Philipps, and for our unhappy country, that you thus reject the one only means by which we may

yet be delivered?" Robert wrung his hands violently, in

a very agony of grief and anger.
"What will you now, my father?"
he exclaimed: "do you indeed desire that a Frenchman should look down upon me as his slave? I am ready to die with shame at the very thought. No, never! Your commands, your entreaty even, is of no avail. I will not -I cannot do it !"

Two tears glistened upon the old man's hollow cheeks. The singular expression of his countenance, threw the lookers on into doubt whether it was joy or grief that had touched him, for at the same time a smile of comfort seemed to hover on his countenance.

Robert was deeply moved by his father's tears; he felt, as it were, the pains of martyrdom in his heart. At last his emotion burst all bounds, and almost beside himself, he exclaimed:

almost beside himseif, he exclaimed:
"My prince and father! your curse
upon me, if you will! but this I swear
to you—never will I creep or bow before a Frenchman! In this thing I cannot obey you."
But even amid all his excitement

Robert was terrified at his own words. Pale and trembling in every limb, he clenched his hands convulsively, the iron scales of his gauntlets might be heard grinding upon one another throughout the hall. He felt his reso lution shrinking, and awaited the curse he had defied in an anguish like that

All present waited for the reply of the old Count with anxious expecta-tion. At last he threw his aged arms around his son's neck, and cried with

around his son's neck, and cried with tears of love and joy.

"O my noble son! my blood—the blood of the Counts of Fianders, flows undegenerate in your veins! Your disobedience has bestowed on me the hap-plest day of my life. Now willingly could I die! One more embrace, my son; for words do not suffice to express the joy of my heart."

Admiration and sympathy filled the hearts of all the noble company, who looked on in solemn silence, while the old Court, releasing his son from his embrace, and turning to his barons,

exclaimed enthusiastically.

"See, my friends; such was I in my younger days, and such have the Dampierres ever been. Judge by what you have seen and heard whether Robert de Bethune does not deserve to wear his father's coronet. Such are the men of Flanders! Yes, my son, you are right; a Count of Flanders must bow his head before no stranger. But I am old; I am the poor imprisoned reind and playfellow. With a mourn-ful cry she started back, tears burst son. I will myself kneel before Philip; from her eyes, and she sobbed aloud. son. I will myself kneel before Philip; since such is the will of God, I humbly submit. And you. Robert, shall go with me; but not to bow the head or

bend the knee before the oppressor, Hold yourself, as ever, erect; so there may be a Count of Fianders after me iree from shame and reproach."

The various preparations for the journey were now discussed at length, and many important points were de liberated upon and settled. Rober de Bethune, now calmer and more col lected, left the ball, and proceeding to lected, left the half, and proceeding to the smaller apartment, where Matilda still remained, he took the maiden by the hand, and led her to a chair; then drawing one for himself, he sat

down beside her.
"My dear Matilda," he began "you love your father, do you not?"
"You know I do," was the reply,
while she caressed the knight's bearded
cheek with her soft band.
"But," he continued, "would you
rot also love a man that ventured his

iife in my defence?"

"Yes, surely; and bear him eternal "Well then, my daughter; a knight bas risked his life in your father's quarrel, and is sorely wounded, perhaps even unto death."

O God! I will pray for his re.

covery forty days, and more too ! " Do so, my child, and for me too: but I have to ask yet something more

"Speak, my father; I am your obedient child."

"Understand me well, Matilda : are going for some days on a journey, your grandiather and I, and all the

your grandtather and I, and all the knights that are here with us. Who, then, shall give the poor wounded knight to drink when he is thirsty?"
"Who? I, my father; I will never leave his side till you return. I will take my hawk into his charbon. be his constant attendant. Fear not that I will leave him to the servants; my own hand shall hold the cup to his lips. His recovery 'hall be my best hope and my dearest joy.''

"That is well, my child; I know your loving heart; but you must, moreover, promise me that in the first days of his illness you will keep his chamber perfectly still; make no noise that your let any one also do there yourself, nor let any one else do

"Fear not for that, father ; I will talk to my hawk so softly, that not one word of it shall the wounded knight

Robert took his daughter by the hand, and led her out of the chamber. hand, and ted her out of the chamber,
"I must show you your patient," he
said; "but speak low while you are
with him."
Meanwhile Adolf of Nieuwland had

been carried by the attendants into a chamber of Robert's lodging, and laid upon a bed; two surgeons had bound up his wounds, and now stood with Diederik die Vos by the bedside. No sign of life was to be perceived; the countenance of the young knight was pale and his eyes closed.

"Well, Master Roger," inquired Robert of one of the surgeons, "how goes it with our unfortunate friend?' "But badly, my lord," answered Roger; "but badly indeed. I cannot, at this moment, say what hope there is; and yet I have a sort of presenti

ment that he will not die "Then the wound is not mortal?"
"Well, it is and it is not; nature is the best physician, and cures which neither mineral nor simple could effect, I have laid upon breast, too, a thorn from the Holy Crown; the virtue of that relic will, I

trust, assist us."

# deghem; 'when that day comes I break my sword forever. I know no other lord than the noble Gny of Dampierre." The Persistent Symptom of Eczema is Itching Skin



Itching skin and the difficulty in healing the sores are the two features of eczema which make it the despair of doctors. Dr. Chase's Ointment controls these two symptoms, cures the disease, and leaves the skin smooth, natural and healthy.

Redness and Irritation of the skin, Heat and Inflammation. Discharge of Watery Matter. Formation of a Yellow or Brown Crust.

mark the stages of eczema. In the majority of cases Dr. Chase's Ointment brings relief from the very first application, but, however, cure is a matter of patient and persistent treatment, for naturally and gradually the raw, flaming sores are soothed and healed, and a new, soft skin is formed.

> The following testimonial tells of a cure effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment when the skin

# Became Raw Like Beefsteak

Mrs. Edwin W. Cossitt, Sydney, N. S., writes:—"It truly gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Dr. Chase's Ointment. About eight years ago I had a sore come on the top of my foot near the ankle and it turned to eczema and became raw like beefsteak and as large as the palm of my hand.

and a large as the palm of my hand.

"I tried three different remedies, but it grew worse and the itching became intense. Hearing about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began using it and it worked like a charm—five boxes making a complete cure. I have recommended it to my friends as the best ointment ever made. It allays Itching at once."

# Chase's Ointment

There is no case of eczema too severe for Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure. On this fact rests its world-wide reputation. But at the same time wisdom suggests the advisability of treating every skin eruption, every case of poisoned skin or chafing, every sore or wound, before eczema, with its distressing, agonizing itching, sets in.

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After some little time thus spert, Robert, seeing that she was unable to command herself, and that her presence " would you would be more injurious than useful, him eternal

took her by the hand.
"Come, my child," he sai!, "leave
this chamber till you are somewhat more
mistress of your sorrow."

MARCH 28, 1908.

that one must be calm and quiet by wounded man's bedside!"

"Calm shall I be! Calm when our

He that taught me such sweet songs

Who shall be our minstrel at Wynan-dael now? Who shall help me to

sensible, and at last sobbed out Sir Adolf! Sir Adolf! my good

But no answer came. Covering her

face with her hands, she fell back in an agony of grief into a chair.

But she would not leave the room. "O, no!" she replied, "let me stay here, my father! I will not weep any more. Let me care for my brother Adolf. Those fervent prayers which he has himself taught me, will I pour out for him by his bedside."

And thus saying, she took the cushion

from a chair, laid it on the ground at the head of the bed, and kneeling on it, egan to praysilently, while suppressed obs burst from her breast, and her eyes overflowed with tears.

Robert de Bethune remained till far on in the night by Adolf's bedside, hoping to see him come somewhat to himself. His hopes were, however, in vain; the wounded man breathed feebly and slowly; nor was there the slightest movement perceptible either in limbs or body. Master Roger, too, began to fear seriously for his life; for a slight fever had made its appearance, and the sufferer's temples already began to burn.

Those of the nobles who were present at the conference and were not lodged in the castle had already taken their departure, not without a feeling of con-tent at what had happened; for, as true knights, they rejoiced at having an opportunity of once more doing their old prince a pleasure and a service. Such of them as were the Count's guests betook themselves to their bedchamb ers. Two hours later not a sound was to be heard at Wynandael but the call of the sentinels, the baying of the dogs, and the screech of the night-owl.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The journey which, at the suggestion f Charles de Valois, Count Guy was about to undertake, was a matter of no little risk, both to himself personally and to the whole land of Flanders; for there was only too much reason to bethat the king of France would think all measures good which might secure to him as long as possible the possession of those wealthy provinces.

Philip the Fair and his wife Joanna of Navarre, had, in order to provide funds for their reckless prodigality, drawn, so to say, all the money of the realm into the treasury; yet for a l this, the enormous sums which they ex tracted from the people did not suffice for their insatiable wants. His un-principled ministers, above all Enguer rand de Marigny, daily incited the king to levying tresh taxes, raising the already exorbitant salt-duty, and laying the most intolerable burdens on all three estates of the realm, regardless of the murmurs of the people and the fre-quent symptoms of armed resistence. Again and again he expelled the Jews rom France, in order to make them pay enormous sums for permission to return; and at last, when every other means was exhausted, he resorted to the plan of debasing the coin of the

This debasement of the coinage was a desperate and ruinous expedient; for the merchants, not choosing to part with their wares for mere worthless counters, left the kingdom; the people fell into poverty, the taxes could not be levied, and the king found himself in a most critical position. Flanders meanwhile flourished by the industry of its inhabitants. All the trading nations second country, and carried their goods to its cities, as to the universal market-place of the world. At Burges alone more money and goods changed hands than in the whole of France; the city was, in truth, a very mine of wealth. This did not escape Philip's observa-tion, and for some years he had been eccupied with plans for bringing the land of Flanders into his own possession. First he had laid down impossible conditions to Count Guy, in order to drive him into contumacy; then he had arrested and imp isoned his daughter Philippa; and at last he had overrun and seized upon Fianders by force of

Nothing of all this had escaped the old Count's consideration, nor aid he in truth conceal from himself the possiconsequences of his journey; but his grief on account of his younger daughter's imprisonment was such as induced him to reject no means, however desperate, which might possibly lead to her release. Doubtless, too, the safe conduct promised by Charles de Valois had tendea considerably to

And now the old Count set out, with his sons, Robert and William, and fifty Flemish nobles; Charles de Valois, and a great number of French knights, ac-

empanying them on the journey.
Arrived at Complegue, the Count and his nobles were sumptuously lodged and entertained by the Count de Valois, antil such times as he should be able to arrange for their admittance to the king's presence. This magnanimous prince, moreover, so well used his in fluence with his brother, that the latter was quite inclined to fall into his views with respect to the Count of Flanders.

whom he accordingly caused to be summoned before him, at his royal palace.

The Count was introduced into a large and splendid hall, at the other end of which stood a throne, with a canopy of blue velvet wrought with golden lilies, and bangings of the

with his son, Louis Hutin; behind them followed many French nobles, and among them one to whom the king often addressed his conversation. This favor ite was Messire de Nogaret, the same who at Philip's command had ventured to arrest Pope Boniface, with circum break my hawks, and be to me as a brother?" And then approaching the bed again, she wept over him as he lay stances of special contumely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### AN INCIDENT.

I.

"A storm's coming, comrade."
"Yes, corporal; a terrible storm.
I know that east wind well It will be a very restless night on the sea." "May St. Joseph guard our sailors. The fishermen have all managed to get

away "Look, it seems to me that I saw a

sail there.' "It was only the flash of a bird's wing. You can hide from the wind behind the indent of the wall. Good-

bye. The guard will relieve you in two hours."

The corporal west away; the sentinel remained on the wall of the small ortress, which was surrounded by the rocking waves.

Indeed, a storm was nearing. The sun was setting; the wind was growing stronger; the sunset tinted the sky into a purple hue, and as the flame was spreading over the sky, the blue of the sea seemed ever deeper and colder. Here and there the white crests of the waves were already cutting through the dark surface and it seemed as though the mysterious depth of the ocean was trying to look ominous and pale from long suppressed rage.

In the sky, too, a quick alarm was set. The clouds were drifting from the east toward the west, where they turned red, one after another, as though cast by a hurricane into the

mouth of a huge red hot oven.

The breadth of the gathering storm was already felt over the ocean. On the dark, rippling surface a sail was flashing, like the wing of a frightened bird; it was a belated fisherman, run-ning away from the storm. He had evidently given up hope of reaching the distant shore so he turned his boat toward the little fort.

The mainland had long disappeared beyond the mist, and the water dust and the twilight of the falling night. The sea roared deeply and slowly, and one wave rolled after another toward the still illumined horizon. The sail now disappeared, now appeared again. The boat was tacking, overcoming the waves with difficulty, and slowly nearing the island. It seemed to the guard who looked at the boat from the wall of the fort as if the darkness and the sea were sternly hastening to bring this solitary little craft to destruction.

A little light appeared in the wall of the fort, then another, and a third. The boat could not be seen any longer, but the fisherman could see the lights trembling sparks over -a few trembling spark boundless a itated ocean.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The sentinel on the wall called to the boat and aimed his piece at it. But the sea was more terrible this threat. The fisherman dared not leave the helm, for the waves would instantly hurl the boat against the rocks. Ontside, the Spanish gunners with their old muskets were no dead shots. The boat cautiously waited for the breakers, like a floating bird, turned on the very crest of a wave, and then the skipper suddenly lowered the sail. The breaker hurled the fragile vessel ahead and its keel slipped over the cobblestones of the

"Who goes there?" the sentinel shouted again loudly, closely watching the perilous movements of the little

A brother!" replied the fisherman. "Open the gates, for St. Joseph's sake! See, what a storm!" See, what a storm "Wait, the corporal will soon be

Shadows began to mave over the wall; then a heavy door opened, a lantern flashed, the sound of voices was heard. The Spaniards took in the fisherman; behind the wall, in the bar racks, there was a warm shelter for him for the night. How happy will he be when he recalls in safety the angry roaring of the ocean and the stern darkness, where, but a short while ago, his little boat had rocked

The door was slammed, as though the fort had locked itself from the sea, over which the first squall had already come, mysteriously coruscating in bursts of phospheric foam. And the boat which had been brought into the bay rocked measuredly, and creaked softly under the blows of the broken but still powerful waves.

II. In the corner tower there was a cell of a Spanish military prison. For an instant the little red light which had flashed from its window was obstructed and the figure of a man was silhouetted against the bars. Some one glanced from there at the dark sea, and went away. The light again began to blink, casting red inflections on the wave tops.

This was Juan Maria Jose Miguel Diaz, insurgent and filibuster. During the last rebellion the Spaniards had captured him and sentenced him to death; but later, through some one's mercy, he was pardoned. They grant ed him his life - they brought him to this island and imprisoned him in this tower. Here they removed his chains, for they were now unnecessary; the walls were of stone, there were iron bars in the window, and beyond the window was the sea. All that he had from his life was that he could look out of his window at the distant shore—and

recall things - and perhaps even hope. At first, during bright days, when At first, during bright days, when the sun shone on the tops of the blue has no shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue the sun shone on the tops of the blue and called him by his name. A squall, having rolled over the break-up to this magnificent seat. Phillip the rative mountains, of the vague gorges and the scarcely visible dots represent-

ng the distant villages. He could tell after the water had subsided, the cell the bays, the roads, the mountain paths over which it seemed to him he saw light shadows wandering, and among them was one once so dear to him. He was waiting, hoping that the lights would flish again and the columns of smoke appear in the mountains; that the sails flying his native flag of revolt and freedom would come from there-even from that distant shore. He was preparing for that occasion, and patiently, cautiously, and persi tently, he was boring the stone near the rusty grates.

But years went by. All was quiet on the shore, a blue mist hung over the gorges, only a small transport boat

the gorges, only a small transport boat stood out near the shore, and peaceful fishermen's boats roamed about in the sea, like sea-guls after prey.

By degrees the past began to seem to him like a dream. As in a dream, the pacified shore slumbered in golden mist, and as in a dream fantastic. mist, and, as in a dream, fantastic shadows of the distant past roamed over it. And when he saw some smoke by the shore, and the military trans port boat cutting through the waves, he knew that other prison wardens and guards were coming.

Thus more years passed in this leth grew calm and began to forget his dreams. His life, which had been granted him by his enemies, flowed or which had been imperceptibly, dull and monotonous. Even at the distant shore he now looked with dull indifference, and had long ceased boring the grates. What

Only when an east wind rose, which was particularly strong in those places. and the waves began to shake the stones on the slope of the little island, sadness, vague and blunt, began to stir in the depths of his soul, even as the stones on the bottom of the sea. It seemed to him that certain shadows again stood out against the distant mist-covered shore, and soared over the waves of the sea, and cried loudly hastily, plaintively, alarmingly. knew that it was the sea that cried, yet he could not help listening to these cries involuntarily. And a painful, gloomy agitation rose from the depth of his soul.

There was a worn out path on the There was a worn out pain on the stone floor of his cell, from corner to corner, diagonally. He had worn out this stone with his bare feet running back and forth in his cage on stormy nights. At times during such nights he again bored the wall near the iron bars. But on the very first morning when the pacified sea kissed the rocks of the island, caressingly, he, too. calmed down and forgot the moments

of his ecstacy.

He knew that it was not the iron bars that kept him there. He was kept there by this wily, now angry, now kindly sea, and also — by the sleepy calm on the distant shore, which slum-bered lazily in its mists, and had for-gotten that which was stirring in the captive's memory.

Thus more years elapsed, which now seemed only as days. The time of a dream cannot be measured, and his life was by this time all a dream-dull painful and leaving no trace.
But for some time of late strang

visions had begun to flash through this dream again. During very bright days he saw the smoke of bonfires on the shore. There was unusual commo tion in the fort; the Spaniards were hastily renairing the defects in the old walls which had come during the years of undisturbed peace. Steamboats fly-ing the Spanish military flags were now plying between the shore and the island more frequently than before. Twice he saw monitors with towers just above the water crawling through th sound, like heavy-backed sea monsters. Dias gazed at them with a dim look in which there was an expression of amazement. Once it even appeared to hi as if he saw in the gorges of his native mountains, brightly illumined by the sun that day, white smoke of gun boats, small as pin heads, rising bright ly and suddenly against the dark green moved toward the shore, and several quick reports rang out over the sea. He seized the iron grate and shook it firmly. It rattled and swayed. Rub-bish and broken tile fell from where the iron bars were fastened in the

But a few more days went by. The shore again was hushed in calm slum-ber; the sea was deserted, the waves rolled one over another quietly, pen sively, idly striking against the rocky

But this morning the sea began to stir bim once more. Several waves had already rolled over the break water which divided the sound, and on water which divided the sound, and on the left side he could hear the stones being swept from the bottom to the slope of the shore. Toward evening the smother of the sparkling foam firshed\_now and again before his win dow. The waves had begun their deep song, and the shore responded with deep dull groats.

Diaz only shrugged his shoulders and decided to go to bed earlier than usual. Let the sea speak as it pleased! Let the belated boat which he had noticed from the window come out as it pleased from this agitated mass of water! A slavish boat from a slavish shore. What had he to do with this boat : with the voices of the sea ?

He laid himself down on his matress.
When the Spanish guard brought the lantern at the usual hour and put it from the corridor into the hole over the locked door, the light fell on the prone figure, and the pale face with closed eyes. It seemed that Diaz slept calmly; only at times his eyebrows twitched together, and over his face came an expression of dull suffering as though something had quivered weightily in the depth of his slumber-

ing consciousness, even as those stones trembled in that ocean's depth.

was filled with hissing and whistling ounds. The echo penetrated the orridors. It seemed as though some hing stern had flowed over the island and was now calming down, dying in

he distance.
Diaz at once rose to his feet. It seemed to him that he had slept only a few seconds, and he glanced into the window, expecting to see the white sail of the little boat. But all was dark. The sea was raging a sidst perlect darkness, and all he could hear

was the noise of the departing squall.
Although such storms were not frequent there, still he knew well the dull attling, the whistling, the hissing, and e subterranean quaking of the rocks. But now there came a new sound, some

hing soft, caressing, unfamiliar.
The captive rushed to the window, nd, again seizing the bars with both was foamless and wild. The disant shore was all lost in a heavy mist. gged moon appeared between the ore and the clouds. Uncertain re stions trembled on the crests of the raged breakers, and died out. Only

e noise remained, powerful, wild, stless, and calling joyously.

Juan Maria Jose Miguel Diaz felt at all his being within him tremed and stirred like the sea. His soul s awakening from its long sleep, his asciousness was clearing up, his long mant desires were coming to life ain. And suddenly he recalled arly that which he had seen on this ore several days before. That must ve been no dream! How could he gard that as a dream? There was motion there firing of shots. That lion. He seized the bars and in an impulse of strange animation shook them firmly. Again rubbish and broken down, a few stones fell. came and the grate bent down on the window

And under the window, in the bay, the little boat was rocking and creak ing.

By this time the guard was relieved. "St. Joseph! Holy Mary!" muthis head with his bood, disappeared be hind the projection in the wall. new squall was rushing over the sea. ising and falling, the white crests of he foam fisshing in the darkness. The wind was in a fit of frenzy, the island trembled and groaned. Huge rocks, for years buried in the dep hs ow crawled toward the shore like

Diaz jumped from his tower windows into the sea. The water at once covered him, deafening him and knocking him off his feet. He lay a few seconds anconscious, with horror in his soul, auge, wild, hostile, howled over him,

When the roaring had somewhat subsided he opened his eyes. Dark clouds were scurrying over the sky.

Only the stone walls of the fort re mained motionless and quiet amidst the general confusion. When it be-came comparatively quiet one could hear the sounds of the Vespers from the barracks, and the drum sounding the retreat. There, beyond the walls, peace seemed to have locked itself in. The little lamp in the corner tower shed an even, unblinking light.

Diaz rose, and like a beaten dog, started off toward the light. But the sea is deceitful and terrible. He would enter his quiet cell, would replace the grate, would lie down in his corner on the cot and sleep the heavy but safe sleep of captivity. But he must care fully replace the grate so that the patrol should not notice that it was They might think that he was trying to break out of prison on that stormy night. No, he did not want to run away. Death was awaiting him at

He clutched the cornice with his hands, lifted himself to the windows and paused.

background, and then softly melting in the light of the lantern fell on the in the light air. Once the monitor walls, on the outworn floor, on the The light of the lantern fell on the mattress which lay in the corner. At the head of the bed was the following inscription deeply cut into the stone "Juan Maria Jose Miguel Disz, in surgent. Long live Freedom!"

And everywhere on the walls were large and small inscriptions, some deeply engraved, others scarcely visible; "Juan Miguel Diaz. Miguel Diaz."

Then came figures. At first he had marked the tire by the day, by the week, later by the month: "Holy Mary, two years already." "Three vears. O Lord, save my reason. Diaz, Diaz."

The tenth year was marked by plain number without any exclamation point. Then he had left off counting



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altogether. Only his name appeared and there, engraved by a weak

and lazy hand. Suddenly it appeared to Diaz that he

saw a man outstretched upon his bed, sleeping soundly. His bosom rose Was that he? quietly, tranquilly. Was that he? The same Diaz who had entered here full of power and love of life and liberty?

A new squall was rushing toward the island, howling and roaring. Diaz released his grasp and dropped to the hore again.

The sentinel, on the wall, with his back turned toward the wind, and ho ding his gun with both hands so that the hurricane should not tear it from his grasp was mumbling prayers.

VI.

The little boat was moving, scarcely visible in the darkness, approaching that spot where the sea, no longer pro-tected from the wind, was furiously seething. Suddenly, the white sail rose in the air, tossed by the wind, hook, rose, and disappeared.

Diaz glanced back at that moment, and it seemed to him that the dark little island rocked and sank into an abyss, together with the even, dead light which had followed him until then. Before him were chaos and fury His congealed soul was overflowing with intense delight. He clutched the helm in a tighter grasp, stretched the sail, and shouted loudly. This was an sail, and shouted loudly. ontery of irrepressible joy, of boundless delight, of awakened life which had be-come conscious of itself. Behind him rang out a muffled gun shot, then the roaring of a cannon resounded in the distance. Juan Maria Jose Miguel distance. Juan Maria Jose Miguel Diaz, with tightened eyebrows and a firm look, stared forward, his heart still filled with the same delight. He knew that he was free.

The boat rose on the very top of the breaker, trembled, swayed and began to come down. From the wall it was seen for the last time. But the small fort kept sending shot after shot into the raging sea.

VII.

Next morning the sun again rose in a clear blue sky. The last fragments of the clouds were still moving in disorderly fashion; the sea had calmed down, rocking as if ashamed of its de-

down, rocking as it ashamed of its de-banch of the night before. The distant shore, refreshed and washed by the storm, lay clearly out-lined in the transparent atmosphere. Everywhere life was laughing, awak ened after the stormy night.

A small steamboat was cruising along

the shore, spreading over the waves a long tail of brown smoke. A group of long tail of brown smoke. A group of Spaniards watched it from the wall of the fort.

"He was surely drowned," said one of them. "That was sheer madness. What do you think, Don Fernando? The young officer turned his thought ful face to the man who spoke.

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"Yes, he was probably drowned," he said. "But it may be that he is looking at his prison from those mountains. In any case the sea gave him a few instants of freedom. And who knows whether one instant of real life is not worth years of miserable existence

"But what was that over there? Look!" And the officer gave his field glass to the other one, pointing to the south end of the mountainous shore. White smoke appeared here and there n one of the extreme capes occupied y the insurgents. Not a sound was by the insurgents. heard, but the smoke kept appearing and vanishing, strangely enlivening the deserted gorges. A volley rang out in answer from the sea, and when the smoke fell on the sparkling waves all became quiet again. The shore and the

sea were silent.

The officers exchanged glances. What meant this inconceivable commo tion among the rebelling natives? Was the fugitive's fate.

There was no answer.
The sparkling waves laughed enigmatically, rushing upon the shore of the island and breaking against the rocks with a ringing noise. — Translated rom the Russian of Vladimir Korobenko by Herman Bernstein for The New York Evening Post.

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THOS. COFFEY, LL.D., Editor and Publisher

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey : My Dear Sir.—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all that it is imputed with a strong Catholic spirit. It stream that yield feed to can be sufficiently as the same stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting that best interests of the country. Following that the since time promoting that the same time and the sa ly of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic himes. I sherefore, earn-estly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ.

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

Mr. Thomas Coffey : 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 spirit
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithfulBleesing you and wishing you success believe
mater treatment.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ † D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa. Acost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1908.

ANTI CLERICALISM IN ITALY

The second point in which the Pres byterian Record exults is the anti ton has been throwing less light than clerical spirit of Italy. A Rev. Dr. confusion upon the difference be-Robertson, who hails from Venice, has tween Catholicism and Protestantbeen holding in Glasgow and Edin burgh a series of what the Presbyterian Record calls Protestant meetings. As is so common at such gatherings, the favorite subject was attacks on the Church-the anti-clerical movement in Italy, the charges of immorality against If a well instructed Catholic be asked the priests and religious, the high stand taken by the Italian Government, and all the rest of it. Concerning the charges of misconduct in schools only one or two cases were brought out through the whole of the country. Nor in these was any reliable evidence forthcoming. The Government would be only too glad to find an excuse to do away with more of the religious. Two obstacles stand in the path : one is the great expense which it would incur by having to maintain these institutions; the other is that they can find no reason for criticizing. They have inspection and supervision of all kinds, but even the hawk-eyes of a few bitter. aggressive enemies can discover nothing. For a man to go back to Scot land and talk in the way Dr. Robertson does, is deceitful and slanderous. It is worse for a minister to sympathize with the anarchists, socialists and free masons of Italy. We admit they are anti-clerical. What comfort can that afford the Presbyterian Record ? Look defence of the latter there is the thought at the irreligious education throughout of human frailty. We see a number the civilized world. That is as anti- of advantages in Protestantism which clerical as the agents of the anti-Christ can make it. Let it not be sup- an inexplicable attempt to widen a posed, however, that these anti-clericals are in the majority in Italy. They est authority we are assured is always are the wicked few-aggressive, ncisy, narrow and through which few can unprincipled, hating God and man. enter. The reasons why Rev. Mr. And supposing their numbers do increase, until they outnumber the ferable to Catholicism are fourfold. other, the majority cannot make or unmake truth. Lodge room methods reasons at all, for they mistake the and political intrigues are all Catholic case-wilfully or not, we do busy in those countries where still the not say, nor does it matter much. Church is the only power to be broken Men who make public utterances ought down, the only treasure to be plundered. That act of the world's drama reason given why Protestantism is preis over, three centuries ago, on the ferable to Catholicism is because Pro-Scottish stage. If some Italians are testantism "affirms that Christianity is now playing it we wonder where next, an experience operating upon all men and we wonder, too, that men claiming | directly without a go-between." All to be leaders in Israel should admire the affirmation in the world would such acting. Perhaps the chief issue never make Christianity an experience. in the next Italian elections will be Still less does it operate upon all men religion or no religion in the schools. directly. It does not spread the Bible France, Italy, England-all following directly, nor does it preach directly. the lead-anti clerical, irreligious, What is any preacher to his congregaatheistic. Everywhere along the horizon the same dark lowering clouds ; out jurisdiction and without authority? everywhere growing insubordination. bitter discontent. What is the picture in Italy but Christ persecuted in His religious, His faithful driven from media between God and man-as necestheir churches and His little ones driven from the schools ? Dr. Robert- to the kingdom of Christ-is the system son says that "The movement is na- which our Lord established. To intional, expressing the righteons indig- sinuate that these stand as separation nation of a wholesome State against an | walls between God and the soul is to unwholesome Church. In Italy, ever misconceive and calumniate Catholicsince 1870, the State has been actually ism. There should be some system by purifying the Church, but the people which Christ would unite Himself to and remembering the decision of the are beginning to see that the only pur- the soul. The sacramental system is Holy See upon Anglican Orders we ification that will be effective will that which He chose, and which fear that this turn of the wheel directs be to purify it off the face portrays Christ's infinite power, the ship several points out of the inmore than pharisaical pride here. A the individual, it contains and justice to Rome and in the same word wholesome State for sooth! Remember distributes grace. And whilst insists upon the validity of the Angliing that this State is the work of plun God does not need ministers to effect can priesthood is beyond our vision der, of the power of might over right- His purpose, still through all time The branch theory cannot produce

and treacherous Napoleon, and Free Masonry and carbonari, the pretended wholesome State would have been left in Sardinia or at least in the northern mountains of Italy, it is as unmanly as it is untruthful to talk thus. We might as well speak of a midnight robber as the reforming and correcting of the house he plunders. The Italian Government entered Rome, took the Papal territory, dictated its own terms, robbed monasteries and convents, closed churches and now is regarded as a physician administering a "wholesome" medicine to the Church. Such talk deserves not retort or reply. Nor should the speaker or his hearers imagine for one moment that whatever may be the future of the Church in Italy, anarchists, socialists and freemasons are preparing the way for Dr. Robertson or any other Presby terian. They may make merry now at the trials which are proving the Church in so many quarters. Their joyous morning will be changed into mournful night. It is a long time since they and their power have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. One word we mus', in discussing Italian politics bear in mind, that good Catholics keep out of them, so that in municipal and national affairs politics are left to a population consisting largely of nationalized foreigners as well as native Italians. These latter side with the Government for selfish reasons. Back of these are the real Italian people, whose sympathy is with the Church, but who are burthened with taxes to prop up the tumbling quirinal and keep away the advancing horde of republican anarchists and socialists.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT A Congregational minister of Hamil-

ism. A comparison is difficult to be established by reason of the first principles being radically different, and likewise because in the latter case there is no type by which we may be guided. his creed upon any religious question he will give a definite answer. If the witness be Protestant much will depend whether he be High Church, Low Church, Methodist, Presbyterian or some other sect. The Hamilton minister, for some reason or other, confuses the subjective apprehension or conviction with the truths to be believed. Whether Protestantism presents any advantages over Catholicism is beside the mark entirely. We readily admit that there are several advantages-so far as ease of living is concerned or temporal advancement and social encouragement. There is no searching examination of conscience, no insisting upon restitution before pardon be granted. There is no religious authority prescribing acts of religion, penance, or otherwise establishing laws for our conduct. The only power to be acknowledged is human respect and our own conscience. In answer to the former there is the "retort courteous," and in bespeak an earthly origin and betray certain gate which upon the very high-Unsworth thinks Protestantism is pre-We must protest that they are not to be sure beforehand. The first tion but a go-between frequently with-Very different is Mr. Unsworth from the go between contained in his insinuation. To speak of the sacraments as sarily conveying grace and admitting There is something wisdom and goodness. It reaches

execute His blessed will. Angels are His ministers and the Aposile speaks Either Anglican Orders are valid or in the same terms of Himself; he is the ambassador of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God. Order and ministration there will always be, fidence in the divine right, the primacy and God Who can do all things by Himself, will be glorified afresh throughout the immortal Church by using as His instruments the creatures to whom He imparted His power. So was it that the eternal Son of God acted: He chose men whom He ordained and upon whom He bestowed His power of teaching, of sacrificing and of absolving and baptizing. He left them on the high ways of pilgrimage, in the field of struggle-to win men from sin and to bring His own sacred personality more closely in contact with those whom He redeemed. The sacramental power is the continuance of the touch of Christ's hand. And the priestly power is as that of Him Who healed in Judea and at Jericho's gate. The second ad vantage claimed for Protestantism by the Rev. Mr. Unsworth is also unsatisfactory and incorrect. " Protestant Christianity included in the Church all who had a fellowship with God. It believed in the Holy Catholic or universal Church while the Roman Catholic was exclusive and claimed that passports to heaven were given only at its headquarters." A positive c ntradic tion is the most fitting answer to such discourteous detraction. The third reason is that " Protestantism includes all truth and all new truth." What is "all!new truth" as contrasted with "all truth ?" It leaves the door open, not to truth. That is not it. It closed the door to truth when the so-called reformers went out from the Church. Protestantism has opened the door to every wind of doctrine that blew from the four quarters. Protestantism, this gentleman also tells us, is not afraid of the modern spirit. Not at all; it has simply thrown up its hands-dropped its Bible for the plundering spirit of atheistic criticism, abandoned revelation and supernaturalism to the welves, and given up its tattered remnant of faith to be torn to pieces by rationalism and scientific scepticism. Naturally enough Mr. Unsworth has a word to say about Modernism, not that he displays any knowledge of the subject, or that his word is more than the usual clap trap. He maintains that if the Modernists were dismissed the Roman Church " would have all the thinkers outside its fold." As long as he is around, there will be one outside the fold who will not think much. His fourth reason is a climax. "Protestantism believe in the people. Roman Catholic wor-

ship is democratic, though the manage

ment of the Church is oligarchic. Pro

testantism trusted to the people

Democracy with all its mistakes was a

thing of God, and this is what the Pro-

testant belief was based on." Mixing

up belief and management, opinion and

faith, applying one standard to his

neighbor, another to his own household,

as ignorant of Catholicity as he is pre

judiced against it-he gives a few

reasons which have no foundation, in

fact, and from which no conclusion car

be drawn unless it is that Protestant

pulpits are used either to calumniste our Church or preach sensational sub-THE LAMP. This is the title of the "Anglo-Roman Monthly Devoted to Church the Enmanuelist or spiritual partners; Unity." There is, if language means for organic troubles are more difficult criticized severely by Mr. John J. anything, no doubt about the kind of union it seeks or the port towards ministered in the cases reserved for the hoe's Magazine, for allowing itself to be which this bark is sailing. Its pur pose is more definitely stated in seven | thoughts. These thoughts operate on paragraphs - urging the reasons why "Anglo-Catholics" should read The Lamp. It is the only magazine of the kind: it "stands completely and un compromisingly for the entire Catholic faith as defined by the Holy See." Viewing the Anglican Church it "ap. peals back of the sixteenth century to the Pre-Reformation Saints, St. Anselm, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. William of York as the true exponents of the teaching of the Ecclesia Anglicana." Now comes in the next paragraph a note strangely at variance with the above profession. The Lamp says that: "Its Double Witness i. e., to the Juro Divino Primacy of the Holy See and the Validity of the Anglican Orders, does justice at one and the same time to Rome and Canterbury, and so prepare the way for mutual understanding and final reunion." However desirable the end is, and however laudable the efforts to attain the purpose, the means must be characterized by sincerity and the term in view marked by reality. Compared with about sin or the hand-writing on the what The Lamp had just indicated, tended course. How The Lamp does

essential dualism. Of two things one. not. If they are valid the Holy See was wrong in declaring them invalid an Anglican, therefore, can have no con and the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff. If they are invalid there is only one power in the Churchthe source Jure Divino of all priestly power and jurisdiction. It is not Rome and Canterbury: it is Rome or Canterbury. With The Lamp and its friends surely it is Rome. Patience, prayer. cour ge. We who are in port, who never sailed across a cloudy, stormy sea, can ill appreciate the weary, lonely passage through doubt to truth, from dark heresy to peaceful unity. What we say we wish it as the olive sprig to the ark when the storm is subsiding and the waters are dying down. Turning to the contents of the Magazine there are several interesting articles along the lines indicated. Here is a sample from one - "The Pope and Modernism." 'No religious authority," says this writer, " save that of the Holy See, is capable of dealing in this way with matters such as these. The principle of authority is especially enshrined in the See of Peter, and no Synod, or other organized body of Christians in the world is capable of putting forth a condemnation of error which will be so widely accepted as a Papal document. Rome can act as well as speak. Priests and professors will be careful how they teach and what they teach in future.' Again, and we call the attention of the Presbyterian Record to this extract : Notwithstanding the prejudices of the Roman Catholic Church, which are sedulously fostered by Orange fanaticism amongst English speaking people all over the world, there will be found amongst Anglicans and other thought ful Christians, a feeling of thankfulness that a clear voice of authority has spoken in defence of the God head of our Lord, the genuineness and authen ticity of the gospels, and the value of the holy Bible as the written word of God." May The Lamp shine more and more brightly; may its light lead its friends whither its rays are now clearly pointing where alone are the Shepherd and flock of Christ, where peace and unity may be found.

EMMANUELISM. Although the number of the sects is

seemed impossible-still a new one is now chronicled by the significant name of Emmanuelism. Its title is ambitious and its exponents hopeful. They look forward to it embracing the whole o the United States in a short time. It derives its name from a Church in Boston where it originated. The movement can hardly be said to be religious, for its purpose is medicinal and it depends upon the scientific fact that the mind exerts a powerful influence upon bodily disorders. Unlike Christian Science this new theory works with medicine forming a partnership therewith. How long it will last, or which partner is to lead, are questions whose solution are decidedly problematical. All cases are to be first diagnosed by competent physicians. If the diseas is organic the usual practitioner keeps it. If the patient suffers from nervou ailment it is passed on to the spiritua partner. This does not look to be fair division. All the glory is to go to to be healed. The prescriptions ad-Emmanuelists are suggestions, health utilized by Unionist politicians for the the subconscious mind-save us from Modernism-and influence the body, and peasantry, generally in the inter-This treatment can only be administered in those cases in which the patients will expose clearly and candidly their mind to the pastor or person treating the case. "This movement, says one of its clerical advocates. "takes hold of man's mental and bodily life, and fits him for daily living right here and now. It is really for the uplifting of the soul, the individuality, the man, unto his divine and infinite possibilities of power to live in a clean, newly fur nished house with all modern improvements." That is gratuitous presump tion-no more religion about it than a poor Hottentot would have. All the cures of all the Emmanuelist fakirs will never raise any single individual above his earthly home. Divine possibilities of fallen man! Let them go to the hospitals where suffering lingers in agony, refusing either to leave its victim or kill him. There is not a word wall against us, or the Mediation of Him Who in the fulness of time shed His Blood to save the world. There is not a word of God-His law, the worship due Him, His truth, and the life beyond the grave where alone the Divine possibilities can be realized through God's loving condescension and mercy, not through man's efforts or in

the grave with so many more of its the printers and machine men all dis deceitful kindred-the systems which had their day and ceased to be.

IS IT ANOTHER " DIVIDE AND

CONQUER" SCHEME? Recent happenings in Ireland would lead at least to a strong suspicion that the Sinn Fein movement was inaugurated for the purpose of once again creating division and strife amongst the Irish people. This is the old game which, unfortunately, was only too successful in the days gone by. It is but truth to say that the rank and file of the Sinn Feiners are sincere in the belief that this new organization would prove to be more effective in ameliorating the condition of Ireland than would be the procedure of the Nationalist Party. They have been duped by men who have other motives than promoting the prosperity of Ireland. We know this is a serious charge, but, as we have al ready stated, we cannot ignore the evidence recent events has given us, which go far to prove its truth. The correspondent of the Boston Pilot, writing from Dablin on the 28th of February, gives the result of the North Leitrim election, in which the Sinn Fein had met its Waterloo. Charles J Dolan, its cham pion, was defeated by a majority of three to one. The majority against him would have been much larger were it not that he had very strong family connections the constituency. The majority of those who voted for him did so purely on personal grounds. The Unionists cast their votes for Mr. Dolan, as they were instructed to do. It is claimed that so certain was the election of Mr. Meehan considered that fully 2,000 voters remained away from the polls. Of the 1,157 votes Mr. Dolan received 600 were Unionist. An unworthy son of a noble father, George C. Duffy, son of the late Charles Gavan Duffy, took part in the contest in favor of Mr. Dolan. Mr. Duffy, in one of his speeches, in an unguarded moment, advised the Sinn Feiners, in the constituencies now held by Nationalist candidates, to throw their influences into the scale against the latter and elect the Unionists, so that the Nationalists may become weakened. To sum up, the correspondent states that the result of the election may be put in this wise : Meehan 3,103; Dolan, 659; Unionists, 500 legion, and although further division Faction - (Sinn Fien) 0. It would thus appear as if there were a set purpose on the part of the Government, the landlords, or both, to try their hands once more in the work of sowing dissension amongst the people of Ireland, thereby weakening the prospects of obtaining local self government. Were they successful in this latest scheme, they could once more proclaim the fact that the Irish were not capable of governing themselves. being hopelessly divided and continuously warring one faction against another. In its government of Ireland England has continued a system which has brought her nothing but shame and reproach, and in more ways than one has weakened her influence with the great nations of the world.

> MODERN IRISH HISTORY FOR SCOTTISH READERS.

Blackwood's Magazine, one of the challenged the Home Secretary, the oldest publications of its kind, and late Sir William Harcourt, regarding Blackwood's Magazine, one of the which wields considerable influence, is the trap. But he denied it, notwith O'Shea, in the March number of Donabase purpose of working up prejudice against the unfortunate Irish farmers est of Irish landlords.

Mr. O'Shea's paper is exceedingly clever. The anonymous writer in Blackwood's deals largely with crime in Ireland about twenty-five years ago. and, by distorting the real facts, endeavors to bring recruits to the Unionist party in Scotland. Mr. O'Shea, who, by the way, is a very brilliant writer, was reporter on the Freeman's Journal in Dublin at the time mentioned, was intimately acquainted with the circumstances and with every important event which occurred in those days.

We have pleasure in copying the fol owing sketch relating to the time of the Phoenix Park murders, and also the trap set by the authorities to foster, as it did more successfully in 1798, political offences in Ireland :

"I was sitting at home restfully, on the evening of Saturday, the 6th of May, 1882, the week's work all over, so thought, when my eldest son. Henry, then a junior reporter or the Freeman staff, burst in and begged me to hurry into town. I was amazed, and asked him what he meant. Did I not hear the news, be asked; did I not hear of the murder in the Phoenix Park—the Chief Secretary and the Under Secretary? For the moment I thought he was jesting. He soon convinced me that it was no jest, but a horrible truth. Then I flung on my hat and coat, called a car, and dashed away to the office as fast as horse could drive. I found the whole city ringing with the dread news. The furnace fires had der, of the power of might over right— His purpose, still through all time that were it not for plotting England God has made use of ministers to fruit. Nor can unity be looked for in linger for a time, and then be buried in been extinguished in the printing office, Register.

persed; but I soon had messengers scurrying all over the city in search of them, got fires relit and steam up, reporters busy, and compositors at their cases hard at work on the narrative I was piecing together from the various disjointed versions of the tragedy, and by midnight I had a crowd of news-venders making the street ring with an alarm of the dreadful occurrence. All through the night and on Sunday morning the uproar was kept up, and the sale of the paper was immense. It was the first time in Ireland that the peace of the Sabbath was broken by the cries of news-venders in the streets and I sincerely hope it may be the last, for any such cause. That Saturday night and Sunday morning were never before equalled in horror. I shall never forget them while I live.

"To the political leaders in Ireland thev were simply appalling. stroke came like the crash of an unex pected thunderbolt. Not one of them knew of the existence of spirators called "the In nor do they knew to this day was at the head of it — who the mysterious individual know No. 1." or who were behind Eight of the company were sent t scaffold, and the informer, James was sent to his doom by the bullet Patrick O Donnell, as he was spe across the ocean to South Afri not a syllable ever transpired to show who originated the awful crime

Whose interest was it that it should be perpetrated? Plainly not people's. Their agitation had successful; the olive branch had been held out by the Government, and Lord Cavendish had been sent over to in augurate the reign of peace and amity Who was to profit by the counter-stroke? The landlord party. Lord Ashton and his compeers may something that the secret service men and the rewspapers have up to this

failed to ferret out. "But to get away from the era of painful speculation. Coercion reigned again, and again was it a failure. jails were tenanted once more and the people leaderless for a time. There came upon the political scene She sought the friendship of the Iris patriots as a sympathizer—an ardent devotee of liberty. She was gifted, fascinating, rich. She was introduced to some of the old physical force men who was desirous and able to help the Irish cause with mind money. She was called Mrs. Tyler She stayed at the best hotel in Dublis -the Shelbourne-and held reception in her apartments there and feasted some of those who were brought to he as men of action. She offered money to carry out any desperate project It would be easy, she said, to bomb flung upon the terrace of the House of Commons from a launch dash ing past on the Thames. She was will ing to advance the amount necessary to have it done-as much as £500

"This is not any romance of history I am writing. It is the simple unvar-nished fact. I saw the lady getting nished fact. I saw the lady getting into a carriage, leaving the office of United Ireland, where I was then writing as one of the staff. I know most of the men to whom she disclosed her mission, and who fooled her be-cause they divined that she was, what she turned out to be, a spy and en-snarer. I helped to piece together a elegram from the Home Office in Whitehall addressed to hershe had torn into many small pie and read its message. It was from Mr. Jenkinson, then the chief of the de-tective department in Dublin Castle, and its purport was to bid her continue in the vein she had struck, as it was the right one. She gave one of my colleagues in the office a sum of colleagues in the office a sum of fiteen pounds for the purpose of effecting the liberation of then locked up in London on a trumpedup charge of an ugly nature. That money was sent by registered letter, to-gether with an account of the whole transaction, to Mr. J. R. Cox, ther nember of Parliament for Clare well as I can remember now), and he standing the incriminating from his subordinate to "Mrs. Tyler. She, it subsequently transpired, was the wife of a Scotland Yard inspector, a woman of cosmopolitan experience and clever address. She fled from Dablin precipitately when she found her clever plan frustrated."

### RELIGION OF ST. PATRICK.

The religion of St. Patrick has been made a much mooted question, especially by the Baptists, who have often claimed to discover some link between the shamrock and baptism by immer-sion. Additional mystery is thrown about the subject by the editor of the Ladies Home Journal. Read what the

Sacred Heart Review says:
"It seems after all our talk, that Startick was a Baptist or a Methodist or a follower of the 'new theology' or ome kind of a Christian other than just an ordinary, everyday Roman Catholic. Did we hear someone ask for proof of this remarkable admission on our part. Proof, indeed! What stronger proof can any one want than the editorial word of the Ladies' Home Journal? The editor of the Ladies Home Journal, be it remembered, bear the honorary degree of LL, D. from a certain college, herce he must be thought to know whereof he speaks; and answering a correspondent who in-quires as to how the shamrock came to e Ireland's national emblem, he re plies that it is so considered because it was used by St. Patrick as an illustration when he wished to impress upon his hearers the doctrine of the Trinity -three Gods in one God. There's theology for you, 'three Gods in one God!' And sure, if St. Patrick preached any such doctrine as that how could he have been a Catholic? flat as a hat has the sapient Mr. Bok knocked our contention about Startick having been a Catholic. But isn't it a shame such a theological exn all disengers

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SPONSALIA AND MATRIMONY.

SECOND SERMON BY HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"This is a great sacrament; but I speak in Crist and in the Church." Epes. v., 32 v) My dear Brethren,-On last Sunday evening we considered how God the Creator instituted marriage by making it the union of one man with one woman; how our Blessed Lord elevated marriage contract to the dignity a sacrament and declared that what God had joined together let no man put asunder," and hence that there was no power on earth to break the marriage bond except by the death of the husb ind or wife. We saw that the State had no power to grant divorce and no right to grant permission to re-marry, and that where divorce is marry, and that where divorce is the Church is opposed to suon marriages, granted, woman becomes a slave to the It is true the Church frequently whims and passions of wicked men; that the way to the most chameful crimes is opened up; that divorce is disas rous to the bringing up of children; that it makes marriage far in Outario to find whole families kind of legal prostitution and hence that it was the duty of every good citihat it was the duty of every good citi-en to do everythicg in his power to stand the difficulties that are sure to eck and to drive out divorce from check and to drive out divorce from this fair and free country in which we live. Our Blessed Lord returned to His Eternal Father but He promised not to leave His Apostles orphars. He established His Church and made Peter the yisible Head. "I say unto thee, the visible Head. "I say unto thee, thou art Peter and upon this rock I will the visible Head. "I say unto thee, thou are Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Then He sends the Holy Gnost—the third Person of the Adorable Trinity—to be the of the Adorable Trinity—to be the this is the very question on which soul of the Church. Suddenly there the husband and wife cannot agree. came a sound from heaven as of a Take an ordinary mixed marriage - the mighty wind coming and "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak in divers tongues the won-derful works of God." Peter in his successors still rules the Church and is works of God." Peter in his opinion on religion from the Bible and sors still rules the Church and is is influenced, more or less, by the people who attend service with him. We feed, direct and govern the whole flock mitted to his care. In this Church best interests of state of the church is one, holy, Catholic, tells us "that marriage, so far as it is this Church is one, holy, Catholic, ction of nature, arises from the natural law; in so far as it creates a that it is the pillar and ground of truth

our Lord instituted seven sacraments for the banefit of the human race, and one of these is matrimony, and the Church in all ages has made laws proteeting the marriage bond and gnarding the rights of individuals and the best interests of society. St. Thomas community, it is ruled by civil law; in so far as it is a sacred thing, it belongs to the divine law." In this province the civil law accepts one publication of banns instead of a license and Catholies should always endeavor to have the banns in preference to the license. Regarding the impediments to marriage they are of two kinds, one kind makes the property and the scapular. The property and the scapular the marriage invalid; the other when Rome has spoken the cause is finished. She believes in Holy Mass not invalid. All will understand that the free consent of both parties is necessary to make a marriage valid and hence the couple must be of proper age to understand the duties holy water and blessed candles in her home, and does not forget to pray for home. matrimony. Insanity would make the giving of a free and reasonable consent. He caunot understand them at all impossible, and hence it is also an He is convinced, however, that his wife impediment to the marriage contract. There is an impediment called error. For instance, a man intends to marry Sophia, but by mistake he marries Elizabeth; the marriage is null as he had no intention of marrying anyone except the first. Again, supposing a man married a slave and did not know she was a slave and would not have married her if he did; the marriage is not valid. The slave is bound to obey her master and the husband is to separate from his wife or be come a slave also and this would be too hard. On the other hand, the Church recognizes the right of slaves self shall be brought to desolation, to marry. They are God's children and endowed with free will, and before God and His Church have a right to marry, and the Church binds them the as other people in fidelity to the lus and the rest, and the father says, ation of matrimony, and the fact the Church recognized the slaves mummeries and have nothing to do with obligation of matrimony, and the fact that the Church recognized the slaves as persons and as Christians, and not them." abolish slavery and to make them free. Then there is the law against relations getting married. It is not necessary to explain the reasons as all experience teaches the dangers of such marriages, the marriage laws two things are kept in view, namely, the good of the individuals and the good of society, as St. Thomas says: "The confederation e multiplication of friend and hence there is an impediment called affinity. When a man's wife dies and he desires to marry again, as he has a right to do. the Church does not wish him to marry a relation of his deceased wife. The man and his wife's family are already united in bonds of friendship, and it is better for society that the man should marry a member of another family and new bond of friendship is formed

th the relations of the second wife

and we have the multiplication of friendships. Now matrimony being a

great sacrament, as St. Paul calls it, a Catholic is forbidden to marry a per-son not baptized. We read in the life

of St. Monica that she spent her life

praying and entreating and weeping

was a pagan and for her son, Augus-

The husband became a Catholic a short

time before his death, but Augustine

was thirty two years old before he left a life of sin and turned to God. When

the Mother saw him converted she de-

sired to die-her work was finished and

she longed to meet her God. Augus-

light in the Church, but every son has

not a saint for a mother; every woman

came a great saint and a great

not devote her whole life to make

On the contrary she runs a

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the conversion of her husband who

who fell into heresy and crime.

take his daughter for thy son, for she will take away thy son from following me." Some of the Jews did not head the warning and married the Chansan-ites and served their gods, and the Lord punished the whole nation, as we read in the book of Judges. Even Solomon with all his wisdon and glory and power did not keep this command and he fell into idolstry and the Lord was angry with him. "Since Solomon fell let him who stands take heed lest he should fall." and we are full that "they should fall," and we are told that "they who love the danger, shall perish therein." There is another kind of marriage which is always forbidden to Catholics on account of the many dan gers to faith connected with it, namely, what is called a mixed marriage. This union is between a Catholic and a bap tized non-Catholic and some people wonder, since both are baptized, why gains by such marriages, and the non-Catholic joins the Church, and the whole family live in peace, good will and love. It is true, also, we do not have to go lost to the Church on account of mixed husband non Catholic and the wife Catholic. The man starts on the right of private judgment. He forms an will admit he is a good-living man and kind to his wife and punctual in going to his Church, but everything Catholic is strange to him. Now the Catholic wife starts from an entirely different point of view. She believes that there is but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all and bu one true Church. She believes that apostolical, imperishable and infallible and can neither deceive nor be deceived. She believes that God the Son established this Church to teach the nations and said that "He who will not hear the Church let him be as the heathen and the publican." In a word the Catholic believes the whole doctrine and practice of the Church from the Pope to the rosary and the scapular. dulgences and the asks the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and all the saints the souls in Purgatory. The non Catholic husband is amazed at all these things. guilty of idolatry, and superstition, and how can the good man be happy? On Fridays and fast days there is apt to be friction—the husband must have meat and the wife would die martyr's death before she would break the law forbidding it. The husband is apt to say things about the Church and and the wife is apt to flare up and assure him he does not know what he is talking about. How can he be happy? How can she be happy? Where is the unity of spirit and the bond of peace? "If every kingdom divided against ithow much more so the family. And what about the children? The mother

prophet said peace, peace, but there was no peace. The Catholic is almost was no peace. The Catholic is almost sure to lose the gift of Faith and without Faith it is impossible to please God. Again the husband may say to the wife, you take charge of the children and do the best you can with them. The wife may do her best but she has not the father's assistance in the training of the children and this is a serious loss as it requires the united efforts of parents to bring up children properly. The family will not be happy under such a plan. The father's conduct has such a plan. The father's conduct has powerful influence over the children and they are apt to follow his example as such a man will be an easy going and good natured sort of a person. But some men have a terrible hatred for everything Catholic, and the non Catholic husband forbids his wife to practise her religion at all. He refuses to have the children baptized and sent to a Catholic school. He sends them to no Church or Sunday-school and wants them to grow up like the "horse and the mule that have no understanding." Can such a wife a saint of her son and a Catholic of her and mother be happy? She knows if she were dying her husband would not she were dying ner nussature to adher immortal soul by consenting to marry a person not baptized. Even in the old law God warned His chosen people not to marry those of a false with the property of the consenting to the consenting to marry a person not baptized. Even in the old law God warned His chosen lie burial and would add insult to include the marry a minister of some jury by having a minister of some Church to pray over her, which church

will teach them to make the sign of the

cross, to say the Hail Mary, the Ange-

And yet this is a sample of the bes

kind of mixed marriage. Both husband

and wife are religious and each one

trying to make the children religious

much strife it is left out of the family

and the couple conclude to get on a

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also. Now the result of all these difficulties is that at times a kind

How can the father and the

wife, but God is left

They try to justify then

Religion makes so

The

allowed to enter a Catholic Church and this is the only Church she believes in. Such a woman may have wealth and position and be high up in the social life but if she has even a spark of faith left in her soul her life is simply a hell upon earth. Some good to give the last sacraments to their and our Lord's command to let dying mother. They say she gave up grow together until the harvest. o the early training of the little ones. he simple truth is that no matter how to protect her children as far as she ever I also discovered here and there one prays "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must not expected to see. One was the man oring : and they shall hear My voice ; who, though strongly imbued with faith and there shall be one fold and one is nevertheless, from want of a modershepherd." Not only the Church
objects to these marriages but many
one Catholics likewise object, and they
are right. Therefore, the wise conare right. Therefore, the wise conclusion should be that Catholics should marry Catholics and non-Catholics should marry those who believe as they do and many domestic broils will be avoided. However, the Catholic Church is a gentle mother, and some times she tolerates mixed marriages. Certain conditions must always be promised and we postpone for another occasion the explaining of them. The Church ever strives to secure the best Church ever strives to secure the best interests of the whole family. She sur rounds the marriage bond with the legislation. She knows and teaches that matrimony is a great sacra ment and that "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."
"Husbands love your wives as Christ loved the Church." Amen.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A CONVERT The average Catholic who has in erited the faith and been reared in its atmosphere, has imbibed its doc trines, practices and multifarious maniestations in such gradual order that its marvellous harmonies and logical sequences have been accepted as a matter of course. Those members of the Church who have been moved to nedita'e on these latter; to reason from cause to effect, from type and prophecy to fulfillment, and from doc-trine to practice, have been strength ened in their faith, filled with admiration for its beauties, and had new gardens of delight spread before their

With the average recent convert to the faith the case is far different. True, he has been sufficiently in structed to permit his admission to the true fold. He has been taught the doctrines that are of faith in their eading features and aspects, and has yielded assent to them as facts of divine revelation, and promised obedi ence and loyalty. He has, as it were, seen and learned enough of the Church to give birth in his will to an act of divine faith in her teachings and auth ority, but of the teaching methods employed, the devotions, practices, customs, discipline—these are as yet, as

rule, all unknown to him.

It is inevitable, therefore, that if he is a genuine convert - and that is, of siderable period a sort of living note of interrogation. He will wish to learn the why and wherefore of everything, and will take mental notes of things little and great. Indeed, where every-thing great and small has evident ly a meaning and significance, his curiosity is apt to be piqued quite as much by the (to him) unaccus tomed tinkling of an altar bell as by the overwhelming importance of a pon tifical decree. He is apt to discover in individuals, weakness where he con-fidently expected strength, and marvellous piety where he least suspected its healthy existence. He finds himself unconsciously instituting comparisons between his present religion and his past, noting his gains, and mayhap even his real or imaginary losses.
"All roads lead to Rome" is an

selves on the ground of peace, but old saying, and out of the vast army of converts now pouring into the Church in North America, probably no two arrive by exactly the same path or. having arrived, follow a similar course nastering the details after entrance is happily attained. Yet it might be interesting to read from the pen of one of them some few items of the begin nings of his Catholic life relating to his first experiences following his re-ception into the Church.

One of the first impressions, and in-deed the only one that contained a sense of loss, was the absence of con gregational singing. I was well aware that the Church was the mother of chant, hymnody, and spiritual song, that congregational participa and tion in these was primitive and apostolical in origin, and I marvelled much at its absence until I learned that it was a lingering result in English speaking communities of the penal laws enforced in Eogland and Ireland against Catho lic worship, and that it is at last fast disarpearing and the original custom of con regational singing being slowly but surely revived.

but surely revived.

Another unaccustomed experience was that of having to bear my share of the odium consequent upon the uned ifying lives of some few who profess to be Catholics-persons whom it was perfectly patent to all were more or less frequently a cause of public shame and scandal. I do not refer to the notorious degenerate who had long ligion. In the vii. chap, of the Book of Deuteronomy we read, "Thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor She knows her children will not be

proudly announced, when occasion arose his Church membership; and who in short is generally described by our separated brethren (by a curiou "devout Catholic," and yet who is well known to all and sundry as an habitu people may say this is imagination. ally profane and more or less intemper Such things happen over and over and ate and ungodly man. I had been so have happened in this diocese of London. We are simply dealing with hard, cold facts. There are homes in least very frigid treatment, in non Caththis diocese where a priest was obliged olic Churches, that I resolved to clear to steal in like a thief in the night up the mystery by mentioning my perup the mystery by mentioning my perto give the last sacrament to a dying plexity to the pastor. He reminded me of the parable of the cockle, or mixed marriage will not allow a priest tares, growing amid the good wheat, to give the last sacraments to their dying mother. They say she gave up the Catholic Church long ago and let her die without a pries. Now supposing we have the husband a Catholic and the wife a non-Catholic, what is the result? The danger is even greater for the children on account of the wonderful influence of the mother in the early training of the little ones. made no lighter by the reflection that the misdemeanors of a bad Catholic are the mixed marriage is viewed it is promptly laid at the door of the Church utrounded with very serious difficulties and the Catholic Church, being one Yet the servant is not above his Lord. by most of those outside its pale. old and under one Shepherd, is bound | Jesus Himself was derided as being the

> est inquirers, but evade, or jocularly reply to the tions of a sincere enquirer; or perhaps would rather listen to misstatements in regard to his religion in silence, than venture even a few temperate words of lucid explanation.

But if there were some few items in my experience not entirely up to expectations it was consoling to reflect that they were not chargeable to the teachings of the Church, and were merely the result of buman frailty; and whichever way I looked I saw such a multitude of gains to offset them, that they sank into insignificance. It would, indeed, be impossible within the limits of reasonable space to enumerate tenth of these gains. I shall merely touch upon a few very briefly.

For instance, though I had been reproached by some of my friends for

going over to the abominations of Popery," yet, look where I would, I could find no trace of the noisy, nervy, purse-proud "lay-popes" (sometim it was a popess) to whose usurpations f ministerial control in not a few non-Catholic communities I had becom Catholic communities I had become accustomed, nay, even case-hardened. It scarcely seemed possible that one should not be lurking somewhere about, but after several years of diligent search through numerous parishes I have abandoned the quest as hopeless. No doubt there is an occasional malcontent, but all efforts of such a one to seize and don the parochial beretta is foredoomed to failure. I never saw it even attempted but once, and it was quite refreshing to observe the rapid discomfiture of the would-be usurper.

Another thing. I found the "trial ermon" was a thing unknown in the Catholic Church. Never would I be called upon to witness that most in adequate, degrading, unscriptural and humiliating test of pastoral ability known as "preaching a trial sermon." soon discovered that it was quite officient for a Catholic to know that his pastor is one of the Lord's annoint ed, holding the credentials of an ambassador of Christ, whose exhortations should be humbly and giadly heeded, should be humbly and grating hooded, even though they should happen to be delivered with "slowness of speech" as were those of Moses the Law giver, or with "contemptible speech" as were

hose of St. Paul the Apostle. The absurdity and incongruity of the nabit of gadding about to hear the ser low clearly grasned. I found that, in he coming a Catholic, I had deliberately croclaimed that I had found the certain nd true Church established by Jesus Christ, and that it was unnecessary and liogica, not to say sinful, to run nither and thither to hear preachers, e they ever so eloquent and clever, as ne who has not found, and is yet seek ng the truth. On the other hand, it was a new experience to find that my pastor and co religionists set no stor y, and did nothing to attract, the ransient and oftimes flippant "church gadders;" though of course "all strangers are welcome" in the true and roper sense. These are only a few of the incon-

ruities in religion to which the Cathoic convert has bidden a gladsom The list could be easily include the utterly illogical and stultifying "exchange of pulpits" between preachers of antagonistic denominations; the joint celebration of funeral rites between ministers and secret societies, which latter are actually, if not avowedly, the rivals of, and inimical to, the denominations and ninisters represented ; the ready granting of Christian sepulture to during life were stone deaf to the reaching of the Gospel and " walked in the counsel of the ungodly," or, worse still, who openly "sat in the seat of the scornful." And how many ther things, equally strange and be vildering to the Catholic mind, now give the convert pause, and cause him to gasp at the confusion from which he has escaped by a miracle of grace.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The best way to make friendships that will last long is to be long in making them.

He who thinks too much of himself is in great danger of being forgotten by the reat of the world.



MR. JAMES POWE

Authorized Agent of THE CATHOLIC RECORD for St. Johns. Newfoundland

KING EDWARD AND THE PRO TESTANT ALLIANCE.

PITIFUL EXHIBITION OF BIGOTRY FOLLOWING MONARCH'S PRESENCE AT REQUIEM MASS DISGUSTS ENG LISHMEN OF ALL CLASSES.

From the Catholic Weekly, London. King Edward VII. has once more exhibited his marvelous faculty for doing the correct thing, and at the same time going as near to pleasing everybody as any mortal can hope to do. His at-tendance at the Requiem for Don Carlos and his son has elicited a universal chorus of satisfaction and sym pathetic appreciation from the press, and the cheers which greeted the pro gress of the King and Queen to the Catholic Church, Spanish Place, revealed how congenial this graceful token of respect for the memory of his royal ally was to the mind of the English people.

Of course, the Protestant Alliance has displayed its usual bigotry, ignor ance, insolence and bad taste in nection with the presence of the King at this Requiem Mass. Its council has passed the following resolution :

"The Protestant Alliance, representing Protestants of all denominations, news with astonishment and distress His Majesty's attendance at a Mass for the dead at St. James' Roman Catholic Church, Spanish Place, W., such an action on the part of His Majesty being nconsistent with his position as head of this Protestant nation and a viola tion of the spirit of the coronation and a viola tion of the spirit of the coronation and accession oaths. While deeply sympathizing with the Portuguese nation in their great sorrow, the Protestant Alliance would humbly point out to His Majesty that by act of Parliament, 168 'all and every person and persons that is, are or shall be reconciled to or shall hold Communion with the See or the Church of Rome shall be excluded, and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or erjy the crown and Government of realm, and the people of these realms shall be, and are hereby, ab solved of their allegiance.'"

Referring to this resolution, the Daily Telegraph, the leading newspaper of London, says:

"If this is the first time that an English King has paid the last tribute to a loyal ally by worshipping both in a Roman, Catholic Church and in a Cathedral of the State Church of which he is at the head, the innovation is one which all -broad-minded Christians will appland. For ourselves, we find it incon-ceivable that the attendance of the King and Queen at a Requiem Mass should offend the conscience of any one. Such a resolution as that passed by the Council of the Protestant alliance, which declares that this action on the King's part is 'inconsistent with his position as the head of this Protestant nation, and a violation of Protestant nation, and a violation of the same, or to have, use or exercise any regal power, authority or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and the spirit of the coronation and accespaltriest spirit of religious intolerance and bigotry. The name of Protestant is a name of honor; those who support such a resolution degrade it to a name of shame. It would be a sorry co tary, indeed, on our common Christianity if the supreme head of the Anglican Church cannot enter a church of another Christian communion on such an occasion as that of Saturday with calling forth such a pitiful exhibition of uncharitableness from those who claim to speak in the name of the Christian religion. It is the same blue sky which bends over all, and if, as it is declared to be, this is the first occasion for more than two hundred years that an English sovereign has heard Mass said in this realm of England, we are glad that King Edward, the most constitutional monarch in the world, has thus publicly recognized that the age of narrow bigotry has passed forever. Intolerance of this sort is hateful and repellant by whatever body it is dis played, and we have no doubt that this resolution of the Protestant Alliance will receive the contempt it merits."

The king's action is unmistakable evidence of the change which has come over the English nation in its attitude towards the Catholic faith. sixty years ago no King of England would have dared to do what King Edward did on Saturday with perfect ease and confidence. Last Saturday's event will be a memorable one in the history of British Protestantism. It was practically the ending of one of the most familiar, offensive and dis creditable features of that Protestantsm. And its ending will be a blessing to Protestants even more than to Cath olics, for from it will result to them a softening of manners, a broadening of mind and a charity of spirit which have been very much to seek amongst them, and the absence of which has made their name a byword amongst all civil-The Evangelicals will zed peoples. make a great noise, as they did, so ineffectually, at the time of Catholic emancipation eighty years ago, and as they have often done, ineffectually, since. But it will be noise and nothing

# EAT ORANGES

F YOU WANT TO KEEP WELL

Careful tests have proved beyond question that orange juice has cleary defined medicinal virtues. Those who suffer with Indigestion-are compelled "to diet"-find that after eating oranges regularly for breakfast there is no distress, no palpitation. Where there was a tendency toanges regulated the bowels.

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There is, however, a quicker way to wo 'Fruit-a-tives' tablets at addition to the juice of an re breakfast the next 'ruit-a-tives" are tha inges, apples, figs and h the medicinal action intensified by the spembining them. then added.

e of an orange before "Fruit-a-tives" night-and you will quickly be rid of tomach Troubles, Constipation and Billousness, "Fruit a tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a price by "Fruit-a-tives," Limited,

more. The nation will not respond, and the irresponsiveness of the nation will tell beneficially on these champions of bigotry, narrow mindedness and religious persecution.

The presence of the King at the

Requiem Mass, and the devout manner in which he and Her Gracious Majesty the Queen-we are credibly infor that she made pious use of a Catholic prayer book during the Mass—assisted in the sanctuary, will have recalled to every thinking man in the country the blasphemons accession declaration which wounds so unjustifiably, so sore ly and so barbarously the millions of His Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects. The King's action on Saturday is plain-ly contradictory of that declaration, and the King's action has the warm sanction and approval of the great bulk of the nation. Has not the time come, then, we ask, when an end should be made of this declaration? There is some talk of the Orange members raising a discussion in Parliament on the king's action. Ministers will, doubtless, put every obstacle in the way of such a discussion, for the sake of the good name of the country. But if the discussion is, notwitstanding, raised, the Catholic members will, we hope, take advantage of it to discuss the accession declaration. The present Min-istry, which is so keen on remedying many dubious grievances, may fairly be expected to give serious attention to this admitted grievance. The statute to which the Protestant

Alliance have just called the attention of the King was passed in 1689. The clause in question (Clause 9) reads as follows: Whereas, it hath been found by experience that it is inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by Protestant kingdom to be governing or a Popish Prince, or by any King or a Papist, the said Queen marrying a Papist, the said Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, do further pray that it may be enacted that all and every person and persons that is, are or shall be reconciled to or shall hold communion with See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and be for ever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the crown and Government of this realm and Ireland, and the domin ions thereunto belonging, or any part very these realms shall be, and are hereby, absolved of their allegiance; and the said crown and Government shall from time to time descend to and be enjoyed by such person or persons, being Pro-testants, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said percommunion or professing, or marrying as aforesaid, were naturally dead.

> If we were to ask the lost souls why they are in hell, they would reply:
> "It is because we resisted the Holy Spirit.'

The desire of some men to wobble round in a big place rather than fill a small one, accounts for many reversals of fortune.



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## FIVE-MINUTE SERMON,

Fourth Sunday In Lent.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD. \*Josus, therefore, when he knew that they would come to take him by force and make him klog, flad again into the mountain himself alone." (St. John vi 15)

Why, my brethren, did Jesus depart from the people before whom He had worked a miracle? It was because they conceived the idea of making Him king. He would have us imitate Him by spurning the vain praises and glory of men. As an excessive attachment to these is the chief element of the corrupt world, our Lord brings down upon it the whole weight of His severest condemnation. He warns us

severest condemnation. He warms us not to do our good works before men to be seen and praised by them. If we do, He says that we shall have no reward from our Father in heaven.

Alas! does not our own experience teach us how fickle and deceitful the friendship of the world is! How unjust are its judgments! How vain are its promises! It amuses us with its flatteries, it deceives us even while caressing us, and promises much while it performs nothing. We have perhaps longed for some worldly distinction, and have had our desire satisfied, but have we found contentment? Even in its possession were we not troubled, in spite of ourselves, by the thought: How long will this glory last? If we reflect upon it, what can be more frivolous than reputation and the esteem of the world? If one person esteems me, another despises me; for who has ever And if the multitude has a high opinion of me, what is the multitude after all but a crowd of blind people, who esteem me to day but are just as likely to spurn me to-morrow? But even if their esteem were most sincere. if their esteem were most sincere, would it make me really better or happier? If others applaud me when my own conscience condemns me, of what service is their praise to me.

So too, it I am satisfied with myself and think I deserve the good opinion of men. how does it all benefit me if God condemns me? I am, in truth, only that which I am in the judgment of God: and to seek the applause of the world with too much eagerness is to incur the disapprobation of God.

On, that you would cast yourselves at the feet of the Crucified and there learn in what the glory of God - the only true greatness—consists! Hap-pler were you to day had your past life been lived for God! What of those jealousies which made you troubled at the success of others? Why that alander which spared no one when there was question of establishing your own reputation? How account for that un-bridied love of notoriety which so often caused you to dethrone God and place Baal in His stead? Whence came they? From the desire of the world's esteen and from forgetfulness of God.

It you have been foolish in the past let not the future find you thus. What will it profit you, at the hour of death, to have been regarded as clever, it you must soon appear with empty hands before the awful tribunal of God? Will you forsake an eternity of happin-mess for the vain enjoyment of almomen tary esteem? God forbid that you should sacrifice the salvation of your soul for emptiness!

Make good resolutions, then, while you have time. It is not necessary that you should quit your station in life, that you should leave the world —salvation can be gained in every station of life; but live with the world in constant fear of its treachery; keep yourself in peace but not in alliance with is; shun its displeasure, but seek not its friendship; should its commands be in opposition to virtue, hesitate not a moment in spurning them; should its practice be at variance with the Gospel,

y not to compromise. Think not of serving two masters but choose the one who can and will repay your attachment.

# A FRUIT OF BAPIIST CHARITY.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC

Dear Sir-In this season of pardon and Caristian reconciliation permit me to regale your readers with a revival of the little life story of Margaret Hanghe'y, the Christian heroine of New Ociosus, as it is admirably told by Grace King in her splendid work, "New Orleans, the Piace and the People."

As a seasoning to this genuine midlent treat, let us bear in mind as Cath elics that but for the noble charity of a young Baptist couple, Margaret must meeds have lost the "faith of her fathers."

## Your obedient servart,

F. B. HAYES, "There is not much to tell. Margaret Haughery's story is simple enough to be called stupid, with impunity. A husband and wife, fresh frish immigrants, died in Baltimore, of yellow fever, leaving their icfant, mamed Margaret, upon the charity of the community. A stardy vonce the community. A sturdy young Welsh couple who had crossed the ocean with the Irish immigrants, took the little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child. They were Baptists, but they reared her in the faith of her parents, and kept her with them until she married a young

Arishman in her own rank in life.

Failing health forced the husband to genove to the warmer climate of New Orleans, and finally, for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland, where he died. Shortly afterward, Margaret, in New Orleans, lost her baby. To make a living, she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles Hotel. This was her equipment at twenty for Irishman in her own rank in life. This was her equipment at twenty for

The sisters of a neighbouring asylum were at the time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their charge, and they were struggling desperately to build a larger house, which was becoming daily more necessary to them. The childless widow, Margaret, went to the superior and offered her humble They were most gratefully accepted. From her savings at the laundry,

Margaret bought two cows, and opened a dairy, delivering the milk herself. Every morning, year after year, in rain or shine, she drove her eart the rounds of her trade. Returning, she would gather up the cold victuals which she begged from the hotels, and these she would distribute among the avigura in peed. tribute among the asylums in need. And many a time it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. It was during those doadly periods of the great epidemics, when children were orphaned by the thousands. The new, larger asylum was commenced, and in ten years Mar-garet's dairy, pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer, was completed and paid for. The dairy was en-larged, and more money was made, out of which an infant asylum — her babyhouse, as Margaret called it—was built, and then the St. Elizabeth training asylum for grown girls. With all this, Margaret still could save money to invest. One of her debtors, a baker failing, she was forced to accept his establishment for his debt. She there fore dropped her dairy and took to baking, substituting the bread for the milk cart. She drove one as well as the other, and made her deliveries with the regularity that had become as characteristic of her as her sunbonnet was. She furnished the orphan asylum garet," we come fully to know, to feel, and to appreciate, the matchless power of a well-spent life. . . The substance of her life was charity, the spirit of it, at so low a price and gave away so much bread in charity that it is surprising that she made any money at all; but every year brought an intruth, the strength of it, religion, the end, peace — then fame and immorcrease of business, and an enlargement of her original establishment, which grew in time into a factory worked by steam. It was situated in the basi ness centre of the city, and Margaret, always sitting in the open doorway of her office, and always good humoured and talkative, became an integral part of the business world about her. No one could pass without a word with her, and, as it was said no enterprise that she endorsed ever failed, she was consulted as an infallible oracle by all; raggamuffias, paper boys, porters, clerks, even by her neighbors, the great merchants and bankers, all cal ling her "Margaret" and nothing more. She never dressed otherwise than as her statue represents her, in calico dress, with small shawl, and never wore any other head covering than a sun-bonnet, and she was never known model. She never learned to read or write, and never could distinguish one figure from another. She signed with a mark the will that distributed her thousands of dollars among the orphan asylums of the city. She did not forget one of them, white or colored; Protestants and Jews were remembered as well as Catholics, for she never

hind her, so to speak. During the four years of the war she had a hard task to maintain her business; but she never on that account diminished her contributions to the orphans, and to the needy, and to the families of Confederate soldiers.

forgot that it was a Protestant couple that had cared for her when she was an

orphan. "They are all orphans alike," was her oft-repeated comment. The anecdotes about her would fill a

volume. She never parted from any one without leaving an anecdote be-

When she died, it seemed as if people could not believe it. "Margaret is dead!" Wry, each one had just seen her, talked to her, consulted her, asked her for something, received something from her. The news of the death of anyone else in the city would have been re eived with more credulity. But the Journals all appeared in mourning, and the obituaries were there, and these obituaries, could she have read them, would have struck Margaret as the most increditable thing in the world to have happened to her. The statue was a spontaneous thought, and it found spontaneous action. While her people were still talking about her death, the fund for it was collected; it was ordered and executed; and almost before she was missed there, she was there again before the asylum she that every one knew so well, dressed in the familiar calico gown with her little

Margaret bought two cows, and opened tion of them pulled the cords that held ent moment in the enjoyment of his the canvas covering over the marble, and, as it fell, and "Margaret" appeared, their delight led the loud appeared, their delight led the loud shout of jy, and the hand elapping. The streets were crowded as far as the eye could see, and it was said, with no doubt, exaggeration of sentiment, but a pardonable one—that not a man, woman, or child in the crowd but knew Margaret and loved her. And there is rphans. It day are the state of the children that might be excusably mentioned, that might be excusably mentioned, that as the unveiling of the monament took place in the summer, when the rich go away for change of air, the crowd was composed of the poorer classes, the working people, black as well as white. As the dedication speech expressed it for them for all time; "To those who look with concern upon the moral situation of the hour, and foar that human action finds. hour, and fear that human action finds its sole motive to day in selfishness and greed, who imagine that the world no longer yields homage save to fortune and to power. . . the scene . . . affords comfort and cheer. When we see the people of this great city meet without distinction of age, rank or creed, with one heart, to pay their tribute of love and respect to the humble

## DEPLORABLE STATE OF FRANCE.

woman who passed her quiet life among us under the simple name of "Mar-

Antigonish Casket.

tality.

M. Jules Lemaitre is not a " clerical" writer by any means, but he is not a Freemason eitner, and those who still feel incredutous as to the part played by masonry in French affairs will do well to listen to his words. "Every law which has been promul gated of late years against the Catho-tic Church," he says, "has been ite Church," he says, "has been planned in the Council Chamber of the Grand Orient of Paris, working under the direct influence of the Grand Orient of Rome, and although there are not more than 27,000 Free-masons all told in the whole of France, and only 25.000 in Italy, they rule both coantries with a rod of iron." All but two of the present French Cabinet are Masons, as are likewise more than twothirds of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. And Richard Davey, writing in an English journal, sums up the wo k which the secret society has accomplished, as follows:

"Let us view the work of destruction

which has taken place in France since persed; their convents, schools, and churches sold, in many cases for a trifle; all the Christian schools are trifle; all the Christian schools are the chapitans have been rein the time of war), from the civil hospitals, the mad houses, the poor houses, the alms houses-in a word, from all charitable and educational institutions under State control; and, had by himself to perform some one moreover, within the past month from all the lycees, in which it has now be-come punishable for a lad to be caught saying his prayers, or attempting to attend Divine service on Sunday. And here I may say, in parenthesis, that what applies to the boys schools applies equally to the girl's schools, and that even in the famous house of St. Cyr, where the daughters of officers of the Legion of Honor receive their education from the State, the chapel has been closed, and night and morning prayers and attendance at Mass abolished. But there is more still: 2,853 churches and chapels be-longing to ex-religious communities Be not dispirited; be not afraid; keep have been closed and sold, in most cases for a few pounds, on the express condition, however, that they may not be reopened as places of public wor between the condition of the ship; two of the most beautiful and without, from chance or from intent, was there again before the asylum she had built, sitting on her same old chair the lowest form of cafe chantant, and their high altars have been surned afraid! Quit you, like men in your the familiar calico gown with her little shawl over her shoulders, not the old shawl she wore every day, but the pretty one she was so proud of, which the orphans crocheted for her.

All the dignitaries of the State and city were at the unveiling of the statue. A thousand orphans, representing every asylum in the city, occupied the seats of honour; a delega

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I ALSO WANT A FEW AGENTS

presbytery. The market crosses have been cast down, and even the humble crucifix over the paupers' graves in the cometeries have been torn up and thrown on the dunghill. In the meantime France is deluged from end to end with the foulest literature that has with the foliest interature that has ever been conceived by the foulest imagination. In the windows of the newspaper klosks and shops of Paris, and indeed of every other, city, horrible, obscene and blasphemous caricatures obscene and Diasphemous caricatures gandily colored are exhibited for the oenefit of little boys and girls on their way to and from school. In the calés chantants, not only in Paris that in the provinces, songs are sung in which Christ and His Mother, even God the Almighty Himself, are turned into the coarsest ridicule. A well-know French writer lately described a scen which he beheld in a theatre at Bordeaux, as large as the London Alhambra. The house was crowded from ceiling to floor, some fifteen hundred young recruits having been granted nail-pay advantages to behold a specbafflies belief. I myself witnes ed at Nancy a parody of the Resurrection in an enormous café chantant, which was so disgusting that-to their credit half the audience rose and left the theatre.

Every day the papers teem with anecdotes of some outrage or other on religion. The Echo de Paris of De-cember 7 contains a letter addressed by a young officer at E anges to his mother: 'I sent you a fortnight ago a postcard with a view of the exterior of the cathedral of this town, but I dare not send you one of the interior, for five of our men have been punished by a fortnight's imprisonment for

having entered the church."
"In the meantime the tide of crime is raising especially among the young. In 1902 there were 18,000 non-adult persons of both sexes taken up for various crimes in Paris; in 1906 there were 27,000, the edest of whom we under twenty years of age; in 1902 there was 17 cases of suicide of boys and girls under twenty years of age, and in 1906 there were 87. Everyone who has lately visited France and studied the question for themselves, be they Protestants, Catholics or Agnostics, must bear witness to the extraordinary deterioration of the various crimes in Paris: in 1906 there extraordinary deterioration of the moral fibre of the people. Nous sommes ronges par l'alcoolisme et le sadisme -otherwise by crink and debauchery."

#### WARFARE THE CONDITION OF VICTORY."

Cardinal Newman.

"So down to this very time, when faith has wellnigh failed, one and then having to repeat the melody which his brethren have before gone through. Or as if He held a solemn dance in His honor in the courts of heaven, and each and the same solemn and graceful it were some trial of strength or agili v and while the ring of by standers up-held and applianded, we, in succession, one by one, were actors in the pageant. Such is our state. Angels are looking on Christ has gone before. Christ has given us an example, that we may fol-low His steps. He went through far more, infinitely more, than we can be called to suffer. . . Now is our time, and all ministering angels keep silence and look on. Oh! let not your foot slip, or your eye be false, or your day, and when it is over, Christ will receive you to Himself, and your heart shall rejpice, and your joy no man taketh from you."—Fr. Newman in Dublin Review in 1874.

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## THERE IS A MAN AT HAND FOR EVERY POSITION.

Proprietors of large concerns are often very much exercised by the death of a superintendent, a lieutenant who has managed with exceptional ability. They often thick that very disastrous results will follow, and believe it will results will follow, and believe it will be almost impossible to fill his place; but, while they are looking around to find a man big enough for the place, some one, perhaps, who was under the former chief, attends to his duties temporarily, and makes even a better man

ager than his predecessor.
Young men are rising out of the Young men are rising out of the ranks constantly, everywhere, who fill these positions oftentimes much better than those who drop out and whose places it was thought almost impossible to fill. Do not be afraid to pile responsibility upon your employees. You will be amazed to see how quickly they will get out from under their load and what unexpected

macr their load and what thexpected ability they will develop. Many employers are always looking for people outside of their own estabent to fill important vacancies. simply because they cannot see or ap-preciate a man's ability until he has ctually demonstrated it; but how can he demonstrate it until he has the

There are probably to-day scores of young men in every one of our great business houses who are as capable as business houses who are as capable as the present heads. There is no posi-tion that cannot be filled as well or better than it is being filled now, by someone who is still in the ranks and who has not yet been heard from in any

who has not yet been near trouble and distinctive way.
When some great statesman falls, the people often look about to find that there is apparently no one to fill his place; but from an unexpected source—perhaps from a little out of the way from the common ranks—remark town, from the common ranks—remark-able men are always rising who are

equal to the emergency.

When the first generals in the Civil War were found unequal to coping with the enemy, and when the newspapers and the people were lamenting the fact that no one was large enough to lead our armies to victory, a general who was a giant compared to all his prede cessors, arose out of obscurity and became one of the greatest military geninses in all history. Grant never knew what was in him until he was thrust into a positionwhere everybit of his reserve power was summoned into action. Then, for the first time, he tested the quality of his power, for the first time

he got a glimpse of his possibilities.

When the great slavery question cast such a black shadow over this whole such a black shadow over this whole mation, and it seemed as though we should be a divided people, "Abe" Lincoln came out of a log cabin and showed a chaotic people the way to the light. While Lincoln care considered light. While Lincoln was conscious of latent power he never knew how great that force was until the whole weight of the war was thrust upon him. This was the emergency which showed the world ow great a man Lincoln was. Some sides of his nature had been known be fore, but no occasion had been great enough, broad enough, to bring out the

The way to bring out the reserve in a man is to pile responsibility upon him. If there is anything in him this

of us never quite come to our selves in fulness and power until driven to desperation. It is when we are shipwrecked like Robinson Crusoe upon an island with nothing but our own brain and hands, nothing but resources locked up deep in ourselves, that we really come to complete self discovery. A captain will never know what is in his men until they have been tested by a gale at sea which threatens ship

That there are great potencies and power possibilities within us which we may never know is proved by the tremendous forces that are aroused in ordinary people in some great crisis or

The elevator boy may never have dreamed that there was anything heroic in his nature. He may never have thought there was a possibility of his rising in the world to the importance of the men whom he lifts to their offices; but the building takes fire and this boy, whom nobody scarcely ever noticed or saw any signs of ability in, in a few minutes develops the most heroic quali-ties. He runs his elevator up through the burning floors when chocked with smoke and the hot cable blisters his hands, and rescues a hundred people, who, but for him, might have lost their

A ship is wrecked at sea, and a poor as mp is wrecked at sea, and a poor and commands a lifeboat, gives orders with calmness, authority, and force, when others have lost their heads.

In fires and wrecks, in great disasters or emergencies of all kinds, are enacted deeds of daring and of sublime heroism, which, before the great test came, would have been thought impossible by those who did them.

No one ever knows just how much dynamic force there is in him until tested by a great emergency or a supreme crisis. Oftentimes men reach middle life, and even later, before they really discover themselves. Until some great emergency, loss, or sorrow, has tested their timber they cannot tell how much strain they can stand. No emergency great enough to call out their latent power ever before confronted them, and they did not themselves realize what they would be equal to until the great crisis confronted them.

I have known of several instances where daughters reared in luxury were suddenly thrown upon their own resources by the death of their parents and the loss of their inherited fortunes. did not know how to do anything, had no trade, and had no idea how to earn a livelihood; and yet all at once they developed marvelous ability for doing things. The power was there, latent; but responsibility had not been thrust upon them.

Young men suddenly forced into positions of tremendous responsibility by

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN, accident or the death of their father are often not the same men in six months.

They have brought out strong manly qualities which no one ever dreamed they possessed. Responsibility has made men of them.

Many people distrust their initiative because they have not had an oppor tunity to exercise it. The monotonous routine of doing the same work year it and year out does not tend to develop new faculties. All the mental powers must be exercised, strengthened, before

we can measure their possibilities.

I know young men who believe in everybody but themselves. They seem every body but themselves. They seem to have no doubt about other people accomplishing what they undertake, but are always shaky about themselves: "Oh, do not put me at the head of this or that; somebody else can do it better than I." They shrink from responsibility because they leak sell-faith.—O bility because they lack self-faith. -O

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW THEY MADE A MAN OF JOHNNY.

By Rev. George Bampfield. CHAPTER XIII.

FLIGHT. It was perhaps not altogether without a little womanly mailee that Susan Muttlebury called through all that heavy rain upon Mrs. Popwich. But it sounded like love, when she kissed Martha so heartily and said, "you see, my dear, I'm quite a draggle. The parish ought to pay me for sopping up the puddles as I come along. But the fact is I've had a letter from dear Joe,

down at Thornbury, and I thought you'd like to hear it."
"Dear boy!" said Martha, with a Dear boy!" said Martha, with a frowning smile, and a raspy sweetness of voice. "I'm sure, Susan, he's a comfort to you if ever boy was, and I 'ope he 'as his 'ealth better, for last time I was down I thought he looked sadly; my Johany was worth two of him. I hope, Susan, you won't lose so

dear a lad, such a little sweet, tuo. The two women visited; outwardly they were friends; but they slew each other with kisses and kind words: Cleopatra-like they hid asps under flowers and fruits; every kiss was a bodkin, and every kind word a needle, with which they pricked each other's souls.

"Joe writes quite cheery," said Susan, "he ails nothing, but your Johnny has been in the Infirmary. I lose in the Infirmary; your Jack was always a bright cheerful boy, more fond of play than of lessons.'

"True for you, Susan; Johnny was never one of your book maggots. None the worse for that may be. You and I have done very well without much eddication Susan."

" You may say that, Martha. It's five-and-twenty year to morrow since I married Muttlebury, and a happier woman never was since, nor a better husband to be found nowhere. It's our Silver Jubilee as it's the fashion to call it, and that's another reason I had for visiting my old school friend in all the rain."

There was a touch of real friendship and tenderness in Mrs. Muttlebury's voice which deserved a better answe than she got.

"I congratulate you, Susan: since you didn't get my Michael, you ain't done so much amiss. But Muttlebury ain't Popwich to my thinking. Five-and twenty years ago! Lor! I can remember when you were no higher

than my knee.
"Yes!" said Susan, "five and twenty
years ago! There I was serving at the bar, you know, for my father, not think-ing nothing about any such thing, when in comes a gentleman and says 'a pint of half-and-half, Miss, if you please.' I thought he looked hard at me, and he spoke so civil and nice, and I just stept spike so civil and nice, and I just stept into the inner room for a moment and I heard him say to his friend, 'That's my wife,' says he, 'if ever I has one.' He was struck that sudden. Well! I don't know what took me, but I turned round sharp and says—it was anything but a compliment, and I was sorry the moment after—'Who do you think,' I says, 'would have such a fool as you?' However, he didn't seem to care, and he came down next Sunday thinking to see me at High Mass, but I'd gone on pur-pose to the 7 o'clock Mass—though I did love Father Cleary's preaching at the 11 o'clock—but I happened to look the 11 o'clock—but I happened to look through the curtain of my room up stairs, and there I saw him hanging about after Mass. And Sunday after Sunday Muttlebury kept steady, and here I am, you see, a happy woman, the mother of twelve."

"Well! Susan, dear, and no one gladder than your old friend Marths. Matches are begun in heaven, they say; though they sometimes end, I'm think ing, in the other place. But now for Joe's letter."

"Thornbury School, February 8,—

February 8 .-

"Davling Mother—I hope you're not fretting after me; you're a great hand at fretting when there's nothing to fret for, and I'm sure there's nothing to fret for about me. I sm as happy as a bird, and up rearly as early—earlier, I think, for we get up long before it's light, at 5:30 in the middle of the night

"Oh! that's his way of calling your Johnny."
"Like his impudence," said Mrs.

Popwich snappishly.
"Lor! Martha he don't mean nothing, boys will be boys." Susan read

"It's precious cold sometimes, and Inside ben's warmer than outside, but up we have to get when the bell rings, except Sundays; ch! isn't it jolly on Sundays to lie awake and hear the clock

"Though he's jolly lazy at it," added

Susan, quickly, "and sometimes gets a tanning over it which makes him sing a different tune."

"The villians!" said Martha, "do thay dare to lay a finger on him?"

they dare to lay a finger on him? they dare to lay a finger on him?

"Then we come in for breakfast, and then play, or listen to the band practice. The band does play fine; I'm learning the Clarionet and Johnny

learning the Clarionet and Johnny would have a Saxhorn if he wasn't so lazy, and would do what he's told."

"Lazy!" said Martha, with her voice getting raspier, "why can't he leave Johnny alone? Always Johnny, and not much good to say of him."

"O Martha, dear, it's natural being neighbors and they so friendly hefore.

"O Martha, dear, it's natural being neighbors, and they so friendly before they went to school."
"In school I am learning ever so many things; I like Latin; and Virgil, the part we're reading—all about an old felllow that lost his bees—is fine. You know, mother darling, it's good for me, because I'm going to be a priest, You know, mother darling, it's good for me, because I'm going to be a priest, and say Mass for you and father when

you're dead."
"Bless the boy!" shrieked Martha, "does be want to bury you both al-

ready?'
"It's my birthday next Wednesday
"It's my birthday next Wednesday "it's my birthday next Wednesday week, and I shall be fifteen. Send un please some of your cakes, you know the sant I like there's a good mother, the sant I like there's a good mother the sant I like there's a good mother.

infirmary but I don't think it's much— balf-laziness—sore toe be calls it." "The impudent brat!" muttered
Martha. "Good bye;
Your affectionate son,

JOSEPH MUTTLEBULY."
"Give my respectful love to Father forget a Hail Mary for him every night.

driving the storm, half rain, half sleet, furiously against the window pane, and shaking the door as if it wanted to be let in as a guest; but between the wailing gusts was heard a half-frightened tap at the door, and the smothered wailing of a human voice. The latch was lifted, and there walked into the room, as if by right, a pitiable looking creature, drenched through hope they take care of him, for those stout lads go off sometimes sudden, like the snuff of a caudle. He's no time to the snuff of a caudle. He's no time to eyes, and dripping the wet in showers from cap, and clothes, and feet, as he shambled with his soaked shoes about

> Martha caught the wet bundle of rags in her arms and hugged it, all

dripping as it was, to her breast.
"My darling Johnny," she sobbed,
"my darling, darling, Johnny, they've
half-killed him, they've half-killed
him;" and some minutes passed before the more sensible Mrs. Muttlebury could make her old school-fellow rouse herself to the thought that not oment was to be lost in taking off the dripping clothes, putting the boy into a good dry bed, and giving him such restoratives that might avert the prob-

When all this was done, Susan took her departure home, and the anxious mother sat by the bedside holding the boy's hand in her own, and asking him the reasons and the story of his escape from school.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If the paralytic man had been cured in the first beginning of his illness, in-stead of lingering in sickness according to the ordinary course of nature, he would not have edified others and advanced the glory of God, by offering the spectacle of a soul full of life and of an enduring patience in body already half-dead. But help comes at last, for the Loving Friend of our souls will never "suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able."-Abbe Henri Perreyve.

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#### UNMASKING

A few years ago the Rev. R. J. Camp. belt, who succeeded the Rev. Joseph Parker as pastor of the City Temple, London, created quite a stir in the Protestant world by his "new theology," which was hailed by many Protestants as the ushering in of a higher and purer form of religion. The doc-trines set forth by the pastor of the City Temple, when analyzed, re-olved themselves into a form of Modernism, and therefore came within the scope of the condemnations embodied in Encyclical Pascendi Gregis. At first the "new theology," like Modernism,

grown bolder. They now openly reject the very foundation on which Christianity is based, namely, the divinity of Christ. The following cable dispatch explains itself:

Tell Mrs. Popwich Johnny is in the regards as merely a social reformer.

ing a member of a Church whilst trying Wittens when you see him. Say I don't to undermine it. He would have a forget a Hail Mary for him every brand new sect of his own, which can-"He seems bappy, Martha, don't he?" said the fond mother.
"That's more than Johnny is I'm thinking," said Mrs. Popwich. "But Lor! Susan, what's that?"
It was 9 o'clock and the rain was dailying the stem half said helfs to the word Christian If the social reformer gifted with the highest intellectual and more qualities, but only human, then Christians for almost two thousand years have been worshipnot be called Christian without doing two thousand years have been worship-ping as God a mere man.

What then becomes of Christianity? treases to exist for those who accept the "new theology." They may call themselves what they may, but they are not Christians. Protestantism, are not Christians. Protestantism, with its lack of authority, cannot make such effective resistance to the propagation of the teachings of the "new theology" as the Catholic Church has to the spread of Modernism. Pius X. issued his now famous Encyclical Pas-cendi Gregis, and Modernism in the Protestant sects every trace of Christianity ?

another added to the many existing all they must not neglect to read about dissolvents that are actively at work their religion, or else they lose their disintegrating Protestantism in Eng-

A Yard of flannel is still a yard after washed Surprise Soap Its pure hard Soapthats why. Don't forget the name-Surprise

and send lots that the fellows may have proposing to form a new sect and or all likelihood they will, the 'new some. Give my love to Dad, tell him to write to me—and send me the Universe and the Catholic Times when you can.

Can.

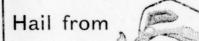
The Board have proposing to form a new sect and or all likelihood they will, the 'new theology,' the behalf of his 'new theology,' the central idea of which is the denial of the divine origin of Christ, Whom he doctrines and principles one of the forms of M "Mr. Campbell's reason for this one of the forms of Modernism, we step, he says, is the hostile attitude of can see and appreciate the wisdom and the official element in the churches to the foresight of Pius X, in exposing the character of a cleverly disguised as-The Rev. R. J. Campbell unlike the Modernists, does not believe in remaintianity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

# Lest we Forget:

The Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England, in the latest of his clear and impressive pasterals, writes clear and impressive pastorals, writes thus of the Catholic's duty, too gener ally neglected, of knowing his religion ;

"It is a rare thing to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion. This is a great misfortune. In simpler days, when there were fewer books and no ne spapers, the elementary notions of Christianlty sank into the mind and heart, and entered into the very substance of thought and in-tellectual life. Now our creeds and our faith have to fight with every kind of error and with every variety of spec ulation. The minds of men are pre oc cupied, and God's science finds no room That is the reason why educated Cath Catholic Church simply wilted. Who in the Protestant Church possesses a similar potency to stay the ravsges made by the "new theology," which threatened to eliminate from the learned. The poor and the workers are not expected to sit over books or to go to school again. Yet it must not The new sect which the pastor of the forgotten that in these days even the City Temple is about to found will be unlearned read. And if they read at

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#### THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF MARCH 21. in length (especially when the lines drawn from B to A and B to C, are about equal) between the two lines taken together and the third line, the further away B will be from that third line. Really, Mr. Editor, I "Green Veranda" the sole point for that third line. must apologize to your readers for Jack?) I should like to know if Mr. Andrew Hunter really beguiled himachild could understand, but this is

isoceles triangle, with its apex at St. hauteur de quinze à seize pieds, et Louis, the line of direction of St. Ignace d'un fossé profond, dont la nature auoit

Two paragraphs will give you, Mr.
Kaitor, all the information to be had on this very important point, which must alone differentiate the control of the cont must alone differentiate the site of St. Ignace II. from any other Indian village site lying at the correct distance and in the right direction from Ste. They were quoted in full in the Ostario Archæological Report for 1902, page 93, but without comment, unless a few lines on pages 102 and 103 The passages may be taken as such. fact were so clear and conclusive in themselves that any explanation seemed superfluous. Let me, Mr. Editor, submit them to the considera-

tion of your readers :

Ragueueau's description. St. Iguace. "Was enclosed with a palisade of posts fitteen or sixteen feet high, and encircled by a deep depression (in the land), with which nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides leaving but a small space weaker than the other sides. It was through that forced an entrance, but with such stealth and suddenness that he was master of the position before any attempt at defence was made, for the inhabitants were sound asleep, nor had they any time to take in the situation." (Rel. 1619, p. 10, col. 2, line 10 et ss.) The only line of comment I shall add The only line of comment I shall add here, is to draw attention to two words in the above quotation, "small and "weaker." The former must not be made to read "smaller." "No restant qu'un petit espace plus faible que les autres," có és being understood. The space was not, according to the text, smaller than a cortan of the missing the constructed there, the contracted the constructed the constructed the constructed the constructed them. than any other of the given sides, but rendered it impregnable at least for it was small considering the entire savages. To contribute in any fair length of the circumvallation, while proportion to the impregnability of a stronghold, the exigencies of such a "plus faible que les autres" asserts stronghold, the exigencies of such a that the remaining space was weaker site would call for a depression and than any of the other three sides.

BRESSANI'S DESCRIPTION. ' Sosteal. thuy did they (the Iroquois) make their break of day, on March 16, without having so far oetrayed their approach, they reached the gates of the first village of the Hurons, named St. Ignace. Its site and fortifications constructed thereon at our instigation, rendered it impregnable at least for savages. Bit ing the position of the shrine. while the bulk of their braves were abread, some bent on ascertaining if the enemy had already taken the field, others to engage in the hunt, the suggested that the occupation of St. Iroquois easily managed to approach under cover of darkness, and, at dawn, traces of ashbeds behind. This unas we have said, to effect a breach warrantable claim is too absurd while the inhabitants were still fast need dwelling upon at any length

consumnate assurance, and that assumption of superiority which characterizes his whole "croular letter," by Mr. Hunter to be an expert. In from start to finish, he dictatorially lays it down as an infallible dictum whith all much accept on his individual and unsupported j dgment, and none gain say under penalty of passing for irrational. "that the records left by the second start of the force in mograph," I criticized his conclustional." ing to any rational interpretation of pation of at least several years,

AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY O

in this particular quite mistakingly, for ONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF MARCH 21. reference to a channel or trench sur Moreover the greater the difference rounding the village and not to a 'peak

a child could understand, but this is precisely what I have in view.

But to proceed, and what follows is for "grown ups." Let A stand for Ste. Marie I. (the Old Fort.) B for St. Louis, and C for St. Ignace II., we have distance A to C equal about the distance A to B, plus the distance B to C. Therefore B lies but little either to one side or the other of the line joining A and C, and consequently about in he same direction. Which precesserity includes also that C lies in is necessarily included and the Archaeological Report to 1902. I understand fally that it is not snatched up as eagerly by the promiseous reading public as the Strand or Munsey, or other attractive or diverting magazines, but it is read by those, and they are not a few, who take a warm interest in Canadian history and archaelogy. How, after making future be able to look them in the face about in he same direction. Which future be able to look them in the face necessarily implies also that C lies in about the same direction from Ste. conscious of a reputation for veracity necessarily implies also that C lies in about the same direction from Ste.

Marie I, as does St. Louis.

But after taking the bearing of St.
Louis from the Old Fort of Ste. Marie, historical and archaelogical error, and to determine further to what extent lead those much to be pitied people, and in what direction the line deflects at St. Louis, nothing short of a comprehensive, but not necessarily minute paths of truth. The detch, it is to be study, of the physical features of the

study, of the physical features of the region can determine. Knowing how ever from old records, were it only in a general way, that the site of St. Ignace II. was a commanding one, this knowledge may be turned to good account. At six miles from Ste. Marie I., or three from Ste. Louis, towards the north-tourer d'un fossé, (fort) to moat."

[State of Archivelle Line and the louis of the physical features of the physical three from Sie. Louis, towards the northest there is only low lying land, consequently the line of direction must deflect at Ste. Louis towards the southest. Even here, however, we find no position not commanded by another until the deflection from the line of Ste. Marie I. to St. Louis, prolonged, is approximately equal to twenty-three degrees and ten minutes. And as we have, to all intents and purposes, an hauteur de quinze a relieux, de la bauteur de quinze a relieux, de la hauteur de quinze a relieux, de la hauteur de quinze a relieu north service de la place externed to most."

(Spier's and Surenne's Dictionary, N. Y., Appleton, 1862); lossé (acute accent over the e) (fort) moat." (Clifton and Grimand's Dict., Paris and London, Garnier Bros., and Hatchette & Co., latest edition.) Nor is it here an ordinary moat or ditch dug by the hand of man, for it is qualified in the text; "qui (i. e. la place) estoit entre d'un fossé, ((ort) moat." (Chiftonary, N. Y., Appleton, 1862); lossé (acute accent over the e) (fort) moat." (Clifton and Grimand's Dict., Paris and London, Garnier Bros., and Hatchette & Co., latest edition.) Nor is it here an ordinary moat or ditch dug by the hand of man, for it is qualified in the text; "qui (i. e. la place) estoit entre de la place estoit entre Louis, the line of direction of St. Ignace
II from the old Fort would swerve towards the south-east from the line of
the Old Fort to St. Louis at an angle
of about eleven degrees and
thirty five minutes. And I may add,
that the very first point of the highest
land, from Sturgeon Bay southward,
which the line strikes when swinging
round on the pivoted point. The Old
The Cleveland of "pieux." The
with a stockade of posts (or pine trees)
from 15 to 16 feet in height, and
the control of the line strikes when swinging
round on the pivoted point. The Old
with a stockade of posts (or pine trees)
from 15 to 16 feet in height, and fort, is the Martyrs' Hill, overlooking by a deep moat, wherewith nature had the country roundshout. And this will serve as a fitting transition to sides, etc." To be "powerfully forti sides, etc." To be "powerfully fortified by a deep most" implies more than a trench or ditch, and as it was

Mr. Hunter facetiously informs us, no doubt, in his capacity of expert, that the "fosse profond" has a dis that reference to a channel or trench surrounding the village and not a 'peak'' in relief, or flat-topped eminence. In answer to this sally, I might retort and ask him if he ever saw a valley without a hill? But surely, he must credit even the poor ordinary non-expert with enough intelligence to see a difference between a hill and a hole in the ground. A peak is a point ed summit and is nowhere mentioned in my paper in connection with St. Ignace II. It is a suggestive interpolation of

Mr. Hunter, which, judging by his context, he would have his readers believe found place in the report with which he fluds fault. On page 93 of this report the ideas as well as the words are properly translated thus: "and encircled by a deep depression (in the land), with which nature had powerfully fortified the place on three sides."

Now a most supposes an escarpment, a steep descent or declivity, a precipitous side of any hill or flat topped eminence, and the deeper the depression or ravine the higher the plateau. Bressani (p. 252), in his derendered it impregnable at least for corresponding eminence on unusually large lines, and the fact mentioned that the deep most was limited to three through the forests, that, at the sides only, differentiates it from any other commanding position lying in the proper direction and at the clearly determined distance from the Old Fort on the Wye. When Mr. Audrew Hunter shall have discovered such a site it will be time enough to think of chang

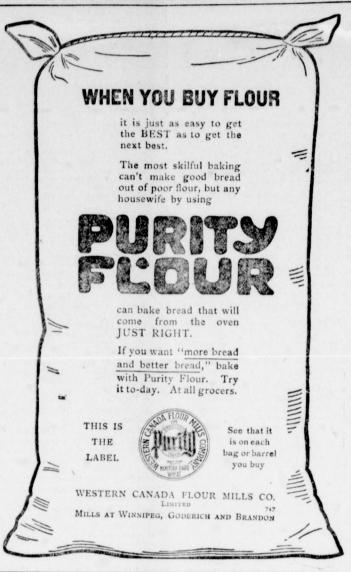
has lee 'Mastria's Translation, p. 352.

Really? But what seems so absurd to him has been deemed a very cogent argument by others, even by General Houter had read all this. Yet, with John S. Clark, who, as the main auth tional, "that the records left by the ious as inconsistent with the facts incoming a such as the remains show an occu

ing to any rational interpretation of their words) that the position of St. Ignace was three miles nearer than this place (The Martyrs' Hill) to Ste. Marke on the Wye !"

A TERMINOLOGICAL INEXACTITUDE. It was not en ugh to travesty the few precious records remaining to us, and which furnish all the information we have relating to St. Ignace II., but after instructing to put it mildly, that no use had been made of them in determining its position, he would have you readers believe, Mr. Etitor, that "The supposed site men tioned on page 21 by Mr Hunter, is the farm of Chas. E. Newton, E.q., So "the unwarrantable claim." that is, that few traces of occupation would be found at the real site of St. Ignace II., but after instructing, to put it mildly, that no use had been made of them in determining its position, he would have your readers believe, Mr. Etitor, that "The supposed site men tioned on page 21 by Mr Hunter, is the farm of Chas. E. Newton, E.q., So "the unwarrantable claim." that is, that few traces of occupation would be found at the real site of St. Ignace II., on account of the short time it existed, was, after all, according to a trace in the provided experts and something upon at least it years, while a patient about one year." The supposed site men tioned on page 21 by Mr Hunter, It was not to be down the west half of Lot 11, Concession 6, Tay, So "the unwarrantable claim." that is, that few traces of occupation would be found at the real site of St. Ignace II., on account of the short time it existed, was, after all, according to a six of the remark of the real site of St. Ignace II. It was not the west have had ordinary Rheumatism. Scienting the patient representation would be a past six years, with very good results we have had ordinary Rheumatism. Scienting the patient representation would be a past six years, with early and health returns.

The patient representation would be found to the past six years, with every good results we will all the information would be found to the past six years, w



etc." for Mr. Andrew Hunter would not dare use these amenities of lan guage, these tactfully chosen expres sions, in speaking of General Clark, whom, with good reason, he proclaimed a competent judge.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## ODE TO CELTIC RACES.

A few weeks ago, during the Pan-Celtic Congress at Edinburgh, a concert was given for which a bit of true Celtic verse was composed. The Congress was participated in by Celts from the Isle of Man, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittany and Cornwall, and the programme bore the following legend:
-"An Treas Comb chruinneachadh nan Celitich ui e." The poem referred to was entitled, "Ole to Celtic Races," was composed by Alfred P. Graves, and ran as follows :-

A blossom there blows That scoffs at the snows. And faces root fast The rage of the blast,

Our blossom is red
As the life blood we've shed
Io Liberty's cause,
Under tyrannous laws,
When Lochiel and O'N'sil,
And Le welyn drew steel
For Alba's and Erins and Cambria's weal,
Then our couch when we tired
Was the heather, the beather;

Twas the beacon we fired In blue and black weather, I is mosd cup inspired.
When we pledged is together
To the Prince of our choice.
Or the maid mostladmired.

Let the Saxon and Dane
Bear rule o'er the plain,
On the hem of God a robe
Be our sceptre and globe!
For the Lord of all Light
Sod revealed on the height
And to heaven from the moun
Rose up in men's sight;
And the bossom and bud
Of the heather, the heather,

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evermore urge Tribe of the Celt to the goal of all good.

Jean Blewett in Toronto Globe.

Jean Blewett in Toronto Globe.

'Twas the shamrock brought the message with its breath of turf and sea air.

Each bit o'treder greenness seemed to find a voice and say.

'The wild March wind is eweeping us, the golden sunshine steeping us.

Come back, come back to Kenmare Hills on this St. Patrick's Day!'

Then the baed outside my window—oh! the madness of its shrilling—
The g adness and the sadness of that sweet old Irish air

That set my eyes a filling, set my bosom glowing thrilling.

And marched the heart and soul o' me straight back to old Kenmare!

Twas Kitleens in the twilight, and the waters

Twas Killeona in the twillight, and the waters cating, calling.
And I a barefoot-colleen skipping gayly through the grove;
Sheena Falis came down to meet me, threw their white arms out to greet middle the twilley warm with levelcome, all the bills were warm with welcome, all the valleys warm with love.
The Loo was whispering, whispering in her old oft tones of blarney.
"We have her back, the laughing child that never knew a care."

never knew a care."
And the merest mur mur reached me from the blue lak sof Killarney:
"Oh, welcome, Nora, darlin', to your home in old K.nmare!"

The new land's fair and gracious, with her sweep o'golden harvests.

Her liberty of thought and deed—yet, strive as best I may.

There are times when thoughts came thronging till I caonot still the longing.

O just to be on Irish soil for one St. Patrick's Day!

Longer it all so planty—see the dear familiar.

e it all so plainly—see the dear familiar places; Carran Tual and Ionisfallen, and the reeks so baid and bare; See the bardy shamreck growing, in the blust-ery March winds blowing. And the highway winding, winding down the hills to old Kenmare.

#### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FOR CANADA.

Sir Wilfred Laurier made an epigram that will live when he said. The nineteenth contury belong to the United States the twentieth belong to Canada.

It is not national egotism which prompts this view. The Dominion is a country of enormous pos-ibilities as our courins across the line have been quick to perceive. They realize that it pays to go after the Canadian markets, and pays even better to establish factories on Canadian soil.

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ducts at the same price they sell for in the States.

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blade comes out, so hard that it will cut window glass.

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