

# The Catholic Record

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

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### TAKE A LOOK INSIDE.

Daring Lent we are exhorted by the Church to endeavor "to know what 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 Him as our Judge?

### LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.

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, consenting to the good. The realization of the truths of religion is in proportion to our advancement in virtue.

### AS WE ARE.

To see ourselves as we are may mark the beginning of a new life for us. If we penetrate the haze of indifference of worldly maxims, we may come upon a thing unexpectably vile and loathsome—a dead soul. Scourged by drunkenness, or impurity, or blasphemy, or disobedience, there it is before us. It sold itself to the devil and received as salary nothing but a momentary satisfaction, a brutal pleasure, a filthy delight, a sordid, perishable 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 facilitate ourselves to do speedily something for its welfare let us not forget that above our heads is hanging by life's thread the sword of God's judgments.

### THE HAMMER OF PENANCE.

Penance is a hammer to batter down the obstacles between us and our Creator. When we have our nose in the trough we have no taste for the supernatural. We turn back to God; 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 may 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 in 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 aim-giving. We have our families, our personal needs, and there is, as a rule, nothing for the outsider. But 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. But state your case without partiality for your appetite. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

### JAMES R. RANDALL.

The people of Maryland and Georgia are all eager in their efforts to honor James Ryder Randall. A monument will be erected to his memory. And when it is unveiled goodly speeches lauding the dead poet will be made. This, says the Syracuse Catholic 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 than he, and now two Southern States that should have seen that he had bread, are building monuments to him.

### SOME REMARKS.

1. The man who can take it or leave 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 of many societies should spend more time in the home 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 ignominious 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, 31-43)  
"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 entirely engrossed by the desire for earthly riches and shuts his eyes to the pearl of great price?"  
"Is not he blind who is wallowing in 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 he fails to satisfy the cravings of his heart?"  
"Is not he blind who looks up to Heaven and contemplates the works of creation, but discerns not the existence of a Creator?"  
"Is not he 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 for thee?'  
"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.'"  
"How sublime is the faculty of free will! It is a gift which distinguishes 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 precious gift! If righteously employed, it becomes an instrument of unending bliss. If abused, it becomes an engine of endless destruction. 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 coward, the benevolent ruler from the capricious tyrant. The names of Nero and Diocletian, of Ahab and Jezebel and of Judas and Herod are execrated by mankind because they abused their free will in gratifying their passions and inflicting sorrow and misery on their fellow-beings. The names of an Alfred the Great and a Vincent de Paul are held in veneration because they consecrated their will to their personal sanctification and to the 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 Heaven, it shall be due to the abuse of our liberty: 'Thy destruction is thine own, O Israel.' In a word, our liberty is a weapon with which, like Saul, we will inflame a deadly wound upon ourselves, or it is a sword with which, like

Michael the Archangel, we can conquer the infernal enemy and win our way to Heaven.

"We should employ it: 'In resisting temptation and our vicious inclinations. We should be 'as free,' says St. Peter, 'and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God.' Whom to serve is to resign. And St. Paul says that we are the servants of him whom we obey, whether it be God or Satan. 'Whosoever,' says our Lord, 'commiteth sin is the slave of sin.' What a degradation to fall from the sublime estate of freemen children of God to 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 hirelings of a heartless taskmaster! 'Man when he is in honor did not understand. He is compared to senseless beasts and is become like unto them.'"  
"HOW TO SERVE TRUE FREEDOM."  
"Our Saviour told the Jews that the knowledge and practice of His precepts would secure for them true freedom. The Jews were ignorant that their freedom should be tested 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 say to you: whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin.'"  
"Do not Americans sometimes talk in this way? 'We are freemen citizens and yield to no despotic power. But what will it profit us to enjoy the 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 independent citizens if in the circle of our own family and in the sanctuary of our own hearts we are lashed as slaves by the demon of passion; if we are slaves to a petulant temper, slaves to lust, to intemperance, pride and vainglory, slaves to public opinion, the moths captives of all tyrants?"  
"Who possessed the greater liberty Herod or John in his prison? Herod could move according to his good pleasure from place to place; he enjoyed civil freedom. His will was law to others; he had the power of life and death over his subjects. And yet his soul was bound in the 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 temptations, but also in pursuing virtue, and particularly by an entire conformity to the will of God. 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 attachment that can subsist between the Creator and creature."

### CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

"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 Saviour inculcates more forcibly than another it is this: 'That our heart and will should be in harmony with God's will. 'I came down from heaven,' He says, 'not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me. My food is to do the will of Him that sent Me: that I may finish His work.' He became subject to Mary and Joseph, the creatures of His own hands, because He regarded them as the representatives 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, but as Thou wilt.' Every fiber of His sensitive heart recoiled with horror from the appalling and humiliating sufferings which awaited Him. But though His feelings revolted, His will remained steadfast; and again, after praying 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 converted nations, He will know us 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 but he that doeth the will of My Father 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 unlock the golden gate of the heavenly Jerusalem and admit us to the fellowship of the children of God: 'Whosoever shall do the will of My Father who is in Heaven, he is My brother and sister and mother.' And in that beautiful prayer which He dictated to His disciples 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 Heaven.'"  
"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 give me thy riches, thy lands and thy possessions, for these belong to Him already: 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all that dwell therein.' He

does not say, My son, give the service of thy body, for that also belongs 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 all that you can call your own.' This is the only free, unmortgaged property you can offer Him."

### CONSTITUTE HEART AS AN OFFERING.

"If you lay on the altar of God a gift of gold or silver or precious stones, you make to Him an agreeable offering. But if you lay on the altar a heart 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 heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.' And should you withdraw from the altar 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 sacrifice to withdraw from the Lord a heart or will you had once consecrated 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 clear and positive manifestation of His will."  
"1. God reveals His will to us in the Holy Scriptures. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Dives on 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. If they will not hear them, neither will they believe if one speaks to them from the dead.' You will then discover the will of God in the Holy Scriptures, and particularly in the Gospel of His Son of Whom He says: 'This is My beloved Son, hear ye Him.'"  
"2. God reveals His will to you by the voice of His Church and her ministers, of whom our Lord says, 'He who heareth you, heareth Me.' He asks you to hear the words that are spoken to you in the Temple of God."  
"3. God reveals to you every hour of the day His will by the voice of conscience speaking without noise of within your heart. Scrupulously follow the admonition of this secret monitor."  
"4. 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 persecutions 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 immortal destiny; they are so many gifts in the darning of your glory. This is the teaching of the Apostle, who says that 'to them that love God all things work together unto good.' I consider the recognition of this truth the highest Christian philosophy and the practice of it the only substantial basis of genuine piety. You will never enjoy solid tranquility till you accept 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 crucifixion Peter draws a sword in His defense. Our Lord thus rebukes him: 'Put thy sword into its scabbard. The chalice which My Father hath given Me shall I not drink it? He does not say the chalice which Judas and Caiphas and Herod and the Jews have 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 redemption 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 our Lord, 'if it were not given thee from above.'"  
"Blessed is the man who in every occurrence of life preserves in his heart an unalterable adhesion to God's will, through honor and dishonor, through evil report and good report, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity. Blessed is he who hears the paternal voice of God in the thunder of tribulations that resound over his head, happy is he who has this short but comprehensive prayer often in his heart and on his lip: 'Thy will, O Lord, be done.' Twice happy are they who can say 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 hunger or persecution or the sword? I am sure that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, 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 whosoever are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God.' Then you will experience a foretaste of that happy condition and unalterable peace prom-

ised in the life to come when you shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption 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 Lourdes, 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 privileged to behold Mary Immaculate herself, and to be the depository of her instructions. In her wonder and ecstasy she fell on her knees and repeated the salutation used by the Angel Gabriel: 'Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee,' and twenty years after, on the feast of Our Lady 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, Lourdes has been visited by hundreds of thousands of devout pilgrims from all parts of the world, and miracles, striking, patent, 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. Modernists and other rationalists have explained 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 happening at Lourdes. Nineteen centuries hence, perhaps, the modernists of the day will be ready with a critical analysis, free from all control of logic or verisimilitude, of the wonderful miracles of our time. In the meantime, however, Catholics will understand the extraordinary conditions of Lourdes in the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, whose jubilee coincides 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 this cinquantenary of Lourdes. This land has been the theatre of prodigious events; in all history there is no parallel to the sacred prodigies that have been wrought here during the last fifty years."

While the French Cardinal was addressing the people at Lourdes itself, Cardinal Richelmy of Turin, with four hundred plus Prelates, was praying before the replica of the Grotto of Lourdes in the Vatican Gardens. After the rosy His Eminence reminded those present that the whole world was then commemorating the Jubilee of Lourdes and concluded with the significant sentence: "You must pray that the theories of modernism be 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 beloved Italy"—Rome.

### ONE YEAR IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Henry C. Grainger, formerly pastor of a leading Protestant church in Evanston, Ill., contributes the following 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 oneself 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 different surroundings is taken into consideration."  
"There has been a positive gain. In what direction does this lie? Certainly 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 spiritual. Here we must look for the gains. What are some of these? One is that inner peace of soul, which must be experienced to be fully realized, the quiet 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 those."  
"Another gain has been a growing appreciation of what our Lord intended His Church to be, the visible abode—on earth—of His Real Presence. In the Sacrament of the altar, the Holy Eucharist, He is with His children—present, though mysteriously. This fact, though simple, is the most sublime fact of all facts comes home with peculiar and a constantly growing force to one who has been but a short time comparatively in the Church of Christ. It—this Real Presence—is the centre about which everything else revolves. With this goes of necessity the worship, the spiritual communion,

the vocal silence of the Mass, all that serves to impress one with the fact: This is Holy Ground! Bow down! Cover thy face! Call in thy wondering 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 been made to attain unto it.

### THE CONFESSIOAL.

"Dear Father McKoon,—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' has convinced 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 twentieth 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 so no other publication does, the peculiar requirements of our day."  
Rev. J. R. ROSSWICK, 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 Biscant Vaughan, S. J., Vicar and Vicar General, S. J., General Sir Martin Dillon and Everard Green (Rouge Dragon) were present. Mr. Dillon is the eldest son and heir of Viscount Dillon, and is J. P. for County Roscommon.

Cardinal Gibbons will go to London in July for the great international Eucharistic Congress which will be held there from Sept. 9 to Sept. 13. He goes at the special invitation of Archbishop Francis Bourne, of Westminster, London, under whose auspices the congress will be held.

Another English Princess will enter the Catholic Church, in Princess Patricia, of Connaught, niece of King Edward, whose betrothal to the Count of Paris, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, is announced.

Two young ministers of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee, who for some years were engaged in teaching at an institution of that communion at Neshota Seminary, were received into the Catholic Church recently in New York by the Paulist Fathers. They are the Rev. Edward Hawks and the Rev. James H. Burne.

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 Juan of Arc, and that the solemn beatification of the Maid will take place during the jubilee year in St. Peter's. Should this be the case, one of the most imposing 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, recently, a surgical operation on the right lung. Though still weak, he is able to say Mass.

The annual report of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance shows that steady progress in the good cause has been made. There is a substantial decrease in the drink bill, the number of licensed houses shows a falling off, and fewer arrests for drunkenness are reported.

THE LION OF FLANDERS.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER II. CONTINUED.

On the way, Charles de Valois, resumed his conversation with the old Count Guy. The latter, much as he mistrusted the result of the proposed expedition into France, was yet out of love for his children, disposed to understand it and finally, on the repeated instances of the French prince, resolved on casting himself at King Philip's feet, with all the nobles who remained faithful to him, in the hope that so humiliating a homage might move the conqueror to compassion.

Since their morning's quarrel Robert de Bethune and De Chatillon had not met again; they purposely avoided each other, and neither of them mentioned the subject of the subject of what had passed between them. Adolph 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 observed to his brother:

"You know that I have this evening to uphold the honor of our niece; I reckon on you as my second."

"Against this rough spoken Robert de Bethune?" asked St. Pol. "I know 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?" answered De Chatillon hastily. "A knight trusts to his skill and valour, and 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 this I am better not to expose myself unnecessarily. In your place I should have let Robert 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 a seemly way to talk? Are you a coward?"

As he spoke these words they disappeared 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 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, their carriages and supports, ballistas, which at one cast threw a shower of arrows 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 quadrangular rooms, many of them provided with beds for the accommodation of chance guests, others decorated with the arms of bygone Counts of Flanders, and with banners and pennons 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 background 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 distinguishable from the other figures by their banners. The third side presented a hideous scene. A multitude of Christian knights lay dying of the plague upon a desert plain. Among the carcasses of horses, black ravens flew over the fatal camp, watching for each one's death to gorge themselves with his flesh. The fourth side showed the happy return of the Count of Flanders. 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, within which a small wood fire was burning, sat the old Count Guy in a massive arm chair. Full of deep thought, he was supporting his head on his right hand, his eye resting unceasingly on his son William, who was busily reading prayers from a book with 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,

and possessed by his enemies. Not that she was wanting in feeling; but, child as she was, her sorrow did not last beyond the immediate impression 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 selfsame day her tears were dried and forgotten, and she was ready to caress her hawk as before.

After Guy's eyes had for some time rested unmeaningly upon his son, he suddenly fell 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 young man'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.

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: nevertheless he would not give utterance to such a feeling, and so he only replied:

"It is no use, my son, to sadden yourself with forebodings of evil. Hope is given to us mortals for our consolation here on earth; and why, then, should you not hope? Since your sister has been in prison, you mourn and pine so, that not a smile enters your eyes, how can you expect it will be well for your sister; but in God's name do not give yourself up to this dark despair!"

"Smile, said you, father? Smile, while our poor Philippa is buried in a dungeon! No, that I cannot! Her tears drop upon the cold ground in the silence of her dungeon; 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! See you her not, pale as death, wasted and fast 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; how, 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 sobbing at the feet of her grandfather. Laying her head on his knees, she cried out piteously:

"Is my dear aunt dead? O God! what sorrow! shall I not then see her again?"

The old Count raised her tenderly from the ground, and said kindly:

"Be calm, my dear Matilda; 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 that 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 you, uncle, and to vex me much; but do you too think of me, and not return me so with that terrible word, death, which is now ever upon your lips and in my ears. Forgive me, I pray you."

And before her uncle could answer her, she had already returned to the 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."

"I forgive her, sir, from my heart; for, indeed, I love her from my heart. And the sorrow which she showed, my poor sister's supposed death was comforting to me."

And again William opened his book, and read, this time aloud:

"O Jesus Christ the Saviour, have mercy upon my sister! By thy bitter pains 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.

"Blessed Mary, Mother of God, hear me, I pray! Comfort her in the dark dungeon, 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?"

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

"Listen, William. This morning, as we were riding together to the hawk-king, 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 exclaimed:

"O Heaven! His good angel must 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 Compiègne, and show ourselves at his feet."

"And Queen Joanna?"

"The impious Joanna of Navarre is at Paris, and Enguerrand 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 remained true to me in my misfortunes, in order to inform them of this matter; but your brother Robert comes not; how is it that he has not yet returned 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 he is with De Chatillon."

"You are right, William. I had forgotten; my lord," proceeded Guy; "for Messire de Chatillon is so powerful at the court of Philip the Fair."

In those times honor and good name were a knight's dearest possessions, and not the shadow of a reproach could be allowed to pass upon them without a demand for instant reckoning; combats, therefore, were matters of daily occurrence, 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 hall."

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 Malengehem, of Rooode, of Courtrai, of Oudenarde, of Heyle, of Nevele, of Roubaix, Walter of Lovendeghem, with his two brothers, and several more, who came in one after the other, till a number of two and fifty in all. Some of them were already temporarily lodged in the castle, others had their possessions and residences in the neighboring plain.

All stood with uncovered head before their lord, and busily awaiting the intelligence which 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 government, which I, therefore, as a true subject and vassal desired and attempted to do. Then the city of Bruges refused me obedience, and my subjects rose against me, and I was driven to flight. 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 companions with me, and then, as became me, I sought to make good my right, and fought; but fortune was against us, and the false Edward of England disregarded the bond we had entered into, and deserted us in our need. Now my land is confiscated; I am now the least among you, and your prince no more; another day, and I am no more."

"Not yet!" cried Walter of Lovendeghem; "when that day comes I break my sword forever. I know no other lord than the noble Guy of Danpire."

"Sir Walter of Lovendeghem, your faithful 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 fief 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 pleasant abode. But that is not all; he has resolved to build up a new house of Flanders, and to set me once more on my father's seat. That is the matter which I have to speak of with you, my noble friends; for I need your help 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 that expressed all they felt; and after a short pause he resumed:

"My noble friends, I doubt not in 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 accompany and stand by their Count, where and when and in what way he would. All answered him except one, Diederik die Vos.

"Sir Diederik," asked the Count, "will you not go with us?"

"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, forgive 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 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 pledged for our free return to Flanders."

The Flemish nobles, well knowing De Valois as a model of knightly honor and good faith, were satisfied to trust to his promise, and went on to discuss the matter with the old Count. Meanwhile Diederik slipped unobserved out of the hall, and wandered up and down the outer court wrapped in deep thought.

Before he had spent much time in this occupation, the bridge was lowered, and Robert de Bethune entered the castle. As soon as he had dismounted, 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 other world."

"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 messag has betailed us. Adolph of Nieuwland was with me as my second, fought with St. Pol, and he 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 somewhat of the rashest?"

"What journey? I know not what you mean."

"What! you have not yet heard of it?"

"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 own accord; but before long I shall see it at Compiègne, or I am greatly mistaken."

"But are you quite sure of what you say, Diederik? You fill me with alarm."

"Sure, do you say? Be pleased to go into the hall; there you may see all your friends assembled with your father. To-morrow we set out for our prison. Believe me, then and cross yourself when you leave Wynandael."

Robert could hardly contain himself for indignation at this intelligence.

"Diederik, my friend," he said, "I pray you have my poor Adolph 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, 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 armor 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 vile Joanna may cast you into fetters?"

"Yes, my son," answered the Count steadily; "I am going to France, and you with me—such is the will of your father."

"Let it be so, then," replied Robert; "I will go with you; but not to fall at the king's feet! God forbid that we should so humiliate ourselves!"

"It must be so, my son; and it behoves you to accompany me," was the unalterable reply.

"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 before 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 resumed:

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

"No, never!" cried Robert; "never shall that blot rest upon my shield. Bow before a foreigner! 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 laws 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 Philippa, 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 agonizing grief and anger.

"What will you do 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, throw 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:

"My prince and father! I swear 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, till the iron-scales of his gauntlets might be heard grinding upon one another throughout the hall. He felt his resolution shrinking, and awaited the curse he had defied in an anguish like that of death.

All present waited for the reply of the old Count with anxious expectation. At last he threw his aged arms 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 Flanders, flows undegenerate in your veins! Your disobedience has bestowed on me the happiest 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 Count, releasing his son from his embrace, and turning to his barons, exclaimed enthusiastically:

"See, my friends; such was I in my young days, and such have the Damypierres 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 Philippa's father, and yours, my brave 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 Flanders after me from shame and reproach."

The various preparations for the journey were now discussed at length, and many important points were deliberated upon and settled. Robert de Bethune, now calmer and more collected, left the hall, 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 hand.

"But," he continued, "would you not also love a man that ventured his life in my defence?"

"Yes, surely; and bear him eternal gratitude."

"Well then, my daughter; a knight has risked his life in your father's quarrel, and is sorely wounded, per-"

"O God! I will pray for his recovery forty days, and more too!"

"Do so, my child, and for me too; but I have to ask yet something more of you."

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

"Understand me well, Matilda; we are going for some days on a journey, your grandfather as yet, and all the knights that are here with us. When, 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 my chamber, and 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 shall 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 there yourself, nor let any one else do so."

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

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

Meanwhile Adolph 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 their hands on his forehead, the 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 presentiment that he will not die."

"Then the wound is not mortal?"

"Well, it is and it is not; nature is the best physician, and often works cures which neither mineral nor simple could effect, I have laid upon his breast, too, a thorn from the Holy Cross; the virtue of that relic will, I trust, assist us."

During this conversation Matilda had gradually approached the bed, and her curiosity having led her to look at the wounded knight's face, she suddenly recognised that of her dear friend and playfellow. With a mournful cry she started back, tears burst from her eyes, and she sobbed aloud.

"What is this, my child?" said Robert, "are you no better mistress of yourself than that? Know you not,

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oppressor, et; so there ers after me ch. for the d at length, to were de- led. Robert d more col- proceeding to ere Matilda e maiden by to a chair; self, he sat he began, you not?" s the reply, ght's bearded " would you ventured his him eternal er; a knight our father's wounded, per- 7 for his re- too!" for me too; nothing more I am your Matilda; we on a journey, and all the ith us. Who, oor wounded is thirsty?" I will never sturn. I will chamber, and ment. Perceptible either in his body. Master Roger, too, began to far 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 content 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 bedchambers. Two hours later not a sound was to be heard at Wynaadael but the call of the sentinels, the baying of the dogs, and the screech of the night-owl.

that one must be calm and quiet by a wounded man's bedside!" "Calm shall I be! Calm when our poor Adolf lies at the point of death? He that taught me such sweet songs! Who shall be my minstrel at Wynaadael now? Who shall help me to break my hawk's neck, be to me as a brother?" And then approaching the bed again, she wept over him as he lay insensible, and at last sobbed out: "Sir Adolf! Sir Adolf! my good brother!" But no answer came. Covering her face with her hands, she fell back in an agony of grief into a chair.

with his son, Louis Franq; behind them followed many French nobles, and among them one to whom the king often addressed his conversation. This favorite was Messire de Nogaret, the same who at Philip's command had ventured to arrest Pope Boniface, with circum stances of special conspiracy.

ing the distant villages. He could tell the bays, the roads, the mountain paths over which it seemed to him he saw light shadows wandering, and among them was once upon a time to him. He was waiting, hoping that the lights would flash 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 persistently, he was boring the stone near the rusty grates.

after the water had subsided, the cell was filled with hissing and whistling sounds. The echo penetrated the locked door and rang out through the corridors. It seemed as though some thing stern had flowed over the island and was now calming down, dying in the distance.

altogether. Only his name appeared here 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 quietly, tranquilly. Was that he? The same Diaz who had entered here full of power and love of life and liberty?

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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 on one of the extreme capes occupied by the insurgents. Not a sound was 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 commotion among the rebelling natives? Was this the answer to the question as to 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 from the Russian of Vladimir Korobenko by Herman Bernstein for The New York Evening Post.

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AN INCIDENT.

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

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 same 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 out, ominous and pale from long-suppressed rage.

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, running away from the storm. He had evidently given up hope of reaching the distant shore so he turned his boat toward the little fort.

"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 than this threat. The fisherman dared not leave the helm, for the waves would instantly hurl the boat against the rocks. Outside, 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 bay.

"Who goes there?" the sentinel shouted again loudly, closely watching the perilous movements of the little boat. "A brother!" replied the fisherman. "Open the gates, for St. Joseph's sake! See, what a storm!" "Wait, the corporal will soon be here."

Nothing of all this had escaped the old Count's consideration, nor did he in truth conceal from himself the possible consequences 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 tended considerably to reassure him.

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, accompanying them on the journey. Arrived at Compeigne, the Count and his nobles were sumptuously lodged and entertained by the Count de Valois, until 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 influence 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.

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

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 shadows of the distant past roamed over it. And when he saw some smoke by the shore, and the military transport boat cutting through the waves, he knew that other prison wardens and guards were coming.

There was a worn-out path 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, carelessly, he, too, calmed down and forgot the moments of his ecstasy.

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 strange 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 commotion in the fort; the Spaniards were hastily repairing the defects in the old walls which had come during the years of undisturbed peace. Steamboats flying the Spanish military flags were now plying between the shore and the island more frequently than before.

But a few more days went by. The shore again was hushed in calm slumber; the sea was deserted, the waves rolled one over another quietly, peacefully, idly striking against the rocky shore. But this morning the sea began to stir him once more. Several waves had already rolled over the breaker 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 flushed now and again before his window. The waves had begun their deep, deep and groans.

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 slightly in the depth of his slumbering consciousness, even as those stones trembled in that ocean's depth.

But he suddenly awoke, as if someone had called him by his name. A squall, having rolled over the breaker, struck the wall. From the wind he saw how white heaps of phosphoric foam came flying, and even

By this time the guard was relieved. "St. Joseph! Holy Mary!" muttered the new sentinel, and covering his head with his hood, disappeared behind the projection in the wall. Now a new squall was rushing over the sea, rising and falling, the white crests of the foam flashing in the darkness. The wind was in a fit of frenzy, the island trembled and groaned. Huge rocks, for years buried in the deep, now crawled toward the shore like pale-jumpers.

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 for a few seconds unconscious, with horror in his soul, chilled and wretched, and something huge, 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 remained motionless and quiet amidst the general confusion. When it became 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 carefully replace the grate so that the patrol should not notice that it was broken. 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 sea.

He clutched the cornice with his hands, lifted himself to the windows and passed. The light of the lantern fell on the walls, on the outworn floor, 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 Diaz, insurgent. Long live Freedom!"

Then came figures. At first he had marked the time by the day, by the week, later by the month: "Holy Mary, two years already." "Three years. O Lord, save my reason. Diaz, Diaz." The tenth year was marked by a plain number without any explanation point. Then he had left off counting



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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 debauch of the night before.

The distant shore, refreshed and washed by the storm, lay clearly outlined in the transparent atmosphere. Everywhere life was laughing, awakened 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 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 thoughtful face to the man who spoke.

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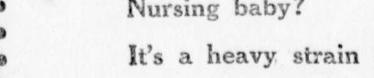
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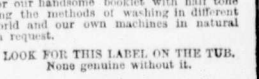
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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper...

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD...

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1908.

ANTI CLERICALISM IN ITALY.

The second point in which the Presbyterian Record exults is the anti clerical spirit of Italy. A Rev. Dr. Robertson, who hails from Venice, has been holding in Glasgow and Edinburgh a series of what the Presbyterian Record calls Protestant meetings...

and treacherous Napoleon, and Freemasonry 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...

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

A Congregational minister of Hamilton has been throwing less light than confusion upon the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. A comparison is difficult to be established by reason of the first principles being radically different...

THE LAMP.

This is the title of the "Anglo-Roman Monthly Devoted to Church Unity." There is, if language means anything, no doubt about the kind of union it seeks or the port towards which this bark is sailing...

essence dualism. Of two things one. Either Anglican Orders are valid or not. If they are valid the Holy See was wrong in declaring them invalid...

EMMANUELISM.

Although the number of the sects is legion, and although further division seemed impossible—still a new one is now chronicled by the significant name of Emmanuelism. Its title is ambitious and its exponents hopeful...

the grave with so many more of its 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...

the printers and machine men all dispersed; but I soon had messengers scurrying all over the city in search of them, got fire lit at the steam up, reporters busy, and compositors at their cases hard at work on the narrative...

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 shavetail and baptism by immersion...

Did we hear someone ask for proof of the remarkable admission on our part. Proof, indeed! What stronger proof can any one want that the editorial word of the Ladies' Home Journal...

MODERN IRISH HISTORY FOR SCOTTISH READERS.

Blackwood's Magazine, one of the oldest publications of its kind, and which wields considerable influence, is criticized severely by Mr. John J. O'Shea, in the March number of Donagh's Magazine...

SPOUSALIA AND MATRIMONY.

SECOND SERMON BY HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"This is a great sacrament; but I speak in Christ and in the Church." (Eph. 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 this marriage contract to the dignity of 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 husband or wife. We saw that the State had no power to grant divorce and no right to grant permission to remarry, and that where divorce is granted, woman becomes a slave to the whims and passions of wicked men; that the way to the most shameful crimes is opened up; that divorce is a disgrace to the bringing up of children; that it makes marriage a kind of legal prostitution and hence that it was the duty of every good citizen to do everything in his power to 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 His promise not to leave His Church and made Peter the visible Head. "I say unto thee, thou art 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 Ghost—the third Person of the Adorable Trinity—to be the soul of the Church. Suddenly there came a sound from heaven and a mighty wind coming and "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak in divers tongues the wonderful works of God." Peter in his successors still rules the Church and is given power by the Divine Master to feed, direct and govern the whole flock committed to his care. In this Church our Lord instituted seven sacraments for the benefit of the human race, and one of these is matrimony, and the Church in all ages has made laws protecting the marriage bond and guarding the rights of individuals and the best interests of society. St. Thomas tells us that marriage, so far as it is a function of nature, arises from the natural law; in so far as it creates a 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 Catholics should always endeavor to have proper care in the publication of banns and obligations of married life before being allowed to give their consent to matrimony. Insanity would make the giving of a free and reasonable consent impossible, and hence it is also an 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 forced to separate from his wife or become a slave also and this would be too hard. On the other hand, the Church recognizes the right of slaves 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 same as other people to fidelity to the obligation of matrimony, and the fact that the Church recognized the slaves as persons and as Christians, and not as mere chattels, has done much to 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, especially in regard to the children. In 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 of men and the multiplication of friendships; 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 thus a new bond of friendship is formed with 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 person not baptized. We read in the life of St. Monica that she spent her life praying and entreating and weeping for the conversion of her husband who was a pagan and for her son, Augustine, who fell into heresy and crime. 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 desired to die—her work was finished and she longed to meet her God. Augustine became a great saint and a great light in the Church, but every son has not a saint for a mother; every woman will not devote her whole life to make a saint of her son and a Catholic of her husband. On the contrary she runs a great risk of losing her own faith and her 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 religion. In the vii. chap. of the Book of Deuteronomy we read, "Thou shalt not give thy daughter to his son, nor

take his daughter for thy son, for who will take away thy son from following me." Some of the Jews did not heed the warning and married the Chanaanites and served their gods, as we read in the book of Judges. Even Solomon with all his wisdom and glory and power did not keep this command and he fell into idolatry and the Lord was angry with him. "Said Solomon fell let him who stands take heed lest he should fall," and we are told that "they who are in danger, shall perish thereby." There is another kind of marriage which is always forbidden to Catholics on account of the many dangers to faith connected with it, namely, what is called a mixed marriage. This union is between a Catholic and a baptized non-Catholic and some people are of the Church opposed to such marriages. It is true the Church frequently 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 far in Ontario to find whole families lost to the Church on account of mixed marriages, and hence it is well to understand the difficulties that are sure to come in such unions. As Christians we must ever remember that our duty on earth is to know and love and to serve God and thus save our souls. We must first seek the kingdom of God. We must find an honest answer to the question, "What must I do to possess eternal life?" All other questions are mere bubbles when compared with this one. Religion is the one important factor in our lives, and yet in a mixed marriage this is the very question on which the husband and wife cannot agree. Take an ordinary mixed marriage—the husband non-Catholic and the wife Catholic. The man starts on the right side of private judgment. He forms an opinion on religion from the Bible and is influenced, more or less, by the people who attend service with him. We 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 but one true Church. She believes that this Church is one, holy, Catholic, apostolic, imperishable and infallible; that it is the pillar and ground of truth and that no man can deceive or 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 priest and the secular. When Rome has spoken the cause is finished. She believes in Holy Mass and Communion and confession and indulgences and she asks the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and all the saints and angels of God and insists on having holy water and blessed candles in her home, and does not forget to pray for the souls in Purgatory. The non-Catholic husband is amazed at all these things. He cannot understand them at all. He is convinced, however, that his wife is 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 a martyr's death before she would break the law forbidding it. The husband is apt to say things about the Church and Bishops and priests and Catholic schools, 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 itself shall be brought to desolation," how much more so the family. And what about the children? The mother will teach them to make the sign of the cross, to say the Hail Mary, the Angelus and the rest, and the father says, "never mind her, these are papist mummeries and have nothing to do with them." How can the father and the mother and the children be happy? And yet this is a sample of the best kind of mixed marriage. Both husband and wife are religious and each one trying to make the children religious also. Now the result of all these difficulties is that at times a kind of truce is made between the husband and wife, but God is left out of the truce. Religion makes so much strife it is left out of the family and the couple conclude to get on as best they can without God and church and grace. They try to justify themselves on the ground of peace, but peace without God is impossible. The prophet said peace, peace, but there 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 powerful influence over the children and as 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 practice 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 "horror and the male" that have no understanding. Can such a wife and mother be happy? She knows if she were dying her husband would not allow a priest to enter his house to administer to her the last sacraments. She knows he would refuse her Catholic burial and would add insult to injury by having a minister of some Church to pray over her, which church she believes to be a false church. She knows her children will not be

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 she has even a spark of faith left in her soul her life is simply a hell upon earth. Some good people may say this is imagination. Such things happen over and over and have happened in this diocese of London. We are simply dealing with hard, cold facts. There are homes in this diocese where a priest was obliged to steal in like a thief in the night to give the last sacrament to a dying wife. Sometimes the children of a mixed marriage will not allow a priest 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 priest. How 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. The simple truth is that no matter how the mixed marriage is viewed it is surrounded with very serious difficulties and the Catholic Church, being one and indivisible, is bound to protect her children as far as she can. Like her Divine Master she ever prays "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; these also I must bring; and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." Not only the Church objects to these marriages but many non-Catholics likewise object, and they are 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 interests of the whole family. She surrounds the marriage bond with the wisest legislation. She knows and teaches that matrimony is a great sacrament 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 inherited the faith and been reared in its atmosphere, has imbibed its doctrines, practices and multifarious manifestations 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 meditate on these latter; to reason from cause to effect, from type and prophecy to fulfilment, and from doctrine to practice, have been strengthened in their faith, filled with admiration for its beauties, and had new gardens of delight spread before their gaze. With the average recent convert to the faith the case is far different. True, he has been sufficiently instructed to permit his admission to the true fold. He has been taught the doctrines that are of faith in their leading features and aspects, and has yielded assent to them as facts of divine revelation, and promised obedience and loyalty. He has, as it were, seen and heard enough of the Church to give birth in his will to an active divine faith in her teachings and authority, but of the teaching methods employed, the devotions, practices, customs, discipline—these are as yet, as a rule, all unknown to him. It is inevitable, therefore, that if he is a genuine convert—and that is, of course, assumed—there will be for a considerable 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 everything great and small has evident meaning and significance, his curiosity is apt to be piqued quite as much by the (to him) unaccountable tinkling of an altar bell as by the overwhelming importance of a pontifical decree. He is apt to discover in individuals, weakness where he confidently expected strength, and marvellous piety where he least suspected its healthy existence. He finds himself unconsciously making 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 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 by and did not insist to attract, the transient and oft-times flippant "church gadders;" though of course "all strangers are welcome" in the true and proper sense. These are only a few of the incongruities in religion to which the Catholic convert has bidden a glad welcome. The convert can be easily lighthearted to include the utterly unedifying 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 ministers represented; the ready grant of Christian sepulture to persons who during life were stone deaf to the preaching 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 other things, equally strange and bewildering 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.

profoundly announced, when occasion arose his Church membership; and who in short is generally described by our separated brethren (by a curious confusion of ideas, or twist of speech) as a "devout Catholic," and yet who is well known to all and sundry as an habitually profane and more or less intemperate and ungodly man. I had been so accustomed to seeing such men conspicuous by their absence, or given at the least very frigid treatment, in non-Catholic Churches, that I resolved to clear up the mystery by mentioning my perplexity to the pastor. He reminded me of the parable of the cockle, or tares, growing amid the good wheat, and our Lord's command to let them grow together until the harvest. "God is very patient and merciful, and we must be patient also, and humble. Look after your own soul, and let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," had my answer and it was logical, correct, and scriptural. The burden must be borne, but it was made no lighter by the reflection that the misdeemors of a bad Catholic are promptly laid at the door of the Church itself by most of those outside its pale. Yet the servant is not above his Lord. Jesu Himself was derided as being the "friend of publicans and sinners." I also discovered here and there one or two other types of Catholics I had not expected to see. One was the man who, though strongly imbued with faith, is nevertheless, from want of a moderate amount of reading and study of its details, quite unable to adequately meet the ordinary questions and misconceptions of honest inquirers, but who, nevertheless, is quick to scold and battle before it is offered, and to plunge improperly equipped into an unamiable and harmful controversy. Another type was the over-timid man—the "let sleeping dogs lie" kind—who studiously avoids the subject of religion entirely in mixed company, and who from want of a little ordinary zeal in logical reasons for his faith, is apt to evade, or jocularly reply to the questions of a sincere inquirer; 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 human frailty; and whatsoever 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 a 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, narrow, self-praised "lay popes" (sometimes there was a popes) to whose usurpations of ministerial control in not a few non-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 refreshing to observe the rapid discomfiture of the would-be usurper. Another thing, I found that "trial sermon" was a thing unknown in the Catholic Church. Never would I be called upon to witness that most inadequate, degrading, unscriptural and humiliating test of pastoral ability known as "preaching a trial sermon." It soon discovered that it was quite sufficient for a Catholic to know that his pastor is one of the Lord's anointed, holding the credentials of an ambassador of Christ, whose exhortations should be humbly and gladly heeded, even though they should happen to be delivered with "slowness of speech" as were those of Moses the Law giver, or with "contemptible speeches" as were those of St. Paul the Apostle. The absurdity and incongruity of the habit of gadding about to hear the sermons of denominational preachers was now clearly grasped. I found that, in becoming a Catholic, I had deliberately proclaimed that I had found the certain and true Church established by Jesus Christ, and that it was unnecessary and illogical, not to say sinful, to run hither and thither to hear preachers, be they ever so eloquent and clever, as one who has not found, and is yet seeking the truth. On the other hand, it was a new experience to find that my pastor and co-religionists set no store by, and did not insist to attract, the transient and oft-times flippant "church gadders;" though of course "all strangers are welcome" in the true and proper sense. These are only a few of the incongruities in religion to which the Catholic convert has bidden a glad welcome. 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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 danger of being forgotten by the rest of the world.



MR. JAMES POWER. Authorized Agent of THE CATHOLIC RECORD for St. Johns, Newfoundland.

KING EDWARD AND THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE.

THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE, REPRESENTING PROTESTANTS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS, VIEWS 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 INCONSISTENT WITH HIS POSITION AS HEAD OF THIS PROTESTANT NATION AND A VIOLATION 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, 1859, 'ALL AND EVERY PERSON AND PERSONS WHO 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 ENJOY THE CROWN AND GOVERNMENT OF THIS REALM, AND THE PEOPLE OF THESE REALMS TO BE, AND ARE HEREBY, ABSOLVED 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 applaud. For ourselves, we find it inconceivable 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 the spirit of the coronation and accession oaths,' is conceived in the very patriot 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 commentary on our common Christian unity if the supreme head of the Anglican Church cannot enter a church of another Christian communion on such an occasion as that of Saturday without calling forth such a pitiful exhibition of uncharitableness from those who claim to speak in the name of the Christian religion. It is the name of the King 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 repellent by whatever body it is displayed, 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. Fifty or 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 discreditable features of that Protestantism. And its ending will be a blessing to Protestants even more than to Catholics, 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 civilized peoples. The Evangelicals will 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

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more. The nation will not respond, and the irresponsibility 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 informed 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 blasphemous accession declaration which would not unjustifiably, nor sorrowfully and so barbarously the millions of His Majesty's loyal Catholic subjects. The King's action on Saturday is plainly 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, notwithstanding, raised, the Catholic members will, we hope, take advantage of it to discuss the accession declaration. The present Ministry, which is so keen on remedying many dubious grievances, may fairly be expected to give serious attention to this admitted grievance.

The statute which the Protestant Alliance have just called the attention of the King was passed in 1859. The clause in question (Clause D) 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 a Popish Prince, or by any King or 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 the See or Church of Rome, or shall profess the Popish religion, or shall marry a Papist, shall be excluded and be forever incapable to inherit, possess or enjoy the crown and Government of this realm and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, or any part of the same, or to have, use or exercise any royal power, authority or jurisdiction within the same; and in all and every such case or cases the people of 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 Protestants, as should have inherited and enjoyed the same, in case the said person or persons so reconciled, holding communion 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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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. 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 think that very disastrous 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 manager than his predecessor.

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 they have taken 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 on from under their load and what unexpected ability they will develop.

Many employers are always looking for people outside of their own establishment to fill important vacancies, simply because they cannot see or appreciate a man's ability until he has actually demonstrated it; but how can he demonstrate it until he has the chance?

There are probably to-day scores of young men in every one of our great business houses who are as capable as the present heads. There is no position 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 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 town, from the common ranks—remarkable 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 predecessors, arose out of obscurity and became one of the greatest military geniuses in all history. Grant never knew what was in him until he was thrust into a position where every bit 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 nation, 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 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 how great a man Lincoln was. Some sides of his nature had been known before, but no occasion had been great enough, broad enough, to bring out the entire man.

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

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 emergency. 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 the boy whom nobody saw or ever noticed or saw any signs of ability in, in a few minutes develops the most heroic qualities. He runs his elevator up through the burning floors when choked with smoke and the hot cable blisters his hands, and rescues a hundred people, who, but for him, might have lost their lives.

A ship is wrecked at sea, and a poor immigrant becomes the hero of the hour 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. They had not been brought up to work, 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

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 opportunity to exercise it. The monotonous routine of doing the same work year in 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 to have no doubt about other people accomplishing what they undertake, but are always shy 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 lack self-faith.—O S. M. in Success.

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

By Rev. George Bamfield. CHAPTER XIII. FLIGHT.

It was perhaps not altogether without a little womanly malice that Susan Muttiebury 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 draggie. 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 frowning smile, and a raspy sweetness of voice. "I'm sure, Susan, he's a comfort to you if ever boy was, and I hope he 'as his 'ealth better, for last time I was down I thought he looked sadly; my Johnny was worth two of him. I hope, Susan, you won't lose so dear a lad, such a little sweet, too."

The two women visited outwardly they were friends; but they slew each other with kisses and kind words; Cleopatra-like they hid as 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 tells nothing, but your Johnny has been in the infirmary. I hope they take care of him, for those stout lads go off sometimes sudden, like the snuff of a candle. He's no time to 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 education Susan."

"You may say that, Martha. It's five-and-twenty year to morrow since I married Muttiebury, 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. Muttiebury's voice which deserved a better answer than she got. "I congratulate you, Susan; since you didn't get my Michael, you ain't done so much amiss. But Muttiebury 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 thinking 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 stepped 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 purpose to the 7 o'clock Mass—though I did love Father Cleary's preaching at 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 Muttiebury 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 Martha. Matches are better than heaven, they say; though they sometimes end, I'm thinking, in the other place. But now for Joe's letter."

"Thornbury School, February 8,— 'Darling 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 am as happy as a bird, and up early as early—earlier, I think, for we got up long before it's light, at 5:30 in the middle of the night Poppy calls it."

"Who's Poppy?" put in Martha. "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 on. "It's precious cold sometimes, and inside boy's warmer than outside, but up we have to get when the bell rings, except Sundays; oh! isn't it jolly on Sundays to lie awake and hear the clock strike 6, and know you've got another hour in bed, and turn round and see all warm and cozy under the bedclothes. Well! then at 6:30 we go to Mass, at which we say prayers, and sing hymns. Johnny and I are both in the choir, and Pop sings lovely."

"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 villains!" said Martha, "do 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 Clarinet 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 raspy, "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're 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 fellow that lost his bees—is fine. 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 he want to bury you both already?"

"It's my birthday next Wednesday week, and I shall be fifteen. Send us please some of your cakes, you know the sort I like, there's a good mother, and send lots that the fellows may have some. Give my love to Dad, tell him to write to me—and send me the Universe and the Catholic Times when you can."

Tell Mrs. Popwich Johnny is in the infirmary but I don't think it's much—half a pint of stout, and a good mother, and send lots that the fellows may have some. Give my love to Dad, tell him to write to me—and send me the Universe and the Catholic Times when you can."

"The independent brat!" muttered Martha. "Good bye; Your affectionate son, JOSEPH MUTTEBURY."

"Give my respectful love to father Witten's when you see him. Say I don't forget a Hail Mary for him every night."

He seems happy, 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 driving the storm, half rain, half sleet, furiously against the window pane, and making the door as if it wanted to be set in as a guest; but between the walling 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 with rain, his face pinched and white with frost, his hands black with cold, his hair tangled and matted over his eyes, and dripping the wet in showers from cap, and clothes, and feet, as he shambled with his soaked shoes about the room.

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. Muttiebury could make her old school-fellow rouse herself to the thought that not a moment 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 probable cold."

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, instead 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. Campbell, 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 doctrine set forth by the pastor of the City Temple, when analyzed, resolved themselves into a form of Modernism, and therefore came within the scope of the condemnations embodied in the Ecumenical Pascendi Gregis. At first the "new theology," like Modernism, indulged in generalities more or less vague. It was not so outspoken in its rejection of the essentials of Christianity as to shock Protestants who did not perceive the trend of Rev. R. J. Campbell's teachings.

In course of time, however, the advocates of the "New theology" have 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:

London, March 3.—The Rev. R. J. Campbell, pastor of City Temple, publishes a letter addressed to all free churchmen and other sympathizers proposing to form a new sect and organization for an active propaganda in behalf of his "new theology," the central idea of which is the denial of the divine origin of Christ, whom he regards as merely a social reformer.

Mr. Campbell's reason for this step, he says, is the hostile attitude of the official element in the churches to new movement.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, unlike the Modernists, does not believe in remaining a member of a Church whilst trying to undermine it. He would have a brand new sect of his own, which cannot be called Christian without doing violence to the word Christian. If the Founder of Christianity were merely a social reformer gifted with the highest intellectual and moral qualities, but only human, then Christians for almost two thousand years have been worshipping as God a mere man.

What then becomes of Christianity? It ceases to exist for those who accept the "new theology." They may call themselves what they may, but they 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 Ecumenical Pascendi Gregis, and Modernism in the Catholic Church simply wilted. Who in the Protestant Church possesses a similar potency to stay the ravages made by the "new theology," which threatened to eliminate from the Protestant sects every trace of Christianity?

The new sect which the pastor of the City Temple is about to found will be another added to the many existing dissidents that are actively at work disintegrating Protestantism in England.



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land. If the Rev. Campbell and his followers succeed in acquiring great numerical strength in England and in all likelihood they will, the "new theology" undoubtedly will cross the Atlantic and make headway in America, causing American Protestantism to further relax its grasp on Christian doctrines and principles. As it is but one of the forms of Modernism, we can see and appreciate the wisdom and the foresight of Pius X. in exposing the character of a cleverly disguised assault upon the very essentials of Christianity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Let us Forget. The Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England, in the latest of his clear and impressive pastorals, writes thus of the Catholic's duty, too generally neglected, of knowing his religion:

"It is a rare thing to find Catholics in those 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 newspapers, the elementary notions of Christianity sank into the mind and heart, and entered into the very substance of thought and intellectual life. Now our crowds and our faith have to fight with every kind of error and with every variety of speculation. The minds of men are preoccupied, and God's science finds no room. That is the reason why educated Catholics in these days have to learn their religion well. True, a Catholic can be a good Catholic and yet be quite unlearned. The poor and the workers are not expected to sit over books or to go to school again. Yet it must not be forgotten that in these days even the unlearned read. And if they read at all, they must not neglect to read about their religion, or else they lose their hold on their religion."

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