The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1907.

WEARY WAITING.

Some time ago we were informed that prominent laymen were elaborating a scheme for the Federation of the Catholic societies of Canada. We have waited, and have from time to time urged them to give us the result of their labors. But no scheme appears, and the enthusiasm of the laymen seems to have disappeared. These gentlemen may have other weighty matters to consider-or possibly may be frightened by the difficulties and dangers which are seen by scribes who have over heated imaginations.

It were a waste of time to descant on the utility of Federation. That it would tend to bind us together and to concentrate and direct to worthy ends the energy that is frittered away on trivialities, is conceded. It would help the Catholic press and the Catholic college and give us men who are Catholics all the time, and not only before an election, to carry our banners. It would be a factor in the moulding of public opinion and urge us to dwell upon the teaching of history, that blindness to our intellectual needs dooms us to a loss of prestige and influence.

We may hark back to the past, but, without the fold, they prefer to judge the Church, not by the dead, but by the living. We may talk of our principles, but if we make no effort to show how they can be applied to modern problems, the world may deem us but noisy brag. garts. We cannot salve our conscience with stories of our forbears, and we cannot hope to find ourselves in the forefront of every good movement if we persist in a policy of apathy and negli-

A GOOD THING AND NEEDED.

We are told that Federation is not needed. We may remark, however, that some of our prelates are advocates of Federation, and are anxious to have an opportunity to bless the laymen who can bring us together.

It may not be needed by those who are gullible enough to believe all that is said of us by orators at some of our gatherings. But they who see things not as our orators would have them, but as they are, do not harbor this opinion. They see, it is true, the faithful who crowd our churches, but they see also the young men who do not frequent the sacraments, who absent themselves from Holy Mass, who batten upon the secular press, and whose sole aim seems to be to have a good time. Euchre-parties, and honied words anent our progress. will not remedy these conditions. But we believe that Federation, captained by our best, and under the guidance of the Bishops, would give us results to country and make our influence felt pride. But all this has been said many times. Now, since our laymen profess to be anxious to see Federation in action, and our prelates will not deny it their approbation, let us have it as soon as possible.

WHAT IT IS IN THE UNITED STATES.

We may remind our readers that among our brethren in the United States Federation is a success. At its incention it had its critics and opponents-to day its record of achievement is anflicient to blunt the barb of censure. It is gaining in strength and must, in the near future, be acclaimed by all, irrespective of creed, as a mighty factor in the maintenance and safeguarding of religion and of morality. To the men behind the movement we give our meed of praise. They have shown the value of organization, and have demonstrated that system and order and concentration have their place in works devoted to the best interests of soclety. Said His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, at the last Convention of the American Federation of Catholic So-

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"The common adage; in union there is strength, is the real motto of our commercial, civil and religious life. Individual efforts, no matter how great, will prove inevitable failure in regard to our social interests, unless sustained means lack of efficiency, concentration of activites means strength and power, which constitute the best elements for

And the Apostolic Delegate, whose name is in benediction in Canada, went on to say that he was justified in applying to their association the words which Pius X, addressed to the Nineteenth Catholic Congress held at Bol-

has sufficiently proved to all the vigor of Catholic forces and what useful and salutary results may be obtained among a population of believers when their action is well governed and disciplined, and when unity of thought, sentiments and action prevails among those who take part in it.

THE BATED BREATH PEOPLE.

One objection that we have heard is to the effect that the non-Catholic might look upon Federation as an organization opposed to their interests. The objectors have evidently a poor opinion of the intelligence of our separated brethren. Opposed, indeed, we are to their interests, when they have the majority of the good things this country has to offer; and, while they sit in the seats of the mighty, we, in many parts of this country, are of the crowd -the " intelligent " constituents that are driven to the ballot boxes by their "masters." Let us clear our mind of cant. The nor-Catholic is, as a rule, not opposed to fair play, and more than once has championed our cause, not because it was Catholic but because it was just. He is not an opponent of anything that can redound to the welfare of this country, and he knows that the man who keeps his religious prindicted. In these days it is downright ciples under cover, fearful lest they may be a barrier to emolument, is beneath contempt. Our friends should divest themselves of their prejudicespart company with the "don't wake the baby" air, and act as befits men who are not here on sufferance. And when they have a moment of leisure they can see by the light of statistics that we are, at this stage of our history, not opposed to anything in particular.

A WORD FROM MGR. FALCONIO.

The Apostolic Delegate quotes Leo XIII. as follows:

"It has always been necessary that
... all the children of the Church
should be seduously united by bonds of
mutual charity and by the pursuit of the same objects, so as to form but one heart and one soul. This union is to become in our day more indispensable than ever. What snares are not set on every side for those who believe? What obstacles are not multiplied to weaken, and, if possible, to destroy the benefi-cent action of the Church? American Federation is destined to be an impregnable wall against the enemies of God and our holy faith."

Let us act, then, and give our Apostolic Delegate an opportunity to say the same of us. Let us harness the energy and enthusiasm that are wasted, and transform them into a mighty force for good; and what the Right Rev. Dom Gasquet said of the Catholics of Great Britain may be applied to the Catholics of Canada. "We Catholics of Great Britain," he said, "do not always take our part in the life of our duty, not alone as citizens, but for the sake of our faith, and in order to have the means within our power when the time comes, as come it will, to defend the principles we hold so dear, at least in theory.

A MIGHTY FORCE.

We have no hesitancy in saying that Federation would be a large factor in educating Canadian Catholic thought and opinion to a more correct understanding of what Catholicity really is, and what it stands for in the nation. A united body, vital with the blood of Catholic love and truth would be a mighty preacher against the indifference which fashions those who should he aflame with enthusiasm for the things which are not of sight, into dull, spiritless beings, whose eyes are glued to the earth. This indifference manifests itself by the mixed marriage, by the apathy given to our prelates' ex hortations to support our institutions. by the pagan disregard of the suffering and poor, and by our refusal to help those who are of the household of the faith. Again, pamphlets and books would be an aid to the faith of many who live in isolated districts, without a resident priest. They would know that we had them in mind. They would be encouraged to safeguard their children from these marriages that give us some of our most bigoted and inveterate enemies. A figment of the imagination? Nay, a bitter truth, and they ties, who has an object to accomplish, who know can tell us of districts devastated by the mixed marriage of their children, who, blatant infidels or adherents of some of the sects, are always avowed enemies of the Church. We do not mean to say that a Federa tion would either destroy the flesh and the devil or eliminate the mothers who ogua, in 1903, that their Federation wish their daughters to marry money, ledge either of history or theology or

them into a realization of their posi-

Hedley, " practical demonstrations of negligent, the thoughtless, the frivolous or the abandoned, who will neglect them. They tend towards the realization of that ideal of peace, unity and prayed for. Let us all seriously relect whether there is not the danger, that by our indifference, our fastidiousness or our prejudices we are actually living in a state of disloyalty to our only Lord and King."

THE DANGER OF BAD READING.

Monsigner John S. Vaughan's article on "Indiscriminate Reading" in the Ave Maria for July 27, cor-

tained the following passages:
"But probably the greatest peril in
the path of the omnivorous reader arises from infidel books. We mean all those publications in which the truths of Revelation and the doctrines of the Church, even the most sacred and sublime, are travestied or ridiinudelity, rather than hybrid Protesttantism, that we have to contend with. In fact, Protestantism is fast losing its hold on the great masses of the people. Its extreme Erastianism, its fatal contradictions, its internal divisions and dissensions, as well as its nodern and purely human origin, are facts which are becoming daily more and more clearly recognized, and render it utterly unfit to cope with modern infidelity and to withstand the attacks of the twentieth century. Protestantism has had its day; it no lorger satisfies any one whose mind is on the alert, so that thousands are now lapsing into total unbelief, and falling away from it as leaves fall from a tree that is blasted and withering.

"It is not so much heresy as downright atheism and godlessness that confront us, and that poison and contaminate so great a portion of the world's present literary output. There is not the slightest doubt but that an incalculable amount of harm is being done by this class of books; and the more so because even the good and pious persons often fail to appreciate the risk they run in persuing them. In fact, they will go so far as proudly and disdainfully to deny that for them there is any risk whatsoever. Again and again Catholics may be heard asserting their right to read such pernicious authors. And on what pretext? authors. And on what "Oh," they jauntily exclaim, with an offended air, "if our faith be true and offended air, " if our faith be true and the same to offended air, "if our faith be true and well grounded, we have no cause to fear what men may allege against it!"
Or they petulantly remark that the
Catholic creed must be a very milkand water creed if it cannot face the arguments of infidels and the onslaught of foes; that, in short, there can be nothing supernatural or divine in it, if it is going to totter and fall to pieces breath of mere men, however

at the breath of mere makilled in wordy warfare. enough; but they disclose an extra ordinary confusion of thought. We can must be sadly ign rant of their own innate inbecility and weakness. It is true that the danger of the reader is very great, but this danger arises not in the least degree from any ineffici ency or defect in the foundations of Faith; for the Church stands on an impregnable rock and is absolutely invalgerable. We have the divine assurance that the gates of hell itself shall never prevail against it. No! The danger exists, but is subjective not objective. The danger lies wholly in the blindness and duliness of poor weak human nature, which is mislead by specious words, and be-guided by fine spun arguments, and which, having ventured into a contest with the agents of satan, is as liable to be deceived and fall miserably as were Adam and Eve when they tried conclusions with the arch-fiend himself into the very face of danger are in sober truth, but sad indications of a subtle pride and vanity, and sugges a really culpable ignorance of man's spiritual misery and independence. spiritual misery and independence Nothing is easier than to raise diffi to suggest doubts against the super

culties; nothing is more common than natural. That almost any one can do without offering any claim to superior knowledge. Nor is it strange. Cannot a child, with a match and a hand ful of straw, create a cloud which will, for the time being, hide even the stars? It is a trite saying that "a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer." And if this And if this e true in the case of a fool, how far truer it must be when the questioner is not a fool at all, but a shrewd and clever reasoner, accustomed to dialeccerning the means he employs? can we expect the average Catholic to read the effusions of rank infidels without receiving any harm? Has he the mental skill and training to parry every blow? Is he such a master of fence as never to be overcome by any adversary? The vast majority of Catholics are without profound know-

even though in the possession of some philosophy. They have never been trained for such encounters. They have into a realization of their posiways, the counterfeit speech, the per-verted sense, the false reasonings, the "Those, who give," to quote Bishop inuendoes, the tergiversations, the suppression of the true and the suggestion of the false, and the other shifts of a fraternal attachment and loving help to our fellow Catholics are a part of the seriousness of life. It is only the files suspect no danger in the spider's web so deftly spread to catch their feet. In consequence, they perish by thousands. In like manner many a silly human fly apprehends no danger whatever in infidel books, and is thus co operation which our Blessed Lord allured to his doom, being entangled in the cunningly devised meshes of

some sophistical argument.
To suppose that Catholics of ordinary ability, and without experience or preparation, should be able to see through and to detect all the wily sophistries proposed by some of the keenest and best practised intellects of the day, is sheer folly and madness. Angeles, in which a number of teachers
They seem to forget that amongst the from the Polytechnic High school, Los immense number who write are to be found agnostics, materialists, positiv-ists and other infidels of unquestionable learning and ability. These are often dress towards the close of the sessions men who have distinguished themselves on "The Personal Note in the at the universities; they are highly Teacher. cultured; they possess an extraordinary command of language; they express command of language; they express in and that the teacher is a messenthemselves with elegance and ease, and sometimes with real eloquence; they said, "how sacred that calling when set forth the most damnable doctrines one feels the divine vocation which and theories in well-balanced phrases captivate and charm the casual reader. | the instruction of youth quisitely tinted tropical berries which hide the deadliest poison under an ex-terior of the most brilliantly beautiful forms and colors, which tempt the said that this very consecration would simple wayfarer to a deadly feast. Some, too, are past-masters of decepase in their religious life they were tion, and will present their views with an extraordinary show of plausibility. They will so dress up and deck out error that nine persons out of every tion of their character and equipment ten will take it for genuine truth; and as teachers. As religious teachers will surround vice itself with such a they have so many sources of inspira the elect.

"The simple, self-confiding and inexperienced reader seems singularly unconscious of all this. He, accordingly, fuses to curb his curiosity, and calmly persuades himself that he may safely read and study the worst publications of the day and run no risk; skate on the thinnest ice and not tumble in.

Many a time have we seen beardless aster, and rushing in where angels divine message. themselves fear to tread. To this fact, indeed, must be in a large measure

words, bears a very sinister aspect, and may be expressed as follows: "I run no risk. I am more than a match for all these infidels. Clever men may disguise error, but not from me. The may represent evil as though it were good, and deceive others, but me they can never deceive. No: I am far too astute to be taken in. Let them weave their subtleties and their sophistries and their snares. Such attempts may entrap the less wise, but they are wholly unavailing before my penetrapordinary confusion of thought. We can only say that those who make them loosen every knot. I can unravel every the saddy ign, rant of their own. tangle. I can make the rough ways smooth, and the crooked ways straight; detect falsehood under any guise it may assume; drag forth error triumphantly from its hiding place into the light of day, and put my finger on every poisonous spot without fail."

What presumption! Alas! their what presumption! Alas! their pride deceives them, and, unless corrected, will certainly bring upon them some terrible calamity. "Pride goeth before destruction," says the Holy Spirit of God; "and the spirit is lifted up before a tall." Such conceit soon receives its due punishment. They get entrapped in the toils of the snaper. entrapped in the toils of the snarer, and entangled and held fast in the twisted strands of error and infidelity, and suffer the just consequences of their rashness and disobedience. "Pr fess-ing themselves to be wise, they became

pose ourselves to temptations against faith; we have received no promise of

immunity if we do so.

Quite the contrary. The Holy Spirit of God explicitly warns us that "he that toucheth pitch shall be defiled with it." The plain truth is, we are not wise enough or prudent enough or sufficiently courageous or enlightened great sea of error and heresy which ncompasses us upon every side. If commanded us to enter into the Barque of Peter, and to entrust ourselves and all our spiritual interests to Him Who alone has received the divine assurance even amid the fiercest and wildest storms; and tossed and buffeted, will never be wrecked on the shifting sands

and shallows of infidelity.
"No observer, with any experience of life, can fail to note the terrible havoc that infidel and anti religious books are causing even within the ranks of children of the Church. The effect of these mischievous publications is often slow, and, as a rule scarcely

manner the poison of infidelity and of doubt, instilled into the mind drop by drop through the medium of evil publications, will in the course of time wear away and destroy the strongest, the most irreproachable faith. The example of prudence and modesty and self-restraint set us by the saints should not be without its effect. We should distrust our weakness, deny ask God to guide and safeguard us from the snares and the fascinations of error. Then God will, in His great mercy, teach us prudence and the effects of our own folly."the Casket.

THE TEACHER'S SACRED CALL-

OF INSTRUCTORS OF YOUTH

At the fourth annual institute of the Catholic teachers of the diocese of Los Angeles, and the Pasadena High schools participated as lecturers and listeners, Bishop Conaty made a noteworthy ad-

"If it he true that teaching is a callseparates the teacher from all secular

The Bishop spoke to the Sisters upon the sanctity of their vocation as religious teachers, the sacrifices which that vocation demanded, and the spirit freed from all the worries and cares of life and allowed to consecrate their energies and activities in the prepara tion, working as they should for the highest possible ambition, which is the glory of God, the salvation of their own souls, and the education and editcation of those committed to their care. Their vocation to religion brings care. Their vocation to religion brings with it the special grace of God which

helps them along the line of success. From the vocation idea the Bishop passed to the educational development of the teacher who by a combination of sanctity and knowledge reached to the youths, and even young ladies fresh fullest acquisition of truth, thus being

THE MODEL TEACHER. Catholics at the present time.

Pride, and pride alone, is at the bottom of it. For what is it that such venturesome young persons practically and the cloister worked in every field. the cloister worked in every field of lic priests, knowledge and gave to the world many According

the culture of learning as well as per-sonal sanctification. He placed before them the Divine Savior as the model teacher, Who by word and example teacher, Who by word and example reached the hearts and minds of men. "His life as a teacher should be studied in order to see how He impressed upon both the human mind and heart the great truths which He came to make known."

Speaking of the personal note in the teacher, the Bishop said. must be alive, full of interest and cappo sess accurate knowledge of the sub ject to be taught and be assame with the fire of it so that she may be ready to cast its fire upon others. The per-sonal note in the teacher stands for more than methods. It is the teacher' spirit which, acquainted with methods, is never a slave to any of them. us good teachers and we care not what text book or method they use nor in what places they teach; all we ask is that they teach. Personality is the soul of the teacher; it is an influence, a fire which comes from the teacher's soul and enters into us and transforms teaches is a lover of prayer, full of the spiritual, but at the same time, a lover of books, full of the knowledge which the pupils have the right to demand from her."

A TREMENDOUS RESPONSIBILITY. The Bishop designated the characteristics of the teaching personally to be a love for children combined with a love for enturen combined with a love for patience, sympathy and enthusiasm. He spoke of the tre-mendous responsibility of the teacher to every child confided to her care and

"There is nothing in life more beautiful than the child, and there is no responsibility in the school room greater than that responsibility which the child casts upon the teacher. Family, Church and State share their responsibility with the teacher, and the future of the child is largely dependent upon the manner in which the teacher exercises her duty in the development of truth in the child life.'

The Bishop closed his address with a call for the teacher who will love and labor always for the best, realizing that the ministry of teaching wears the mantle of the Divine Teacher Who, in our different Sisterhoods, sends fort His consecrated daughters to save and educate dis little ones.
"The knowledge is ours in trust for

reperceived at the time, but for that very reason only the more dangerous.
"Drop by drop," it is said, "will wear away a stone." So in a similiar life, filled with the spirit of Christ and the honor and glory of God and for

built upon the great principle that religion is essential to character and that for our children the Catholic religion is the great teacher of the spiritual life. Under these principles the trained in the ways that make for goodness of life and are well prepared for the demands made upon them in our common citizenship for the good man makes the good citizen, and Christian is the highest exemplification of the spirituel in life.
"The Catholic Church has received

from the Divine Savior the commission to teach, and under her goodness our schools aim to teach the great truth of God not only as revealed to us by our Divine Savior but also as found by investigation to be within the realms under which science makes known to us the truth."—Catholic Universe.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The increase of Catholics throughout China during last year is reckoned to

The Retreat of the priests of the the Peterboro Diocese was conducted this week by the Rev. H. J. Zilles, C. S. S. R., of Saratoga, N. Y.

At the solicitation of the Christian Press Association Cardinal Satolli has protector of the Catholic Truth Society.

The teaching staff of the Catholic University of Paris has written to the Pope thanking him for preserving the urch from the invasion of error by

publishing the recent Syllabus. While repairs were being made on the Obispo, Cal., a number of old relics unearthed. Among them is a valuable painting by a Mexican artist. bearing the date of 1775. The picture

In an inter school essay contest con-In an inter school essay concest conducted by a secular paper, the subject being "Why Delaware Should Prohibit the Sale of Liquor," Miss Anna E. Meoney, of St. Paul's High School, Wilmington aged fourteen years, a pupil of the Sisters of St. Francis, won first

Boston, August 30. - Death came Boston, August 30. — Death came shortly before 9 o'clock to the Most Rev. John J. Williams, Archbishop of the Boston diocese, dean of the hier-archy of the Roman Catholic Church of America, and a generation or more the spiritual head of that faith in New

Wheeling diocese, has discovered that two Persian imposters have collected about \$20,000 from the Catholics of that diocese. Part of it was secured on pretense of building Persian missions, and the remainder for the building of churches in foreign settlements in Pennsylvania and Ohio. They represented themselves as Catho-

According to a leaflet prepared by Rev. George W. Carter, secretary of the New York Bible Society, there are in that city nine hundred and seventy eight Protestant churches containing six hundred and seventy five thousand sittings. Six years ago there were in Manhattan three more Protestant churches, five less Roman Catholic churches and eighteen less Jewish synagogues.

Sister Mary Joseph, who died recently at the Monastery of St. Clare, Evans-ville, Ind., was up to the year 1899, a Protestant of the most pronounced type. In attempting to convert a Catholic relative, she made some study of the Catholic doctrine, of course, with the intention of confuting it. Finding herself unable to do so, she carried her investigation further, and ended by becoming a Catholic herself and finally donning the garb of a religious.

" MY JEWELS AGAIN!"

Some years ago a home for incurable children was projected and partly com-pleted in a little town in Southern Gerpany. Lack of funds made the delay, and a special appeal was made to so who had already contributed and to others. Among the first was a young Countess who, in response to the first appeal, had given rountifully, even more bountifully than she could afford. The issuing of the second call found her still willing but unable to give any more. This made her the most unhappy because she knew of many little su ferers (especially one) in sore need of such a home. She longed to be very rich that she might complete the building herself. One evening at prayer she remembered a costly necklace of dia-monds. Should she give them, the family heirloom, that would be to give all she had of any value. Before retiring she made up her mind; she would give the precious diamonds. The gift was made. The house was

completed. In ue time little cots were filled with little patients and the Countess went to visit them. She was specially interested in the case of She passed from ward to ward and from cot to cot until, at length, she reached the child. She recognized the Countess and greeted her rapturously with: "You gave your diamonds to provide me this bed! while tears of joy flowed down her wan face. "Ah, there I see my jewels again!" exclaimed the Countess, as she

kissed the child and left. The incident is no less true than that God does return our jewels of service to us again; not only undimmed, but with an added glory and lustre.-From Extension.

Sympathy is the staff on which

LUKE DELMEGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DISENCHANTMENT Luke Delmege crossed over from Holyhead by the night boat. He had called for a moment at his old presby tery and seen the dear old Vicar and Father Sheldon.
"More civilized," thought the Vicar,

"but not quite so attractive."
"Of course you'll run over to see the
Wilsons," said Father Sheldon. "They

are now—"
"I should like to do so very much indeed," said Luke, "but really I have no time. The mail goes about five or six o'clock, I think, and I have a few purchases to make."

"Miss Wilson will be disappointed,"
said Father Sheldon.
Luke ahrugged his shoulders.

Luke shrugged his shoulders.

Next morning, sleepy and discontented, he wandered around Dublin waiting for the down mail. If he had had time, he would have run down to see his own Alma Mater; but there was no time. He thought Dublin—the Dublin that had appeared to him in his student days now so long, so very long. student days, now so long, so very long age, a fairy city of splendour—dingy and mean. He shrank into himself as he saw coatless, grimy men actually treading the pavements of Gratton Street. The pyramid of humanity, that poverty piles around the O'Connell Statue, and Nelson's Pillar, seemed a revolting picture. He passed into Stephen's Green. He rather liked the ponds, and cascades, and the flowers; but the people seemed so shabbily dressed. And then he nearly stumbled

over a few corpses—not they were only tramps sleeping on the grass of the Green. "How horrible!" said Luke. And this is the University College Chapel! It sounds well. The very words have a glamour and a meaning all their own. He went in to say his Office and make a short visit. He was office and make a short visit. enraptured. The architecture, the marble of walls and pillars, the dusk in which the altar was hid, the pulpit where Newman had preached, all appealed to his newly formed fancies. He went into the dim twilight of the side chapel, and remembered having real that there on that altar, with that same small circular window letting in sun-light, and moonlight, and darkness, the great Oratorian used to say Mass. He called up the scene, and behind that scene, and above and around it, he saw what might have been; and the ghosts rose up under the spell of imagination, the spectres of magnificent possibilities that never had passed beyond ideas. He thought he heard the bell ringing for Vespers—a sweet, soft, mournful bell, that tolled out of the mists and shadows of dreamland. There was a shadows of dreamland. There was a murmur of voices suddenly hushed, and the shuffling of feet, and one by one a vast concourse of men filed into the chorch. They were dressed in academic fashion, their long gowns or togas falling loosely around the ordinary dress, and they carried the well known square caps in their hands. A few had blue hoods, falling down gracefully over their shoulders; and one or two, quite distinguished from their fellows, wore red. But there was a fellows, wore red. gravity, a composure, a sense of perdignity and reverence about all, that made Luke think he had seen nothing like it since the day of his ordina-Mayno th. When all were seated, a priest, clad in cope and accompanied by many acolytes, came to the altar and intoned the Deus in adjutorium meum intende. The choir took chant; the organ pealed out, and then there was a glorious burst of mas-culine voices, that echoed from side to side, as strophe and antistrophe in a great Christian chorus, and seemed to beat around the walls and to be caught up to the ceiling: and the pause at the antiphons became painful, until they alled out again into the rhy thunder of a thousand voices. But all the sweet, beautiful memories of his college came back to Luke when the Magnificat was intoned, and the great prophetic voice of the young Queen Mother swelled out into the deep unrilling accents of her followers and clients. n again a painful pause; and Luke heard a voice, at first plaintive and feeble, and then firm and resonant, and piercing like shafts of light into every corner of the chapel and every recess of the human hearts that are throbbing ander the magic of mighty words, and the strange overwhelming influence of a great and exalted character. And there was no eloquence such as Luke then understood it; no beautiful, rounded periods, emphasized by action;

but simple, plain truths, and put in

such a way as to admit of no contradic-

if such had found their way into such

ness in se; its tremendous importance

and impotent and transient, but en-

nature and importance.

fore, is an absolute necessity if life is fore, is an absolute hecessity into the to have a meaning; and hence, in every scheme of liberal study, metaphysics must enter and become a constituent tuent, nay, the principal constituent if it were only to show the mere materialist that, even outside and beyond are mysteries upon religion, there are mysteries upor mysteries ever waiting to be solved. And then the preacher passes on to Ireland, its history, its martyrdom, its missor; and told these young souls that the last chapter was not yet written, would not be written for turies to come; for that a race with a turies to come; for that a race with a priceless history, and a present unencumbered with material problems, must have of necessity a rich and glorious future. What that future was to be Luke could not hear, for already his mind was busy with many problems evoked by the preachers words, and for evoked by the preachers words, and for the hundredth time Luke was face to face with enigmas. Then the vision vanished, and Luke was alone. He shook the dream from him to see two shook the dream from him to see two young girls staring at him curiously. He took up his hat and passed down the aisle. Under the gallery he paused to look around and wonder where his beautiful dream had vanished. He saw only the sacristan testing the brass locks on the money boxes and looking suspiciously towards him.

At the very best, indeed, and under the most favorable circumstances of climate, the railway trip on the

climate, the railway trip on the Great Southern line is decidedly uninteresting. Ireland's beauty spots lie around her high coast-line, like jewels around ner nign coast-line, like jewels around the lips of an enchased goblet. But the gray shadows of an April sky also hung down around brown bog and scraggy field, and, though the promise of May was in the air, bud and flower wrapped themselves cosily in their cradles and would not venture into the light. They "did not like this weeping nurse; they wanted their laughing mother."

And so Luke thought he had never And so have thought he had have seen anything so melancholy and sad. There was a look of age and decay about everything. Here and there they swept by the skeleton of some old ruined abbey and castle, that was just kept from falling by the tender support of the kind ivy. That was history.

And here and there, more frequently, he saw standing the bare brown mud walls of an unroofed cabin, the holes, that once were windows and doors staring like the sockets of a skull There was the mark of the fire on the chimney wall. Where were they now, who had wept and laughed, and sung and mourned, as they sat around that sacred hearth? Perhaps it is an etching on the memory of some great capitalist in Omaha or Chicago; perhaps for him that ragged hawthorn before the him that ragged hawthorn before the door is the life-tree Igdrasil, waving its mighty branches and intoning in the night wind, though its roots are deep

down among the dead.

It was evening, cold and raw, whe Luke stepped from the railway carriage, and saw the quaint old side-car and the rough, shaggy horse, that were to carry him some miles to his home. He did not see the old servant at first, until a voice, as from far-off spaces, said close by :

"Yerra, thin, Master Luke, and sure I'm proud to see you."
Ho. Larry," said Luke, with an

rough hand of the old man, "and how is Nancy? But you're looking very old, Larry."

old, Larry."

"The years are tellin', Master Luke," said the old man, who was somewhat chilled by the appearance and grand manner of him whom he had known from his childhood; 'tisn't young we're gettin', Masther Luke ! young we're gettin', Masther Luke'.
"And the side-car looks so old and
shabby," said Luke; "why don't they
get it upholstered?"
"Well, thin," said Larry, somewhat

offended, as it seemed to imply a cen-sure on himself, "'twas only last sum-mer we got it done up; but the winther rain took a lot out of it, your

reverence. "And the poor old mare! Why,

grooming."
"She was at the plough all the spring, your reverence," said Larry,

clip her. He thought his old "Masther Luke" was changed a good deal. He dropped the familiar title.

As they drove along, the aspect of he landscape seemed intolerably nelancholy and dull. The gray fields, that had not yet sprung into green, the thatched cottages, the ruined walls, the broken hedges, the ragged bushes, all seemed to Luke, fresh from the prim civilization of Aylesburgh, unspeakably old and wretched. Ruin and dilapidation were everywhere.
"It's a land of tombs and desola-

tion," he thought. As he drove up the long, hawthorn shaded avenue, that father's house, the gloom tion or question, for they carried con viction even to the critical or sceptical, deepened. During his college course, when " home for the holidays, his heart used to beat, until he shouted sympathetic circle. And it was all about life and its issues; its worthlesswith glee, as he passed up along the quick and thorn hedges! How he used to jump on the car to gather a leafy branch to be waved in his triumphal relatively, and the sacred responsibilities that are intrusted to a race, feeble march towards home; and how his cheery hallo! would bring out all the dowed with infinite possibilities; and powers for evil and good, that cannot collies and retrievers with their glad oratorios of yelping and barking; and there in the background was the aged, measured in time, for time has only the transparent tissue of a cloud, but stooped figure of his good father, and must be thrown upon the back ground of eternities for the revelation of their the sweet face of his mother under the the crown of her beautiful snowy cap, and Lizzie and Margery—well, but 'tis But Luke drew all his faculties, now expanded just the same scene now! Alas, no! into admiration and enthusiasm, to-gether when the preacher went on to the disenchantment has come! dogs are barking, indeed, and there are the dear old figures, and there is say that everyone understood how utterly insignificant was this world and Lizzie alone, for Margery is pacing the man's life, unless a light was thrown on both from eternity. No man would care to work or suffer for a patry and garden walks far away amongst the Good Shepherds at Limerick. But it perishable race. All the vast cycles is not the same. Oh, no! nor ever shall be again. He hath eaten of the of human history are merely a point in time, just as our earth and the visible shall be again. He nature cause tree of knowledge, and the Eden of his childhood has vanished. They all childhood has vanished. Lizzie universe are but grains of sand in in-finity. All the dreams of mortals-therefore, all the aspirations of great, idealists, all the music of poetry, all noticed the great change. Lizzie almost cried. The father said nothing. A reticent, silent race, these old Irish fathers were. The mother, ever faiththe high and lofty conjectures after human perfection, are tales without meaning or moral, until you suppose man's immortality. Religion, thereful, could only feel pride in her glori-" He was so grand and grave. Ah!

wasn't here! What a proud man he'd be this day!" she thought. But the rest felt that a stranger had

But the rest felt that a stranger had come to visit them, and there was restraint and a little affected formalism.

"Has the priest come?" said Peggy, when Larry was putting up the mare.

"He has," said Larry, crossly.

"How is he lookin'?" said Peggy.

"Oh! grand intirely," said Larry.

"But was must how the Converted.

"But we must borry the Canon's coach for him. Begor, he'll be wantin' me to put on brass buttons and a high

Peggy looked at him suspiciously. "Keep yer jokes for some one else, the said.

"And so, Lizzie," said Luke at the tea-table (dear me! how plain this white-and-gold china looked after the tea equipages at the salon), "you are going to be married?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, blushing, and with a little toss of her head.

"Well, I'm sure I hope you have made a good selection," said Luke.

"Well, thin, indeed he is," said the mother; "as dacent a boy as there is from here to Cork, and that's a big word. He hasn't all the money we expected; but, sure, he's a kind, graceful boy, and he comes of a dacent family." family

"And Margery has run away from ou?" said Luke. "I didn't think

you?" said Luke. "I didn't think her thoughts took that direction."
"Thim gay youngsters," said the mother, "are the first to inter the convents. They pretind nothing but coortin' and larkin'; and thin, all of a coordin and larkin; and thin, all of a suddint, off they go and laugh at us all. But you're not atin', Father Luke.' 'Oh! yes, thank you, I'm doing very well," said Luke. "And Father

"He has; and God be wid him, and may his journey thry with him! Sure, manny's the wan will miss him; and

the place is lonesome widout him. And the Canon, how is he?" said Luke. Grand intirely; but this sickness the hinfluenzy they call it — took a shake out of him. He hasn't the ould spring in his walk, and he's stooped a

But God will spare him to his people manny a day yet !"

"And who has succeeded Father Pat ?" asked Luke.

"Oh! thin, a man that will make us mind our P's and Q's I tell you. Glory be to God! he'd rise the roof off your head if you hard him on Sunday mern-

ing-''
''He's a black, determined man, said Mike Delmege. "He appears to mane what he says.

doubtful if he and the Canon will pull together," said Mrs. Delmege. But this was heresy to Mike Delmege, who could not conceive anything of his priests less than absolute perfec-

Lave 'em alone ! lave 'em alone ! "They understan' theirselves he said. better than we do.'

"Well, sure, I'm only sayin' what everybody says," apologized Mrs. Delmege. "But. Father Luke, what Delmege. "But. Father Luke, what about yerself? Sure, we saw your name on the paper; and didn't me heart swell when Father Pat brought it up and pointed to it. 'There,' he said,—God be wid him, my poor, dear man! — 'there's your sou for you! He'll never come back to this misfortunate counthry again! They'll make him a Bishop over there!' Poor Father Pat! Poor Father Pat!"

"Well," Luke said, "we're getting on pretty well. A good deal of work; work must be done over there, tell you! It isn't like the old country!" It was Luke's first criticism, at by no means his last, on his native land.

"But, father," he said, "why don't you touch up the old place? I'm sure it looks very shabby and—old."
"We were thinkin' of that same, in-

deed, said his father: but we were puttin' it off from day to day; and, indeed, we could do it aisily," he continued, "for we have made by the butther this year alone the rint and when was she clipped, Larry? She doesn't reflect much credit on your doesn't reflect much credit on your make a pinuy of money with the eggs, and the butther, and the chickens, we were never better off, thank God! and every family in the parish can say the

> "The new curate doesn't like it," said Mrs. Delmege. "He says 'twill all come toppling down some day like a house of cards. He believes in the

The League?" said Luke, half angrily. "It seems to me that you'll never be done fighting in this unhappy country. It's always agitation, agitation! Now, it seems to me that the Canon is not only the superior in station and ability to any of your priests, but he alone appears to have priests, but he alone appears to have struck the one thing that was necessary to make the country a happy Ar

"Ah, yes! He's the good man, God him long to rule over his spare

'And when is Lizzie to be married?" said Luke. He was already impatient of home, and anxious to be back in Aylesburgh.

"On Thursday, wid God's blessin '!"

said the mother.
"And I hope now," said Luke,
"that there shall be no scenes of rioting and revelling, but that everything shall be conducted in a Christian,

civilized manner. of course," said the mother. "We'll only have a few of the neigh bours; and, I suppose, the little boy will be bringin' a handful of friends wid him. We'll have a bit of dinner in the barn; and, perhaps, the boys and girls would want a little dance that's all."

It was the portrait in miniature of what was really before the good mother's mind; but she was afraid that the dignity and grandeur of her dis-tinguished son would be ruffled at the

Next day Luke called on the Canon It was evening, and it was deepening into twilight, as he walked up the well-known gravelled path, and knocked, no longer timidly, but with an air of assurance, almost of contempt.

wisha! what a pity poor Father Pat He was shown into the drawing-room, wasn't here! What a proud man he'd as of old. There everything was the as of old. There everything was the same as he had ever known it; but there was a vast change somewhere. Where? In himself. He looked now with critical disdain on the Cenci portrait, and he thought the Madonna commonplace. And that glass case of artificial birds! Olivette Lefevril would have given it away to a tramp.
And here, not quite three years ago,
he had sat, a timid, nervous, frightened young priest, and there had leaned against the mantlepiece that wretched young roue, who actually had the effrontery to argue with him. Yes, indeed, there was a change. The gentle, timid young Levite had departed; and here, in his stead, has come the self-reliant, collected, inde pendent man of experience and—of the world. The birds shook their wings, as of old, and chirped. The gong toiled musically, and here is the

"How do you do, Mr. Delmege?" a of old "Well, thank you," said Luke, with

a pronounced accent. The Canon callapsed. Luke was merciful. callapsed. Luke was merciful.

"I hope I see you well, sir," said
Luke. "I was rather sorry to hear
from my father that you were still
suffering from the effects of this most
unhappy epidemic."

"Yes, indeed!" said the Canon. "I

cannot say that I have—ha—yet quite recovered from the effects of the disease." The Canon was watching disease. The Canon was watching tuke narrowly. He hoped to see some faltering, some weakness. No! Cool, calm, self possessed, Luke sat bolt upright in his chair, and held his hat and gloves without nervous awkward

had made a change,
"And you have lost your curate?" said Luke.
"Yes!" said the Canon, blandly

"at last! at last! the Bishop took com passion on his grey hairs, and—ha—as the valgar saying is, he threw a parish

"And Father Tim gone also?"
"Yes, poor fellow! Kind and good but inexperienced. Really," said the Canon, looking at his visitor keenly, "our clergymen seem to want a good deal of that—ha—mannerism and—ha—polish, and — ha—knowledge of life - ha - intercourse with other nations seems to create or develop. Luke

"I'm hardly prepared," said Luke, who swallowed the compliment as a morsel of sweet savor, "to offer an opinion; but I certainly do think that there are a good many customs and habits at home that probably would be permitted to fall into desuetude if we had larger experience. I have already said to my good people at home, and you will permit me to say so to you to say so to you, sir, that nowhere have rational efforts to promote the welfare of the people as in your parish, and at your suggestion, and under your super-

'I thank you, sir," said the Canon; "and yet there are some who not only do not share that opinion, but who actually strive to — a — embarrass me in my efforts at—ha—ameliorating me in my efforts at—ha—ameliorating the condition of my people. But let us dismiss the subject. You are—ha—thrown a good deal in contact with the better classes-the aristocracy in England ?' The better classes? yes! The

aristocracy of talent? yes! The aristocracy of birth? ro! My mission is in a cathedral town, and there is a good deal of select society, both amongst Anglicans and Catholics."

nd I should—say, a total
of distinction, not to sence bigotry?'

"Such a distinction is utterly un known," said Luke. "There is more deference "paid to a Ca priest than to an Anglican. have said more than once that between the races, Irish and English, and be-tween the different forms of religion, there is but a sheet of semi-transparent paper; but demagogues have daubed it all over with hideous carica-tures on one side and the other."

I most cordially agree with you Canon, quite delighted. "I'm very pleased, indeed, to see that your—ha—experience of our brethren coincides absolutely with the-ha-convictions by calm reasoning on a vexed question.

"By the way," said the Canon, after a pause, "have you met my nephew, Louis, in London?" For the first time Luke showed signs

of embarrassment. He shifted uneasily on the chair and stammered.
"I have met him," he said, "but under circumstances rather unfavor-

able to—a—to our further intimacy.
But you know I no longer live in
London. I have been itransferred for
some months to Aylesburgh." 'Oh! indeed!" said the Canon.

"My niece has gone over to act as— ha—superintendent of Louis' little menage; I am sure that, if I am to judge from his letters, he is mixing in excellent society, and is quite—well,

excellent society, and is quite—well, respectable."

'I did pay him a formal visit," said Luke, "but, unfortunately, he was absent, probably at the hospital."

"Very probably," said the Canon. "Indeed, I might say certainly. He is rather too devoted to his profession."

There was a pause. Luke found it

hard to continue the conversation and maintain his respect for truth. "You have come over for your-hasister's marriage?" said the Canon at

length.
"Yes," said Luke. "She wishes that I should marry them." "By all means! my dear young friend," said the Canon. "By all means. I understand that this—young

- flance is an extremely respectable young fellow." 'I have heard so,' said Luke rising "I should like that my father and mother should be made comfortable in

their old age." "Of course, you will dine with me on Sunday," said the Canon. "Shall we

say 5 o'clock?"
"Many thanks, sir," said Luke,
thinking, as he passed down the

gravelled walk: There are changes here too; the Canon has grown to be very, very old — everything is old! And he no longer dines at seven, but at five! What a change backwards! Retrogression everywhere! I would have preferred a 7 o'clock dinner! I hope Father Pat and Father Tim won't ask me. What am I thinking of? gravelled walk: There are changes ask me. What am I thinking of?
They are gone!
Was Luke sorry for his dear old

friends? He ought to have been, and he knew it. But then, what can a man do who has been obliged to adopt new ideas of life? You must adapt yourself ideas of life? You must adapt yourself to your environments—that is a cardinal principle. You must go with the tide—that's another. Yet he was not quite surs. He looked out over the mysterious sea. It was cold, chill, irresponsive. There was no voice. Or irresponsive. There was no voice. Or was it that the inner sense of the man was stifled, and that Nature, failing was stifled, and that Nature, land the human sympathy, refused to send back its echo ?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRANGER AND HIS GODS.

Luke Delmege was disgusted, utterly Luke Delmege was disgusted, attenty and painfully disgusted. He was able by an effort, to reconcile himself to the solemnities of the marriage service especially as the great Canon was only the attention of the solemnities of the marriage service. especially as the great Canon was only in a subordinate place; but the after-events chafed his nerves and did violence to his conceptions of the proprieties. For at an Irish wedding all the barriers of caste, wealth and position are taken down and there is a detion are taken down and unto the training ting thin open-he artedness, which sometimes, it must be confessed, has a tendency to become riotous and orgic. Hence the loud, clamorous benedictions of the blind, the halt, and the lame, parishes, burt the nerves of Luke Del-mege, and offended his sense of sight and hearing, and did with gathered in from all the neighboring and hearing, and did violence to his theological principles. It was hardly a month since he had declared amongst a month since he had declared amongst the esoterics his passionate desire to see a real, live, Scriptural beggar—a very Lazarus of sores and rags; and lo! here they are, qualified every one lo! here they are, qualified every one to sit by the pool of Bethesda, or wash in the pool of Siloe. And now he heard for the first time, of the "seventeen angels who hould up the pillars of heaven." and the "special blessing of Michael, the Archangel," and the "sowls in Purgatory who would be relieved that day," and many other stranger and mystic sayings, too sacred even to be written. And yet Luke even to be written. And yet Luke was not enthusiastic. Then there was glorious musical duet, that Crashaw might have immortalized, between the famous blind fiddler from Aughadown and the equally famous piper from Monavourleigh. Nothing in the Home-ric ballads could equal it.

Now, your soul, Thade, give it to

him. "Gi' me that rosin, Kate." Kate would hand the rosin to her blind husband, a splendid, stalwart Tipperary man, but "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." And then, as the fine fury rose, and the spirit of music and of rivalry possessed him, the sight less orbs would roll in their sockets, as if demanding light! light! and face would whiten and his feet tremble under the divine intoxication. And such music! Weird, and tragic, and melancholy, till the merry audience were hushed into solemnity and tears; and the divine chords would wail out into an attenuated echo, and the music-ian would lean down and hearken, as if he were not quite sure whether he held the strings or was only dreaming that the soul of his violin was sobbing itself away into sleep and silence. For this big Tipperary man was a horrible big amist! He had two wives: the one at his side, who ministered to his temporal wants, and the other, the sweet spirit woke to music from his instrument. there was jealousy; but what And could the poor woman do, when it was that detestable rival that earned the daily bread? So now she effected pride, pride in her husband's power, as she gazed on the entranced audience. But hark! here are all the fairies in Manster, with Cleena at their head! Such a mad revel of musical s unds, s unds, one another aside, and rnnning along in mad, tumultuous riot, until the spirit seized the multitude, and every pair of feet was going pit-a-pat to the contagid, purely, indeed, I may say, ous and imperious merriment.

"Begor, Den, you'll never bate that. That's the grandest chune wos ever hard. Hold up, man! Here, have a sup

to rouse you!"
No! Den, the piper, could not disturb the fine harmonies of his brain with that dangerous liquor. The occawith that dangerous liquor. The occasion was too critical. His honor depended on his interpretation of his thoughts on the magic keys. Bate? No, no! Wait till ye see! "Will ye have the 'Mcdhereen-na-Sidhe,' or the 'Fox Hunt,' byes?" he said, with an affectation of forced calm

"The 'Fox-Hunt,' the 'Fox Hunt,'" shouted all. Well they knew it was his masterpiece, the ultimate of perfec-tion on reeds and stops. Then, if you shut your eyes, you heard the soft patter of the horses' hoofs at the meet, and the move towards the covert, and the occasional crack of a whip, and the faint bugle call. Then the awful silence as the hounds are put in, and then the deep, solemn bay and the mighty chorus of a hundred dogs as the quarry was found, and the harkaway! shouted by the huntsman. And you needed no in terpreter. Every man in the audience

"Good, Den, yer sowl to glory! Give it to 'em, man !"
"They've found him! they've found him !'

"There, they are aff I Tally-ho!"
"Whisht, ye divil, there they are acrass the ploughed field!"
"Gor, wouldn't you think you saw
"em!" 'em !

"There! he's run down at last. Lis ten! listen! how the dogs yelp!"

And the bellows and the chante

"Parsifal" and " Lohengrin," I be lieve, in some far away places yet. Some day they'll find that the germ and soul of all art and music is still haunting the enchanted shores of I

But Luke was disgusted; and still more so when the sounds of merriment arose, and jokes and laughter passed around the mighty table in the barn, and all the rude chivalry of one sex, and all the rude chivalry of one sex, and all the primitive coquetry of the o her, accompanied the loud laugh and the scraps of song that rippled around

the sighty gathering.

"Mother, how long is this going to last?" whispered Luke. Mother was wiping her eyes with delight and pride.

That wedding at Lisnalee would be the talk of the country for the next twenty

years.

"The fun is only beginnin'," she said; "God ble s the good neighbors; sure we never thought we'd have sich a crowd. Many a good match will be made to day. God be wid the time

when Mike and me—"
"I think I shall slip away," he said;
"they won't mind, I suppose?"
"Wisha! no' indeed. Plase yerself.
And there's the Canon risin'." There was a hush of respect and attention, and the whole assembly rose as the Canon said good bye. Where in the world is there such tender, rever-ential courtesy to the priest as is shown

by their loving flocks in Ireland? Luke had said good day to the Canon, and did not know what to do. He was engaged to dine at Father Martin's at 5, and it was yet but midday. He strolled down the fields to the sea, and entered the fisherman's cottage. There was no one there but Mona. The child had grown, and was passing over the borderland into self consciousness. • He

"How de do ?" The frightened child courtesied and blushed; he got a little ashamed of himself, and said kindly: "Is this my little Mona? Dear me

how tall you are grown! Where are they all ?

"Up at the wedding, sir," she said demurely; "but I'll call father." She was glad to go.

She went to the door, and gave a giow help. view-hallo, which was answered far down the beach. Meanwhile, Luke, not knowing what to say, began to examine the rocks and shingle, and tried to recall old times. But the old times were shy of the stranger and refused to come back. At last the fisherman came, struggling and panting; and, after a few salutations, the old pet boat was again on the deep. There was a faded sunshine, like dull gold, on sea and land, and Luke pulled through the sunlit waves without seeing them. Then, a mile or so from land, he shipped the oars in the old way, and lay back in the stern. No use, Luke, no usel Land and sea are the same; but not the same. There is the same inextinguishable loveliness on sky and wave. There are the brown cliffs and the purple heather; there are the sheep and the lambs of spring; but oh, how young

desolate, how lonely ! "What has come over the country?" asked Luke. I could not believe such a change in such a short time. It

is a land of desolation and death. Ay, indeed, for Nature, jealous mother, has turned a cold, icy stare on her recreant son! He has abandoned her, and, like a woman as she is, she must have her revenge. And here it must have ner revenge. And here it is! She has disrobed and dislimned herself. She has taken all the color out of her face, out of her seas and clouds, and she shows the blank, white visage and the irresponsive stare of a corpse. She can never be the same again to him. He has abandoned her for other loves—for the trim and painted and artificial beauty of England, and she hates him. He put down his hand into the sea with the old gesture, but drew it back in pain. He thought the cold wave had bit him. He pulled back dreamily to the shore. The old fisherman met him to take up the boat. "Where is Mona?"

But Mona, the sunny-haired child, was nowhere to be seen.

Only four sat down to dinner in the neat, tasteful parlor at Seaview Cot-tage. Father Martin introduced Luke tage. Father Martin introducessor at to Father Meade, the successor at to dead Father Time Gortnagoshel to Father Cussen, the Canon's new curate e had met at the wedding. A cloud hung over the party. The "Insepar-ables" were separated. Death and the Bishop had done it, and Father

Martin was sad.

"A change since you were here,
Luke," he said. "Dear me! do you
remember how we coached you for the Canon's dinner?' Yes," said Luke ; "there's nothing

but charge here, and for the wors The country appears to me to have sunk into a condition of hopeless men-

dicancy."
"Do you perceive so great a change in three years?" said Father Cussen.
"Yes," said Luke. "I cannot tell you how the piteous whining of those beggars shocked me this morning. This indiscriminate charity, which means noresonable mendicancy, appears to unreasonable mendicancy, appears to be unreasonable and uneconc You did not say 'unchristian?' " gasped Father Meade. "N no!" said Luke.

"N·no!" said Luke.
"Because it isn't," said Father
Meade. "There now for you, my
young man! Because it isn't!"
"Perhaps not," said Luke, who was not in his argumentative mood; and, indeed, he thought the poor old man

"Because it isn't!" said Father "Because it isn't!" Meade again, aggressively. "Whatever you say about your political economy, which, I suppose, you have picked up in England, where every poor man is a criminal, we love the poor in Ireland and will always keep'em with us!" land and will always keep 'em with us!'
'Pretty safe prophecy, Father,'
said Luke, who rather disdained arguing

went puffing along, as the music interpreted the minds and moods of men, until, at last, it died away into a soft moan or echo of pain.

"He's dead, begor! Listen to him crying!" Who's got the brush?"

Dear me! and people talk about said Luke, who rather disdained arguing on such a subject. "Nevertheless, totally object to indiscriminate almaging and degenerate into culpable sanction of the vicious and dishonest." "Fine language, fine language, my young friend; but suppose you turked."

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way a saint from your our Divine Lord Himse you feel?" "Uncomfortable," sai I never heard of such a

"Well, I did, and wh was the guilty one me forgive me!" forgive me!"
This was delightful.
expected such a pleasure
supernatural so closely
He flicked away the coat and settled himself
"You'd like to hear i
"Certainly," said Lu
"Well," said the old
ing a tone of deep

ing a tone of deep happened to me twice; if I am forgetful of God be my last. A few yesitting at dinner, whe was rung violently. was rung violently. I day and I was fairly beggars. I resolved twould, nothing should to another penny that day, tongue of the bell wag to meself : 'That'll do, then came a second pul the bell was down. I ju and went to the door dusk. There was a tal He had no the porch. He had no and a kind of belt or waist. He handed me ook at it, but handed word. Without a bowed and passed do the road. I went bac No! I couldn't tor figure haunted me. and rushed out. The from my wicket for a direction. I looked There was no one vi up to the police ba

tell ye!" been?" asked Luke. "St. Francis hims man. "Within a w with the worst fit had.

that description had ;

the opposite direction No; the boys had see

back, uneasy enough

And the-a-sec said Luke, humoring "The second was the old man, solemnling from the summer little money left. I the quay from the l Bridge, and, with a had been examining outside a second-han before we came to opened on the quaraccosted me. He wand had a look of un face. Again, like r he said nothing, bu his hand. I shook n on; but in a momen self, and wheeled the long quay, stret eye could reach. N I hurried back and dealer, whom I had stall. He had not more : but at dinne

young friend. Did you notice on the quay?
"'Yes,' he said;
"'Did you thin
peared to be in pair
"'I never saw si
ing before,' he said
"'Did he—now.

"'Did he—now, consciously, 'did h one in particular? man replied, 'if I again, and no one recover. The thir "Well, the th Luke, smiling inci

"The third tin Lord leaves me old man. It was really de brought into such with mediævalism story for the sale the "Master's" And perhaps Oliv Franciscan pilgri stead of Assisi. There was no The two guests we and Father Marti

"I make." sa most frantic re tempted into disc cause, although national tendency not be always su You did ver Martin, dryly.
"Yes, indeed! old gentleman mi he took such a to

"It was forth ularly on the re should have ha blow-up from F clares that every Of course ; l of his country, must see Engla

Ireland in pers the vast and rad "He has on England," said "A flying vis years."
"It is incomp "Why, his acce

"He has reta "Then he ca ence of the bett said Luke. "I my pro-remove beautiful trait acter. It seem lot to learn." " For exampl

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he is, she nd here it

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way a saint from your door, or, say, our Divine Lord Himself, how would you feel?" "Uncomfortable," said Luke; "but

I never heard of such a thing as pos-Well, I did, and what is more,

was the guilty one meself, may God

orgive me!"
This was delightful. Luke hardly expected such a pleasure as to meet the supernatural so closely, face to face. He flicked away the crumbs from his coat and settled himself to listen.
"You'd like to hear it?"
"Certainly," said Luke, smiling.
"Well," said the old man, his face kindling, and his whole manner assuming a tone of deep reverence, "it happened to me twice; the third time, if I am forgetful of God's warning, will be my last. A few years ago I was sitting at dinner, when the door-bell was rung violently. I had had a busy be my last. A few years ago I was sitting at dinner, when the door-bell was rung violently. I had had a busy day and I was fairly bothered from beggars. I resolved that, come what would, nothing should tempt me to give another penny that day. I watched the another penny that day. I watched the tongue of the bell wagging, and I said to meself: That'll do, me boy! Just then came a second pull, and I thought the bell was down. I jumped up angrily and went to the door. It was almost dusk. There was a tail, gray figure in the porch. He had no head-covering, but he had a red mriller round his neck as wind. I have read somewhere lately, "interrupted Father Martin, 'that five loud as all, gray figure in the porch. He had no head-covering, but he had a red mriller round his neck as wind. I went back without a word, the figure bowed and passed down the walk into the road. I went back to my dinner. No I couldn't touch a bit. The figure haunted me. I put on my hat and runshed out. There was no one visible. I itrolled of controversy."

I looked up and down, I received the farmy and the provided and passed down the walk into the road. I went back to my dinner. No I couldn't touch a bit. The figure haunted me. I put on my hat and runshed out. There was no one visible. I itrolled of controversy."

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No I couldn't touch a bit. The figure haunted me. I put on my hat and runshed out. There was no one visible. I itrolled of controversy."

No I looked up and down, the walk into the road, I went back to my dinner. No I he light have been the controversy and provided the provided t from my wicket for a mile or so in each direction. I looked up and down. There was no one visible. I strolled up to the police barrack. They are always on the lookout. No; no one of that description had passed. I went in the opposite direction to the forge. No; the boys had seen no one. I came back, uneasy enough in my mind, I can tell ye!"

"Whom do you suppose it to have been?" asked Luke.

"St. Francis himself," said the old man. "Within a week I was down with the worst fit of sickness I ever had."

"But the Divine immanence in man —the second apparition?" said Luke, humoring the old man.
"The second was in Dublin," said the old man, solemnly. "I was return ing from the summer holidays, and had little money left. I was strolling along the quay from the Four Courts to the Bridge, and, with a young lay friend, had been examining the pile of books outside a second-hand bookshop. Just before we came to where a side-lane opened on the quay, a tall, dark man accosted me. He was white as death, and had a look of untold suffering in his face. Again, like my former visitor, prefer the gods of Greece."

"But the Divine immanence in man —the spirit of genius, the elation of duty, the rapture of righteousness—all thinking of sleeping here to-night," thinking of sleeping here to-night, said Luke.

"In reed!" said the mother; "there is a little music in the barn—" these notthing in the eternities?"

"That's all foolish jargon," said the mother; "there are two fellows stupidly drunk there in the yard," he said, "and, I suppose, several more around the grounds."

"Wisha! I suppose they took a little taste too much, and it overcome them; but there was never such a weddin' in unlovely garments by night and snore unto the stars, I'm not with you. I'd a bear," Profer the gods of Greece."

"But the Divine immanence in man —the spirit of genius, the elation of duty, the rapture of righteousness—all the signs of what the Jewish prophet the signs of sleeping here to-night," thinking of sleeping here to-night, "I hinking of sleeping here to-night, "I have been there, is a little music in the barn—" is a little music in the barn—" is a little music in the yard, "and, I suppose, several more around a make your gods out of a few wretched bipeds, who eat carrion, and drink in the prophet is a little music in the yard, "and, I suppose, several more around in the prophet is a liture."

"There is no use, mother, in my thinking o opened on the quay, a tail, dark man accosted me. He was white as death, and had a look of untold suffering in his face. Again, like my former visitor, he said nothing, but mutely held out his hand. I shook my head and passed on; but in a moment I recollected my-colf and whaled round. There was on; but in a moment I recollected myself, and wheeled round. There was
the long quay, stretching as far as the
eye could reach. Not a trace of him!
I hurried back and spoke to the book
dealer, whom I had left standing at his
stall. He had not seen him. I said no
more; but at dinner I interrogated my

"'Did you notice a man that stoppers on the quay?"
"'Yes,' he said; , I did."
"'Did you think now that he appeared to be in pain?"
"'I never saw such a face of suffering before,' he said.
"'Did he—now,' I tried to say, unconsciously, 'did he remind you of any one in particular?' 'Well,' the young man replied, 'if I may say it, he reminded me awfully of our Lord!' In minded me awfully of our Lord!' In three days I was on the flat of my back that before Cussen."

"I shouldn't mind," said Luke, on the flat of my our adily think England has got a divine mission? I never think of England but as in that dream of Piran esi—vast Gothic halls, machinery, pulleys, and all moving the mighty, rolling monotony all the beauty and pictures of the world."

"That is, bridging that before Cussen."

"I shouldn't mind," said Luke, on the flat of wouldn't mind," said Luke, on the flat of wouldn't mind," said Luke, on the flat of worldn't mind," said Luke, on the flat of my our adily think England has got a divine mission? I never think of the flat of my our adily the hall supplied that the flat of my our adily the hall supplied the flat of my our adily the hall supplie

again, and no one thought I could ever recover. The third time—"
"Well, the third time?" queried Luke, smiling incredulously at the old

"The third time won't come if the Lord leaves me my senses," said the

It was really delightful to Luke to be brought into such immediate contact with mediævalism. What a splendid story for the salon! He would make the "Master's" hair stand on end. And perhaps Olivette would make her Franciscan pilgrimage to Ireland instead of Assisi. Who knows?

There was no further discussion.

There was no further discussion. The two guests went away early. Luke and Father Martin were alone.

"I make," said the former, "the most frantic resolutions not to be tempted into discussion in Ireland; because, although I have subdued our national tendency to hysterics, I cannot be always sure that my opponent has acquired the same self-command."

"You did very well," said Father Martin, dryly.

Martin, dryly. "Yes, indeed! but I was afraid the old gentleman might prove aggressive, he took such a tone at first."

"It was fortunate that he did not stray into further discussion, particularly on the relativity of races. We should have had a most magnificent blow-up from Father Cussen, who de clares that everything evil comes from England."

Of course; he hasn't been yet out his country," said Luke. "You of his country," said Luke. "You must see England close at hand and Ireland in perspective to understand the vast and radical difference."

"He has only just returned from England," said Father Martin.

"A flying visit?"
"No; a holiday lasting over seven

years."
"It is incomprehensible," said Luke.

"He has retained his native Doric, "He has retained his native Doric, and it sits well on as eloquent a tongue as ever you heard."

"Then he cannot have had experience of the better side of English life," said Luke. "I'm sure it is only since

my pro-removal to Aylesburgh that I have come to see the many and very beautiful traits of the English char-acter. It seems to me we have such a

"Well, take Church matters. You, here, have no public services worth naming—no great celebrations, no processions, no benedictions, no great ceremonial to enliven the faith by striking the fancy of the people—"

"You mean we don't put every benedictions in the corresponding to the

diction in the newspaper, and every presentation of a gold watch or a purse

presentation of a gold watch or a purse of money?"

"Well, no; perhaps that's overdone. But now I've learned so much from contact with Anglicans. I have learned, first of all, to esteem my college career as so much wasted time—"

"I thought you were First of First?"
interposed Father Martin; wickedly.
"Quite so," said Luke, wincing; "but, my dear Father, who cares over there for our insular distinctions? Then I have learned that our theological course is about as wise as a

Then I have learned that our theological course is about as wise as a course in theosophy and occultism; nay, less wise, because these subjects are discussed sometimes; theology, as

controversy."
"And the sum total of this new dogma is?"

Seek the God in man; not man in God!" said Luke, grandly. "Work, toil, suffer in the great cause—the elevation and perfection of the race." "You saw that cloud, passing there across the black hill?" said Father

Martin.
"Yes," said Luke.
"That is your humanity, its history and its importance."
"But the Divine immanence in man

"But you don't see," srid Luke, impatiently. "The race is evolving through possibly the last cycle of human evolution towards the Divine. Shall we not lend a hand here? Is it not clearly England's destiny to bring all humanity, even the most degraded into prefer the gods of Greece. clearly England's destiny to bring all humanity, even the most degraded, into the happy circle of civilization, and evoke from Afghan and Ashantee the glory of the slumbering godhead?"

"Good heavens! why didn't you say all that an hour say."

oning friend.
"'Did you notice a man that stopped on the quay?'
"'Yes,' he said; , I did.'
"'Did you think now that he ap.'
"I shouldn't mind," said Luke,

civilization and culture," said Luke.
"And why did the Almighty create "And why did the Almignty create
the Afghan and the Ashantee, to be
turned, in course of time, into a
breeched and bloated Briton? If England's civilization was that of Catholiland's civilization was that of Catholicism, I can understand you. But even if it conserved, raised up, illuminated fallen races, as the Spaniards did, and the Portuguese, it might be yet doubtful if there was a divine mission to break up noble traditions for the sake of a little more refinement, where England's mission is to destroy and corrupt approximation she toughts........

"Now, now, Father Martin, this is all congenital and educational preju-dice. Look at your own country and see how backward it is."

"What you call congenital prejudice," said Father Martin, gravely, "I call faith. It is our faith that makes us hate and revolt from English methods. To the mind of every true Irishman, England is simply a Franken stein monster, that for over seven hun-dred years has been coveting an immor-tal soul. He has had his way everywhere but in Ireland; therefore he

"No use," said Luke, who had hoped for sympathy at least from the grave and learned man. "No use! Did you ever read the Atta Troll?" "Never!"

" Nor any of Heine's?"

"Nor any of licine's?" said Father Martin indifferently. "Very little light or music came out of the Matratzengruft."

"Did you read the Laches? We ave had it for discussion lately. The 'Master of Balliol' was down, and threw extraordinary light on the philosophy of Plato. Why isn't Plato read in our colleges?"

"There is no time for such amusement amongst more serious matters.
Plato is a huge bundle of sophisms,
without a grain or scintilla of solid
wisdom."
"Dear me I Father Martin, I really

plexed. He had been positively cer-tai that he was on the right track; that the world was to be conquered by the world's weapons—learning, know

ledge, light, science, literature, s ized by the Church, and used with deadly effect against the world. This he had been taught everywhere—by the Cath-olic press, by men of "light and lead-ing" in the Church, by his own convictions. But clearly, opinion on the subject was not quite unanimous. But then this is Ireland—quaint, archaic,

then this is Ireland—quaint, archaic, conservative, mediæval.

"I wish I were home," said Luke.

Home was A; lesburgh.

"My young friend has just taken his first false step," said Father Martin to his books; and, strange to say, it wabefore a huge, thirteen-volume Bekker's Plato he soliloquized. "Yes!" he said, as if in deflarce to the mighty ghost, "yes! the first false step—the aputor xeudos, my most learned friend. And he has taken Father Tim's advice with a vengeance. He holds his head very high."

ment:-" Poetic for Bacchus, ye d-d young numskulls. Believe it on the authority of a Trinity College man, banished for his sins to Eccotia. 'It was the bugle-call from play,

uttered by the old Kerry hedge school master. Luke almost left the swish of the rattan. It was also the vesper song of the same, after he had wor-shipled his god and his steps were unsteady.

"There is no use, mother, in my thinking of sleeping here to night,"

And mother leaned over on the settle

to finish her Rosary.

Luke and the Canon—or should it be the Canon and Luke?—dined in solitthe Canon and Burk. It was a little ary state on Sunday. It was a little lonely, but dignified. Luke and his host had now many ideas in common lost had now many ideas in common lost had now many ideas in common lost had expecially about things in general, and especially about the very vexed question of which seven centuries of the united wisdom of statesmen, legislators, political economists, etc., have failed to find a soluof statesmen, legislators, pointers consists, etc., have failed to find a solution. The Canon had found it. He had turned his parish into a happy Arcady. His houses were neat and trim; his people comfortable; no poverty, no distress. "All these unhappy mendicants at your—ha—sister's wedding were imported. There's not even one—ha—professional mendicant in my parish."

"I hope," said Luke, "that, now that you have established this happy condition of things, the intellectual progrees of the people will keep pace with their material prosperity."

"I hope so," said the Canon blandly; "in fact, I have only to suggest it—and—"

and-Tum! tum!!! Tum! tum!!! Tum! tum!!! tum!!! crashed out the big drum beneath the windows, the shrill fifes squeaked, and the scaffold song of the Manchester martyrs, attuned to the marching song of American battalions, whilst a vast multimarching song of American bacarlous, broke on the ear, whilst a vast multi tude surged and thronged along the road that swept by the Canon's grounds. The windows rattled under the reverberation, and continued rattling, for the band had stopped opposite the rectory to serenade its occupant, and charitably infuse a little patriotism into him. He was stricken dumb with the control of the contro surprise and indignation. For ten minutes the thunderous music went on, punctuated now and again with cheering, and then the crowd moved away. Not far, however. They had taken possession of the national school-house,

possession of the national school-house, and were holding a Sunday meeting.

It took some time for the Canon to recover his equanimity. He was quite pale with annoyance. He tapped the mahogany gently with his polished nails, and said in a pitiful way to Lake.

"Isn't that very sad? Isn't it pitiable? What an—ha—object-lesson for you, my dear young friend, about the condition of this distracted country!" Luke could say nothing but stare a

burst of cheering came up from the school room, where Father Cussen was

sonool room, were reader cussed was haranguing the mighty audience. "Just think of the grave impro-pri ty involved in this," said the Canon. "There is the—ha—desecra-Canon. "There is the—ha—desecration of the peaceful Sabbath evening; the exciting of ha—dangerous passions, and that young clergyman has been so forgetful of the duties of his

these people the beneficiaries of your these people the beneficiaries of your kindly exertions in their behalf?"
"Some. Not all. This young clergyman's theory is that the condition of the people is insecure, notwithstanding my exertions, and, I am privileged to say, my influence with the landlords. Why, no landlord or agent would dare interfere with my people. I need only lift my hand and they

Next day, his good mother showed him with pride and gratification the numberless presents that had been showered upon Lizzie. Lizzie helped.

BUSINESS For a quiet young lady, as she was,

Luke knew it well, and its accompani- THE COMING OF THE SWALLOWS.

"Come into the house my child.
It is getting late and it is time for you to go to rest."
"Not yet, darling mother; let me

stay here a little while longer. I am waiting for the coming of the swal-

cherub face, silver tresses, and eyes as blue as the fairy flax that blossomed on the mountain side close by his home. His widowed mother's only child, he was the joy of her heart, the very apple of her eye.

seen world, unknown to mortal vision.

At the gable of the widow's cottage At the gable of the widow's cottage stood a massive block of limestone, covered with wild flowers and overshadowed by beautiful mountain ashtrees, the haunt of myriads of birds, which chirruped and carolled among the branches all day long. This rock was Owneen's favorite perch. In the society of his feathered friends, he seemed lost to the world. The neighseemed lost to the word. In long, bors whispered that he was a fairy child, that he conversed with the birds, received their confidences, and sympathized with them in their troubles. And the Celtic mind, rich in poetic imagery, christened the boy by the sweet name of Little Owen of the

ome aerial being who had strayed earth from his home in another world. He was lost in a kind of ecstasy. With head bent low and shining eyes, With head bent low and sniming eyes, he was like one consumed by a fever of expectancy. The last rays of the setting sun which fell on his fair head, gilding the silver tresses into gold, enhanced his ethereal appearance.

sun is always shining. I have been lonely since they left me in the autumn. They always have so much to tell me of distant places, thousands and thousands of miles away; of great oceans, on which the ships are tossed about by the which the ships are tossed about by the waves; of high mountains, whose tops reach the clouds. Oh, how I longed for them to come and tell me all the strange and beautiful things they have

ing her dark mantle over the earth. The little lambs had ceased bleating, and the twittering sparrows had retired

to rest.
Still the swallows did not come, non did they come the next ,nor the day

Owneen sighed and said : "The swallows must have gone astray. They must have lost their way from the

Great Southern World.' But he waited patiently, and his pa-tience was rewarded.

It was a balmy day towards the end of April. The air was soft and light as gossamer. The sun shone out glori-ously, gilding the sea into a mass of burnished gold. A profound silence reigned everywhere, Hush! What is that! Out from the depths of the great silence came a thin, clear, resonant note. It was like the piping of a fairy file. Owneen looked up, and away in the great blue dome of the heavens he

"He has retained his native Doric, without a grain or scintilla of solid wisdom."

"Dear me! Father Martin, I really without his from you. I without his from you. I without his from you. I without a grain or scintilla of solid wisdom."

"Dear me! Father Martin, I really with expect all this from you. I without his from you. I without a grain or scintilla of solid wisdom."

"Dear me! Father Martin, I really without the least post of the duties of his sacred office as to usurp my—ha—legit-indeed it with every effort towards the higher light."

"The higher light? My poor boy, you are dazzled with a little display of green and yellow fireworks. You don't set to learn."

"For example?" said Father Martin, I really with expect all this from you. I thought that you, at least, would symmath to least reference in the first of the swallows."

The higher light? My poor boy, you are dazzled with a little display of green and yellow fireworks. You don't set to learn."

"For example?" said Father Martin, I really with expect all this from you. I the exciting of — ha—dangerous passions, and that young clergyman has sone, and that young clergyman has wine, and that young clergyman has sone, and that y

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in his bosom. It was Owneen's pet swallow, and he fondled the long-lost wanderer with every expression of endearment.

Next day the invaders mustered in overwhelming numbers. They came in companies, in battalions, in detachments; they came in hundreds, in thousands, in myriads. They covered the land, they darkened the sea. the land, they darkened the sea. Screaming with delight as they recognized their old quarters, they celebrated their advent by a series of fantastic gyrations. They formed curves and segments, augles and parobolas. They took possesion without a struggle or a protest. The ancient inhabitants of the soil—the robins, the finches, the wrens, the yellow hammers, the thrushes, and the wagtails—retired sullenly before the conquerors.

The commander-in-chief of the army

of occupation established his head quarters in the roof of Owneen's cottage, and the general's mate resumed possession of the nest in the thatch,

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX.

over the boy's bedroom, where she had reared her family of the previous year. This spot now became the chief cen-

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the fire, where the logs were blazing, for the winter lingered yet. There they sat silent, while now and again a

I need only lift my hand and they would retire."
"The whole thing is very sad," said Luke; "I wish I were back in England."

one would have expected a deep and dreadful cut.

"This is from Father Pat," she

ADAPTED FROM THE IRISH OF COLM O'CONAIRE.

"Waiting for the coming of the swal-

lows!' said the mother, in surprise.
"Yes, little mother; I expect them
here tonight."
Owneen was a little Irish boy, with a

the grounds."

"Wisha! I suppose they took a little taste too much, and it overcome them; but there was never such a weddin' in the barony before—"

"I'll go down to the Canon and ask a bed."

"Do, alanna! do. Indeed you wouldn't ge much sleep to-night here."

"All go down to the canon and selections which Solomon, in all his wisdom, could not have answered. His abstracted gaze seemed for ever fixed on sights and scenes of some unseen world, unknown to mortal vision.

Birds.

The child's strange ways and sayings filled the poor mother's mind with sadness and anxiety. This evening, as she watched him, he seemed to her as

"And where are the swallows coming from?" asked the mother.
"They are coming, little mother, from their beautiful home in the Great Southern World—from a land where the

seen and heard!"

The boy watched the sun going down beneath the sea. He saw night spread-

SEPTEMBER 7, 1

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

My Dear Sir,—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with the light gence and ability, and, above all, that it is impued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenusly defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and in will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic house of therefore, earnestly recommend it to acholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christopheneus.

Donatus, Archbishep of Epheeus. Mr. Thomas Coffey :

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read
your estimable paper. The Catholic Record,
and congratulate you upon the manner in
which it is published. Its matter and form
are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit
pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithfulEllesing you and wishing you success, believe
me to remain.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 7, 1907.

GOLDEN JUBILEE. In another column will be found ar

extensive report of the Jubilee celebrations which took place in Seaforth last week in honor of the Rev. George R. Northgraves. While from all parts of the province congratulations and best wishes have been extended to the Reverend Jubilarian, we deem it a pleasant duty on our own part and on behalf of the readers of the CATHOLIC RECORD to extend to Father Northgraves our sincerest congratulations mingled with sentiments of earnest gratitude. During the twenty years that the Rev. Father conducted this paper as its editor, he has by his erudition enlightened the many, by his calm reasoning convinced the doubting, and by his gentleness won hearts to truth and righteousness. For fifty long years he has ever taken a prominent part in the progress of the Church in Ontario. In the early days of his priesthood, realizing the utmost importance of a religious training in the school he entered the camp as a champion of the Separate school, and his knowledge of the law was such that he was called upon many times to aid in the formation of school boards. To Father Northgraves London Separate schools owe a great deal te-day. Gifted with a richly endowed mind, the good Father was ever ready to defend the infallible truth with the power of great eloquence as well as by a prolific pen. Author of a work which will ever remain as a monument of his ability and mastery

live forever. Our personal knowledge of the Rev. Jubilarian prompts another of his good qualities, but the well-known humility of our friend bids ns be silent. His life work is not yet done-there are many years more, let ns hope, of usefulness before him in his good work and may he be spared to influence by voice and pen his fellow creatures, and above all, to continue to do that immense good which a priest of God, such as is Father Northgraves, is calculated to do by his gentleness of spirit, his suavity of manner, his mildness of character and his saintliness as priest. With his many friends then we repeat - God bless you! Ad Multos Annos!

in defence of his faith, his name will

ATTENDANCE AT MASS.

Now that the holiday season is clos ing and families are returning home a little reflection is not out of place. And although the subject upon which we are entering seems quite remote from pleasure-seeking still it ought to play an important part in any retrospect about summer resorts and their frequenters. It has come to be most common for people to have two homes, one for business and winter, the other for pleasure and summer. Strenuous activity, congested city quarters, have contributed largely to this new state of affairs-not to mention the deep seated affection for freedom and the enjoyment of nature's fairest charms of mountain, stream and sea, as well as her salutary truth, with the same care, her healthful treasures of fresh air the sects have abandoned, one after and simple life. One thing is too another, not only the creed which they frequently over-looked, the practical convenience for observing the Church's commandment of attending Mass. People seek health and pleasure. ism. The very truths which they first They draw both from nature's ever flowing springs. These things have occupied all their time and engrossed ciples. All the communities of their all their attention. They had no formation are in hopeless confusion or thought for aught else. The mother open apostacy. Anglicanism is divided authority of the Church.

and children were at the resort all the time; and the father spent the Sundays there. What about Mass? Some one may say : " We could not help it, we had a cottage there." Now, good reader, there is no use putting us off so easily. Mass is so sublime an act that pleasure houses ought to be sought where Mass can be attended. Worldliness is not in it where Mass is concerned. We may as well make up our minds to it. We cannot be like other people, for our religion is not like the religion of others. Others may spend Sunday where they wish. It matters not if they miss a sermon or a few hymns. The Mass is far beyond the word of man or the music of the human voice. It is the word of God's word and the sprinkling of the Blood of the Lamb, the song of the Ancient of days. It is the mystery of faith, whose glorious praise and thanksgiving, whose cry of impetration and atonement, are to heaven and earth the golden ladder of mercy and love. We seek with anxious care the health of body : how often are we careless about the stream of grace from the mountain of God. Parents take a most serious responsibility upon themselves in this matter. Their children are practically exempted from Mass during a great part of vacation. These parents know better. They are by no means the ignorant members of the community. Their means enable them to do what their conscience should forbid. How do they expect their children to attend Mass regularly when these children saw such laxity during vacation? We are not commissioned to teach and have no authority to impose a law. But there is the law, holy and just and converting souls, that we should go to Mass on Sunday : we cannot trifle with it as if it were a mere penal law, or set it aside habitnally as inconvenient and interfering with our pleasure. If we do not obey it, we are injuring our own souls and scandalizing our children. Mass is too

PROTESTANTISM AND DEVEL OPEMENT.

sacred a trust not to be treasured, too

precious a gift to be exchanged for any-

thing temporal.

We maintain that Catholic truth has not developed. We maintain it for the reason that the Syllabus condemns the opposite view, and also because devel opment of religions truth seems to us contrary to reason. Let us turn over the page, and ask whether Protestantism has undergone any development. This is a different question from the enquiry as to whether any religious truth un dergoes development. Protestantism is not truth. It is negation, or at best mere opinion. As such it may vary, and judging by history it has been the subject of many changes. In order to examine the question we must find some central common ground upon which the leading reformers of the sixtheir posterity has veered much or little from that point. Notwithstanding the differences between Luther, Calvin. Anglicans and others, they all agreed in denouncing the Catholic Church. Luther had long before his bandonment denounced the Church as unfaithful to her trust almost from the beginning. There was nothing, according to Calvin, to distinguish her assemblies from those of the Turks. Beza maintained that there was not so much as a trace of the apostolic institution left inher. The English reformers surpassed, if it were possible, the reproaches of their continental brethren. According to the formularies of the Anglican Church, "the whole world had been sunk in the pit of damnable idolatry by the space of nine hundred years and odd." It was the reiterated statement of Cramner of the Church were the authors of all

professed are rejected and discarded

by the greater number of their dis-

and subdivided. The Westminster Confession of Faith is either entirely ignored or undergoing the development of revision. Rationalism reaps what heresy sowed; and naturalism triumphs where erratic and false super naturalism claimed to fight the battle against error and corruption. " Atheism," said a reviewer fifty years ago, "is now fixing its roots in the heart of Protestantism, and in the capital of Protestant Germany, has, under the name of Hegelian philosophy been sow ing the seed of deepest hatred against Christianity, aye, and against all religion." Protestants using the license granted them by their founders have ventured to question and reject the tenets of revealed religion, and have professed to prove from the Scripure the falsehood of those very doctrines which then were written ex pressly to reveal. Nothing in the whole circle of sacred truth has been spared or is now respected. DEVELOPMENT.

Now that the Syllabus has cleared the air of many clouds which growing darker and more lowering threatened the horizon with storm and confusion we may not only be grateful to the Holy See for its foresight and firmness but make a few reflexions upon truth and its development. Truth is the natural term of man's intellectual activity. Where truth is attained there is rest for thought. The mind will no more move away from the centre of truth than the stone from the centre of the earth. Discursive reasoning, the method which the human intellect employs in the acquire ment of knowledge, differs tremendously from intellectual intuition by which the pure intelligent creatures learn anything. Step by step must the hill of knowledge be climbed. No royal road has ever been surveyed up its rocky heights along which the travelling student might pass without toil and labor. The journey, hard though it may be, is varied and plea sant: its advance is marked by new scenes and broader views. These, however gratifying they are, must not be mistaken for development. Every con. clusion may be a new promise for the mind, a stepping-stone by which we can rise to higher things; a statement quite different from the idea that the former truth has developed into the latter. The circulation of the blood was a truth as old as man himself, but not proved or taught till a few generations ago. How could that truth be developed? It might change the practice of medicine; but the theory of the blood is one thing, the practice based upon it is another. The law of gravitation is another example. Discovered by Sir Isaac Newton in the mere falling of an apple from the tree its example contained the law in its entirety, so that gravitation was no development of the falling. It must be teenth century stood, then find whether the case with religious truth as well. The fact of the Incarnation may be indelibly written in history. It may have turned, and undoubtedly did turn, the current of history. It gave a new impetus to truth whatever in the story. The man's activity. It exercised a hallowing influence upon his every thought which it ordered and upon his destiny which it elevated. Yet to apply development to the Incarnation would contradict its essential character. The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us. There was a fullness in the mystery which we can never completely understand, a fullness of time, fullness of power and love and revela tion-the like of which the world had never known. Without it there was void, with it there was plenitude. Before it there was expectation, after it there was a richer sharing in the heavenly-brought gifts. Thus is it that the pastors and ministers also with the deposit of truth entrusted to the Church. Pillar and ground of error, ignorance, blindness, superstitruth the Church remains immutable. tion, hypocrisy and idolatry." It was Mystical body of Christ she cannot to reconstruct the shattered fabric of vary her form or change her figure. the Church that Luther, Cramner and Her truths may be explained. What their confederates were called. The was implicit may become explicit. blessings which the Divine Founder These explanations have frequently had promised were withheld from form been occasioned by the denial either of er generations. Now, however, they the particular dogma itself or a direct were to be granted to these would - be inference from it. So through the reformers. Men who were more reschools questions may be started and markable for broken vows than exalted agitated for generations without any virtue undertook to restore to the line of action or the taking of sides on the part of the teaching Church. And world the pure doctrine of Christianity, to remedy the failure and ineffectwhen the doctrine is more clearly deiveness of the first. What is to the fined, it is not that any development of the primitive deposit of truth has taken point most astounding and most scandalous is that whilst the Catholic Church place that the truth has expanded or against which such denunciations were that any new truth has been evolved delivered has remained and guarded out of the old. No new truth has been added to the original deposit left to the apostles, nor has any truth been sub tracted therefrom. How else can we first established but any form of faith explain the continued presence of Him whatever. Such is the development Who is the truth, the way and the life which has taken place in Protestantwith His Church unto the end of time? The vanity of a few professors may

have been pricked by the Syllabus :

some critics may cavil at its proposi-

tions-truth has been defined by its

language and protected by the supreme

NEWS FROM ROME.

The anticlerical campaign, fomented by freemasonry, both native and foreign, kept alive by the hired press of Rome and elsewhere, carried on by all the lowest elements of Italy, and benevelently winked at by the Government, is producing the fruit that might have been expected from it. The latest proof of this was given on the Feast of the Assumption. Val had then been only a few days in the town of Castelgandolfo, and had driven to the Scots College at Marino, congratulate the Rector on his jubilee and to consign to him the important papal letter which will be found in another part of Rome. His Eminence was closely followed by the two detectives assigned by the civi authorities to prevent danger to his person; the police of Marino had been notified that he would pass through their town and advised to be on the watch. When the Cardinal's carriage passed through Marino on its way to passed through Marino on its way to the college a group of boys evidently trained by their seniors hooted and shouted ribald expressions after him. But that was only a foretaste of what was to come. Two hours later, the Cardinal passed again through the

town on his way back to Castelgandolfo from the Scots Villa. His secretary had been warned that there had been signs of mischief in Marino during the interval, and it was decided that the carriage should not go through the principal street of the town but should reach the square from a side street. But at the entrance to the Piszze there was a group of republicans wi hailed the appearance of the Cardinal with shouts of "Down with the priests!" "Down with the Vatican! Viva the Revolution!" Then the carriage had hardly passed these when of anarchists, armed with knives and sticks, rushed suddenly on the equipage. The detectives, guards, and carabineers were on them in a moment -only just in time, for one of the anarchists was in the very act of aiming a tremendous blow with a heavy stick at His Eminence. It fell instead on the breast of a policeman who had interposed his body between the ruffian and his intended victim — and the force of the blow may be judged from the fact that the unfortunate police man is now lying in a dangerous condi tion in the hospital of Marino. None

of the aggressors have been arrested so Nulla dies sine scandalo seems to be the motto of the Italian anticlericals, and this week has seen still another calumny sprung on the people of Rome. For many years past a Roman citizen known throughout the English speak ing world, has supported entirely his hard earnings an orphanage for boys. Last Tuesday he found his orphanage closed, the boys sent off to lay institute which has recently been the scene of a real scandal, and himself the victim of a series of disgraceful charges. He was about to start for America on business con nected with his profession, but he has decided to remain here instead to defend his reputation. It would however, that in his case the charges are due to the private spleen of an enemy rather than to the work of organised calumny which has disgraced Italy for the last few weeks. Speaking last week on the paltry

figure made by the Government during this outbreak of calumny, insult and violence against religion, we took occasion to refer to the many services rendered by the Holy Father the four years of his Pontificate to the cause of law and order in Italy. Among the on dits now going the counds of the press there is one to the Pontiff has been so disappointed and deceived by lts of his policy towards Italy that he intends to change it. There Pope's policy towards Italy during the last four years has been the only one saible, and it will continue to be the only one possible until the day when the Sonninos and Giolittis, after all their petty makeshifts and their sops and smiles to socialism and anarchy, are bundled out of power to make way for the revolution. The Holy Father never hoped for anything from the Italian Government. His conduct towards it has been i spired solely by the desire to strengthen the cause of the desire to strengthen the cause religion and social order. It was this that induced him to relax the non expedit to the extent of allowing and even recommending Italian Catholics in certain spectified cases to go to the polls and cast their votes againt the organisers of the coming destruction.
There is no likelihood whatever that His Holiness will swerve from this course merely because Italian politicians think that Italian anarchy will be smoothed for ever by allowing it full liberty to insult and outrage the ministers of religion from the Holy who rules the whole Catholic Church down to the lay brothers who teach small boys the rudiments of

letters and morality.

The Eucharistic Congress of Metz closed with a demonstration of faith and devotion which will long be remembered by the good people of that town. It is estimated that thirty thousand persons took part in it, and among them were two Princes of the Church. Vincenzo Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, and Cardinal Fischer Archbishop of Cologne, with four Archbishops, twenty-six Bishops and mitred abbots, over a thousand priests and religious, and an immense number of societies with banners. Cardinal Vannutelli carried the Blessed Sacrament under a rich baldachino while the old bell "The Mute," usually rung only for sovereigns, boomed out its solemn notes above the multitude. At night the whole city was brilliantly illuminated. The Congress of 1908 is to take place in London, and that of the following year at Cologne.

Of the many important

Of the many important addresses de-livered during this Congress there is naturally a special interest attaching to the words of the Holy Father's rep-resentative. His Eminence deplored the existence among a certain group of

claims the right of every man to analyse and judge the laws of God according to the conclusions of his own unaided in-Cardinal Fischer, too, spoke in stern acents against the now ! movement against the Index with its leaning towards the teachings of Schell, which he said was calculated directly to injure the authority of the Bishops and to undermine the bases of the authority of the Church. It is a fact that last Sunday week

the socialists held a little gathering at the socialists held a 'ittle gathering at Monte Porzio, but you would never have suspected their existence in this most favored spot had you been in the church there last Sunday. There was an unwonted ringing of bells all that morning, not so much to let the people know that something unusual was to take place, for they knew that already, as to express the exultation of the town over it. And when the bells had over it. And when the bells had beased ringing all the Monte Porzians crowded into the church and waite eagerly to see the procession leave the sacristy. For it was to be a "messa novella" a young priest's first Mass, which according to the Italian pro-verbis worth a hundred Masses, and it was to be sung by the Rev. Chris-topher Madden who had been ordained the day before in the International Church of Santa Maria in Monte Santo in Rome. A beautiful and touching ceremony at which the students of the Venerabil served their companion round the altar, while his vice Rector, Mgr. Cronin, stood by him as assistant priest from the beginning to the end. And after the Mass was over and the parroco had delivered his sermon de circostanza (forgetting two of the most important points of it in his emotion all the people of Monte Porzio, man woman and child, crowded round sanctuary in order to be able to kiss the newly-consecrated hands of the young priest .- Rome.

THE CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER AND THE PUBLICATION HOUSE.

well known missionary has said "The newspaper is the catechism of the twentieth century." The mission-ary is Rev. J. R. Rosswinkel, S. J., who is at present giving a retreat to

the diocesan clergy.

The Rev. Father, in speaking of the necessity of the Catholic newspaper in the Catholic home, referred to the de-claration of Pope Leo XIII., who said that the Catholic newspaper is a continuous mission in the parish and in the family. The Catholic paper is needed in the Catholic home as a teach. er and as an antidote to the calumnies spread too often by the secular press. By the way, the secular newspapers, with their sensationalism and their dishing up of matters that should not be mentioned among Christians. be mentioned among Christians, do not enter such homes without invitation via the subscription route. · Those who love danger will perish in it."
There is danger to the children in the columns of such papers and there is more or less danger even to the aps" by making them too familiar with vice and causing them to become remiss and careless in their religious duties. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Since a stone is we way by dropping water no one should subject the young or even themselves to constant bad influences. "In these evil days" no Catholic

home should be without the regular visits of a Catholic family paper. Father Rosswinkel admonished the priests to take a deep interest in this import-ant matter and to insist as far as might be on having the Catholic newspaper in every Catholic home. Catholics do not begin to make the

ase of the press that Protestants do. 'The children of the world are in their generation than the children of light." The ministers become the active agents of their church papers. They give to the circulation of such publications their active and persistent co operation.

contrast is to our disadvantage

church publication houses.

In almost every city as large as Cleveland, and even in smaller cities, there are large denominational publithem. Where is there a publication house in the United States that is controlled by Catholic Church authoritie as the others are by Protestant denomi nations? We know of none. Yet the Catholics outnumber any Protestant

denomination four or five times over. The Protestant publication houses issue books, pamphlets, tracts, Sunday School and Church papers at moderate cost, because in great volume. In this matter we should lead—and we are not ven in the race.
Such a publication house would

financially and the spiritual good that would be accomplished through its press work could not be estimated.

Some one has to move in this matter—some one with authority. The Bishops of a province or the Bishops United States could move with effect and with success.

If there be no official movement we expect to make a beginning along these lines in a year or two. In fact, such a beginning is already made. Candidly, however, we would prefer to see such an institution managed by a Church board rather than by a corporation. Possibly when it has been started and proved to be a business success, it might then be taken over by a Church board.

The long talked-of Catholic daily might follow, or even precede the con-summation of the Church publication Were the priests to an average ten subscribers each, the

enterprise could be inaugurated.

The apostolate of the press must have its recognition and place before the Church will have its proper recog nition and place. By failure to take advantage of the power of the press, we have gone to the lowest place. We are now entitled to go up higher.

It is well to found hospitals, asylums,

etc., but wealth devised to help the apostolate of the press will be ac tively, widely and fruitfully strength-ening faith, recruiting the ranks and Catholics of a false spirit of modernity, making it necessary to let out the and a false science which boldly procords of the tent. The trumpet call

can be sounded in no more effective to the listening multitudes. way to the lister

A SIGNIFICANT INCIDENT.

THREE FILIPINO BABIES BAPTIZED AT JAMESTOWN BY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE,

DELEGATE.

An incident of very great significance, the baptizing of three Filipino babies by His Excellency Diomede Falconto, the Apostolic Delegate, took place in the Philippine village on the Jamestown Exposition grounds the other day. It tended to reaffirm the thoroughly Catholic character of the Filipino people and their desire for the Filipino people and their desire for the religious observances of the Catholic Church and for none other.

The Apostolic Delegate was assisted

The Apostolic Delegate was assisted in the ceremonies by a retinue of Bishops and clergy, and everything was done according to the rubrical requirements. Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis: Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling, and Rev. A. P. Doyle, rector of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, and Rev. Louis Stickney, the secretary to the Delegate, were the sponsors.

to the Delegate, were the sponsors.

The colony at the Philippine vil is made up of representatives of different tribes under the immediate care of the Government. The children baptized were born since the Filipinos left the Far East, one on the ocean and the others since their arrival at Jamestown. The names selected indicates in some sense the place of birth. James Pacific was born on the ocean, Patrick Henry and Maria Pocahontas born within the confines of the Old Dominion of Virginia. The mothers took Delegate to ask that the children be baptized by him, and that special favor was granted them.

It was an interesting scene, and it is hoped that photographs of it have been preserved, to witness the gathering on the raised platform, the centre fi of it the representative of the Holy Father, an army officer interpreting the questions of the Delegate to the mothers of the children and the American Bishops and priests confirming the pro prieties of the ceremony by their pres

After the baptism was over the godparents took out their purses to make an offering, so strong is the influence of habit, but they were instructed to put the five-dollar bills in the hands of the infants, a practice evidently very pleasing to the mothers of the children, but one that would not receive the en tire approval of the parish priests of the Philippines or anywhere else if it were ome an abiding custom.

The Filipinos took occasion, too, of the visit of the Delegate to ask that they have Mass, and arrangements were readily and easily made for Mass in the Exposition grounds by transferring Chaplain O Keefe to the squadron of his regiment that was on duty at the exposition. — Philadelphia Standard and Times.

LOVE OF GOD AND NEIGHBOR.

CHARITY THEME OF CARDINAL GIBBONS' SERMON AT VATICAN SITE.

Southampton, N. Y., August 11.— Cardinal Gibbons, who is spending two weeks at the home of Rev. Francis J. Hara here, spoke in the Church of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary to day to a large congregation. His text was the Gospel of the day, relating the parable of the Good Samaratan. He

spoke in part as follows:
"If we ask ourselves what is the substantial reason for that love and veneration for Jesus Christ which is held, we find it is not alone for the miracles He wrought, but for the great com-passion He showed toward all men while in the world. Of all the episodes in his life, none is as strong as the lesson of to-day. Tenderness of heart and sympathy are the dominant notes in the character of Jesus Christ. the vigor of justice upon men when He was in the world, but He always dis-

ensed mercy on the way.
'The mirables of Christ always served some beneficent end. He gave hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, sight to the blind. He brought the dead to life, and, greater than that, He raised men from spiritual death to spiritual life. Charity knows no nation, no religion, no color. True charity does not look at the color of a man's skin, nor at his religion, nor at his religion, nor at his nationality, but treats all men as brothers.

"We are social beings. We are destined necessarily for sociaty. No man

tined necessarily for society. No man is sufficient unto himself. The bonds of social intercourse bind us all to gether in one organization, and the eye cannot say to the hand. 'I need not thy help,' nor, again, the hand to the feet, I have no need of you.'
'I care not how rich a man is. He

may have all the wealth of a Vander-bilt or of a Rockefeller, but he is poor indeed if he has no one to take him by the hand and call him friend. would it profit you to own all the coal in the mines in Pennsylvania if you and no help to mine it for you? would it profit you to own all Manhat-tan Island if you had to live there all alone with no hand to clasp your hand? Such is the necessity of our nature that mutual co-operation is necessary for our existence. Do not say to me 'What have I to do with my brother?'
Am I my brother's keep?'
'What would have become of us a

thousand years ago if Christ had said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'' You should imitate the Master and the apostles, and be your brother's keeper. It is true that you cannot imitate the Master by giving speech to the dumb and sight to the blind, but you can per-form a better work in the sight of God by serving others. The best thing that comes into your life is the fact that you love, the fact that you serve, the fact that you obey."

On Easter Day, that Sacred Heart began to beat anew for me. And for nineteen hundred years since then, it has never ceased to beat for me, till this morning's Holy Communion brings it with its faithful large in the me. it with its faithful love into my breast.

ENCE. MEMBER OF THE ENGI

ON INCONSISTENCY O ENGLAND AS REGAR SACRIFICE. Nearly a dozen years Hon. Augustine Birrell,

Chief Secretary of Irelan Nineteenth Century article, which is doubly

view of recent happening

"The English Church, formation, celebrated the same fashion, though cal language, as it has celebrated in Notre Dame English Church, as a the Reformation, continue the Mass after the san with the same intenti before? If yes, to the or layman the quarrel with the ban of the Pope Cardinals, will seem by matters to which it is the slip. Our quarrel of respectable antiquity had hers. But if not, the layman will be puzzled, leaning to sacraments mental theory of religio will grow distraught distracted. Nobody no handful of vulgar fana reverently of the Mass. tion be, indeed, the one which the whole crea miracle of the altar may restful shadow cast of thirsty land for the he is apt to be discouraged told that everything r and interesting happene long ago, in a chill histo much there may b sive to many minds millinery and matters the merriment of parson found mighty offensive whether any poor sinfu (not being a paid agent ant Alliance) ever wit ignorantly, and it ma the languid curiosity of Communion service, a

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Protestant one, bet Edinburgh, between Hi Here, I believe, is on fields of the future. I church allow its fathe ful laity to be at large Already the r to present to the obser rdinary indications Some church folk of or ing cannot bring them churches devoted In the selection of su has long become impo beforehand the doctri as a consequence of the ritual maintaine clergy. This is not preference, as a Cat the Oratorians to the traced to its source, altar. In some chu lish obedience there visible sacrifice; in the same ostensible co profession of myster made. It is impossib a mystery so tremend attractive, so intir with the keystone faith, so vouched for of saints, can be allo another hundred yes tion in a Church wherself to be the gualithe inquiry, what Reformation? were the first the Fred in the Fred in the chart t lief that the English in mind and will, c further participation sacrifice, it will be people to resist the change so great broof English Church transfer of church body to another and forth the new Chur been exposed to in been required to sub of existence totally any working definiti authority or Chu Philadelphia Catho

EXCHANGED SH. STA

Times.

FORMER SCOTCH PR TER WHO BECOME HIS GRATITU Rev. John M. (

Presbyterian parish

liebank, has just the Archbishop of

torate of Croy, an i Charleson was cor about six years ago an extremely inte the steps which event. After his Church he went several years stu-College. He rece in the Church of S the hands of Cardi of Rome, on Emb vent, 1904; and sa . Andrea delle F Church of media altar of Our Lad Conception, which sixty-five years a conversion of Alp the Immaculate altar. In Father scribed the circui thankfulness are far and wide: shadow He hath stance : instead o me divine faith ; doubt He has gir tainty."—Philade ard and Times.

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MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH CABINET ON INCONSISTENCY OF CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS REGARDS THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

article, which is doubly interesting in view of recent happenings.

"The English Church, before the Reformation, celebrated the Mass after the same fashion, though not in identical language, as it has to-day been celebrated in Notre Dame of Paris. Has the English Church, as a Church, after the Reformation, continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion, and with the same intention, as she did before? If yes, to the ordinary British layman the quarrel with the Pope, even the ban of the Pope and his foreign-Cardinals, will seem but one of those matters to which it is so easy to give the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is of respectable antiquity—France, too, had hers. But if not, the same ordinary layman will be puzzled, and, if he has a leaning to sacraments and the sacramental theory of religion and nature, will grow distraught and, it may be, distracted. Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks ir reverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be, indeed, the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all, long ago, in a chill historic past. However much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters—and it is only ever much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical
millinery and matters—and it is only
the merriment of parsons that is often
found mighty offensive—it is doubtful
whether any poor sinful child of Adam
(not being a paid agent of the Protestsnt Alliance) ever witnessed, however
ignorantly, and it may be with only
the languid curiosity of a traveller, the
Communion service, according to the
Cotholic ritual, without emotion. Catholic ritual, without emotion. It is the Mass that matters; it is

the Mass that makes the difference, so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one, between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer. Here, I believe, is one of the battle-fields of the future. How long can any church allow its fathers and its faithful laity to be at large on such a subject? Already the rift is so great as to present to the observer some of the ordinary indications of sectarianism. Some church folk of one way of thinking cannot bring themselves to attend the churches devoted to the other way. In the selection of summer quarters it has long become important to ascertain beforehand the doctrines espoused and, as a consequence of such doctrines, the ritual maintained by the local clergy. This is not a matter of mere preference, as a Catholic may prefer the Oratorians to the Jesuits—it is, if traced to its source, traceable to the altar. In some churches of the English obedience there purports to be the visible sacrifice; in other churches of the same ostensible communion no such profession of mystery or miracle is made. It is impossible to believe that a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of saints, can be allowed to remain for another hundred years an open question in a Church which still asserts the Mass that makes the difference, so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perattractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vonched for by the testimony of saints, can be allowed to remain for another hundred years an open question in a Church which still asserts herself to be the guardian of the faith. If the inquiry, what happened at the Reformation? were to establish the being that the English Church did then, in mind and will, cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice, it will be difficult for most people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of church property from one body to another and that from thenceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either Church any working demnition of either Church authority or Church discipline."— Philadelphia Catholic Standard and

EXCHANGED SHADOW FOR SUB-STANCE.

FORMER SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN MINIS-TER WHO BECOMES PRIEST VOICES HIS GRATITUDE TO GOD.

Rev. John M. Charleson, formerly Presbyterian parish minister of Thorn-liebank, has just been appointed by the Archbishop of Glasgow to the pastorate of Croy, an important and popu-lous parish in the archdiocese. Father Charleson was converted to the faith Charleson was converted to the faith about six years ago, and has published an extremely interesting account of the steps which led to this happy event. After his reception into the Church he went to Rome, and for several years studied at the Scots College. He received the priesthood in the Church of St. John Lateran at the hands of Cardinal Respiral. Vicar in the Church of St. John Lateran at the hands of Cardinal Respighi, Vicar of Rome, on Ember Saturday of Advent, 1904; and said his first Mass in St. Andrea delle Frate — the Scottish Church of mediæval Rome— at the altar of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, which was made famous sixty-five years ago by the sudden conversion of Alphouse Ratisbonne, a higoted Jew. through an apparition of bigoted Jew, through an apparition of the Immaculate Mother beside this altar. In Father Charleson's first sermon to his new parishioners he de-scribed the circumstances that led to his conversion. His closing words of thankfulness are worthy to be spread far and wide: "In exchange for the shadow He hath given me the sub-stance; instead of the merely human notions of Protestantism He has given me divine faith; instead of the old doubt He has given me Catholic cer-tainty."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

THE COMING CRISIS IN ITALY.

The whole Catholic world was profoundly stirred by the persecutions of the Church in France, and one of the few consoling results of the war on re-ligion in that country has been the awakening of the spirit of solidarity be-SACRIFICE.

Nearly a dozen years ago the Right
Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P., present
Chief Secretary of Ireland, wrote in the
Nineteenth Century the following
article, which is doubly interesting in
view of recent happenings.

"The English Church, before the Re
formation, celebrated the Mass after
the same fashion, though not in identical language, as it has to-day been
celebrated in Notre Dame of Paris. Has
the English Church, as a Church, after
the Reformation, continued to celebrate
the Mass after the same fashion, and
with the same intention, as she did
before? If yes, to the ordinary British
layman the quarrel with the Pope, even
the ban of the Pope and his foreign
Cardinals, will seem but one of those
matters to which it is so easy to give
the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is
of respectable antiquity—France, too,
of respectable antiquity—France, too, tide of anti-clericalism and what Italia anti-clericalism means we all know by this time.

We have just witnessed a phenomenal series of "clerical" scandals in Italy -at Milan, Varazze, Rovigo, Trani, Rome and the end of them is not yet in sight. Remember that the same phenomenon took place in France a few years ago when the anti-clericals there determined on their final assault on the religious orders and the Church.
The attack on the Salesians of Varazze
was surpassed in diabolical malice by
the attack on the Christian Schools of Lille, for at Lille a boy attending the Christian Schools was first barbarously outraged and then murdered, and the crime fastened on a brother who was for months subjected to a moral torture for months subjected to a moral torture and held up before the whole world as a type of the morality of French re-ligious—only to be acquitted at last, while no search was ever made for the author of the crime. In those days the French newspapers were full of "clerical" scandals and stories of how the nuns used to sweat and ill-treat the children under their care and for the children under their care, and for every paragraph setting forth those charges there was hardly a line to tell how they had been subsequently proved

In this way was France prepared for In this way was France prepared for the iniquitous law against the religious congregations, and in this way too Italy is being prepared for a similar law. Even already Italian deputies and Italian newspapers are constantly proclaiming that the religious congre-cations are suppressed in Italy, and clamor for the enforcement of the

enactments against them.

The fact is that according to Italian law the religious congregations are no longe, recognised in Italy, but men and women continue to have a legal right to wear the religious habit, to choose their rules of life, to acquire and possess property in common, and in a word, to enjoy the rights possessed by all other italian citizens. The immediate scope of the recent candals has been to create a popular feeling against them, and especially against such of them as are engaged in caring for the material and moral welfare of the young. In France the attack on the relig-

ious congregations was but the pre-liminary to a general attack on the Catholic Church, and the same will be tound to be true of Italy. But in France the work of anti-clericalism was-

Reflect on what has happened already every week the Sovereign Pontiff is being grossly insulted in the lurid cartoons of one of the chief acti-clerical organs of Italy, within the last few days ome of his cardinals have been the victims of anticlerical rowdyism in the streets of Rome, one of the chief officers of his household has been twice insulted with impunity almost within a stone's throw of the Vatican, he has been obliged to suspend the arrival of pilgrims from France and Germany and various parts of Italy. And remember we are only at the beginning of the campaign. Where it will end—and what do the Catholics of the English speaking world think about the situation that is being created for the Father of the Faithful?—Rome.

They Do This Thing Better in Mexico. It is not customary for a few superior persons hereabouts to sneer at our neighbors in Mexico, calling them a benighted, priest ridden lot. To be sure, it is true that the Catholic Mexical state of the sure is the sure of cans in some respects are not as far advanced as certain residents of this country. For one thing, they are so much behind the age that they actually much behind the age that they actually still believe in the sanctity of marriage. The Mexicans abhor divorce. On this point a correspondent in Mexico writes in the New York Sun

"The divorce laws now in force in the United States have been severely and repeatedly criticized, in private, by both men and women of the higher class in this country on the ground that man and woman, once united in matrimony ought never to separate. The theory is too deeply rooted in their minds to permit a man or a woman to resort to the court of divorce in Mexico. but it is never adhered to as a principle it is simply a question of self-respect. The separation of husband and wife excludes both from high society, and even their sons and daughters are made to feel the effects of public scorn; some from matrimony, while social intercouse becomes impossible for the divorced husband and wife." times it bars the sons and daughters

If such a ccde existed in this country the divorce problen would be solved speedily.—From the Catholic News.

The true criticism is to to admire.—Sainte Beuve.

RESPECT IS DUE THE HOUSE OF GOD.

'Put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.''—(Exod. iii. 3.)

In reading the sacred scriptures we cannot but be struck by the greatness and majesty of God. Here we behold His immensity, there His omnipotence; on this side His awful justice, on that, His continual goodness; while the whole narration forms such a universawhole narration forms such a universality of perfections that we fail to comprehend His glory, or still less compare His power. Justly, then, does God require veneration in His presence and respect for the places in which He appears; hence His command to Moses from the flaming bush at Horeb; hence His coming in thunder and lightning at Sinai; and hence, more than all, the respect He requires from us now, in his earthly home, the temples of the Catholic Church.

Yes, respect is due the house of God.

Yes, respect is due the house of God, and to be convinced of this truth, let

and to be convinced of this truth, let us give it a brief consideration.

All reasonable men respect that which is holy and venerable. But whether we consider, firstly, their figure under the old law, or secondly, its reality under the new, we must admit that to our churches is due our contract refound respect; and so, finally. most profound respect; and so, finally, that defects against this are to be avoided and condemned.

Having been forgotten by man, who had yielded to adoring false gods, the eternal Father determined to regain His lost right. Accordingly He set aside for Himself the children of Abraaside for Himself the children of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and in conformity with His promise He made them His chosen people, Moses He selected for His servant, Aaron for His priest; and through them He made known the laws He wished obeyed and the sacrifices He wished to be offered. To His pattern was built the tabernacle, and the ark placed within it. The table of propitiation and the golden candlestick, and the altar of incense were all prescribed by God. Precious woods, too, and wrought brass, and silver and gold were united to beautify the holy place. Veils of richest materials and exquisite workmanship were hung on all sides to prevent the gaze of the curious, while prevent the gaze of the curious, while one whole tribe was deputed to minister on behalf of the people. The sons of Levi, with Aaron at their head were at Levi, with Aaron at their head were at once guardians and the custodians about the sacred place, and they were required to keep themselves most pure in the sight of God and man, and to attend to the various functions of their office with strict punctuality. Thus God instituted a religion for His honor, and the people zealously com-menced to adore Him, hence the varithe deep veneration they had for His Majesty; hence the untiring earnestness with which they scught His ous oblations and holocausts;

Majesty; hence the them scurch His mercy. The Israelites were filled with a deep sense of God's greatness and power, and excepting some short periods of idolatry, they ever stood beperiods of idolatry, they ever stood before Him in fear and trembling. Later on when a temple was built to the glory of God, and all that genius could devise, power accomplish, money and enterprise procure, holy ambition at tain, were combined to form an edifice whose like was never seen before, our since, and likely never shall be again. All I-rael assembled at its opening and amidst the greatest solemnity, the ark was placed in triumph in the holy of holies under the wings of the cherubim. Voice and harp and psaltery, cymbal and trumpet blended psaltery, cymbal and trumpet blended in sweetest harmony, and when the priests chanted forth the psalm, "Give priests chanted to the passan, glory to the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever," the whole audience fell on their faces, for the house was filled with the cloud of God's Majesty, and fire shot down from

the heavens and consumed the welcome holocausts. Thus Ozias, though of kingly rank, was covered with leprosy for daring to offer incense without authority. Two sons of Aaron were burnt alive for having used unhallowed fire. The Philistines were scourged with dreadful plagues for placing the ark, which they captured in battle, in one of their ungodly temples, while Oza, one of Juda's princes, was struck with instant death for touching the ark with his hand. Yes, all was inviolable about the ark and temple, all impressive and filled with religious awe, and this to such a degree that even the mighty Alexander. used unhallowed fire. The Philistines degree that even the mighty Alexander, degree that even the mighty Alexander, conqueror of the world though he was and pagan, carried away by the sight, bent the knee in adoration before the greatness of the Lord.

And, yet, with all this respect and devotion what were the ark and the temple but shadows of what was to come? What these sacrifices in comparison to that of the new law? Christ has come and, by a life of sufficient has come and, by a life of sufferings, by a death ignominous has wrought a mighty, an infinite change, has sup-planted the figure by the reality, has brought in His sacred person the God from the heavens to reign with us on our altars to the end of time.

No barriers impede us from entering His holy house; no Levite bands pre-vent our appearing face to face before our Lord, and He, mighty Son of Jehovah, both priest and victim on the altar and king in the tabernacle, daily renews the sacrifice of Calvary, a most fitting propitiation to His heavenly Father, in infinite atonement for the sins of men. Here, then, more surely is respect required; here reflection and adoration.

Everything about us suggests reflec-tion and meditation—the altar and the Victim immolated on it, the divine resence in the tabernacle, the solemnity of the services at the various functions and the solemn silence that falls upon all at their close—all con-spire to fill the soul with religious fervor and call for protestations of love for God, sorrow for any offences com-mitted against Him and sincerest grati-tude.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

The skin rids the system of more urea than the kidneys?

Nearly one fifth of the waste products of the body is eliminated by the skin. Suppose there is some unsuspected, unseen skin trouble-the pores are closed-the skin is unable to rid the system of its share of the waste.

Then the blood carries this waste product to the kidneysimmediately they are overworked-they strain to throw off the extra load. What the kidneys can't possibly eliminate, the blood takes up again and deposits on the nerves.

Then come the dull aches in back, hips and head-the nerves unstrung and irritated—the urine charged with impurities and highly colored-and you fear you have "Kidney Trouble."

Nonsense. Your kidneys are overworked-not diseased. What you need is "FRUIT-A-TIVES" to act on the skin.



open the clogged pores-start up healthy skin action-and let the skin perform its natural function. This instantly relieves the kidneys of overwork—the back-aches stop and the complexion beautified. There is no excessive waste matter in the blood to bring dull headaches—the urine is cleared—the bowels are opened and regulated-and the kidneys strengthened.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" act directly on the three great eliminating organs-Skin, Kidneys and Bowels-make them well and keep them well. That is why "FRUIT-A-TIVES" cure so many cases of apparent kidney disease that are really skin troubles.

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AWED THE REPORTER.

James O'Donnell Bennett, a wellknown Chicago newspaper man who is writing foreign letters for the Chicago Record Herald, confessess that he was profoundly impressed in London by the preaching of Father Bernard

Vaughan.

"He makes you quail," he writes;
"he sends you away tremulous, with a hundred emotions, hores, anxieties, regrets, resolutions, aspirations. He grips you, buffets you, rails at you, then seems to throw his great arms around you and drag you maining. around you and drag you panting, hurt, ashamed and eager, onward with him to the heights. For prodigious effort produced by simple and at times uncouth means, he surpasses any preacher I ever heard and I have reported over a bundred and written ported over a hundred and written analyses as thorougly as I could compass them all. He uses no notes, he begins falteringly, speaking very slowly and with labored clearness.

"What is he? A well-rounded, red-faced, gray-baired man who is pro-foundly moved about something and whom a rush of blood to the head may

land are sitting rigid under the spell of the man, the priest, and the duch-esses are nervously biting their lips and wiping their eyes. He is preach-ing 'Christ and Him Crucified,' chasing 'Christ and Him Crucined, chas-tity, death and the judgment to come. A few Sundays ago unfolding the text, 'What Think Ye of Christ?' Whose Son Is He?' he leaned over the pulpit rail and put the question to the peopl Then pausing he asked, 'What did Peter, James and John think of Him? It's far more important for me, for you to know what they thought than what Professor Pfielderer thinks, or what Mr. Campbell and other higher critics think. The Disciples knew Him; they loved Him; they served Him; they died for Him.'"—True Voice.

VERY LIBERAL.

The recent pilgrimage of Catholics of London to Canterbury Cathedral to nonor the memory of the martyred Thomas a Becket, famous in English history, recalls the visit of Daniel O'Connell to the Cathedral in 1834 and his account of what he saw and felt in a letter to a friend. "At Canterbury," he wrote, "the Cathedral excited all my attention. They are restoring its ancient architectural beauty, but thereby showing more distinctly the nakedness of Protestant worship. But it is a spleadid building worship. But it is a spleadid building. i kissed the stone stained with the blood of the holy martyr of religion and liberty, the illustrious St. Thomas a Becket, one of the most valuable of the patriots of England. What a gorgeous temple it must have been when the principal altar glistened with gold and jewels in the light of six gold and jewels in the light of six hundred wax candles. But I should let my prose run mad if I were to in-dulge my heart and head with the vision of glory of seeing that Church again devoted to its original purposes and heard the voice of the choir re-echoed through its aisles and tran septs."

Further describing in another letter his pilgrimage to the holy shrine the illustrious Irish Catholic leader and emancipator interestingly wrote: The true criticism is to know what the saint fell martyred, but the verger showed it to me. I knelt down and

kissed the stone seat that had received his life-blood. The verger in horror told me that he would be dismissed if told me that he would be dismissed if the dean knew that he allowed any "Popish" work there. I, to console him, asked him his fee, and he told me it was a shilling. I gave him half a crown, saying that the additional one and sixpence was for his fright. He thanked me, and having carefully looked out into the grounds, he said: "He'snot there, sir. You may kiss it "He's not there, sir. You may kiss it again for nothing. When a real gentle man comes I let him do as he likes, for for I am very liberal."

INTEMPERANCE.

The many and great evils which flow from the vice of intemperance are known to every one. More than any other, this vice disrupts families, makes orphans, digs untimely graves, breaks mothers' hearts, takes bread from hungry mouths, fills prisons, and dives its unhappy victims along the highway which leads to crime, despair, and the loss of heaven. It is hard to understand how any one can love the Church and not be zealous against the evils which flow from intoxicating the heavens and consumed the welcome holocausts.

Respect was required for God's house and he who failed to bestow it met with most terrible punishment. Suppose the suppose of the suppos

in this country.

Fathers and mothers, as you love God, as you are grateful to Christ your Redeemer, as you hope for salvation, teach your children from their tenderest years to shun this foe of human happiness, this nurse of crime and misery, this source of broken hearts and ruined homes. Tell your growing boys and girls that you would far rather see them cold in death at your feet and the grave open to receive your rees and the grave open to receive their youthful bodies, than to know that they would ever become victims of intoxicating drink. Tell them the tales of unutterable woes; the sad stories [of blighted lives, of thwarted hopes, of bright talents dimmed, of in-nocence sullied, of homes wrecked and ruined, of immortal souls lost through the vice of intemperance, and bid them shun the danger as they would a pestilence or a plague .-- Monitor.

Would'st thou know something that will give thee peace? Love to be un known and esteemed as nothing. When the void about us is filled by the more sensible presence of God, how fully this poor heart is compensated!

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thorough English education; also, if desired, the preparation for the En-trance and Junior Leaving Examina-

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THE COMING OF THE SWALLOWS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE. tre of the swallows activity. Here they held consultations; here they related the history of their wanderings, of their exploits by land and sea.

of their exploits by land and sea.
So at least Owneen thought. For each night, after the swallows had retired to rest, he entertained his astonished mother with vivid descriptions of strange lands, and of the people who inhabited them.
One day the parish priest paid a visit to the cottage. After the usual salutations, he asked:
"Where is Owneen today, and how is he keeping these times?"
"He is in his usual place on the good," answered she mother. "He has

"He is in his usual place on the receft," answered she mother. "He has been growing weaker in health and paler in appearance for some mouths past, but for the last week or so he seems to be improving. There is a nice, bright color in his cheeks, which have never seen there helper." have never seen there before."

The priest glanced sharply at her,

but he saw that she had no suspicion of the real state of things. Her great affection was blinding her to the truth. He, too, had noticed the tell-tale blushes, but he was not deceived. He knew that these hectic spots were the danger signals of an advanced stage of

pulmonary decay.

After saving good by to the widow, the priest went to interview her boy.

He found him on the top of the great boulder, listening with absorbed atten-tion to the twittering of the birds. "Well, my boy," he said, "are you dreaming, as usual?"
"No, Father; I am talking to the

And what do the swallows say to 61 Oh, they tell me such beautiful stories. Do you see that little bird that skimmed past us just now? She is the cloverest story teller of the lot. Last year she made her nest in the ivy just over my bedroom window, and she has laid her eggs there again this year. She has another nest in the outhern World thousands and thou-

sands of miles away. What a strange thing to have two homes in places so And in what country has she the

I see it now, when I close my eyes. It is a wild, wild country. There are and trees, no hills, or mountains, or valleys. It is all covered with sand—sand, sand everywhere. Here and there are little green spots like islands in the middle of the ocean. On one of these I see a huge rock, as if it been stricken by lightning. In crevice there is a nest. It is the h in the Great Southern World, of this Mittle swallow."
Thus did the boy ramble on, weav

ing airy webs from his imagination, until the night fell, and the priest de-

parted for home.
66 Poor mother! Happy child!" his only comment as he walked away

from the widow's cottage.

Summer had melted into autumn, and as the last days of August were ching the swallows began to approaching the swamows began to

As the time drew near, a great change became visible in the child. His health grew still feebler, and his countenance assumed a fixed expres-sion of melancholy. He seldom spoke, and every night, when he kissed his mother, there were great tears in his One evening, before going to bed,

Call me early in the morning,

Carling mother. The swallows will be leaving to-morrow, and I must be wake to bid them good-bye. But I Common stay behind them long. I must follow them to the great land where the sun is shining always. They are ever whispering in my ear, 'Come with us. Come with us to the Great Southern World.'" It was with a sad heart that the poo

mother retired to rest that night. In the silence of her little room sh. asked God to give her resignation, and to take the future of her darling boy into

His holy hands.

Scarcely had the first streak of dawn sent its golden rays into the child's room than he rose feebly from his bed, dresse', and went slowly to his accus-comed seat under the ash trees.

His appearance was the signal for a loud and prolonged outburst of twittering from his little friends. They wished to show him, in their birdlice fashion, their sympathy with him in his weakness, and their sorrow at parting with the gentle child who had won their affections. Numbers of them left their perches and skimmed past him, touch-ing him lightly with their wing, as if to bid him a long, last farewell.

Then, in the same order in which they had come, they set out for their journey to their home in the Southern world. At first they went in twos and threes, then in larger companies, and finally in multitudes so vast as to darken the atmosphere. The last to leave were the two birds which had made were the two bras which had made their nests in the ivy over Owneen's window. Several times they rose to a great height, then returned, chattering encisity all the time. Then, as if bracing themselves to a great effort, they rushed passed him with the rapidity of higher and Hightaing, rose higher and higher, attering plaintiv shrieks, until they became mere speeks in the blue dome of the heavens, and their cries were

The boy uttered a feeble mean. His cacther heard it, and clasped him in her

wems. "What is it?" "Good-bye, darling mother. Don't be lonely after me. I am going with the swallows. I hear them calling, calling: 'Come with us, to the land where the sun is shining always.'"

The gentle boy close! his eyes, gave one last sigh, and his soul was carried on the wings of angels to the land of sternal summer.

That night the voice of wailing was heard from the widow's cottage. When the neighbors came, they found her, a picture of woo, seated beside her dead child, and as she wept she crooned;

"The swallows have come and gone They will return again, next year and the year after, but my angel boy will never come back to me."—William Ganly, in the Austral Light, Melbourne, Australia.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost. FEAST OF THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED

To-day, my brethren, is Our Lady's birthday. She who is the type of all unfading beauty was this day born into unfading beauty was this day born into our ugly world nearly two thousand years ago. May God be praised for ever! and may every soul alive feel some deeper stirrings of heavenly joy this day which made glad the bright company of the angels and told of the approach of man's salvation! Her birth meant the birth of Him Who is the first-horn of all the regenerate, and the first-born of all the regenerate, and in Whom all the elect are born again unto newness of life, Our Lady herself being the noble queen of men that she is by reason of her Son's foreseen

It seems to me that we should say a prayer for the Jewish people on this day: "Let thy dwelling be in Jacob day: "Let thy dwelling be in Jacob and thy inheritance in Israel, and take root in my elect" are words applied to Our Lady by the Church in her offices. Mere worldly honor, my bre hren, whether of wealth or family, is by sp r whether of weath or lamily, is by spittal writers classed among the varities of this I fe. But the children of Israel were a caosen people and the house o David a royal family, and b.th in a sense far above what man can give. If I am the son of a rich man I may still die a pauper, and if the son of a great man I may still be a mea enough little wretch or even an idiot. But to be of the blood kindred of Jesus Christ is a very different sort of aristocracy, and s the unique honor of the Jewish people
—an honor not quite forfeited, let us hope, even by their apostasy and their many a ditional crimes. Our Lady was, and is, a Jewess: "I took root in an honorable people—I was established in Sion." It seems to me that our very first thought on a day of hers like this, should be a prayer that she may hasten the time when her kindred according to the flesh may rend the veil which covers their faces and their hearts, and come to her Son and to her, and to the true religion, the holy Catholic Church. "The loss of them," says St. Paul, "is the reconciliation of the world; what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?" Surely for no cause would Mary of Nazareth plead with her Son more glady than for that gr at,

strange and everlasting race to which she belongs herself.

Another peculiarly fitting prayer th's day and during its cetave is for the female sex. The Mother of Jesus is the glory of the entire race, but she is the woman of history and of revelation. From her and on account of her comes all the dignity of her sex. "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and o. knowledge, and of holy hope," are the words the Church speaks for her in her office, using those words of the Wise Man. And indeed Live and fear and knowledge and hope, tigether with all the other beneficent forces of nature and grace, are in the custody of woman. Who aught you about Christ and para dise? Your mother. The mother of the family is the original and directlyappointed vicar of God n this world. What form of error so miserable as that which has so totally failed to convince men that the true religion can exist without a great mother? What city of refuge so sweet to the pancing fugitive from divine justice as the bosom of that

great mother? She watches over the female sex. She gives them their pattern in every relation of life, virgin, wife and mother. She consecrates their joy, hallows their grief, dignifies their modest retirement, asserts and secures their rights in the home and in the state. Now let us pray her most fervently that she may stand by the sex these days moe than ever before. For it is just now that many women are tools of satan to corrupt the minds of the young with foul reading, to lure them to hell by obscene plays, to make them flippant and frivolous by pagan amusements and by vanities in dress, to drive families to ruin by waste and extravagance, and to scatter and disgrace nodest retirement, asserts and secures

travagance, and to scatter and disgrace them by divorce and worse.

Let us appeal to the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, on this day esp cially, to obtain purity and secateness and good sense, and, above all deep religious observations. religious character for all her sex.

THE REAL KINGS OF FRANCE.

AN INCIDENT WHICH PROVES THE CLOSE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND FREEMASONRY. y the Countess de Courson in the Ave Marie.

We have sometimes noticed the scep tical smile with which English and American Catholics are inclined to re-ceive our assertion that at the present moment the real kings of France are the Freemasons. It is they who hold in their hands the reins of government, who control the elections, and who dis pose of every chance of preferment or advancement to which their fellow-citi zens may aspire. Examples are daily brought forward that illustrate this

A fresh instance of this tyranny has lately been brought before the public The incident we are about to relate has been told in certain French papers those especially whose object is to unmask the Freemasons; it was our good fortune to gather it from the lips of the hero of the tale.

Captain S. served with much distinction in the French colonies; he took a prominent part in different encounters, was publicly praised and congratulated by his chiefs, received the Cross of the Legion of Honor; in fact, rendered such signal service to his country that he found himself entitled to claim an important civil port on his retirement

from the army.

A well-known French general, one of the most prominent military leaders of the day, was keenly interested in Captain S. He brought forward his pro-

tege's claims when, a few months ago, the latter decided to retire from active service. No objection was raised to the officer's demands; on the contrary, the justice of his claims and the value the justice of his claims and the value of his past services were fully recognized by the Government, and in due course of time he was promised the important poet of curator of the Chateau of Compiegne — a post that brings with it a comfortable salary. His appointment was duly made known to him. It seemed absolutely certain; for he was informed that he might count upon the appointment being officially announced to the public on the following Tuesday. A few days before this date, Captain S. received a letter from an unknown

S. received a letter from an unknown S. received a letter from an unknown hand. It was written from 14 Rue Cadet, Paris; and under the illegible signature were the words, "Secretaire aux Affaires Gouvernementales." It merely requested the Captain to call at the foregoing address on a certain day. Captain S. had spent the best years of his life in distant lands. The words "14 Rue Cadet" conveyed no special meaning to his mind; and the lines accompanying the signature made him think that he was summoned to one of

the government offices on the subject of his future post.

On the appointed day, therefore, he rang at the house, which, as the Grand Orient, is the well-known central lodge of the French Freemasons — a fact of which Captain S. was totally ignorant. He owned to us that the aspect of the house struck him as somewhat strange; "but," he added, "I have lived so much in foreign parts that these things do not impress me as they would a Par-isian." A soft-voiced, courteous gentleman received him, and began by warmly congratulating him upon the distinguished services he had rendered to his country—services which the government was about to reward as they deserved. This flow of compliments from a stranger somewhat astonished the gallant soldier, and, as he listened, he wondered vaguely to what his host

wss leading.
"Yes," continued the latter, "we sincerely rejoice that a distinguished military man like yourself should be appointed to so good a post. No doubt you fully deserve it; but nevertheless, it is proof that the Government wishes to favor you. And you, on your side will, we feel sure, be glad to give the Government a proof of your allegiance. Your appointment will be officially announced to the public next Tuesday. nounced to the public next Tuesday You may henceforth consider it as certainty. Only we want you to become one of us, and to give us your ad hesion to day. It is only fair that the Government should demand a special mark of fidelity from those whom it appoints to posts of some importance.

"To become one of you!" exclaimed Captain S. "What do you mean? Who are you?" "Surely you know that you are now at the Grand Orient?" was the re-

ply.
"I know nothing of the sort," was
the soldier's answer. "I came here
knowing nothing of what was required

"Well," continued the unknown, "the case is simple enough. You are at the Grand Ocient, and we want you

to become a Freemason—"
"Never! I have never belonged to a secret society, and will not do so now." "Think the matter over, Captain. We ask for your adhesion, your name—that is all. Surely there is nothing in what we propose that can wound your feelings. We ask simply this: that you become a member of our brotherhood.

The Government requires this proof of your devotion to its interests; and you can not refuse it, when you remember the favor that is being conferred upon you. You will, no doubt, say that this favor is a reward to which your services entitle you: but you can not dispute the right of the Government to bestow its best gifts on those who fall in with

"My mind is made up; I will not be

come a Freemason."

At this juncture the door opened and another man entered. He laid himself out with consummate skill to conquer the visitor's objections; and Captaio S. realized that the men before him were accurately informed of every circumstance of his situation.

"Remember," they urged, "you have not enough to live on unless you find a situation that pays well. Your two children are young, and you must educate them: the appointment that has been promised to you is all that you could wish: it means affluence, security, confort, for yourself and your family; but it is our duty to warn you that in order to obtain it you must be ne of us.'

Captain S. arose.



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"I understand perfectly," he said; 'and again I distinctly refuse to be

ome a Freemason."
"We will no take you at your word."
they replied. "Think the matter over, and on Monday you will, we feel sure, give us another answer. We shall ex pect to see you here that day, and we are certain that by that time you will see things in another light."

"You need not expect me to return. My answer on Monday would be the same as it is today."

"Captain," they persisted, "remember your children."
"My children," was the firm reply, "would blush for me if I were to yield to your proposal."

And, with these words, Captain S walked out of the Grand Orient. The soldier, who had seen much hard service, probably never fought a flercer battle than the one from which he issued, with his conscience at rest but his earthly hopes ruined and broken.

his earthly hopes rained and broken.

Needless to add that the promised appointment was given to another, and that Captain S. was left to face poverty. Some anxions months followed, during which the gallant soldier sought high and low, far and wide, for a situation that would enable him to provide for his family He has found at last. A society has lately been one at last. A society has lately been organized in Paris with a view to helping the officers and the civil officials whose religious principals have led them to be deprived of their employments. Among them are many military men who last year declined to break down the doors of the churches during the agitation caused by the invent-

This society - " Honneur, Conscience"—undertakes to find situations for the victims of government oppression; and, although it has not been in existence for many months, it has all ready achieved much good and useful work. One of the first to benefit by Captain S., whose generous allegiance o his principles was thus rewarded by Him who has promised to crown, even on earth, those who seek above all things "the Kingdom of God and His justice."

This true story emphasizes the fact that the Freemasons no longer take the trouble to conceal their close connection with the French government. The letter that Captain S. received was written by a Mason who openly signed himself the "Secretary of Government Affairs," thus proclaiming that the Grand Orient now a govern-

What to Forget.

Forget evil imagination. Forget the Forget the lander you have heard. eanness of small souls. Forget the faults of your friends. Forget the misunderstanding of yesterday. Forget all malice, all fault-finding, all injur-ies, all hardness, all unlovely and dis-tressful things. Start out every day with a clean sheet. So be lovely, by lov-ing. See how much sunshine you can produce.



Archbishop O'Brien.

(Man and Statesman)

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it is a wise course to make proper pro paration for the coming months of Winter, and so in youth—the Summerwinter, and so in youth—the Summer-time of life—it is only right that pro-vision should be made for the Winter months of old age. Nothing is more pitiable than an old age of want and helplessness, especially where it fol-lows a youth of plenty.

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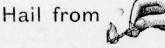
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and American newspap through sources that are t the absolute need of a vi the absolute need of a violic press to champien to religious liberty that a ernment would deny to subjects. If our young me the leaders of opinion in this country paper offers them unlimit ties in this great apos we consider the far reac of the printed word, and applendid Catholic press boast of; the wonder great property of the printed word, and applendid Catholic press boast of; the wonder great proceives such scant it receives such scant the great mass of our Constantly we hear of societies resolving that analism is the greatest in the world, and it sha support and encourage resolutions, however, prevery instance to be phases and empty won nothing real or tangible If there was the prosper olic press would be comits great mission the w instead of a few thousa as each paper now has, newspaper would have newspaper would have thousands of readers in everything that concern At times certain states in the daily and week! flects on Catholic belief yet nowhere is anythin Catholic organizations misleading articles. For years, in France tators have been allow

SEPTEMBER 7, 19

CHATS WITH YOU Young Men and the The persecution of the France, and the false an news that is cabled to t

tators have been allowed and distribute broadcas among the working conly too well do the country realize the spropaganda that has a faith of so many in the The question, then, the panded together if not be the country is not the said together if not the country is not the country in the country in the country is not the country in the country is not the country in the country in the country is not the country in the country in the country is not the country in the co banded together if no ion and morality aga attacks of newspapers Societies of Catholic ized for social purp themselves; better st a little of their energy up a strong Catholic ence for good would nook and corner of the A good Catholic pape of the school or collects readers an education and deep. What imm and deep. What imn then, there are in fields that some day Not only the press works that wait sho young men, and which port—such as the Sc pagation of the Fait Extension Society. value their religion theirs, they can read need for these in lands that sit in the of death without the home that is supply newspopers in white the family are int will find a high or that makes for the b Many of our young their valuable time paper, with its scar —time that is waste ies that are lost ar be recalled. The tipurnalism is demo-young man who value see to it that the se

ularly the Sunday su from the Christian unclean thing. Catholic societie supporting Catholic press, can no mu-our cities centers and activity. In are rapidly drift through the re theories advanced these vicious teac press representing authority of Holy moral power in the of education is people realize to necessity of sup-paper. Close to Leo XIII., of hap-olic journalism, understood the wholesome reading doubt and unbeli-

Catholic youn Give your earne Catholic journali and able Catholi be proud of, an and teacher in e hold and sustain our Catholic edi for the honor of the Church. Be ary in helping to olic thoughts i by circulating among your non-young men, you with success and work of the apo become a reality the Parish Mon

Reassurance James G. Bla degree, the abil to him, to bind shake hands warm grasp and only put the m dissipated ever but also made found a friend

to see. There is not sonal populari straint, reserve shyness, overse of antagonism heart run out

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Young Men and the Press, The persecution of the Church in France, and the false and unreliable news that is cabled to the European and American newspapers, coming through sources that are tainted, show the absolute need of a vigorous Caththe absolute need of a vigorous Catholic press to champion the principles of religious liberty that an infidel government would deny to its Catholic subjects. If our young men are to become the leaders of thought and opinion in this country, the Catholic paper offers them unlimited opportunities in this great apostolate. When we consider the far reaching influence of the printed word, and the able and splendie Catholic press that we can of the printed word, and the able and splendid Catholic press that we can boast of; the wonder grows on us that it receives such scant support from the great mass of our Catholic people. Constantly we hear of certain of our societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies resolving that "Catholic jour-societies" and the societies resolving that we can be set that we can be set that we can be set to be se societies resolving that "Catholic jour-nalism is the greatest power for good in the world, and it shall receive our support and encouragement." These resolutions, however, prove in almost every instance to be meaningless phases and empty words. There is hases and empty words. There is othing real or tangible back of them. If there was the prosperity of them.

If there was the prosperity of the Cath
olic press would be commensurate with
its great mission the world over, and
instead of a few thousand as heart instead of a few thou and subscribers, as each paper now has, every Catholic newspaper would have its hundreds of newspaper would have its nuntreus of thousands of readers in close touch with everything that concerns our holy faith. At times certain statesments are At times certain statesments are found in the daily and weekly press that re-flects on Catholic belief and practice, yet nowhere is anything done by our Catholic organizations to correct such misleading articles.

For years, in France, socialistic agitators have been allowed to circulate and distribute broadcast their literature and distribute broadcast their literature among the working classes, and now only too well do the people of that country realize the sad result of this propaganda that has shipwrecked the faith of so many in that unhappy land. The question, then, naturally arises, For what object are these societies banded together if not to de'end relig-ion and morality against the flippant oanded together it not to derend relig-ion and morality against the flippant attacks of newspapers and magazines? Societies of Catholic young men organ-ized for social purposes are good in themselves; better still if they devote a little of their apparent to good building a little of their energy toward building up a strong Catholic press whose infu-ence for good would permeate every nock and corner of this great country. A good Catholic paper takes the place of the school or college. It imparts to its readers an education that is solid What immense possibilities, then, there are in the undeveloped fields that some day our Catholic so neus that state and any titles will till for this great apostolate!

Not only the press, but other good works that wait should appeal to our young men, and which they should support-such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Church Extension Society. If our young men value their religion and fully appreci ate the magnificent heritage that is theirs, they can readily understand the for these in our own and other lands that sit in the valley of the shadow of death without the light of faith. A home that is supplied with Catholic newspopers in which every member of the family are interested, there you will find a high order of intelligence that makes for the better things of life. Many of our young men fritter away their valuable time in reading the daily spaper, with its scandals and sensations lands that sit in the valley of the shadow paper, with its scandals and sensations—time that is wasted with opportunities that are lost and which can never recalled. The tendency of modern journalism is demoralizing, and every young man who values character should see to it that the secular paper, particularly the Sunday supplement, is barred from the Christian home, for it is an

unclean thing.
Catholic societies, by fostering and Catholic societies, by fostering and supporting Catholic literature and the press, can no much towards making our cities centers of Catholic thought and activity. In many places people are rapidly drifting into paganism through the reading of destructive theories advanced and put forth by our view of the single boy as she hurried transfer areas, that the teacher areas, the transfer areas, that the teacher areas, the teacher areas, the transfer areas, that the teacher areas, the transfer areas, the tra through the reading of destructive theories advanced and put forth by our daily newspapers. The antidote to these vicious teachings is the Catholic press representing God's law and the authority of Holy Church, the greatest moral power in the world. A campaign of education is needed to make our people realize the importance and necessity of supporting the Catholic paper. Close to the great heart of Leo XIII., of happy memory, was Catholic journalism, for he thoroughly understood the need of sound and wholesome reading in an atmosphere of

wholesome reading in an atmosphere of doubt and unbelief.

Catholic young men, this appeal is made to each and every one of you. Give your earnest and loyal support to Catholic journalism. Build up a strong and able Catholic press that you will and able Catholic press that you will be proud of, and that will be a guide be proud of, and that will be a guide and teacher in every community. Up-hold and sustain the mighty work of our Catholic editors who are laboring for the honor of God and the glory of the Church. Become an active mission-ary in helping to sow the seeds of Cath-olic thoughts in the hearts of others, by circulating the Catholic paper among your non-Catholic friends. Thus, young men. your efforts will be crowned among your non-tathone friends young men, your efforts will be crowned with success and the great and enduring work of the apostolate of the press will become a reality.—John S. Welbank in the Parish Monthly.

Reassurance In a Handshake.

James G. Blaine had, to a remarkable degree, the ability to bring people close to him, to bind them to him. He would to him, to bind them to him. He would shake hands with a stranger with a warm grasp and cordiality which not only put the man at perfect ease, and dissipated every bit of fear or restraint but also made the man think he had found a friend that he was really glad

Do not hold yourself back as though you were afraid you would give some-thing away which you ought to keep, or that you would say something which you would be sorry for.

Keep Going. "We must all either go forward or go back," said a reflective man of affairs; "there is no standing still in nature. This is a truth that applies peculiarly to the business world. Young firms grow because they have not yet become slaves of old time methods. Old houses of business have a tendency to drop out of existence, unless there is a constant infusion of a tendency to drop out of existence, unless there is a constant infusion of new blood. Habit and custom keep them in old ruts, and as it is becoming less and less possible to merely 'mark tim 'in commerce, they are gradually edged out of existence by stress of competition: "My advice, then, to those who want to succeed in life is to 'keep going." Keep putting out new 'keep going.' Keep putting out new ideas, new methods, and new develop

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

-Our Young People.

ments. It is the only way to keep abreast of the world, whether in you individual life or in a business career.

THE LIGHT BEFORE THE ALTAR.

I will now tell you a little story, said the missionary, who, during the five days he had been preaching to the simple congregation that hung upon his words, had endeared himself to them in a wonderful manner. The people stirred expectantly in their seats, and the

priest began:

'A group of children were playing
in the school yard adjacent to the new
church in a thriving little western town, where, until recently, the Catholics had been obliged to hold services only once a month, and then in a large room over a grocery store. But now they had a pretty little church of their own; and to the school lately opened near it and to the school lately opened hear to —and taught for a mere nominal sum by a fervent, kindly old maid, who loved children and was capable of instructing them in their faith—several Protestant boys and girls came. One of these, a delicate, fair haired child of ten, now stood during the recreation hour gazing wistfully over the white paling through the partially opened door of

the church.
"The teacher, observing him from the porch of the school room, thought she would go and have a little chat with him. He did not see her until she stood beside him. 'Well, Her-bert,' she said, 'are you trying to read the inscription over the door?
The gold letters are confusing in this strong sunlight.

strong sunlight."
"'No, ma'am,' he responded. 'I
was trying to peep inside. What do
the letters say?"
"'Church of the Blessed Sacra-

"How pretty! I wish I might go in!"
"And so you may, dear, answered
the teacher. "Come, let us go to-

gether.'
" Do they allow Protestants to go

inside? he asked.
"'Certainly, Herbert, provided they
are respectful and do not talk aloud."
"'Taking his hand, she led him up the steps and into the clean, new church, with its dainty, flower-decorchurch, with its dainty, flower-decorated altar, for the previous day had been the Feast of the Assumption. She knelt on the lowest step of the sanctuary; the boy did the same.

""How very still and beautiful it is!" thought the child. "How lovely that light before the altar twinkling and smiling there to honor God! Than

and smiling there to honor God! They believe He is in that little room they call the tabernacle, and that is why the lamp is always burning.

"He would like to have lingered,

but the teacher arose, and they passed

to ring the bell.
"After that he went daily to visit

the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes passing his entire recess there. If something happened to prevent him he could not rest until he had stolen to the church after supper—the time he really liked best, it was so calm and quiet, with that one quivering star of ruby brightness making a radiance in the dim twilight. And yet the boy, conscientious as he was, had some misgivings; for he had never told his parents of these visits to the Blessed Sacrament. He feared they might prevent him if they knew, so he had not the courage to speak. the Blessed Sacrament, sometimes pass

courage to speak.
"One evening his father and mother

"One evening his father and mother were sitting on the porch when he returned. 'Where have you been, Herbert?' asked his father.
"'Visiting the Blessed Sacrament,' said the boy, his heart beating rapidly.
"Oh!' replied his father, patting him on the head. 'You have been in a good place. I worked for Catholics when I was a boy and know something about their belief. If my mother hadn't been a Presbyterian and made me promise to stay in her church, those people mise to stay in her church, those people would have made me a Catholic years ago.

would have made mea Catholic years ago.
Not through any persuasion, my boy;
just by their example.'
""Many a time I've gone in myself
when I felt sad and lonely,' said the
mother. 'That was in N—, long ago,
when I was an orphan—before I met

your father."
" 'Ah!' sighed Herbert—but it was a happy sigh—'I am so glad you don't care II I co!' And he went to bed

warm grasp and cordiality which not only put the man at perfect ease, and dissipated every bit of fear or restraint to tails omade the man think he had to see.

"Many thoughts had that little boy as he knelt evening after evening before the ever-burning light upon the altar. There is nothing more fatal to personal popularity than a feeling of restraint, reserve, shrinking from people, shyness, oversensitiveness, or the feeling of antagonism. You must let your heart run out into your hand to your very finger-tips when you greet people with a handskake. Do not be afraid of giving too much of yourself to them.

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days that two or three days to come up here who would make your contession."

"I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days to come yiers to come up here who would make your contession."

"What! You would make your contession out here in all the noise and two there in all the noise and the light is the sign that He is believe that He is the sign that He is heard in all our churches this evening up to a late hour."

The least two or three days to come yiest two come yiest to come up here who would make your contession."

"What! You would make your contession out here in all the noise and turnoil of the London streets? Why not go to the nearest church? Confession."

I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar willingly it would not be said. "For the last two or three days. Rolled Gold Spectacles absolutely free of charge.

I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar willingly wount here in all the noise and turnoil of the London streets? Why not go to the nearest church? Confession."

The rishman shook his head, and for the learn in the world, and perfectly reliable to the said. "For the last two or three days.

I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar family set of the Dr. Haux Evision Spectacles solutely free of charge.

Send for my free Eye Tester today.

Then head you a co

the teacher's instructions, and gradually come to know a great deal about the doctrines of the Church.

*** They are taught, he would fur-ther soliloquise, 'that if they came to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with all their troubles and trials, He will help them and comfort them and show them what to do. If they are glad He will rejoice with them; if they are sad, He will console them. Why, then, do

they remain away?

"Again, looking at the crucifix above the altar, the wounded body of our Lord but faintly visible in the half darkness, he would think: 'He died for me, too—He died for all men. And what a loyaly thing it is to feel that He for me, too—He died for all men. And what a lovely thing it is to feel that He is here day and night in the taberasele, as Catholics do! But, oh, how can they leave Him all alone!

"And at length there came a day when the plentitude of faith descended are the abild and he cried out in the

when the plentitude of faith descended upon the child, and he cried out in the joy of his heart: 'Truly our Lord said: Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' And this is what He meant. And again: 'This is My Body, this is My Blood; do this in commemoration of Me.'

O my Lord and Saviour, I too, believe as the Catholics believe!"
"After that it was not difficult for the boy to obtain the permission of his parents to be instructed and baptized. In the providence of God he afterwards became a priest — a Father of the Blessed Sacrament, as I am—forever preaching devotion to the Blesset Sacrament, as is his mission and my

"Our divine Lord asks for so little from us, and yet that little we deny Him. Five minutes each day before the altar—yet how few of us can spare it from the occupations of this world! One half hour a week to kneel, adore and pray to the God Who wait silently for us in the halo of the undying ly for us in the halo of the undying sanctuary lamp—yet how many among us can declare: 'I give to H m that short half-hour!' I once heard a Protestant say: 'Could I believe that Christ is in the Sacrament. It seems to me I would never leave the spot where you Catholics are sure Hais conwhere you Catholics are sure He is con-O my brethren how thus are we not often put to sha e!"

The delicate - featured, fair-haired priest descended from the pulpit, and presently his beautifully modulated voice could be heard, as, kneeling in voice could be heard, as, sheeling in front of the tabernacle, he recited the devotional ejaculatory prayers to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament with which he was accustomed to end his discourse. As the congregation joined fervently in the responses, there were few present who were not convinced, and justent who were not convinced, and just of ly, too that he was the same child of predilection who, in the days of his innocent boyhood, had loved to kneel and watch and pray near the light before the altar.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

A STRANGE PLACE FOR CONFES-SION

It was afternoon of the Saturday be fore Low Sunday. The numerous banks and large houses of business had for the most part closed early, as is usual in London on Saturdays; and the various employes—managers, cashiers, clerks, assistants of all sorts—were re-

pairing to their homes in the outlying parts of the metropolis. The "Tabe" and other electric underground railways were crowded with passengers, as were also the omnibuses on the road-way above. The vehicles that wended ther way cityward were, on the other hand, comparatively empty.
on the roof of one of these emnibuses a

Catholic priest was seated. He noticed that the driver glanced round several times in his direction with a doubtful, almost inquiring expression, and the conviction forced itself on him that the man was desirous of speaking to him. So as soon as the seat next to the coachbox was vacated—it was not one of the motor omnibuses—he took the opportunity thus afforded him of placing himself close to the driver, who looked round with a satisfied smile,

"[All right, Father!" The next moment, however, he added, with a sudden; anxious change of manner: "Is your reverence a Catholic priest a Roman Catholic ?"

—a Roman Catholic?"
(It must be remembered that the so-called High Church Protestant clergy dress in exact imitation of Catholic priests, and even call themselves Cath-

olics.)

'Yes, certainly," was the reply.

The conversation seemed destined to go no further; for the driver had to decrease. go no further; for the driver had to devote all his attention to hie horse, as he had got into a rather congested part of the city, and it required all the skill and congress of a practiced head to of the city, and it required all the sain and coolness of a practiced hand to steer his way through the crowd of vehicles. When progress was again more easy, the driver once more looked at the priest, as if to invite him to

what was the priest to say? He did not care to talk of the weather or the state of the streets, so he asked whether the man was a Londoner? No; he was an Irishman. Yet even the dear land of his birth did not appear to be an interesting topic, and the priest felt sure that the man had something on his mind about which he could not begin. Suddenly the thought struck him that Suddenly the thought struck him that this was the last day but one for fulfill ing the Easter precept, and, after a few more remarks about Ireland, he adroitmore remarks about freiand, he adroit-ly brought the conversation to that point, and put the question: "Have you been to your duties this

Easter ?' The man gave a sigh of relief. "I am glad you asked me that," he said. "For the last two or three days

"The boy listened attentively to all not possibly go to a church. And as the next day was the last one for fulfilling the Easter precept, he was afraid it would be the same with him this year as it was last year. He had put off his confession till the last day; and though he got up early, and went first to one, then to two other churches, he found so many persons round the confessionals that he knew if he waited for his turn he would be too late for his work. In fact, he had only just had time to hear Mass before hastening to the omnibus

> "If you will not hear me, Father," he concluded, "there will be little chance for me again this year."

"Have you got yourself ready?"
"Sure I have, for some days past.
And I have said a 'Hail Mary' every
morning that I might get the chance."
The priest hesitated no longer. He
made the man promise not to put of made the man promise not to put off confession again in that way next year; then he said: "Now begin at once."

On the busy thoroughfare conveyances of every kind rolled more or les quickly on their way—heavily laden wagons, tradesmen's carts, motor cars, omnibuses, cabs, the elegant equipages of the rich, the trucks and trolleys of the poor. And amongst all this moving medley reckless cyclist threaded their perilous course. From the pavement on each side, above the din of the traffic rose the shrill cries of the vendors of newspapers, of flowers, of fruit, of cheap toys, and of all manner of wares, which they pressed upon the notice of

the passers-by.
Meanwhile not one of all the noisy crowd and bustling throng had the least suspicion of what was passing on the top of the omnibus. Only the the top of the omnibus. Only the angels of God beside the two individabgers of God beside the two individ-uals immediately concerned, knew that the confession had been made and the absolution spoken; that a soul hid made psace with God and been restored to a state of grace. A serene smile on the weather beaten features of the Irishman alone betrayed the gladness

of his heart.
The priest had been carried far beyond his destination. Coming from the yond his destination. Coming from the poverty-stricken East End of London, he had passed through the busiest, most crowded part of the West End, where the dwellings of the wealthy and leisurely classes are to be found. It need hardly be said that he did not regret the time thus spent. Refere alighting the time thus spent. Before alighting he asked the driver whether he had any objection to the incident being told to others; and the man said he might make ary use of it he liked. Then they part. ee, after a solemn injunction had been given to the Irishman to be sure to go to Holy Communion early on the morrow.

Whenever the priest went by that road again, he looked at the omnibus drivers, thinking he might see his new friend once more. He never did see him; but he does not forget him, though he has long since left London, and is now in a convent on the continent.-Ave Maria.

Vocations.

Do you know what is meant by a vo-Do you know what is meant by a vocation? It means a beautiful fitness by which God has prepared your mind and soul so that you can preform the work in life to which He calls you. Sometimes He calls one of us to do some certain line of work, and to another He cives a different calling, but to all He gives a different calling, but to all He gives the privilege of heeding that call or not, and that is known as "free will." Now, it is a great advantage to learn early in life just what your particular calling may be. If God desires you to be an electrician and gives you a mind and tastes suited to such work, and you should conclude that you wanted to be a lawyer or a blacksmith, the chances are you would not make a success of your work because it would not be your your work because it would not be your vocation. Or it might be that God has called some boys and girls to the religious life, but because they are fond of parties and skating and such worldly pleasures, they may prefer free will and attempt some work that will keep them in the wor'd, but all the while in the wor'd, but all the while, down deep in their hearts they will hear God's voice calling—calling—and after a while things of this world will seem trivial and small and you vocation is the religious life. Pray for enlightenment to your souls, that you may know the desires of God and follow may know the desires of God and follow his calling. And always when you want to be enlightened in your souls dear children, you must pray to the Holy Ghost, for you know it was not until the decent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles that they were fully enligtened and preapared to do God's work.

O Sacred Heart, be Thou henceforth the sole object of my love; may I love all else in Thee and for Thee; be Thou my refuge at the hour of death!

SURPRISE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

One day when Artemas Ward was traveling, a man approached him in the train, sat down, and said:

"Did you hear life last the

e Greeley?"
"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus.
Horace Greeley? Who is he?" "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"
The man was quietabout five minntes.
Pretty soon he said:
"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England.
Do you think they will put him in a

Train? Train? George Francis

Train?" said Artemus, solemnly. "I never heard of him." This ignorance kept the man quiet about fitteen minutes. Then he said:
"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they'll run him?''

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man" said Ward, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came and said:

"You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?" Artemus looked up and said: "Adam? What was his other name?" -From an Exchange.



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aveling, a man approached him in the ain, sat down, and said: "Did you hear the last thing on Horand the Sacrament of Penance.

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NDON.

CARDINAL LOGUE GIVES ADVICE THAT SHOULD BE HEEDED.

Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, was one of the speakers at the recent great annual meeting of the Maynooth Union, at the famous ecclesiastical college, and although expressing his dislike to meddle with politics, he improved the occasion to discountenance all attempts to divide the people, no matter what the pretext. His Eminence said, among other things:

"We, Irish people — I suppose it is something in our character, perhaps part of that original sin that we never seem to have got rid of—we have had more or less a tendency to let the centrifugal force overbalance the centrifugal force overbalance the centrifugal force overbalance the

erifugal force overbalance the centrip etal force. We have a tendency, more or less, to split up and divide, and sometimes, if that tendency is yielded to, it is had for the interests of religion and certainly had for the interests of sions of any manifestations of want of unity and want of a common purpose arise from something that is done to us, or done for us, by those to whom our destinies are committed by the gov-ernment of the country. They treat us very much like overgrown children here in Ireland, and they dandle things before our eyes, and when they think they have pleased us sufficiently, stopped us from crying out, they with draw these toys that they have dandled before us, for when the toys are presented to us, and when we have an opportunity of examining them, they are worthless. They are made in Germany, most of them, and even the Germany, most of them, and even the Germany. mans themselves would be ashamed to put their stamp on some of these toys by which they endeavor to amuse us Irish people.
It seems, as far as I can gather from

the general reading in the public press it has often seemed to me that English statesmen look upon it as the highest effort of statesmanship to hoodwink the effort of statesmanship to hoodwink the Irish. Well, now, what suggests these thoughts to me is something that hap pened lately. There was a bill presented to us for the regeneration of Ireland — bless the mark! — and it appears it was not satisfactory. I don't know much about bills. I only know what! I read in the summaries of the what I read in the summaries of the press; but it appears it was not satis-factory to the country, and it was rejected, and I think justly rejected. Now, that is all right so far, but I am sorry to find that it has set in motion this expherence of centrifugal force from which this country suffers from time to time. I find that it has set fault-finding in motion, and that there are signs of a break-up and a want of unity.

Now, I think that is a very lament-able thing, and I think it is a thing which the clergy should endeavor by their example to put an end to. They should be united and teach the people to be united. It always occurred to me that whenever we are deceived by our masters over the water, or whenever we are harshly treated instead of be-ginning to find fault with each other we should draw more closely together and strengthen our determination to be resolved to keep hammering away. Even if we fail for a time, perseverance will show the work in the end.

But what generally happens reminds

me of a scene described in Manzoni. He represents his great here as carrying four poor chickens holding hem by the feet with their heads pendant, as he describes it, and waving them about and he says, like all companions in mis-fortune, these four birds began to peck at each other, as if each was the cause of the misery of the others. Well I think that is what happens in Ireland very often. If anything goes astray in the general management of the coun-try the sole thing some people look for

is a scapegoat to make a victim of someone. I don't believe that is fair.

I believe those who are trying to manage our temporal affairs in this country are doing their best, and I think we should stand by them. I think we should not only stand by them, but stand as one man behind their back, and I think this a matter on which the clergy of the country should give an example, and I think there cannot be a better means of getto do this than ting the clergy to do this than by coming together from time to time to meet each other, and having a common cause.—Catholic Union and Times.

CONDEMNED PRISONERS.

DISCOVER THAT THEIR BEST FRIEND IS A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

A Mexican priest, Rev. Father Joaquin Araoz — better known as Padre Araoz — has for many years past made the attendance on condemned prisoners a special devotion, and since the year 1868, when the Catholic Society of Mexico was founded e has presided over the Commission of Hospitals and prisons.

far back as the year 1871 the society heard that a young man named Arreguin, guilty of the murder of his nother-in-law, was to be executed pub-Hely on the Blaza de San Fernando. pear the spot where the crime was committed, and the members decided

to accompany him in his last moments.

This was the beginning of Padre Agaoz's devotion to this particular work. Pope Pius 1X. heard of his work and sent him, through the Archbishop of Mexico, a bronze crucifix on an ebony cross. This has been used by many condemned men since Padre Araoz received it from Rome.—Onurch Progress.

Tissue Sailor Hats.

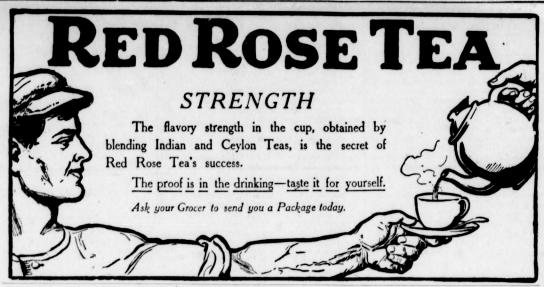
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DIOCESE OF LONDON.

OLDEN JUBILEE OF THE REV. G R. NORTH GRAVES.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE REV. G. R. NORTH GRAVES.

On Wednesday, the 28th inst, the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. G. R. Northgraves was celebrated with unusual eclat by the congregation of St. James church, Seaforth, and the priests of the diocese of London, together with a number of priests of other dioceses of O tario and the United States, thirty five in number, who joined in thus honoring that reverend gentleman on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the Catholic priesthood.

The occasion was a memorable one, as but few priests survive to complete so long a period of service in the active ministry; nevertheless Father Northgraves is still engaged therein and is quite vigorous for his years. He was ordained by Bi hop Farrell, the first Bishon of Hamilton, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, together with two other priests, both of whom have been dead for many years. These were the Very Rev F. P. Rooney, of Toronto and the Rev F. Bardou, of Cayung.

The celebration began with solemn High Mass, sung by Father Northgraves, the Jubilarain at 9.30 a. m. He was assisted by the Rev Fathers M. J. Brady and Donaid McRee as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The Rev. D. J. Downey officialed as master of ceremonies.

ceremonies.

There was a very good attendance of the people of the parish, notwithstanding that comparatively few can absent themselves from their labor on working days.

His Lordship Bishop McEvay, of London, was to have preached, but he was unavoidably absent through sickness. The Rev. D. P. McMenamin. P. P. of Lucan, ascended the pulpit after the gospel and celivered an elequent and impressive sermon on "The Priesthood," making special reference to the effective work of the Jubilarian during his fifty years of incumbency of that sacred office.

Many more priests arrived by the 12 45 train

sency of that sacred office.

Many more priests arrived by the 12 45 train from the E set, and at 1 o'clock p. m. the visiting elergy tagether with Judge B. I. Doyle, of Joderich, partook of a substantial bacquet in nonor of the occasion.

Addresses were read from the priests of the diocese and from the peop of Seaforth parties and for the peop of Seaforth parties.

d pure one address of the priests was read by Ray, A ylward, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, don, the pures being presented by Rey T. Yest of St. Thomas. The address of the bloom of Seaforth parksh was read by J. L. oran, barrister, and the purse presented by

port Devereaux. sr. adress of the Catholics of the parish of forth Ont. to Rev. G. R. Northgraves on occasion of his golden jubilee to the priest-de August 98th 1993. August 28th 1907.

Reverend Father—" We the Catholics
parish of Scaforth, desire to add our

which will reach you from so many quarters, during the celebration of your golden jubilee. It is fitting that on an occasion such as this we should pay the tribute of our praise to the many services you have rendered our holy religion, during the fifty years of your priestly life. Borasking the pleasures and attractions of a worldly career in your early youth, you selected a humbic place in the vineyard of the Divine Master. The records of those distant years speak elequen ly of your yeal and devotion. From the far off days of your ploud labors in S', Michael's College, sil through the varying stages of half a century, the kindness of your farherly heart never wavered. No harsh words ever greeted the most erring soil, but covering all his feulis with the mantle of sweet charity, you will manongst us, who can remember the long zone days of the fittles, when a priest's life was a life of hardships and untiting toil. We have in retrospect the years when a parish extended for more than a hundred miles, when comforts were few, and the scattered parishioners needed the most vigil lant care. The diocese has many priests in it to day, who were not born when you dear Father, offered your young life, with all its hopes and ambitions, with the exuberance of energy and its wealth of ability, to hold aloft the lamps of Faith and Truth. Those who est forward with you lovingly and cheerily on the journey, looking with eager eyes into the sanctifled future, have one by one dropped away from your side. Now the labors of half a contury lie behind like a golden sunset, and we stand and see the glory from the hill. Oh! the love and honor we owe the veterans of our holy Church – those grand old men who stood the storms of a less liberal age who fought firmly for the privileges we now enjoy, and whose sacred lives are crowned with garlands of numa servise in the Church and as a mark

whose sacred lives are crowned with garanas of auman souls. In token of our appreciation of your long and arduous service in the Church and as a mark of our respect and love, we ask your acceptance, dear Father, of the accompanying gift. We pray that God will spare you in health and bappiness for many years yet, and when your times comes to give up the heritage of life may Heaven's eternal year be yours.

THE PAPISH OF SEAFORTH

life may Heaven's aternal year be yours,

THE PAPISH OF SKAFORTH

1857-1907 Address of the priests of London
diocese to the Rev. George & Northgraves on
the occasion of the Godge a United Stafford
Rev. and dear F. ther—We, your brother
reve, and dear F. ther—We, your brother
priests, take advantage of the present occasion
to offer you our congratulations and most
cordinal wishes on this in fittieth anniversary
of your ordination to be hely priesthood.

The presence of your many brother priests
here to day testifies in terms most emphatic to
the high esteem in which you are held.

The recollection of this day fifty years ago
must be to you a source of your ingide with
sadness j y for the greatest day of your life,
and sad memorial endear friends who have
long since gone to their eternal reward.

But look up tathful soldier of fifty years
arrice in his wirk of our Divine Master. The
successions burning, but its light is still strong
as the sewer of the Lord. What a barvest

Filtywars at the alvar of God! Fifty years
with the sewer of the Lord. What a barvest

sun of your life has not yet set. The lamp has been long burning, but its light is still strong and bright para at the all ar of God! Fifty years in the vineyard of the Lord! What a harvest, what a reward! What a fund of consolation is at your command when you reflect on the great good, on have achieved.

You have, Indeed done much good service to religion by your labor in several parishes during the haif century of your priesthood. In addition to this, you have written and published a work which is the only complete answer to the arch-Infiel of the ninercenth century and a most convincing proof of your success in this is the fact that neither Col. Robert Ingered nor any of his followers ever a tempted a reply thereto. This work will remain a perennial monument to your zeal and ability in defending revealed Truth and the Christian Religion. No library is complete without a copy of your famous work. The Mistakes of Modern Infidels.

You have also many times defended the Catholic religion against the assaults of various adversaries. This has been especially the case during the last twenty years while you edited the CATHOLIC RECORD of Lindon. While plodding along in your own earnest and humble way, with no arms but your crucific and your faith little did you think or know of the great good you were conferring on the erring, and the turbulent waters of discord and doubt you were calmins.

Your years of study have more than recompensed you by the rich abundance of good derived from your fruitful elforts. No warrior of old ever stood be fore his king more honored or more richly attired than you do to day. The purity of your heart, your humility and charity at all times, as well as your untring zeal for the salvation of souls, are God's shining lights in your priestly life.

Pause, brave knight, benored priest of our

n your priestly life. Pause, brave knight, bonored priest of our

diocese, on this your Golden Jubilee, and rest awhile. Look up to heaven with joy and gratitude, for God has spared you long and blessed you with His choicest gits.

On behalf of our worthy Bishop and the priests of London diocese, we ask you to accept the assurance of our love, and the accompanying purse as a mark of our best wishes and congratulations.

Praying God to bless you with many more years of peace and happiness, we remain fraternally.

THE PRIESTS OF LONDON DIOCESE.

Seaforth, Aug. 28th, 1907.

REPLY TO THE CONGREGATION.

Dearly beloved friends—"I have heard with much emotion the reading of your address to me on this solemn occasion of the Golden Jubilee of my ordination to the priesthood of the Catholic Church

me on this solemn occasion of the Golden Jubilee of my ordination to the priestho.d of the Catholic Church. You have praised my work during the fifty years of my priesthood, and I presume that during that long period this work has really been of some value to religion. It could scarcely be otherwise, for the labors of a priest honestly fulfilled can scarcely be overestim ated, as the priests are called in Holy Scripture the ministers and ambassavors of Christ, the dispensers of His mysteries, God's coadjutors, the state of His mysteries, God's coadjutors, the dispensers of His mysteries, God's coadjutors, the dispensers of His mysteries, God's coadjutors, the state of His mysteries, God's coadjutors, and I should have been as a priest of God, but you have said tather as a description of what I should be than of what I have actually been, and I thank you sincerely for the kind wishes you have expressed in my regard, and here I will say of the priests of this parish of Seaforth that of all the parishes in which I have performed priestly functions, I think there is not one in which I have found a more thoroughly and devotedly Catholic strict and more earnest piety than I have found a more thoroughly and devotedly Catholic strict and more earnest piety than I have found a more thoroughly and devotedly Catholic strict and more earnest piety than I have found a more thoroughly and devotedly Catholic strict and more earnest piety than I have found a more thoroughly and devotedly Catholic strict an

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF THE PRIESTS.

Very Rev. and Rev. gentlemen.—" I rise with much diffidence in myself to reply to the very kind sentiments you have expressed in the address you have just read to me on this answicious occasion.

the address you have just read to me on this auspicious occasion.

It is a supplicious occasion in the same of the priesthood which was controlled to the polymer of the priesthood which was controlled to the property of the property of the first B shop of Hamilton, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Twonte, I was an active young man, but to day I have upon me more than the span of years allotted as a general rule to mankind, according to the prophet of God.

As your kind address says, the memory of the intervening years is of mingled joy and sorrow. I have during that ienarchened period encounter d many true and staunch friends, whose memory is still green with me, and will always be fresh in my mind. But the friends of my younger days have, for the most part, paid the debt of nature and are gone to a better world.

paid the debt of nature and are gone to a better world.

You have praised beyond measure what you consider to have been my good works, and passed the veil of oblivion over all my faults, which I fear might outweigh my good deeds. I hope to learn from your kindness a like lesson of charity towards others, and during the period of life which may still be allotted to me, to persevere in the path I should follow, that my remaining days may be spent in doing such good as it may be possible for me to accomplish.

I thank you all rev. gentlemen, for the unvarying good will, and the evidences of sincers friendship I have always experienced from you and especially for your kindness in coming here to day to assist in the celebration of my Golden Jubilee and for the handsome present you have spontaneously made to me to mark the occasion.

I will cherish all this as as many evidences.

occasion.

I will cherish all this as so many oridences
of your good will towards me, and I ask you
to pray for me that I may continue to deserve
that good will hereafter, even more than in the

that good will hereafter, even more than in the past.

While returning thanks to the priests of cur own diocese for their kind expressions of affection. I must also say that I am especially grate ful to those from the either dioceses who have made great sacrifices and taken great pains in coming from distant points to offer their congratulations to me on this occasion.

I will not forget to remember you in my prayers, and in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass so long as I may be able to offer to Almighty God the sacrifice of adoration and impetration and I make bold to ask you to do the same for me."

me."
In conclusion, the Rev. P. Corcoran made brief address in which he thanked the visitin clergy for having attended the key. Fath Northgraves Jubileo. He welcomed them Sasforth, and jexpressed the hope that the would again before long honor the Jubilaria and himself with other visits, for they migh rest assured that they would always receive hearty welcome.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION.

Prior to his departure for his new field of work, Ray, Father Hogan, who has been transferred to St. Thomas after having been connected with St. Alphoraus' church for two years, was presented Friday night with purse containing \$125 in gold, by the parishing ores of the church. The presentation, which was accompanied by a suitably worded as dress, was made by Judge McHugh during a informal gathering at the parochial residence Ray, Father Hogan leaves for St. Thomas to day, taking the place of Ray, Father Ferror who has been transferred to Hibury.

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

EREMONY AT MOUNT ST. JOSEPH, PETEL BOROUGH-FOUR YOUNG LADIES RECEIV THE HOLY HABIT AND TWELVE NOVICE MAKE THEIR VOWS.

The feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady was as usual, a most evenful day at Mount St. Joseph, Peter borough, Long b for 9 o clock the beautiful chapel of the Mount was crowded with the deeply Interested relatives and friends of the four favored young ladies, who were that morning to renounce the world and don the holy habit of the Sieters of St. Joseph—and of the twolve nevices—yet more favored—who had been found worthy to be permitted to pronounce their holy vows of poverty chastity and obedience—those sacred ties which were forever to bind them to their divine Master and Spouse

The chapel with its ivory white walls embel lished with gold, its beautiful alrars, artistically decorated with ferns and illies and lights, presented a scene not soon to be forgotten by the privileged assembly, while suitable selections exquisitely rendered by the choir, added much to the impressiveness of the ceremony.

At 9 o'clock His Lordship, Right Rev R. A. O'Connor, outered the sanctuary to celebrate the Holy Mass, assisted by Ven. Archdeaoon Cassy, of Lindsay and Rev. Father McColl Rector of ", Peter's Cathedral Peterborough; Rev. D., O Brien the devoted chaplain of the The feast of the Assumption of our Ble

Mount, acted as master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were also Rev. Father Heenan. C. S. S. R. of Saravaga Springs N. Y.; Rev. F. Brennan St. Mary's; Rev. Father McDonnell, Alexandria; Rev. Father Fitzoatrick Ennis more and Rev. Father Kelly, Peterborough. more and Rev. Father Kelly, Peterborough.
To the strains of an inspiring march the four
postulants who were about to receive the boly
habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, entered the
supel. They were clad in full bridslattire,
and attended by four little mids of honor,
also in white, and preceded by two little maidens, earrying a basket containing the much desired habits etc., soon to be blessed by His
Lordship and given to the happy candidates.
They were followed by the twelve novices,
who, now after their noylitate, were to have
the inestimable privilege of becoming spouses
of Christ by taking the holy vowsfor religion.
At the completion of the holy Sacrifice of the

They were followed by the invelve novices, who, now after their novitate, were to have the inestimable privilege of becoming spouses of Christ by taking the holy wows of religion.

At the completion of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass a most touching sermon's was elequently delivered by Rev. Father Heenan C. S. S. R., who conducted the retreats. The reverence peaker discoursed as follows: floy Mother C. C. the Mass ico-segments of the fully Sacrifice of the Mass ico-segments of the fully Sacrifice of the Mass ico-segments of the fully Sacrifice of the Mass ico-segments of the fully Sacrifice in the Lord, and if there be a spot in the world where there should be rejoicing its certainly in this sacred place, in this holy Mount, for to-day we are to witness a speciacle of admiration and wonderment, not only to men but even to the angels of God. Does it take us back in spirit, my dear friends, to that occasion when the Master of life. 'taketh unto Him the favored tric. Peter, James and John, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart.—He was transfigured before them—His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow; and Peter exclaimed. 'Lord, it is good for us to be here; if Thou will, let us make here the tabernacles—one for thee. and one for Rilas.' Must we not say also, 'Lord it is good for us to be here. 'Yes, to see before us sixteen young women who are fitted to fill places of distinction and shonor in the world—twelve of them to please God more than the mere building of three tabernacles, for out of love, they to day bind themselves to Him forever by the triple bonds of holy religion, poverty, chastity and obedience. In this great act of sacrifice they renounce the world and all its gifts, which St. John declares are contained in the concupisence of the use the world and all its gifts, which St. John declares are contained in the concupisence of the lish the concupisance of the lish the concupisance of the world and all its gifts, which St. John declares had all ready tried in the hely

Father Heenan then congratulated the loving father and kind guide, His Lordship place in his spiritual garden. He congra ulated also the good Sisters of St Joseph, in the noble examples of virtue they have ever shown, and which have attracted these sixbeen young women to augment their number. He tendered congratulations likewise to the good parents, who willingly made this scriffee of their dear daughters to God and religion—nor did he forget the near relatives and friends who added a charm by their presence on this auspicious occasion. In well chosen words which were full of deep sympathetic feeling, the reverend speaker then congratulated the twelve young Sisters, who were soon to realize that this day was the happiest day of their early lives—becoming as they were, the loving friends and favorites of Jesus Christ forever. "Oh, dear Sisters," said he "ne'er forget this happy Assumption day of August, 1997!" The new novices were not for gotten. "We congratulate you, too," he said, "the members of this happy quartette, that you have had courage to take this step to day and may God grant you perseverance in your holy inne of trial and probation so that ere many months have sped, you may like the higher steers. The first of the your holy the sain," "Yes let us all here to day rijoice in the Lord, and may that same Lord and God grant us the grace that we may be with Him and His elect in His Kingdom, to rejoice in Him and with Him, and sing for a glorious eternity, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord, God of Houts Glory be to the Triune God, Father. Son and Holy Ghost, Amen!"

The four postulants, kneeling at the altar, arose and were now questioned by His Lordship, who have the may have the wear. After a short absence the privileged to what have the subject to the magain, telling them that as they were now dead to the world, they would henceforth be known as followed the success of the holy

The names of those newly professed are as follows: Sisters M. Gelestine M. Constance, M. Norberta, M. Mercedes, M., Middred, M. Eulelia, M. Marcella, M. Delphina, M. Angellea, M. Laurentia, Mary of the Rosary and M. Francesca.

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Dog Show this Year,

The Catholic Fress Association New York, August 6.—At a meeting of the Soard of Directors of the Catholic Press Association Publishing Company a dividend of por cent. was declared, The following is an exact translation of a communication releived from Rome.

ceived from Rome,
"At the request of the president of the Christian Press Association of New York, established to publish Christian licerature among Catholics and non Catholics, His Holi ness most kindly deigned to name to the office of swinch protected or of the association Francis ness most kindly delegated to name to the cline of eminent protector of the association franci Cardinal Satolli. I congratulate the Rev James L. Mea, her, president of the said association on his learning and success.

"R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL"
"Secretary of State for His Holiness."

DIED.

McIntyre—At PortArthur Ont. on Thurs day morning, July 25 h. 1907, John McIntrye of the 12 con. East Williams, aged sixty-four years. May his soul rest in peace!

SULLIVAN—In your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael J Sullivan, who died at Sarnia hospital, Aug. 20, 1907. May his soul rest in peace!

CANNING—At Dublin, Ont., on August 23, 1907, Mr. James Canning, brother of Rev. Father Canning, pastor of St. Joseph's church, Toronto, Ont. May his soul rest in peace!

WRIGHT.—In this city, on Aug. 21, 1907, at the family residence, 374 King street Johanna, sister of the late John Wright, in her seventy-four year. May her soul rest in peace! HAIR SWITCHES BY MAIL

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Warthur, one.

Warthur, tone.

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dale, Ont. 1506 2
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WANTED CATHOLIC TEACHER FOR S. S. 1 Rutherford, Second class certificate. Well experienced and good qualifications, Salary \$50 per annum. Apply immediately to P. R. de Lamorandiere, Sec. Treas, Killarney, P. O., Ont.

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