

The Catholic Record.

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

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NO. 991.

THOSE PRELIMINARIES.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Doctor McAllister—Still another perplexity calls for light from you. The old vicious circle and *petitio principii* appear here in more aggravated form than that of a Church degrading her own infallibility. For an infallible church to decree infallibility of itself, and not from his consent, the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, might have had some appearance of reasonableness. But by the terms of your own logic it is not proved to be contrary to right reason for that high official personage, *ex cathedra* or otherwise, to decree infallibility his own infallibility?

The old vicious circle which the doctor imagines to exist is this: The Church proves the inspiration of the Scripture by her infallibility and then proves her infallibility by the inspiration of the Scriptures. If this were really the case it would be beyond question a vicious circle, and valueless as an argument either for inspiration or infallibility. But no Catholic polemic ever makes use of such an argument. This has been explained time and time again, but that does not prevent the doctor from bringing out the antiquated chestnut again.

In a former article on these preliminaries we explained this supposed vicious circle, or rather this misrepresentation of the Catholic position. But it may be well to do it again.

When the Catholic Church presents her claim as the divinely appointed and infallible teacher of revealed truth and law she does not, like the Protestant, present the Scriptures as inspired books. That would, in the eyes of the Gentile mind, be begging the question. She presents them as mere historic records, profane, if you wish, without affirming or even hinting at their inspiration. She offers them as trustworthy historic records, as a man would offer Livy, Tacitus or other Roman historians, to prove the establishment and prolonged existence of the Roman Empire. She presents the Gospels and Acts as histories of events that transpired nearly two thousand years ago, as histories written by certain Jews known as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and corroborated by contemporary writers and by official acts of the Roman Government. In all this there is no suggestion of their inspiration, no appeal to it.

These histories—for which inspiration is not claimed—inform the Gentile that Christ came upon earth, proved His Divinity by extraordinary miracles, was put to death, rose again, established a teaching corporation called His Church. He commanded the chosen members of this teaching corporation to go and teach all nations until the end of time; to teach all things whatsoever He commanded, and that He would be with them. He said to them, "As My Father sent Me, I send you: He that heareth you heareth Me."

Now, if the supposed Gentile is convinced of the veracity of these histories as mere records of events he will be convinced of the Divinity of Christ by the miracles recorded. He will be convinced of the establishment of the teaching corporation as surely as he is convinced from Roman histories of the existence of the Roman Empire. He will see the commission of this teaching corporation there recorded. He will see the promise of Christ to its members, and he will reason thus: This divinely established teaching corporation that was commanded to teach all nations for all time, this corporation that was sent by Christ as He Himself was sent by His Eternal Father, this corporation of which Christ said, "He that heareth you heareth Me," cannot teach error, it is infallible. It cannot be otherwise if Christ is the Son of God, for his commission is the same as His. He who hears Him most certainly hears infallible authority, and He has said, "He that heareth you heareth Me." Yes, this teaching corporation must be infallible, or Christ is not divine. But He is divine, and His Church is therefore infallible, and I will hear her voice and accept her teaching as that of Christ Himself, for I see He has commanded Me to hear her. She still exists, for her commission is to the end of time.

This is the line of reasoning which the Catholic presents to the Gentile mind. And it will be noted that from beginning to end there is not one word or hint about the inspiration of the Scriptures, no appeal whatever to it in behalf of infallibility.

Thus it will be seen that the infallibility of the Church is not made to rest on the inspiration of the Scriptures, but on the truth of history and the divinity of Christ, neither of which depends on Scripture inspiration.

The Gentile, convinced of the divinity of Christ and the consequent infallibility of His Church, says: "I will hear and believe the Church." Then the Church says to the Gentile, convinced of her infallibility: "Those histories that you have been reading are inspired of God."

Thus we come to the inspiration of the Scriptures, and thus only can we come to it. And in the whole process there is not the shadow of a vicious circle; no proving infallibility by the inspiration of the Scriptures.

How must the Protestant approach

the Gentile? It must be something like this:

Protestant—Do you see this book? Gentile—Yes; it is beautifully printed and bound; what is it? Prot.—It is the Word of God. Gent.—That is important, if true; how do you know it? Prot.—Because it is inspired of God. Gent.—How do you know? Prot.—Well, the whole Christian world believes it to be inspired. Gent.—Why? Is the Christian world infallible? Prot.—No; it is fallible. Gent.—Then the whole Christian world is like myself. I also am fallible. Why should I prefer your fallible to my own concerning an assumed fact, which even if real is not cogent to any of my or your senses? Prot.—You must have faith. Gent.—I am willing to have faith, providing it be reasonable; that is, if it have a reasonable foundation to rest on. But faith in what? Prot.—In the Holy Bible. Gent.—I will if it be the word of God. Prot.—Well, it is. Gent.—Then the faith you want me to have is faith in your word first, faith in your fallible authority. Prot.—The missionary society sent me out to tell you. Gent.—Is the missionary society fallible, too? Prot.—It is.

Gent.—I see no reason why I should yield my fallible judgment to your fallible judgment and that of the missionary society. Prot.—The book teaches the truth and law. Gent.—It may do that and not be the word of God. Men, at a pinch, can write the truth without being inspired. Prot.—It teaches a pure morality. Gent.—It must if it be the word of God. But is it? Prot.—The book itself says it is inspired.

Gent.—I do not see that it says so. But even if it did it would not prove that it is. As long as paper will not refuse ink, any author can make his book say that it is inspired. The Koran says that, and so does the book of Mormon. If it proves anything it proves too much. Have you any other reasons? Prot.—I am convinced that it is inspired. Gent.—Doubtless, but I want you to give reasons that will convince me, whose mind is open to conviction.

If Dr. McAllister can make out a better case than this Protestant missionary to the Gentiles has done without sacrificing his covenantal role of faith, we would like very much to see it.

Doctor.—For an infallible Church to decree infallibility of itself and not from his consent, the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff might have had some appearance of reasonableness.

This is not very clear, but we suppose it means that if the Church, head of her own proper motion and without any interference of the Pope, decreed Papal infallibility it might have had some appearance of reasonableness.

Well, the Church did of her own motion, decree Papal infallibility; but, in doing this, she did not act like a headless body. She did not act in the only way possible to utter her infallible teaching, namely, with her head on. Any utterance of a council without the Pope is not an utterance of the infallible Church, because such council is not ecumenic and lacks the capacity to speak for the Church. Consequently, to talk about the infallible Church issuing decrees without the cooperation and sanction of the Pope, is to talk unmitigated nonsense. That is the softest way to put it with a proper regard for truth.

Doctor.—But by the terms of your own logic it is not proved to be contrary to right reason for that high official personage, *ex cathedra* or otherwise, to decree infallibility his own infallibility.

The Church in general council, the Pope presiding, defined that the supreme head of the Church is and always has been infallible when speaking *ex cathedra*. The Pope promulgated this decision to the world. We can see nothing contrary to right reason in this proceeding. The Church spoke through her head—as all speaking agents do—and outlined the domain of her infallible authority and indicated the organ of her infallible speech. This organ spoke and uttered a doctrine of the infallible Church.

All Dr. McAllister's perplexities arise from his imagining that the Church and her head can be separated and placed in antagonistic *vis-a-vis*. This mistake recalls to mind the blunder of Sir Boyle Roche, who, in a flight of indignant oratory, said something like this: "If honorable gentlemen persist in this revolutionary legislation, then the time will come when they will see their bloody, decapitated heads grinning at them from that table." This was Boyle Roche's bull. The other is Dr. McAllister's.

The doctor is apparently incapable of grasping the idea that the Church and her head are one body, one divinely constituted organism, animated by the Holy Ghost, according to the promise of her Founder.

CHATS BY THE FIRESIDE.

(FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.)

Now that our schools have begun their labor of another year it may be well to advert to the subject of education. It was indeed gratifying to Catholics to witness the creditable manner in which children of Separate schools acquitted themselves at the mid-summer High school entrance examination. These children, trained under Catholic influences, more than held their own against all comers. It is well that their success should be recorded, and it is well that parents should realize that it is their incumbent duty, as far as their means will allow, to give their children an education which will fit them for the proper discharge of the particular duties of their future station in life. I will not say good citizenship, for that is a corollary of being a good Catholic.

Now when a Catholic child has passed the High school entrance examination he is just on the threshold of his education—perhaps not even that, for the great proportion of the work done in our schools—I mean our primary schools, though I might couple with them our High schools, too—is simply instruction—cranning—not education.

Catholic parents, see to it, then, that you do not consider that your children have triumphantly reached their goal when they have passed the portals of the High school. Put them through the High school or Collegiate Institute into the Catholic College, into the University. The Irish are a brilliant race; let this brilliancy be supplemented by solidity.

I have met—O how often! little Tim Houlihan, who headed the list of High school entrance pupils last year, earning a few cents a day this year, at some petty job—perhaps behind a bar. Did his parents need these few cents for their support? Not at all. It is the weakness of our race—lack of perseverance. Let me say, then, that these educational spurs made at High school entrance examinations will do little for culture and intelligence among our people if the examination is made the end, and not the means to an end. We are doing far more for our Catholic girls than we are for our boys, and to their credit it may be further said that they make far better use of their attainments than the boys.

How is this, you will ask? I know not. As a confirmation of this fact how many brilliant Catholic young men with a most rosy promise in their future have we not all seen disappear miserably from the stage of life—wrecks before God and man—during the past twenty years in this Province! What was or is the cause of this? Do these young men lack poise, ballast, judgment, or what? To me the cause of all this is obvious—it is lack of patience and perseverance. Give me a young, educated Irish Catholic willing to be patient—willing to wait, willing to toil, willing to serve, willing to efface himself for his faith and people—and I will show you in due time an Irish Catholic of giant mental proportion and giant physical faculty—an Irish Catholic with principles so strong that he cannot be either bribed, coerced or coerced.

That was wise counsel which a good and venerable priest of Toronto gave an Irish society a few days ago when he advised its members to join hands with another Irish society and form a union. No greater mistake could be made than that of dividing up our forces. We cry down and deprecate disunion among our kinsmen in Ireland—are we sure that our own petty ambitions are not effecting a cleavage among our people?

What sense, I ask, is there in having two or three Catholic societies in a parish with one or two hundred Catholic families? In nearly every instance all these societies have the same aim and purpose. The origin of many of these societies is something like this: Some young Irish Catholic with more ambition than brains, and more force than faith, wants to reign in the eye of the public, and considers that the presidency of some society would give him the desired vantage ground. He will not do his duty or serve in the ranks of a society already established, so he proceeds, with the aid of a few seceders, to organize a new society—of which, of course, he will be president. Catholic forces in a parish are thus divided up, and frequently discord reigns where all should be unity and peace. I have seen two rival Irish Catholic societies struggle over the question as to who should celebrate the festival of Ireland's patron saint, instead of joining hands as brothers and rendering the event illustrious in the memory and minds of the people!

Remember that I am not condemning Irish Catholic societies—No! No! May God strengthen their arm! But it is the cleavage among our people that I condemn. Remember, too, that no organization of forces will bring you strength unless you have wisdom and intelligence as their basis. It is intelligence, not numbers, that counts in this our age. Man is a social animal, says Edmund Burke. Let us beware lest in our social and society trend we organize ourselves to death. There is something grand, noble and independent in the man who owes no affiliation except to God.

Turning now for a moment to a consideration of Catholic literary societies and Catholic literary clubs we find in this sphere of Catholic activity unfortunately too patent an illustration of my charge, that our Catholic young men lack perseverance. There is scarcely a Catholic literary society in existence in this Province to day that began its work ten years ago—nay, even five years ago. Here, again, the spurting comes in. A grand flourish for a year or two and then death! Gentle reader, you may think this charge severe, but you will find it true. Why, some of these Catholic literary clubs start out with such an emphasis of the social feature that at the end of a year or so things literary or intellectual have no place whatever in the economy of their social or festive gatherings.

It seems to me that the great aim in a Catholic literary club should be to make it intellectual. Never fear but the social will take care of itself. It should start out with high ideals, and these ideals should find judgment in the heart and mind of some great personality capable of keeping the tone of the club up. The nearest approach to an ideal Catholic literary club in this Province I have found in the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society of St. Patrick's church, Toronto, and the Catholic Literary club founded in London last year.

If a Catholic Literary society or club does not cultivate a taste for good reading—and I mean by this wholesome literature with the marrow of thought in it—it fails to add to the intellectual stature of its members, if it does not lead to wise and logical thinking as well as high and noble living, if it does not cultivate a happy and polished address—not brass and a tinkling cymbal—if it does not tend to make clear what before was obscure and whet the appetite of the mind for the intellectual banquet of the gods, better far that it never existed, though it should possess five billiard tables, a bicycle for each member and a pair of boxing gloves for all the rising Corbets and Fitzsimmons in the land.

If readers of these notes desire to learn how two eminent writers may wisely differ as to the value of a book they should read Charles Warner Dadeley and E. O. Flower's opinions of Bellamy's recent work "Equality" in the book review departments of Harper's Monthly and The Arena. One doubts the book moonshine and the other the essence of wisdom.

I have before me a neat volume entitled "The Pioneer Catholic Church of the State of New York," whose author is the gifted rector of St. John's church, Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Mullaney, brother of the great Catholic essayist and critic, the late lamented Brother Azarias. This interesting little work embodies the four historical and educational sermons delivered in St. John's church, Syracuse, N. Y., a little more than a year ago, upon the occasion of Dr. Mullaney's silver jubilee. The sermon on the missionary spirit of the Church was delivered by Father Wynn, S. J. The sermons dealing with the history of the pioneer church of the State of New York, and the work of the Catholic nun in the class-rooms, were given by Father Mullaney, and the sermon on the educational work of the Church by Father Lavalle of New York, President of the Catholic Summer School of America.

Let me quote for the information of my readers the passage relating to the historical character of this church: "The Church of St. John the Baptist, as a modern organization, is of comparatively recent date. Her history, however, goes to a remote period, and is intimately connected with the earliest discoveries and settlements on the continent of North America. This region was visited by the Catholic priests upwards of one hundred years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock and long before the Dutch settled the New Netherlands on Manhattan Island."

The oldest Catholic church in Ontario is unquestionably the Memorial church at Peterborough, which is but a continuation of the old Mission church established by the Jesuits in 1626, and known as St. Mary's on the Wye. This church, commenced by its zealous pastor, Father Labouraun, in 1855, to commemorate the life, labors and martyrdom of Fathers Brocton and Lallemant, remains yet incomplete. It is a memorial to the beginnings of Catholicity in this country—to that little seedling of our faith which, sown in the blood of martyrs, beside the Georgian Bay, has burgeoned and blossomed and blessed the children of the Church in every portion of this rich and beautiful province. Who will come to the rescue of Father Labouraun, and complete this worthy work? Who will with generous hand and ardent faith, give fitting crown to this noble plan—this noble labor—this dream divine in pillared stone?

D. H. McBride, the Catholic publisher of Akron, Ohio, is doing a great and good work for Catholic literature. Two of his publications lie upon the table before me as I write. Lectures on English, French and Spanish literature, by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, LL. D., the well known Catholic novelist and recognized dean of Southern literature, is an admirable publication. Colonel Johnston's style

in these essays is clear, his criticisms wise and pointed, and his method and manner of dealing with the various writers discussed full of his old time simplicity and charm. Col. Johnston is not wont to utter any top lofty and oracle opinions upon literature; his is the charm of honesty, modesty and truth. He is not the least bit pedantic in this age of superficial and shallow shouting.

From the same enterprising Catholic publisher comes a little book entitled "Tales of Good Fortune," adapted from Canon Schmid by Father Jenkins of New Hope, Kentucky. In this age of vicious and trashy fiction it is well to have such wholesome and charming little stories as are found in this volume, to entertain the minds of our children; with it is just such fiction will preserve the youthful mind pure and strong even against the assaults of the dime novel.

Rev. Fr. Brennan, of St. Basil's Church, Toronto, uttered a truly but little heeded a few Sundays ago, when he called attention to the fact that, while non-Catholic colleges in Ontario have been re-membered—endowed by the generous hand of benefactors—not a single wealthy Catholic in this Province has yet done anything for our struggling Catholic colleges.

Thomas O'Hagan.

EDUCATION IN THE SECULAR SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

Endangering the Faith of Catholic Pupils. Secular Moral Poison Methodically Instilled will Baffle Parental Teaching However Skilled.

(FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.)

While on my trip eastward I was staying at the house of a respected Catholic pastor, and while conversing with my host and a reverend visitor, the subject of secular education in the province was referred to, and although the two good priests rejoiced that Catholic Separate schools hold a strong place in the educational equipment of Ontario, they greatly grieved to think that in some sparsely populated Catholic parishes the children of their flocks have to receive their scholastic instruction in non-Catholic schools, amidst teachers and pupils deeply tainted with misconception and prejudice against the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

This disadvantage to the lambs of their congregations the two Rev. Fathers of course deeply deplored, and one of them spoke of the manifest unfairness of some secular teachers in taking pains to empathize any striking historical incident that bore the appearance of telling against the faith and practices of the "Church of Rome."

This pernicious habit exists in some educational institutions much more than in others, and its virulence is probably proportioned to the heated or non-heated anti-Catholic bigotry of the particular district, or it may depend upon the sense of fairness and justice in the individual teacher. But this kind of haphazard tolerance and impeded concession of equality to the children of the Catholic minority is neither honorable, just nor fair. The constitution and laws of the Province entitle all its citizens to an award of fair play and impartiality in things moral and religious as well as civic, and this good intention of the Government should not be obstructed by the personal prejudices of a paid official or teacher.

It will be broadly denied that such an offense is ever given to Catholic children in a Public school. But the most of Catholics who have been educated at such places could furnish woeful proof to the contrary. What Catholic boy or girl schooled within non-Catholic halls has not a painful feeling of wounded pride or insulted faith at the sly insinuations conveyed by teachers when historical incidents such as the Spanish Inquisition, Bartholomew's Day or the like are being discussed in the class room? And who can forget the uproar raised a few years ago when the late lamented Archbishop Lynch sought to purify the moral atmosphere of the public school rooms by the expulsion of doubt school rooms like that contained in the book called "Marrion."

The venerated and learned Archbishop, in his episcopal capacity as guardian of the Catholic souls in his diocese, was asked to pronounce in his mature judgment if the book were fit to be read by the tender intellect, and seeing the work's loose morality and evil tendency he wisely decided against it. But his decision was derided by the worldly-minded portion of the people who would fain extract as much sensual gratification as they could from the expense of their children's moral purity. The intelligent and noble-minded Protestants took no part in the outcry, for they knew that youthful innocence can never be too scrupulously guarded from the unclean influence derived from bad or doubtful textbooks, no matter how high the repute of the author or what the fascination of his theme. The sting of the serpent is not the less deadly because his scales are beautiful.

The most regretful feature, perhaps, in the perversion of historical teaching in the public schools, is the odium it seeks to fasten upon upon the Cath-

olic Church. The extracts that lean that way are culled from the writings of men who were prejudiced and dishonest in their literary productions, and their falsified utterances are put before the minds of the young school boys and girls, as valid facts of authenticated history.

The principals and teachers ought to know better than to allow the perpetuation of such a fraud upon the innocent minds of their scholars, because the longer the dishonest fiction continues the harder it is to uproot it, and it hardly comports with an enlightened and tolerant age for adult instructors to teach historic distortions and pain them out at the same time as genuine truths.

It is the fear of this adulteration of the secular educational streams at its source that causes the greatest uneasiness to the minds of zealous pastors and faithful Catholic parents, whose children are denied the privilege of their own Separate schools. Parental instruction at home is depended upon to neutralize any such educational evil in the schools, but such a remedy is precarious at best, and in the mind of the child it is a mere conflict between opposing forces, and the stronger is sure to prevail. It is from an instinctive appreciation of this truth that so many of the best non-Catholic parents place their daughters in the convent schools of the good nuns to receive that moral, truthful and just instruction which forms the groundwork of a virtuous after-life. Some bigots and alarmists take objection to the practice, but enlightened Protestant parents pay no heed, for they are living witnesses of the beneficial fruits seen in their children who have been taught in such Catholic institutions.

Even in this present age it is sometimes asserted that the educational equipment of the Separate schools is inferior to that of the Public schools, and even ill-informed Catholics have been heard endorsing the statement. There is no substantial truth in the contention, because the unjust comparison may be made between a very poor Catholic district school and a very rich Public school. While honest poverty is no crime it often carries its disabilities with it, and if defective fruits result it is not the fault of the cultivator, but the poverty of the soil. But in all cases where the educational terms and conditions are equal, Catholic teachers and their scholars can hold their own against all comers. Again, if the humbler status be admitted, the pure quality of the instruction imparted must be considered. Whether as children in school or adults already taking our part on the stage of the world, we have a secure feeling that the knowledge we glean from the humble Catholic teachers in the Separate schools of this province is as pure and accurate as far as it goes, as is the higher knowledge imparted by the Laval university at Quebec or Montreal, or by the Ottawa University, St. Michael's college, or in any of the great Catholic seats of learning in Canada, or even in the Catholic University of America at Washington.

Despite a slight defect in some non-essential features, the course of instruction that makes the child and man and woman pure for heaven is far superior to the most boastful methods which leave voids in the spiritual and moral developments of many of the higher Christian virtues. Gauged by the strict test of usefulness and the merit of a rood of garden soil is worth more than acres of mere prairie land, while it must be admitted that the Public school system of Ontario is as sound and good, and as well regulated, as that of any secular system in the world. It leaves a suspicion in the minds of religious and moral thinkers that in the spiritual and religious domain something is yet wanting. Where there is laxity and vagueness of creeds and beliefs there must also be laxity in the virtuous and moral domain. No matter how high the attainment in the scholastic sphere the instruction is not quite reliable without the sacred sanction of religion. Every day worldly experience establishes this fact.

I was witness to the proof of it myself the other day, as I sat in a very secluded dell pursuing my studies. I was suddenly alarmed by an unexpected descent and uproar of a group of High school students. The magnet that brought them there was a well-loaded apple tree. Nor was it their joyful exhilaration of manner that attracted my attention, but their uncouth words of outrageous language and grossly profane swearing. My presence was not noticed, so that the outpourings were free and unrestrained. No doubt in the well-ordered halls of learning no such language could be heard, but it was there in its latent state, and when I heard its expression I could not but shudder at the present-day education which is not controlled by the sanctity of religion.

Wm. Ellison.

Let all who have a devotion to the Immaculate Conception put themselves in a special way under St. Anne, who opened, in the secret solemnities of that ever blessed mystery, the everlasting jubilee of Jesus, and it was within her womb that God granted the first and completest Paterly indulgence in the world—Father Faber.

OCTOBER 9, 1897

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URSULINE ACADEMY

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NARKA, THE NIHILIST.

By KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

CHAPTER XXXV.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, Marguerite, it is you! Come in quick," she cried, breathlessly. And she told her in a few hurried words what had just happened.

"And she is gone down with the box to me?" said Marguerite. "Then I must hurry home and be there to meet her." Narka would have been thankful to have the support of her presence when the police came; but it was all-important to get the casket into safe-keeping, so she did not detain her. Marguerite was not surprised on reaching the House to find that Madame Blaquette had not yet arrived; the back way made a great round, and the old lady might linger to make sure of avoiding the police. The dispensary window commanded the court; Marguerite went in there, so as to see her the moment she arrived. But ten minutes passed, then twenty, and Madame Blaquette did not appear. Could she have been seen escaping from the window and followed and arrested? This was highly improbable; still, when half an hour passed, Marguerite grew nervous. There was no one to consult. All the Sisters were absent from their rounds, or engaged in the schools. Suddenly the sound of a light hammer fell on her ear. She opened a door off the dispensary; it was a closet into which they had smuggled Antoine Drex. He was cowering in an old boot, nailing a sole to it. Antoine was safe as a tombstone, and cunning as a rat; he knew the police, and he knew every turn of the lanes and courts through which Madame Blaquette had to pass. Marguerite told him what had happened.

"Most likely she's hiding till she makes sure those vermin are out of the way," said Antoine. "Keep your eye on the gate, ma seur, old Blaque will turn up. He nodded, and went on with his job; but he knit his brow with a scowl. "Take care you don't stay too long at that, Antoine," said Marguerite; "the blood might go to your head and bring on congestion."

"Oh! I'm all right, ma seur," he replied, nodding confidently. Marguerite felt a little reassured. She went back into the dispensary and kept her watch on the gate; but when an hour went by, and there was no sign of Madame Blaquette, she could bear it no longer. The suspense was intolerable. She resolved to go back to Narka and see what had happened there, at any rate. She opened the door of the closet to tell Antoine she was going, but to her surprise the place was empty. Where and how had he gone off? She remembered there was a way out by the garden, but he must have got out of the window; and why on earth had he done this? He was to have made his escape that evening, travelling in a wine wagon till he got to Caen, when he was to be rolled off the truck, and to make his way on foot to St. Aubin, his native village. It seemed to Marguerite that everybody was on the wrong track to-day. She walked quickly on to Narka's. The place was quiet, just as she had left it an hour ago; no groups about, no sign of any unusual incident, such as an arrest, having stirred the neighborhood. This was reassuring; still her hand shook as she pulled the bell, and she uttered an exclamation of relief when Narka appeared.

"Well?" "There has been nobody. I began to think Madame Blaquette imagined the whole thing." "But the box? What has she done with it?" "The box?" Hasn't she taken it to you?" "No; she has never been near me." Narka turned deadly pale. A horrible suspicion flashed through both their minds. "Oh, my God! It was a trap," said Narka; "it was a trap set for Basil. They saw him here last night."

Marguerite thought she had gone stark mad. The scared expression of her face reminded Narka that she had not told her about Basil's arrival. "Oh, darling!" she said, "we have not had a moment to breathe, or I should have told you Basil has escaped; he is here in Paris. He came to see me last night; he had just only arrived by the train, and I was expecting him again this morning when that dreadful woman came."

"Basil is here!" Marguerite repeated, in amazement. "Yes; he came late, about 10 o'clock, and staid till midnight; I watched him across the Place; there was not a soul about; but those blood-hounds must have tracked him! Oh, my God! he has fallen into their fangs again!" She wrung her hands in misery. "They stood silent, both their hearts beating with terror. "Do you know at all what those papers contained?" Marguerite asked, under her breath. "I fancy they were a political programme, or something of that sort, drawn up by a man who is dead since Ivan Gorff told me. But then there were those articles in Basil's own handwriting. Oh!"

Marguerite did not know what articles she was talking about; Narka had never told her those translations, or of the meeting. "Narka," she said, laying her hand on the girl's arm, "do you think there was a confession in them? About Father Christopher?" "Don't think so; but I don't know. Oh, Marguerite, what is to be done?" "Where is Basil staying?" asked Marguerite. "I don't know; I never thought of asking him. But Sibyl will know; he is most likely with her now, if—Oh, my God! I feel half mad! Only think: he has barely escaped, and to be caught again!" She put her hand to her forehead, and dropped into a seat. "We don't know yet whether he is caught," said Marguerite; "or even likely to be caught; don't let us jump at the worst conclusion in a minute. The whole thing may be a silly scare of that old goose Blaquette's invention."

"But she said Schenk sent her to warn me. How could she have known I had papers unless he or some one told her?" "There was no denying this. "Get up and go, and I will hurry off to Sibyl!" "Oh, Sibyl! Sibyl!" Narka cried, in an accent of poignant pain. "Go!" Marguerite persisted, trying to make her rise. Narka seemed incapable either of resisting or deciding. She rose passively, and let Marguerite help her on and cloak.

"I let me see you safe out by the window before I go," said Marguerite. "But Narka censed at last to some realization of her position and of the necessity of the moment, said that she must put away some few things and lock her drawers. This was reasonable enough, and Marguerite, seeing that she had recovered her presence of mind, was satisfied to leave her behind and hurry off on her own mission. They stood at the door together. Narka took her in her arms and kissed her, a long, loving kiss. "God bless you, Marguerite! You are God's providence to me always." She opened the door to let her out. As she did so, two men stood outside. One was the Commissary of Police. He laid his hand on Narka's shoulder and said, "I arrest you in the name of the Emperor!"

Sibyl had returned to Paris the moment the riots were over; but she had not ventured near the district quarters, nor had she seen Marguerite, consequently when the latter walked into her boudoir, half an hour after Narka's arrest, Sibyl welcomed her with double delight. "You haven't met him?" she exclaimed, running to embrace her. "Whom?" said Marguerite. "Basil—yes, Basil! He had only just left me. He is gone off to see you and Narka. He walked in here this morning, and nearly killed me with the joy of the surprise. You look as if you thought I had gone crazy; but it is perfectly true." "I am only too glad to believe it," replied Marguerite, with disappointing calmness. "I am glad of good news from any direction."

"Why, what do you mean? What has happened?" Sibyl asked, in alarm. "I have been arrested." "Arrested? Again? Here? Good heavens!" Sibyl sat down. "Yes," said Marguerite, sitting too; "it happened half an hour ago. I was there when the police came." "And what have they arrested her for?" Marguerite was embarrassed. If Basil had not spoken of his engagement, it might be indiscreet to mention the papers that had been seized. "I heard nothing except that they had a warrant to arrest her," she said. But the perplexity in her mind got into her face, and Sibyl saw it. "You know more than that, Marguerite," she said. "Has Narka been associating with those wicked rioters up at La Villette?"

"A man who was wounded and pursued by the police, and who was arrested one night, and that is what has been discovered. But what is to be done? How are we to help her? You must know hosts of people who have influence. There is Prince Krinsky; you must go to him." "But he is the Russian Ambassador!" "Well, and is not that a reason? What are ambassadors for but to help their countrymen when they get into trouble?" "That depends upon what the trouble is. It is not likely our Ambassador would feel it his duty to help any Russian for conspiring against our Emperor." "Why should you at once conclude that she has been conspiring against our Emperor? My belief is, the whole affair is either a gross mistake or some cruel trick, and if you won't help her, I will ask Gaston to do it for me." "As if I did not care a great deal more than Gaston about Narka!" retorted Sibyl. "The fact is, I suspect I know more about this arrest than you do. We were warned months ago that Narka was associating with disreputable people who would get her into trouble. That Dr. Schenk that had been attending her bears a very suspicious character. How came she to know him?" "Through Ivan Gorff. Ivan brought him to her when she fell ill. That was not her fault."

"It was her misfortune, anyhow. It obliged me to be very circumspect in my intercourse with her. It would not have done for me to become identified with a person who associated with bad characters. My house is a centre of Russian society in Paris, and though I am now a French woman, it might have injured my father and Basil if I had paraded my friendship with a Russian who was on intimate terms with conspirators."

And so this was the mot de l'enigme, the secret of the cold aloofness which had wounded Narka so deeply. "I don't believe Narka has been associating with conspirators," said Marguerite. "You need not have been afraid of her compromising you." Then, after a moment's pause, "What would they do to her if she were accused of anything of that sort?" she asked. "If she has mixed herself up in any treason against the Emperor of France, the French law would deal with her." "But if it was against the Emperor of Russia?" "In that case they would send her to Russia to be tried."

"Oh!" "If Sibyl's answer had been, 'They will flog her to death,' the interjection could not have expressed more horror. Marguerite's look and tone seemed to hold a terrible revelation. "Did Narka ever tell you about what happened to her in the prison?" Sibyl asked, in an altered manner. "She let me guess. Oh, Sibyl!" said Marguerite, clasping her hands, and her eyes filled with tears, "how awful if she were to go through that again!" Sibyl changed color, and stood up, and moved restlessly about the room. Then, as if conquered by some motive which bore down all opposition, "I will go to Prince Krinsky," she said. Marguerite burst into tears, and kissed her, and hurried away. Sibyl ordered the carriage and went to dress. Just as she was ready to go downstairs, Basil came back with M. de Beaurillon. They were both in high spirits. "You have not heard?" said Sibyl. "Narka is arrested." Basil uttered a violent expletive in Russian, and turned pale. "Arrested! What for?" said M. de Beaurillon, scarcely less moved. "Marguerite, who told me about it—she has only just gone—says she knows nothing but the fact of the arrest. She was with Narka when the police came and carried her away." "I must go to her at once," said Basil, picking up his hat, that he had dropped in his excitement, and he was leaving the room. "I must go to the prison and see my way in to her. Where is the prison?" "My dear Basil, you are the last person who ought to go near her," protested Sibyl—"you who are so compromised yourself."

"Sibyl is right," said M. de Beaurillon. "You would only compromise her still more. But what in Heaven's name has Narka been doing to get into this new trouble?" Basil took a turn in the room, and then suddenly coming up to Sibyl, he said, "The time has come for me to speak out. I am engaged to Narka."

"Diable!" exclaimed M. de Beaurillon. Then followed a pause of stupefied amazement from both. "Yes," said Basil, "the night I left Yrakow I asked her to be my wife. I cannot see why the newspapers you both dumb with horror, as if they were crime, Narka is good and gifted and beautiful, and you, Sibyl, have looked on her as a sister all your life."

But Sibyl could not answer him; the power of speech seemed to have left her. She was clutching the mantel, her face was blanched, the color had faded from her eyes, and she stared fixedly at Basil with an expression that was indelible. "Mon cher ami!" said M. de Beaurillon. "I must own I don't understand your conduct at the effect of your announcement on my wife. It is not such a surprise to me. I always thought Narka's position in the family was an anomalous one, and likely to end in some catastrophe of this sort. I said so to Sibyl long ago, but she ridiculed the idea and laughed at me."

"I don't see why the culmination should have excited Sibyl's ridicule," Basil retorted, looking angrily at her. "One has not far to look for the reason, nevertheless," said Gaston. "Mademoiselle Narka is undoubtedly all that you say, as gifted as she is good, but she is the daughter of a Jewish trader, whereas you are—"

"Her affianced husband," interrupted Basil. "Ah! just so. Then there is nothing more to be said, and it only remains for me to congratulate you." And M. de Beaurillon bowed stiffly. "Oh, Basil! Basil!" Sibyl cried, and she clasped her hands and burst into tears, and flung herself sobbing on a couch. "So much for a woman's friendship!" said Basil, bitterly; and he looked at his brother-in-law as if expecting him to acquiesce in the contemptuous sentiment. But M. de Beaurillon walked over and looked down at his sobbing wife with an air of unconcealed anger. "Look here, Sibyl," said Basil, too, de Beaurillon, listen to what I have to say and give me a fair hearing. When I came back that evening with Father Christopher's pardon there was a warrant signed for my arrest. The Stanovoi gave me notice, and offered to let me escape before the warrant reached him if I paid him fifty thousand roubles. I could not by any possibility lay my hands on the sum within the time. I had three hours to find it. I knew you had not half the amount with you, and there was no one else to call upon. I was prepared to be arrested by 10 o'clock that night. I told Narka about the warrant, and by mere chance I mentioned the offer made me by the Stanovoi. She gave me the money, and I escaped."

"Narka!" they both exclaimed, in amazement. "Narka gave you fifty thousand roubles?" repeated M. de Beaurillon, in a tone of dense incredulity. "Narka," replied Basil. "It so happened that that very day she learned that a legacy of precisely fifty thousand roubles had been paid into the hands of Perrow for her by the executor of an uncle of Tanta Nathalie. Narka rode in to X, got the money, and returned just in time. The Stanovoi, who had had me closely watched, was lying in ambush at the gate, and I paid him the money. Before making my escape I asked Narka to be my wife."

"Ma foi! I don't see how you could have helped it!" exclaimed M. de Beaurillon, with generous warmth; "no man of honor could have done less." "I don't see that at all," said Sibyl, whose sobs and tears had been suddenly checked by the counter-current of emotion. "I can't see that honor made it necessary for him to dishonor his name. It was most kind and generous of Narka; but any friend worthy of the name would have done as much. And as far as that went, I would have paid the debt, had I known of it, within a month. I will do so now, and twofold, tenfold, gratefully and willingly."

"There are debts that cannot be paid," said Basil, angry and hurt; "but the money is the least part of what I owe Narka." He pulled at his mustache, and after a moment's wavering and debating, "I had in my possession at the time," documents that were then of great importance, and of the most compromising character; I could not destroy them, and I dared not take them with me. I asked Narka to keep them. I knew and she knew that they would bring grievous trouble on any one with whom they were found; but she accepted the trust without hesitating. The Stanovoi, who knew she had been with me to the last, and who no doubt discovered that she had given me the ransom, denounced her as having my papers. She was arrested, and kept six months in prison. God and herself alone know what she suffered there; but they got nothing out of her. She left Kronstadt without having betrayed me by a word. He seemed almost overcome for a moment. "You know the rest," he went on, hurriedly. "Tante Nathalie could not rally from the shock. Narka came away amongst strangers, first in one place, then in another, she suffered every sort of hardship, and it has been all my doing. And because I don't throw her over like a heartless scoundrel, you cry out that I am dishonoring myself!"

"Narka is a noble creature," said M. de Beaurillon, with genuine feeling. "No man worthy of the name could bring otherwise than you are doing. Sibyl, who had entirely ceased crying, got up and went over to Basil and kissed him. "Yes, Narka has behaved nobly," she said, "and you are the most chivalrous of men. For the sake of all she has done and suffered, we will receive her as your wife."

The concession was probably as much as Basil could have expected from Sibyl under any circumstances; but he took it coldly, and without a word of thanks or comment. "The question now is," said M. de Beaurillon, "what is to be done to get her out of this fresh trouble. You have no idea what has led to it?" "I may still be the cause of it," Basil replied, remembering last night's visit, and the possibility of its having been discovered. "She may have kept those papers; it is very possible."

"Then we must go to Prince Krinsky at once," said Sibyl. "What has Krinsky to do with it?" asked Basil, sharply. "If she has been watched by our police—and nobody else had any motive in watching her—Prince Krinsky will know, and he is the only person who can help."

Basil thought it very unlikely that the Prince would help; the name of Krinsky had been as the seven devils let loose on him all these months in St. Petersburg, and the name of Zorokoff was no doubt in equally bad odor with the Krinskys. The ambassador was not likely to extend his favor to any offender who was identified with the family of the man who had rejected Princess Marie.

"Sibyl's right," said M. de Beaurillon. "Krinsky is the person we must apply to, and no other person must be lost." "I wish I could see Ivan before we move in the matter," said Basil, in evident perplexity. He went to the window, and saw that the brougham was waiting in the court; then pulled out his watch. "I think I could catch him by driving there now. Yes, I will try and see Ivan; he will throw some light on the affair that will guide us. Don't go to the Russian Embassy till I come back," he said to Sibyl; and snatching up his hat, he hurried away, and in a minute they heard the brougham driving out of the court.

"Well!" said M. de Beaurillon, flinging himself into a chair, and he threw up his hands in a gesture of utter amazement; "it is the most astounding story that I ever heard!" Sibyl tore off her bonnet and tossed it from her, and pulled off her gloves in an excited manner; she seemed too agitated to speak. After a pause, "To think," she burst out, "that Narka should have been all this time engaged to him and never told me! The base hypocrisy of it is incredible. And to think of such a scene going on that night at Yrakow and I left in ignorance of it!"

"She showed extraordinary self-control, certainly," said M. de Beaurillon; "very few women could go through such an ordeal without betraying themselves. And by heavens she does know how to love a man!" he added, in a tone of admiration that had a ring of envy in it. "Better than she knows how to love a woman," retorted Sibyl. "To think that she could be so treacherous!" "Quelle betise!" and M. de Beaurillon threw back his head with a contemptuous laugh. "It was treacherous of her," repeated Sibyl, her eyes glittering.

"It would have been treacherous of Basil if she had betrayed her secret. Seigneur Dieu, quelle made de mourir moscovites!" M. de Beaurillon laughed again, and rose, and began to walk about the room. "No, ma chere amie," he went on, "such a romance could never be acted in any country under heaven but Russia. Such a series of exaggerations, such a jumble of chivalry and cowardice, of generosity and selfishness! It passes human understanding."

"You are so charivain, Gaston," you never can see things from any but the French point of view." "Very likely, ma chere amie; just as you can only see them from the Russian point of view. A Frenchman in Basil's place would, ten to one, have fallen in love with Narka, as a boy; would perhaps well, he certainly never would, as a man, have elected to marry her."

"Why, you said just now that no man in Basil's place could have done otherwise." "Precisely—in Basil's place; but a Frenchman would never have put himself in Basil's place; but having taken her money, and put her life and liberty in peril, and brought her into such terrible tribulation, a Frenchman would not have gone back to Russia and lived in luxury at court, and left the woman he loved all that to in every sort of hardship. Basil ought not to have left his money, but unpaid all this time, at any rate. Why did he not tell the Prince about it?" "My father?" cried Sibyl. "Basil knew better than to do that. My father would have cursed him."

"Et apres? We are not in the days of the patriarchs, and curses break no bones. Much more, you men have something to be desired; there is a law in their chivalry at its best. But your women—by heaven, they are a splendid race! Narka is a grand specimen of them, and Basil would be a scoundrel if he threw her over for

all the curses of all the papas in holy Russia." "Sibyl could not wish Basil to be a scoundrel, but neither could she face the other alternative. Surely there must be some way out of the difficulty; surely Providence would rescue the pride of the Zorokoffs from this shame, would save the holy place from that abomination of abominations, Jewish blood! She sat still, except for the nervous mechanical action of twisting her handkerchief into a tight rope, unconscious that her fingers were tearing the costly rags to shreds. The gong sounded, announcing a visitor. "I hope no one is coming up here," she said, impatiently. M. de Beaurillon rang the bell which sounded the desired prohibition, but before a servant could appear, Marguerite, who greeted her with an exclamation of relief, "Well, what news?—have you seen her?" said Sibyl.

"No; she has been before the Petit Parquet all the morning; but one of the officials told me that she is to be taken from the depot to-night to St. Lazare." "Ah! there is a true case against her?" said Gaston. "There will be a trial?" "Evidently. But I shall see Narka herself to-morrow."

"Oh, Marguerite," cried Sibyl, "you don't know half the trouble. Basil is engaged to her! He is going to marry her!" "Narka!" "Marguerite uttered something inarticulate, and blushed slowly. "Yes, it is not to be believed," protested Sibyl, misinterpreting the blush and the exclamation. "And fancy her never breathing a word of it to any of us!—to me, that she pretended to love so! It is enough to make one oath the whole race more than ever!"

M. de Beaurillon shrugged his shoulders, and turned away with an impatient expletive. "Perhaps Basil forbade her to tell," Marguerite pleaded. "Of course he did," said M. de Beaurillon, frowning round. "You talk like a fool, Sibyl. And what difference would it have made if she had told you? Would that have reconciled you to the marriage? Not a whit."

"I should have felt that she had behaved loyally to me." "Bah! Her first loyalty was due to Basil. And she has proved that right nobly. The only pity is she's not a Narielkin or a Woronsoff!" "Yes, that is just the pity. But she is neither the one nor the other; she is a Jewess. You cannot understand what that means to people of our caste in Russia; but Narka does, and I cannot understand how her own pride did not protect us. I wonder she did not shrink from bringing the disgrace of her Jewish blood into our house."

"What rank nonsense you are talking!" said M. de Beaurillon, all his chivalry and manliness enlisted on Narka's side by this savage exaggeration of scorn. "She has every quality that can ennoble and endear a woman, and Basil loves her."

"Does he? He had not the tone of a man who was in love. My conviction is, he asked her in a moment of exuberant feeling, from a sense of honor, and that he regrets it in his heart."

"By-the-way," said M. de Beaurillon, turning to Marguerite, "you have not heard the story yet. And he told her briefly of the ransom, the flight, the papers left with Narka, and the trouble they had brought upon her."

"Oh, Sibyl, is it any wonder that Basil loves her?" Marguerite pleaded. "How could he have done less than make her an offer of his hand?" "Perhaps not," replied Sibyl; "but Narka took an unworthy advantage in accepting it. She knew the offer was made in a moment of extraordinary excitement, under almost overpowering pressure of motives; and she ought to have said, 'Wait a year, and then, if you are of the same mind, ask me again.'"

"I wonder how many men would have been of the same mind at the end of a year," said Marguerite, with a toss of her head. M. de Beaurillon looked at her in amused surprise. "You little scoundrel, where did you get your estimate of us, I should like to know? I dare say you are right enough, though," he added. "All the same, I'm not sure but that the fickleness among us would prefer the woman who took him at his word—the woman who loved him to be sure to do that; and Narka loves Basil, and no mistake."

"Then, if she is so good, she must do him good," said Marguerite. "Oh, Sibyl, won't you remember all she has suffered for Basil's sake, and try to love her?" Sibyl replied, coldly. She looked as cold and hard as if she had been turned to ice. Marguerite had been prepared for a great deal, but the sight of this frozen hardness under that soft, smiling, sympathetic exterior shocked her inexpressibly.

"What is there to be done?" she said, addressing her brother. "Prince Krinsky will help, will he not?" "We don't know that yet," replied Gaston. "If, as we fear—as Basil fears—the trouble comes from meddling with Russian politics, the Russian ambassador may refuse to interfere."

"But he has a wife, a daughter? Princess Marie, who is so young, surely she will be kind? Go to her, Sibyl, and tell her everything. Tell her that Basil loves Narka, and is engaged to be married to her."

Sibyl gave a little sardonic laugh. "That would not be the way to touch her; no woman cares to help the rival who has supplanted her. Marie would hate Narka; in her place any girl would, unless she were an angel."

"And why should she not be an angel? Nothing makes angels or devils of people like believing them to be such. Go to Marie as if you believed she was an angel; tell her everything, and trust to her pity and generosity. Dear Sibyl, do!"

While Marguerite pleaded and entreated, Sibyl seemed to be rapidly debating the question in her own mind; she was looking fixedly out of the window, her features agitated, her hands nervously moving in that unconscious, mechanical twisting of her handkerchief. Suddenly her brow cleared, like a person who sees a way out of a difficulty, and has determined to follow it.

"Yes, you are right," she said; "that is the best thing to do. We must wait till Basil comes back, as we promised him, and if he has no reason for preventing it, I will go at once to Marie and try if she is of the stuff that angels are made of."

Marguerite has possible for the moment let them know what she thought. M. de Beaurillon, courteous which fail in the woman's down-stairs, the boudoir. He placed in Sibyl, perplexed look from her counter-resolute, almost Was it the hope of horrible fate her pale cheeks of triumph in her it? And yet looked at his wife not think Sibyl

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Marquette has now done all that was possible for the moment; so, promising to let them know when she had seen Narka, went away.

M. de Beauclair, observant of the courtesies which French gentlemen never fail to the women of their family, saw her down-stairs, and then returned to the boudoir. He was struck immediately by the change that had taken place in Sibly. The strained, angry, perplexed look had entirely passed away from her countenance, and it now wore a resolute, almost a radiant expression. Was it the hope of saving Narka from a horrible fate that had suddenly flushed her pale cheeks and lighted those lamps of triumph in her eyes? What else could it be? And yet, M. de Beauclair could not look at his wife, M. de Beauclair could not think Sibly beautiful.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HAIL MARY.

The Very Rev. Mgr. Howlett, of London, England, answering some present day writers, dwelt upon the message delivered by the angel Gabriel to our Lady, taking his text from the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel:

The angel Gabriel, being come unto her, said: Hail, full of grace: the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women.

Proceeding to consider the much disputed question, "At what period of the Church's history did the 'Hail, Mary,' first become of universal use?" Mgr. Howlett said there were not wanting writers who were inclined to minimize Catholic devotion in this respect, and state that the "Hail Mary" was never used before the tenth century. But documents that could not be gained proved that such a statement was absolutely false, and left no doubt whatever that the "Hail Mary," in its present form, was used as far back as the tenth century and still less, or as little doubt that the "Hail Mary," as far as the words of the first portion were concerned and the meaning conveyed by the words of the second portion, was used as far back as the fifth century, and probably even in Apostolic times.

The earliest manuscript of the prayer was to be found in the liturgy of Jerusalem, the origin of which was attributed to St. James the Apostle. The MSS. dated from about the ninth century, and the form of the "Hail, Mary," ran thus:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, because thou hast brought forth the Saviour of the world. Holy Mary, pray for us."

The Council of Ephesus, which assembled about the year 431, added to that form, commonly used in the Orient, the words, "Mother of God," and the reason for doing so was because about that period the Nestorian heresy sprang up, which declared that although Mary was the Mother of Jesus Christ she was not the Mother of God. But at this, the third General Council of the Church, it was determined that the doctrine of Nestorius was false and pernicious, and that Mary was the Mother of Christ, and that He being God and Man united in one person, she was actually the Mother of God as well as the mother of man; and in order that this should be perfectly clear and that there should be no room for equivocation in the prayer of the Church, the words, "Mother of God," were added. The sentence: "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death," did not add very much to the meaning of the words that went before, but were simply of an explanatory character, and were added at a more recent date. The form as it is used at the present time, became universal in the Church in the sixteenth century, for in 1568 Pope Pius V. published an Apostolic Bull by which he reformed the Breviary and the prayers used in the Breviary and commanded the universal use of the "Hail, Mary," according to the present day.

But in spirit and meaning, the "Hail, Mary," were concerned, it was used throughout the entire Church from the earliest ages. In fact, so much was this the case that there was no particular age in which it could be said that the prayer was first introduced. And as nothing could be introduced without observation and without comment in a great society such as the Catholic Church the only conclusion to be arrived at was that the "Hail, Mary," was used from the earliest ages of Christianity, and that it came down to the succeeding generations from, as the Apostolic age. As to the prayer itself, the words were pregnant with a deep and mysterious meaning. The very first word, "Hail," which in Latin was "Ave," was oftentimes used even in English, and was very probably the word used by the angel Gabriel himself. In the Syrio Chaldaic language it meant peace, which was an expression of friendship, of fervor, of distinction, and, above all, of the friendship and favor of God. Our Divine Lord Himself often used the word when speaking to His disciples. Thus, for instance, the first words He addressed to them after the Resurrection were "Peace be with you," and when He commanded them to go and visit the faithful in their own homes He said: "Into whatsoever house you shall enter say to the man, 'Peace to this house; and on other occasions He said: 'My peace I give you;' while the Apostle St. Paul, writing to the early Christians, used to say, "The peace of Jesus Christ, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your minds and your hearts." The words that followed the Ave Maria — "Full of grace" — conveyed another very beautiful idea,

for they meant nothing more nor less than sinlessness, while "Blessed among women" meant that Mary was exalted and favored by God. For it was a peculiarity of the Hebrew language that in order to express a superlative a circumlocution, or round about expression, must be used. Thus, for instance, when holy scripture wishes to express an idea of the most perfect of all things it used the words, "Song of songs;" and when it desired to express an idea of the greatest of vanities it said, "Vanity of vanities;" and when expressing an idea of the most sorrowful of all men it used the words, "Man of Sorrows." And so it was that when it desired to express an idea of the most exalted of all women it made use of the expression, "Blessed among women." As to the invocation added by the Church herself in the "Hail, Mary," Mgr. Howlett said there were not wanting men who claimed to be Christians, but who nevertheless said that this second portion of the "Ave Maria" was blasphemous, for it attributed to a creature a power which men ought to attribute to God alone. They said there was but one mediator between God and man—the Man Christ. He it was who gave Himself in propitiation for men's sins, and no one should come as mediator between Him and God. Such language seemed to suggest the idea of the Pharisee in the temple, who desired that no one should come between God and him, as though he would put himself above all creatures and next to God. But this was not the spirit of the Catholic Church. She placed herself with the poor, striking at the door of the temple, percuting her breast and saying, "Lord, I am unworthy to be heard, I will appeal to Thee not directly, but through those who have served Thee well." And in this she did not attribute any merits of the first mediatorship to the saints of God, and if Catholics prayed to them they did not pray to them to intercede for them by reason of their own merits, but by reason of the merits of Christ.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Its Great Work and Why It Should be Supported.

Those who purchase and circulate Catholic periodicals, papers and books do a truly apostolic work. They give to human souls the divine truth of God. The Catholic press is the needle-gun of truth. In God's name let us use it to the full. Every good book is a missionary, and a Catholic paper is a perpetual mission in the house that receives it. Our Catholic newspapers set before their readers the record of the progress of the Catholic Church throughout the world. As mediums of thought they record the opinions, explain the views and defend the position of Catholics. They bring the influence of well-conducted weekly journals to enlighten all their readers as to the true character of Catholicism, its object and its worth, and thereby aid the cause which all Catholics have at heart, namely, the recovery of non-Catholics to the Catholic faith. They chronicle, without offending Catholic taste, the progress of the Church in her mission throughout the world, noticing in the proper spirit the great work that she performs and her mighty labors in the present no less than in the past for the elevation and conservation of the human race. They tell the story and reverently maintain the opinions of a Church which converts the heathen and confounds the "wise," which restrains the luxuries of civilization and teaches the barbarian the dignity of man, which found universities and provides schools for the poor which sanctifies Christian marriage, forbids divorce, elevates woman to her true sphere, strengthens constitutional government, defends the weak and oppressed, protects the orphan and gives aid to the needy; which teaches the duty of the employed, but does not forget that masters should be just and considerate, a Church which has never feared a tyrant or quailed before persecution; a Church which is adapted to all ages, to all ranks, to all conditions and to all times.

Wicked men and sectaries spread everywhere countless publications against God, His Church and sound morality. We are not deserving of high praise if for the best of causes we do only that which the impious do for a wicked cause, and take for the salvation of souls only the same pains which they take for their damnation, but not in any way to oppose them were disgraceful sloth. In this conflict of good and evil we cannot remain neutral; we must take sides. "He that is not with Me is against Me," says Christ. In the face of such excessive danger to morality and to faith, not to struggle against the mischief is to become an accomplice in it; not to banish its contagion far away is to be infected with that contagion; not to forbid the admission of those writings which are filled with the impure filth of the most disgraceful passions into our homes is to defile ourselves with their corruptions and to disseminate that corruption among others. In a word, in this deadly way, which every vice sustained by every error is at present waging against virtue, not to take an open stand on the side of virtue is to embrace the cause of vice.—The Michigan Catholic.

Wise Men Know

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation, either in architecture or in health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to depend upon it by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headaches.

THE GOOD BISHOP.

Charles Bienvenu was once Bishop of D—. He was a man of seventy-five. His sister Baptistine lived with him and looked after the house. The Bishop's palace at D— was near the hospital and was a spacious and beautiful edifice. The hospital was a narrow, one-story building with a small garden. Three days after the Bishop's advent, he visited the hospital and said to the director: "There is a mistake here. There are twenty six of you in five small rooms; there are only two of us and space for sixty. There is a mistake, I tell you. You have my house and I have yours."

He received from the government as Bishop a salary of 15,000 francs; of this amount he retained only 1,000 francs for the expenses of his household and gave the rest to charity. I tell you this that you may know one trait of his character. He was always and in everything just, true, intelligent, humble and benevolent. Prayer, aims, consoling the afflicted, the cultivation of a little piece of ground, fraternity, frugality, self-sacrifice, study and work filled up each day of his life.

An hour after sunset, a man travelling about entered the little town of D—. In his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick, his stockings were in hobnailed shoes, his hair cropped, his beard long. He took the principal street, sinking near the houses and closed against him, he was a man who was a discharged convict. Everywhere he sought in vain, "I have walked since sunrise; for the love of God, give me something to eat." He passed the prison. An iron chain hung from the door attached to a bell. He rang. The grating opened. "Turnkey," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to night?" A voice answered: "A prison is not a tavern; get yourself arrested and we will open." Then the grating closed.

That evening the Bishop of D— was busy writing up his work on "Duty towards our neighbor." His sister came in to say that the table was laid. The Bishop closed his book and went into the dining room. His sister had just begun to tell him that a suspicious vagabond had arrived and was lurking somewhere in town, when there came a violent knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop. "The door opened. A man entered. His sister turned and started out half alarmed. The Bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye, but before he could speak the man said, "See here! my name is Jean Valjean; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free. I have travelled thirty six miles. No one will receive me. I am very tired and hungry. I will pay. Can I stay?"

"My sister," said the Bishop, "put on another plate." "Stop," said the man. "Not that—did you understand? I am a convict. This is my yellow passport, Jean Valjean, a liberated convict; nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary, fourteen years for having tried four times to escape. Give me something to eat and let me sleep in the stable."

"My sister," said the Bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove." Then turning to the man, "Sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper and your bed will be made ready while you sup. Bring in the silver plates and set them on the table, and put his plate as near the fire as you can." Then turning to his guest, "The night is cold. This lamp gives a very poor light." He went to the window and took from it two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"You don't despise me. You take me into your house. You light your candles for me, and you do not know who I am. You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house. It is the house of Christ. It does not ask any corner whether he has a name, but whether he is in trouble. You are suffering, hungry and thirsty. Be welcome! This is the house of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I am. Whatever is here is yours. What need have I know your name? Before you told me I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. "You know my name?" "Yes, your name is my brother." Meantime his sister had served up supper. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. The Bishop gave him some good wine, which he does not drink himself, because it is too dear. He asked him neither his country nor his history; for his crime lay in his history. Towards the end of his supper, he said, "You must be in great need of sleep." And after having said good-night to his sister, the Bishop took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said, "I will show you to your room." He left him before a clean white bed and said, "A good night's rest to you."

"Ah! you lodge me in your house as near to you as that." He checked himself with a laugh, in which there was something horrible. "Who tells you that I am not a murderer?" "God will take care of that." Then without turning his head he went into his own chamber.

As to the man, he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets, but blew out the candle and fell on the bed as he was, in a sound sleep. As the cathedral clock struck two Valjean

awoke. He could not get to sleep again so he began to think. He had noticed the silver plates that were put upon the table. They took possession of him. They were within a few steps. They were solid and old silver. He arose to his feet. All was still in the house.

He turned and took from his knapsack a short iron bar. Then with stealthy steps he moved toward the door of the Bishop's room. He pushed it lightly but a rusty hinge sent into the darkness a harsh creak. The noise of this hinge sounded in his ears as terrible as the trumpet of the judgment day, yet he did not flinch. He took one step and was in the room. He took near the bed. At that moment, a cloud broke and a ray of moonlight crossing the high window lighted up the Bishop's pale face. His entire countenance was lit up with the expression of hope and happiness. He did not remove his eyes from the old man, but stood in an attitude of strange indecision, ready either to cleave his skull or kiss his hand. Under this frightful gaze the Bishop still slept in profoundest peace. Suddenly, he passed straight to the cupboard; the key was in the lock, he opened it, saw the basket of silver, took it, crossed the room with a hasty stride, reached the door, threw the silver into the knapsack, ran across the garden, leaped the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next day at sunrise the Bishop was walking in the garden, when his sister ran towards him, beside herself. "The silver, it is stolen! The man who came last night has stolen it, and he is gone! See, there is where he got out; he jumped into the lane!"

The Bishop was silent for a moment, then raising his serious eyes, he said, "I have for a long time wrongfully withheld this silver; it belonged to the poor, and this was a poor man."

"Alas," said his sister, "it is not on my account, it is on yours. What is Moneigneur going to do with you?" "Well," said the Bishop, "wooden plates."

In a few minutes he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat the night before. Just as the brother and sister were rising from the table, the door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were police, the fourth was Jean Valjean. The Bishop advanced as quickly as his great age permitted.

"Ah! there you are!" said he, looking towards Jean Valjean, "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also which are silver like the rest. Why did you not take them with your plates?"

"Monsieur," said the officer, "then what this man said was true; we arrested him. He had this silver." "And he told you," said the bishop, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night, and you brought him back here. Ah! it is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the chief of police, "we can release him." "Certainly," said the Bishop. "Jean Valjean shrunk back. "Is it true that they let me go?"

"My friend," said the Bishop, "before you go away, here are your candlesticks, take them." He went to the mantle piece, took the two candlesticks and brought them to Jean Valjean. The man was trembling in every limb. He took them with a wild look. "Now," said the Bishop, "go in peace, but when you come again, you need not pass through the garden, you can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, night or day." Then turning to the police, he said, "Gentlemen, Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint. The Bishop approached him. "Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. My brother, you belong no longer to evil but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition and give it to God!"

Valjean went out of the city as if he were escaping. He hastened to get into the open country, taking the first by paths that offered. He had eaten nothing, yet he felt no hunger. He was angry, yet he knew not against whom. He could not have told whether he was touched or humiliated. There came over him a strange relenting which he struggled with and to which he opposed the hardening of twenty years. As the sun was sinking behind a thicket. There was nothing within the range of his vision but the Alps. The plain was cold and bare. Suddenly his knees bent under him, as if an invisible power overwhelmed him at a blow with the weight of his bad conscience; he fell exhausted upon a great stone, his hands clenched his hair, and with his face on his knees, he cried, "What a wretch I am! Then his heart swelled and he burst into tears. "You have promised me to become an honest man. I am purchasing your soul, I withdraw it from the spirit of perdition and I give it to Almighty God!" He was no longer the same man, all was changed in him. "What a wretch I am!" He saw himself as he was, with the stick in his hand, his blouse on his back, his knapsack filled with stolen things, his thoughts full of abominable ideas, the hideous galley slave, Jean Valjean. The Bishop grew grander and more resplendent in his eyes; he filled the whole soul of this wretched man with a magnificent radiance, and he shed hot tears with more terror than a child.

How long did he weep thus? Where

did he go? No one ever knew. It is only known that on that very night the stage driver on the Grenoble route arrived at D— about three o'clock in the morning and saw, as he passed through the Bishop's street, a man kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow, before the door of the Bishop's house, in the attitude of prayer.—Arranged and adapted from Victor Hugo

HAPPINESS IN PURGATORY.

It may be said of Purgatory that if it did not exist it would have to be created, so eminently is it in accord with the dictates of reason and common sense. The natural instinct of travellers at their journey's end is to seek for rest and change of attire. Some are begrimed with mud, others have caught the heat of a scorching summer day; the dust or cold or damp of the journey has told upon them and their attire. Perhaps even the way has made them weary unto sickness, and they crave for an interval of absolute repose.

Travellers from earth, covered with the mud and dust of its long road, could never wish to enter the banquet of eternity in their travel-stained garments. "Take me away!" cried Gerontius to his angel. It was a cry of anguish as well as desire, for Gerontius, a blessed soul though he is, could not face Heaven just as earth had left him. He has the true instinct of the traveller at his journey's end. Dust, rust, and the moth have marked their presence, and even the oddities and eccentricities of earthly pilgrimage must be obliterated before the home of eternity can be entered. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* interpreted. Nothing good of Heaven for those who have crossed the bourne. But, if the Heavenly gates are thrown open to the travellers, all weary and footsore, "no having on a nuptial garment," no heterogeneous meeting here on earth could compete with the gathering of disembodied spirits from its four quarters.

It is human ignorance alone which canonizes all the departed and insists on a direct passage from time to Heaven. The canonization is not ratified in Heaven, because Heaven would not exist if it took place. The Beatific Vision is incompatible with the shadow of imperfection. To act as if it were belongs to the same order of things as lending the garment of Christian unity.

Purgatory makes Heaven, in the sense that Heaven would not be possible for men without it. As well might we try to reach a far-off planet which is absolutely removed from our sphere, an unknown quantity, though a fact science does not dispute. Heaven without purgatory is a far-off planet which must ever remain beyond our touch and ken, for it would be easier for us in our present condition should traverse space than that the sinner should see God face to face.

The vestibule of Heaven, in which souls tarry in order to make their preparations, and to be prepared for the feast of eternity, can scarcely be an abode of pure suffering. Heart and mind, as they exist in the *anima separata*—that is, understanding and love—are at rest. On earth mind and heart are the source of the greatest pain as well as the greatest joy. The severest pain of body may be accompanied by happiness and a mind at rest, whereas remorse makes life unbearable. Hidden criminals at large have not unfrequently given themselves up to justice in order to arrive at peace by a public execution, being that we in our present condition should traverse space than that the sinner should see God face to face.

There is one single and unique instance of purgatory in the loose sense in which the expression is often used. Suffering by itself is not synonymous with purgatory. There must be the absolute certainty of heaven, which has been given only once, "Amen, Amen, I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." The word was spoken by our Lord Himself to one in fearful torture and ignominy. Was the good thief conscious of pain with that divine promise ringing in his dying ears? It may be doubted.

He has spoken the same word to each of the holy souls: "Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." And they are so minded to the will that His hour is theirs. They long to hear this day, but the security of our Lord's promise tempers their suffering and pass it far above all pains and sorrows of earth. Who would not submit to be crucified, if to day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise were the reward? Yet a state of crucifixion and perfect security is that of the souls whose blessedness exceeds their torments.

These thoughts may possibly suggest comfort to some who confuse suffering with unhappiness. They are not synonymous. Let us rather think of the holy souls as in the condition of the good thief. If they are suffering the torments of crucifixion they have heard the word which is to be their joy throughout eternity: Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise!—Irish Catholic.

guage, out of which purgatory is made. The pangs of remorse deaden the most intense bodily pain, and the power of love does more than render hard things sweet. Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it, says the voice of love in the Canticles. Whether human or divine, it is as a burning fire which consumes all minor cares. I will not deal with passion, but with love in its noblest form and expression—the love, for instance, of a mother, or of a wife, or of an affianced bride. Earth has nothing better in the natural order than disinterested affection, a foreshadowing of purgatory as much as the torture of remorse. Sin will not be there, neither will money-making; love will be the coin of the realm. *Non sub-strahatur delicatissimum mundum.* As the action of purification is perfected, each human intelligence in purgatory will be more and more fixed on God. The soul, disengaged from the senses, will learn all the more promptly the lesson of purgatory, if it has not been learnt here; if it has not been learnt here is joy in suffering under these conditions, a joy which makes pain acceptable. *A promissa sponsa* will be patient with sudden illness, and racking pain, if they promise to be temporary. She can afford to be as long as her heart is fixed on wedding day. The *sponsa*, indeed, may weary of a sick affianced bride, and court another. This can happen in human things, but never in purgatory. The souls there are fixed on the Unchangeable One, who can never prove them false; so suffering what it may, they can afford to bide His time, secure that the reward of their heart's long watching will never pass away. Their wedding day is far removed from the vicissitudes of earth, and the fever-tossed brides may suffer in perfect peace.

On earth it is more difficult to unlearn than to learn afresh, and it must be feared that to the great majority purgatory is an unlearning. The idols, the false standards of the world, must be swept away. In the first instance of eternity the soul has an intuitive perception of its errors. It may be likened to arrival in a foreign land, of which the language has been badly learnt at home. English French will serve as a comparison. It is very soon proved to be no French at all. The foreigner immediately says: "I am all wrong. I must begin again." He had much better have learnt no French—at least his professor will think so—for he has to unlearn more than he learns, his expressions, his quantities, his pronunciation. Fully aware as he now is of his shortcomings, the work of imparting real knowledge will take time.

We say that knowledge is power. In purgatory it is love; and who can call the process of arriving at it all painful, even if accompanied by torments? It is the burst of eternal day, coming gradually to those who ascend the steep mountain side of purgatory. In it, as in the father's house, there are many mansions. Whilst the sinner may be punished with the pain of loss only, the sinner may be racked with fiery torments, "saved yet so as by fire." Whatever the "mausoleum," the suffering proceeds from the same cause, varying in degree—remorse for the past, love of God in the present. That which on earth causes our torture and our joy is prolonged in purgatory, with this difference: here our minds and hearts are quiet because they are not fixed on God; there knowledge and love will be first established on their true centre, and then perfected.

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London, Saturday, October 16, 1897.

A DANGEROUS AND IMMORAL THEORY OF MARRIAGE.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, though denying in general for many years past all Christianity, did not venture to maintain in public the gross doctrine of Free Love which is most commonly held by those who have renounced the Christian faith.

It may be presumed that the notorious infidel was hitherto restrained by a regard for public opinion, and for his own good name to take this view, and we may suppose that on similar ground he favored the marriage which is indissoluble except by the death of the husband or wife.

But recently the colonel appears to have changed his tactics. What must be the reason of this we can only conjecture. It is barely possible that he has had family troubles; but even if this be the case it is not most unreasonable to import into a discussion on the code of morality whereby the whole community should be governed, the whimsical ideas which occur to an individual on account of some special circumstances which exist only in his own case?

On this point we can only speak hypothetically, as we have no positive information, but as the colonel has actually openly advocated practical Free Love of late, it is rendered probable that some such reason as we have indicated is the cause of his change of base.

In a recent article which has appeared in several United States papers, Col. Ingersoll puts forward the following as an indubitable principle:

"Without pure, honest, mutual love there can be no real marriage. When love ceases marriage ceases also; the tie is dissolved ipso facto, and the party who no longer loves is at liberty to seek and form another tie, and the unloved party to the transaction would act infamously if he or she should attempt to deprive the other party of liberty."

Stripped of all the verbiage of rhetoric this is Col. Ingersoll's reasoning, or rather his assertion, for it is sustained only on the fact that it is his opinion. He does not attempt to prop it up by solid reasons founded on the nature of the obligations imposed by marriage.

We have sometimes heard and read of the singular notions of some people that it is right to murder a seducer or a paramour. This opinion is based upon a strong sense of the wrong inflicted by the violator of the sacredness of marriage; but Col. Ingersoll's new theory is based upon the contrary opinion, that marriage has no sacred character at all, but may be dissolved at will by the contracting parties, or by the fancy of one of the parties, that he or she has been married long enough. This is a justification of Free Love, and of every crime against the obligations of the married state.

From two such opposite opinions as

we have here referred to, both of which are maintained with an equal appearance of right, if the authority of the Christian religion is to be put aside, we may see to what vagaries men will be led if they act upon their private fancies as the supreme judge of what system of morality should prevail. We need a divine guide to lead us aright in morals, and that guide we have in Christ and His teachings; but as Christ is no longer visible on earth, His Church is authorized to direct us in the moral principles by which we should live. Guided by the Church of God, we know that both Colonel Ingersoll and those who would wreak vengeance by private authority on wrongdoers, offend against the divine law. But we have here to consider only the question which has been put forward by the notorious infidel leader. Is it true that when a husband or wife is tired of marriage he or she may declare the marriage at an end?

If this be true, marriage is entirely subject to the whims of each individual. Such a hypothesis is contrary to the nature and purpose of marriage, and to the needs of human society. This theory has no thought or consideration for the interests of mankind, or society, or of the children.

The preservation of society, including the education and care of the children, constitutes the chief end of marriage, and not the mere passing pleasure of the individual. It is true that in the selection of a husband or wife, the individuals may select to suit themselves, but this is altogether a secondary consideration in comparison with the chief end of marriage, and, therefore, even independently of the requirements of religion, nature itself dictates that when the selection is made the public good requires that the marriage should be indissoluble in order that the duties of the parents toward each other and towards their offspring may be properly fulfilled.

The education and moral training of children requires that they should have the care of both parents. So that even if the moral law on the subject were doubtful it would be expedient that civil laws should be enacted making marriage indissoluble. But the moral law is clear even as nature itself dictates it to the human mind and heart, and it is to the effect that the husband should cling to his wife, and the wife to her husband. But beyond this we have the unmistakable pronouncement of the Christian law as it comes from the lips of the Saviour of mankind, that what God hath joined together no man is permitted to put asunder.

The individual must limit his pleasures to those which are calculated to contribute to, or at least which are not opposed to the general good and the preservation of the human race, and therefore he cannot be allowed to please his fancies to such an extent as to break up the marriage tie, which was instituted in the first place for the preservation of the human species. Unreasoning animals are ruled by a natural instinct in regard to the manner in which their young are to be cared for, but man must be subject to the control of reason, and of considerations for the general good of the human race. These considerations show Colonel Ingersoll's theory to be grossly immoral and dangerous to society, and therefore society cannot afford to allow them to be acted on in real life.

DIVORCE LAWS.

United States papers inform us that the movement in favor of having a uniform divorce law passed whereby the same causes for divorce will hold good in all the States, is making headway, though the matter is being very quietly pushed. There is a committee at work systematically under the name of the Uniform Law Committee, which has drawn up a bill to be presented first to the National Bar Association of the United States for approval, after which an effort will be made to have the Legislatures of all the States adopt it, so that it may become the general law, and an end be put to the scandal, misery and crime which take place under the present diversified system whereby each State has its own conditions under which divorces are granted.

There is no doubt that some such measure as that contemplated if universally adopted, would considerably reduce the scandalous results of the present system, under which the number of divorces granted from year to year is constantly increasing, for to such an extent has it already grown that at the present moment there are more divorces granted in the United States than in all the world besides, exclusive of Turkey and other half-civilized Mahometan countries. Yet it can

scarcely be expected that the proposed law will entirely remedy the existing evil, though it may modify it to some extent. The evil will not be entirely removed until the indissolubility of marriage be re-established in accordance with the law of Christianity—an object which the proposed uniform law is not intended to effect. It will still leave several causes for divorce, and it is to be expected that these causes will be interpreted with varying strictness in the several States, thus still affording an opportunity for parties seeking divorce to leave their own State for the purpose of entering their suit in another where the laws are administered with greater laxity.

It will, besides, be very difficult, if not impossible, to induce so many States as there are now in the Union, to pass an identical law, as the notions of the people of the different localities are very divergent in regard to the magnitude of the causes for which divorces should be granted. Nevertheless, even if the proposed law should be adopted by a large number of the States, it will be at all events a step in advance toward restoring marriage to its sacredness and inviolability, and even one step forward will greatly improve the present unsatisfactory and demoralizing condition whereby married life is without stability.

THE HOLY ROSARY.

The present month of October is especially devoted by the Church to the beautiful devotion of the Rosary, which because of the many palpable proofs of God's approval which have been granted on account of the devout recitation of the prayers which accompany it, has become one among the most popular devotions of the Catholic Church.

Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, has issued an encyclical letter addressed to all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries of the Church, in which he strongly commends this admirable devotion.

The Holy Father reminds us of the last words of Jesus, said on the cross to St. John the Evangelist, to His beloved disciples: "Behold thy mother." By these words, Mary His Mother was made the spiritual mother of St. John and of all Christians, as the holy Evangelist is to be regarded on this occasion as the representative of all Christians, for each of whom Christ died as truly and fully as if He had suffered for no one else. We are, equally with or more than the loved evangelist, in need of such a mother who will intercede and plead for us at the foot of the divine throne to her Omnipotent Son.

Our Blessed Lord, while dwelling on earth, was obedient to His mother, as we learn from Holy Scripture, and it was at her request that He wrought His first miracle at the marriage feast of Cana. So we may rely that when she pleads in heaven for us, her children, her petitions will be also received graciously.

The Rosary is an effective and heart touching devotion. It is composed of those prayers which are most powerful with God: the Lord's prayer, made by Our Lord Himself and communicated to us by Him; the Hail Mary, composed by the Archangel Gabriel, St. Elizabeth, and the Church of God, and the Apostles' Creed, whereby we repeat in the words of the chosen companions and friends of our divine Saviour the chief mysteries of religion, as they learned them from Him. The name Rosary signifies a bed of roses, and it is applied to this devotion because the prayers composing it are as sweet-scented flowers the odor of which reaches heaven.

The Holy Father remarks in his Encyclical that we devote two months of the year to the special cultivation of a spirit of devotion and affection for Mary the mother of God: May, the month of flowers, and October the month of fruits, "because it is fitting that these two seasons should be consecrated to her who has said of herself: "My flowers are the fruit of honor and riches."

The intrinsic efficacy of the devotion of the Rosary lies in the excellence of the prayers used in it, but the Holy Father points out that this efficacy is increased by its adaptability as a form of united prayer. The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary extends throughout the whole Church, and has an antiquity above all similar institutions, having been founded by the great St. Dominic, and having grown marvellously during the present century. Much of the rapidity of this growth is due to the encouragement given by Pope Leo himself to the use of this form of prayer, and he adds in his encyclical that

"those who employ this method of praying can never fail to obtain fruit. . . . In truth the Rosary of Mary unites the faithful who practice this devotion by a common bond similar to that existing among brothers, or soldiers living in the same tent. Thus is formed a well-disciplined army most powerful against all enemies from without or within." And to the members of the association of the Rosary he applies the words of St. Cyprian: "We have a public and common prayer, and when we pray, it is not for one alone, but for all the people, because we are all united people."

The Rosary has also been called the Psalter of Mary, because, like the collection of one hundred and fifty Psalms which form the Psalter of David, it contains the Angelical Salutation, or Hail Mary, repeated one hundred and fifty times.

Mary is undoubtedly the most powerful among the saints with her Divine Son, and as we know that the prayers of the just are powerful with God, even while they are still on earth, their prayers must be still more powerful in heaven, and we read in the book of the Apocalypse that the prayers of the saints are as a sweet incense offered by the hands of angels, ascending before the throne of God. The sweetest of this incense is the prayer which the Mother of God offers for her children who are on earth.

There is no derogation from the honor due to God when we ask the Blessed Virgin or the saints to pray for us, for our manner of prayer is essentially different in the two cases. O God we ask grace and mercy, of the saints we ask help, and that they may pray to God for us, and of this help we are greatly in need.

By the instrumentality of the Holy Rosary many graces have been and are daily obtained from Almighty God, and for this reason successive Popes have done much to foster this devotion among the faithful, and numerous indulgences have been annexed to its devout recitation. Pius V. has said that by it "the faithful of Christ are suddenly changed into other men: the darkness of heresy is dissipated, and the light of Catholic faith revealed." Pope Leo XIII. also expresses the hope that the Rosary prayers as they go on unceasingly, issuing from the lips and hearts of a great multitude, will prove most powerful in gaining for mankind the favor of God.

A MORMON CONFERENCE.

Another event which brings into prominence the vagaries of the human mind is the Conference of Mormons (who also call themselves Latter Day Saints) which took place in Toronto last week. About 300 delegates were present from outside, and with members of the organization residing in the city the total number in attendance was about 350.

The gathering was chiefly remarkable for the presence of Joseph Smith, the present prophet of that section of Mormonism which would not follow the leadership of Brigham Young, of Salt Lake City. The present Joseph Smith is the son of the founder of Mormonism, who was of the same name.

It is claimed that this branch of the Mormon Church in Canada has a membership of 2,600, a considerable proportion of which is in London and its vicinity.

The original Joseph Smith started Mormonism in New York State in 1830. He was the son of a Vermont farmer, and when a boy was regarded as being of a visionary and shiftless character. In his own account of himself he declares that he went from one denomination to another, but could find nothing to satisfy his religious longings, "nothing but a clash in religious sentiment."

It was in 1825, when he was eighteen years of age that he received the second visit of a "personage," as he terms him, who, according to his story, had a countenance like lightning, and who proclaimed himself to be an angel of God, and desired him to teach the new gospel, which was soon to be revealed to him, and to be preached to all the nations. His visitor informed him that certain plates were deposited in a hill near Palmyra, in which there were to be found the records of certain ancient prophets who had existed in America at an early date. These plates he was to view, though he was not yet holy enough to take possession of them.

It was in 1827 that he claimed to have received possession of these plates, which he was enabled to read by the medium of two transparent stones to which he gave the scriptural

names of Urim and Thummim. The characters on the plates represented an unknown language called Reformed Egyptian.

The writing which he professed to make by translating from these plates was called the Book of Mormon, which has been accepted by the Mormons as of equal authority with the Bible. The book is so named from the supposed prophet who made the record. It professes to contain the history of the earliest-aborigines of America.

Oliver Cowdery, one of Smith's first disciples, wrote the book at the dictation of the latter, who was confessedly a poor writer. Smith, while professing to read the plates, sat behind a blanket to keep the sacred writing from profane view.

These supposed plates have never been produced publicly, but eight witnesses attested that they had seen them. These were the first Mormons, and among them were Smith's father and two brothers, whose characters were not regarded as worse than unimpeachable. None but these eight have ever seen these plates, and though a sight of these has been frequently demanded, the only knowledge of them which the general public have is derived from what these witnesses have asserted.

It has been shown on very good authority that the Book of Mormon is in reality borrowed or stolen from a romance written by a former clergyman named Solomon Spalding, but which no publisher cared to print, because of its insipidity.

The book of Mormon was published in 1830, and the new sect soon received many American adherents. From this time Mormonism was fiercely attacked by the various Protestant ministers and their followers, who finally drove the Mormons first from New York, and afterward successively from Kirtland, Ohio, Clay county, Missouri and Nauvoo, Illinois. John Smith, the prophet, and his brother Hyram were shot by a mob of about two hundred persons when the settlement at the last named place was broken up in 1844.

It is to the interest of the Mormons now to disclaim the intolerably criminal doctrine of polygamy, and the present Joseph Smith declared in Toronto that the sect proper never held that doctrine, for the teaching of which he throws the blame on the schismatical Brigham Young, whom he calls the "apostate." He says it was Brigham Young who, claiming to be the successor of the Mormon prophet, taught polygamy, which is forbidden in the Mormon bible.

As a matter of fact the original Joseph Smith taught the doctrine of "Celestial Marriage" as early as 1835. This was actual polygamy, and in 1843 he proclaimed that he had received a formal revelation from heaven authorizing polygamy. It was this proclamation, which was put then into practice, which chiefly excited the Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites and other sects against Mormonism, though the fraudulent suspension of Kirtland Mormon Bank, and the previous hatred in which Mormonism was held in New York, contributed also toward inflaming the passions of the mob against the leader whom they held to be responsible for all these things.

We have not space at disposal now for a history of the Mormon imposture and superstition, which would be a dark tale, especially if we were to include its doings in the territory of Utah. We shall therefore conclude this short sketch by saying that the success of the Mormon missionaries who looked for converts in European countries is surprising. It was limited, however, almost entirely to the Protestant countries, as Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Germany. In Catholic countries, and especially in Ireland, it found few dupes.

Mormonism is destined to disappear, as so many sects of past ages have done. It cannot withstand the influence which civilization is bringing to bear upon it in its stronghold; and the influx of bold Gentiles into Utah has already weakened the power which it formerly exercised upon the population of that territory, which is now one of the sovereign States.

It appears from a recent interview which Prince Bismarck had with the representative of an Italian paper, that the man of iron appreciates the high intellect and noble character of Pope Leo XIII. Speaking of the Pope, the ex-Chancellor of Germany said: "He has by far the most elevated mind and the loftiest intelligence of any man of our age."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF APAISM.

Apaism has been virtually defunct in the United States since the last presidential campaign was fairly begun, and its newspaper organs have, for the most part, either ceased to exist, or have laid aside their special A. P. A. character. In some States, however, efforts are still made to keep it in a kind of half alive state. In spite of all this, even in Omaha and Kansas city, where it has ruled supreme for many years, the proscriptive society is losing its power, and Catholics are not entirely excluded now from offices under control of the municipal councils. It is now stated that Catholics have found their way into the police force of these localities, and in one of them, Kansas City, a Catholic has even been appointed recently to the position of Chief of Police.

It could not be expected that, with the spread of intelligence, the bigotry which has hitherto prevailed should long continue to hold sway in a country where the people are generally imbued with a love of liberty, and where the principles of toleration are recognized in the State and National constitutions.

The A. P. A. leaders have also, by their conduct, contributed to their own downfall. The peculations and defalcations of Apaisit municipal authorities in Kansas city and Omaha have raised much popular indignation against the whole society, and in Oregon, Washington State, and California at least three of the leaders are now in jail for various crimes, and four are fugitives from justice. Most of these are Methodist ministers, and clergy of other denominations, but some are laymen. The latest example of this class is the Rev. W. T. Ford of the State of Washington, who has been minister of a Methodist Episcopal Church in Seattle, and had formerly been a pastor in Idaho. He became one of the most virulent anti-Catholic agitators on the Pacific slope, and though he was not financially a success as a minister; he received a good deal of money as an A. P. A. lecturer. He became President of that society for the State of Washington, but he has now suddenly collapsed. Charges of infamous conduct were brought against him, and he was summoned to appear before his co laborers in Methodist mission work in Seattle for having criminally assaulted a girl of fifteen years of age. He took to flight before the trial came on and he is now in hiding.

The A. P. A. record of the United States appears to be even worse than that of its affiliated Canadian branch. It is no wonder that it is in a disintegrated condition owing to its inherent corruption and rottenness.

REV. D. M. MOODY AND THE SEMINARIES.

A son of the well known evangelist Mr. D. L. Moody has expressed his desire to study for ordination to the Protestant ministry, and his father has approved of his son's intention, but a curious difficulty has arisen which seems likely to prove an obstacle to the carrying out of the young man's desire.

Mr. Moody has declared that he does not know of any Protestant seminary in which the Christian faith of his son would be secure. So much rationalism has found its way into these seminaries under the name of "Higher Criticism" that the result is that the students come forth from them having lost all faith in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and he fears that, notwithstanding his son's present earnestness in religion, his faith would be sapped if he were to take the usual seminarians' course. Hence it is not likely that the young man will be admitted to ordination in any denomination, as the seminary course is regarded as a necessary preliminary to this.

It has been long known that in Germany nearly all the seminaries have lapsed into Rationalism, which is a mild name for downright Infidelity. It has also been known that several seminaries of America, such as the Union Theological of New York, and Lane Seminary, of Cincinnati, are decidedly Rationalistic, but it was not generally supposed that all these institutions are so tainted as Mr. Moody believes to be the case, but we may reasonably suppose that he has correct information on the subject. If this be the case Protestantism must be nearer to its end than we have imagined. If infidelity has thus taken possession of the seminaries there will scarcely be any Christianity taught to the rising generation except by the Catholic Church, and perhaps to

some extent by the Protestants. We confess toward unbelief, but we are so convinced that to be Christian is to be Catholic. It would be some faith, than that the belief. It is, reasonably he rejected the Christian Church, he another all. The only return to return to Catholic Church ground of the members as never lapse into THE UNIT

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OCTOBER ORISONS.

Origin of the Festival of the Holy Rosary and the Antiquity of the Devotion—The Victory of Lepanto—St. Dominic and the Rosary—Various Forms of the Rosary—Leo XIII. and This Particular Piety.

Boston Republic

The fact that the first Sunday in October is now celebrated throughout the entire Church as the feast of the Rosary, together with the circumstance that the Sovereign Pontiff, so it is stated, has this year added another encyclical exhortation in commendation of the practice of the devotion to which October is especially dedicated, to his many similar previous exhortations, may render timely what is here subjoined regarding to-morrow's feast and the piety which it commemorates and urges upon the faithful.

When in the early days of October, 1571, the glad news reached Rome that the Christian armies led by Don John of Austria had gained a signal and decisive victory over the Moham medans at Lepanto, Pius V., who then governed the Church, ordered that a yearly commemoration of this splendid Christian triumph should be made, and decreed that the feast which celebrated the event should be known as that of St. Mary of Victory. The same Pontiff also ordered that, in recognition of the victory of Lepanto, the invocation, "Help of Christians," should be added to those of the litany of the Blessed Virgin, as it was generally thought that it was through her intercession that Don John had prevailed over the Turks. It was reserved for his successor, though, Gregory XIII., who occupied the Papal chair from 1572 to 1585, to give to this October feast the name by which it is now designated. This Pope, however, instituted the feast of the Rosary, whose date he fixed for those churches and chapels which bore the title of the rosary. Clement X., who succeeded to the Papacy in 1670, extended the feast to all the lands held by Spain; and when, in 1710, the Emperor Charles V. had gained another victory over the Turks, by freeing Corfu from their ruinous sway, Clement XI. ordered the feast kept by the whole Church; while to the present illustrious

OCCUPANT OF THE HOLY SEE, who has not inappropriately been termed the Pope of Our Lady's beads, belongs the honor of having added to the litany of the Virgin the invocation wherewith it now closes: "Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us."

The devotion of the Rosary though, antedates by many years the institution of the October feast, and the use of beads in prayer goes back to before the introduction of Christianity. The anchorites and monks of the early Christian ages were wont to count the number of their prayers by beads, stones, grains or other such marks, and studs fastened upon the belts which people wore were often used for the same purpose. A historical writer of the fifth century makes mention of the practice of an Egyptian monk who, when he began his devotions, had three hundred pebbles in his lap, one of which he threw aside at the completion of each of that number of prayers which he was accustomed to recite. We find in an old English council a decree ordering a certain number of the Lord's Prayer, to be counted by the studs on belts, to be recited for the repose of a Bishop when his death was announced; and there are numerous other evidences that beads or other similar objects were employed for counting prayers from the earliest ages of the faith. The word "rosary" is believed to occur first in Christian writings in the works of an author of the thirteenth century, though it is not certain whether he employed it in the sense in which the term is now usually understood.

And although the Rosary, as we now have that devotion, is accredited to St. Dominic, the founder of the order of friar-preachers, it is certain that a practice corresponding to the recitation of the beads was common long before his day. Thus St. Albert of Crespin and Peter the Hermit are said to have taught people who could not read the psalter to recite a certain number of

OUR FATHERS AND HAIL MARYS, instead of the office which was then generally said by the faithful. The Rosary, however, as that devotion is practised to-day, undoubtedly owes its institution to St. Dominic; and the account which states that St. Dominic learned the devotion from the Blessed Virgin by inspiration has been accepted by several Popes. Leo XIII. would seem to accept this version also, for in one of the many letters he has published on the Rosary, he speaks of St. Dominic in these terms: "This hero, great by the integrity of his doctrine, and by his apostolic labors, advanced against the enemies of the Church—animated with a spirit from above—not with arms and violence, but with the most absolute faith in that devotion of the Rosary which he was the first to publish, and which his sons have carried to the four corners of the world."

The enemies of the Church against whom St. Dominic employed the devotion of the rosary so effectively were, as is well known, the Albigensians, who, taking their name from a town in Languedoc, were in his time, corrupting the faith of the people of that and neighboring provinces by their heretical teachings, and, moreover, disturbing the peace of those communities by embroiling them in war. As established by its saintly founder, the Rosary consisted by one hundred and fifty Hail Marys, divided into tens by fifteen Our Fathers, and an analogy

between these numbers and one hundred and fifty psalms constituting the psalter is traced by various writers. The Hail Marys of St. Dominic's rosary were not the full prayer of modern times, but merely the first half thereof, and the division of the Rosary into three chaplets of five decades each such as we have it now, together with the practice of meditating upon the mysteries which each decade of those chaplets commemorates

ARE OF LATER DATE than St. Dominic. Nowadays they who recite one chaplet, that is to say, five Our Fathers and fifty Hail Marys, with the one Our Father and three Hail Marys that begin the chaplet, are considered as having recited the rosary. In the course of time, other rosaries than the form commended by St. Dominic came into use. There is, for instance, St. Brigid's Rosary, which requires the saying of seven Our Fathers and sixty-three Hail Marys, the latter number representing the number of years the Mother of God dwelt upon earth. Then there are the Rosary of Our Lady's seven dolours, a favorite one with the members of the Servite order, of which there are representatives in the United States; the Rosary of Our Saviour's Crown, believed to have originated from a Camaldolese monk, and the Rosary of the Five Wounds, the recitation of which is frequent with the Passionists. There is also what is called the Living Rosary, approved by Gregory XVI., in which fifteen persons unite by agreeing to say the whole rosary every month.

Confraternities of the Rosary were not long in coming into existence, so popular did the recitation of the beads become, and, according to Benedict XIV., a society, especially indulged in by Pope Alexander IV., existed at Piacenza, in Italy, as early as the middle of the thirteenth century. To the members of the Dominican order, duly vested with the authority, belongs, by a special right, the power of establishing these rosary confraternities. This is made manifest by the number of Papal decrees on the subject, especially those of Innocent XI. and Benedict XIII. Hence for the canonical establishment of a rosary confraternity application must be addressed through the provincial of the order to the master-general of the Dominicans at Rome.

THE SONS OF ST. DOMINIC, however, are not the only missionaries who have found the rosary a potent means of inspiring faith, counteracting heresy and inculcating piety. The pioneer preachers of Christianity in the western world almost invariably taught these converts this Marian devotion, and not infrequently they named after it the missions which they had established in the places where they labored. Mother Mary of the Incarnation, that heroic Ursuline of Quebec's early annals, relates that there were no less than five-hundred of the troops garrisoning that city in her day who daily recited the rosary; and a writer commenting on her statement, adds: "Indeed, this beautiful devotion of the beads, to which all grades of men, the simplest and the highest intelligences, became so fervently attached, was seldom neglected in New France"; and the same writer declares that numbers of the Algonquins taken prisoners by the Iroquois, when their beads were taken from them, said the prayers upon their fingers, and when these were cut off joint by joint, they recited them upon the bleeding stumps. Down in that portion of the country that was first evangelized by Spanish missionaries, there are many places and a still greater number of churches and chapels that yet bear the name of some one of the mysteries of the Rosary, and out on the Californian coast, where missions were established in the opening year of the seventeenth century, one chronicler avers that "there the beads of Mary's Rosary were taught and the hymns of her feast were sung in the Indian language."

The peculiar devotion of this month, which requires the daily recitation of the rosary, was inaugurated by Leo XIII., who, in the encyclical which he addressed to the whole Catholic world fourteen years ago, after reciting the efficacy of the Rosary, said: "Not only do we earnestly exhort all Christians to give themselves to the pious

DEVOTION OF THE ROSARY publicly and privately in their own house and family, and that unceasingly; but we also desire that the whole month of October in this year should be consecrated to the holy queen of the rosary." It is true that the Holy Father, in this encyclical, enjoined the daily recitation of the beads during October by the faithful only for the year that witnessed the issuance of this encyclical. So popular, however, did this special October piety prove that it has been continued annually ever since throughout the Catholic world; and the number of those who practise it is yearly on the increase. Some one has said that Leo XIII., by inculcating this particular piety, has made October almost as much of a Marian month as May; and whoever takes note of the increasing gatherings of the faithful who frequent the churches wherein this October devotion is followed, will not question the appropriateness of the declaration. The beads, primarily a means of enumerating one's prayers, have been adopted by many religious orders as a portion of the distinctive dress of their members. The white-capped nun wears them at her girdle, as does the black-robed Jesuit; and Popes and Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops, learned priests and mighty princes have counted their orisons upon them as well as unlettered

peasants. In fact, the rosary may be said to be the one particular devotion that is common to the entire Catholic world; and the wonder is that those Protestants who nowadays are so fond of copying Catholic customs and practices, have not appropriated the beads or invented some imitation of this universal Catholic form of prayer. Perhaps they will do so, though, before long, and even go to the length of holding special services during October in honor of Our Lady of the Rosary.

CREMATION IS UN-CHRISTIAN. There are Scientific and Historical Objections to it as Well.

The Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., of San Francisco, recently delivered a scholarly lecture on "Cremation" in St. Mary's Cathedral, that city.

Father Prendergast gave a thorough treatment of his subject from a historical standpoint. He then examined the arguments advanced by the cremationists in favor of their pet theory and finally considered it in the light of Christian revelation and Catholic teaching. The lecture was a masterly one, complete in every point and in perfect proportion.

Cremation, as practiced by the ancient Greeks and Romans, was first considered. Father Prendergast explained that only the rich and wealthy incinerated their dead; the bodies of the poor were consigned to earth. Burial was the original method of disposing of the dead and cremation was first introduced among the Romans, according to Pliny, in order to permit of the transportation of the ashes of the officers who died in foreign wars.

The early Christians following the custom consecrated by the Jewish people, religiously buried their deceased. The practice has always been adhered to by Christian peoples and the propagandists of cremation would have us hark back to pagan days and pagan customs. They have always been remarkable for their scepticism in the fundamental doctrine of all religion—the immortality of the soul.

Father Prendergast then proceeded to analyze the arguments of the cremationists. It was alleged that the danger of being buried alive would be removed if cremation were practiced. "But what of burning alive?" asked Father Prendergast. He cited cases from Roman historians, in which men, who were supposed to be dead, were recovered from trances whilst on the pyre. They died in dreadful agony, struggling in vain against the flames.

The difficulty of disposing of the urns which held the ashes of the dead was then dwelt upon. It would be impossible to erect a building in each city sufficiently large to accommodate all these urns, and ultimately they would be destroyed and their contents scattered to the winds or else deposited in the earth. The sanitary effects of both systems were then compared. The most plausible argument with which incinerationists support their theory, is founded on the alleged danger to health from cemeteries. Father Prendergast said that Mother Earth was the great disinfectant; that there is no evidence to prove any danger to health or life from well-cared-for cemeteries. The health authorities of the great cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific would assuredly have condemned burial, if the claims of the cremationists were well-founded.

From a scientific standpoint, the practice of cremation has strong objections. If suspicion arose as to the manner of death, all inquiry would be rendered impossible if the body had been cremated. Every evidence of crime would have been completely destroyed and justice might be often defeated. Whereas, if the body had been buried, it might be exhumed and the manner of death discovered. Thus cremation opens the door of escape to criminals and the practice would undoubtedly remove many of the motives which deter people from committing crime. The preservation of fossil remains has been a great aid to scientists in determining the age of the race and in tracing racial distinction. This, too, would be impossible if the bodies of our ancestors had been cremated.

AS PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

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"PRIEST-RIDDEN MEXICO!"

Catholic Union and Times.

We often hear that Mexico is a "priest-ridden" land and because of this, shrouded in darkness and superstition. How true this characterization is will appear from the appended extract, taken from the published observations of the German Protestant scholar, Heinrich Wintzer, who spent many years in that republic. He says, as translated by the Literary Digest:

In 1861 President Juarez succeeded in confiscating all church properties, abrogating all ecclesiastical orders, and proclaiming absolute religious freedom. Church and State were to be absolutely separated. It became a law that the Church as such could not acquire property in any shape. Even the church buildings were to be held only as a loan. In addition to this, all public religious exhibitions were prohibited. Never is a religious procession or pilgrimage seen on the street; it is even forbidden the clergyman to wear any of the insignia of his office outside of the churches. In the public schools all religious instruction is forbidden. These laws are not a dead letter, but have been actually enforced.

Surely this is the reign of "priestcraft" with a vengeance. The Church was not more cruelly shackled by the iron-hearted Bismarck in Germany in the days of Kulturkampf. And yet Catholics are continually taunted by ignorant bigots about what they regard as the hapless condition of Mexico, as if the Church exercised full control in every department of its government.

Nor does the Protestant writer, whom we have quoted, leave us at a loss to account for the tyranny to which the Church in Mexico has been subjected. He distinctly attributes it to Freemasonry; for he declares that "the leading class of men, as a rule, satisfy their religious wants by membership among the Freemasons, or by a rationalistic system of philosophy closely akin to that of the French encyclopedists. They never go to church except as a matter of form."

Here we have clearly pointed out to us by a Protestant writer, who elsewhere in his observations shows himself hostile to the Church in Mexico, the true inwardness of the emity with which she is surrounded. Freemasonry is the foe in Mexico, as it is in South America, and in every country—especially in the continent of Europe. It is a restless, Argus-eyed foe, which has raised its crest in every land, seducing to its mystic meshes the flower of the world's young manhood; and in its highest—rather lowest—developments, which but a few of the elect are permitted to reach, an implacable enemy of Christ at all revealed religion.

When Heinrich Wintzer declares, that, as a rule, the secularist leaders, in Mexico "satisfy their religious wants by membership among the Freemasons, or by a rationalistic system of philosophy, akin to that of the French encyclopedists," he states a truth far more significant in its application and radical in its consequences than he imagined. For Freemasonry, at least in its highest degree, is a religion, and the only religion its votaries have or hold. But it is the very antithesis of the Christian religion; for while it imitates the ceremonies and ritual of the Church and shrouds its gospel in the gospel of infidelity and the dagger; and the principal works by which the teachings of that gospel become manifest are secret assassinations, a diabolical hatred of Christ and the Church, such as Voltaire and Mazzini cherished.

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(a) The corporate name of the company; (b) How and under what special or general Act the company was incorporated, and the Acts amending such special or general Act; (c) Where the head-office of the company is situated; (d) The amount of the authorized capital stock; (e) The amount of stock subscribed or issued and the amount paid up thereon; (f) The nature of each kind of business which the company is empowered to carry on, and what kind or kinds it is or are carried on in Ontario.

(1) If the company makes default in complying with the provisions of the said section it shall incur a penalty of twenty dollars per day for every day during which such default continues, and every director, manager, secretary, agent, traveller or salesman of such company who with notice of such default transacts with in Ontario any business whatever for such company, shall for each day upon which he so transacts such business incur a penalty of twenty dollars.

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OCTOBER FIVE-MINUTE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE ROBI

My dear Bret this Sunday is an impress upon our truth that God every one of feast of His eternal Christ. The brethren established on us is called to be Each one of that call. He have remained have failed to ac tation. Of these they are unworthy does it say? " with guests. " A together both King went in to saw there a man wedding garment We are then Form a part good and bad King is at hand Eternal Father penetrates even every heart. I That all-reach into the depths of mind. Enter a film to enter a midst. Are we meet that Son? been careful to wedding garment all ready for Him with Him in the union and marriage His spotless bride. But is each of wedding garment Each one is ceived upon his our Lord Jesus were made the secured a right wedding-feast. This wedding garment of God's least be clean, must also be clean of the virtues of it, be perform sanctifying gr who wears it mortal sin. He we are now re the King's Son, ner suitable to be present at E Again, at the pected to rejoice Can any one re unless he is a with him? A spirit within requires? It our feelings as such an occasi Have we, the Spirit of God Holy Spirit in us to Him as claiming for u dren. The s Ghost are our heavenly being as least in so have the spiri Church. She object of our also our spiri most devotedly whom He love and follow her are anxious wishes and op even to death. But if we h the spirit of pride, covetous tomy, envy at possessed of garment has are worse off had none, for God and give might be giv riedge of His dragged with the costume riage. To many of the call to go to the eternal heaven, will so, than the asked-to-day to answer. glorious we rejoice for e If not, we sh shall be bing of teeth

Human life the individual his system, s purchasing a recommende Ayer's Sars reputation of INFLAMMA Ackerman, writes: " S Dr. THOMAS inflammatory lies effected the whole to move with ment caused out on the roo weather, but rheumatism s of Dr. THOM recommend it for me."

Gentlemen, my Liver Pills, tion, and have have ever use as they are respectfully, RICH REI Road health. Tilla, the O HEALTH.

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wash, dry, done, cleanly

did it SOAP clean with binning with fabrics. RISE it forget it.

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BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO

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English and Bavarian Hopped Ales

XXX Porter and Stout

Lager of World-wide Reputation.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Nineteenth Sunday After Pentecost.

THE ROBE OF JUSTICE.

My dear brethren: The Gospel of this Sunday is a parable intended to impress upon our minds the great truth that God has called each and every one of us to the marriage feast of His eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. The bride is the Church established on earth. Each one of us is called to be present at this feast. Each one of us has accepted that call. Hosts of others who have remained outside His Church have failed to accept that call and invitation. Of these the Gospel declares they are unworthy. Of ourselves what does it say? "The wedding was filled with guests." After they had gathered together both bad and good, "the King went in to see the guests, and He saw there a man who had not on a wedding garment."

We are then present at the feast. We form a part of the great crowd of good and bad who are there. The King is at hand, Almighty God the Eternal Father, whose all-seeing eye penetrates even the inmost thoughts of every heart. He comes. He is here. That all-reaching eye is penetrating into the depths of our souls. He wants to find out if all is ready for the presence of His Son before He will permit Him to enter and be present in our midst. Are we adorned properly to meet that Son? Has each one of us been careful to come clothed in the wedding garment? If so, then we are all ready for His approval, to rejoice with Him in this time of His eternal union and marriage with His Church, His spotless bride.

But is each one of us clothed in that wedding garment? Each one is baptized and has received upon his soul the character of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby we were made the sons of God and have secured a right to an invitation to this wedding-feast. But this is not all. This wedding garment must not only be of God's making, but it must at least be clean, white and spotless. It must also be shining with the glories of the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, be perfumed with the odors of sanctifying grace. The soul of him who wears it must be unstained by mortal sin. How many of us can say we are now ready for the approach of the King's Son, and clothed in a manner suitable to all that is required to be present at His marriage?

Again, at this marriage we are expected to rejoice with the bridegroom. Can any one rejoice with a bridegroom unless he is a friend and in sympathy with him? Unless he have the same spirit within him which the occasion requires? It is simply impossible if our feelings are not one with His on such an occasion.

Have we, then, that spirit? If we have, we are filled and moved by the Spirit of God at this moment. His Holy Spirit is in our hearts, uniting us to Him as our Eternal Father and claiming for us the rights of His children. The seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are ours, and all the virtues of heavenly beings are present within us, as least in some degree. Then, His have the spirit of the bride also, His object of our affections. Her spirit is also our spirit, and with her we love most devotedly her Bridegroom and all whom He loves. We serve, obey her, and follow her least directions. We are anxious even to anticipate her wishes and oppose all who oppose her, even to death for her sake.

But if we have not this spirit there is but one other to possess our minds—the spirit of the seven capital sins, of pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. If our souls are possessed of this spirit our wedding garment has been thrown off and we are worse off than was the man who had none, for the garment made by God and given to us in order that we might be suitably adorned for the marriage of His Son has been soiled and bedraggled with the mire of sin, and in that costume we have come to the marriage.

To many of us, my dear brethren, the call to go to God, to be present at the eternal rejoicing of His Son in heaven, will be as sudden, and more so, than the questions that have been asked to-day. It will then be too late to answer. If, then, we have on the glorious wedding garment, we shall rejoice for ever with the King's Son. If not, we shall then be cast out where there shall be only wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever.

Human life is held too cheaply when the individual who needs a tonic for his system, seeks to cover his wants by purchasing every new mixture that is recommended to him. Remember that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a well earned reputation of fifty years' standing.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. However, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Yonge St. Fire Hall, Toronto, March 16th, 1907. Gentlemen,—I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation, and have proved them the best that I have ever used—will use nothing else as long as they are obtainable.—Remaining yours, respectfully, E. C. SWERTMAN.

RICH RED BLOOD is the foundation of good health. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, gives HEALTH.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Make Your Mark.

Because you are without money, friends and talents, it does not follow that you are of no account in the world. Each school-boy knows that Lincoln was a poor boy, that Grant was nobody in particular until the late war gave him his opportunity, that Livingston, the great African explorer, was a poor weaver boy, and Burns a plough-boy. Application, industry and honesty were the magic keys that opened to them the doors of success. Others with friends, money and matchless talents, started in the race also, but came to naught because they lacked one thing—an unalterable determination to succeed. Like many boys of today, they said, "I can't" and "I won't" instead of "I can" and "I will." You cannot make your mark in a day, you cannot achieve success at a bound, some men have apparently done so but in reality it was the work of years which had been patiently waiting its sure reward. In a word, it is the patient endeavor and faithful work of every day which enables a man to make his mark.

A Catholic Boy's Triumph.

The Christian Brothers of Memphis, Tenn., are pretty proud of Raymond Monogue, one of their students. Some time ago Colonel William Carroll, one of Tennessee's most popular attorneys, who has taken a deep interest in the work necessary for a constitutional convention, offered a prize of \$100 to any pupil in a Tennessee public school who would prepare the best essay on the needs of a constitution. The judges selected were among the most competent in the State, President Maurelian of the Brothers' College, General Gordon, superintendent of public schools, and Mr. Bolton Smith, a scholarly lawyer.

The competition was lively and essays poured in from all sections of the State, penned by the brightest and most promising youths. The judges were unanimous in naming Raymond Monogue the winner. He is in his eighteenth year and will graduate in the class of '07.—Father Mathew Herald.

Habit.

What is "habit"? According to Webster it has the same meaning as custom, "a frequent repetition of the same act." When the act is good, the repetition forms a good habit, and bad habits are the repetition of evil acts. Bacon says, "Since custom is the principal magistrate of man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good custom. Certainly, custom is most perfect when it beginneth in young years; this we call education, which is, in effect, but an early custom." How may good habits be fostered in youth? Not only by the avoidance of evil, but by the cultivation of good. Christian perfection demands active goodness rather than passive sinlessness.

The evening examination of conscience must be rigidly severe. No matter what advice we hear, what examples we see, we shall not advance to perfection unless we sternly judge ourselves. Each one the best knows his own nature. After the first half of the Confiteor, following the words "I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed, through my fault," we are taught to pause a while for reflection upon our faults. This pause should recall every wrong word, thought and act of the day, and every lost opportunity of doing good—sins of commission and sins of omission. The every-day examination of conscience, if properly severe, is the surest eradicator of habitual faults, the best inculcator of good habits. "To-morrow I must not commit this fault: I now perceive that I am inclined to make a custom of it; to-morrow, with God's help, I resolve to do such and such a good thing which I have hitherto neglected. The good may be small, but it is not trivial, but impartial self-judgment helps tiny bits of goodness to grow into great virtues and prevents petty faults from developing into habitual sins. The grace of a good confession is the first blessing of this rigid examination: its long recompense is a life of good habits—a perfect Christian life; its last and best reward a happy Christian death.—Standard and Times.

A Little Comforter.

She had borne up under the "waves and billows" of sorrow, to the surprise of all who heard not, as she heard, "It is I, be not afraid." But one day she seemed alone in her grief. The voice of the Comforter had such a far-off sound that her heart did not respond, as was its wont. "Even so, Father," she cried in bitterness of soul, "I cannot bear it! I cannot!" and burying her face in her hands she sobbed aloud. But presently she felt an arm about her neck and heard in loving tone, "I'm so sorry for you, aunty."

The unexpected words of sympathy increased the sobs for a time, and then half ashamed that the child, above all others, should have seen her so overcome, she tried to smile through her tears, saying, "I am weak as if I do not, but it seems to me as if I cannot bear my grief any longer."

The child, evidently at a loss for words, lovingly patted the tear stained face a moment, and then she picked up a tiny rubber band, through which she put her little hands and, childlike, stretched it back and forth until a happy thought seemed to strike her, and she said sweetly, "See aunty, how I see it with the rubber: I stretch it until I do it won't bear any more without breaking, and then I let up on it. Say, don't you think, aunty, God does

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

Often young men say: "O, that's a little thing—I can't bother with trifles." But nothing is little that leads to big results, so little developments of manners, little ways of speech, little modes of dress, little details in business, little bits of knowledge, little offenses against health, little habits of life, little traits of character—all these are of vital importance in the long run.

Little Things.

That one whose life is fully occupied will necessarily find a number of "little things" to do, and, indeed, the most that we can do to help others is precisely in the performance of the minor offices of life. Few of us have the means, or the opportunity, of bestowing great favors, but there is no one who cannot find opportunity for granting small ones, and he is a great benefactor who willingly aids his fellowmen according to his means and opportunities, be they great and frequent, or small and few; for it is the disposition in which the favor is done, not its size or frequency, that gives its chief value to it.

And when something is to be done, some business affair to be carried on, some professional matter to be attended to, no single detail should be forgotten; for a seemingly insignificant circumstance may turn out to be of serious import. That far-famed lawyer, the late Charles O'Connor, used to think out every possible detail, not only of his own side of the case, but also of the other side; so that he was prepared for every attack. And indeed, it was a matter of him that, frequently, when his opponent had finished, Mr. O'Connor could still give him points.

Amid the intricacies of a diagnosis, what least symptom can the physician afford to leave unconsidered? Hence the excellence of providing skilled nurses who note down everything that takes place in the doctor's absence and can therefore keep him informed of the vagaries, as well as of the steady march of the disease. Listening to the recitals of their experience, we are astonished at the number of instances in which business men point to their attention to small matters as the cornerstone of their success.

If young people, in their intercourse with each other, would only omit the "little familiarities" which are so often permitted, but might better be left out of the programme of their lives, they would preserve their self respect and lessen the number of regrets in after days.

If parents and guardians would only notice the straws that show which way the wind blows, they might prevent the hurricanes that sometimes lift young men and young women off their feet and out of the path of rectitude into the path of vice.

"I want to do something great, to accomplish some grand achievement," says the young man, and meantime he neglects the little beginnings which lead to such results and are essential to their achievement.

"It's so like a boy to do so. It's so like a girl. It's so like a young man or a young woman to act that way." Thus foolishly fond parents and thoughtless friends exclaim, adding: "They have no harm in it." Fiddle sticks! They are not acting as a boy, or girl, or young man, or young woman ought to act, and so they are seeking evil, and it will be a great mercy if they escape it. These little beginnings of evil must be resisted.

"Was only a little word, quick spoken but sharp and cutting, hurled at a dear old aunt, or, perhaps, grand mother; nay, not infrequently at mother or father. 'I didn't mean it,' you afterwards explain. But, if your heart was full of the right sort of spirit, would you have uttered it? Mind your 'little words' hereafter.

A Taste for Reading.

Books are the friends of the friend-

The Profession of Engineering.

In the official report of the Lawrence Scientific School in Harvard University, made by Charles H. Manning, L. B., there is information concerning the present condition of the engineering department of that institution. It is exceedingly encouraging for the department. Better buildings have been provided for it; its equipment has been greatly improved, and it is now well supplied with the best modern apparatus. Its body of instructors has been increased to sixteen, and the students in its classes number 146. A courses in mechanical engineering was established four years ago, and the course in civil and electrical engineering were remodelled; and all of them were arranged as regular four year courses. Under the head of engineering there are forty-four subjects of study for the members of the classes. The Rogers building has been fitted up for engineering experiments and tests of a general nature. The lower floor is for machinery, and two floors, put in for lecturing and draughting purposes, are occupied by advanced students. The results have been most advan-

tagous. The graduates of the engineering department are as thoroughly trained for the performance of the duties of their profession as those of any other institution of the kind in the United States.

The report makes reference to the remarkable increase in the number of students in the department. Until seven years ago the department was nothing more than a name; now it has large and studious classes, and is an important feature of the Lawrence Scientific school. It is one of the many evidences of the widespread desire that exists among young men for a thorough training as civil and mechanical engineers. The profession is one of high importance to the interests of the country, and one that has proved to be unusually profitable to its practitioners. Among other successful institutions in which engineers are fitted for their profession may be named the College of Civil Engineering at Cornell University, the Sheffield Scientific school at Yale, the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. There are also engineering departments of lesser importance in some of the Western colleges.

Instances of success in life among the men who had been graduated from these institutions are numerous. Of the alumni of the institution, 386 in number, 95 per cent., were reported as well placed in life, and more than one-half as highly placed within three or four years after they had passed through their period of training. Of the alumni of another similar institution, 1,070 in number, the report was not less satisfactory. Of the alumni of nearly all the institutions named above there were reports nearly as favorable. In truth, it would seem that there is hardly any, if there is any, branch of knowledge that offers better rewards than this one. The graduate in engineering who is a serious thinker and an expert worker may be said to have success at his command.

This is an age of mechanism, and the business of mechanical engineering offers uncommon opportunities to experts, for whom there is a large and steady demand, which grows larger every year.

We hear complaints that the profession of law, and that of medicine, and that of theology, are crowded, and we hear the same from some of the ordinary trades; but we have heard no such complaint from the ranks of the men who are skilled in the principles and practice of civil or mechanical engineering.

Popular and Powerful.

It is easier to be popular than powerful. The two can go together. In fact, the most powerful men are popular. Men heartily respect and generously love men, who have dominant force, men who can do things in the spiritual world as well as the physical, men who force things to a crisis, crowd to decision and lead others to a self-abnegating life of service. The great body of young men will follow a leader with power; they possess a nicety of discernment which recognizes genuine balanced manhood, and honors it. They have little respect for a "trimmer" or a talker who has but a mouth acquaintance with big truths, and themes and may only entertain, amuse and perhaps inform. The temptation before men is to seek to be popular rather than to powerfully affect men's lives for righteousness.

Chat by the Way.

To learn to be courteous without being compliant, study a bank cashier. A son is surprised sometimes, when his father unbends a little, to find what a good fellow the old man really is. The life of a true man cannot be a life of mere pleasure; it must be above all things, a life of duty.

Brooding over trouble is like surrounding oneself with a fog—it magnifies all the objects seen through it. Occupation of the mind prevents this. When you go into politics give your character to the devil and your pocket-book to your wife. When you come to your senses after a while you may by this means save something.

Every man really consists of three individuals—himself as he sees himself, himself as others see him, and himself as he really is. From the very nature of things no man can tell which of this trinity of selves is the best.

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

For All Itching, Torturing, Distressing, Disfiguring Skin Diseases,

there is nothing gives such quick relief and promotes such rapid healing as this wonderful Ointment.

GEO. LEE, MANSELLVILLE, ONT., says he was troubled with Eczema on the hands so bad that he could not work. He had doctors treating him, and tried all the remedies he heard of, but of no avail. At last the itching was so severe he could not sleep. Dr. Chase's Ointment being recommended to him he tried it, and one box completely cured him. He would not receive \$50 for the benefit he received.

Derby Cigarettes 5 Cts. Per Package.

Webster's International Dictionary The One Great Standard Authority.

IT IS THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES, BECAUSE Words are easily found. Pronunciation is easily ascertained. Meanings are easily learned. The growth of words easily traced, and because excellence of quality rather than superfluity of quantity characterizes its every department. It is thoroughly reliable.

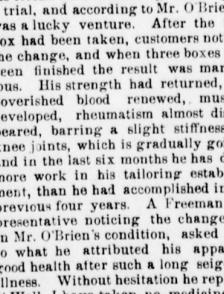
CAUTION. Do not be deceived in buying small so-called "Webster's Dictionaries." All authentic abridgments of the International Dictionary are published by G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

less, and a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and counsel you at all times.

Look Afoot. To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspooled when the world praises him.

A KINGSTON MERCHANT Tells of His Release From the Pains of Rheumatism.—It Had Afflicted Him for Upwards of Ten Years and Many Remedies Were Tried in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Effected His Release.

From the Freeman, Kingston, Ont.] Fifteen years ago Mr. Alexander O'Brien, the popular Princess street tailor, was one of the most athletic young men in Kingston, both as a foot racer and otherwise. Eleven years ago he commenced business and shortly afterwards was stricken with rheumatism, which caused him much pain, loss of rest, and neglect of business. He states that he tried many doctors and many medicines, all to no avail. Over a year ago a friend advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and though he had but little confidence in them, or advertised medicine of any description, at the urgent request of



his friend he decided to give the pills a trial, and according to Mr. O'Brien it was a lucky venture. After the first box had been taken, customers noticed the change, and when three boxes had been finished the result was marvelous. His strength had returned, impoverished blood renewed, muscles developed, rheumatism almost disappeared, barring a slight stiffness in knee joints, which is gradually going, and in the last six months he has done more work in his tailoring establishment than he had accomplished in the previous four years. A Freeman representative noticing the change in Mr. O'Brien's condition, asked him to what he attributed his apparent good health after such a long seige of illness. Without hesitation he replied, "Well, I have taken no medicine in the past year other than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, therefore I attribute my present condition solely to their use. They had such a good effect in driving rheumatism out of my system and building up my shattered constitution, that my wife whose health was not any too good also tried the pills. A few boxes remedied her illness and she, too, is as loud in her praise of them as I am.

Many of my customers and friends who witnessed the effect of the pills on my constitution commenced to use them, and they relate the same story as I have told you. I am as well now as ever I was in my life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Good Blood and Sound Muscles. Scott's Emulsion is a blood-making and strength producing food. It removes that feeling of utter helplessness which takes possession of one when suffering from general debility.

WOULD YOU LIKE A BICYCLE OR A GOLD WATCH?

12 Stearns' Bicycles and 27 Gold Watches GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH

SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS

Ask your Grocer for particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER BROS., Limited, TORONTO

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.

Proposals are invited from Canadian artists only, for a statue of the late Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, which the Government of Canada purpose to erect in the grounds of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa. The models, which should be of plaster or similar material, and not less than one foot in height, should be forwarded to the Minister of Public Works on or before the first day of January, 1908.

The general design of the statue is left to each competitor. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, Ottawa, 28th September, 1907. 990-3

TO CANADIAN ARTISTS.

Proposals are invited from Canadian Artists only, for a statue of Her Majesty The Queen, which the Government of Canada purpose to erect on the terrace in front of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa. The models which should be of plaster or similar material, and not less than one foot in height, should be forwarded to the Minister of Public Works on or before the first day of January, 1908.

C. M. B. A.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES. Toronto, Oct. 14.—The Executive of the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. of Canada met this morning in the Rossin House and concluded their meeting.

A. O. H.

Toronto, Oct. 7, 1897. On Sunday, Oct. 2, Division 2 of the A. O. H. was organized in the city of Ottawa, with a large charter membership, and with a competent staff of officers who will leave nothing undone to make their division a success.

C. O. F.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. The following resolution was passed at last regular meeting of St. Joseph Court, No. 370: Whereas, this Court having learned with regret of the death of Mrs. McAuliffe, wife of our esteemed Brother, Daniel McAuliffe, both of whom were members of this Court...

CATHOLICITY IN THE NORTH OF ONTARIO.

Nipissing a Promising Country. For the Catholic Record. His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, made his episcopal visit to the parish of St. Joseph, Nipissing, Ontario, on the following Sunday, September 26, gave the sacrament of confirmation to 107 persons, including a few adults.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

Sunday last was the eight anniversary of the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart, at St. Mary's cathedral. Father Mahony, the director of the League for the parish, took advantage of the occasion to address the people at all the Masses, on the great spiritual benefit to be derived from being a member of the League.

MARKET REPORTS.

LONDON. London, Oct. 14.—Wheat, 70 to 81c per bush. Oats, 22 to 24 1/2c per bush. Peas, 45 to 50c per bush. Barley, 24 to 28 1/2c per bush. Beans, 28 to 30c per bush. Potatoes, 15 to 17c per bush. Live hogs, 25 to 27c per cwt. Live sheep, 15 to 17c per cwt.



Do You Use It?

It's the best thing for the hair under all circumstances. Just as no man by taking thought can add an inch to his stature, so no preparation can make hair. The utmost that can be done is to promote conditions favorable to growth.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1898. Benziger Bros' Popular Annual Now Ready.

FOREST CITY BUSINESS & SHORTHAND COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT. Course, methods and facilities are unsurpassed in convenience. Catalogue for a postal card.

NIMMO & HARRISON BUSINESS & SHORTHAND COLLEGE. Cor. Yonge & College Sts., TORONTO. Highest results in Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, English, and Civil Service Examinations.

CENTRAL Business College. 12 of our students have taken situations in the past few weeks. Two applications are now in and two more are being held until two of our students graduate.

NORTHERN Business College. Owen Sound, Ontario, is the very best place in Canada to get Thorough Business Education.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY. CHATHAM, ONT. THE Education Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Commercial, and Typewriting Courses.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, Sandwich, Ont. The studies comprise the Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED. In Affiliation with the University of Toronto. Highest Musical Standing in Canada.

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MONTREAL NEWS.

His Grace Mgr. Bruchési departed on the 2nd of October by the Dominion Line steamship 'Abrador', for Europe. Before his departure he was a grand service in the cathedral, where the liturgy was read, and the Episcopal Benediction given.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers to the Carmelite Review, in London and elsewhere, who pay up arrears, and pay in advance to January, 1898, and send their money to Falls View, direct, before or on December 15th, 1897, will receive about Christmas a copy of the beautiful Catholic Home Almanac for 1898.

Toronto College of Music.

This firmly-established and prosperous institution has just opened its tenth season under especially favorable auspices. The results of the College of Music work are apparent in the fact that the school has a waiting list of 100 names.

Windsor Salt. Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best.

Catholic Home Annual, 898. With 7 Fine Insert Illustrations, and 69 Illustrations in the Text. PRICE, - 25 CENTS.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY Margaret M. Trainer. Prize Story. "A NOB, AND WHAT CAME OF IT." All about a curious mistake. Rosa Mulholland-Gilbert. "GRANNY GROGAN." A touching story of Irish life.

OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1898. CONTAINS A NEW STORY FOR BOYS BY FATHER FINN, AND A NEW STORY FOR GIRLS BY ELLA LORRAINE DORSEY. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Mr. Montreal, of Lewis, was appointed coroner for Quebec for two months, from the 1st of August, 1897, to the 1st of October, 1897.

A reception was given to the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, on the evening of the 26th of September, at the residence of the Grand President of the C. M. B. A., Mr. J. J. Kelly.

On Monday, September 29, confirmation was held in the chapel of Chisholm, near Wasa Lake, by the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain.

On Tuesday, Sep. 30, took place the visit of the mission at Corbeil in Ferris. Corbeil is a new flag station between North Bay and Bonfield. The chapel has been built in 1893.

On Thursday, Sept. 31, Bishop Lorrain accompanied by Father Mourier and Father Martel, visited the new settlement, Boisnoy, where most of all the people are, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.

On Friday, Oct. 1, the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, visited the mission at Corbeil in Ferris, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.

On Saturday, Oct. 2, the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, visited the mission at Corbeil in Ferris, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.

On Sunday, Oct. 3, the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, visited the mission at Corbeil in Ferris, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.

On Monday, Oct. 4, the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, visited the mission at Corbeil in Ferris, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.

On Tuesday, Oct. 5, the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, visited the mission at Corbeil in Ferris, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.

Men And Things.

An incident of a pleasing character occurred at the reception tendered to the Grand Officers of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association at the Monday evening. Observing a Presbyterian clergyman enter the hall Mr. F. A. Hackett, the Grand President, remarked to the Chairman that the new-comer looked like an old school friend of his.

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On Wednesday, Oct. 6, the vicar apostolic of Pontiac, His Lordship Right Reverend N. Z. Lorrain, visited the mission at Corbeil in Ferris, and was tendered a most magnificent reception.