The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1906.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS QUESTIONS OF THE DAY, BY VERY REV. ALEX. MACDON-ALD, D. D., V. G.

A few years ago Dr. Maurice Francis Egan said, if we remember aright, that one reason why men did not read works pertaining to religion was that there were so few of them in English worthy of attention. We have, it is true, books of a sentimental character-translations from the Frenchand the productions of our own pious, but imaginative writers. But it is well not to harbor the thought that all the works indited by Gaelic pens are altogether beneath English mentality. The Dominican Monsabre, Monsigneur D'Hulst, would, we dare say, find favor with those who are averse to legend and rhapsody. And we should not forget that the books at which we cavil betimes were written under other skies than our own, and for a people not measured and iced. It is all in the Then again the poor man who is

consort for a while with Cardinals Newman and Manning. Father Dalgarin's works are a mine of richness, and Father Tyrrell can feed both mind and heart. Now we have Dr. Macdonald, who gives us the garnered wisdom of years. A devout priest and ripe scholar, he is acknowledged by competent critics as a champion of approved prowess in the field of Catholic doctrine. Simple and direct are his books, but what a world of toil they represent! We have lingered over some of his paragraphs and wondered at the preparation and patient study they revealed. A man who sees but one side of a question is a ready writer, as a rule, and cocksure; the man who sees all sides of a question thinks much before putting his thoughts on paper, and is dogmatic only when he is on ground as solid as are the eternal hills. The former touches but the outside of a question, but the latter goes straight to the heart of it. Dr. Mac-Donald looks at questions from many view points and buttresses it with quo tations and authorities which have in trinsic merit. We venture to say that he has had these books in mind for years. They have grown up with him. They are, indeed, testimonies to a devotion to Sacred Science, and they are also beyond question proofs of a manysided erudition which is as edifying as it is instructive. And in our opinion Dr. MacDonald has won his spurs as one of the ablest of Catholic writers of the present day. He affects no tricks of speech, hankers after no novelties, and, as befits a man who has sat for years at the feet of the Angelic Doctor, ats truth clearly and simply. We do not wish to pose as a prophet, but we hazard the assertion that before Dr. MacDonald lays down his pen his name will be known and honored by English - speaking Catholics. Even now there are few, we ween, who would care to tilt against him, and men who know whereof they speak place him on a level with Dr. Lambert. There may be writers who have a greater store of knowledge, but there is not one, with the exception of Dr. Lambert, who has the analytical power and luminous exposition which are stamped on his pages. Our advice to those who are wary of words of commendation is to read him and judge for themselves. We can assure them that the books contain no padding, no crude fancies, no coddling of authorities, no undue regard for traditional opinions, but facts and principles co-ordinated and set forth by a trained intellect.

It is said betimes, too, that such books are heavy and dry. As they deal, however, with subjects which have interested, and will always interest, the world, we cannot see that the foregoing remark is apposite. We do not mean to say that a fiction-drenched mind will appreciate Dr. MacDonald. Nor do we imply that they who follow after vacuous twaddlers will listen to a man who has something to say. But that is their fault and misfortune. Mayhap their taste was formed in households whose reading was confined to the newspaper of the yellow brand, to the magazine and " sporting " prints. It is certain that many a young man is more at home with the records of ball-players and pugilists than with anything else. And it is just as certain that many of them never open a book pertaining to religious cal question, the Virgin Birth,

trash, euchre parties, etc.-fit instru ments wherewith to develop a shallow and trifling generation—they have no time to spare. But there is a place and a time for everything. Minstrels and story-tellers and games have their uses, but it were a pity to let them absorb all our time.

Again, the policy of reading only what we can understand readily enfeebles the intellect. Here, as in everything else, effort makes for development. We do not suppose that the Parisians who thronged to the debates of the Middle Ages understood them as well as the University men, but their attendance thereat stimulated them to intellectual activity. They were not told that "it was over their heads." That dictum was reserved for other days when a great prelate, Arch. bishop Ireland, was forced to say that he was tempted to yield to pessimism when he read in so many souls indifference and inertia and heard of the trifles with which soldiers of truth busy themselves. Some educators, as was pointed out by Dr. Brownson, take too much pains to whose mode of religious expression was eliminate all that savors of labor on the part of the student. Hence it is that many students who have pottered with the "ologies" and wandering in a bookless desert should literary chit chat yelept English liter ature discover when they begin to grapple with the world that their intel lect is in an anaemic condition. But as Brownson goes on to say : " If the first books given to children were such as would require an effort on their part to understand them, and the same rule fellowed all through, the mind would be more exercised and thereby strengthened to think and to judge.

Dr. MacDonald's books will exercise the mind and strengthen our intellectual vicion and soothe our anxieties and nourish us with the food of solid doctrine. For the cleric they contain matter for many sermons. To all they can give "that fuller knowledge of our belief, and as far as may be that clearer understanding of the mysteries of the faith which Augustine and other Fathers praised and labored to attain and which the Vatican Synod itself decreed to be very fruitful." Surely the books which enable us to cherish our heritage of truth more intelligently are worthy of attention. The author puts his matter within small compass, writes tersely and meets difficulties squarely. In a word, Canadians should be proud of Dr. MacDonald, and should manifest it by giving his works the greatest circulation possible.

In "The Sacrifice of the Mass" the author throws new light on the fact that the Holy Mass is identically the same Sacrifice once offered in the Last Supper and on Calvary. It is needless for us to remind our readers of the importance of being able to give reasons for our faith in this mystery of love.

The author gives us the true idea of sacrifice, notes the difference between gifts and sacrifice, and traces the his tory of the sacrificial idea of the Mass from Apostolic times to the present day.

Touching the Mass, Dr. Mac Donald says two things are of faith as defined by the Council of Trent: (1) that it is a sacrifice in the true and proper sense of the word: (2) that it is essentially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross, the only difference being in the manner of offering. It is not enough to account for the Mass being a true and proper sacrifice. . . There is question, therefore, of determining not merely what makes the Mass to be a sacrifice, but that which is of far more vital moment, what makes it to be one and the same with the Sacrifice of Calvary. He tells us what is the intrinsic and formal constituent of the Mass as a sacrifice. He shows how the action inaugurated by the High Priest at the Last Supper, the Passion consummated by the death of the Victim on Calvary, coalesce into the one sacri-

fice of the New Law. . " And that Death thus renewed in mystery still operates in the Mass, and continues to produce in the souls of believers its sacrificial fruits, and makes every altar a Calvary, not only because the Action of the Mass is the Action which brought about the Death on the Cross; but because, though undergone but once, that Death has an everlasting power of sanctifying; and because to him who takes in the whole course of time at one glance, that death is an ever present fact. Thus are the Cross and its commemoration, without any hazard to reason and consistency, one and the same sacrifice; outwardly indeed and to the senses wholly differ ent; inwardly, to the eye of faith and in the sight of the Eternal, one and the

In " The Questions of the Day " we have an important paper on the Bibli-

ion. We understand that with verbal Mary ever a Virgin, The Assumption of the Virgin Mary, Bridging the Grave. Lack of space prevents us from noting the book in detail. Suffice it to say that it is one more proof of the sturdy scholarship o' the Antigon ish scholar. Dr. MacDonald's books should be in every library, and on the premium lists of every co'lege and

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HOW THE FAITH DIED OUT IN WALES.

Very, Rev. Canon Richards.

When at the Reformation the old clergy were dispossessed to make way for strangers, the Welsh people clung to the old faith and the old tradition with tenacity like to that with which they still cling to the old language. In their churches they no longer heard the familiar voices of the old pastors speaking to them the old truths in the old tongues, they missed them at the altar, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in their homes, in their schools; and, repelled by the cold formality, the want of sympathy, the unintelligible speech of the men who had replaced them, abandoned the churches, and held meetings in their homes, reciting the old prayers, singing the old hymns, cherishing the old belief, and thus the earliest form of Dissent in Wales was a protest of the people in favor of the old faith senters were Roman Catholics. And so they remained for generations, and they would have remained to this day, like their Celtic cousins in Ireland; Roman Catholic, but for one cause: viz., the priesthood were exterminated by the rack and the gibbet, till at length the Welsh mountains and valleys knew their footprints no more, and sacrifice ceased from the impoverished altar and there were none to broak the Bread of Life and the word of truth to them. And thus the old faith died. But it lingered long in men's hearts and memories, nor was the chasm that separated the Weish people from the old church ever bridged over by the new. When at length at the beginning of the last century, men of new-born zeal and love for souls came and stirred up the land by the vigor and earnestness of their preaching, they found an ignorant, but a religious minded reople, ready to embrace any doctrine which came on persuasive clothed in their own speech and yet even at that date, two hundred years after the Refornation, the new preachers found a people that still re-tained many of the practices of the old religion -a people that sealed on their foreheads the Sign of the Cross, that still sang the legend in honor of the Virgin Mother of God; that knelt on the fresh sod of a lost one's grave to breathe a prayer for the departed soul, aye, and most touching of all that bent the knee in the churches in reverence of a Sacred Presence that once had dwelt on the dismantled altars, in days when they were in very deed the houses of God. These were but empty forms that had lost for the most part their true meaning but they betokened a religious sentiment which soon passed into new forms and new beliefs, till at length Dissent assumed the aspect and

A GAELIC PRIEST AND HIS

grew into the vast proportion; of to-

ISLAND PARISH. ry Bronson Hartt tells recent issue of the Boston Transcript. that when Miss Amy Murray, the singer of Gaelic folk songs, determined, last summer, to go seriously in pursuit of these lyrics, she was directed to go to Father Allan McDonald, on the Island of Eriskay, in the Outer Hebrides, as the one man in all the world best able to aid her. Miss Murray did so, and was greeted by the good priest most cordially. Six weeks vas she installed in the priests' house at Eriskay, and the people freely took to her in their old songs, brought over, many of them, from Ireland, in the sixth century; and she wrote them out to the number of a hundred and thirty. She found the Gaels of Eriskay-ther are only four hundred of them on the island, poor, Catholic fisher folk-to be an attractive and charming people saturated as it were with poetry. -and here is something which who have studied the Guels of Ireland have noticed—" take an islander away from his Gaelic, set him perhaps to speak American English, he can no more express a poetic thought, or in-deed anything but the baldest common place. All his beautiful traditions, all the poetic phrases with which at home he salts every sentence, can be swep away in a single generation. And alas! he gets nothing in their place. He ought to stay where he is, when he can keep the old high thoughts, the old singleness of heart. Better let him starve on his lonesome island lose his native entity in well fed America!"

Of the good priest who welcomed Miss Murray to his island parish, the Trans

cript article says: "Father Allan, or 'Maighstair Ailein, as his people called him, was a superb product of the hard life of Eris kay. I must say 'was,' not 'is;' for within a fortnight after Miss Murray finished committing to paper what he so longed to have made safe, the good priest died. It was appropriate to the island, where dreams and second sight have still a significance, that the man should have gone so swiftly after the satisfaction of a life long desire.

"A magnificent figure of a man more

than six feet tall, with the carriage of a SAN ANTONIO THEOLOGICAL SEMI chief, this unpriestly looking priest in tweeds was the true shepherd of a flock two thousand souls; for his parish stretched over two islands, South Uist as well as Eriskay. And not an emergency but Father Allan would be called in! Not a soul could pass on either island without his offices. Many a time they would meet him with, 'Dougall couldn't die till you got here.' And perhaps before the last rites were performed for Dougall a hard pressed messenger would summon him miles away.

And the tired priest must make all haste ' to get there before the beds were burning.' For the smoke from the sea-weed bed borne out and lighted before the house gives faithful warning in Eriskay of the passing of a soul. "In time of epidemic Father Allan

would say, 'I'd be sorry for the man that had to walk with me these days.' In storm and shine his signal fire would seen on the shore between the ands, 'the priest was wanting over,' islands. in the fishing boat with the great brown sail.
"The struggle told. At forty six he

had spent his life, and his people laid him to rest, filling his grave little by had spent his little with their empty hands. 'Poor Father,' said they, 'he broke his heart.' 'But they meant it literally. He

was not heart-broken. He was the happiest man," says Miss Murray, "that I ever knew."—Sacred Heart

FRENCH MASONIC VAPORINGS.

The organs of French Freemasonry frankly declare that the fight between the Catholic church and Freemasonry will be a fight to a finish. They regard the separation of church and State as only a beginning that will be followed up by more drastic measures. La Lanterne, a Masonic organ, thus outlines the anti-Catholic programme: "The war between the Republic and the Roman theocracy can only end by annihilation. One or the other of the combatants must disappear. Yes, we intent to destroy utterly by law the last vestiges of the privileges accorded to the chure, just as we also intend by propaganda and by political and social influence to fight against the church so long as she survives. It is absurd to hope, we shall not say for a reconciliation, but even for a truce. Whether the clericals accept the present law, or defy it, we shall go on fighting them mercilessly. There can be no doubt that if the church refuses to submit to the decrees

of France. Her enemies in the country have stripped for what they believe will be the final contest between them and the one great spiritual force that mast be overcome before they can carry out their avowed purpose of de-Christianizing the French people. There can be no misunderstanding of the mo tives back of the anti-Catholic legislation of the last four years. Its aim is not simply to impede the church in the carrying out of her divine mission. It is to make that mission impossible in a land which at one time held the fore-most place among Catholic nations.

The Masonic organ we have quoted above declares that it is to be a war of extermination. In other words, either the church or the anti Christian organization that has got possession of the government will have to surrender. We are told there is not room for both in France. Of course the church in the twentieth century, as in all the centuries that have come and gone since she came into existence, possesses an invisble strength that her enemies are utterly incapable of appreciating at its true value. She may be harassed for some time to come in a land that she Christianized and civilized, but she never will be conquered. The promise of Christ to be with her to the consum mation of all time will not fail. She as survived greater perils than those low confronting her in France, and therefore she will not be daunted by such vaporings as the Masonic lodg and their organs are indulging in just now. - New York Freeman's Journal.

A LIFELONG FIDELITY TO MASS UNDER DIFFICULTY

In the "God's acre" of a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived sever miles from a church, and yet never they been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped, every Sunday morning their fourteen miles, seven in and seven out, to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sanday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to get to Holy Communion; nor did they break their fast till half way back on the road home, when sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them from home, and drink from the bubbling A few hundred yards from ting place was a Protestant their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house; and they always prayed as they passed it by, for the conversion of the family to the Catholic Faith. The years came and went, and the answer to the prayers came, come is always will to prayer. aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once brother and sister. Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful Catholic church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break the fast after Holy Commun-

NARY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Three years ago the Oblate Fathers opened, in San Antonio, Texas, a Semi nary for the training of their own subjects and of such ecclesiastical subjects and of such ecclesiastical students as the Right Rev. Bishops

night confide to their care. Since its establishment a fair and steadily increasing number of students have registered; but not so many as we had reason to expect in view of the exceptional advantages offered.

In many seminaries there are young men whose health is not equal to their courage or to the exigencies of a rigor-ous climate. These are obliged, in consequence, either to discontinue their stud ies or to pursue them under great difficulties; they cannot do justice to them selves or to their professors; the little they do still further injures their health, and it sometimes happens that after three or four years they leave the seminary with imperfect education and impared constitutions.

Could such students be transferred, in good time, to a benign and salubrious climate, could they prosecute their studies, for example in the dry, brac-ing atmosphere of South-western Texas many, no doubt, would recover their health and vigor and be able to con tinue their studies without interruption. We have, in fact, had many examples of this in our Seminary, among students who were sent here from various dioceses of the North and

San Antonio is deservedly famous throughout the country, as a health resort. The Seminary buildings are resort. The Seminary buildings are located on an elevated plateau, known as "Laurel Heights," one of the most healthy and desirable sites in and

around the City.
Students desiring to spend the vacation months in Texas may do so at the summer home of our community, situated on a ranch near the Rio Grande, where they may enjoy such recreations as r ding, hunting, swimming, fishing and other outdoor exercises.

In connection with the Seminary, and offering the same advantages, is S: Anthony's College and Apostolic School opened in September last, for young boys desiring to take a classical course.

In bringing the Seminary and Apostolic College to the notice of the Bishops and Directors of Seminaries the Oblate Fathers believe that these establishments offer very exceptional advantages, the use of which will not only be of considerable assistance to of the legislature she will facilitate what we have undertaken to do in the decisive struggle that will enable us to get rid of her altogether."

This is very plain talk. It fore shadows what is in store for the church of Evence. Here represely in the course of their offered services in favor of your students, they ask you, at the same time, to accept the course of their offered services in favor of your students, they ask you, at the same time, to accept the course of their offered services in favor of your students, they ask you are the same time, to accept the course of their offered services in favor of your students, they ask you are services of their offered services in favor of your students, they are services of their offered services in favor of your students, they are services of their offered services in favor of your students, they are services in favor of your students. the assurance of their grateful apprecia-A. Antoine, O. M. I., Sup.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON THE

PROTESTANTISM OF TO-DAY. The Rev. Charles Edward Stowe, son the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, and pastor of the Central Square Congrega-

tional Church at Bridgewater, deplores the condition of Protestantism to day. He says there are in England and America one hundred and twenty-five different Protestant sects, exclusive of twelve kinds of Baptists and thirteen kinds of Wesleyan Methodists.
"Protestantism," he says, "is a kind of modern Cerberus, with one hun-

dred and twenty-five heads all barking discordantly, and is like the mob of Ephesus. Thoughtful Christians looking on and beholding with sadness this onfusion worse confounded can not fail to ask: 'Did our Lord Jesus Christ come in this earth to establish this pit ful mob of debating societies, or a church of the living God capable of making itself felt as a piliar and ground of the faith ? '

UNREST IN PROTESTANTISM.

The Rev. Mr. Stove says that there is great unrest and hunger in the Protestant world to day that refuses to be in the Proallayed by the chipperings of critical paroquets, or the buzzing of esthetic gadflies. He describes the insignifi cance of the Plymouth Colony in num-bers and material wealth, and says:

"How then account for the stupend-ous influence which this tiny common-wealth has exerted and still exerts on the history of mankind? There is one, and only one, possible answer to this question: It was their devotion to the invisible, the eternal, the moral order of the universe, the glory of God They endured, and yet endure, as seeing Him Who is invisible! All the history of mankind for them centred about His cradle and His cross, and for them there were none of these unusual benefits and privileges, which we enjoy age, of being illu minated by the dark wisdom of the Christless scholarship that but the holy ground of Sinai and Calvary

alike, finding there only common dirt "Emerson remarks in his 'Sovereignhand off sooner than write these against ing on with all his might the pale nega tions of Boston Unitarianism.' In the same spirit, and with the same limita tions with which Mr. Emerson's remark is to be understood by discriminating readers, I say that our Puritan Fathers never would have made the break that they did with Catholic Christianity could they have foreseen as a result thereof the Christless, mori bund, frigid, fruitless Protestantism that can contribute neither warmth. life, inspiration nor power to lift us above the weight and weariness of

Mr. Stowe is thankful that this is not used them to offend Him!

true of all Protestantism.

"But, alas!" he says, "it is only too true that the heavenly city, which our Puritan Fathers yearned for, and sought with prayers and tears, has become to many of their Christless descendants a frigid city of ice palaces, built of pale negations, cold, cheerless, shining in a pale winter sun with an evanescent glitter of a doubtful and unsubstantial intellectual worth.

"The full, rich, glorious Christ of Catholic Christianity has been dragged from His throne by these 'advanced thinkers' (God save the mark!) and reduced to beggary. A pale, bloodless, emaciated Syrian ghost, he still dimly haunts the icy corridors of this twentieth century Protestantism, from which the doom of his final exclusion has been already spoken.

TURNING TO THE CHURCH OF GOD. and self-assertion they turn upon those of us who still cry with Thomas before the Risen One, 'My Lord and my God,' and tell us that there is no middle sterile rationalism and the Roman Catholic church. If this be so, then for me most gratefully and lovingly I turn to the church of Rome as a homeless, houseless wanderer to a home in a con-

tinuing city.
"We are hungry for God, yea, for the living God, and hence so restless and dissatisfied. The husk of life's fruit is growing thicker, and its meat thinner and dryer every day for the vast majority of our people. In many and important respects, life was bright-er in the so called 'Dark Ages' than it is to-day. The seamless robe of Christ is rent into hideous fragments and trampled in the dirt. MR. STOWE'S TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC

CHURCH.

The foregoing arraignment of the Protestanism of to day by this Congregationalist minister is a striking congregation of the C trast to the following poem, "The Ancient Church of Rome," which appeared from his pen recently in the Hartford Times, and in which he pays a fine tribute to the Catholic church:

- As rises Teneriffe above
- The restless oceans moan, So looms abovs earth's chance and change The ancient Church of Rome.
- Majestic 'gainst the sunset sky The Titan mountain stands Frowning while ocean giants die Upon its feaming sands;
- So bold against the lurid past, Yet stands the Church of Rome, Unchanged when all is changing fast— The storm tossed pilgrim's home,
- O'erwhelmed by the barbarian hosts The Evernal City (cll, But laid on her rude conquerors The magic of her spell.

Thus facing countless future years, And agos yet unborn, Rome rises o'er all haunting fears, And dreads no coming storm,

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who writes letters to the New York Sun, is a fair speciment of the latter day agnostic. He reads the scriptures with a view of finding all the fault with them he can. He has, of course, drunk too deeply of the fountains of wisdom to give credence to what his less cultivated fellowmen cherish as the dearest hope to them in life. He is a scientist, too. and for that reason sees more clearly than most men the deep gulf between religion and the conclusions of chemistry and physics and geology and astro-

Like all other agnostics, morever, Mr. Smith never has either the brief or the inclination to show us just where and for what reason the scrip. tures should be put side by side with the myths of the Greeks and Romans, or in what particulars science sets itself against religion. He contents himself merely with stating that it is so, and imagines, doubtless, that enough has been said. Like all other agnostics, also, he has

made himself adept in their art of get-

ting rid of objectors who ask unpleasant question. A wave of the hand, an epithet of the by-ways, an appeal to some immertal expression of Longiaus is supposed to settle forever the old uperstitions or "my orthodex friends." When taken to task for an erroneous statement regarding Church history Mr. Gooldwin burls back such shibbolechs as "St. Bartholomew's Day" or the "Spanish Inquisition." When gainsaid in scientific matters Mr. Smith regales us with a nauseating list of naterialistic speculators. From sc en to scripture, from scripture back to science, from history to myth and from myth back again to history the cunning quarry dodges in and out until breath-less from exertion and impatient of the wiliness of the game, and despairing of ever bringing him to bay, one by one "my orthodox friends" retire from the chase and leave the fox free in the

Mr. Smith has been writing so long for the New York Sun that we could hardly make ourselves believe we were reading the reliques of Dana if Mr. Smith's name were not written on page thereon in "bold caps." Wi that, however, he has already said all reservoir of human wisdom has run dry: even the reserve supply has long sind been exhausted. So that we wonder the public still finds delight in looking the public still finds defigit in footing at the mouldering walls of an antiquated cistern. If "my orthodox friends" would only leave Mr. Smith alone he would soon be covered out of sight by the greensward .- Providence Visitor.

the creature setting itself up against its Creator. And this comes from pride. Of what can we be proud? All our gifts are from God, but how often have we

A DAUGHTER OF NEW FRANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY. CHAPTER VI.

THE BUCCANEER'S SIEGE. Nor did Qaebec trust alone to her strong position, the courage of her soldierly, the hardihood of her people.

cried the venerable De Laval, as he stood in the pulpit of the cathedral with uplifted hands and eyes, while the Let us invoke the God of armies, crowd of citizens, noble and humble, and the habitans who had sought pro-tection with the city sank to their knees on the pavement, the women weeping in foreboding of the horrors of the coming siege, the burghers and habitans renewing their resolution of

Let us pledge ourselves," he continued, with the patriotism of his race, "vowing that if God will assist us to drive away the enemy at our gates, we will render to Him our thanks and the

honor thereof forever.' "Amen," responded the Comte de Frontenze, from his elevated chair in the chancel, and his rich voice re sounded through the nave like a grand

onte from an organ.

"Amen," echoed the Intendant, from
the other side of the nave.

"Amen," repeated the kneeling congregation in fervid, impassioned ac-

mation. Amen," I cried with those around me, drawing my sword and flashing it aloft, as did every officer present, while the women clasped their hands or beat their breasts, and a chorus of petition rose and swelled through the vast edifice like a wave of the sea or a long,

deep roll of thunder.

The vow was duly registered, and the ceremony concluded with the usual

As the people streamed out of church, some excited and ardent, others grave and earnest, among a little knot of women worshippers, dames and demoi selles of quality, I caught a glimpse of my sister Therese again with little Barbe under her wing. Making my way through the crowd,

I joined them as they came down the steps into the Market Place. Although Madame Cadillac appeared

pale, she was outwardly as calm as though she were setting forth to attend a social function at the Chateau, rather than going home to await in our care shadowed house the trials that the day might bring.
.. Ah, Therese, you are the worthy

wife of a soldier," I cried, impressed by her composure, now that the danger

was really upon us.
"I hope so, Normand," she answered with the brave, sweet smile that had so often cheered me amid our perils in Acadia. "Yet, alas! a woman's heart is ever torn by conflicting emotions of One moment I grieve, love and fear. and the next I am selfishly glad that my husband is not here, but speeding hither on the King's ship now due from France. What think you, Normand, will this frigate from the old country be cut off from us by these southern marauders, who know, I doubt not, that it is on its way? Will there be a fight? Oddilse would ask no better fortune; but, Norwand, shall I ever see him again? He was the lover of my girlish dreams, and ae will ever be the hero of my heart's devotion."

"Yes, you are the worthy wife of a soldier, my sister," I repeated, knowing that such words would best sustain her courage. "And you will find you will find her ocurage. "And you will find small leisure even to fear, presently. But hope and pray as you will, for the prayers of a good wife are a soldier's

"Wherefore then have you not pro the burden whereof would rest less upon your shoulders than upon the heart of another, Cousin Normand?" vided yourself with such a coat of chimed in little Barbe, with roguish Chut, Mam'selle Malapert, be-

came the demoiselles nowadays are more pleased with the strains of a violin than fond of household tasks, less prone to the tambour frame than to the beribaning of their hair and the adornment of their vanity," I answered, half in impationce; half in raillery.

"Phouff," returned the saucy maid, with a gay toss of the head. "Do you want better bread than wheaten? You cannot judge by the label on the bag;" but thereon, as she saw me frown, her mobile face took on a sudden gravity and she added sweetly : " As you have no wife to pray for you eousin, and since I put up a petition for you to day before the altar of Notre well, a web begun is half done, so I must perforce go on with the work and weave you a fine suit of chain armor for your safeguard during the

Do so, pretty one," I said; and, siege e little hand she had involuntarily slipped into mine, I raised it to my lips with a thrill of emotion, I must confers, albeit 'twas the tenderness with which one caresses the pinktipped fingers of a child. "And what think you

tipped fingers of a caud.

And what think you of my courage?' sto demanded teasingly, while
Madame Cadillac walked beside us with an absent air, absorbed in her own thoughts. Oh, you will be the wife of a sol

dier too, some day; but, no, I would rather see you a veiled nun, behind the grille of the Ursulines," I concluded brusquely, as the recollection of De Resume's foolish encouragement of her natural coquetry obtruded itself upon

me. "Ho, ho! Belike it will not be for you to have aught to say in the matter," she retorted, snatching away hand, and flusting the color of a peach blossom. "I have heard of worse fates than the peaceful life of the cloister, and have often fancied that mayhap I should like to pass my life

While the little maid ran on thus, we reached the door of my father's house, and at the threshold I took leave for the nence of my sister and her young charge, happy that Therese showed such good nerve, and winsome Barbe so bold a spirit, yet reflecting that the poor child was unappalled by

the impending danger; and suffering, simply because her gentle mind could form no conception of miseries of a siege or the carnage of war. And I grew sick at heart as I thought of the enlightenment that must come to her when the guns should begin their ter-

rible play.

Having seen madame and the dainty demoiselle safely within doors, I re-turned to the ramparts. Despite the valor of the garrison and people and the imperious stout-heartedness of the Governor, the very atmosphere that hung over the city seemed laden with a grave anxiety, for the fate of New France depended on the issue of this conflict of the next few days.

Mereover, the best cause needs help,

and yet we had no news of the expected troops from Montreal. Thus amid clouds of apprehension the afternoon

rew to a close.
At sunset, like the welcome breeze that springs up of a summer's evening, came word from the look-out at the highest point of the citadel that a dark moving mass, as a shadow on the land scape, was to be seen approaching across the country from the west.

hour later the shadow resolved itself into a body of marching men. Then dusk fell, shutting then out from

About 8 o'clock a great shout arose from the western gate, and a roll of drums with the music of fifes proclaimed through the town that our friends from Ville Marie had come to our assistance, having eluded the besiegers under cover of the darkness.

Never shall I forget the joy of their entrance into the city-how our soldi-ers shouted and threw their caps into the air, yet the breach of discipline passed unreproved; how the burghers locked into the thoroughfares and velle hemselves hoarse with enthusiasm ; and the women stood at the doors way kerchiefs, ran out of the houses to greet the newcomers with blessings, or fell on their knees in the streets, thank-Providence for the aid sent to

How all hailed Callieres, the gallant Governor of Montreal, as he passed at the head of his eight hundred men! se were followed by a large com These were followed by a large company of coureurs de bois voyageurs, young sons from the seigneuries along the river, with their censitaires. In truth, a goodly band, they came marchng down the street of St. Louis, sing ing, at the full strength of their lungs, "La Clair Fontaine," and cheering in glad triumph.

I need not repeat in detail the story the next three days, during which Sir Phipps, after several attempts, effected a landing at Beauport; yet I was in the fight under Sainte Helene, when the invaders were driven back.

On the third day, while we were still engaged at the outposts, the air was rent as by a thunderbolt, followed by a dull roar of reverberation from rocky heights of Cape Diamond, La Tourmette, and the Cap Rouge, and a ainter echo from the distant hills Sir Phipps being on the point of open Sir Phipps being on the point of open-ing fire upon Quebec, our indomitable Comte Frontenac had begun the battle with this ringing shot of defiance. Enraged, the Admiral answered with

every gun he possessed, while the for-tress gave him round for round; 'twas

like to volleys of musketry.

When our company returned at night from Beauport, the firing had ceased, but the next morning the Governor sent the besiegers a hot shot by way of breakfast and the cannonading recom menced. I was sent to a battery of the Lower

Town, commanded by Marincourt, who worked with a boyish glee as if at target practice, and by his cherry and dauntless spirit made us forget the withering fire directed against our position It is well to aim well," he said.

taking as a mark the flag staff of the Admiral's ship. Swift and sure the ball sped, for presently we saw the staff suap in twain, and the ensign of St. George fell into the river and was borne away by the current

"Who will capture it?" cried Marincourt, chafing that he could not go himself, being unable to leave his But there were not wanting volum

teers for so dashing an adventure.

"By your leave, Sieur Capitaine, I will take with me two others and go out and get it," pleaded the stalwart soldier Jean Joly, eager for the peril ous office.

ous once.
"En bien, go!" tersely returned
Marincourt, addressing himself again to the firing.

Choosing his men, Jean thereupo out out in a canoe and was paddled into the mid stream. The English saw and shot at the little craft, but it escaped and reached the flag lying on

Then Jean Joly, dit Jolicour, bend ing over from the canoe, caught up from the tide the red banner, and the little bark darted for the shore, which t reached in safety with the glorious orize thus plucked from beneath the very beard of the enemy. It is this banner that was hung up as

votive offering in the church of Notre Dame des Victoires built in commemor ation of the preservation of Quebec in the Market Place of the Lower Town. At last, one of the ships being dis-

abled and another a wreck, Sir Phipp withdrew all his vessels out of range. I had not been at home for three ays. Now, being relieved from duty

for a space, I bent my steps toward my father's house, not knowing but that a tragic tale might meet me at the thres hold or that the fire of the besiege night have razed the old home and sent into eternity the loved ones about its hearthstone. Thank God! I ound it intact and the dwellers there in unharmed, although nearly pros trated by the strain. For notwithstanding that womenkind can be brave in emergency, can sustain the courage of a man, or impulsively rush into danger to protect a child or rescue one they love, it is small wonder that so flery an ordeal as the late action should played havoc with the nerves of the ladies of my family, so that at their weeping and then jesting the next moment I was much perplexed. My mother clung to me as if she

would never let me go again, but little Barbe demanded pertily how it was that I had not been wounded.

"Twould please you, mam'selle, and accord with your romancing without a doubt, had I been brought home like a Spartan soldier on his shield," I answered curtly. "But soldiers have thrown away their shields long since. And as for my having escaped unscathed, was it not you buckled on my armor, so to speak? Were your prayers so idle that you felt they would armor, so to speak? Were your prayers so idle that you felt they would avail me nothing?'

avail me nothing?"
At this her tenper changed, like the teasing bit of April weather that it was, and laying a light clasp on my arm, she said, her eyes filling with tears that yet sparkled as diamonds in the sun shine of her smile:
"Ay, I did pray for you, cousin, many times in words, and ever in my heart during these last days, and—Why, you are wounded; see the blood upon

you are wounded; see the blood upon your hand!"

your hand!"
At these words the silly maid went pale, and trembled so that if I had not caught her she would have fallen.
"Tut, tut!" I cried, breaking into a laugh. "Tis nothing! A scratch! got at the gun in some way; I had not noticed it before."

not noticed it before." But, despite my protest, she must needs bind it up, which I finally suffered her to do, in punishment of her former hard-heartedness, the while I inquired how she had stood her

baptism of fire.
"In truth, Normand, when the guns began to roar, I hid away in a corner of the house, half dead with fright," she acknowledged, after beating about the bush, and making as though she had been used to sieges all her life. 'It was like a great storm of thunder and lightning, when no place is secure against the death-dealing bolts from the sky. On, it is a wonder my hair did not turn white! Truly, cousin, do you not see some silver threads here?"

And catching at a long lock of her light hair, she held it up before me with a pretty coquetry, whereat I wound the soft curl around a finger of my un-bound hand, and then, bethinking me hat this was foolishness, shook

quickly off again. "Tata! For all her fears, little Barbe acquitted herself well," maintained my aunt Guyon, stoutly. "And after the first hour or two, she lent her aid in the household tasks, like the rest of us, even though to-day, when the fring was heaviest, some twenty balls fell into the garden, and two at least struck the house. But, happily, their force was spent and they did no damage save to shatter pieces of the rock. When the bombardment ceased for a spell, we gathered up the balls and sent them to the gunners nearest to us, who duly returned them to their owners through the cannon's mouth—as our clever Governor Frontenae said to the

envoy-ha, ha, ha!"
"Ah, Normand, we can make merry continued Barbe, a pitiful look crossing her sweet face. "Yet it was a sorrowful sight to behold the people bandoning the Lower Town, as we too mu-t have done were not this dwelling built of stone. Many of our neighbors took refuge within the Seminary, others at the Hotel Dieu. The cellars of the Ursuline Convent are filled with women and children who there sought shelter; the wood pile is being used for camp fires, the beans and cabbages from the convent garden have all been taken to feed the soldiers. To-day one of the nues had a corner of her apron shot away as she passed through the school Still, notwithstanding this state of things, the good nuns have worked without ceasing for the comfort of those who fled to them and those to whom they could send aid. Monseig: eur de Laval, and Monseigneur de St Vallier, the new bishop, have been tireless, going about helping the people nd encouraging them by their own fearlessness

After a dinner at home, the first good meal I had had for some days, and hav-ing taken a short sleep, I returned to the battery whereat I was stationed.

Next day, our forces, under Frontenachimself, attacked the invaders, who with great bravery had again effected a landing at Beauport. The victory was ours; but alas! 'twas dearly was ours; but alas! 'twas dearly bought, for in the skirmish we lost the peerless Sainte-Helene, the most gallant officer of the famous regiment of

Carignan-Sallieres.
Once more were the besiegers driven back to their ships. They had suffered from the unusual cold of the season, from the storm of wind and rain; and some of the troops were sickening with the smallpox, as we heard later.

Despite the success of our sally, Canada remained with her fate in the

balance for several days longer.

But the elements were with us, the storm continued; then, one morning, the clouds rolled away, the golden October sunlight shone upon the swift waters of the St. Lawrence, and waters of the St. Lawrence, and glinted the towers and belfries of Quebec; and Sir Phipps, with this dazzling picture before him of the good town which had so sturdily resisted his assault, weighed ancher, and disappeared with his fleet behind the Isle of Orleans.

At this spectacle our people citizens, nobleste, habitans, and soldiery—were wild with joy, and great Te Deum was sung because of our

> CHAPTER VII. OUR ENGLISH DEMOISELLE.

Because I possessed some knowledge of the woods, I was made one of a reconnoitering party sent out to keep watch of the southern frigates. When we came upon them, some four leagues down the river, how merry our young men made as they sighted the doughty Admiral on a conford at the side of his ship, plying his old trade of ship's car penter in repairing the damage our guns had effected. There seemed to me, however, something of folly in these jests; but in New France an these jests; officer would rather die than work with his hands, lest he lose dignity or con

On our return from this expedition on our return from this expedition
we learned that Sir Phipps has sent
another message, and of a different
stamp, to Comte Frontenac, and on that
very day all the English in Quebec were

sideration thereby.

to be exchanged for a band of French prisoners taken in former campaigns. I went at once, therefore, and made my adicux to Mr. Davis, a brave Bostonnais who, having been given his Bostonnais who, having been giparole at the beginning of his ity, had lived at the Chateau as the ity, had lived at the Chatcau as guest of the Governor, and was regarded by all as a "bon homme." When at length I reached our house, little Barbe had much to tell me.
"Welcome, Normand!" she cried

"Welcome, Normand!" she cried blithely, and for a wonder did not beat when I essayed to touch with my lips her smooth cheek, now no longer pale as when I had seen her during the siege. but glowing with its wonted color. When, however, I would have stolen a kiss from her rosy mouth as well, she pushed me away, saying with a grand air that was truly laughable, "Have a care, sir," and drew herself up to her full height, whereat she did ook taller by a good inch.

But her childish anger was short.

lived, since if she kept up the quarre with me she must forego the retailing

of her news.
"A truce to this nonsense, cousin," "A truce to this nonsense, cousin," she resumed presently. "I am between two minds, not knowing whether to be glad or sad. At the Ursulines I have grown to love well the two young Betonnaise, the Demoiselles Clarke whom our Governor Frontenac ransomed from the Indians after the battle of Carca Bay their fethers, a lighter. somed from the indians after the battle of Casco Bay, their father, a lientenant, having then met his end. Much have these sweet demoiselles told me of the horrors of their captivity among the savages, and never did they tire of extelling the kindness of his Excellency in having freed and placed them at the convent. But now they are to be ex-changed for French soldiers, and, al-though I rejoice for the sake of our poor fellows, I shall miss my friends most grievously. Then, too, there is the little Sarah Gerish, whom Madame de Champigny bought from the red men and sent to live at the Hotel Dieu-a maid, frolicsome as a kitten So fond is she of the hospital Sisters, that when told she must needs leave them and sail away in the ship of the English Admiral, she vowed with a orrent of tears that she would not go They are indeed loath to part with her,

but it is right that she should be sent back to her own recople."

Thus our winsome Barbe rattled on th naive ardor. While she spoke, I was conscious of a strange thrill at my heart, and then

there swept over me a chill, like to that which comes upon a man shot down in battle or one who in a duel succumbs o a dangerous thrust of his antagon-

ist's sword.

For in a trice there came to me the recollection of that whereof we had taken no heed during the siege, and which indeed had passed out of our thoughts as if it had never been—the remembrance of the day whereon I, a prankish boy, had first beheld pretty Barbe, a tiny child of source springtimes — pretty Barbe, a soft, warm, smiling little creature, her chubby face pink tinted like the sweet arbutus or May blossom of oar Canadian woods; her fair curls tossed and tangled; her di pled hands out-stretched to my aunt Guyon from the detaining arms of the dark visaged Indian chief who had brought the white bany captive from afar through the woods to Beauport, to barter her for a the draught of French brandy.

Had the infant prisoner been a

doubtless it would have been юy, reared to savagery and would per chance have become sachem of a tribe ed to war with relentless cruelty against his pale-faced brothers.

But a squaw pappoose—of what avail to rescue it from having its brains beaten out against a tree, save to buy with the frisky squirrel like being a cup of maddening fire water of the prepra de bois ?

Yes, I had chanced to be there in the living room of my uncle's house at Beauport when the strange bargain was made, and my aunt sent two Panis, servant men, to conduct the Indian beyond the settlement ere they delivered to him the flagon of liquer, upon the pretence that were he to drink among the dwellings of the pale faces, he would become less brave in battle. I remembered that when the savage set down the child upon the hearthstone, she clung to the skirts of my aunt, and how, when the redskin was gone and la mere Guyon took upon her knees the fairy wight that, like snow flake borne upon the wind, had been brought to her threshold, the little waif nestled with winning fidence against her heart; and loved each other as mother and daugh

ter from that hour.
I remembered too how, rough lad though I was, I knelt beside my aunt and stroked the child's sunny hair with annt awkward gentleness, marvelling at its softness, and at the whiteness of her skin, and the beauty of her eyes that

were like two purple violets.

And I recall the scene when my uncle Guyon came in from his ship at the wharf and found the fairy still enthroned upon Dame Guyon's knees, at the of the hounteons hoard shout which were gathered his own numerous family, when, having heard the tale, he clapped his thigh and declared his good wife had done well to keep the child, and a dainty demoiselle she was. And my aunt Guyon said that though the little creature's garments were sadly begrined and torn, from the fineness of their texture she must be well born. Thereupon they decided that they would rear her as her own, and she should be to them another daughter.

They questioned her, hoping to glear clue to her history, for they know from her complexion and few lisping words that fell from her lips that she English. But, ready as she with baby prattle, when asked her name she only shook her head and laughed roguishly. Therefore they called her Barbe, after a child of their own who had died; also because in the old French tongue Barbe means a pearl brought from afar. For not withstanding that they had already many children, these worthy folk, my uncle and aunt Guyon, looked upon this nameless baby stranger, English though she was, as a pearl of great price sent to them by Providence, an

addition to their wordly possessions to be treasured and cherished.

And as gold put out at interest grows and increases, so during all these years had their generosity to Barbe been enriched by her love and filial devotion. Ever too she bore their name, and it was understood as a matter of and it was understood as a matter or course, that she was to share alike with the others in the inheritance my uncle Guyon would leave to his children. Thus it was that we had long ceased to think of the fair haired, violet-eyed lass save as belonging to this swarthy brood ; for is there not sometimes see a paler and a darker rose growing upon one stem? But Barbe was English and it was the realization of the fact, now to us so momentous, that raised so strange a tumult within my breast, one moment a flame which would break forth; the next, like ice in my veins. I had never experienced the like be-fore, nor did I again for many a day,— not until—But that comes later in my

When she paused for breath, I said, striving to speak quietly, yet in the saying feeling a strange tightness at

"And you, Barbe?"
"And I?" she rep she repeated wonder-

ingly. "Yes; are you not also of these people ?

Scarce had the words passed my lips Scarce had the words passed by hip-ere I regretted them, for the girl re-coiled as though I had in savage cruelty cealt her a blow. The next moment, however, with crimsoned cheek

and flashing eyes she turned upon me.
"Normand, how dare you?" she
eried passionately. "What have I cried passionately. "What have I done that you should doubt my loyalty? done that you should doubt my loyalty? Why do you reproach me thus and accuse me of siding with our enemies, because, forsooth, I have shown a sympathy for those poor demoiselles cast, as by the sea, upon an alien shore; be cause I am glad, now when the tide bids fair to waft them home again i For shame! Where is your generosity! You are unjust: you who have me hate every living thing South of the French border; but—but—I can not forget that God rules over the southern land as well as over New France, that in those distant provinces are living wives, mothers, daughters, who watch and weep and pray for their soldier heroes, even as we do daily here at

The unconscious eloquence of the ing maid moved me deeply; but I reflected, with a touch of bitter was only natural she should feel thus 'twas the stirring of her English blood, the instinct of kindred, stronger than any tie of love, or circumstance, or

fortune. She could not help it, dear child. As the birds of the south that have nested in our orchards fly home again presently to a sunnier clime, so the voice of nature was bidding the heart f nature was bidding the heart of little Barbe to spread its take flight for the land of her birth. Was it for us to reproach or blame?

I could not endure to have her judge me as she had done. For in her flashing eyes, and the indignation wherewith she confronted me, there was nothing of the pretty petulance of old, whereat I had so often found musement, but rather a depth of feet ing and a fire which made me under stand that our demoiselle was no longer a child, but was fast growing into a noble woman. And never to me had

she appeared so comely.

So I said gravely, and with as much gentleness of manner as I could com

mand,—
"Not so fast, Babette! And, I pray you, be more sparing of your upbraid ing, lest you may regret it later. I had no thought to question your devotion to our cause; I only gave utterance to the truth, which, albeit un welcome, was brought forcibly to my wind he ways chatten of the demoisables. mind by your chatter of the demoiselles your schoolmates. You too are a Bos-

' And for this reason have you come to hate me, Normand?" she faltered tremulously; "have the mad fury of the conflict, the anxiety of these days siege, crazed your brain and turned

you against even poor little Barbe?"
"No! A thousand times, no! But my God, Barbe," I broke out, pressed beyond all patience, "your friends are overjoyed at the opportunity of being taken home; what more natural than that you should wish to go with them?" "Ha, ha, ha! Is that all?" cried

sound of gay music that yet has in it a plaintive note,—"never fear. Mayhap my parents whom I never knew, lived and married in New Eng-land, and I first saw the light in that far away province which our Sieur Cadillac and you too, Normand, have told me of as fair. But it is God Who gives to every one a country and a home. His providence has made me French; my heart was in defence of French; my heart was in defence of Quebec. Nevertheless, I must own, the miseries of the seige were in creased tenfold in my eyes because it was to me a struggle of brother against brother. But for the rest, your people are my people, Normand, and for all my life I want no other home than New France.

Thereat she stretched out her pretty hands to me with so appealing and art less a grace that I took them in my own and raised them to my lips in cavalier fashion, but with brotherly A weight was lifted off my spirits :

she spoke the frank, ingenuous words which teld me in effect that never, even in her young girl's dreams, had she longed for the land of the south; while at her assurance, "your people are my people," I felt an unwonted happiness, which was not the security of a hope fulfilled, but rather like voice bidding me strive and pray for, and hold aloof from all unworthiness, if one day I would aspire to win per chance a noble and true hearted maider to cast her fortune with mine in wed ded love with those self same words tha little Barbe had chosen in her child like unconsciousness.

But still, in spite of her loyalty to us, a danger, like a shadow fallen athwart the threshold, threatened gloom to the

house—a shadow that even the sunlight of this perfect day of the Indian summer could not banish. Therefore I answered with emotion :

"God be thanked, you are, I believe, little one, as true a daughter of New France as any demoiselle in the land."
And then I went on, choosing my language so as not to affright her too
greatly. "Nevertheless, among the
Bostonnais prisoners to be exchanged there are those who know your story, and mayhap the English may demand

that you be given up."

At this she uttered a shrick of dismay, and, unheeding my efforts to calm her, broke away from me and lushed from the little parlor where I had found her dusting with a brush of rabbit's fur the wood of the new chairs and tables my father had got over in the last ship from France. In the living room be-yond, my aunt Guyon, with my mother and Madame Cadillac, were engaged with their needlework.

To them Barbe ran, and in a passion of weeping threw herself upon the neck of my aunt, and sobbed out what I had told her, begging piteously to be hidden away until the southerners should be gone. Her intelligence created consternation among the women.

Scarce had they recovered from their first alarm and begun more quietly to devise feminine plans against the contingency, when, sure enough, came an imperative "rat ta tat enough, there the house door. Anticipating what the knock might forebode, I went down the stairs and opened the door. It was as I teared. Without, waited a posse of the Governor's bodyguard and with them the English officer to whose charge had been committed the exchange of prisoners and the business of effecting the return of the demoiselles to their native province.

It was the same young Bostonnais who had come with the message to which we had returned so effective an answer; verily Sir Phipps had been more courteous toward him had he in trusted this affair of the exchange to another; but the doughty Admiral had no such delicacy, and to Monsieur de Frontenae it mattered not. The officer was indeed of good appearance, with the manners and bearing of a gentleman. Moreover, his scarlet coat and cap with its band of gold became him

mightily.

Noting that I were the uniform of the King's troops, he gave me a milit

ary salute.

"Sir," he said, "I am come to demand of one Francois Guyon that he deliver up for safe convoy to her kindred the young maiden called Barbara Guyon, but known to be of English parentage. I have here a command from Comte Frontenac that she shall be permitted to receive from me

At this, one of the guards stepped forward and showed to me a paper duly signed by the Governor's hand.

How angered I was ; how I cursed the Bostonrais for his audacity! Yet soberer thought reminded me he was but engaged in the performance of his duty. Accordingly, with an effort to restrain my choler, I replied:
"Sir, and you wish to find Francois

Guyon, you must seek him in his home, or on his wharves at Beauport. As fo the demoiselle of whom you speak, she is indeed in this dwelling. If you will enter, and wait in this room for a brief space, I will carry to her your message and bring you her answer to it with but short delay."

Therewith I ushered him up the

stairs and into the little parlor, the

soldiers remaining outside.

"Pardon, sir," he said, as I was about to leave him, "I can accept no communication by proxy; I must needs see the maiden and have speech with

I would have liked to run him through with my sword for his impudence. Nevertheless, with as good an imitation of the polished complaisance of our Sieur Cadillac as I could master upon such short notice and under such stress of circumstance, I went in search of but to receive him. When I returned to the living room, the women were again weeping, and more readily would I have fought all the fleet of Sir Phipps than face these tearful ladies with m news

"No, no! Not a step will I take to greet this officer," declared Mam'selle Barbe, with a determined stamp of her foot. "What? I must see and speak foot. "What? I must see and speak with him, you say, Cousin Normand? Did ever any one hear the like! How could you, how could even His Excellency the Governor, constrain me to do If my Lord Frontenac should so far put aside his regal courtesy-and the event is scarce possible—but even if he should send his soldiers to drag me into yonder audience room against my will, yet could I not keep my eyes closed fast? Why, the King and all

mis ministers could not compel me to see this envoy, if I chose otherwise. As for speaking with him, who, pray, could force me to say a word, if I wished to remain dumb?" Thinking it wiser to fall in with the humor of the lively lass, I said, forcing a laugh: "Dearest Barbe, your inependent spirit is much to be admired. and I commend your taste in not wishing to bestow as much as a glance upon this Englishman, albeit some foolish demoiselles might consider him pleas-

his minsters could not compel me to see

ing of aspect and agreeable in conver-sation. Nevertheless, if you do not yourself tell this envoy you are resolved to remain in New France, he will re-port that my uncle and aunt Guyon have detained you by compulsion. Moreover, if you show not alacrity to Moreover, if you obey the behest of the Governor and receive him, you may as well pack your boxes for Boston forthwith, for His Excellency will not brook the least opposition to his orders, as many a powerful man in the province knows Whether little Barbe understood the

folly of resistance and was affrighted at my threat of the Governor's displeasure, or whether it was that her woman's curiosity was piqued by my description of the foreign officer, I can not say, so incomprehensible are the reasonings of a young maid. Scarce had I ceased my argument, when her mood changed, although pay such respect Well, well, best, I will even s

strarger," she sa vating air of doci Thereupon I coparlor. The office we entered an found bow—he breeding. As for truly astonished swept him did hor manners she had teachers the Ur was so dignified that I thought sh The Englishma ceived, and in certed, at finding by so stately a de expected to beho was scarce older Demoiselles Cla

Guyon and M pinned up her ha honlders a lace by a fairy wan the occasion fro into a charming though she was the tears that at gave to her face
"I crave you
tress," said the tress," said the I have come to errand. You quainted with it She inclined b " Then L will sal of formalitie

cordance with tween my Lord Phipps and his Frontenac, I a English maiden war among the to make ready folk in the co Majesty the K tell you that veyed thither one of the exch British fleet ur Lord Admiral. Having suffe speech without for her imper new involunt

other surprise. demand with expected, sh self possession. averred she w rather than se to me she glan was necessary his soldier luc or twice. He was spoken wi "Sir," she convey to yo my welfare. however, that has made a and a subject King Louis N

The Boston

be dismissed.

another bow,

' Fair mis

for which, res have throttle your speech fast nature w Louis might his Majesty o to gain, so lo childhood in beautiful a l ing, 'Once Englishman,' with the gen baby girl lovely Engl what part of reared. You reared. You rationality, you can help

thought, out King, there grace pleased me Mademoisell sayings with Oh, it is allegiance," all that I lo "Ah, Jes responded, pathetic un will be hap

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Where ha

ments of th but percha York. Wil least it will hear someth Fascinate sank down into anothe long, both the many south of us. Madame C into the ro make her

At last, thought wi render he that respe men must as though nais starte " Excus courteous get that or

they, I kne

will you little com tion on th Within pretty spe

she had n

changed, although she was not wont to pay such respect to my powers of per-

suasion.
"Well, well, cousin, and you think best, I will even see and speak to this strarger," the said with a most captivating air of docility—the little minx! Thereupon I conducted her into the arlor. The officer rose from his chairs we entered and made Barbe a pro-

bow-he was clearly a man of ling. As for our little maid, she astonished me. The curtesy she swept him did honor to the training in swept him did honor to the training in manners she had received from her teachers the Ursulines, and her mein was so dignified and withal so modest that I thought she had never appeared

to so good advantage.
The Englishman was surprised, I perceived, and in some degree disconcerted, at finding himself confronted by so stately a demoiselle, when he had expected to behold a schoolgirl. Barbe was scarce older than her friends the Demoiselles Clarke, but my aunt Guyon and Madame Cadillac had pinned up her hair and cast about her shoulders a lace kerchief, and thus, as by a fairy wand, transformed her for the occasion from a comely little lass into a charming young woman. For although she was paler than her wont, the tears that still gleamed in her eyes gave to her face a pathetic beauty.

"I crave your pardon, young mistress," said the Englishman, "in that I have come to you prope a distressive

I have come to you upon a distressful errand. You have been made ac quainted with its nature ?"

She inclined her head. "Then I will spare you the rehear of formalities. Suffice to say, in acsal of formalities. Suffice to say, in accordance with the arrangement between my Lord Admiral Sir William Phipps and his Excellency Governor Frontenac. I am come to bid you, an Frontenac, I am come to Frontenac, I am come to bid you, an English maiden cast by the fortunes of war among the people of New France, to make ready to return to your kins folk in the colonies of his Gracious Majesty the King of England, and to tell you that you will be safely conveyed thither in care of the wife of one of the explanced prisoners, by the one of the exchanged prisoners, by the British fleet under the command of the Lord Admiral."

Having suffered him to conclude her Having suffered him to conclude her speech without interruption—an ordeal for her impetuosity—my little lady now involuntarily vouchsafed me another surprise. Instead of meeting his demard with the outburst of scern I expected, she replied with demure self possession. For one too who had averred she would keep her eyes shut rather than see the officer, it seemed rather than see the officer, it seemed to me she glanced at him oftener than was necessary, and even, confounded his soldier luck, gave him a smile or co or twice. Her answer, nevertheless

was speken with decision.

"Sir," she said, "be so kind as to convey to your Admiral Sir William Phipps my thanks for his interest in professions. Say to him in addition, Phipps my thanks for his interest in my welfare. Say to him in addition, however, that although I may be the child of English parents, Providence has made a daughter of New France and a subject of his August Msjesty King Louis XIV. I desire reither to change my country new well-selected. change my country nor my allegiance. The Bostonnais was not so easily to

be dismissed.
"Fair mistress," he replied with another bow, and a look of admiration for which, respectful as it was, I could have throttled him—" Fair mistress your speech does honor to the stead-fast nature which bespeaks you to be indeed of the English race. King Louis might well be leath to lose, and his Majesty of England account it well to gain, so loyal a subject. It is only natural that one brought up from childhood in this region of the maple and the fir should regret to leave so beautiful a land. But we have a say. ing, 'Once an Englishman always an Englishman,' and it is the same I see with the gentler sex. A little English baby girl will grow up into a lovely Englishwoman, no matter in what part of the world she may be reared. You can no more deny your rationality, my fair young lady, than you can help the color of your hair and eyes."

said.

Finally, turning to me, who had played the part of a silent witness, he bade me summon his orderly. When the latter appeared, Comte Frontenac asked if the Bostonnais envoy was without.

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the aide. "and anxious to have speech

Where had the fellow learned his trick of compliment? I had not thought, out of the lands of the Sun King, there was so much call. king, there was so much politeness and grace of speech. Nathless it pleased me little enough, because Mademoiselle Barbe took all his fine

Mademoiselle Barbe took all his fine sayings with the ntmost complair ance.

"Oh, it is not altogether a matter of allegiance," she began, "but—why, all that I love is here."

"Ah, yes, the ties of affection," he responded, as though with a sympathetic understanding. "Yet you will be happy in the prospect of a reunion with your kindred. And then there will be the charm of seeing a new country, and visiting the settlements of the south—not only Boston, ments of the south—not only Boston, but perchance the fine town of New York, Will you not be seated? At

hear something in regard to the country of your birth." Faschated for the nonce, Barbo sank down upon a chair, and dropping into another beside her, he discoursed long, both of the natural beauties and the many attractions of the province south of us, while I sat sulking and fuming

south of us, while I sat sulking and tuming in a corner, thinking that any moment Madame Cadillac would come sweeping into the room, or my aunt Guyon would make her appearance, so eager were they, I knew, for him to be gone.

At last, taking out his watch—I had thought when he came to ask the surrender he had been taught a Jesson in that respect; but no, these Englishmen must needs measure off the time as though they were arbiters of fate;

men must needs measure on the time as though they were arbiters of fate; so, locking at his watch, the Bostonnais started up, saying:

"Excuse me, fair mistress, your courteous attention has led me to forget that our time ashore is short. It I wait upon you again mithin an hour.

back to us some day-would Barbe go,

after all?

I sprang to my fect, determined to remind her of the resolution she had so recently formed—to hold her to it—to fight this man, if necessary, envoy though he was, and even at the risk of expisting the offence in the donjon of the Chateau. And then, with a sink-ter of the heart I realized how futile ing of the heart, I realized how futile all this would be. No, the issue de-pended upon Barbe alone; her word

st decide it.
Shall I be ready within an hour? she repeated, rising too, and smiling archly. "In faith, no, good sir, ner within a lifetime. Lock you; although your country may be the land of my birth, I should be in it an alien and a stranger."
"Believe me, we should find your

kindred; there must be some clue to be followed up," he urged
"My true kindred are here," re

turned the girl firmly, glancing round the small parlor as though it formed the horizon of her happiness. "A more loving mother, a more indulgent t ther, than Pere and Mere Guyon, I could not have had."

"But your real father was an officer, it is surmised—there may be awaiting you in England some golden inheritance—in these times many such revert to you in England some golden inheritance
—in these times many such revert to
the crown, the heirs having disappeared
in the wilderness of the New World."

"God's providence is my inheritance," she responded gravely; "He
has provided for me amply and well."

"My dear young lady," exclaimed
the Bostonnais officer, at last losing
atticiness. "Compacticance has given

patience. "Comte Frontenac has given his word that every British subject within the walls of Quebec shall be de livered over to my Lord Admirsl Sir William Phipps. A British subject you are whether you will or not, therefore

"Must go!" cried Barbe, with a flash of anger which, whether it were French of English, disturbed the lieutenant

mightily.

'Yes, or the Admiral wil renew hostilitio.'

hostilitie."

A scornful laugh broke from the lips of our spirited demoiselle, but with a discretion beyond her years she checked the retort that would have followed it. "I will go to Comte Frontenac," she said simply, turning toward me. "Nor said simply, turning toward me. mand, take me to him."

And conduct her to the Chateau I did, the envoy and his escort following some hundred paces behind, not obtrud-

some hundred paces benind, not obtain ing upon us, yet keeping us in view lest perchance Barbe's friends might spirit her away and place her in hiding. Of her interview with the Governor, the recollection will never fade from my memory. As I write, there arises before the eyes of my mind the picture of the Gurle's andience chamber, its of the Catle's audience chamber wainscot and rafters of cedar wood, its background of the skin; of wild beasts, and tapestries and rich paintings from

In his carved chair which he had just pushed back from his writing table sat Comte Frontenac, his noble head thrown back in surprise, the stern and imperi ous expression of countenance habitual to him now softened to a look of almost fatheriy gentleness, as he listened to the appeal of the young girl who had fearlessly demanded admittance to his

Never shall I forget how Barbe looked as she stood there. At one moment her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled with emotion; the next it thrilled with indignation as she protested that of her free will she would never go to live in the south. And all the while she spoke with an artlessness, a maidenly modesty, yet with an eloquence that amazed me.

As she went on, with a naive lack of self-consciousness, the Governor began to nod his head in assent to what she

Forthwith the lieutentant was ad-

mitted. "Monsieur, said the Governor, addressing him as if he knew not his er rand, -" Monsieur, what futher business

brings you to us?" brings you to us?"
"Your Excellency," rejoined the envoy, with formal politeness, "among the English children in Quebec to be exchanged with the prisoners of war, mention was made to me of this young maiden who stands at your right bank. maiden who stands at your right hand.
Hername was on the list of those whom
you authorized me to escort to the
Admiral's ship, where preparations
have been made for their comfort and
safe conduct to Boston."

"And?" queried Comte Frontenae,
darly.

York. Will you not be seated? At least it will not come amiss to you to "Well, she will not go, your Excel

lency."
"Well indeed, then, it seems," said

"Well indeed, then, it seems," said the Governor, while a gleam of humor shot from his keen eye.

"Or perhaps ill, your Excellency, since the consequences may not be so light as you would imply; also, there is your Excellency's word at stake."

"Monsieur lieutenant," said Comte Frontenac, rising and preparing to go out for it was the hour when he was

out, for it was the hour when he won, her to was the hour when he was to the Palace of the Intendant to preside over the doings of the Council—" Monsieur lieutenant," the Council—" Monsieur lieutenant," he repeated in a tone of condescending, half jesting irony, "I promised your chief, Sir William Phipps, to do everything possible to facilitate the return to their homes of any English who might be found in this province, and I have kept my pledge. But, Lord of all Canada as I am, and Supreme Representative of King Louis in the Western World, I never presumed to consider it within my power to move a woman from

agreement was never meant to cover this case. The demoiselle has been from her infancy the legally adopted daughter of Francois Guyon and his good wife. Tell your Admiral I would

give up Quebec itself rather than deliver over to his government, against her wish, this daughter of New France. Moreover, she is no longer a child, but almost a young woman of marriageable age, and she has declared it to be her age, and she has declared it to be her intention to take a husband in Quebec. A woman m y marry where she lists, lieutenant, if her parents select not otherwise; and, since she becomes by law of the nationality of her spouse, I must say, monsiour, I see small chance of your transforming into a British subject this most wilful demoisells."

Thus with a polished and urbane

Thus, with a polished and urhane sarcasm, he dismissed the discomfited

As the latter passed Barbe on his As the latter passed baros on his way out, however, he said to her in a low tone, with a respectful obeisance: "Farewell, sweet mistress; in your choice I wish you all content and hap piness. Nevertheless a Bostonnaise you are, and a Bostonnaise you will discover yourself to be some day. Perchance that day lies in the far distant future, but

come it will. Farewell.' For answer, Barbe gave him an in-predulous smile and shook her pretty

"Sir, we English hope to make you

another visit in the spring," he added " Monsieur, I trust we shall have the honor of meeting you before that time,' I answered with as significant a court

with emotion to find words of thanks for the Governor, impulsively eaught the hand of Comte Frontenac and kissed

"Remember, mademoiselle, you are to take a husband in Quebec," said his with smiling graciousness. Excellency, with smiling graciousness
Thereupon he passed out of the audi ence chamber, and a few minutes later, as we went forth from the old Chateau,

we saw him, accompanied by his milit-ary escort, crossing the Place d'Armes, on his way to the deliberations of the

TO BE CONTINUED.

RECAUSE OF THE BABY.

"Now, Nora" Constance Faroday's voice had in it a distinct note of im pressiveness as she paused on threshold of the kitchen door, member, on no account am I to be dis-turbed. Mr. Feroday's gone for the day, so there will be no lunch worth the name of getting. This serial has to be finished."

Nora wrung a cloth out of some hot water preparatory to polishing the tea kettle. Her round rosy face had upon it a lock of awe as she gazed at er erect and tall young mistress.

"And is a serial a story that has no end?" she asked soberly. Constance Faroday laughed. "No

wonder you ask that question from the time I've been writing this," she answered. "Yes, Nora," she added, "serials do have endings, and I'm going to write mine to day. Now, remember, Nora, "Got what you on no account call me. Get what you like, do what you like, only don't dis-

"Yes'm."

Nora gazed after the receding figure of her mistress with the same awestruck look. "Get what I like, do what I like," she repeated. "Well, in all the places that ever I worked, no one yet ever said that to me before. Ah, but it's a strange life to be working." (or a griter, I are thinking.") Ah, but it's a surange into him in' for a writer, I'm thinkin'. One minute she'll talk to you and the next you can't get a word out of her. "Ye can have things all your own way in this house." Bless her heart, though this house." Bless her heard, though she's a good, sweet woman if she do be such a strange character. When the fit for writin's on, I dare say she can't help it. I'll be doing what she says too. Not a soul will I let in this says too. house this mornin.' Not if it's King Edward on his throne. Five strange women here in the last two days wantin to see the writer. It's hard to put on that such a stony face to 'em, too, me that likes to be good to everybody, but I have me orders. I wonder now what the strange 'cratures' want with Mrs. Faroday. Every one of 'em had a roll of papers in one hand. Ah, but this is a fearer grand group' crazy over story funny world, goin' crazy over story writin'."

In another part of the house Constance Faroday mounted the steps to her own sanctum. Once there she turned to her desk. It was a beautiful room, a seft desk. It was a beautiff: room, a section carpet, tinted walls, costly pictures, and she had furnished and paid for it all herself out of her "head money," as she called it. "Now" she cried, "for the next three hours I'm deaf, dumb, blind to everything but the writing of this serial."

Selecting her pen, she paused and adjusted a refractory hairpin. She was a beautiful woman, was Constance Faroday, still in the early thirties and raroday, still in the early united such retaining much of the coloring of youth. Her hair was one of those rish chest nuts, her eyes frank, her mouth firm. Every movement of the lithe, exquisitely built figure betokened health

As she drew the inkstand nearer the As she drew the instant hearer the sight of Nora's awe struck countenance rose before her and she laughed. "Nora thinks I'm a fit subject for the insane asylum," she said to herself. "Ah, we writers! We are a bit queer, the most of us, with our bursts of inspirations, our moments of exaltation. our periods our moments of exaltation, our periods of depression and our moods."

of depression and our moous.

She sighed a little. "Well," she thought again, "after all my struggles, I may safely class myself now with the successful one's. That last story made a hit, and the funny part of it was, I didn't know I was writing anything unusual either. Behold the result! No more rejected stories, and more editors wait upon you again within an hour, will you be ready to set off with our little company; or is it your preference to join us at the point of embarkation on the Esplanade?" A soft spot of the specific point of the Esplanade?" A soft spot of the specific point of the Esplanade?" A soft spot of the specific point of the Esplanade?" A soft spot of the specific point of the Esplanade?" A soft spot of the specific point of embarkation on the Esplanade?" A soft spot of the specific point of the specific poi

people may abuse editors all they like, but they're dear, good, comforting beings with their encouraging words and their cheques. Bless 'em all.

Now for my story."
Concentrating her thoughts, her pen began to fly, and in a moment the only sound in the room was the steady scratch, scratch of the pen and the ticking of the pretty bronze clock she had bought herself cut of one of her last cheques.

last cheques.

Below, Nora, unlike most maids, kept busy at her work. Because the mistress leaves me to myself is no excuse for me slightin' things," she would tell herself. "I ought to be do in' the work all the better. Havin' her upstairs all the time is, after all, a deal ware agreement than hen' nagged deal more agreeable than bein' nagged

at, the way some girls are."
Suddenly the bell pealed long and shrilly through the quiet house Nora rose from her scrubbing. "Sure now, is it a peddler or one of them crazy creatures with the writin' fever she soliloquized. "Comin' pesterin the mistress; bad 'coss to 'en. Not one of 'em shall enter the door this day, or I'm a liar." She dried her hands, then went re-

luctantly to the door. A young woman stood on the wide stone steps, very young, and very pale and very slender. She wore a simple ginghan dress a trifle faded, and a plain hat under which curled ripe golden ten-drills of beeutiful hair. In her arms she held a baby — a fat; laughing, healthy little creature with great brown eyes and a small, red, kissable outh, as fresh as the dewdrop.

"Is Mrs. Constance Faroday at home: "aşked the girl, for she seemed

soarcely more than that.

Nora groaned inwardly. "Sha's got the name all right," she thought; then she looked for the inevitable manuscript, Yes, there it was, firmly clasped in one small ungloved hand. "Mrs. Faroday's at hone, but she's writin' a serial and can't be disturbed," returned Nora, steeling her heart against the earcest, eager look. "Oh, I wish she would see me!"

eried the young woman. "Couldn't you please ask her? I've come clear "Couldn't across the city to beg just a little interview. I want only her advice."
"That's what they all say," replied

Nors, shortly. "There's been five of 'em here in the last three days, all wantin' the same thing. My mistress can't be bothered with 'em at all. ornin' to let nobody disturb her.

The young woman turned away. "There's nothing left for me then but " she answered, with a quiver in her voice.

At that moment the baby crowed

At that moment the baby crowed lustily, reaching out fat, dimpled hands to Nora.

"Bless her," cried the girl, "she wants to come to me. Let me have her just a minute, and you come in and I'll get you a glass of milk. The mistress won't object to that."

The young women cave up the baby

mistress won't object to that."

The young woman gave up the baby and sank wearily into the hall chair.
"The baby is so heavy," she said, smiling faintly, "and I had to hurry so to get ready. The sun is hot, too."

And, c'osing her eyes, Nora saw two hig tears polling down the role about

And, cosing her eyes, Nora saw two big tears rolling down the pale cheek. "She wants to see the mistress more than any of them others," thought the girl, shrewdly. Then her warm Irish heart came to the rescue. With the baby in her arms, she looked down at the slight young figure. "I'll do it." the slight young figure, "I'll do it,"

she thought.

"Since you want to see the mistress so bad, I'll tell her," said Nora, "even at the risk of losin' me own job."

"No, no, don't," cried the young

"Deed and I will, too," stoutly re "Deed and I will, too," stoutly returned Nora. "Sare I tried to hold out against you, but who could with such a baby? Not the likes o' me, any way. Wait here; I won't be gone a

" Mrs. Faroday!" Nora put her head inside the door Nora put her head inside the door hem of her gown.—Susan Hubbard with a reluctance and hesitancy that Martin, in The Family Friend.

was almost ludicrous.

The pen stopped, and Constance looked up with that rapt look upon her face that even Nora had learned to know. The faraway, unseeing gaze that comes to those only who live at times in a world peopled with those of their own fancy.

The pen dropped from her fingers;

the spell was broken.
"Well," she spoke a trifle sharply,
what is it, Nora? But, no, don't tell me; go away at once."
But Nora did not stir. "I would be doin' that if I could, ma'am," she replied. "Sure and I'm sorry to disturb plied. "Sure and I'm sorry to clusture you, but there's a young woman down stairs with a baby, that—that's crazy to see you. I just can't turn her away. It's about writin,' I guess. I told her to go, but the baby, ma'am, crowed and stretched out its little hands to me, and in a minute it was all up with me. I always did love children, and me. I always did love children, and the mother, I couldn't help but feel sorry for her, with the big tears rollin'

down her pele, pretty cheeks."
"Where is she?" asked Constance, resignedly. "In the hall sittin' in one of them

oak chairs. Can't I let her come just a minute. I'll take care of the baby." Constance Faroday turned to the

written sheets. It was hard to with-stand their fascination. She sighed a

stand their fascination. She signed a little.

"Nora! Nora!" she said, half smil ingly. "What will I do with you. Yes yes, show her up, if you must."

Nora departed with alserity.

"Ye's can go up," she announced to the waiting figure in the chair. "The mistress bore it like an angel. Here, give me the halv. If it hadn't been for

give me the baby. If it hadn't been for the baby I wouldn't have done it. Mind now, you den't stay too long. Go right up to the head of the stairs, and it's the first door on your right."

somewhat impatiently, and she entered. Constance looked straight into the adoring gaze of a pair of soft gray

eyes. "This is Mrs. Faroday?"

"Yes."
The young woman flushed more than ever. "My nane is Agnes Gatewood," she added, trenulously, "and I've read your stories. I love them so I thought perhaps you'd pardon me for troubling you; and—the fact is, I've been writing something myself and I want you to see it. I read it to Will—Will is my husband. He likes it, but I'm afraid he is prejudiced, so I've come to you. Won't you-will you p'ease read it and tell me if shall go on or stop? We are poor very poor, Will and I, and if I can help him—"

The young pathetic voice broke again, and Constance's reserve melted.
"You poor child," she cried, "don't tremble so. Here, take this chair and give me your story."

Porr-well, she and Jack knew something of that. The long struggle of her early married life still bore its scars. Only her own indomitable courage, talent and energy had lifted them early fit. them out of it.

She smoothed out the pages and be-

gan, expecting to find the usual lot of nothingness it had been her fortune to have had hitherto thrust upon her, but before she had read a dozen lines she had detected in it that vital spark that so many times kindles the fire of genius. Here was talent, plenty of it, for the whole story glowed with spirit and with action, interspersed here and there with rare, exquisite touches, and with technique really faultless. In al her experience as a literary worker or as a literary lion this was the first time she bad come across anything like

She read it through to the you wrote looked up. "And you — you wrote this?" she cried, her face aglow.
"Yes." The young woman had clasped her hands tightly together, for the tension had been great. "Is it —is the tension had been great.

it worth anything?"

"Anything?" The authoress rose,
"Anything?" she repeated. "Do
you want to know what I think?" she

demanded.

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"Well, my dear child, you have written a wonderful story," and with a swift, bright smile, "if you persevere and work hard you may be able to help your Will a great deal. Remember, your Will a great deal. Remember, you are starting out to serve a stern mistress, this Muse of yours. There must be no lagging, no neglect. You must cherish her, woo her, follow where she leads. The way will not always be smooth, sometimes the thorns will pierce; the sharp stones cut, but on the beights abl there will come the bursts neights, ah! there will come the bursts of sunlight. Do you understand me, child? Are you brave enough, strong

enough, to enter the ranks?' "Yes, yes." The younger woman seized the elder one's hand and dropped her face upon it. "How I love you for this!" she murmured; "for this hope. this!" she murmured; "for this hope. Do you think I mind work or anything if some time I can reach up only to you. And do you think that I can ever, ever

earn money? We are so very, very poor."

"I am sure of it," sa'd the elder woman, still smiling. "I—I would not mislead you. Leave me the story.

I'll edit it for you; then we will start it by the money. I'll edit it tor you; then we will start it out. In the meantime write more. There, there, child, don't cry. If I did not detect in you that divine essence existing only in the souls of those born to write, I would not say so. You have it, and you may thank God for it. But, come, did not Nora say there was a baby? I must see it."

Constance Faroday took a step for

word, but the younger woman had fallen, and was kissing sobbingly the

Jesus Christ has constituted His Church as much for the salvation of graduates often greater than the supply. Church as much for the salvation of beathens as for our own; and the Providence of God has placed the obligation of supplying the means for the fulfilment of that mission upon us who already know Him and the salvation that comes through Him.

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The Sacred Heart of Jesus according to St. Alphonsus, or Meditations for the month of the Sacred Heart, for the month of the Sacred Heart, for the First Friday of the month and for a Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, taken from the words of the Holy Doctor by the Rev. Father St. Omer, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

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EDITORS:

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ENORTHGRAVES. Author of "Mistakes of Modern Infidels."

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

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. To the Editor of the CATHOLIC research.

My Dear Sir;—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imputed with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes.

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I, therefore, carness; see a sile families lessing on your work, and best with my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success, wishes for its continued success, Yours very sincerely in Christ, Yours very sincerely in Christ, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus,

University of Ottawa.

Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.

To the Editor of The Catholic Record, London, Ont:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervadesithe whole.

Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend to the faithful.

Blessing you and wishing you success.

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sing you and wishing you success,
Believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jeaus Christ
† D FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa,
Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1906.

We desire to state to our friends and subscribers in Halifax that our representative, Mr. P. J. Neven, will have the pleasure of calling upon them in the interest of the CATHOLIC RECORD in the course of a couple of weeks.

THE POPE'S WHITE BOOK ON THE ABOLITION OF THE CON-CORDAT.

The assertions made by M. Combes in the French Chamber of Deputies to the effect that Pope Pius X, and his predecessor Leo XIII. had forced the French government into the course pursued by it in bringing on the separation of church from state, are probably part of the reasons which have induced the Holy Father to publish a whitebook in which all the correspondence which has passed between the Vatican and the French government on the sub. ject is made public. There are other reasons, however, which have contrib uted towards making the Holy Father take this course, as he wishes the whole truth to be known, that the causes which led to the difficulty may be so well understood that they will be accurately described in history. One statement of M. Combes is to the effect that the terms of the Concordat required that the French Bishops should not leave France without permission of the Government. The white book will probably show that such an arrangement would take the government of the church out of the Pope's hands, and leave it entirely in the hands of the Government-a state of affairs which could not be endured.

The Concordat contains no such con ditions, though the French organic articles laid down this as a principle to be observed. These articles, tacked on to the Concordat by Napoleon the First, after the Concordat was agreed upon, were never accepted by any Pope, so that they could not be regarded as of any binding force.

The Pope's white - book, recently issued in Italian, has now been translated into French, and circulated in France, so that it will soon be gener ally known to the French people. We do not entertain a doubt that, when it thus becomes known, it will create a will show that both Pius X, and Leo XIII. were very desirous to avoid any unpleasantness with the French government, and were ready to make many sacrifices rather than that such unpleasantness should arise. The truth is that M. Combes was urged by the Freemason and Red Republicans to make war upon

the church, and to destroy religion. It was a false pretence that the re ligious orders were endeavoring to subvert the Republican form of government, though we can well believe that as individuals they wished to change the personalty of the rulers of the country. Anything less than this they could not be expected to aim at, but this is a matter in which every French times. It was my delight from the be- usage was. Thus in Acts xiv. 22 we

citizen ought to have been perfectly free, as it is of the essence of a Republie that every man should be free to hold his own opinions, and to express them. The government then should be such that it should have the confidence of a majority of a people thus freely expressing their opinions and wishes.

It was a disgraceful act to expel from the country the religious orders who could not be accused of any further crime than that they were educating successfully the children of the nation, and were caring for the sick and infirm in their hospitals, and its wounded or dying soldiers on every battlefield.

It is fully expected that the Pope's white-book will show that Bishops were never absolutely named by the State, and that the Concordat gave no power to name them, as M. Combes claimed the right to do. The power of ruling the church, and consequently of appointing Bishops, belongs essentially to the Pope, and the State could have no right to assume such a power, though the Popes did concede this much, that they would confer with the head of the government in the appointment of Bishops, so that those only should be appointed who were acceptable both to the government and the head of the church. But for the future the Bishops will be chosen by the Pope alone. The government has, therefore, gained nothing by its obstinacy.

It is understood also that the whitebook deals with the question of the French Protectorate of Christians in the East, and it will be shown that though this protectorate is established by international treaties, its permanency must always depend upon the consent of the Holy See.

A SCRIPTURAL EXEGESIS.

SUBSCRIBER, of Lingan, B. C., requests is to give an explanation of what is meant by the word "Wisdom" in the 8th chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and also to explain the beautiful verses from 22 to the end of the same chapter, stating also to whom they are to be applied. This explanation, our correspondent says, would be most agreeable to himself and to many of our lay readers.

The Books of Proverbs and Ecclesi astes are believed to be in their entirety the work of King Solomon, and both treat of Wisdom-that Wisdom which makes us wise unto salvation. Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom also treat of this same Wisdom, the author of the former being Jesus the Son of Sirach who flourished about two hundred years before Christ. The Book of Wisdom was probably written by one of the seventytwo translators of the Old Testament into the Greek version called the Septuagint.

The Wisdom treated of in all these Books is defined in Prov. i. 34: "To understand the words of prudence, and to receive the instruction of dostrine, justice, and judgment, and equity: to give subtlety to little ones, to the young man knowledge and understand-

This may be otherwise expressed a "the practical knowledge of God and of our last end, and of the means to attain it, namely, the desire of fulfilling he law of God piously and lovingly,

The beautiful words referred to from the 22nd verse to the end of the eighth chapter of Proverbs are primarily referable to the Son of God, who is traly the Wisdom of God, and Who calls Himself " the Way and the Truth and the Life. " They may be applied in a secondary way to Mary the Mother of God, who had a real share in the great work of man's redemption which is plainly spoken of in this passage of Holy Scripture.

The passage in question is used as the "Lesson" drawn from the Old Testament in the Mass of the Blessed Virgin Mary on many of her festivals. It may be interpreted as follows:

"The Lord, Who is Jesus Christ the Son of God, passed me, the true Wisdom, from all eternity and before any beings were created, and before the creation of heaven and earth which was created, according to the Book of Geresis, in the beginning of time.

"Before the seas and the rivers and the springs were created I was the only begotten Son of God, and My great design to redeem the sinful world was already in My plan of redemption. All favorable impression in France, as it this work was designed before the huge mountains and the hills were created, and the world set in motion about its

"I was present when God the Father created the heavens and made the laws by which the earth and the waters are regulated and governed, so that land and water occupy their proper places in

reference to each other. "I was with God the Father in the creation of all beings, and it was My pleasure and delight to make intelligent creatures who should know and serve God, and enjoy Him forever in heaven. His delight was to Me so pleasant as to be a play or recreation, and I was thus delighted playing before Him at all

ginning, and from all eternity to contemplate the children of men as crea tures made for God, to enjoy happiness with God the Father forever, and that I should be numbered even as one of the children of men for the redemption of the human race.

"Hear me, therefore, O ye children of men and obey my laws, for Blessed are they who hear me, and receive from me the words of life and truth, abstaining from all sin. Listen to my instruction and doctrine and you shall be truly wise, whereas they who reject it will incur condemnation. I am the life of the world, and he that will find me and will pray fervently within the doors of my holy house shall find life eternal in and grace to fulfil his office was thereby the salvation which I have secured for him and for all mankind who do My will. But whosoever will despise my law and sin against me shall destroy his own soul through his own fault. But there are some who hate me and endeavor to counteract the work of salvation which I have wrought. All such condemn themselves to everlasting death."

This is in substance the explanation of this passage as given by Tertullian, and Sts. Augustine, Ambrose, and John Chrysostom.

But commentators also remark that there is much in this lesson which is also applicable to the Blessed Virgin.

The great theologian Suarez says 'The mother is joined with her Son even in the divine work of election." St. Epiphanius says: "Wisdom even built for itself a home in the person of a human being so that it can be said the Lord God possessed Mary in the beginning of His ways of mercy by making for Himself a home in the womb of Mary; for the beginning of the ways of mercy is the taking of a body by Christ by being conceived and born of Mary." Mary was therefore predestined to be the beginning and chief of the works of God, the purest of creatures and the first redeemed.

Mary was the predestined Mother of God, and was thus in a sense present when God the Father prepared the heavens and the earth, the waters and the dry land for the great work of redemption through the incarnation of Christ, and His sufferings and death.

The venerable Bede confirms this view, saying: "O Virgin most happy, in thee alone, He who is rich beyond measure, was humbled." This is a reference to the words of St. Paul. (Philip. ii. 6,) that Jesus "being in the form of God thought it no robbery Himself to be equal to God : but de based Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made to the likeness of men and in shape found as a man. He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.'

Cornelius a Lapide says: "This lesson may be mystically applied to the Blessed Virgin, and for this reason the church reads it in the Mass of certain festivals of the Blessed Virgin, whose conception and birth were the beginning in some sense of God's work of the redemption of mankind."

CHRISTIAN UNION.

So far as the joint committee of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, which met recently in Toronto is concerned, the difficulties in the way of union between these denominations appear to be quite superable, not with standing the serious misgivings of some members even of the committee itself.

An agreement has been arrived at on what we already mentioned as probably the most difficult point which would be discussed, which is doctrine. This agreement was reached in the manner which was actually predicted by us, namely, by ignoring the points of substantial difference between the three denominations, the principal of which was the Presbyterian doctrine of pre destination, to which all reference is to be dropped in the new creed. The subject of the ministry of the church is also passed over, so far as regards the essential character of a ministry is concerned, which in the church Christ was originally instituted by Christ, and must be derived by con tinuous ordination through a hierarchical succession from the Apostles, as the Holy Scripture shows this to be sential in the Church of Christ.

Thus, in the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, verse 11, we are told that Christ gave apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers to His church. These offices are, therefore, of divine and not human institution. Taey must, therefore, be continued in the manner appointed by God.

This is confirmed (Heb. v. 5) by St. Paul's statement:

"Neither doth any man take the honor (of the priesthood) to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was.' And how is this call by God made certain? It is evident that this must be done after the manner followed by the Apostles, and Holy Scripture indicates to us clearly what the Apostolic

find that Paul and Barnabas, as they passed through Derbe, Lystra and other cities "ordained priests (Protestant version, elders) in every Church.' The original Greek word used by the evangelist, and translated "ordained" is cheirotoneo which is to choose by imposing hands. Ordination was therefore given by the imposition of the hands of the Apostles, or by those who, like Barnabas, had been commissioned to this office by the Apostles. Saul and Barnabas had already been ordained by the imposition of hands. (Acts xiii., 3.)

Timothy was ordained by St. Paul by the imposition of hands (2 Tim. i. 6) given him. We learn the same thing from 1 Tim., iv. 14.

The Apostle also warns Timothy not to impose hands lightly on any man, that is, not to ordain those who are unfit for the office.

Titus also, who was "a bishop," was placed by St. Paul in Crete " to set in order the things that are wanting, and to ordain priests in every city, as I (Paul) appointed thee." (Titus i. 5-7) It is, therefore, evident that priests

and Bishops require a mission from the Apostles, just as the Apostles received their mission from Christ, according to the words of Christ, and St. Paul: " As the Father sent Me, so I

end you." (St. John xx. 21,) and:
"How shall they hear without without a preacher, and how shall they preach inless they be sent?" (Rom. x. 14 15.)

But Presbyterian and Congregation al ministers never received such a mission; and this is plainly admitted in the Presbyterian form of church government, which, after declaring that ordination by imposition of hands and prayer " is necessary, states that there is at this "time an extraordinary occasion for a way of ordination for the present supply of ministers."

Reading between the lines this is an acknowledgment that, when the Confession of Faith and Form of church government were written, the ministers had taken the office of the ministry on themselves on the plea of the exi gencies of the case, without the necessary ordination; and had thus begun by violating the first paragraph of the "Doctrinal part of the ordination of ministers which says:

"No man ought to take upon him the office of a minister of the word without a lawful calling."

We can see in this the reason why the Presbyterian clergy so strenuously deny at the present day that there is need of an Apostolic succession in the clergy. They would gladly enough claim it if they had the shadow of a pretext on which to found such a claim, but as they have not got it, and know that this is the case, they assert that it is not necessary. We are not surprised, however, that

even the Methodists do not insist upon their Presbyterian brethren supplying themselves with an Apostolical succession by obtaining ordination, for they have not that ordination either. They come out of the church of England, and both Wesley and Whitfield had the ordination of the church of England; but that church rightly holds that ordination cannot be given by any one but a Bishop, and as the Methodists had no Bishops from whom to derive their future ordination, they are actually in as bad a plight as are the two other sects which are in all probability likely to unite with them. Besides, it is a certainty that the church of England itself has no Apostolic hierarchy, though it claims to have one. It is therefore a curious sight that three denominations should unite as one church, when two of them declare virtually that a continuous succession is necessary to a valid Christian ministry, whereas the third has admittedly no such succession, and the other two have it not, though they practically profess that they would be pleased to have it if they could get it.

We say it unhesitatingly that no such union of churches which have no Apostolic ministry can be the church of Christ, neither can these three denominations make themselves to be the true church of Christ by compromising on doctrines which they have hitherto held to be revealed by God.

It is in order that we should here show what the primitive church believed in regard to the necessity of an Apostolic ministry.

There are several letters extant which were written by Clement of Rome. the companion and beloved friend of St. Paul, who in Phil. iii. 3 declares that Clement's name is written in the Book of Life.

Clement in his 1st Epistle to the Corinthians distinguishes the three orders in the ministry: "The chiefpriest, who is the Bishop, the Priests and the Levites," i. e., as we see afterwards, the deacons.

He continues:

The Apostles have preached to us from the Lord Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ from God. Christ, therefore, was sent by God, and the Apostles by Christ, and they appointed their first fruits having proved them by the spirit Bishops and deacons."

these ministers of the church are to have successors when they die, and this manner of succession he declares to have been laid down by the Apostles.

St. Irenaeus, of about A. D. 170, states that "St. Paul convoked at Miletus the Bishops and presbyters (priests) who were from Ephesus and other neighboring cities and testified them many things."

Clement of Alexandria about the same time, or a few years later, mentions three degrees of orders in the church, Bishops, priests and deacons.

Tertullian declares the full discipline of the church regarding baptism that the Chief priest who is the Bishop hath the right of baptizing, which the priests and deacons can also do under authority of the Bishops; and laymen in case of necessity.

All this is very much at variance with the practice of the three denominations who purpose to unite.

Instead of the doctrine of Predestina tion, to which for many generations Presbyterianism and Congregationalism have clung as the distinctive doctrine of all the Calvinistic sects, the new Creed will be distinctly Arminian. Thus Methodism will gain a decisive victory, so far as creed is concerned, over both the other sects entering into the union. We signified in a previous article on this subject our belief that this would be precisely the course pursued, for it is well understood that Presbyterians have already almost universally given up their former doctrine on this point, though they retained nominally the Westminster Confession which proclaims it thus:

"By the decree of God, for the man ifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to ever lasting death " and

"The rest of mankind (outside of the The rest of manking (outside of the elect) God was pleased according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will . . . to pass by and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin to the praise of His glorious justice.'

This was the doctrine for which the old Covenanters fought and died, resisting at the same time the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland and the Common Prayer of the Church of England, all of which were regarded as nothing better than a disguised Popery, but now it appears that these doctrines are to be given up as fallen into disrepute, and a free and easy creed is to be adopted which shall include none of the old distinctive doctrines of any of the sects concerned, and even such doctrines as may be retained it will be practically open for any one to believe as much or as little as he is willing of the new creed. It was particularly insisted on by Chief Superintendent Carman of the Methodist church that this liberty should be accorded to the new church membership, a provision which, as we believe, will work much mischief, as it will lead to the rapid evolution of a large and very important body of Protestants into Rationalism, and finally into Deism or Atheism.

We do not expect the happy results from this union which its promoters promise. We believe it will hasten the day when Protestantism will be disintegrated into Rationalism - a day but which will be hastened if the articles of agreement are carried out

s the union committee has decided. We must here remark also that the present action does not actually commit any of the three churches concerned to union, as this must be decided by the distinct vote of each denomination; but it renders it highly probable that the union will become soon an accomplished fact - that is, after the lapse of a few years at most.

The new church may indeed, become a powerful organization in politics, or as a religion, but it will always remain a human organization, and it can never become the true church of Christ, which is essentially divine.

IRELAND'S PROSPECTS.

The Government of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman is now in full control at Westminster, and from its constitution it may be reasonably anticipated at the day when Ireland will enjoy Home Rule, for which she has been so strenuously contending since before the granting of Catholic Emancipation,

will soon arrive. We cannot say positively that the new government is committed to carry out a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, for no such announcement has been made since Sir Henry has formed his Government. On the contrary, he has stated that he is not prepared to carry out such a measure at once. But only a few weeks ago, in a speech made at Stirling, he declared that it is the unchanging policy of the Liberal party to grant Home Rule as soon as possible.

Lord Rosebery, though professing to be a Liberal in his general policy, is outspoken in his opposition to Home Rule for Ireland, which he asserts would be a preliminary to the disin-He then describes in what manner tegration of the Empire. But Sir | Baptists and Anglicans should be em-

Henry Campbell-Bannerman has set his Lordship aside in the construction of his Cabinet, as being distasteful to the Irish Nationalists, while such undoubted friends of Ireland as Messrs. John Morley, Henry Asquith and John Burns have been assigned to prominent positions in it. The Government as constituted is in fact the most friendly to Ireland which has been formed since Mr. W. E. Gladstone's Cabinet brought in its celebrated Home Rule Bill which was passed by the House of Commons but rejected by the Lords.

It is generally believed that there is an understanding between John Redmond and the leader of the Government that a Home Rule Bill will be brought in by degrees, a large measure of Home Rule in local affairs being brought in at first by the Government so as to meet the most pressing needs of Ireland, with the ultimate view of giving Ireland such autonomy as Canada and Australia possess, when the people of England shall be sufficiently educated to the point of understanding that the Irish party do not aim at the disintegration of the Empire, but only such a measure of autonomy as will secure to the people of Ireland the right to govern themselves in all local matters. Such an autonomy would strengthen the Empire as it has been strengthened by the loyal feeling existing in such far away dependencies as the distant colonies of England which rule themselves to their own satisfaction. If Home Rule has made Canada and Australia contented and loyal, why should it not do the same for Ireland? It is only those colonies which were denied Home Rule, and which were governed solely as tributaries for the benefit of England. which were restive and disloyal in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and which succeeded, after superhuman efforts, in making themselves a free and independent nation.

The Irish people are well aware that in the present age of powerful nations, only those states which have a large and highly civilized population can make the nselves respected in the councils of the world, and they are willing to be part of the British Empire, as we understand their wishes, if they are allowed to rule themselves, as do other integral parts of the Empire. Till this is attained they cannot be expected to be overloyal.

There are many English constituencies in which the Irish vote is considerable, and to the Irish electorate John Redmond has appealed to oppose the candidates of the Unionist Party as enemies of Ireland. It is probable -nay, almost certain, that they will respond to his appeal in the impending general election. This situation, however, gives Mr. Balfour the opportunity to make a counter appeal to the Imperialists that Home Rule is part of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman's policy, even though the Home Rule promised is to be deferred for years. It may be easy to persuade many Erglishmen that this policy will tend to weaken the power of England, and therefore to disintegrate the Enpire. But the lesson of the existing loyal self-governing colwhich was not very distant before the onies may be sufficient to show Englishproposed union was determined upon, men that this is not an outcome to be ared. At all events, it is the very general conviction of statesmen who are experts in the influence of party shibboleths that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government will be sustained by a substantial majority in the general electious, and the chief reason assigned for this expectation is that the reople England are not prepared for the fiscal programme proposed by Mr. Chamberlain and half-heartedly accepted by Mr. Balfour as the chief plank in the Conservative policy. It is pretty certain that Scotland and Wales will support the Government. Ireland will do the same, so far as it deems that it will ameliorate the condition of the Irish people.

A LARGER UNION PROPOSED.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of St. Gabriel's Presbyterian church, Montreal, is said to be not pleased with the manner in which the negotiations for the union of the three denominations, Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists, have been carried on, and on Sunday. Dec. 1, he preached against it on the ground that Anglicans and Baptists should have been invited to participate, so as to effect an ideal union if possible.

He believes also that the negotiations have been carried too far without consulting the main bodies of believers in the three churches, and asserts that many of their adherents regard what has been done with considerable apprehension and concern. At all events, this, he says, is the case with many Presbyterians.

He adds :

"If it would realize the Lord's prayer that the three denominations mentioned should unite, it would be a still more ideally perfect union if the

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braced in the same body. At least these other churches ought in my judg-ment to be invited to share in the ne-gotiations, and it they refused to take as set his ruction of ful to the gonations, and it they refused to take part, or if it were found that no reason able terms could be arrived at with them, the right thing would have been done in aiming at the ideal unior, and indoubted rs. John ohn Burns the responsibility for failure would have to be borne by those found to be in fault." nent posiit as conriendly to med since t brought

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Undoubtedly the reasoning is good that if the union of three denominations is a good thing, that of five would be better. But this does not make the lesser good an evil. It may be the case that the differences between Anglicans and Baptists and the other three denominations are rot to be so readily bridged over as those between the three denominatons which are working for unity. The Baptists have already declared, so far as they have been heard from on the subject, that they are not willing to put into the background their distinctive doctrines of adult baptism only, and all baptism by immersion. The Church of England has also given out its terms on which alone they could entertain the thought of union, and these include an admission that ordina tions are valid only when made by Bishops. These terms the Presbyter_ ians of the United States investigated some years ago in General Assembly, and the conclusion was reached almost if not quite unanimously, that a union on such a basis was not to be thought of. It would be an admission that for over three centuries the Presbyterian clergy have been guilty of a sacrilege in assuming the ministry without proper authority. It would be an aimission that all their clergy should be ordained by Bishops in order that their ministry should be made valid, and that they were usurpers so far as they had assumed ministerial functions.

In our estimation, we deem that the three denominations have acted wisely enough from a worldly point of view in consolidating, or rather in attempting to consolidate themselves. The larger union is less practicable than that which is now under consideration, and greater union after the lesser one shall be an accomplished fact.

At all events, even in the proposed union, some doctrines have been sacrificed. It will be time enough to sacrifice others when the lesser union shall prove to be a success; for it is still in the doubtful stage.

DR. WM. OSLER ON DEATH AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

Dr. William Osler, formerly of Balti more, but now of the faculty of Oxford University, has surprised the world by the expression of opinions which run counter to the general belief, especially of Christians.

A recent book issued by him says that "death-bed visions, believed in by thousands, and of which there are scores of supposed authentic records, are plain nonsense." Moreover, he supports his declaration by five hundred death-bed observations of his own, which, as he asserts, "prove absolutely that such reported visions are untrue. In all these cases there was suffering, fear and other emotion, but no thought

of the future." The doctor adds :

ed practically by the thought of a future life. I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death, and the sensations of the dying. Ninety suffered bodily pain and distress of some sort or another; eleven showed mental apprehension, two posit Ninety suffered bodily pain and ive terror; one expressed spiritual exaltation; one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no sign one way or the other. Like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting. The preacher (the sacred book of Ecclesiast. iii., 19.) was right in this matter. Man hath no pre-eminence over the beast. As one dieth, so dieth the other."

In the book of the Acts of the Apostles vi. and vii. we have an account of the election of Stephen the deacon, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. . full of grace and fortitude, who did great wonders and miracles among the people of Judea; and when the opponents of the Christian religion suborned false witnesses to testify that he had spoken "blasphemies against Moses and against God" so that he was condemned to death, "he being full of the Holy Ghost, saw the heavens opened, and beheld the glory of God and Jesus standing at the right hand of God."

This was certainly a miraculous vision of God and the glory of heaven. It is a bold assertion to say that this and similar visions at the moment of death are plain nonsense. Such visions of heavenly things have been seen by holy souls at times, both during life and at the approach of death, but we are not surprised when an agnostic of the Bob Ingersoll type disputes their reality, however strongly they may be attested. Such visions appeared to Jacob on his death-bed when he described in prophetic words the future of his twelve sons gathered by his bedside, and in the course of ecclesiastical history the visions of Anne Catharine Emmerich, which revealed to her the whole course of the sufferings of Christ Montreal.

on the way to Calvary, may be regarded as a certainty. But at least Dr. Osler would have been more pradent if, occupying his present position in a University which was originally built by a king full of faith, over a thousand years ago, he had respected Christian traditions, and had at least left untouched the history of religion as related in the Bible, even if he had closed his ears against the lessons of ecclesiastical his-

Dr. Osler, besides denying these visions, stated that men die as they live. It is within the experience of every Catholic priest that persons who have lived in forgetfulness of God have died full of love for God, and have yearned to be with Him. Against this testimony the doctor says he has made careful observations of five hundred persons on their death-bads. We say that his sphere of observations has been very limited, and they do not justify his conclusion that all reported death-bed visions are falsehoods, and people who die simply die in suffering or fear, or perhaps in listlessness, but quite uninfluenced by the thought of a future life.

Of such a life and death as that of St. Francis Xavier, we presume Dr. Osler had no experience. St. Francis lived in constant communion with God, and in the midst of a fever so violent that he could take no nourishment he frequently lifted his eyes to heaven and at other times fixed them on his crucifix, and shed tears of joy that he should soon be with God. His last words were: " In thee, O Lord I have hoped: I shall not be confounded forever." He communed with God to the last moment of life.

Dr. Osler declares very dogmatically on the authority of his having observed closely the deaths of five hundred persons, probably worldly people for the most part, that such a death as that of St. Francis is a fiction, but there were many witnesses to these facts. The doctor also says that people die as they live, without thought of a future it will be time enough to consider the life. But it is within the experience of every Catholic priest that persons who have lived in forgetfulness of God have frequently died full of love for God, and penitent on account of their careless lives, and have yearned to be with God. Others who have led plous lives frequently desire, like the great St. Paul, " to be dissolved and to be with Christ. We do not deny that some die in suffering or fear, some in remorse or listlessness, without thought of a future life, but the Christian death in hope of a happy and glorious resurrection is frequently witnessed. The words of Wisdom are frequently verified (Wis.

iii. 14) " But the souls of the just are in the hand of God; and the torment of death shall not touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure was taken for misery : their departure was taken for misery; and their going away from us for utter destruction; but they are in peace. And though they suffered torments, their hope is full of immortality."

The doctor quotes "the preacher as being of his opinion: " Man hath no pre eminence over the beast : as one dieth, so dieth the other." (Eccles. iastes iii. 19.)

"As a rule, man dies as he has lived, Man breathes and lives as beasts do tween man and beast, and between the just and the unjust on the day of judg-

"Rejoice, therefore, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart be in that which is good in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thy eyes, and know that for all these God will bring thee into judgment. Remove anger from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh, for youth and pleasure are Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. . . . Before the dust return into its earth, from whence it was, and the spirit return to God Who gave it. . . . Fear God and keep His commandments : for this is all man. And all things that are done, God will bring into judgment for every error, whether it be good or evil. (Chapters xi and xii.)

Dr. Osler is undoubtedly eminent as a medical man, but he is evidently not a safe guide in regard to things spiritual.

"ACROSS WIDEST AMERICA."

The substance of various articles which appeared in The Month and the Canadian Messenger, written by the eminent Jesuit, Father Devine, can now be had in more permanent shape, being lately issued in book form bearing the above title. The volume now at hand is profusely illustrated and printed in clear type on featherweight paper, richly bound in cloth and artistically gilt. Forty-four half-tone engravings illustrate three hundred pages of interesting matter. Just the sort of book for presentation purposes. Price \$1.25; postage 12 cents extra. As the number of copies printed is limited, orders will not be received after this edition is exhansted. For sale at The Canadian Messenger, 301 Vimont Ave., MARK FAGAN.

Irish Catholics have reason to feel proud of the large number of their race who have risen to prominent positions in the United States. To our mind there comes at the moment Patrick Collins, late Mayor of Boston, and Judge Danne, Mayor of Chicago. With great pleasure we adl another to the list, Mark Fagan, Mayor of Jersey City, N. J. A poor Irish emigrant not yet in his teens, Mark landed on the shores of America. His parents were so poor that a veritable struggle for life was their experience. He spent a very short time in school, then sold papers, and when grown to manhood engaged in business. What an admirable Irish mother Mark must have had! He grew up with the strictest regard for honesty. His administration has created an entirely new system in secular affairs in Jersey City. Elected as a Republican, the bosses of that party thought they could easily manage Mark and so carry out their wishes. In this they were very much mistaken, for Mark was an honest man. At the second election an effort was made to defeat him. He appealed to the whole people and was triumphantly elected. and again. There is a likelihood, toc, that Mark Fagan will for many years to come remain Mayor of Jersey city. Corporations sought his political life because he made them pay their fair share of taxes. Before his assumption of the office of mayor that burden fell unjustly on the shoulders of humbler people. It is an acute one, so long as the support of religion depends upon the voluntary contributions of the people. It cannot well help being so. I do not bolieve, however, that it is an acute question for the right kind of Catholics. It is the wrong kind—these who wish to escape the financial obligations And the same story was repeated again Surely Mark Fagan is a bright example imposed upon them—who make it so. I for many Irish boys, both in Canada am well aware that this is a matter in and the United States! He is an example for the wild, wayward fellows who embark in "ways that are dark and tricks that are mean." We trust Mark's life will prove a lesson to the small number of Irishmen who have brought disgrace upon their race and their faith by identifying themselves with business transactions in public and commercial life which are a direct violation of the moral law. We append the following extract from the life of Mark Fagan as it appears in the January number of McClure's Magazine. The whole article is well worth studying:

"You must have been tempted often in the four years you have been in office. Have you ever been offered a

bribe?''

"Only once, but that was by a m'n sent by somebody else. He didn't know what he was doing, and I didn't blame him so much as I did those who But the subtler temptations, how

did you resist them?"
"I have a way," he said, again.
This time I pressed him for it; he evaded the point, and I urged that if he knew a way, and a good way to resist political temptations, others should know of it.

PRAYS DAILY.

He was most uncomfortable. "It's a good way," he said, looking down. Then looking up, he almost whispered: "I pray. When I take an oath of office I speak it slowly. I say each word, thinking how it is an oath, and afterward I pray for strength to bear afterward I pray for strength to keep " A silent prayer ?"

me that truly."

He did try. "I am getting to be a better man. You know I'm a Catho-

"Yes, and some people say Catholies are against the public schools.
Why have you done so much for them?''
He was surprised. "I am mayor of all the people, and the schools are good for the people."

"Well, you were saying that you are a Catholic

GOES TO CONFESSION. "Yes, and I go to confession very often. I try to have less to confess each time and I find that I have. Gradually, I am getting to be a better man. What I told you about hating men that were unfair to me, shows. Some of them were very unfair; from hating them I've got so that I don't feel anything but sorry for them, that they can't understand how I'm trying to be right and just to everybody.

Maybe some day I'll be able to like "Like them also! What is it, Mr.

Mayor, altruism or selfishness? Is it love for your neighbor or the fear of God that moves you? He thought long and bard, and then he was "afraid it was the fear of

God."
"What is your favorite book, Mr.

Mayor?''
"'The Imitation of Christ.' Did you ever read it? I read a little in it, any-

where, every day."

I wouldn't tell Jimmy Connolly, nor "Bob" Davis, nor Sam Dickinson, nor, to their faces could I say it to many men in Jersey City; 'I'd rather write than speak it anywhere in this hard, selfish world of ours; but I do believe I understand Mark Fagan, how he makes men believe in him, why he wants to: men believe in him, why he wants to: The man is a Christian, a literal Chris-tian; no mere member of a church, but a follower of Christ; no patron of organ atolower of christ; no patron of organ-ized charities, but a giver of kindness, sympathy, love. Like a disciple, he has carried "the greatest of these" out into the streets, through the rail-

road yards, up to the doors of the home road yards, up to the doors of an anal and factories where he has knocked, offering only service, honest and true, even in public office. And that is why he is the marvel of a "Christian" comparing the road of the ford 1005.

munity in the year of our Lord, 1905. PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

And, believe me, that is how and why Mark some day will make his Jersey City "pretty." This gentleman has found a way to solve his problems, and ours, graft, railroad rates and the tariff. There may be other ways, but, verily, if we loved our neighbor as our selves, we would not then betray and rob and bribe him. Impracticable? It does sound so—I wonder why?—to Christian ears. And maybe we are wrong; but Christ was right. Certainly Mark Fagan has proven that they Christianity of Christ—not as the scholars "interpret" it, but as the Nazarene taught it, and as you and I and the mayor of Jersey City can un-derstand it—Christianity, pure and simple, is the force among men and—a happiness. Anyhow, this is all there is to the mystery of Mark Fagan: this is what he means.

CLERGY AND MONEY.

A PRIEST'S VIEW OF A MUCH DISCUSSED

MATTER.
The Catholic Standard and Times. A friend writes from a large Eastern city: "I know a couple of converts in this parish who have given up the faith largely because they heard no-thing in the Church but money, money

lics. It is the wrong kind—those who wish to escape the financial obligations am well aware that this is a matter in which many people are easily scandalized. I am willing to concede, too, that in some instances this "talking money" from the pulpit has been somewhat overdone. It is patent, however, to the most limited intelligence that a certain amount of it is absolutely recovered and no priest directly on necessary, and no priest directly en gaged in parish work can well escape When I was a student of theology,

there was a student of theology, there was ore subject which I was never permitted to forget. That was the greatinjury to religion this money question was causing, and the necessity of prudence and self sacrifice in dealing with it. Our professors of theology. with it. Our professors of theology are all theorists, and none of them had been brought into actual contact with the practical workings of a parish. They proceeded on two assumptions, both of which I have since discovered to be unfounded. One was that priests were too prone to harp upon money matters to the exclusion of other and more important subjects, and the other was that the great majority of the faithful are willing to do their duty in matters bearing upon the financial well being of the parish. I have found the real fact in the case to be almost the real facts in the case to be almost the reverse. I have found a large percent age of our people to be ready and willing to enjoy the benefits of religion without making the pecuniary sacrifices which religion inevitably entails; and I have found at the same time that and I have found at the same time that priests as a class abhor the luty which is forced upon them of treating money matters from the pulpit. I think, too, that it can be truly said that no class of men in the world would care as little of men in the world would care as little for money as do American priests. I have often thought that many of them, because of this indifference, are too easily in posed upon. The majority of them, to my certain knowledge, are positively poor. The salary paid them in the different dioceses of the country is not one dieth, so dieth the other." (Ecclesiastes iii. 19.)

"The preacher" is here evidently speaking of man's earthly life only. Man breathes and lives as beasts do also, and man and beasts die: "Of earth they were made and to earth they return." But the same sacred writer tells us of the difference between man and beast, and between the light of the city hall, I ask that I may be given to recognize temptations when they come to me, and—to resist them. And at each night, I go over every act and I give thanks if I have done no injury to any man."

"Yes, but I—every morning when I give to the city hall, I ask that I may be given to recognize temptations when they come to me, and—to resist them. And at each night, I go over every act and I give thanks if I have done no injury to any man."

"Well, what do you get out of serving others. Mr. Mayor? Try to tell in go thers. Mr. Mayor? Try to tell in the smaller parishes it is frequently not exiduated to aid in piling up riches, in the smaller parishes the inferent dioceses of the country is not calculated to aid in piling up riches. In the smaller parishes the interest despotism." The Catholic church was not exist them to alk that State being the Byzantine despotism. The Pope was never Emperor, and the Emperor never Pope. The was known. If the average their wants known is the calculated to aid in piling up riches, in the smaller parishes the interest or or the country is not alignment. The Catholic church was not relieve to aid in piling up riches, in the smaller parishes the interest discusses of the country is not different dioceses of the country is not alignment. The Catholic church was fin the smaller parishes the interest despotism." The Catholic church was not relieve to aid in piling up riches. In the smaller parishes the interest or or the city and the tast state being the special parishes the interest or or the city and the sample of the country is not always matters pertaining to this ever acute money question, I assert that the church of God would be sadly in need

of ministers.
CHEAP CHRISTIANITY. The older a priest grows the less patience he has with that class of Catholies known in the common parlance of the country as bad pays, or by the more significant and more opprobrious title "dead beats." They are, as a rule, the most censorious and the most exacting. They are the first to insist that everything in connection with the church be kept in the best possible shape; that it be well lighted, heated ventilated, and that it be an eminently respectable place of worship. They insist, at the same time, that the priest be a gentleman, a scholar and a saint, and especially the latter, for saints have acquired the reputation for living on meagre annual allowances. It is this more or less intangible element known as "gall" which con-fronts the priest at every step in his dealings with this common brand of cheap Christianity, and which makes him lose patience and occasionally give public utterance to unpalatable truths. All that the church asks and expects is that people contribute according to their means; no more, no less. Yet if it ever becomes a question between the soul f a penurious person and his money she solemnly adjures him to keep his money and save his soul, i. e., if such oul can be saved, which is, to say the least very doubtful.

NO PLACE FOR AVARICE.

I do not wish to be understood as condoning abuses and apologizing for pious s or pious grafters. So long priests are clothed with human gifts frailty, so long will abuses exist amongst them. If eleven out of selves there is a deep and traditional contempt for the priest in whose soul the vice of avarice has taken root. It savors too much of the treason of the faithless apostle, and is wholly incompatible with the high ideals of the clerof Christians. Amongst priests

ical state. Cardinal Manning says some where that a priest's will without char ity is the saddest testimony as to the character of his life. The priest with out charity and consideration for the poor is an anomaly. Thanks be to God he is so rare that the species may be said to be practically extinct.

It is not the poor, however, who are bad pays. It is the well-to do, and sometimes the wealthy. The poor have sometimes the wealthy. The poor have always done their share and more than their share in this country. It is to them that much of the credit must be given for the material progress which the Church has made.

Once upon a time the Anglicans of Dublin assembled to formulate plans for the erection of a great national cathed and of for many plans had been progress.

dral, and after many plans had been pro-posed and rejected, chiefly because those present were unwilling to go down deep enough into their own pockets, Dean Swift arose and, with, fine sarcasm, sug-Swift arose and, with, fine sarcasm, suggested that they let the Papists build it with their pennies and then confiscate it. The great dean merely gave expression to a striking historical truth.

In the past, as at present, it is the pennies of the poor rather than the pounds of the rich upon which the Church has had to rely.

CATHOLIC THEOLOGIAN'S REPLY TO MR. GOLDWIN SMITH.

To the Editor of the New York Sun: Sir-It would be hardly fair to allow Mr. Goldwin Smith's recent broadside against Christianity to go without an answer. It is true there is nothing original in what he has written, for he original in what he has written, for he is simply repeating what the German rationalists, Haeckel and Harnack, have said before him: nor does he add anything to the value of their gratuit-

ous assumptions. "Thus he writes: "Christianity was in its origin a moral, not a dogmatic, revelation. In its great manifesto, the Sermon on the Mount, there is not a word of dogma. This statement is incorrect. Christianity is based on the divine fact, essentially dogmatic, that on Christmas Day there came into the world the Incarnate God, Jesus Christ, having a divine and a human nature, but only one, a divine personality This is the degma that lies behind the Sermon on the Mount and gives it value. Without that preceding and fundamental dogma the Sermon on the Mount would be only the discourse of a ere philospher like Aristotle or Plato.

Again Mr. Smith says: " Nor is there anything really dogwatic in the epistics of St. Paul." This is also incorrect for the dogma of original sin is so clearly expressed in the epistle to the Romans and the dogma of the Resurrection of Christ is so often stated fn St. Paul's epistles that Mr. Smith must be a man of courage to contradict without proof the interpretation of all

the great commentators.
"Dygma makes its first appearance in the tourth Gospel" is another as ertion of the illustrious controversialist. who forgot that in Matthew, chapter xxvi., verse 63, Jesus, solemly interro-gated by the High Priest, declared himself to be the Son of God for which himself to be the Son of God for which declaration He was condemned to death as guilty of blasphemy (Mark, xiv., 62). Taese Gospels antedate the fourth. Enough. A theological kindergarten would be necessary for a sceptic who says that the work of the fourth Gospel is "the work of an Alexandrian Jew." Mr. Smith, in making this assertion, shows that he is not well posted in recent Biblical criticism, and cannot have read the able refutation of this rationalistic theory by Italian and German scholars within the past few years.

From Biblical lore Mr. Smith skips to church history and here.

to church history; and here again he is in error. He says: 'Then the church having been identified with the State, and that State being the Byzantine

the "identified states."

Again: "We have Popes instigat
ing the Norman to the conquest of
England and Ireland in the interest of the faith." But as every one knows, England and Ireland had the faith in perfection long before the Norman invasion. In what book of poems does Mr. Smith study history

Again. "The Inquisition with its autos da fe." There were two inquisitions, the Roman Inquisition, a spiritual tribunal which still exists, and which never had an auto da fe, and the Spanish Inquisition, a political institution, of which De Maistre, one of Mr. Smith's literary friends, gives an

excellent account. A true scholar is always precise in his statements.

I would respectfully suggest that Mr. Smith read De Maistre's letters on the Spanish Inquisition; and the files of the Civilta Catholica for the past two years for Biblical information. course, the Civilta is a Jesuit publication, and Mr. Smith does not like "Jesuitism"; perhaps because when a Jesuit writes history he is accus tomed to quote original documents; and when he writes theology he is logical and conscientious in distinguishing the different meanings of words and of things so as to be exact and truthful.

HENRY A. BRANN, D. D., Rector of St. Agnes' Church. New York, Dec. 14.

It takes two to make a beautiful object. The eye of the beholder is every bit as in tispensable as the hand of the artist. The artist does his work—the beholder must do his. They are collaborators. Each must be the other's equal; and they must also be like each equal; and they must also be like each every twelve be faithful, they will be doing as well as the apostles did and a great deal better than the average ran tirely a matter of reciprocity. The kind of beauty that jumps at you is the

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Bad complexions are all too common among women. The skin becomes sallow-pimples and blotches break out. women try lotions and creams and "beautifiers" which really injure the Skin. They never think of constipation and bad digestion - sick kidneys torpid liver-as the CAUSE.

torpid liver—as the CAUSE.

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strike right at the root of the trouble. The skin helps to dispose of the waste of the body. When the bowels don't move regularly — when the kidneys are clogged—the blood carries the poisons, which the bowels and kidneys won't pass off, to the skin. The pores of the skin become clogged with this poison and the complexion becomes grey or sallow or irritated and inflammed—and pimples and blotches are the natural result of the poisoned blood.

"Fruit-a-tives" correct faulty digestion and make the bowels move regularly. They act directly on the kidneysand open the millions of tiny pores of the skin by stimulating and strengthening the glands. This insures all the waste of the system being removed as nature intended. It insures pure, rich bloodand who ever heard of a bad complexion where the blood was rich and pure?

"Fruit-a-tives" cost 50c, a box—and are worth \$50. to any woman who values her complexion. If your druggist has none, we will send them on receipt of price—50c, a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

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HOW LIGHT THE BURDEN IF WE ONLY THINK.

You have noticed have you not, the strange distinction made by many be-tween commercial advantage and re-ligious duty? For the acquirement of wealth, men will labor night and day if they are adding to their worldly possessions. To that one purpose we see them slaving. Wasting their energies in its wild pursuit and shattering be-yond medical skill their constitutions in its attainment. Yet we hear no com-

plaints. But how different when it is a question of discharging a religious duty.
This has become a secondary consideration. Worship of God is now a matter of convenience and not infrequent. ly is nothing more than a cloak f mercenary ambitions. And, worse still there are signs justifying the opinion that the commercial spirit of the day has not only crept into the pew, but has also crowded itself into the pulpit. How otherwise are we to interpret the 'call' of the Protestant ministry?

In such an atmosphere and such influences it is not surprising that we sometimes hear Catholics complain thet it is hard to live up to the requirements of their faith. They have become saturated with the spirit of the times and of their surroundings. Their complaint is not true, because Christ has said; "My yoke is sweet and My burden is light."

How light, indeed, the burden, if we only think. No professing Christian, and certainly no Catholic, will find cause for such complaint if a thought is given to the price of our redemption. is given to the price of our redemption.
Think of the Agony in the Garden;
the Scourging at the Pillar; the Crowning with thorns; the Carrying of the
Cross to Calvary and the Nailing of Lord upon it. Such was the price of man's redemp-

tion. What is there in the life of man to compare with it? Who can think of these things and complain about the hardships of religious duty, which is nothing more than an infinitesimal re-turn, but a rigid obligation? Who would exchange it voluntarily or other-wise, for the vastest store of worldly treasure that human energies could accumulate. Certainly not the man who thinks. Certainly not the honest follower of Christ. Surely not the Catholic. How light, indeed, the burden, then, of all, if they only think !- Uhurch

When the doom is given, and we are all brought up above, there shall we clearly see in God the secrets which clearly see in God the secrets which are now hidden from us. And then shall none of us be stirred to say in anything: "Lord, if it had been thus, it had been well." But we shall all say with one voice: "Lord, blessed be Thou, for it is thus; thus it is well.

And now we see would the secrets which are the secrets which are the same was seen would be secret. BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAM. CCCLXXXVI.

We have seen, in answer to the Republican correspondent's charge against the medieval Popes, of having, from time to time, "promoted war," that while this accusation is certainly not without a considerable warrant of fact. while this accusation is certainly not without a considerable warrant of fact, it is not lawful, in a polemical essay, to advance it while completely omitting all reference to the many wars promoted by these earlier Popes in encouragement of absolute necessities of self-defense, Roman, Italian, or European. Still less is it warrantable to take no account of the large encouragement given by the Popes to international peace by adjudications of singular uppeace by adjudications of singular up-rightness and wisdom.

In this utter omission of the faintest n this utter omission of the faintest reference to the brighter side of the medieval Papacy in its encouragement of the cause of peace, this writer has made himself guilty of a distinct and flagrant controversial immorality.

what moral right, moreover, have men who stand no higher as historians than he or I, to use so confident a tone of condemnation towards the Catholic church—say from Hildebrand down—without taking account of Frederic Harrison's magnificent description of the Middle Ages a man who is even Harrison's magnificent description of the Middle Ages, a man who is even farther from Christianity than the cor-respondent himself, since he refuses even to acknowledge the existence of It is true he has transferred to his Positivist deity, Humanity, a wealth

his Positivist deity, Humanity, a wealth of religious feeling, of which our present writer betrays no sign.

How, again, can this writer excuse himself for describing the Catholic church and the Papacy as destitute of very nearly every feature of goodness in view of what is said by Professor James Bryce, a true and most unimpassioned historian, and a Presbyterian, that no temptation of the wild Middle Ages could ever persuade the Catholic church to lower the purity of Catholic church to lower the purity of her moral standard ?

Of course Bryce does not mean that the medieval, or the modern, Popes, or bishops, or priests, have commonly reached the height of their own ideal. No priesthood does that, and no laity. He means that, into whatever defection from their standard the functionaries of the Catholic church may have been more or less betrayed by passion or interest, the Catholic priesthood remained the unflinching exponent of the doc-trines of Christian faith, purity, benevolence and righteousne

As some one says, the Papacy re-tained the reverence of men, after the great Cluniac reforms, because it was seen that the office constrained the man, and that the man had very little er to constrain the office away from power to constrain the onice analysis high place as the chief champion and very often a shining illustration of Christian excellence. Even Alexander very often a shining illustration of Christian excellence. Even Alexander VI. is not accused of having, in his teachings, endeavored to dislocate the Christian standard by a hair's breadth. Indeed, he takes repeated occasion to extol Savonarola's elevated discourses, and only put him out of the way at last because, as Bishop Creighton says, the Frate seemed on the point of bringing down the French a second time upon Italy. As the Bishop of London says, the controversy between the two was not moral, but political.

As to the present church, no one will dispute that Joseph McCabe is a man of more than common parts, and as he has abandoned his order, the e priesthood, the church and Christianity, and has become an atheist of Hackel's school, he certainly has no motive of interest to praise the system which he has deserted. Yet he des cribes the Catholic church as the great spring of Christian forces in the world. It is true, he betrays half a bope that she may yet be defeated by Atheism, or by Free Love, or by something else odious to all Christians. However, like Renan, although more regretfully, he acknowledges that perhaps the victory may redound to his former Church after I do not remember that he thinks it necessary to take any account of Protestantism. Within his old church he seems to put the Jesuits the highest, although he mildly complains that they are rather hard to work with.

Among men who firmly believe in God, and who firm y maintain the perfection of Christ, it would be hard to find a less ecclesiastical writer than Mr. William D. Howells. Indeed, I believe he does not even go to church. Moreover, he has expressed very explicitly his distaste for Catholic worship, which, agreeing with the Breviary of Paul the plains that the Cardinals do not win to their high dignity until they b be shrivelled by age, and so fall short of that nobility of appearance which Professor Edwards A. Park has noted as characteristic of the Catholic Epis copate. Yet Howells describes the Catholic church as the greatest asso ciation for doing good in the world.

He plainly does not know the Roman
See as that synarogue of satan which this correspondent supposes, which is view of his thorough knowledge o Italy, personal and historical, seems to make the correspondent show a good deal like a fool, except, indeed, as the mendaciousness of passionate malice is, in one point of view, somewhat above the level of mere fatuity.

Coming down again from the elder to the modern Catholic church, which we may view as dating from the great Cath olicReformation, and place the transition not far from 1550, we have remarked that the Popes did undoubtedly enminating the Catholic religion, having done so by the strong hand throughout the North, and throughout the greater part of Germany, and doing its best to carry out its aim in France by massacre, arson and outrage (outrage on female honor in the name of a purer gospel!) and hoping to carry the day by the contagion of proselytism where it had not yet the strength for the use of the sword. What conception would

the Popes have shown of their office if they had not encouraged Catholic Europe, especially in the Latin lands, to self defense against this tremendously disintegrating force?

Nevertheless, as we have remarked, the immediate interference of the Popes in the fearful struggle between the two religions seems to have done little to aggravate it. Could some hostile force have kept the cardinals apart from a conclave and so held the supreme See conclave and so held the supreme vacant, say for fifty years, the struggle between the two systems, in various lands, would doubless have gone on all lands, would doubtless have gone of the the same. As we have seen, Elizabeth and her buccaneers would unquestion-ably have compelled Philip, especially after the execution of Mary, to attempt her overthrow, above all now that she taken, with that characteristic perfidiousness which Froude is quite as distinct in setting forth as any one else, to reprehending the Dutch insurgents and assisting them at the same time. For that struggle whose calamitous issue determined the ruin of Spain, the gloomy King needed little encouragement and received less assistance from nent, and received less assistance, from Rome. Sixtus V. was a wise man, and he seems to have had an instinct that the conquest of Great Britain from is looked down upon/by all.—Omsha abroad was then beyond the range of True Voice.

possibility.

We have spoken of the long conflict in the Netherlands, with which Rome had very little to do. Motley turns our attention continually to Madrid, but I cannot remember that he has much to say about Italy. The Papacy granted the bulls requested by Philip for the new bishoprics, and the new form of the Holy Office, but does not seem to have been much of a moving force in the struggle. For Alva's atrocities it is Philip who is responsible, as for the equal atrocities of the Eng-lish lieutenants in Ireland it is E izabeth who is responsible. bishops seem neither to have impelled her nor to have withheld her.

As to the intermitting struggles, from 1520 to 1648, which finally cost Germany more than half her population, and Bohemia almost three fourths of hers, they were mainly indigenous. True, towards the climax, the Jesuits had a powerful influence, but the Pro-testants would have said that here is was the Black Pope, not the White, who gave the impulse to resist the steady southward aggressions of the Protestant confessions upon the posses sions and the worship of the Catholic Church.

After having read Ranke, Schiller, Trench, Gardiner and Janssen (the latter twice over) I need not be ashamed to own that I am hopelessly confused as to the cause and character of each vicis situde of the German struggle, for Pro fessor Gardiner himself declares that we have a legend of the Thirty Years' War, but as yet no history. How much religion had to do with it, how much religion had to do with it, now much ambition, how much greed, how much anarchical resistance of the princes to the imperial authority, are points which Gardiner was content to leave to an other generation. Certainly the burden of these events rests but lightly on the head of Rome

France, England and Scotland, deserve some special attention. CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

Andover, Mass.

BLESSED VIRGIN'S INFLUENCE ON DOMESTIC LIFE.

Of the sentiments which in all ages have distinguished the gentlemen from the churl, the first is that of reverence for womanhood, which, even through all the cruelties of the middle ages, developed itself with increasing power until the thirteenth century, and be-came consummated in the imagination of the Madonna, which ruled over all the highest arts and purest thoughts of

that age.

To the common non Catholic mind
To the Madonna the dignities ascribed to the Madonna have always been a violent offence. They are one of the parts of the Catholic faith open to reasonable dispute as He was of theirs! Let us think of errors are spread over the light and consolation of our lives, every as they loved Him; that He were the perpetuity of civilization to the light and consolation of our lives, every are spread over the perpetuity of civilization to t and least comprehensive by the average realist and materialist temper of

the Reformation. But after the most careful examina tion, neither as adversary nor as friend of the influences of Catholicity for good and evil, I am persuaded that the honor paid to the Madonna has been one of its noblest and most vital graces, and has never been otherwise than pro ductive of true holiness of life and purity of character. I do not enter into any question as to the truth or the fallacy of the idea. I no more wish to defend the historical or theological position of the Madonna than that of St. Michael or St. Christopher; but I am certain that to the habit of reverent results yet achieved in human nature. There has probably not been an in-

nocent cottage home throughout the length and breadth of Europe during the whole period of vital Christianity which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women; and every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts and strength of manhood has been the fulfillment the assured prophecy of the Israelite maiden: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me; and holy is His name." John Ruskin.

LACK OF MORAL COURAGE.

There is no denying that our surroundings exert a great influence upon our lives. In early years tais influence Protestantism, and that they were quite in their right in doing so, inasmuch as Protestantism was fully bent on enterminating the Cathalia will be communication. ate. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a truth that has lost none of its point since it was first

enunciated.

We see it exemplified every day in the lives of Catholics in non Catholic communities. There are sturdy Catholics who are never ashamed or afraid

the susceptibilities of their non Catholic friends, and fail in a duty rather than be thought odd. They are the ones who are continually giving bad example to their non-Catholic neighbors. They yield to customs and practices that are anything but Catholic because they obtain them among non-Catholics. They adapt themselves to their environment by giving up all that their Catholic Catholics. ment by giving up all that their Catholic ancestors suffered for. Did they but know it their non Catholic friends only despise them for their lack of moral courage. There is nothing so despicable as cowardice, and the Catholic who fears to profess his religion and live up to its requirements is rightly regarded by all as a coward.

It is sometimes charitably, supposed that ignorance is responsible for that most pitible creature, the non-prac-tical Catholic. Uudonbtedly ignorance is often an excuse that may be pleaded. But not always. Lack of moral courage is responsible for much of the that Catholics bad example in disregarding the laws of the Church. The courageous person is always ad mired, though we may not always hold the same opinion, but the coward who fails in his duty out of human respec

FIVE MINUTES SERMON.

First Sunday after Epiphany. JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

And not finding Him, they returned into erusalem, seeking Him.

The Gospel of to-day tells us, my brethren, how our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph lost Jesus on their way home from Jerusalem, where they had gone with Him to keep the feast of the pasch, and how in great distress they returned to the city in search of Him. What fears and anxieties must have filled their minds as they thought of the many enemies which He had among the rulers of the people, jealous of His promised kingdom, and of the harm which they would try to do Him if they recognized Him for the child whom Herod had sought to destroy! And how perplexed Mary and Jos have been that He who had hitherto saved himself by their protection should at this tender age abandon them and remove himself from their care! Had they not shown enough love and care for Him? Had they proved themselves unworthy of Him? Surely it could not be His purpose so young to begin His great work. Would He not at least have told them if such had been His plan?

No, our Lord did not propose to begin His mission then, for, though He was indeed God, He was also then a child, and that mission was not a child's work. But He did wish to show them that His great work even then filled His heart and soul; that the fire of love for us, which brought Him to the cross,

was consuming Him even in childhood.
"Did you not know," He said to
them when they found Him, "that I
mustibe about My Father's business?"
"He is it the said to "How is it that you sought Me?"
"You might have known," He seems t say, "that, if I were not with you, I must be in the temple speaking to My people of their God."

He also wished to give them ar opportunity of merit by showing the love of God which filled their souls too. For their grief was not the common grief of parents who have lost a child, great as that trouble is. It was the loss of the Divine Presence which affected them beyond measure. God had been with them for all those years as never with anyone else, and now he had left them; they could not tell why or for how long. They would not have spared Him for an hour, even to their kinsfolk and friends, with whom they thought He was, except for charity; and now He had left them, perhaps for the rest of their lives, which were

worth nothing without Him.

Would that we loved God, my brethren, as they loved Him; that He were as He was of theirs! Let us think of this as we reflect on their pain and anguish in that weary search for the visible presence of Him whose grace visible presence of Him whose grace anguish in that weary search for the visible presence of Him whose grace was, after all, always in their souls. How is it with us? Would we care for this presence which they so bitterly missed? Would it not, perhaps, even be a painful restraint? Do we care, as it is, to be near Jesus? Is His presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar a consolation to us? We revere that real Presence of our Lord, but the table was less it? If we why do we but do we love it? It so, why do we not seek it more?

Do we even care for His presence by grace in our souls, which they always had in its fulness, and never dimmed by the shadow of sin? To lose that, belief in, and contemplation of the character ascribed to the heavenly hierarchies we must ascribe the highest to us? How easily do we lose that grace; how little do we care to regain

Oh! let us at least imitate our Blessed Mother and her Holy Spouse as far as this. If we do not love to be with Jesus as they did, let us at least seek to have Him with us by His grace. If we have lost Him, let us seek him, and not be weary till we find Him; let us not rest till He comes again to our souls, never to leave them again.

Men, it would seem, are holding strange revelry with Justice these times. It is a central sentiment in times. It is a central sentiment in almost every public utterance, yet it is the man who endeavors to be just who receives the severest condemnation.

LIQUOB AND TOBACCO HABITS

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THE HOLY NAME.

prove that by the omnipotent name of Jesus the Heavenly Father is glorided

and mighty in invisible strength, had rebelled and refused to submit to the majesty of the Holy Name of Jesus. The heavens trembled with the battle The neavens tremoted with the basics of conflicting spirits until, at the will of the Almighty, the rebel host were banished forever from the balls of paradise. And the name of Jesus was glorified to the balls of paradise. And the name of Jesus was glorified to the first the first the Chernibian and Sarain heaven before the Cherubim and Sera

It was the name of Jesus that in duced the Blessed Virgin to become the mother of God, and the co-redemptrix of the world. Without her consent the redemption of man would not have been possible, nor could the Almighty lave sufficed to wash away the sins of mar had not Mary corsen led to be the mother of Jesus. At the mention of that name, or Jesus. At the mention of that name, however, when the angel Gabriel had assured her that it was by the power of the Holy Ghost that she should conceive and bring forth Him who was to be called Emanuel, Mary bowed her head and said: "Be it done unto me according to the word." according to thy word."

centuries been worn away by the knees of the millions of pilgrims who have made the ground fertile with their

To day, a'so, it is in that sacred name of Jesus that the world lives and has its being, and in which the hopes for the perpetuity of civilization and righteousness are made confident. Grave storm is gathering to break forth upon the human race. The thunders, certain ly, have been heard very near; and th lightning flashes have already destroye much that was holy and noble. Bu there is no fear for the church. She is the Bark of the Fishermen built by the Carpenter's Son, and against her wind and the waves shall not pre-vail. The name of Jesus is the powerful magnet that is drawing and keeping men in the church, and the societies in stituted and called by that name are ost potent factor for the safety and preservation of Faith. Thus while darkness settles the light of the Holy Name of Jesus is still shining an guiding His church, and is honored

TO PREACH TO PROTESTANTS.

ic Mission House which the Paulist have founded near the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., to train priests for non Catholic mission work twenty-six students, already or-daired, are now in attendance.

pendent on her saving grace."

But what can even 300 missionaries accomplish towards the conversion of 60,000,000 people? Will not multitudes of these die before they have the true gospel preached to them ? Does it not lie on us all to take part in this crusade of grace by means of prayer, good example, of contribution to the expenses of the missions, of some pions books scattered far and wide, and of personal interest in the conversion of some of our neighbors ?—Catholic Union and Times.

It was the name of Jesus, also, that wrought the prodigies in the Holy Land from the streets of Jerusalem to the hidden recesses of Galilee. By the power of that name the infirm were restored to health, sight was showered upon the blind, hearing restored to the deaf, soundness to the lame, and the deaf were given back to life again. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself." So on the day of the crucifixion all Jerusalem was attracted o Calvary. The Roman Governor, the chief priests, the Scribes and Pharisees the Jewish populace, the stranger in the Holy City, were witnesses that Christ was to be lifted up in order to draw all things to Himself. And first were drawn the powers of physical nature. The sun obscured its light to signify that with His death Jesus had taken away the light of the world. The earth trembled to make manifest that the Creator and Conservor had removed the order and harmony from the uni verse. The rocks were rent and the devils were let loose upon the earth to prove that virtue and justice had departed with the dying God. The dead appeared to many to assure them that happiness had been snatched from heaver and buri-d in the tomb with the crucified Jesus. And on Easter morning even before the rise of the sun the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre and Jesus appeared radiant in the fullness of His divinity to bring back to earth and heaven the peace and glory that had disappeared with Him. It was the name of Jesus that con-

everywhere, in heaven, on earth, and in hell.—Providence Visitor.

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On Sunday, January 14, will be celebrated in all the churches of the world the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. At that name, the Scripture tell us, every knee shall bend, in heaven, on earth, and in hell. And history will

unto the uttermost parts of the universe.
Long before the appearance of man
upon the earth, the power of the name
of Jesus had been tested in heaven.
Sprittaal angels, brilliant in intellect,

verted the twelve poor fishermen into Apostles ready to lay down their lives for the spread of His doctrine. East and West and North and South they made their way and overturned the huts of the poor and the palaces of kings. The name of Jesus appeared to Constantine and great empires were away from their ancestral traditions and converted and made strong in Christianity. New kingdoms arose upon the ruins of barbarism; and to every one the name of Jesus gave power and civilization. And the streets and hills over which Jesus was dragged and put to death have in the succeeding

is such a great aid is because

At the lectures given in the Aposto

"It will not take many years," says Father Doyle, "before we shall have two or three hundred of these well trained missionaries out among the non Catholic people of this country, telling them what the Catholic church teaches and persuading them that their spiritual interests are de-

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

As to "Throwing up the Job "

Some boys and young men well deserve the title "quitters" When they leave school and go to work they mee with many unpleasant experiences, and, instead of sticking right to their work and overcoming the obstacles which present themselves, they grow weak and disheartened, and "throw up their job," as the saying is. "Throwing their job" is a great habit with son "Throwing up no "stick to it iveness." Or bone, no "stick to to trenews." Or they are so hot headed, so impetuous, so sensitive, that they can not bear a rebuse from one in authority, but, on receiving it, at once answer back, holly there you their jobs." and hastily. and "throw up their jobs.
It is not difficult to find boys and youn men who have a long record of jobs which they have held for a while and which they have held for a wante and then left because of some petty trouble. They are "quitters," and, in a sense, failures. Every time they resign a position they weaken their calibre. Each resignation makes it more difficult for them to hold the next job they get. By and by they have no strength of character left, and nobody wants them no matter how cheaply they offer their

Of course there are times when no other course is open to a young man of character and spirit than immediate resignation. But these cases are few, and, generally speaking, it is better for a young man to resist the temptation which comes so often when things go

wrong, to get mad and resign.
We saw something from the U.S.
General Wynne on this subject the other day which we think good enough to merit the at ention of every youth-ful worker whether in office or factory Mr. Wynne said he had a set of rules

resigning.
I framed them up years ago," said he, "when I was in the newspaper business, and I have used them ever since. I have resigned often since then, always in the way prescribed by these rules. Perhaps they will be of service to you, Here they are:
"Rule 1. After receiving the last

straw don't do anything for two hours. Above all, don't write anything.

Rule 2. At the expiration of two

hours, write your resignation, and make it as hot as you can. Relieve your feelings and say everything you have been penning up in your breast. Scorch oundrel.

"Rule 3. Then go home.
"Rule 4. The next morning, immediately upon arising, read over your resignation and tear it up.
"Rule 5. Go to work at the usual

Take a copy of them," concluded "and you will find that they are absolutely essential to any man who expects to resign frequently and still continue to rise in the world.

We think our Catholic boys and young men whose parents have worked hard for them, should take this set of rules to heart, and should try to keep on working when tempted to grow disgusted with their positions. Life is not all sunshine; everybody has to endure rebuffs and corrections, and there are few employers who have the time or the inclination to let their employees know how they appreciate them. Nevertheless it is the employee's busi ness to keep on working, conscious that before God he is doing the duty of his state of life, and confident that even in a wordly way he is strengthening him-self by holding his temper in subjection.

Rev

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If you want to resign your place do t in the way suggested by Mr. Wynne. This is an excellent way to "throw up your job." It will ease your mind, insure you steady work .- Sacred

The Pope and the Boy Athletes.

Pope Pius X. made this little speech to the boy athletes who recently held a contest in the Vatican gardens, "Our Lord Jesus Christ," said he, "used to meet with His best friends amongst the young, and I, looking at you now, can tell you that I love you. More than father, I am a brother and a friend More than a you, and as such I admire, praise, and bless your sports. I admire, praise and bless with all my heart, all your noble sports and matches, as all bedily exercises tend to prevent anything bad exercises tend to prevent anything bad from finding a place in your hearts and to keep you from sloth, which is the father of all vice. Be good, have faith, piety and religion, and you will be strong to overcome human prejudices, and never feel ashamed that you are Catholic Christians. Your actions will bear fruit, and even your adversaries will be obliged to bow before your virtues. I bless you all here preyour virtues. I bless you all here pre-sent, also your families at home, your friends, your clubs, and your sports. I bless you all, my dear children, with a father's love. I am glad," he contioned, 'to find myself among you, for I consider myself a companion and friend with you. I bless your games and your athletic exercises—while they make your bodies healthy and strong, they are certain, also, to have a power and beneficial influence on your minds. Physical exercises, occupying your bodies and your minds, will keep you from idleness, which is the father of all vices. I bless you with all my heart."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE GIFT OF FAITH. 'Faith is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it.' Such were the words utontain it. Such were the words ut-tered by a stately, white haired priest from the pulpit in the grand old Ca thedral in N—, which so deeply in-pressed thenselves upon many of the congregation. It was last Mass, "the fashionable Mass," somebody had named it, due to the fact that so many of the aristocracy of the large city were represented at it, and as this well-dressed crowd passed slowly down the aisle one could easily see by the thoughtful look on many of their faces that these last words of the preacher had called forth more than a passing thought from them. Noticeable among these was a very handsome gentleman, whose who supported a lady on his arm, whose perfect although serious features at Christian worship."

came a Cardinal of their own Church, not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices, though not with a view of not be indifferent to the religious beparatices.

tracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Matthews was not a Catholic, and although having the example of a good, pious wife before him for twenty years, he could never be persuaded to look into the doctrines of the Catholic church, even for his own gratification,

and only accompanied his wife to church occasionally "for the look of the thing," as he himself said. To-day the solemnity of the scene, the venerable priest, the marble alter decked with flowers, the red robed acolytes, the whole sanctuary lit up by the beautiful stained glass windows all around impressed him as it had never done before, and he was still pondering

one bears, and he was such pondering over the closing words of the prelate on the way down the avenue.

"Do you believe what you have just heard, Annette?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, Herbert, and to prove what I say, I would willingly secribee Bert for your conversion, dear."

for your conversion, dear."

"Sacrifice our only child! Do you mean that, Annette?"
"I do, " was the simple answer.

*

"Do let me go, mother ; I'm sixteen and fully able to take care of myself, and anyhow Jack will look after me. Just think what fun it'll be. Three weeks of camp life on that dandy little

lake! Just to think of it makes me feel like hollering."
"I know it would be fur, Bert, but there are many dangers which you, never having been camping, know nothing about. The lakes although beautiful are treacherous and you don't know

ful are treacherous and you don't know what night you might be visited by some strange animal."
"That's just like mothers, imagining all sorts of dangers. Ten boys together ought to be able to take care of each other. I'll promise I won't go on the lake alone, won't stay out after dark, will write to you every day, tell you what kind of messes we tellows have been able to concort, and — oh! every. been able to concoct, and - oh! every thing if you'll only let me go, mother mother darling.

"Well, we'll see what dad says about You dear old motherkins," cried the

boy, hugging her frattically. For he knew well that the fight was won when it was left for "dad."

The above conversation took place about two weeks after the foregoing emphatic words of the preacher, and resulted in Bert's joining his friends for their outing in the Adirondacks.

Just two weeks from the day he left the only child of these idolizing parents was brought home very ill with typhoid fever, contracted by drinking water from a mountain brock which did not so sick upstairs. But she was a true Christian, and suffered the cross sent her with true Christian fortitude. first night the boy was home her hus-

band asked: Do you remember what you said coming home from church a few months

ago?"
"Yes, dear," was the reply, and there the conversation dropped. The disease was a treacherous one and had to run its course, the doctor

said. It was during one of these weeks of waiting that Father D--, an old friend of the family, was surprised one day to have Mr. Matthews visit him and request to be instructed in the religion of his wife and son, "not that I promise to become a Catholic, but just that something prompted me to come to you to-day and ask you that question.'

That his request was willingly com That his request was willingly complied with is needless to say. Regularly after this on certain days of the week you could find Mr. Matthews in deep discussion with his instructor over the mysteries of our holy religion.

One day during one of these visits

Mr. Matthews received a message from his office summoning his home immediately, as his son was worse. He left at once, boarded a train, told the conductor at what station to let him off, and then became oblivious to all his surroundings-deep in thought. he arrived home his wife met him in their sumptuously furnished libr The crisis in the disease was reached. Would Bert live or die was now the grave question, and she thought he should be notified at once.

"Annette, do you remember the words of the preacher, 'Faith is the greatest of God's gifts and no sacrifice is too great to obtain it,' and what you promised on the way down the avenue?''

"Yes, dear, very distinctly."
"Yes, dear, very distinctly."
"And do you still promise it?"
"I most certainly do."
"God has evidently been pleased

with your sacrifice, Annette, for I be-lieve most firmly."

"Oh, my God, I thank Thee! No one will ever know how glad I am, Her-bert dast!" bert dear !'

bert dear!"

"Come, then, let us pray together that since God has tried you, and you have not been found wanting, He may still see best to spare us our Bert."

After six hours of weary watching and praying a change came—for the best. Their boy was saved.—L. A. D. in the Regary. in the Rosary.

An Echo of Newman.

" During his visit in Sicily," writes the Rome correspondent of the London Tablet, "the Archbishop of West-minster took part in the rejoicings at Palermo for the silver jubilee of Mgr. Palermo for the silver junies of high-Lualdi. He made a pilgrimage also to Castrogiovanni, 'umbillicus Siciliae,' which will be less interesting to Eng-lish Catholics from its antiquity (and its origin dates back to pre-historic times), than from its connection with Newman. In 1833 John Henry Newman arrived in Castrogic vanni on the back of a Sicilian mule. Almost im-mediately after he was stricken with a severe fever through which he was nursed by his faishful Neapolitan ser vant Gennaro. 'Perhaps the most striking episode in his whole stay there,' says Sladen, 'was while he was recovering from the fever, when he put his head under the clothes to escape the church bells, and the people re-garded the heretic, who afterwards be-came a Cardinal of their own Church,

RELIGION

By Rev. B. J. Octen, S. J. In the preceding lectures it has been tacitly assumed that there rests upon every human being the obligation of professing some sort of religion. That processing some sorr of religion. That such an assumption is perfectly legiti mate follows necessarily from the fact of creation. Man, as a creature, de-pends wholly upon God, his Creator; and right reason demands that he should make due acknowledgment of this dependence. Such an acknowledgment however, he can make only when he freely subjects his intellect and will to the sovereign authority of God, and in consequence of this subjection, brings his life into harmony with God's law. Now, this free submission to God, which finds practical expression in a life of virtue and worship, is the very essence of religion. Hence the physical necessity whereby man is of his very nature a creature, is the source of that moral obligation which constrains him to make religion an essential part of his life.

This matter is so evident that it cannot be called in question by anyone who admits the fact of creation. practice men often neglect all religious observances, even as they ignore their God and Creator, but the moment reason is brought to bear upon such lives, they stand revealed as so many moral monstrosities, begotten of ignor-ance and passion. As man comes from God, so must be tend to God, and the one way along which he must proceed in his Godward journey is the way of

Furthermore, as the fact of creation makes the practice of religion a moral necessity, so, too, is it the ultimate reason whence flows man's obligation profess a particular form of religion. to profess a particular form of religion.
God, as Creator, has a right, not only
to demand worship, but to determine
the kind and form of that worship.
(His is the tree, and His must be the fruit thereof.) God's dominion over man is absolute, extending itself not only o man's being, but to his actions as be more strongly attracted to other forms of divine worship. Now, in a previous lecture it has

been shown to evidence, that God has proposed to the world, a definite form been shown of religion. He has manifested through His own Son what men must believe and what they must do. "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever from a mountain brook which did not run very freely. God only knows the grief of that stricken mother during all those weeks while her darling lay so sick upstairs. But she was a true eternal dampation to every one who should tarn a deaf ear to the dostrines thus proposed. Nor did He leave room for any exception, whereby men might consider themselves exempt from said obligation. He clearly foresaw all the difficulties that might bar men's way to the true religion, yet these difficulties He set entirely aside. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me. "Whoso, in matters of religion, is influenced by temporal considerations, even though they be of so secred a character as is the love of father and mother, can have no part with Christ—cannot belong to the household of God. Conversion to the true faith may involve financial ruin, loss of social prestige, yea the sacrifice of life itself, yet it matters not; the moment a person recognizes the true religion, his course lies clearly before him he must leave all and follow Christ. In this matter Christ knows no com-promise, "If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee' is a direction that applies no less to ob stacles standing in the way of conver sion than to the proximate occasions to sin. The one and the other, if yielded to, makes a man "guilty of hell fire." The obligation, therefore, of embrac-ing the true religion is absolute— it is

identical with the obligation of obeying God rather than man.

Again, as it has been demonstrated in the last lecture that the one true light, and in the end he will return religion, established by Christ, is found in the Catholic Church alone, it necessarily follows that all are in duty bound to profess the Catholic religion. This is an unavoidable conclusion of the foregoing discussion. We may look at the matter from what viewlook at the matter from what viewpoint we please, we can never get rid
of the fact that the Catholic Church
alone correspond to the portrait which
the God-Man has left us of His own
Church as recorded in the Gospel.
She alone has that unity of faith and
oneness of doctrine which Christ Hin
self has made the proof of His own
divine mission. Hence if there rests divine mission. Hence if there rests upon all the solemn obligation to em-brace the true faith, they must needs, in order to comply with that obliga-tion, become members of the Catholic

Of course, it will be objected, that Of course, it will be objected, that this is all more or less theoretical. Taking men as they are, it is safe to say that the majority of them never advert to the claims of the one true religion, and so the obligation of embracing it is practically non existent. There is some truth in this objection, yet it fails of its purpose. The princtipal reason why people do not advert to the claims of the one true religion is their culpable indifference to these claims. They are so immersed in the things of sense that they have lost sight of the supersensible and the supernatural. Against their better judgment they busy themselves exclusively with temporal interests and hence they are "of the earth earthly." The light of faith is withheld from their minds because they refuse to followed. this is all more or less theoretical. The light of taith is withheld from their minds because they refuse to fol-low the light of reason. In many cases this may, indeed, be owing to the un-conscious influence of early prejudices, but in many more it has its final explabut in many more it has its final explanation in that religious indifference of which the world to-day is sick unto death; and this indifference does not cancel men's responsibility. In their own hearts men know well enough that they must "seek first the kindness of heaven and its justice"; they know well enough that the God of truth cannot be indifferent to the religious hearts.

MUST I PROFESS THE TRUE Hence if they do not advert to the claims of the true religion, that want of advertence must to a large measure That it is chiefly indifference which

keeps men from finding and embracing the true faith may perhaps be more clearly inferred from a few practical considerations. It may be that for one reason or another a person has not as yet advanced farther in his religious yet advanced farther in his religious views than simply to admit the exist-ence of a personal God, to Whom he is accountable; yet if he take a reason-able interest in the matter of religion he will not long remair in this vague and undefined mental condition. There is always present in his heart a secrelonging to know more about God, and this longing soon gives rise to the thought that God may have manifested Himself more fully and clearly than is possible through the creatures of His bands. He begins to suspect that a special revelation may have taken place, which brings man nea or his God. This suspicion gains in force when he considers that vast multitudes of the world's wisest and best men positively affirm and defend such a revelation, and are ready at any mo-ment to seal their faith with their hearts best blood. And that not only men of the present day, but men belonging to every age, reaching back as far as history can unseal the distant past. Here Reason steps in and points to the fact that God does not reveal Himself to mankind without implying the positive command that all endeavor, to the best of their power, to attain to a full knowthat revelation. If at this ledge of ancture he be sincere and earnest in his search after truth he will humbly ask for light and guidance, and will seek instruction from books and persons who are qualified to solve the doubts that have arisen in his mind As a result of this inquiry he will As a result of this inquiry he will sooner or later become convinced of the truth, and through God's grace will join the Church out of which there is no salvation. On the other hand if he be indifferent, he will, like Pilate of old, ask flippantly: "What is

well. Consequently, if He chooses to be worshipped in any particular manner it is not for man to demur, but to render a prompt obedience, even though he might, for reasons of his own, be more strongly attracted to other forms of divine worship. one without a hearing. Similarly if the person in question were indeed a believing Christian, yet belonged to one of the numerous belonged to one of the numerous sects, which took their rise in the sixteenth century or later, he would if earnestly solicitous about the truth, become in course of time a member of the one true Church. It may be that for some time he is in perfectly good faith about the truth of his re ligion, but if he considers the matter carefully, sooner or later doubts will arise in his mind. The very fact that his religion can by no manner of ex-planation be traced back to the time of Christ, is alone reason enough to condemn it as an innovation. Then if he considers the person who started it, and reflects how little they had in common with the Apostles, Carist commissioned to preach Gospel to every creature, his misgiv-ings only gather additional force, Finally when he realizes, as he cer tainly two of his own denomination who b

will, that there are scarcely lieve precisely the same points of doctrine, in spite of the evident fact that truth is one and cannot be at vari ance with itself, he must, and with the grace of God will, recognize it as his solemn duty to inquire seriously, whether his religion is the true one; whether his religion is the true one; or whether perhaps the one true religion is not much more likely to be found in the Church where all are one in faith even as were the Apostles when the Pentecostal fires were the week down upon the earth. Once showered down upon the earth. arrived at this state of mind, he is bound in conscience to seek further enlightenment. If he is sincerely desirous of learning the truth, as he needs must be, he will consult those whose position enables them to point the way to the true Church; he will to the fold from which his forefathers strayed in an evil hour. On the con-trary if he be indifferent about the matter he will endeavor to quiet his matter he will endeavor to quiet his conscience by maintaining that "one religion is about as good as another," that "it matters not what a man be lieves, provided he be a good man after his own fashion"; and so he will shut out the light of truth, until on the great day of universal regulation.

which he incurred when he hardened his heart against the voice of God.

The theory, therefore, that the ob ligation of embracing the true relig ion, which is so clear in the abstract, finds but little application in the concrete, is wholly without founda-tion. It can, indeed, not be denied that many non-Catholics are in good faith about the truth of their own religion; but neither can it be denied that there are many more with whom this good faith is impossible. There are still men and women whom deep resulting from ready four centuries of the grossest calumnies against the true Church, have so effectually blinded to the light of truth, that they are not responsible before God: yet the number of such persons is daily diminishing;

the great day of universal revelation it will finally break in upon him in all

its terrible brightness, but only to show him the magnitude of the guilt

prejudice is fast making room for in difference, and the indifferent "stand condemned out of their own mouth." In the obligation to embrace the true religion, there is involved a sectrue religion, there is involved a second duty, namely, to safeguard the true faith when once found. This duty is of equal importance with the first, and of its very nature extends itself also to such as have always professed the true religion. The person who exposes himself to the danger of a losing his God given faith is guilty of a most grievous sin. Hence guilty of a most grievous sin. Hence the reading of irreligious and hereti-cal books; frequent and intimate association with persons of professedly hereterodox views, and more than all, unnecessary presence at false religious



voided as so many proximate occas

Nor must less care be taken to reduce the true faith to practice. That faith is easily kept intact, if it enter as a principle of action into man's daily life; if, like the just man, he live by faith: but it may readily be lost, if he fails to shape his conduct according to its principles. It is a common saying of theologians that no having first disregarded logue; nor is it less true, that he who disregards the Decalogue, especially in matters of religious practice, will soon be in danger of abandoning the Creed. It is necessary, therefore, that every one act according to the direction of St. Paul: "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art called."—(1. Tim. 6, 12.)

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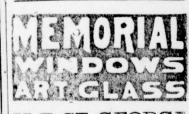
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which is identically the same as a prayer which, according to our Scanish contemporary La Verlad, is going the rounds in Porto Rico. We have several copies of this prayer sent us by readers. Wretchedly bad hard writing is one of the common characteristics of these copies. They are exactly alike except for variation in spelling—or rather mis spelling. The prayer alike except for variation in spelling—or rathe" mis spelling. The prayer purports be said by a certain bishop and to be enjoined by him upon the faithful. One copy says the "Bishop of Hamamese," acother the "Bishop of Clarance," and the "Bishop of Ocharaff," as if the copists were in doubt as to the spelling. There are no such bishops. of course. A penalty is at bishops, of course. A penalty is at-tached (this is an invention to catch and frighten the ignorant and supersti tions) for any one who refuses to say the prayer. She is threatened with a great misfortune and a very bad accident. The whole thing is a gross fraud. We hope our readers who receive or hear of any one receiving this prayer will do all they can to have

In other parts of the country the ondless chain prayer takes another form, as we may see from the following article in the Gesu Directory:

"These circulating prayers go like

the wind everywhere; whence they come, no one knows; whither they go, who can tell? but they come and go periodically like the measels, and they are catching, too. Some well meaning -woman, we suppose not content with the beautiful prayer in honor of St. Joseph, with an indulgence by our reigning Pope, strings together a harmless number of words, and sends the composition affoat from some luna tic asylum, perhaps. Has she wireless communication with St. Joseph? What foundation for the requests? Why impose conditions, and attach to them infallible certainty? Who is she, ow? The requests and conditions are the main thing, the objectionable feature, the rear-end fire cracker at tachment that makes the thing go. You must say the prayer thirty days— twenty-nine or thirty-one would not do -beginning the day you receive it; next day the charm is gone. You may ask three requests - four would spoil the business and two would wreck the scheme; but they must be the same each day; no fooling here. You must make five copies-to extend the fraud —and give them to persons within a week, while the prayer is hot. To obtain your request you must not

neglect a day; night does not count.

"When will Catholics be satisfied with the beautiful prayers of the Church and cease chasing will-o' the wisps?"—Sacred Heart Review.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE. A BEAUTIFUL SERMON.

In the Cathedral, Baltimore, the following sermon was recently preached, the occasion being the silver jubilee of Rev. James Holden. The preacher was Rev. J. A. McCallen.

After treating briefly but eloquently of Father Holden's zeal in the sacred ministry during the quarter of a cen-tary that has elapsed since his ordinan, especially during his pastorate of eighteen years at St. Jerome's, of which parish he was the organizer, McCallen branched out into a discussion of the why and the wherefore of the acknowledged authority, power and influence which the priests of the Catholic church wield for the good of deeply interesting nature and will be a source of instruction and edification to all lay readers, Catholic and non-Cath Father McCallen said in part:

"Not often outside occasions like the present do we speak to the faithful of the priesthood. Yet what subject is nobler, more beautiful, more inspiring, more interesting and more instructive, opening up as it does such a wide field for both thought and com ment? Let us, however, restrict our-selves to day to the one question and "Why do our Catholic people love

and reverence the priest? What is the cause and explanation of the priest's influence for good, the devotion and tealty of the faithful? Is it the man? I do not depy, brethren, that like others, the Catholic loves, admires and praises what is great and noble kind and generous in any man whom he may happen to know. I admit whom he may happen to know. I admit willingly that natural qualities in a priest necessarily endear him that much more to the flock. But such qualities do not explain the unbounded influence which he wields for good among his people. Are there not men in all the professions of life who have many if not all these human qualities, some of them in possibly a still higher degree than has a priest, and yet have to acknowledge that their personal influence is in no way commensurate with their natural endowments? What, en, is the explanation of this marked difference ?

IT IS NOT THE MAN, IT IS THE PRIEST. "I shall tell you. The Catholic goes beyond the man and sees his sacred character. For him it is not the man, it is the priest. It is the priest who challenges love, reverence, confidence, and these not from the few, but the many; from every class, high and $\log \pi$, learned and illiterate, young and old, from every one who answers the cry of faith which is in him. The Catholic knows, as St. Paul so forcibly teaches in his epistle to the Hebrews, that there is only one priesthood in the Church of God—the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ Our Lord ; that our priesthood is not something distinct, something different, but that it is an intimate participation of this one priest by a word or gesture caunot con-priesthood; that by the command of trol, at least to get a respectful hear-

Despite our many condemnations of endless chain prayers," we continue to receive intimations that there may still be found Catholics weak minded enough to heed the anonymous "friend" who sends them these scrawls, and silly enough to copy and send the prayers to others. We referred very recently to one such unauthorized prayer which is being circulated in this vicinity, and which is identically the same as a human frailities and unworthiness, which we are the first to acknowledge and deplore, make him I se sight of and deplore, make him itse sight of
that character, for he remembers that
St. Paul, in spite of worse than
human frailty, was chosen to the apostolate at the very hour that this persecutor of the Church of God was seeking the condemnation and death of all
who professed the Christian name. ing the condemnation and death of all who professed the Christian name. 'You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you," said Our Blessed Lord, and His Apostle adds: 'Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was.' So also Christ did not glorify Himself to be made a high priest, but was called by God, who said to Him: "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech'" (Hebrews vii., 17).

(Hebrews vii., 17).
"So profound is the reverence of the faithful for us as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God that they realily accept our voice in things spiritual as the voice of God, of things spiritual as the voice of God, of whom we are the mouthpiece. Nay, more, so highly do they esteem this Divine vocation that they would have their priests angels if possible, forgetting we are but men. Yet what a noble tribute they pay by such a desire to the sacredness of the sacerdotal shared. character.

FROM THE BAPTISMAL FONT TO THE

GRAVE. " It is thus that in all our ministrations our people see in us not the man but the priest, from the baptism of their first child till we close their own eyes in death. At the altar of sacrifice do they behold us so intimately sharing the functions of the One Eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ, that He would have us use His own words and renew through our unworthy hands the great sacrifice of Calvary, authorizing us to perpetuate it unto all time by the Sacrifice of the Mass. 'From the rising of the sun even to the going down My name is great among the Gentiles; and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean ob lation' (Malachias i., 2). When Catholics pour out their story of sin and human frailty at our feet, think you they see the man? What! a poor sinful man, who must like them in turn seek pardon for his own faults? No, but they see the sacred character impressed upon see the sacred character impressed upon our souls in ordination by the spirit of God—the Spirit sent by Him, Who to that character added the power of reconciling sinful man with an offended Deity. 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained' (St. John xx., 23). Thus it is all the way through the priest's ministry. If the priest preaches, the faithful acknowledge him as the ambassador of Christ sent to teach God's word. They feel assured that it is God's word to which they listen: for is not their priest in communion with his Bishop, the Bishop with the Pope, and is not the Pope the successor of him to whom Christ said: 'Go teach all nations, all truth. I am with you all days to the consummation of the world? What a consolation it must be to the Catholic to know that the Gospel to which he listens and its correct interpretation rest on the solid foundation of the infallible rock on which Christ's Church was built, and not on the everchanging vagaries of any proud human

"If the priest assists at the solemn nuptial ceremony is it not as the Church's witness that holy and sacred ties now bind two human hearts in one, and that they willingly and freely their own people, and, indeed, of all ties now bind two human hearts in human society. The preacher's observations in this regard are of a yield their mutual consent to this bond What God hath joined together let no man out asunder '(St. Matthew xix.,6).
'Finally at the deathbed, when the last words of mercy and pardon are heard, when strength and courage are so much needed, when amid the deep ening gloom of death the Christian looks for help and consolation, oh! is it to the man or is it to the priest the dying Christian's eyes turn, the dying dying Christian's eyes turn, the dying Christian's ears open, the dying Christian's lips steak, the dying Christian's soul clings in that last battle with the powers of darkness? How often when the dread summons has come suddenly have the dying lips feebly but firmly and confidently whispered their urgent request, 'I want the priest. No, no, no not the doctor, but the priest first.' Cannot both the non-Catholic and Cath olic physician give testimony to this in many of the cases which have come under their observation?

FACTS WHICH THE WORLD MUST ADMIT. "What a power is the sacred char acter of the Catholic priest, not only in these his spiritual ministrations among his flock, but in his relations with all human society. The world may marvel, the world may call in doubt, the world may sometimes essay denial; but the power and influence of the Catholic priesthood for good are facts which the world must admit. It must admit that the priest is always on the side of order and all just law, the upholder of rightfully constituted authority, the brave, unflinching defender of right against wrong, of justice against in-justice, of virtue against inquity, of the indissolubility of the marriage tie against divorce and all its sad consequences for the family and society. And the laity listen to his voice and obey, for they know he is the mouthpiece of God, the minister of Christ, the disenser of the mysteries of God, a mes senger of peace and good will from G d He sho to man, and yet all the while the people's cha npion when their just rights are assailed. They know, in a word, that he is man's wisest counsellor and society's truest, best friend. Hot indeed must be the heads, excited the pas-sions, furious with indignation the minds in any assembly of men which a

ing. For his character is as sacred in his people's eyes as is the altar at which they worship, the pulpit from which they hear God's word and their home, to which his visit always brings peace, calm, toy and consolation.

home, to which his virit always brings peace, calm, joy and consolatior. "I have asked my question "What is the explanation of the priest's influ-ence? What is this wonderfully singular power which he exercises ever men's wills? What is the basis of this men's wills? What is the basis of this universal and unswerving confidence of the young and old, of the learned and illiterate, of the weak and the powerful? What is this magnet which so gently yet so irresistibly draws to him the hearts and souls of an entire peo ple? What gives such authority to its

ple? What gives such authority to its words, such powers to his deeds?

"I have tried to answer the question—briefly, rapidly and for these reasons to me unsatisfactorily. But I have an swered the question. It is the sacredness of the priestly character."

A NORWEGIAN INCIDENT.

An incident that speaks strongly for the sincerity and good will of the Norwegians occurred a few years ago at Aalesund. Bishop Falize had sent there a priest who knew no one in the entire city. The priest inquired of the under Magistrate as to where he might hold a meeting and preach. The official received him cordially and introduced him to a Protestant pastor as one who could best advise him. The pastor likecould best advise him. The pass wise gave the priest a hearty and said: "I will get 'or you the large meeting hall of the working men's union—but on one condition. Don't tell our peeple the things they have known a long time about Christianity in general, but explain the differences which separ ate us from Catholicism, so at once and for all their predjulice may die. would scarcely believe what these good people think of Catholics; they wil hardly admit that you are men like the rest of us. Show them that they are mistaken and you will have done well."

The magistrate, the Protestant pas tor and the Catholic priest then pro-ceeded to arrange the programme for the meetings, and the programme was en-tirely Catholic. Announcements were made in the newspapers. On the evening that the instructions began the magistrate and the pastor above mentioned occupied seats of honor, and an interest ardience filled the large hall. These missionary meetings are not now unusual. They have been held also in Molde and at Kristian sund .- Abbe Felix Klein, in Catholic

Let us endeavor now to walk more in the presence of God. Let us offer Him our thoughts, words, and actions. Re-membering that He has made us for Himself, let us often say to ourselves: Is what we are doing, saying, or thinking, pleasing in the sight of God?

DIOCESE OF PETERBOROUGH.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY AT MOUNT ST A most interesting earemony took place at Mount Sh. Joseph on Jan. 3rd at 9 o'clock when rine postulants took the Holy Habitake the Habit at one time in the history of the community of St. Joseph. The chapel in which the ceremony took place was crowded to the doors with the friends of the young ladies, who to day entered the community as to the doors with the friends of the Young ladies who to day entered the community as novitistes. It was beautifully decorated with roses, lities and carnations, and presented a most pleasing appearance.

The young ladies who took the habit, with their names in religion. are:

Miss Susan McDonald, Beleville, Sister

Mrs Louise, Mrs Teresa Turcotte, Chapeau Que, Sister Mary Faustina. Miss Frances Whittaker, Montreal, Sister Mary Anselm. Miss Helen Conway, North Bay, Sister Mary Clare, Miss Nellie Greenan, Lindsay, Sister Helen of the Cross.

Miss Marion Carveth, Peterborough, Sister
Mary Gabriel.

Colon Femigrapore, Sister Mary

Mary Gabriel. Miss Loretta Guiry, Ennismore, Sister Mary helreda. Miss Catherine Costello, Ennismore, Sister St Roch.

Florence Dillon, New York, Sister
Bertille. ertille.
o'clock the young ladies entered the hapel to the strains of the wedding march hapel to the strains of the wedding march flaces at the altar where His Lordship, Bishop Connor, asked them the questions required O'Connor, asked them the questions require a of them prior to their admission to the community. In the ceremony His Lordship was assisted by Yen, Archdeacon Casey of Lindsay, and Rev. Father McColl, white Rev. Dr. OBrim acted as master of ceremonies. The postulants who were dressed in their bridal robes whilel answering the questions retired after this exercise to receive the Holy Habit.

retired after this exercise to receive the Holy Habit.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. OBrien whose subjec was the beauties of the religious life, and the duties of these who were to day entering the Saterhood. Rev. Dr. OB is in a sermon was eminently practical and was most appropriate to the occasion.

The prices present in addition to Bis Lird. When the difference of the price of the p

THE OULD TUNES.

A boy we had belongin' us, an' och, but he was A boy we had belongin' us, an 'och, but he was gay,
An' we'd sooner hear him singin' than we'd hear the birds in May;
For a bullilach was a fool to him, an'all ye had to do.
Only name the song ye wanted an'he'd sing it for thee through
Wid his "Up now there!" an' his 'Look about an'thry for it."
Fatth, he had the quarest songs of any ye could find—
Pappies in the Corn" too, an' "Mollie, never cry for it!"
The pretty girl I courted," an' "There's trouble in the wind."

Music is deludherin', ye'll hear the people

Music is deludherin', ye'll hear the people say.
The more they be deludhered then the better is their case:
I could sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a fiddle play.
And since Hughie up an' left us this has been another place.
Arrah, Come back, lad! an' we'll love you when you sing for us.
Sure we're getting oulder an' ye'll maybe come too late—
Sing "Girl Dear!" an "The Bees among the Ling "for us.
Still I'd shake a foot to hear "The Pigeon on the Gate."

Oh Hughie had the music, but there come on him a change, He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never grown an an; I seen the shadow on his face before his time An' I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter

robin can.
But that's not the way'—oh, I'd feel my heart
grow light again.
Hugbie, if I d hear you at the "Pleasant
Summer Rain."
Onli sweet tunes, sure my wroug 'ud all come right again, Listenin' for an hour, I d forget the feel o' -Moira O'Neil, in the January McClure's.

From the office of publication we have received, and have read with much pleasure a copy of a charming little magazine, entitled "The Christian Family." It is a prettly illustrated monthly for the Catholic home, published for the benefit of St. Joseph's Technical school as Shermerville III. edited, printed and published by the Society of the Divine Word of that city. His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago writes that he is glad to lend the magazine his encouragement and approbation. Its aim—and a very worthy one it is—is to instruct and interest all the members of the family—the father, the mother, the boys and the girls—in their duties towards God and Holy church, their country and society. We wish the Christian Family every success in its noble mission.

TIERNEY. - In London, Ont., on Dec. 29, 1905, Mr. H. mry Tierney, son of the late John Tierney, sged fifty-nine years. May he rest in peace! in peace:

McINTOSH — Died, at Port Huron, Mich., on
Dec 19 h. Mrs. Mary McIntosh wife of the
late Ma'colm McIntosh, of West-Withiams, Oat.,
aged eighty eight years. May her soul rest in

pasce!

RRADLEY—At Picton, Ont., on December 28 h. E. iward Bradley native of Londonderry, Ireland. May his soul rest in peace!

KEARNEY.—In Downle, on Dec. 9, 1965, Mr. Micheai J. Kearney, aged twenty one years. May his coul rest in peace!

May his soul rest in peace!

KEATING—Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Catherine Keating of 134 Beautice street. Toronto, the last surviving daughter of Patrick McGoey, sr. late of Barrie, who died Dec. 28th in her forty fourth year. May her soul rest in peace!

soul rest in peace!

MORAN — Suddenly, at Toronto General Hospital on Dec. 17, James E Moran, aged thirty-eight years, son of Edward Moran of Weston, Oath May his soul rest in peace!

MORAN — At Wes on, after a lingering illness, Loretto Moran, aged thirty-one years, youngest daugater of Edward Motan. May her soul rest in peace!

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