

The Catholic Record.

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

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EDITOR BRANN ON SUPERNAL VISIONS.

A Freethinker's Interesting Chapter on "Catholic vs. Protestant Cranks."

From the July number of *Brann's Iconoclast* we take the following: An unknown correspondent clips from the press a rather sensational account of the supposed appearance of the Holy Virgin to Louis Palliere at Tilly-sur-Seulle, together with the pilgrimages to the spot, and sends it to the *Iconoclast* with the following comment and query:

"About once a year the Catholics run off after some crank, thereby bringing religion into contempt and creating a bad impression on the minds of the people. Why don't you turn your iconoclastic batteries loose on this *fol-de-rol*? What is your opinion of people who countenance such idiocies?"

The man who writes a letter reflecting upon the sanity or honesty of a numerous and patriotic body of American people should have the moral courage to either sign his screed or burn it. An anonymous "roast" is a cowardly stab in the dark. Publishers do well to waste basket such communications as being the emanations of irresponsible people who will say more in a minute than they will stand for in a month. However, as my correspondent has touched upon a subject of interest to many people, I will, in this instance, waive the rule applying to anonymity. Frankly, I think but little of miracles, ancient or modern, and regard supernatural appearances as but the idiosyncrasies of religious neuropathics. Mlle. Palliere's vision of the Virgin was, in my opinion, but a day-dream, the fond imaginings of a maid with whom religion had become a monomania, her fervor an ecstasy bordering on delirium. Still, I realize that there may be more things in this world than I have dreamed of in my philosophy. In dealing with the supernatural, as with all things else, it is well to bear in mind the apothegm of Seneca, to the effect that "many persons would have attained to wisdom if they had not presumed that they already possessed it."

If the age of the miraculous, of angelic visitations ever began, we have a special reason for believing that it has come to an end. It is certainly no more remarkable that the Lord should reveal Himself to St. Theresa and the Virgin to the maid of Tilly-sur-Seulle than that Jacob should wrestle with an angel and Jehovah speak to Moses from the burning bush. If there was ever a time in the world's history when something more than the written law becomes necessary to fix mankind's faltering faith, that time is even now. The man who scoffs at St. Theresa's visions yet accuses infamously the incredulity of the Bible, strains at a diatom and swallows an entire drove of dromedaries. There are various reasons why the *Iconoclast* does not align its guns upon these so-called supernatural visions. I am not aware that they are doing the world any serious damage, and the *Iconoclast* assails only those things which it believes to be really detrimental.

Furthermore, to brand all such visionaries as "cranks" and those who countenance them as "idiots" were to vilipend the corypheus of the Reformation and deride the Protestant faith. If all who dream dreams and see visions; if all who profess to have seen the supernatural be written down as purveyors of ridiculous *fol-de-rol* what is to become of our beloved Luther and his co-laborers? It was not the magic mirror which St. Theresa saw; nor the Archangel Gabriel in *Rue de Paradis*, nor the Virgin Mother standing beneath an elm in the canton of Calvados that Luther witnessed; such visitations were entirely too tame for the good man who denounced the Zwinglians as "damned fools and blasphemers," insulted the learned Erasmus, called the doctors of Louvain "beasts, pigs and pagans," incited the people to assassinate the Pope, and otherwise displayed that vigor and virulence which drew after him all the chronic kickers of Christendom.

Luther's supernatural visitor was invariably the devil, and these two worthies usually made it hot for each other. The prince of darkness appears to have gotten the best of the controversies, for Luther himself assures us that Satan by his arguments compelled him to make an important alteration in divine services; also that on another occasion his infamandane visitor worsted him in a debate and so terrified him by his voice that he was in danger of death. Zwingli, the father of Protestantism in Switzerland, relates that when about to be turned down in a religious disputation a black phantom appeared and helped him out of the hole. Whether this was the same party that amended Luther's creed we are not informed. Nor has this unhappy faculty of seeing the devil yet been lost by Protestant divines. Entering a Protestant church some years ago at Tipton, Iowa, I was surprised to see the pastor engaged in an exparte dispute with an invisible person. He shook his fist and declared that he would pray despite all the powers of hell. And pray he did. After advising the Lord re-

garding a number of things of which He was supposed to have no knowledge, and telling Him exactly how to manage the universe, he informed us that the devil had come up to the pulpit and warned him not to call upon the name of the Lord. The name of this wonderful sight-seer was Crismus. At Ashton, Ill., a good old Protestant lady assured me that upon going into her cellar one day she was confronted by Satan; that she fell upon her knees in prayer and he disappeared. As she was noted for the excellence of her *sauer kraut* I have always suspected that the prince of darkness was on a foraging expedition. It were easy to cite hundreds of such visions, related by Protestants, since the days of Luther. There is, however, a marked difference between Protestants and Catholics in this respect. While the former usually see the devil, the latter content themselves with visions of the Lord or Virgin. Why this is so, I know not; but, as a good Protestant, the fact gives me ineffable pain. Some of those terrible Jesuits are liable to suggest that angels and demons, like men and women, usually visit those most in sympathy with themselves. Another remarkable fact which may well give us pause is that, while the religious ecstasies of the Catholics are usually conducive to peace on earth and good-will to men, those of their Protestant brethren are almost invariably trouble-breeds. It does no particular harm for a maid to get the idea into her head that she has seen the Virgin Mother; but John of Leyden proclaiming himself King of Zion, marrying seventeen wives and authorizing most brutal murders, is quite another matter. David George asserted that he was the Son of God; Hermann urged the massacre of all magistrates; Hackett declared himself to be Christ; Johanna Southcote issued passports to heaven, while scores of others indulged in vagaries equally fantastic or dangerous. It must be remembered that these people were not only Protestants, but commanded considerable following; that many of them demanded and received the worship of latria, which the most enthusiastic Catholics have ever withheld from their Popes and saints. True, Luther did not sanction the fierce fanaticism and egotistical folly of the Anabaptists; but he was none the less responsible for his revolt against authority, of the doctrine—which is the basal principle of Protestantism—that each individual possesses an inalienable right to put such interpretation upon the Scriptures as he may please.

Protestantism has, from its inception, been the unwilling wet-nurse of infidelity. Luther did not propagate it than did the alleged moral laches of the worst of Popes, the sacred relics that have been subjected to so much ridicule, the modern miracles, the doctrine of Papal infallibility and so-called "sale of Indulgences." The Catholic Church is based upon authority, whether real or assumed; I shall not here pretend to say. It insists that it is the chosen savior and divinely ordained exegete of Christian dogma. We may decline to admit this claim; but we cannot deny that it was the sheet anchor of Europe for a thousand years; the lone rock upon which Vandal and Visigoth beat in vain; the rallying point for a society otherwise hopelessly wrecked. In politics, art, science, letters, there was chaos; but amid it the Roman Catholic Church stood immutable as a granite mountain. Suppose that it had faltered; had stopped to argue; had declared that it believed instead of declaring that it knew; had implored instead of commanding. Every student of history knows what would have happened—the Christian religion would have perished utterly and Luther's revolt been against the *Immal* of Islam. This authority once overturned throughout a large portion of Europe, the wildest excesses followed. Ignorant and violent men became the founders of sects, whose ridiculous doctrines and unseemly orgies disgusted thinking men with the very name of religion. Atheism and Protestantism developed side by side, the scholar following the gonolam of the first, the ignoramus trailing blindly in the wake of the last. A few learned men of well-balanced minds embraced Protestantism in its infancy; but almost without exception they drifted into the camp of doubt or returned to the Catholic Church.

It is impossible to find during the first century of the Reformation one master mind which it caught and held. Even Melancthon, the beloved disciple of Luther and by all odds the ablest of the early reformers, declared that he felt "like Daniel in the lion's den," and was "tempted to take flight." Nor is this all. While the Catholic Church has ever asserted its position and proclaimed its doctrine as those regarding whose truth there could be no doubt, the great Protestant divines have seldom been willing to accept the inevitable sequence of the dogmas they were employed to preach. Professing one thing, they have proclaimed another or dodged the issue altogether. Beecher's lecture on evolution is a case in point, being almost as materialistic as even Ingersoll could ask. But it is

not alone in these decadent days that we find doubt among the Protestant divines. Luther himself declared that he did not know whether he taught the truth or not, and freely admitted that he could not prevail upon himself to believe what he taught to others! (The first of the foregoing statements we have on the authority of Luther himself, the latter on the testimony of his biographer, John Machet.) How is that for a *soldat* reformer and founder of a new faith—for one who separated from the Church of Rome because, as he assumes, it had become a falsehood? It is somewhat remarkable that, while admitting his doubts, Luther should have declared: "It is certain that I received my dogmas from heaven. I will not allow you to judge of my doctrine, neither you nor the angels in heaven." Yet, as he fore stated, individual liberty of biblical interpretation was the basic principle of Protestantism!

Is it any wonder, in view of these inconsistencies—not to say absurdities—of the prime mover of the Reformation, that Protestantism should be to day a mere jumble of contradictions, which repels men of analytical minds and leaves them to choose between Catholicity, deism and infidelity? Doubtless there were atheists in the world before the Reformation, before the inauguration of the Christian era, but there were few in Europe until Luther began to preach toleration while persecuting, to demand abject submission to dogmas which he himself doubted. The Catholic Church had to deal with many schismatics before the Reformation, but it was reserved for Protestantism to wage a war of extermination on avowed atheists—Cronus devouring his own children. The learned Galet was the first "infidel serpent" to be strangled by the infant Hercules. His offense was greater even than that of Servetus—he not only disagreed with Calvin, but he had the audacity to criticize him! Theodore Beza, contemporary of Luther and Calvin, and apostle of the Reformation in France, makes a declaration which proves that the Protestant leopard has not changed its spots during the past three centuries—that it was the same provocative of infidelity at its birth that it is to-day. "On what point of religion (he plaintively asks) are the Churches which have declared war against the Pope agreed? Exchangeable, from beginning to end, and you will hardly find one thing affirmed by the one which the other does not directly cry out against as impious."

TRINITY COLLEGE AND IRELAND'S FUTURE.

W. F. P. Stockley, M. A., in Donahoe's. Needless to say, the beginnings of Trinity College were in the midst of strife. The waters of the century of religious upheaval were boiling and still rising; and the subduing of Irish-speaking, Celto-Norman Ireland was being undertaken by a great queen, the conqueror of Desmond and the Deceiver of O'Neill. The foundation of Trinity College was part of this policy of political and religious conversion which was tried for so long in Ireland by martial law, plantations, penal law, and coercion; hence the complex Ireland of to-day and the complexity of that Irish question whose infinite variety no age can wither, nor any custom stifle. Hence also the Trinity College of today, 85 per cent. of whose students are members of the Church of Ireland, that is, of the Anglican Church disestablished in 1871, which yet numbers only 15 per cent. of the population. Of the remainder of the students, 5 per cent. are Catholics and 5 per cent. are Presbyterians.

Trinity College is not unpopular in Ireland notwithstanding all the past. There is something pathetic in what seems not only a general respect for Ireland for Trinity College, but also a positive pride in its existence, and a pleasure in thinking of it as an Irish institution. Perhaps one may see in that sentiment not only an expression of the sympathetic heart of the people, but also a sign of their desire to be allowed to take interest in learning, and of their respect for what is not to be had for money; and one may also see there one of the proofs that, stormy as the air seems to be in Ireland still, yet comparative calm might come before long and suddenly, if Irishmen of various creeds and classes found within their own Irish institutions to which their loyalty and patriotism might cling, and to which their sentiments might bind them in common.

And another proof of what has been said is indeed seen in the very manner of the proposals made by the Catholic hierarchy with regard to university education in Ireland. Every foreigner would agree that the present state of things is unsatisfactory. Trinity College is nominally open to all; it is of course actively and distinctively Protestant, at least not Catholic. What Protestant would naturally send his sons to a college distinctively non-Protestant? What Irish Protestant would do so?

The Catholic Bishops have proposed another college for Catholics within the University of Dublin, or the founding of a Catholic university.

The attempts to settle the Irish University question have resulted for the present in the foundation of the Royal University of Ireland, which is an amalgam of colleges in Dublin, with a system of affiliated colleges throughout the country where candidates for examination study. But where is the university where Catholics may or will study? And surely, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said when speaking of this matter, the object is to provide means of study that will be taken advantage of. It is useless to legislate for imaginary or abstract beings without such and such beliefs, customs or prejudices.

The Archbishop of Dublin says: "The Bishops, as the responsible guardians of the religious interests of the Catholics of Ireland, have put forward a definite claim for equality as regards all the privileges and immunities enjoyed by the Queen's colleges or by Trinity College. The object is the education of the people. The means must be, as Burke tried to teach rulers in his day, by understanding and acknowledging people's ideas, circumstances, and even prejudices."

ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE CHURCH.

If Leo XIII. had penned only the majestic encyclical of which we publish the first part this week, this alone would serve to make his reign memorable in the history of the Church. The Pontiff's hand has lifted the great question of Christian unity above all petty, ephemeral controversy into the clear atmosphere of faith, history and reason. No Catholic who would have a ground for the faith that is in him can refuse to give this encyclical his earnest study; no non-Catholic who desires the realization of the unity of mankind in Christ can fail to be mightily influenced by this most cogent exposition of the true meaning and character of Christian unity. There is not a sentence in it which an ordinary intelligence cannot grasp, nor is there one which could be omitted without loss. The synopsis already published, though admirable in its way, gives no adequate conception of Pope Leo's comprehensive treatment of his great subject. His subject, indeed, it is in a special sense. Those who are in closer relationship with the Holy Father declare that the thought of the reunion of Christendom is continually present with him, and we can well believe it after this last pronouncement.

It is to be feared that many outside the Church have approached the question with views either utterly vague or radically false. Theories were being entertained that the desired unity might be effected not by removing but by overlooking the differences existing between religious bodies, or that some system of compromise might be reached by which non-Catholics would consent to adopt certain doctrines and Catholics drop certain others. The encyclical has dispelled all such delusive mirages. The unity which Christ enjoined and which the Catholic Church has always insisted upon is the acceptance of every truth taught by Jesus Christ and His Apostles, and handed down, in all its integrity and purity, by an infallible Church, of which Peter and his successors are the infallible head. This unity admits of no compromise, and the Church "in Leo's words, 'founded on these principles and mindful of her office has done nothing with greater zeal and endeavor than she has displayed in guarding the integrity of the faith.'"

What the effect of this encyclical will be time alone can tell. But this much may be said without fear of contradiction: All who are willing to follow the grace of God and the light of reason will recognize that Pope Leo's words have shewn off many misleading paths and made the true road to unity more plainly visible.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE ENCYCLICAL.

The Holy Father Explains Its Import at a Recent Consistory.

His Holiness Leo XIII., speaking at the sacred consistory on June 22, delivered the following allocution: Venerable Brothers—Our duty moving us to provide for vacant churches and to fill up your college, we desire to premise some remarks respecting a project of ours, which seems likely to be of little importance in the interests of Christianity. Never was zeal wanting to mother church in recalling and inviting those whom difference of opinion or mental error had with dissonance and of late years, upon occasions of which you are well aware, the Church has pursued the same object with increased earnestness. We can now in some measure see pledges of the desired fruit, which nourish hope and stimulate to the achievement of the end in view, especially as among different peoples everywhere there are growing indications of no obscure kind which seem to show that men's minds are turning to her with good will and are looking towards the See of Peter not without a longing for the restoration of the ancient connection. If, after having before God given much thought to these matters, we have

under the guidance of apostolic charity, undertaken and accomplished anything in the cause, we are most anxious that by exposition and action much greater help could be afforded to those who seek Christ in truth.

And since the main points, and, as it were, the foundation of the Christian doctrine is contained in a genuine knowledge of the Church, we have, therefore, applied ourselves to setting forth the image and form of the Church as expressed by its divine constitution, desiring to bring more clearly into light its admirable mark of unity. Certainly in the case of those who closely look at and examine the Church as the Divine Founder would it to be and handed it to the apostles, as the Holy Fathers and doctors through the East and the West constantly preserved it, and as monuments of every kind from remote antiquity prove it to have been, it is necessary that they should aim at a twofold object—on the one hand, that dissidents should receive a stimulus and the light useful for unity, and on the other hand, that those who share such a blessing should esteem it more highly and betray increased zeal in their appreciation of it. We are just now by addressing an encyclical letter to all the bishops, and we are happy to be able to place this document under the auspices of the blessed princes of the apostles, Peter and Paul, by whose precepts, labors and blood the beginners of the Church, the bride of Christ, were gloriously consecrated. After these few words, venerable brethren we turn to you. We have deemed worthy of the honor of being members of it some men distinguished for high qualities and abilities who proved to the Holy See their sagacity, faith and devoted good will.

ON THE DOME OF ST. PETERS.

Almost a Panorama of the World Stretched Before the Beholder.

The strangest, most extravagant, most incomprehensible, most disturbing sight of all is to be seen from the upper gallery in the cupola looking down to the church below. Hanging in mid air, with nothing under one's feet, one sees the church projected in perspective within a huge circle. It is as though one saw it upside down and inside out. Few men could bear to stand there without that bit of iron railing between them and the hideous fall, and the inevitable slight dizziness which the strongest head feels may make one doubt for a moment whether what is really the floor below may not be in reality a ceiling above, and whether one's sense of gravitation be not inverted in an extraordinary dream. At that distance human beings look no bigger than flies, and the canopy of the high altar might be an ordinary table.

And thence, climbing up between the dome's domes, one may emerge from the almost terrible perspective of the open air, and suddenly see all Rome at one's feet, and all the Roman mountains stretched out to south and east, in perfect grace of restful outline, slender to shoulder, like shadowy human lying side by side and holding hands.

And the broken symmetry of streets and squares ranges below, cut by the winding ribbon of the yellow Tiber; to the right the low Aventine, with the dark expresses of the Protestant cemetery beyond, and the Palestine, crested with trees and ruins; the Pincian on the left, with its high gardens, and the mass of foliage of the Villa Medici behind it; the lofty tower of the Capitol in the midst of the city; and the sun clasping all to its heart of gold, the just and the unjust, the new and the old alike, past and present, youth, age and decay—generous as only the sun can be in this sordid and miserly world, where bread is but another name for blood, and a rood of growing corn means a pound of human flesh. The sun is the only good thing in nature that always gives itself to man for nothing but the mere trouble of sitting in the sunshine, and Rome without sunlight is a very grim and gloomy town to-day.

It is worth the effort of climbing so high. Four hundred feet in the air, you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages, and on what rules the other half to-day by faith—the greatest center of conquest and of discord of religion which the world has ever seen. A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A word will tell what it has been—the heart of the world. Hither was drawn the world's blood by all the roads that lead to Rome, and hence it was forced out again along the mighty arteries of the Caesars' roads to be spilled in the Caesars' battles to redden the world with the Roman name. Blood, blood and more blood—that was the history of old Rome—the blood of brothers, the blood of foes, the blood of martyrs without end. It flowed and ebbed in varying tide at the will of the just and the unjust, but there was always more to shed, and there were always more hands to shed

it. And so it may be again hereafter; for the name of Rome has a heart-stirring ring, and there has always been as much blood spilled for the names of things as for the things themselves.—"St. Peter's," by Marion Crawford, in the Century for July.

AN INDIAN SISTERHOOD.

The Progressive Influence of Leo XIII. Has Wrought Good in Unexpected Quarters.

One of the most gratifying of American tributes to Leo XIII. must be contained in the following letter from Elbow Woods, North Dakota, which has appeared in the columns of the *Roman Post*:

"The reverend priestess general and all her sisters are of the tribes of Dakotas, Chippewas, Arickaras, Gros Ventres and Mandans. Their existence and history will, no doubt, interest your readers, as theirs is the first religious congregation of American Indians in the history of the Church and its missions. Moreover, the success of their congregation has finally settled the question, so long in dispute, as to whether it were possible for Indians of the first generation to step from barbarism to the highest civilization."

"For four centuries the Indians have been very anxious to have priests and Sisters of their own race. In their own tribal organization they had orders of 'Sacred Virgins.' Their religious and philosophical systems had given them a moral and mental development which enabled them to understand and follow at once, with proper training, the Christian precepts and counsels. Missionaries did not understand this, nor did they believe that the wish of the Indians could be readily, if indeed ever, realized."

"When the Indians were informed of the progressive policy of Leo XIII. an Indian girl, Sacred White Buffalo, the chief Sacred Virgin of the Dakota Confederation, born in the Dakota war camp, but educated in a convent school, felt there was at last some hope for her race and wished to found a congregation of Sisters to carry out the policy of the Holy Father. She applied to Rev. Francis M. J. Craft of Fort Berthold, North Dakota, for assistance. With his aid she was enabled to send her candidates to a convent school. After passing through a novitiate she made her religious profession. In religion she took the name of Sister Catharine."

In a war which broke out between the Indians and the troops Father Craft was wounded, and it was believed, mortally, at the battle of Wounded Knee Creek. An attempt was then made to send the candidates back to the Indian camp, but fortunately Father Craft was enabled to leave the hospital and reach the convent in time to prevent it. Sister Catharine then came with her candidates to Fort Berthold Indian Agency, founded her congregation and became the first priestess general. In May, 1883, she died before the altar in the chapel of the convent after receiving the Papal benediction through His Eminence Cardinal Satolli."

"The Congregation of American Sisters is now regarded as the most progressive religious congregation in America."

"The success of the sisters is due in part to their heroic perseverance under the severest hardships and tribulations, but chiefly to the enlightened policy of the Holy Father, which has reached even to the wild tribes of western America and has enabled the Indians to do at once what the Christian missionaries had been unable to do or had considered impossible during four centuries."

There is something almost miraculous in this wonderful fact, which reveals to the world that the progressive influence of Leo XIII. has wrought great good in such unexpected quarters. Cardinal Satolli says:

"The *Freeman's Journal* has information from a trustworthy source that the Holy Father has given Cardinal Satolli his choice of returning to Rome or remaining in America, and that His Eminence has elected to remain. We feel justified in publishing the news, as our informant has been invariably accurate in the past, but we do so with all the reserve that must attach to its unofficial character. If the universal wish were father to the fact, Cardinal Satolli would certainly remain many years longer in our midst. His personality has become so potent a factor in the life and polity of American Catholicism that his departure would cause a void, almost impossible to fill. Indeed, there are vast numbers outside the Church who have unconsciously come to regard him almost as an American institution. He has made a successor's task at once simple and difficult—simple by the solution of many grave difficulties, difficult by that high standard he has set for anybody who may succeed him in his high office. His continued presence will be another proof of the love which he and his august master have for America.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal July 25."

"Unless thou do violence to thyself, thou wilt not overcome vice.—The Imitation."

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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULLHOLLAND.

CHAPTER X. HOMEWARD.

Kilmartin had just returned from London, where he had gone to try to stir up a little interest among members of Parliament on the subject of the Purchase Clauses of the Land Act, which were in such a state that all sale was blocked, while some of his tenants were eager to buy what he would be as well pleased to sell. Finding even greater difficulty than he anticipated, he had returned sooner than he intended, and so had probably crossed in the channel his letters from home, which as yet had not followed him here. The result of this morning's reflections, suggested by the receipt of that anonymous letter, which, contemptible as he held it, yet had left its sting behind it, as such things do, was that he made up his mind to run down into the country at once, see his mother, and arrange his affairs with a view to a possible surprise. In these days there was no knowing when a man might be lifted out of the midst of his affairs, at any amount of inconvenience to himself and others dependent on him, to be practically annihilated at a moment's notice, and for an indefinite length of time. He was ready to acknowledge that this might be all very well if the individual so lifted were a mischievous individual, but he did not think that he, Kilmartin, would, in the event of his being so pounced upon and done away with, prove to be the right man in the right place.

The next morning he took the train as far as the train would carry him westward in the direction in which he wanted to go, and about the middle of the summer day mounted on horseback, to travel the fifty miles which still separated him from his little Connaught kingdom.

Whoever knows Ireland well knows the beauty of the land through which he passed, while the sun traversed the wide horizon from east to west over his head, taking the light from the lakes and giving it to the hills, stealing the colors from the mountain tops to spread them across the moor, and ever reversing the picture again as the breeze stirred and the clouds shifted. The beauty of this island of ours is the beauty of light and color in incessant change. The valley has walls dark and blue as sapphire, and is itself a reservoir of iridescent glory, but while we look the walls have become pure gold, and the hollow land between has mysteriously yawned, deepened, and been flooded with gloom. The selfish winds that sit on the purple peaks and wind themselves about the grey crags, descend before we have time to determine their shapes to lie along the edge of the dark pool, and creep among the flickering reeds, and transform the wide brown lines of the monotonous bog into the paths of a shimmering supernatural dominion. We have one moment a royal richness of ambers, purples, crimsons and golds of every variety of lustre all spread at our feet like Aladdin's treasures, and the next we are swathed in a winding sheet of gruesome grey, and move through a world, poor, cold, windworn and rainbeaten. Even in the unbroken weather of a summer day our aerial changes are so swift and ceaseless the land we move through seems alive and with motion: what was quite near is suddenly far away, and what was distant comes as rapidly smiling to wards us. So much of our landscape is water, lakes, rivers, bays, linked together by wet vernal vegetation, and so constantly does every cup of a moss girdled lakelet, rag of a pool with its torn fringes, and strip of a widening and narrowing stream, snatch at the clouds above it and hold a piece of the blue sky forever in its breast, that half our earth is literally heaven, and we often seem to walk through a sort of mid-air region, with moonrise and sunset, not only over our heads, but under our feet.

No wonder, if in a country so over- ridden by freakish mists and deceiving waters, so eternally the highway for processional splendors of shifting colors, so hopelessly the grim sport of funereal clouds and shadows, we encounter at every turn wraiths and fairies, ghosts and elves, that peer at us out of the lakes and the caves, and come down to us from the hollow places of the mountains.

Natural enough if we see them sitting on the edge of the pool when the blue shadows of dusk are beginning to turn brown, or hear their bells ringing for evening as the sun goes down in fire behind the thorn trees, or meet them veiled and pensive, gliding across the lapping track on the dun moor, or descri the spears of their lances glinting under the moon at the back of the riverside thicket.

Small blame to us, if we suspect them of creeping through the keyholes to sit on our hearths while we are asleep, or waken early to hear the horns of the elfin hunt blowing, echoing thinly over the dawn-empurpled crests of the hills!

Bryan Kilmartin loved every huge boulder that hung out of the mountain over the path he travelled, every diamond like splash of water that blinked at him as he passed by bog and over moor, every forlorn tree that seemed to mourn a defunct forest at some desolate angle of the high road. The whole company of elves and fairies are as well known and as dear to him as the flag- kites in the river, the fluttering pennons of the reeds, and the grotesque shapes of the bog wood just unearthed out of the reeking peat-moss.

Sometimes as he had poked about in the gloaming at home, while the plover wailed, and the bat flapped across his eyes, and it seemed quite rational to

expect to see some rarified creature, with a certain semblance to humanity, step out of the clefts in the rock, or from under the screen of the waving bracken, he had told himself that if Irish waste lands were all drained, and Irish rents were low, the delightful edirch population of these lovely but famine-breeding wildernesses might arise and emigrate en masse to some now weilder region, some spot of earth where mists still exhaled from wet mosses growing nothing but brilliant weeds, and their fumes still got into the vision-seeking brains of hungry and languishing humanity.

At the first sprinkling of corn, wine and oil, no doubt the fairies would mount their phoobas and disappear, and though their landlord (for he accounted himself such to those of the tribe who lived in his brackens, or under, or over his barren gray rocks), would grieve for the elfin oxodus, yet willingly would he unbar the gates of the moor that let those go forth who require no food but the dewdrops, to make way for the footstep of the sower and the reaper, for the hand that would plant the potato where the nightshade had spread, and make two blades of grass to spring where only one had hitherto grown. But at present the parting between landlord and elfin did not seem imminent, for as yet the landscape still reeked with water, and the children of humanity were not fed.

Towards the end of his journey he passed through all the wonders of sunset, while threading one picturesque valley after another, crossing gorges in the mountains, and skirting along a glen here and open moorland there. Like a gull's wing through the ordeal of fire he passed unscathed, amid flames that threatened to consume the green vales and melt the mountains to their base. First it was golden glory which fell from the heavens, blinding bright, and then amber became rose, and rose became crimson red, till the fires behind the darkling mountains burned themselves out, and paler tints came out to cool the burning earth and air.

Just as the cooler amethystine glow began to sweeten the atmosphere, he rounded a shoulder of steep mountain, and a scene of wild grandeur and beauty greeted his home-coming eyes. There, on a little island, set low in a dark lake, rose the gables and chimneys of his mother's house. He could see the smoke from the hearth where presently he should sit, the boat lying still on the beach in which he was about to cross to the island dwelling. From the further shore a huge mountain rose, rugged in outline, and so darkly purple in hue as to seem almost black, and against this looming background the whitened buildings of the little island twinkled. On the side of the lake by which he was approaching it, a range of hills, less stern than the more distant ones, slanted to catch the remnant of sunset light, and as the two lines folded together in the distance beyond, the island appeared to be set in a triangular cul de sac of water and mountains. On one side, towards which the chief windows of the island house were placed, the protecting mountains swept apart, revealing a magnificent stretch of distant country, moorland dyed every shade of tawny brown and gold, alternating with darker blotches of bog and vivid streaks of green, and all shimmering in waves of light away to the uncertain border- land of cloud and mystery in which soared, with their beaked points, delicate crests, and long curved shoulders the mountains which are known as the Pins or Bens of Connemara.

He threw his horse's bridle over a post of the little gate that guarded the path leading down to the water, and, springing into the boat, laid hold of the oars. A bugle laid in the stern, and picking it up he blew a blast that went ringing across the lake and came back in a shower of echoes rippling, like musical laughter, round the margins of the lake.

A few minutes' pulling with the oars brought him near the shore of the island, where he saw a figure standing watching his approach, whose outlines, puzzled and surprised him. This was not the tiny form of his invalid mother, who rarely crept from her couch and could not have come so far from it without help, even to answer her son's bugle call by meeting him at the landing place; neither had it the extensive and elderly proportions of the faithful housekeeper who had followed her mistress in her reverses of fortune to this lonely retreat; nor was it as slight and childlike as the little assistant hand- maid who made the third female inhabitant of the island. And yet the figure was familiar to Bryan. With extreme astonishment he gazed at it from a distance of about twenty yards, and it seemed to him that he was looking on the girl who had been so much in his thoughts the day before, whom he had been seeking in Weaver's square, and who had disappeared with his secret in keeping, had left Dublin, and "gone to her friends."

There were the very outlines of her figure, with its dark draperies, and that was the attitude in which he remembered her, alert and eager, the head thrown a little backward, the arms hanging by her sides with unconscious grace. As he stared at her she turned slightly, as if she would go away, and, doing so, looked exactly as when she had gone before him leading him to the closet. Involuntarily he signed to her to remain, and asking himself by what extraordinary chance he found her here, and what fortune to himself her presence portended, he with a few strokes of the oars pushed home the boat between the rocks under her feet.

Marcella obeyed his signal and held

her ground, till springing up the rocks he stood by her side.

Then she smiled and held out her hand, and Bryan saw with a confused sense of having been oddly tricked by his imagination, that it was not his benefactress of the Liberties after all, but poor Mrs. O'Kelly's interesting niece, who had so strangely made herself at home upon his island.

"You are surprised to see me here, Mr. Kilmartin—that is, if you remember me at all. We have met once before, at the Patrick's Ball."

"I remember," said Kilmartin, thinking it would be strange if he did not, all things considered. His mind was still occupied with the resemblance between the girl beside him and the girl who had befriended him, and with the curious chance which a second time had brought the one before his eyes while the other was in his thoughts.

"I have lost my friend," continued Marcella, in a low voice, anxious to account at once for her presence. "And Father Daly carried me off in a hurry, here, to Mrs. Kilmartin, who was kind enough to take me in till Crane's Castle be ready to receive me. Your mother does not expect you this evening, sir, and it was by accident that I met you on the rock, having heard your music—"

Bryan perceived at once how natural was the situation after all, and was surprised at nothing but the little word "sir" which had slipped out upon Marcella, in momentary forgetfulness of the drilling which poor Mrs. O'Kelly had given her. He looked at her with increased interest, as for a moment she became more closely identified in his eyes with the Liberties' girl. However, he laid the little peculiarity of speech to the account of her foreign rearing. Had not her aunt told him she had been educated abroad? He quite forgot now that Miss O'Kelly herself had contradicted that statement.

Marcella, keenly aware of her slip, turned aside her head to hide the blush which a sudden fear that she was betraying herself called for her face. She had a double reason for desiring to hide forever the fact that it was she who had sheltered this gentleman from the pursuit of the police. To her own desire to spare him a possible humiliation, and perhaps a sense of uneasiness at her possession of his secret, was now added the wish of her dead friend that the extreme lowliness of her antecedents might remain unknown to all save Father Daly. The priest had simply said to Mrs. Kilmartin that the girl had lately lost her father, who had been in anything but prosperous circumstances. Through a feeling of delicacy Mrs. Kilmartin had, in condoling with her guest on her bereavement, forbore to speak in any way which would seem to call for more particular explanations; and Marcella hoped the fact that she, now her friend and guest, and their future neighbor, had by accident come to know an unpleasant secret of Kilmartin's life might forever remain in the obscurity in which circumstances had so far enabled her to bury it.

"Do I understand you to mean that Crane's Castle is for the future to be your home?" asked Bryan, having first expressed his pleasure at finding that his mother had been enjoying Miss O'Kelly's companionship in her lonely retreat.

"Yes. Does it not seem strange? It seems that I have simply stepped into Mrs. O'Kelly's place."

"She has made you her heiress?"

"And I already feel the burden of the responsibility. Father Daly has assured me that you will help me with my people."

Kilmartin looked grave. "I am not sure that it was fair to you, under the circumstances, to bring you to us," he said presently. "Of course Father Daly acted for the best, from his point of view. But there are many sides to the question. My mother and I have struck out a peculiar line of conduct for ourselves in the troubled times, and have thereby incurred the censure of our own class. Whether we have done much good by our efforts to get on what we have considered the right track remains to be proved by time. Meanwhile we live, as you see, remote from the world and in a very simple way. And I question very much if one so—so fitted, as you are in society as you are ought to have your lot thrown in with ours, while yet you are in perfect ignorance of the possible consequences to yourself of such an accident."

"You mean that Miss Julia O'Flaherty will not care to make an intimate friend of me. She has been here, and down on the rocks yonder, gave me a very solemn warning. I shall not grieve much about Miss Julia O'Flaherty."

"There are others of a much better order whose acquaintance you might not like to forfeit, and who would naturally feel interested in the heiress of Distressa."

"Lady Villiers Blake, and Mrs. De Laey French, for instance. Your mother has described to me all the advantages which would result to me from their sympathy and patronage. They have not taken me into their homes, however, when I was friendless and homeless, and with the friends who have done so I will choose to remain."

"They have not had the opportunity. They are motherly women with daughters of their own, and their countenance would be desirable for you out in the world, even if you think you can get on without it here. My mother is incapacitated both physically and by circumstances from ever doing you such service, and you will be singularly lonely in that respect if you

persist in identifying yourself with us."

"I have not led such a life as ought to incline me to desire the fashionable world to which these ladies would introduce me. I simply know nothing about them, and Providence has sent me to you. I shall not step out of the path in which Father Daly has, whether fortunately or unfortunately, set my feet. I believe you to be good. I know that you are kind, and I choose to belong to you if you will let me."

Shadows had fallen as they were speaking; all the sunset flames were extinct, and in the solemn purple twilight a few quivering stars had sprung into keen life above the crown of the great mountain overhanging the lake. As Marcella, her face and figure grown less distinct in the dusk, spoke the last words, a look of resolution straightened her curved lips and an expression crossed her smooth brows which again brought his protectress of the Liberties forcibly before Kilmartin, and her words, "if I had not believed you good I would not have acted as I have done," seemed repeated in his ear. It was the gathering shadows, he supposed, that gave her for the moment that mournful look which was happily not characteristic of the heiress of Distressa. He had not yet, he told himself, got quite accustomed to the fact of the existence of this strange resemblance, or he should not have started so visibly as now he did, causing Marcella to glance at him inquiringly.

"Nothing," he said. "Only you are so very like—another person whom I have known. I think I told you so the first and last time I met you."

"Yes," said Marcella, controlling her alarm. "Likenesses are curious things." She thought of how she must try to be as unlike her old self in manner and speech as possible, and involuntarily withdrew her hand from her breast, where under her dress lay the ring that Kilmartin had given her.

And just then the little handmaid from the house came running to tell Mr. Bryan that the mistress had recognized his bugle-call, and was waiting impatiently for his arrival in her room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TALE OF TRAGEDY.

The Penalties of Dissension Set Forth by William O'Brien.

William O'Brien contributed a second interesting article on "The Penalties of Dissension" to the Dublin Freeman's Journal of recent date. In opening, he says:

A couple of years ago, under the heading, "Undiscovered Connaught," I directed public attention to the shadowy grandeur of a gap in the mountains of Lower Murrisk, which remained as destitute of road or bridge as the day when the Elizabethan soldiery of Brown and Bingham first cursed it with a visit. Since that time, I am glad to say, the congested districts board have been induced to transform the rocky bridge path through the Dhuloch pass, with its occasional disappearances into a river, to reappear in a faint track scrambling down a precipice into a massive roadway, winding through native woods towards the gloaming lakes and right through the ranks of purple clothed mountain giants towards the breezy seas of Old Head. The noble proprietor who derives £20,000 a year from the territory through which the Dhuloch road runs did not, of course, contribute a stiver, nor so much as a "God bless it," towards the project, but the grand jury, which obeys his noble family's nod, has in its bounty graciously agreed to take over the road, now that it is really bridged and metalled. Next year or the year after, no doubt, it will be the favorite tourist route from Leenane to Clew Bay. Questionable as are the advantages of corrupting our virgin valleys with a flood of tourists such as make the English traveller the least beloved of mankind, tourists of a finer strain will find in the glens unlocked by the Dhuloch road materials of more absorbing human interest even than the mystic shadows on the lakes or the solemn statuary of the shapely peaks of Mullree and Bengerom and Glencullin. The heads of the noble houses of Brown Bingham might well have conspired to bar the inquisitive stranger out of this mountain labyrinth, for within its Titanic walls was enacted within the memory of men whose lips have told me the tale of a tragedy such as, if it stood alone, would make Irish landlordism as long as human pity lives in gentle breasts. At the head of the Dhuloch Pass, not far from the schoolhouse at Craiginnaun, the tourist will find the rude mountain cemetery of Cioshekein. Amidst its rocks, without cross or inscribed stone, are buried practically the whole population of the glen, who assembled there for relief works in the time of "the great famishing," and sank down starved and frozen to death one night in a snow storm. Among them all, when the government officials proceeded next morning to count the dead, there was found alive but one infant, the thought of whose dead mother was to fold it up so under her breast that the little creature outlived the blasts that slew strong men by the hundred. The famine pits of Cioshekein are a sorry sight, but there is a still sadder, nearer to Leenane, the disused cemetery of Letterass, over which the bullocks graze: for in this cemetery there has not been an interment for forty years past. Those whose fathers sleep there disappeared in the great evictions, and the only one of them who held his ground in the neighboring hills was prevented by

main force by Lord Lucan's bailiffs from burying his son there lest the dispossessed tenant should attempt to set up any shadow of a title to his evicted lands through a grave at Letterass.

Scenes of this kind are but incidents in the widespread and cold-blooded conspiracy which the Irish landlords and English subordinates formed after the great famine to extirpate the remnants of the small farmer population whom

HUNGER AND THE FAMINE FEVER had spared, and to replace them with a handful of wealthy and God-fearing Scotch colonists. I have lately discovered the genesis of the great clearances of 1854 in the West, set out with the utmost candor in a book published by the Scottish agriculturist, Mr. Caird of Baldoon, who was sent over by Sir Robert Peel in 1850, to prospect as to the advantages of the West "as a field of investment" for Scotch farmers to use the brutally frank title of the book) in pursuance of a "plantation scheme" in which that eminent statesman, following or preceding so many of his countrymen from the days of Raleigh to the days of Oliver Cromwell, and from the days of Cromwell to the days of T. W. Russell, found salvation for the woes of Ireland. Mr. Caird's mission was apparently to ascertain whether the terms offered by the Irish landlords as the price of ridding them of the inconvenient aboriginal population were such as ought to tempt his own law-abiding but canny fellow countrymen. In a word, he was the Caleb dispatched for the purpose of spying out the milk and honey of the promised land. "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, ever watchful for the good of the people over whom he has been called to preside, was considerably pleased to countenance the author's object and to secure for him many facilities." In short, he was shown around from the house of one landlord desirous of exterminating his native tenantry to another, and questioned then shrewdly as to the terms they were prepared to bid for enterprising Scotchmen to take the "consolidated" farms off their hands. Mr. Caird relates his experiences with much honesty, and apparently with many acute suspicions of the worthlessness of his landlord hosts and of the amount of human suffering involved in their pitiless schemes of "consolidation."

After reviewing at some length Mr. Caird's exposures of landlordism, Mr. O'Brien shows that

BUT FOR DISSENSION among the people of Ireland the cruel tyrants might have been checkmated. He concludes his interesting article as follows:

The Scotch planter who grasped at the rural paradise which Lord Sligo so kindly pointed out to Mr. Caird among the noble hills around Dhuloch did not thrive, for all his docks and herds. Last year or the year before he left the country altogether. Sir Robert Peel's plantation scheme ended in a *sauve qui peut*, and the land was there idle—48,000 acres of it—a standing warning against the big-grazer system, and an irresistible invitation to the congested districts board to parcel it out among the congested villagers who were on all sides looking down on it with hope from their huts in the remote hills. As soon as the farm fell vacant I urged publicly that an unrivalled opportunity had arisen for finding cosy farms for hundreds of families who were the very types of the evil the congested districts board obtained their £12,000 a year to remedy. I believe the board did sincerely and strenuously try what could be done to acquire these 48,000 acres for the congested population. One of the landlords to be dealt with, the present Lord Lucan—who has shown some signs of a progressive spirit—had already divided up an evicted grazing tract near Castlebar among the small tenants, at the instance of Father Lyons, P. P.; and another grass farm at Ouchy, among the Drummin mountains, at the instance of the late Rev. Bernard McDermott and myself. The pecuniary result to the landlord have been, I think, more cheering than his Lordship's dealings with the Scotch planters. He might have been induced to go further. But more fatal than any selfishness in the rent office was a VULGAR SVOOP OF LANDGRABBERS upon the vacant lands, and, humiliating to say, among them men vaunting and trumpeting their own nationality in shining contrast with the poor Whiggery of those who, in their antiquated way, supposed nationality to consist not with exciting the enthusiasm of the rent office and enjoying popularity with the bailiffs. But the shame rests upon all sections, and ought to burn into all our hearts. Nobody supposes that it can cause anything but a pang to decent Farnellites to think that, for their own purposes, and as a result of their own calculations, it is towards the disciples of Redmondism that the sinister favor of the landlords and their dependents leans. The fact is, at all events, uncontested. Given a vigorous and united popular organization, it is as certain as anything human can be that these 48,000 acres would have lain untenanted until they were partitioned among the congested villagers. But grabber and landlord know that the people's forces are at sixes and sevens, that the man who strives in any practical way to hold up the old flag against the enemies of Ireland is sure of encountering fiercer abuse, calumny and misrepresentation from his brother Nationalists than either the landlord who grinds or the gombey man who grabs, and that in the general demoralization no man can now commit a deed of treachery so base that he can

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THE ROOT is that local of struck dumb by remedy countr high places of en and enrage which give the ic throughout to pooh-pooh of the people's backing and desperate task a square sides, and from of things does loves our Irish conscience it is pitch of nation us to the dang drifting. I pu resection in p is common to be the remedy tion is to red engine of the being the jest pleasure hours his bailiff's rid

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THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON THE POPE'S PRIMACY.

At the Anglican synod of York, England, the Archbishop took occasion to make an address to his clergy in reply to the recent Encyclical issued by the Holy Father on Church reunion. The Archbishop admits that the Encyclical is characterized by a loving spirit and unflinching courage, and he designates the Pope as "an eminent prelate." About the eminence of Pope Leo XIII. there is no question, but there is something which would savor of the humorous, if it were not so extremely absurd, in the attempt to bring down the Holy Father to his own level by designating him in this way. The office of the Head of the Universal Church cannot be measured by that of the Metropolitan of a province of a local Church, which is scarcely recognized outside of the boundaries of the nation to which it is restricted by its essential characteristics.

The Archbishop declares that the reunion of the Church is desirable, and that it was the wish "of the Master Himself" that union should be preserved in the Church which He established, and that we would be without excuse if we did not desire union, provided "such a blessed end could be obtained without the sacrifice of truth or the acceptance of error."

The error specified by the Archbishop as the one which the Pope desires to enforce as a condition for union is "a union not only with our Blessed Lord, but a union with Peter, and still more with the successors of Peter, or, in plain terms, an unqualified submission to the Roman Pontiff." This is a claim entirely unsupported by the teaching of holy scripture or by the voice of the Universal Church.

The Archbishop must be aware of those passages of holy scripture which are familiar to our readers and which prove that special authority over the whole Church was granted to St. Peter, when our Lord gave to him alone the keys of the kingdom of heaven; when He commissioned Peter alone to feed his whole flock, the lambs and sheep; when He prayed for Peter alone that his faith should not fail, but that being once converted he should confirm the brethren; and when he made Peter the rock on which the Church was built.

It requires no little temerity for the Archbishop to assert, in the face of these well-known passages of Scripture, that there is no scriptural warrant for the supreme authority of Peter in the Church. It is equally rash to say that the Universal Church never accorded this authority to St. Peter's successors. Even Mosheim, the well-known Protestant Church historian, admits in his history of the third century that the supreme authority was recognized at that period, which was the period immediately following the three centuries of persecution which the early Church endured. It was the earliest moment when the Church was able to make herself heard throughout the world by her united voice; and she spoke unmistakably at Nice, Constantinople, and elsewhere where General and National Councils were held, always acknowledging the Pope as the first and supreme Bishop. It was not till more than six centuries later that the East through political influences and patriarchal ambitions severed the unity which Christ had established, and declared itself to be an independent Church organization. But this was an act of schism, and thereby the Eastern Churches cut themselves loose from the universal Church, which certainly could not lose its inherent authority by reason of the disobedience of some of her children, however numerous they may have been. The Church in union with the successor of St. Peter therefore became from that moment the sole universal Church of Christ.

We are aware that the Archbishops of York and Canterbury are fond of

claiming that as prelates of the National Church of England, they are successors of Sts. Anselm, Dunstan, and Augustine of the Norman and Saxon periods, and St. Fulgentius of the British period, but the claim is futile. These eminent prelates belonged to the Universal Church which recognized the Pope's authority, submitted to it and maintained it. The ecclesiastical national councils of England recognized the Pope's authority without hesitancy, and the two missionary prelates here named established their Sees by authority of the Popes Gregory and Eleutherius respectively. During the fourth century, as is well known, British Bishops attended the Councils of Arles, Rimini, and Sardica and subscribed to the decrees recognizing the primacy and supremacy of the successive Popes. They belonged to the Universal Church which recognized the Pope, and it was not till the sixteenth century that, for unworthy reasons, the modern man-made Church was established, with new doctrines, a new head, a new liturgy and a new discipline. The whole essential constitution of the Church was changed, and the prelates of the new Parliament-made organization had no claim to be the successors of the holy line of Bishops who ruled that portion of the Universal Church which was in England. The new creation had no claim to be part of the Universal Church, but the Bishops of the Catholic Church in England to-day are the true successors of Sts. Augustine and Fulgentius, and like their predecessors, they recognize the supreme authority of St. Peter and his successors. This is the voice of the Universal Church, and the conception thereof as described by the Metropolitan of York is but fanciful.

The Archbishop informs his Synod that the Church of England has made no overtures to the See of Rome, but that "whatever overtures there have been have come from Rome itself." It is quite true that the Holy Father has manifested an intense longing for the return not only of the people of England but of all wanderers to the one fold. This is a right and a duty on the part of the Father of all the faithful. He is anxious for the spiritual welfare of all Christians and invites them lovingly to return. It is also true that as a Church Anglicanism has made no corresponding move; but it cannot be denied that a numerous body of Anglicans have done so, and it is to be hoped that there will follow good results from their movement, even though the Church of England as a whole should remain quiescent.

We reciprocate what the Archbishop says in conclusion:

"The results are in the hands of God, and with Him we must leave them. . . to give ourselves up to prayer" for a happy ending to the advances which the Holy Father has made to the wanderers both in the East and in West.

To these considerations we must add that as the Archbishop admits that it was the will of Christ that His Church should be one, He should admit also that Christ in His infinite wisdom must have instituted an efficient means for the preservation of that unity. Now as a matter of fact there is no known mode of preserving such unity except through the primacy and supremacy of a chief pastor over the whole Church; and as no one has ever claimed such a supremacy but the Pope, and in him alone has the world recognized and acknowledged it, he has it by prescriptive right, confirmed by the testimony of Scripture that a primacy was established by Christ, and of tradition which has always recognized the Pope as St. Peter's successor, and chief pastor of the Church of God.

THE TENDENCIES OF RELIGION IN GERMANY.

Mr. Goyau, a distinguished author, has been engaged as a regular contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of Paris, and has been visiting Germany to study the state of religion in that country, and having finished his work, has prepared a series of articles on the results of his investigations.

The Paris correspondent of the *New York Freeman's Journal* having seen the proof sheets gives a forecast of these observations, which have reference both to Catholic and Protestant districts. The Catholic districts are Rhenish Prussia, Bavaria and Poland. Mr. Goyau finds the Catholicism of Poland to be remarkably exclusive and National, whereas that of Prussia is popular and progressive. In Bavaria the Catholicism of the country is described to be very much imbued with court principles.

There is no doubt that Mr. Goyau's

observations are in the main correct, and even among immigrants from Germany to this country these characteristics are somewhat noticeable, though the Catholics of all these districts are firm in the faith, and there is no tincture of unbelief among them.

It is further asserted that in most of the Protestant districts there reigns a most profound indifference in regard to the dogmas and practices of religion, but even where the outward practices are preserved there is no corresponding morality. This assertion is borne out by the detailed reports of the State Church pastors, Wittenburg and Huckstadt, made in 1894, on the religious condition of the rural districts of Germany.

In the mixed districts where Catholics and Protestants are both found in considerable numbers, with Protestants predominating, Catholics are usually subjected to persecution, as in Baden, though in every case Protestantism is of a sceptical character.

Just as with the Presbyterians in America, the Lutherans have an orthodox party who uphold positive theology, while there is another party, and a very strong one, openly maintaining the negative Liberalism which attacks the foundations of Christianity by its denials of the truth and inspiration of Scripture; but there is a third or intermediate party in Germany which has become predominant among the professors in the universities. These follow the theology of Ritschl, which endeavors by ambiguous language to satisfy equally the believer and the unbeliever. According to this mode of dealing with Christian dogmas, the Bible is said to be a divine book "because we find God in it." Christ is said to be God "because we feel God in Him." These expressions may mean whatever the hearer prefers to understand by them.

Those who are still ardent in orthodox disapprove of these equivocations, but they can do nothing, as the Church authorities try to smooth these differences just as the differences between the various parties of the Church of England are also smoothed by the authorities of that Church, and though there is once in a while a trial instituted against those whose opinions are very evidently rationalistic, such trials seldom take place, and when they do they amount to nothing, as there is no authority to decide how far orthodoxy may be strained, and where heresy begins. There is nothing new to keep the State Church together except the fear of the power of the State, and the Church consistories freely appeal to the authority of the State in order to repress the tendency of pastors to wander off on the paths of extreme heterodoxy. On those professors of the universities who claim the right to express and teach their strange theories freely, the consistories say, "It is better not to run counter to the State, but to keep within the beaten track of orthodoxy."

Thus the consistories appeal not to the conscience of the offenders, nor to the certainty of Christian truth, but to a motive of self-interest that the latter may not oblige the State to bring its power to bear upon them to repress their tendency to Rationalism. So universal is the unbelief in the most fundamental Christian doctrines that many of the pastors will not recite even the Nicene Creed without mutilating it by leaving out clauses which clash with their belief; or if they do recite it in its entirety, as they are obliged by law to do, they modify it by stating that it is in conformity with the law that they read it as an expression of the general belief of Christians in past ages.

The effect of the influence of the State might be somewhat beneficial if the State were always consistent with itself and thus restrained the clergy from expressing extreme Rationalistic views, but this has not been the case, and the Emperor William has been himself the cause of much confusion by his direct interferences in the management of Church teaching and other matters. Thus in one year he led the clergy into the discussion of socialism, and in another year he had them arrested for their expression of their views on the same question.

This tendency of modern Protestantism toward unbelief is not confined to Germany, but is found in every country where the Protestant system has gained a foothold, though in varying degrees. It is found in France, Switzerland, and the United States, and in a less degree in England and Canada, but sufficiently to show that it is the natural and necessary result of throwing off the yoke of the authority of the Church in deciding religious controversies.

From the first beginnings of Protestantism Catholic divines foresaw and foretold these consequences, and their predictions have been verified, that there can be no safety from the abyss of unbelief except by submission to the successor of St. Peter as the supreme head of the Church. Christ appointed in His Church a supreme authority for the purpose of preserving His faith inviolate, and it is only by the humble recognition of that authority that Christian faith and unity can be preserved on earth. As Protestantism has substituted the individual will and intelligence for this supreme authority it is easy to understand the causes which have operated to bring about the state of confusion of doctrine which exists now among the various sects.

LIFE OF THE VENERABLE MDE. D'YOUVILLE, FOUNDESS OF THE GREY NUNS.

A very interesting life of this venerable servant of God found its way, a short time ago, to our study-table. It is well and gracefully written, and we tender our modest tribute of praise to the author, the Rev. D. S. Ramsay.

Madame d'Youville was born at Vercheres, Vercheres county, Canada, on Oct. 15, 1701. Her father came of noble stock, but, though rich in prestige and the traditions of his forefathers, possessed but little of the goods of the world. He won great distinction in the wars against the Iroquois. His name was specially mentioned in the despatches, but valor and unwearied service to his country brought no increase in temporal prosperity. His child—the subject of this sketch—was his one consolation amidst all his vicissitudes. Endowed with great beauty, and blessed with a temperament that rose superior to trial and trouble, she was from the beginning a general favorite. On the 12th day of August she exposed a gentleman named Francis d'Youville. For a time the marriage was a very happy one. The husband, however, drifted into evil courses and became an unprincipled spendthrift. He died three years afterwards, and Madame d'Youville was free to begin her life's work. Chastened by sorrow, and with heart detached from earthly things, she was ready to devote every energy of her being to the foundation and upbuilding of the Congregation that has rendered eminent services to this country. That her work was a success is evident. Perchance she did not dream that the seeds planted by her would yield such an abundant fruitage, and that the little band of resolute souls gathered round about her when she set her face to the task would have as successors the Grey Nuns of Montreal, who have no greater pleasure than the memory of their saintly mother and no greater happiness than the consciousness of being faithful to her teachings.

The remembrance of her trials makes them courageous in the accomplishment of their duties. No lasting edifice is built without the blood of the builder cementing stone to stone. Mde. d'Youville had many a severe trial to experience before she effected anything. She was given charge of the General Hospital of Montreal, founded for poor and infirm men, and for a time all went well. Gradually the dark clouds of calumny and misrepresentation deepened around them. They were accused of crimes of different kinds; jeered at and insulted when they appeared in public, yet they never lost heart. It is God's way—Calvary first and then the Resurrection.

Until the year 1747 they supported the poor under their charge, by their earnings from sewing. Unjust as their treatment was they made no complaint. In 1750 Begot, the favorite of la Pompadour, and whose life was but a series of acts that do not square with our notions of morality and justice, conceived a violent hatred for Mde. d'Youville and her companions. He resorted to stratagem to have them deprived of the General Hospital, and when this failed he had recourse to a high-handed act of injustice by publishing an ordinance, uniting the Hospital to that of Quebec. Mde. d'Youville petitioned against the ordinance, but Begot was not the man to be influenced by argument. He determined that the Hospital of Montreal should no longer exist, and hence the ordinance. The inactivity of the Bishop during this ordeal was, to say the least, inexplicable by any reasons of which we have knowledge. He was, doubtless, fearful of Begot. New France had its Governor, but Begot had New France and its Governor in his grasp. Ecclesiastical authority

was empty of meaning to such as he, and civil authority was good only when it served his ends. Yacdreuil and his predecessor were no match for this courtier of Versailles. Clever and unscrupulous, versed in the arts of diplomacy and reverencing nothing save his unrestrained inclinations, he was at all times a dangerous foe. With wealth and influence behind him, he effected what he wished. In this case, however, he was doomed to disappointment. On the 2nd of July, 1751, a message was received by the Governor General and the Intendant, commanding that the sale of the hospital should be suspended and pointing out that the Government at Quebec had in the ordinance of the preceding year gone beyond the king's wishes. In 1752 a royal decree annulled the Quebec ordinance of 1750, and in 1753 the king's letters patent enjoined that Mde. d'Youville and her companions should replace the Hospitaller Brothers in the charge and direction of the General Hospital of Montreal.

God thus blessed the work of this saintly woman. She had never faltered, even when, to human eyes, her success seemed impossible. Freed now from persecution, she devoted herself to the improvement and enlargement of the Hospital. Mgr. de Pontbriand gave his episcopal sanction to her work and formed her and her associates into a religious community. He addressed Mde. d'Youville as "Superior of the Ladies of Charity," but the poor continued to call them—because of their attire—"Grey Nuns."

And by this name we know them. It recalls the scenes of the days of trial when a few women, inflamed with zeal for God's glory, stood firm against the assaults of their enemies and moved onward when they had disappeared as the foam of the waves.

The rev. author has a chapter on the appearance of Mde. d'Youville. But this is of little value. What concerns us most is her work—the outcome of her character. We have no difficulty in forming the impression that she was essentially one able to conceive and to execute undertakings of great import. A soldier's blood flowed in her veins and made her impetuous and courageous. She was not one of those souls who imagine that good-natured inactivity is the acme of perfection, but, realizing that Providence makes use of secondary causes, she spared no pains to make herself, and Sisters, able and ready to further God's designs when the opportunity came. She was ever the ideal Mother of a religious community. Kind but firm in her directions, she impressed upon the minds of her spiritual children the necessity of becoming saints. A religious community without saints is an empty cistern. No one gives what he has not, and hence the utility of teaching without practice. But Mde. d'Youville guided her community by word and example, and had the consolation of seeing them become unremitting in their attention to the poor, and unflinching in their devotion to the rule.

The invasion of Canada by the English was viewed at first as disastrous to the foundation, but eventually it proved beneficial. The Canadians were naturally alarmed when the red coats of Great Britain unfurled from their turrets and towers an alien flag, but wise and conciliatory measures dissipated their fears and proved to them that the new regime gave faire promises of happiness than the old. That this was the case is evidenced from a sermon pronounced at the funeral of Mgr. Briand in 1794. "It seemed vain," the preacher said, "to expect that our conquerors, who were strangers to our country, our language, our laws, our customs and our faith, could give to Canada what it lost by changing allegiance. Generous nation! Thou has taught us beyond possibility of doubt that our fears were groundless. Benevolent nation! thou gavest daily new proof of kindness to our Canada. No, no! ye are not the enemies of those whom your laws protect, nor of our faith, which you have respected. We ask you to forget our early mistrust; our people had not yet learned to know you."

Though the English did not hurt Mde. d'Youville, neither did they help her. Disaster after disaster, want of money, fire which destroyed their building, seemed to betoken the end of her community. But the dauntless spirit and unwavering confidence in God that had sustained them at the beginning, kept burning within their hearts the flame of the hope of ultimate success.

On the 8th of June, 1765, she signed the deed by which the Seigneurie of Chateauguay and the Isles à la Pais

were acquired for her community and which have since been a source of considerable revenue for the General Hospital. Space fails to give our readers an idea of the labors of Mde. d'Youville. Her whole life was given like water for the cause of her Master. In sorrow and in tears she had sown her seeds, and in the eventide she stood amidst the golden, sun-lit grain, tired indeed but happy as the husbandman at the surety of a bounteous harvest. On December 23rd of the year 1771 she went to her God burdened with the unselfish deeds and thoughts of seventy-one years.

We recommend this little work to every Catholic. It is not only a portrayal of noble, strenuous action, but a history also of the days before the conquest. We should wish to see it in the hands of the children. It depicts simply and clearly some of the most stirring scenes played on the stage of the New World, and whilst at times we miss warmth of coloring and finish of treatment, our imagination can fill in and complete the picture.

We welcome this life of Mde. d'Youville as an addition to our historical literature. In our archives are mines that await the pick of the explorer. Parkman has indeed woven in many a charming chapter the incidents of the days of the missionary, but he lacks the sympathetic touch of the Catholic bred and born. He sees in Jesuit exploits but effects of an exalted enthusiasm; but he stands without the walls and knows not how to read aright the lives that are enigmatical save to those within the fold.

Dean Harris has also earned a right to a place in the ranks of our historians. He has many gifts that ensure success. The art of graceful expression and a spirit of careful and painstaking research fit him for the role of historian, and we cherish the hope that he may soon transcribe for us other records of the past.

We congratulate the Grey Nuns on having a Foundress such as Mde. d'Youville, and we feel sure that her example will be always the guiding-star of her children. "Noblesse oblige," and the Grey Nuns have proved more than once that they understood the maxim. The works of charity and mercy have marked their history, and when circumstances demanded the heroic exercise of these virtues the daughters of Madame d'Youville were not wanting. Their conduct in the year 1847 will be ever quoted as an example of what women, purified and strengthened by religious life, can effect. On the 17th of June of that terrible year word came to the Grey Nunnery that hundreds of Irish were dying on the shores at Point St. Charles. Driven from their own land by iniquitous legislation, they came to the New World in quest of liberty and happiness. Fever, however, stilled the hearts of many ere the wished-for shores met their gaze. And others landed in Canada only to succumb to the malady. It was a fearful task to assuage the torments of the stricken emigrants. The pestilential atmosphere reeked with the germs of death. Well they knew it when the cry for charity such as only a consecrated soul could give was heard within the precincts of their convent, but they did not hesitate or falter, eager to show that the heroism of the past was the heritage of the present.

One by one the Sisters gained the martyr's crown. But the others toiled on, nursing back to health those on whom the hand of the fever had rested lightly and whispering in the ears of others who were done with life the prayers they had learned in their Irish homes.

The world may blazon forth its goodly deeds, but the spectacle of a band of devoted women braving death in its most loathsome form for the sake of strangers can be heralded worthily only in the courts of the Eternal City. Charity demanded a sacrifice, and they were the victims. Many an inspiring record can the novices read, but the story of 1847, when their Sisters went forth to death as gaily as men go to a marriage feast, will live the longest in their memory.

We have but touched upon the salient points of the life of Mde. d'Youville, simply to show our readers what a rich treat the book has in store for them.

We cherish the wish that it may have a widespread sale. Our congratulations to the good nuns and to the author!

Your surroundings count for very little; your character counts for a good deal. A man is not noble because he has a title and is permitted to talk with kings. There are great souls dressed in tatters and small souls robed in purple.

THE REUNION OF THE CHURCH.

DOM.

The Holy Father's Christian Union is the comment from the Anglican divines of belief.

Those divines who are est in promoting the most for a reunion as themselves as being pointed with the Encyclical of them have even made bitter comments taken by the Pope.

There is no doubt that in which Lord Halifax found an interest, and Mr. Gladstone's contribution, was honestly made, cannot but have results. It has shown a large section of the Church which does not now ditional hatred of the Catholic doctrine, habitually inculcated, people from their children who were formerly most violent type softened that they the most earnest good-will toward Catholicism at the cal arises from the fact that they have been led to believe that the Holy Father would make compromise whereby portage union between Anglicanism might.

It has been the habit during recent years mutual compromises making a reunited Church supposed that the reduced to offer terms compromise basis, but cal there is nothing Holy Father lays down able doctrine the truth situated a primacy Peter the rock on which built, and the holden kingdom of heaven power to change the tion of the Church, as is no offer to receive less they accept it, the successor of the Apostles.

The Ritualists are this, because some had held out some hope was willing to compromise in order to effect a hopes are blown to fact that the Encyclical those who desire to Church must accept the Primacy include.

Cardinal Vaughan Encyclical in a letter it "will dispel vague which are rich only and will "make clear who believe they out."

It was impossible take any other course taken. To have only any dogma of Catholicism been an acknowledged not establish out and indefectible Church reunion on such a would prevent the from making any insist upon the obedience of all Christians. If we were to take than this, Anglican Catholics should be g Father has not made Church's claims to offering any such expected. If the unity of Faith, the solution of knowing into a Church which itself by acknowledgment taught idolatry a centuries. It is a because it teaches taught the truth.

THE IRISH VEN.

Toronto, Hamilton chosen their delegates the great Irish will meet in Dublin delegates have ability and patriotism been authorized to their number is able. A suggestion meeting recommends gates from Canada has been generated have no doubt that in this country is personal consideration of securing unity Ireland will be the delegates from

THE REUNION OF CHRISTEN-DOM.

The Holy Father's Encyclical on Christian Union is the subject of much comment from the English press, and Anglican divines of every shade of belief.

Those divines who were most earnest in promoting the Anglican movement for a reunion with Rome express themselves as being very much disappointed with the Encyclical, and some of them have even gone so far as to make bitter comments on the position taken by the Pope.

There is no doubt that the movement in which Lord Halifax took so profound an interest, and to which even Mr. Gladstone contributed some assistance, was honestly intended, and it cannot but have permanent good results.

It has been asserted by the British Tory press that the cause of Home Rule is dead, and Mr. Arthur Balfour made the same statement in the House of Commons, but if at the coming convention the various parties or factions into which the Nationalists are divided lay aside their personal antipathies and allow themselves to think only of what is best for Ireland, it will be found that Home Rule is a living issue.

The united demand of the people of Ireland for this necessary reform in the government of the country cannot be long resisted with any success.

Delegates have also been chosen from various centres in the United States and from Australia, so that the response of the Irish people throughout the world to the invitation of the National Federation is as general as could be desired.

We have now only to pray that the convention may be fruitful of good results.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE WERE pleased last week to have a visit from Brother Remegius, a member of the Order of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. Being a native of this section of the country his many old friends were delighted to meet him once more and to know that he was enjoying the best of health.

The London Times calls the Encyclical on Christian Unity a declaration of Papal policy that is dignified, temperate and charitable. Lord Halifax and his associates have now the path traced out for them. The original letter of the Pope to the English, exhorting all to pray that there might be but one fold, led some to believe that a scheme acceptable to the various branches of Anglicanism would be adopted.

WE ARE glad that the gentleman who writes under the nom de plume of "Innominate" will ere long recognize the fact that the public is not so gullible or ignorant as he seems to imagine. We confess that his sketch of Cardinal Galimberti was true to life, and written with full knowledge of the facts.

THE Scalpel, an Irish medical journal, has published the thirty-first annual report of the Registrar General for Ireland. Dealing with the statistics of births, deaths and marriages, it is generally of little interest to the inhabitants of other countries; and the report of 1896 will have more than a passing value, for the reason that it gives some very interesting data concerning the morality of Ireland.

MR. W. D. BALFOUR has been appointed Provincial Secretary in the Ontario government. The vacancy was created by the resignation of the Premiership by Sir Oliver Mowat. The choice of a man to take the vacant portfolio lay between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Stratton of Peterborough. It appears to have been to some extent a contest between the claims of the east and the west to further representation in the Cabinet. We advocated the claims of Mr. Stratton, believing that the east had the better claim for recognition.

THE IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa have chosen their delegations to attend the great Irish Convention which will meet in Dublin on Sept. 1. The delegates have been selected for their ability and patriotism, and they have been authorized in most cases to add to their number if they deem it advisable. A suggestion of the Toronto meeting recommending that the delegates from Canada act in co-operation has been generally accepted.

THE recent Belgian elections have resulted in a complete victory for the Catholic party, which has now been in power for sixteen years. There was a time previous to this period when the Liberals and Freemasons secured a majority in the Chamber, but though they remained in power only for a short period they used their brief authority to abolish the teaching of religion in the schools, and otherwise they did violence to the religious convictions of the people, whereupon they were ousted from office and they have been out ever since.

dred and fifty-two members. One hundred and eleven members support the Government and forty-one oppose it.

A PRESS despatch appeared in the Globe, dated Ottawa, July 23, stating that Rev. Father Whelan, pastor of St. Patrick's church, has resigned his position, with a view to joining the Paulist Fathers of New York. This change will prove a decided gain to the people of St. Patrick's. Father Whelan has occupied the position of pastor of St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, for many years, and he is justly considered one of the most able priests of the Dominion, both as a writer and as a preacher.

THE Globe is authority for the statement that in ultra-Protestant circles it is rumored that the P. P. A. is on the point of disruption owing to a want of harmony between an ex-Grand President and the present Executive. The Toronto office of Mr. Alex. Karr, Grand Secretary, has been closed; but a representative of the P. P. A. Grand Sec. on being interviewed stated that the closing is due to the fact that Mr. Karr has undertaken the management of a weekly paper at Napanee, and not on account of intestine troubles; nevertheless he acknowledged that there is friction between Mr. Karr and the ex-Grand President referred to. He is of opinion, however, that there will be no disruption of the Executive. It would be but little loss to the community in general if the disruption or dissolution of the society should prove to be a fact.

MAX O'REILLY has placed on record in the North American Review for July what he thinks of the New Woman. He declares her to be "the most ridiculous production of modern times and destined to be the most ghastly failure of the century." We believe every word of it. The loud-voiced woman who is forever at meetings of female suffragists, and never in her proper sphere, is doing all in her power to disintegrate the family—to send her boys and girls into the world with a desire for notoriety, and to uproot the seeds that, with careful training, would develop into the flowering of useful manhood and womanhood. The wife and mother, low-voiced and gentle, who holds her household the most sacred place on earth, is the woman whose influence dominates us through life, but her meddling sister, with an itch for politics, is an unmitigated nuisance and weilds no power, socially or politically.

THE Scalpel, an Irish medical journal, has published the thirty-first annual report of the Registrar General for Ireland. Dealing with the statistics of births, deaths and marriages, it is generally of little interest to the inhabitants of other countries; and the report of 1896 will have more than a passing value, for the reason that it gives some very interesting data concerning the morality of Ireland. It shows that purity is still the crowning glory of the womanhood of the Green Isle, and that wherever the Catholic faith is in the ascendant reverence for the sixth commandment is characteristic of the people. In Ulster, where Catholic and Protestants are nearly equal, thirty-nine of every thousand children were born out of wedlock; in Leinster, where Protestants are still comparatively numerous, the proportion falls to twenty-seven per thousand; and in Catholic Connaught there is only one illegitimate birth to every thousand children born.

AMONG Protestants the first who introduced pilgrimages on a large scale were the Methodists who celebrated the hundredth anniversary of John Wesley's secession from the Church of England by visits made to his place of birth, and by inspecting and revering the relics of the founder of their sect.

THE Presbyterians have also recently had several pilgrimages to England, Scotland and Geneva, and now a party of American Congregationalist ministers, forty-six in number, are visiting the places which recall the memory of the Pilgrim fathers. They were hospitably received at Plymouth by a deputation of non-conformists, and thence they proceeded to the various places pointed out as having been the scenes which were visited by Miles Standish, George Soule and others. It is but a few years since all these acts maintained with warmth that such

respect for holy places and relics is superstitious, and they maintain the same thing still when Catholics make pilgrimages to the shrines of saints or venerate their relics.

IT IS BY no means an uncommon occurrence that public attention is directed by circumstances to the extraordinary labors undergone by many of the Bishops and clergy, and especially of the missionaries of the Catholic Church, but it is probably the first time since the days of St. Patrick that it has to be recorded that any prelate has ordained during his life so many priests as have been raised to the sacerdotal office by Mgr. Faber, Archbishop of Montreal. On the 22nd ult. His Grace was made the recipient of a magnificent set of vestments in honor of his having ordained during his episcopate 1,025 priests, of whom 250 were present on the memorable occasion. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Enard, of Valleyfield, and the presentation was made to the Archbishop by Very Rev. C. A. Santore, V. G., of Valleyfield, on behalf of the priests. Besides the priests referred to, His Grace consecrated 6 Bishops, and of the priests ordained by him 6 became Bishops and 1 an Archbishop. He also conferred orders on 1,219 deacons, 1,415 subdeacons, 1,555 minor orders, and 1,919 tonsures.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

HOWEVER good and devout a layman and his wife may be, yet they lack the religious habit. Boys from their earliest years are most susceptible to impressions and are very inquisitive creatures, ever noticing all that goes on around them. The constant sight of the religious habit, the routine of religious life with its regular hours of prayer, etc., is a continual lesson and example to the most thoughtless. Therefore, they should most certainly be pupils of a Catholic school.—Stand-ard and Times.

IN the report of the thirty-eighth General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, recently held, is the following: "The United Presbyterian Church believes in education. She believes in patronizing her own schools, and intends that they shall be in the front rank in the advantages they offer, and above all that they shall not neglect the cultivation of the highest part of man, his spiritual nature." These are the points especially emphasized from the beginning of the Catholic system. That our friends now believe in them is the result of the fruits of the purely-secular education practically forced upon them.—Pittsburg Catholic.

DURING the infancy of Catholicity at Rome the pagan sects worshipped large and varied assortments of little gods, and it excited their wrath that the early Catholic Christians worshipped the one and only Almighty God. That condition in religion finds its counterpart in the world of our day. Three hundred discordant and disunited little sects, with their various fantastic notions of religion, are still amazed at the unity and solidarity of the religion of Christ, and feebly combat the onward march of Rome and "Romanism." But the venerable Church continues to do business at the old stand. Her foundation still firmly rests on the Rock of Peter and "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her."—The Northwestern Catholic.

THE Anglicans have long been clamoring for Christian unity upon the basis of a recognition by Rome of the validity of their orders. The Pope has spoken emphatically and decisively upon the subject in his recent Encyclical. The divergent views taken of this historic pronouncement by leading divines and journals of the Anglican communion show that they are not prepared for unity upon any basis because they are not in agreement among themselves. Before they can claim attention as true and earnest advocates of the visible union of the Christian Churches they must become united themselves. That is, they must do away with factions and cliques, abolish idols and stand forth as resolute Christians with a creed they can defend and believe in and a purpose worth fighting for.—Boston Republic.

A lady convert in England asks: "Why could not we women get up a course of lectures on Catholic belief exclusively for women—for our separated sisters? Meetings for ladies only, presided over by ladies, are not uncommon among Protestants, as witness for example the various temperance and religious societies composed entirely of women. I will venture to predict a large measure of success for such meetings. In every sphere of intellectual activity, religious or otherwise, the influence of the weaker sex is thoroughly recognized nowadays, and I, for one, fail to see the impracticability of such a proposal. We should not lecture our sisters in the sense of the Pilgrim fathers. They were hospitably received at Plymouth by a deputation of non-conformists, and thence they proceeded to the various places pointed out as having been the scenes which were visited by Miles Standish, George Soule and others. It is but a few years since all these acts maintained with warmth that such

Some "awful disclosures" made by a young woman who had "escaped" from the convent of the Good Shep-

herd, in Louisville, Ky., a week or two ago, led an A. P. A. lawyer, J. J. Bible of that city, to get out a writ of habeas corpus on behalf of another victim of "Romish tyranny" in the same institution. There was a crowd of female sympathizers on hand when the case was brought into court, and they flocked around the victim, Rose Buckley, when the judge told her that she was free to go where she pleased. They offered her a comfortable home and no end of notoriety; but she said that she preferred to go back with the Mother Superior to the convent where she had been happy, until the officious A. P. A. women dragged her from it. "This was spoiled a beautiful story of convent horrors," and perhaps also the securing career of their inventor. We say perhaps, because there is always room for one more in the field of imposture.—Boston Pilot.

THE case of a priest who preserved the secrecy of the confessional at great sacrifice two years ago is attracting much attention in Germany. A Catholic banker sent for the Abbe Rurtz, and under the seal of confession handed him a large sum of money to be paid by way of restitution to an injured man. A few days later the banker died; and his heirs brought suit against the priest for the recovery of the sum, charging him with theft. The case was tried, and the priest, who could make no defence without violating his sacred duty, sentenced to prison for ten years. A few weeks ago the facts of the case were disclosed through another channel, and the unjust punishment was remitted; but until this German confessor of the faith had suffered much through his fidelity to the confessional. It is not so long since a similar case, of which we have first-hand knowledge, occurred in California. A jealous husband burst into the parish priest's room, and, at the point of a pistol, demanded the confession of his wife. The priest, who was an Italian, explained the nature of confession, and then told his visitor to shoot away. But the man was a coward as well as a bully, and he slunk away crestfallen.—Ave Maria.

THE Reverend Mr. Wynn, Baptist minister, put this question to Mr. William E. Gladstone: "Would you, if your heart's desire were fulfilled, see the whole of Christendom under the sway of the Pope? If not, why ask Papal sanction for the validity of the Anglican orders or any form of ministry?" In reply Mr. Gladstone wrote: "The Church of Rome recognizes as valid a baptism when regularly performed by other Christian communions. For baptism read orders. Papal sanction would strengthen Christianity." The answer is thought by some critic to be evasive, but it at least brings out the good that Mr. Gladstone seeks in acceptance by "the first Bishop of Christendom" of the orders in the Established Church—it would strengthen the hold of that institution on sincere persons, for they could then be told: "Who go over to Rome? Rome recognizes our orders. You can get the sacraments of Rome here and choose your own belief on its latest defined doctrines." But if Rome decides that the clergymen of England are only laymen, intruders in the sanctuary, without sacramental powers as clerics, then the Establishment collapses as a "branch" of the Church Catholic.—Catholic Review.

"How have the mighty fallen!" Only a year ago Signor Crispi was flushed with a recent great victory at the polls and had a powerful majority behind him in Parliament. Early this year came the great disaster to Italian arms in Africa and his being summarily hurled from power in consequence. Now he is old and broken, and the once mighty Premier knows that his political career is ended. But he still has his former effrontery, and has appeared as a beggar at the treasury door of the kingdom that he has brought to bankruptcy. He has applied for a pension, to date from the beginning of last month. He asks because of his advanced age—he will be seventy-seven next October—and because the sciatica, from which he suffers and which has lately taken an acute form, prevents him from earning a living, as formerly, as an advocate. There is another appeal of far more consequence to him that he has yet to make—he has to ask forgiveness of the God he has been offending and the Church he has been persecuting during the best part of his life. And it is high time for him to think of this.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"When a Protestant church begins to deny its Protestantism," says the Independent, "the first indication is its emphasis of orders." Our esteemed Protestant contemporary is writing about the anxiety of Lord Halifax and Mr. Gladstone to prevent Pope Leo XIII. from giving judgment against the validity of Anglican Orders. It must indeed seem strange to thorough-going Protestants that a religious body which for over two hundred years gloried in being as Protestant as Luther, rejecting the Sacrifice of the Mass, and consequently all idea of a sacrificing priesthood, in so far that the very word "priest" was abominable to it, should begin, through a large proportion of its membership, to covet the old Catholic name again, to resume in great part, the long discarded ritual; to insist that its ministers are priests, and that it always meant to make them such; and to account it of immense importance that the Pope of Rome should not deny the claim. Such Protestants are impatient of the inconsistencies of Anglicanism,

and say frankly to it: "Do one thing or another. If you now feel the necessity of orders and sacraments, go home to Rome, like the Prodigal Son, and get your heart's content of them. But stop trying to be Catholic and Protestant in one breath; and above all things, stop patronizing us, who are, at least, consistent and persevering in our Protestantism." But Catholics, though equally alive to Anglican inconsistency, look more gently upon it, for it is steadily forcing hundreds of earnest souls into the True Church.—Boston Pilot.

Those who repudiate the miracles of God are all the more ready to gaze in open-mouthed credulity at the paltry deceptions of Satan. Spiritism, Faith-healing, Mormonism, "Christian Science," Kosheshantism, Oahspeism; these are but a few of the superstitions which flourish like weeds in these days of pretended enlightenment; and the name is legion of the unclassified superstitions, many of them connected with the practice of sorcery in its most outrageous forms, which are prevalent in the land. One of the most recent freaks of the self-styled Theosophists was the announcement that the spirit of W. Q. Judge, their lately deceased leader in the United States, was to be re-incarnated in the body of a child, the birth of which was soon expected. This has disgusted some of the saner votaries of the sect, but it is a very natural outgrowth of its claim to be governed by a company of Buddhist sages in Tibet. The Tibetan Buddhists are subject to lamas or monks, whose superiors general are supposed to be incarnations of one same personality—the soul of each passing at death to the body of a newly-born infant who becomes his successor. Europeans have laughed at this for centuries as one of the greatest absurdities for which the sanction of religion was ever claimed; but nothing is too absurd to be believed by persons who are so unreasonable as to reject the true religion and expect to find consolations and light from the inventions of men.—Church Progress.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

NOW that the Pope's encyclical has set the issue on reunion in its final, unchangeable terms before the world, it is pertinent to inquire into the causes and causes which have produced the movement. It is doubtless true that Pope Leo's initiative, his ardent wish and his prudent, practical zeal have given a mighty impetus to the movement, but Pope Leo did not create it. Had he lived two centuries, or even half a century ago it is most improbable that his words would have called forth more than the faintest echo. The time was not then ripe; the forces were lying dormant. But the closing years of this nineteenth century have become marked by a spirit of unrest. There is a feverish tendency in the modern mind to escape from present conditions; we are not satisfied with our art or our letters or our philosophy, and if we agree with Max Nordau, that we are degenerate, we are at least not so far sunk in the mire as not to be dissatisfied without degeneration nor to aim continually for the good of which we feel ourselves to be destitute. Religion has shared in this quickening influence, and hence the eagerness with which men have turned their attention to the idea of reunion.

But note the difference with which Catholics and Protestants view the question. We are assuredly not less anxious than our separated brethren to see the face of the earth renewed by a united Christendom; we are not less firmly convinced than they that an increased currency (to use a phrase of the hour) of Christian principles will raise the moral tone of the world. But, unlike them, we are not working for unity because we are discontented or uneasy, or restless. We know that we are in possession of the everlasting truth in all its fulness—honest, earnest Protestants are equally aware that their truth is alloyed with error. The knowledge is no new thing, but the dissatisfaction is. Until now they were satisfied with the crumbs of truth which fell from the table, but they have begun to see that if there be a banquet, and they may have seats at it for the asking, it is foolish to live starved lives. Whether they come one by one or all together they will be equally welcome to the Master of the feast and the children of the household.—N. Y. Freeman Journal.

Archbishop Elder's Good Advice.

To a dear friend who had spoken of having a fashionable evening wedding, Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, said: "I hope you will follow the good old Catholic custom so particularly favored by the Church, of being married at Mass and receiving there the especial benediction which is not given except at Mass. I think if you were to see it once, and understand the particular prayers and blessings used on that occasion, you would be willing to break through fashion, convenience, and every obstacle, in order to profit by these graces. It is the only sacrament, except that of holy orders, for which there are any particular prayers introduced into the Mass itself. It is contrary to fashion, you will have no little merit, in showing that much independence, and still more in doing your share towards introducing a holier fashion that will multiply blessings upon yourself and the one you have chosen to be your life companion."

Then ought in every action and thought to order thyself as thou wert immediately to die.—The Imitation.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude is a very mean vice, no matter against whom it is committed. There may be some fathers and mothers listening to me who have felt how cruel a sin it is, for there are children, not a few nowadays, who have treated their parents, good parents too, with shocking ingratitude; have cursed them and reviled them; have struck them; have allowed them to live on the charity of strangers; have forced them to play the part of drudges during those sad years of old age when leisure and comfort would be so welcome...

Perhaps you have heard of the poor man who was walking along the docks one evening, and hearing the cries of a drowning man he threw off his coat, jumped into the water, and, almost drowning himself in the effort, finally brought the poor fellow safe on shore. He turned out to be a very rich man. Grateful, as you may suppose, for his life, he turned to his rescuer, he drew from his pocket a handful of silver, and—what do you think he did? He asked him if he had change for half a dollar!

Indeed there are many who towards the end of their lives suffer sharp remorse for the ingratitude of their earlier days. How many who never pray for their benefactors; who are so proud and selfish that they do not want to have any benefactors; who are just as careless of benefactors' names in their acknowledgments as of any others; who think that a little money can pay a debt of affection; who often receive and never give, nor so much as ever thank!

Well, my brethren, if we treat each other so, we treat God no better, not even so well. Now where did I get my good home, and my dear friends, and my plentiful meals, and my good bed? From God, who certainly does require at least thanks in return. Did I ever give them? Did I ever so much as actually feel that God had given me these gifts? Where did I get my good health, my clear head, my strong arm, my light step, my happy heart? Brethren, we get such things only from the most loving kindness of our Creator. And every day we get them over again. And every day we receive them, we enjoy them—alas! sometimes in a sinful manner—and we go on our way almost as if there were no God at all.

The truth is that the commonest sin of our lives is ingratitude to God. It is like the very germ sin, or the poison in the air, or the venom in the blood of fallen man. It is a sin which is rooted in pride, feeds upon selfishness, and brings forth the fruit of spiritual indifference. In truth, it is as much a state of soul as a sin or a series of sins. Hence it is heartily detested by all good Christians. They endeavor to practise the virtue of thankfulness at every turn. They are careful to give at least a quarter of an hour thanks giving after Communion; they not only make novenas for favors, but novenas in thanks for them; when at table they say at least one mouthful of prayers in gratitude for the many mouthfuls of each of their meals; they thank God for the afflictions He sends as well as His favors, for He is the same God to their loving hearts in storm or sunshine; in a word, one of the channels of the love of God in their lives is a deep sentiment of gratitude for His favors. I am inclined to believe that this virtue is a mark of predestination to eternal life.

Tourist Missionaries.

A novel mission, preached by means of precept and not by word of mouth, is that of the "Tourists of the Sacred Heart," whose territory extends through Southern France; especially in the neighborhood of Marseilles, their headquarters, where the idea originated. Observing that the peasants were losing the habit of attending Mass, some fervent young Catholics, knowing that the provinces are always ready to copy urban example, conceived the idea of making excursions to such out-lying districts for the sole purpose of giving good example; so the Tourists Club was organized to go once a month to some town in Provence, hear Mass there and spend the balance of the day in whatever pursuit appeals to its taste. The result was exactly what was anticipated. Many heretofore negligent Catholics, noting that the city folk were scrupulous about the practice of their religion, felt that attendance at Mass was "the proper thing," and though starting in thus unworthily they have been led to higher motives through the silent preaching of the Tourists of the Sacred Heart; so that a marked improvement in church attendance is noted wherever the club has been received.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HIS REWARD.

By H. COSTI-AN ARMSTRONG.

"Shady cottage" was indeed a lovely place. It was just far enough from town to deaden the noise of factories and the general bustle usually found in a thriving city.

A wide lawn lay between the cottage and the road. Trees grew plentiful about, and lastly, a veranda stretched all along the front of the house.

Here dwelt Dr. Stuart, his wife, and two children; one a boy of thirteen years, and the other a curly-headed little girl of five.

They had got tired of the city, and decided to spend the summer in the country.

They had only been here two weeks, yet the pure air and healthy exercise had changed them wonderfully.

One evening, Robert, their eldest child, entered the little sitting-room, where his father and mother and Dorothy, his sister, were sitting, with a flushed face and sparkling eyes. He had been on his "green," as the boys of the neighborhood called their playground, and had, for the first time, heard about the bicycle race, which was to come off to-morrow. "Just think, father," said he, "it will be on that level stretch of road between Mr. Morgan's house and the old mill. Everyone will be there, I guess."

Here he paused, and then continued, "Do you think Dorothy and I could go?" Dr. Stuart gravely answered, "I am afraid my little girl couldn't go. She is far too small. She would get tired standing around waiting for it to begin. Don't you think so yourself, Dot?"

As she listened to her father a few tears stole into her eyes; she brushed these away, however, and bravely answered, that she supposed she would.

Just here a neighbor stopped at the door with papers, and a letter from some one in the city. It was a note from a friend inviting Mrs. Stuart to spend a day with her in the city. As Mrs. Stuart wished to do some shopping, she accepted the invitation, and they all proceeded to get her things ready. This done, the children went off to bed. Rob was going too, when Dr. Stuart called him over to him and said: "About the race, Rob, I think you may go all right, but Dorothy can't go. Your mother leaves at 10 to-morrow, for town. I, myself, will be at the medical meeting. On the way, I will stop at Mr. Crump's and ask Joe to come over and stay with Dorothy, while you are gone. Joe won't mind, because he told me he was not going to see the race."

Rob thanked his father and went off to bed with a light heart. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, a carriage drove up at the door, and Mrs. Stuart got in and was driven to the railway station. After a while the doctor also went, leaving Rob and Dot alone.

Dr. Stuart had arranged with Mr. Crump that Joe was to come over at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The race started at 2:30.

Rob and Dot got their lunch, and went out on the veranda, to wait for Joe.

As the time passed, and Joe didn't come, Rob began to glance uneasily at the clock in the sitting-room. Five minutes past 2, no Joe; then 10 minutes past, and still no Joe. Rob grew impatient and went out to the gate where he could get a good view of the road for quite a distance.

"He should be here long ago," he muttered to himself. "I wonder what is the matter?" At last, when 15 minutes had passed and not a sign of Joe, Rob could have cried. It suddenly dawned upon him that Joe might not be coming. Perhaps he had not understood what his father had said to him. Rob didn't know what to do.

If Joe didn't come, why he could not leave Dorothy, and that meant that he could not go to see the race. An idea entered his head for a moment, but he thrust it away from him at once. The idea was to leave Dorothy alone in the house; she would surely be all right sitting right there, until he came back. He remembered, however, what his father had said to him. "Stay with Dot until Joe comes," were his words. "Father trusted me, and I will not break his trust," he said to himself.

Rob came in from the gate, and sat down beside Dorothy, he tried to amuse her and be cheerful, but he found it very hard. He had set his heart on going, and it was a bitter disappointment. He liked bicycle races very much. He also, often longed to have a bicycle, but had never asked his father to get him one.

The silence was broken by Dorothy, who suggested that they should have a game of ball. She was very sorry for her brother, and wanted to cheer him up. Rob consented, and they went into the field together.

They played ball for awhile, then they told each other stories, and after that they played checkers. Rob thought the time passed very quickly. Dot said afterward that it was as good a time as she ever had.

you know about Joe not coming?" "Ah my children, I must tell you about that," said the doctor, gravely.

"As I was coming back from town, I met a man who was going as fast as his horse could carry him, towards town. As he passed by I recognized him as Davy Crump; at the same moment he seemed to know me, for he shouted to me to stop. I did so and in a few moments he came up with me again. 'Quick doctor?' said he, 'Is your horse pretty fresh?' Now I had been going slowly most of the time, so I answered him 'Yes.' 'Good,' said he, 'I've got his leg broken and got nearly killed on his way over to your place. I was going to town for a doctor when I luckily met you! All this time we had been flying along the road towards Mr. Crump's house. Not another word was uttered between us, each attended to driving. 'Here we are,' shouted Davy, at last, and we both jumped down, hitched our horses to a post, and went in. I examined Joe, and found, that although his leg was severely injured, he had no grievous internal injuries. The family were delighted when I told them this. I staid with Joe awhile and then told them that I considered that I need not stay any longer; I, however, promised to come over to-morrow, and see how Joe was getting along. I then drove home."

They were all silent for a few moments, and then Rob spoke, "No wonder the poor fellow didn't come," he said; then they all went into the house.

As they were sitting at the tea-table that evening the doctor said: "I am glad my son had the courage to resist the temptation to leave Dorothy alone and go to the race." Rob felt repaid when his father said this to him.

Right after tea, Dr. Stuart announced to Rob and Dorothy that he was going to drive into town to get Mrs. Stuart. He had another purpose in view besides the one mentioned above, but he said nothing about it to Rob. Dorothy was let into the secret, however, and when she came and sat down beside Bob on the sofa, after the doctor had gone, he thought he saw a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and he wondered a great deal.

They were just beginning to get sleepy, when they heard the click of the gate, and a few minutes after, the papa and mamma walked in. They went off to bed right away, and were soon soundly asleep. Next morning, during breakfast, there was a great deal of whispering between Dorothy and her mother, which astonished Rob not a little, but he was more astonished when his father requested him to come out to the kitchen and see something. He wonderfully obeyed and stepped into the kitchen.

His father, mother and Dorothy were standing at the far end of the kitchen, but something else caught his eye, near him. It was bright and shiny. As he caught sight of it a thrill of delight passed through him. It was a bicycle. Who was it for? He thought perhaps it was for him. Then he caught sight of something white hanging upon the handles by a string. "To Rob, from father, mother and Dot," he read upon the card with a bounding heart. Yes, sure enough, the bicycle was for him!

All the while the rest of the family were looking on with pleased surprise. "Oh, father, I am so glad," was all that Rob could say. "My son," said Dr. Stuart, "when I saw that your honor and unselfishness conquered your natural inclinations I determined to reward you. You have well earned your reward." Rob thanked his father again and again, and he decided that "Duty before Pleasure" is a splendid motto to go by.

A Noble Deed.

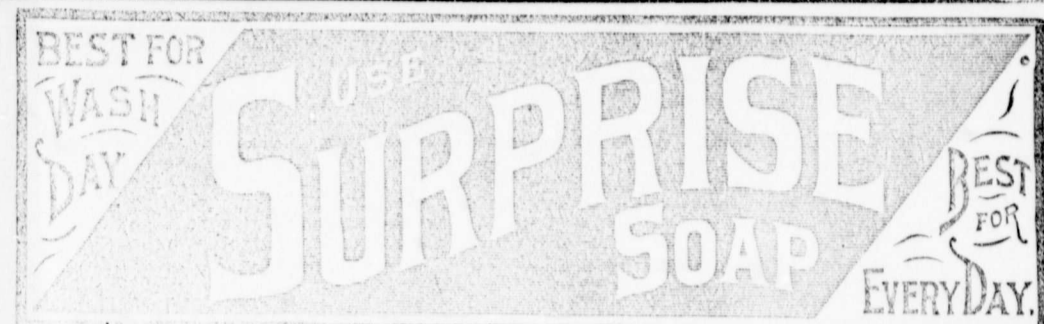
A beautiful act of the Queen of Spain is being very favorably commented upon through the entire Spanish press. The Queen was riding in her carriage with her brother, Archduke Eugene of Austria, through the Pasco de Areneros, one of the finest streets of Madrid, when they met a priest carrying the Holy Sacrament to a dying girl. Both the Queen and her brother stepped out of the royal carriage, surrounded the carriage on foot to Galtzer street, where a young girl, Maria Louise Fuentes, the daughter of the well-known actor of the same name, was in throes of death.

The Queen showed great interest in the family, and assisted at the ceremony of administering the Extreme Unction to the girl, who died soon afterward. When the priest left the house the Queen and her brother returned on foot behind the royal carriage in which the priest rode to the church of Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, where the priest dismounted and thanked the Queen for her kindness.

When the population of that quarter of the city learned of this noble act of their Queen Regent the enthusiastic demonstration seemed never to end. When the Queen had reached the palace she sent one of her adjutants to the house of the dead girl with a purse containing a round sum of money to help defray the expense incurred by the illness and death of the girl.

A Chance For Us All.

The possibilities of winter comfort seem now to be only limited by the extent of the spruce forests in the Solovka "wooden cloth"—and this is practically what Fibre Chamois is—can be had for a trifling expense to line our outer garments with, no one need ever suffer from sharp frosts or frostiest air of winter. An absolute non-conductor of heat and cold, Fibre Chamois is also durable, light and pliable so that the presence of a layer of it through a coat is never felt save by the protection it gives from a roaring gale or icy temperature. As its thorough worth has long since been proved there is no possible chance of disappointment in preparing to enjoy the beautiful warmth it always provides.



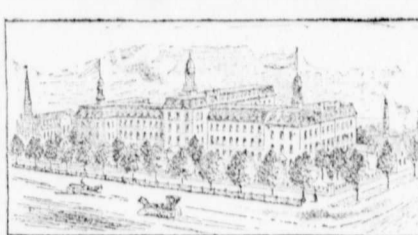
A MEDIAEVAL SERMON.

The Address of a Bishop Over a Thousand Years Ago.

William Henry Sheran of the University of Chicago furnishes to the North Western Chronicle of St. Paul, Minn., a literal translation of an Anglo-Saxon sermon preached at the dedication of the Church of St. Michael, Northumbria, by the Bishop of Oxenford in 873. "After one thousand years," writes Mr. Sheran, "this dedication sermon by the Bishop of Oxenford has the tone and freshness of yesterday. With a change of local color it might have been preached at the recent church dedication in Chicago. A comparison between the sermon of the ninth century and the recent Chicago sermon of the nineteenth century reveals the changeless character of the milk-white hind that is fated not to die. Centuries go by, but the Church goes on forever. This comparison also reveals the charming simplicity with which the most sublime Christian truths were treated in those ancient days: they were given that simple, clear, intelligible form which the Master supplied when He first made them known through parable and maxim and familiar illustration. How infinitely sublime and attractive, while coming home to every heart and mind!"

The sermon is as follows: Most Beloved Brethren:—On the mountain which is called Gorganus is the holy place of St. Michael; this mountain stands on the borders of this land of Campania near the Adriatic sea; and in this place the festival of St. Michael originated and spread throughout the faithful Church. The story in brief is thus: a rich man named Gorganus sought to kill an angry bull that troubled his flock. One day at the mouth of a cavern on the mountain side this fierce animal stood, and Gorganus improving the opportunity, let fly an arrow. But instead of hitting the mark, the arrow returned and slew the man. An explanation was asked from God when the Archangel Michael appeared in a ghostly vision and said: "Wisely ye seek from God what is hidden from man. I am Michael the archangel and by the turning of that arrow would show that I am the guardian of the place." On many other occasions Michael appeared; and the upshot of his visits was the building of a church in his honor.

It is proper that churches should be dedicated to Archangels; for we read in the Old Law that Archangels are set over every nation that they may take care of the people and likewise over the other angels, as Moses in the fifth book of the Old Law, declares in these words: "When God on high divided and scattered Adam's offspring, he set the boundaries of nations according to the number of His angels." In this sense also the prophet Daniel writes his prophecy: "An angel of God spoke to Daniel concerning the Persian people, and I declared that the Persian people, and there is none of those my supporters, save Michael, the prince of the Hebrew folk. Lo! Michael, one of the first princes, came to me in success, and I continued there with the king of the Persian nation." From these words it is manifest what great care the archangels have over mankind; for Daniel declares that Michael came to his successor, it is credible that the Archangel Michael has care of the Christian men—he who was guardian of the Hebrew folk while they believed in God; and as they were wise who on Mount Gorganus built a church in his honor, so you to-day, most beloved brethren, are wise in building this church to the honor of the same heavenly Prince. Like the Hebrew folk, we Anglo-Saxons are in sore need of his protection; we have many temporal foes, both on land and on sea, to overcome. There are among us civil strife and dissensions and much letting of blood, and the Danes in their plundering



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crafts lay waste our coasts; they come up the mouths of our rivers and burn our cities and pillage our fields and houses. As the Archangel Michael drove the evil one from heaven so may he drive out from our earthly paradise the fierce and fiendish Dane. But the Archangel Michael will assist us against our spiritual foes as he stands our guardian against temporal ones. We need all the heavenly help we can secure in this awful warfare which rages between the soul and what St. Paul calls the body of corruption. In this Church during the years to come many will find eternal life; and some alas! may find eternal death. For we read in Holy Writ that Many are called but few are chosen. Many will begin at this church to follow the narrow rugged path up the steep mountain of perfection. They will in beginning fight a good fight; but we have reason to think that the arrows of some will not hit the enemy, but, like the arrow of Gorganus, return and kill the archer. The Church, however, is intended by God to be a door to eternal life for all who enter it; and all will find it thus, if they invoke the aid of its powerful patron, St. Michael. He can drive the foe from the battlements of the soul just as he drove Satan from the battlements of heaven. He has great power with God, most beloved brethren, and he will always use that power in your behalf if you humbly beg him to do so. When our forefathers forsook the dark and bloody idols of idolatry and became children of the one true God and of His holy Catholic Church, they deemed it the greatest of all blessings. And in sooth it was a great blessing like the blessing of morn after a long dark night; it was a great blessing to be numbered among the Christian nations of the earth; it was a great blessing to be free from the vile practices of superstition and to enjoy the fellowship of the saints and the angels—to share that light which illumineth every one coming into the world. The building of this church is a proof, most beloved brethren, that you cherish that holy faith as your fathers cherished it, that you intend for yourselves and for your children that light and that bounty which the Gospel brings, and the very name which you have given to it shows that you love the fellowship of the saints and of the angels, for you have chosen a patron who unites both in his glorious title—St. Michael.

Most beloved brethren, it is your loving duty to care for this house of God, that is builded in your midst. It becomes your grateful duty to give yearly the tithe of all you receive from Him in order that His house may be in every way worthy of Him. You would not be willing, most beloved brethren, to receive all from Him and see the place of His habitation wax needy! You would not see His Northumbrian home a prey to want and ruin! From the earliest years it has been the custom of the Northumbrians to pay their tithes to God's church and to found new ones as they are doing to-day; among all the Anglo-Saxon tribes upon the island God's church has gained no truer friends than the Northumbrians; they are now and they have ever been the devoted children of the Church. Whenever the Danes harried the land and burned the shrines, the Northumbrians set to work at once and rebuilt them. May you, most beloved brethren, ever keep this in your mind; and while God's house is in your midst and the daily sacrifice is offered therein, may that house know your bounty—the large gifts of your faith and goodness. And may the great St. Michael, who has ever in mind the weal of souls, always stand near as your watchful guardian—putting to flight with his invincible sword all the foes of your temporal and eternal happiness.

A Converted "Priest-Eater."

Another of the most violent "priest-eaters" has followed the example of all such cowards and when he fell sick has turned monk. Francisque Sarcey is a well-known French writer, but more widely known as a defamer of the Church. Recently, however, he went to the monks' hospital to be nursed during his illness. Evidently his soul-journey there was good for his soul as well as his body, for he has been noted that he "eats" no more priests and writes no more bigoted essays. He now professes a tolerant skepticism and recently permitted himself to write: "What a pity that our society should be so organized that an action which leaves a stain upon honor can not be repaired, forgotten, pardoned! Oh, how marvellously inspired was the Catholic religion when it instituted the sacrament of penance and the absolution that follows as a consequence! I wish we had in our code, or rather in our customs, an institution that could be compared to the sacrament of penance. Lay society is less powerful than the Catholic priest."

It is actual merit that has given Hood's Sarsaparilla the first place among medicines. It is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

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approve of Scott's Emulsion. For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing better for starved blood is cod-liver oil. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

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C. M. B. A.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At its regular meeting, on the 24th ult., Branch 49, Toronto, expressed their sympathy by resolution as follows: That the members of this branch hereby testify their sympathy with Bro. T. J. Kelly and his family in their recent affliction, due to the death of his brother James.

E. B. A.

The annual convention of the E. B. A. will be held in the city of Toronto on September 21, when it is expected every branch and circle will be fully represented as several important questions will be laid before the delegates for their decision.

On Saturday, July 25, His Lordship Bishop Dowling conferred the order of despatch on Rev. Nicholas Lehmann, at St. Mary's cathedral. Mr. Lehmann will be raised to the priesthood next Sunday, the feast of Our Lady of the Angels, by his Lordship at the cathedral, at High Mass.

DIocese of Hamilton.

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On Sunday, the feast of St. Ann, solemn High Mass was sung at the cathedral by Rev. Mr. McEvey, assisted by Rev. S. N. Lehmann and P. Mahony as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Kelly, C. S. B., of Owen Sound, preached an instructive sermon.

At the examination for entrance to High School and the "Public School Leaving" examination the pupils of Hamilton Separate Schools were very successful. Michael Brown, one of the pupils from De La Salle Academy, was second on the entire list of those who wrote on the Public School Leaving examination, with 76 marks to his credit.

The following are the names of the children who were successful in the Entrance, with the number of marks they obtained: Margaret Blake, 42; Grace Byrne, 47; Laura Byrne, 49; Mary Doyle, 45; Margaret Duffy, 49; Margaret Fialbe, 49; Lina Flynn, 49; Mary Harper, 49; Annie Kayanagh, 41; Annie Lalonde, 49; Annie McCreary, 47; Belle McKenna, 49; Margie Quinn, 47; Mary Quinn, 49; Peter Quinn, 47; Francis Fitzpatrick, 49; Peter Maloney, 41; John O'Neill, 43; John Sinnott, 47; Henry Sweeney, 42; Joseph Callaghan, 42; Fred Connors, 41; John O'Keefe, 51.

Of the above named pupils nineteen were from the schools taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph and seven from the De La Salle Academy.

INDIAN MISSIONS IN ONTARIO.

"The harvest indeed is great, but the laborer is scarce." This is the cry of the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest.

In the great tract of country known as the Rainy River District, which is situated in the eastern portion of Ontario very little is known, but which might be given considerable aid in a material way. It is the work of a man, who is a missionary, to go to these people and to bring them to the knowledge of Christ.

Throughout this part of the Dominion there are about five thousand Indians who have no knowledge of Christ. It is the duty of the missionaries to go to these people and to bring them to the knowledge of Christ.

From the River and Walkerville schools—also under charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph—all of those who wrote were successful; seven pupils from Belle River and five from Walkerville, one, Louise Collins, 49, the highest number of marks of all the candidates from Essex county.

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He has not had the means of knowing of the teachings of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Toronto distributed at the church door instructive leaflets—controversial and devotional. After reading some the recipients can then pass them over to Protestant friends, who are positively astounded that Catholics actually believe and practice such a noble and beautiful doctrine; and in this way a double result is gained: first, the Catholic is instructed, and then a knowledge of truth is imparted to the non-Catholic.

Where branches of this society do not exist, and where Catholics feel they have no means of purchasing and distributing the different publications of the society, then let some individual member of the family make up a double packet, containing a copy of whatever Catholic weekly newspaper or magazine is received to some non-Catholic friend, and in this way a great work may be accomplished.

Let us, then, in regard to the infinitesimal number of Catholics who subscribe for Catholic papers, a very active and noble state of affairs that is not creditable—to say the least—to those Catholics who do not at least receive one Catholic newspaper.

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gin Mary. One of the most celebrated Protestant Bishops of the Island, Bjornir Sveinsson, a poet of merit, composed in honor of Mary a noble book of poems. The book was never printed, but it still exists in Iceland and at Copenhagen.

It was towards this unfortunate people, hidden in the Arctic seas, and separated from the true Church for three hundred years, that Leo XIII. turned his eyes last year. From 1551 to 1854 no attempts had been made to convert this distant and lonely island. In 1854 two French priests undertook the difficult task. Only one family was converted, and this is still the only Catholic family on the island. In 1895 the Sovereign Pontiff gave orders to the Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, Mgr. Van Euch, to establish a Catholic mission in Iceland, and last autumn two secular priests were sent thither to begin the work.

Private letters received since mention the cordial reception they met with at Reykiavik. They opened a small chapel for public worship, and at the first Mass the crowd was so great that many had to return home, being unable to find room. In the evening, at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which was followed by a sermon, the chapel was filled long before the appointed hour, and the crowd outside was four times as large as that within. A family presented itself at once for instruction, and the urgency of building a church became evident. For this purpose it would be necessary to collect alms.

There have been found, among the population of seventy-five thousand, some three hundred lepers who are sorely in need of being cared for. Father Sveinsson, an Icelandic Jesuit, has undertaken the work of collecting from generous Catholics throughout the world the wherewithal to build a leper house. It is consoling to learn that heroic souls are not wanting to nurse those poor afflicted people; for besides the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who are preparing to open a school as well as to take care of the lepers, six secular ladies have already offered themselves for the charitable work.

The Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart are earnestly requested to pray for the success of this mission which our Holy Father has undertaken to resuscitate. There is every reason to believe that the generous, hospitable, religious nature of the Icelandic race will readily accept again the true faith which was wrested from it over three hundred years ago.

Of Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, in particular for the return to Catholicism of Iceland, which has been for so long a time separated from the true Church.

Baptised by the Pope. Rev. Joseph Egan, of Tarrytown, returned from Europe last week after an absence of two years spent abroad for his health. Father Egan accompanied Col. George Bliss, of New York, as chaplain, when he and his wife went to Rome in the summer of 1921, to have their child christened by His Holiness, the Pope, in person. Besides baptizing the infant, the Pope created Colonel Bliss a Knight of St. Gregory the Great, remarking at the same time that he was Bliss by name and blessed by Heaven with deep religious fervor. Mrs. Bliss, it is said, had those words of Leo XIII. printed in letters of gold and framed.

The christening in itself, according to an eye-witness, was a most interesting affair. Mrs. Bliss was at a loss for a name to give her baby, whereupon His Holiness in the kindest manner, took down a copy of the Lives of the Saints from which she selected a name that pleased her best. It was the first American baby that received such an honor at the hands of Leo XIII. and so far as is known the first baby of any nationality.

The scene was a most impressive one. Mrs. Bliss, her baby, and the nurse formed a centre round which were circled a number of Cardinals and other high dignitaries of the Church. When the baby cried on being touched with the holy water, His Holiness smiled and said it was a sign of longevity.

Michael Dayitt. An incident has just occurred in the House in the "pairing" of Sir Howard Vincent and Mr. Michael Dayitt. The last time their names were associated was when Sir Howard (then Mr.) arrested Dayitt near London, in 1882, on the charge of breach of the conditions of his ticket-of-leave. Dayitt, released from Portland prison, had been speaking out his heart and mind in Ireland. Vincent arrested him at 6 in the morning on the Crossman, train as it reached London, took him to Bow street and saw him locked up in Millbank prison. Now, although Mr. Dayitt cannot be said to have allowed his views on Irish independence to drop, his young Ireland respect are modified, and he holds the respect of good men of all sections in Parliament.

Devotion to the Precious Blood, with its hymning of the Church and its blessing of the Sacraments, will give us Michael's heart and the craft to use Michael's sword. Who ever drew his sword with nobler haste or drew his sword more tenderly than that brave archangel, whose war cry was, All for God—Father Faber.

Ordained a Priest. Prince Maximilian, of Saxony, was ordained a priest at Dresden on the 26th. His father, Prince George, Duke of Saxony, and his sisters, the Princess Mathilda and Mary, were present at the ordination ceremonies. The Pope sent his blessing to the newly-ordained priest.

Acute Dyspepsia. A Trouble That Makes the Lives of Thousands Miserable.—The only Rational Treatment is to Remove the Cause of the Trouble—One Who Suffered Greatly Shows How This Can be Done at a Comparatively Trifling Expense.

The life of a dyspeptic is beyond doubt one of the most unhappy lots that can befall humanity. There is always a feeling of overfulness and