

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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The Father's Happy Hour
Here they are this blissed mornin' bin
on tanzalizin' me;
Five in all, very small, such a dainty
lass;
Tiny arms around me neck, sweetly
idolizin' me;
Och, me happiest hour on Sunday is
while mother's gone to Mass.
Margaret is tin year o'ld, and isn't she
the sootherer?
Kathleen climbs upon me knees, sure
she's a colleen fair.
Then there's Nora, full o' fun; Molly,
the deluderer.
An' gentle little Eileen, wid the silky
golden hair.
Climbin' all around me, sure they almost
take the breathe o' me.
What'll I do at all wid them, these
little girls o' mine?
Margaret, ye ought to have more sinse;
ye'll be the death o' me;
Och, yes, I'll take ye ridin' if the
afternoon is fine.
I want to read the mornin' news, but
what's the use of thyrin' it?
There's the Sunday papers scattered
all around the fire.
Nora, lave me hat alone, sure like a kite
ye flyin' it.
Molly, if ye'd bow'd I'll call the
nagur at the dure.
Och, look at this room, the roostin' is
complete o' it;
Chairs are turned upside down an'
everything askew.
What'll mother say when she comes an'
sees the state o' it?
I might as well put on me hat an'
coat an' march away.
Childer, childer, och, but there's a
crowd o' ye!
Worth yer weight in shinin' gold is
every little lass.
Sure wid all yer nimble ways 'tis meself
that's proud o' ye.
An' me happiest hour on Sunday is
while mother's gone to Mass.
—English Gentle in New York Sun.

VALIANT BLOW FOR CHRISTIANITY

A recent number of the Civiltà Cattolica calls attention to the course Modernism is running in Italy and other lands. When the Encyclical Pascendi was issued four years ago, the synthesis of all heresies was not known in its real character. The alarm sounded by the Vatican seemed to some to be pitched in too high a key. Protestant critics especially were of this way of thinking. The successor of St. Peter, however, spoke from the fulness of knowledge when he dealt with teachings which, if allowed to be disseminated unopposed, would undermine the very foundations of Christianity. That this would have been the result of their general acceptance is proved by the havoc they are making with the Catholic faith, which, not possessing a divinely commissioned guide, have not the resisting power of her who has the promise of Christ Himself that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. They are, therefore, showing signs of wavering at the very first assault.

In Germany, the birthplace of Protestantism, the Modernism condemned by the Encyclical Pascendi is making its greatest ravages. The case of Pastor Jatho of Cologne emphasizes the statement we have just made. For years he had been preaching against the Divinity of Christ. At last the Ecclesiastical Tribunal of Berlin took him in its firm, various from the Anglican Confession. If we must apply the canon, "in necessary things, unity; in doubtful, liberty," the question naturally suggests itself, but what are necessary things?

That is a question on which, on the theory of individual interpretation of the Bible, Protestantism necessarily cannot be united. Its essential principles stand as insuperable barriers against such unity. The Ecclesiastical Tribunal of Berlin, in condemning Pastor Jatho, was far from being logical. Of its action the Civiltà Cattolica very truly says: "The case of Pastor Jatho is a forced tribute, on the part of Protestantism, to the consistent and dignified course pursued by the Catholic Church, especially in her open and loyal opposition to Modernism—an opposition which has been so misrepresented and so little understood by Protestants, and even we may add, by certain Catholics in Germany."

It is on account of this misunderstanding that the valiant blow struck by Pius X. in the Encyclical Pascendi in defence of Christianity is not more widely and better appreciated than it is. Referring to this lack of appreciation the Civiltà Cattolica says: "There are still very many, even among Catholics, who regard Modernism as an ephemeral phenomenon confined to the Catholic Church. This is a superficial judgment. Those who do not limit themselves to surface appearances recognize that Modernism, as it has been often said, is in reality a world-wide movement in the interest of rationalism and of a form of unbelief that is as complex as it is varied. It begins with a negation of the very fundamentals of the philosophy and history of religion, and has for its goal, the utter destruction of all religion. If the Modernist movement has attracted more attention among Catholics, and if

It has called forth the strongest opposition and most solemn condemnation of the ecclesiastical authority, it is because the Catholic Church, who is ever consistent, guards faithfully the deposit of truths confided to her by her Divine Founder."

It is well not to lose sight of the role the Church is enacting in making religion war upon Modernism. In so doing she is defending Christianity against an insidious and dangerous plot which, if carried to a successful issue, would eradicate every trace of the Christian religion. The inherent weakness of Protestantism renders it a very poor ally in this stand in defence of Christianity. The Protestant sects have enough to do to hold their own against the Modernists within their ranks, who are daily becoming more and more aggressive in their attack upon the essential principles of Christianity. — N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

SEVERE BUT DESERVED

For pure journalistic viciousness, The Maritime Baptist's latest utterance on the marriage question, takes a high place. It was said, some time ago, that the Herbert case would not be proceeded with. The reason given was, that Herbert had no funds to proceed. The Baptist said: "Nobody believes that the reason given for withdrawal is the real one. It is believed that the Roman Catholic authorities do not want to risk judgment, having come to the conclusion that the highest courts would not confirm the ecclesiastical decree. . . . The Roman Church evidently intends by every means, to prevent an authoritative judgment on the question. We always try to make allowance for mistakes that are stupid and stupid in black and bitter prejudice; but this is too much for our charity. We have compassion for the prejudiced man, for the stupid man, for the man who picks up other people's lies; but we fail to understand how any of these excuses can be plausible in the case of a man who commits to paper the above statement as to what 'Nobody believes.' This is either falsehood or mania, and men who are insane are dangerous while at large. We have no hesitation in saying that the man who writes the above is more dangerous in any community than a 'firebug' for sanctimonious incendiarism, whether it have its root in sheer rascality or in madness, is more dangerous to the welfare of the State than fire that are made with hands, and with needs can be extinguished.—Antigonish Caskeet.

AN UNDENIABLE FACT

SOCIALISM'S AVOWED ENMITY TO THE CHURCH

Lecturing recently on socialism, Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, of Maynooth College, said:

"With socialism pure and simple no Catholic can have any sympathy. As it is advanced by its ablest exponents, it is based largely on a materialistic system of philosophy which denies the existence of God and a Divine Providence governing the destinies of the world. It assumes that human society is being gradually evolved, not under the guidance of God, but under the stress of economic laws, and that this natural evolution has now reached the stage when individual ownership should be abolished in favor of collective ownership. The large body of continental socialists openly scoff at the existence of God and the doctrine of a future life of rewards and punishments. Man, they say, should seek his happiness in the goods of this earth. In the possession of these goods consists his heaven. If men begin with such propositions as these, they believe that there is no Divine Providence guiding the destinies of the world, no future life where the apparent inequalities of this life shall be set right, no example of suffering given by our divine Saviour for men to imitate, and no teaching of this same Saviour about the rewards in store for the poor and the oppressed, and the punishments for the extortioner and the unjust—if they believe all this, it is easy to understand how they should advocate equality for all in the possessions of the goods of this earth, and the abolition of private ownership as the means of attaining such equality."

"Again, it cannot be denied, for it is a fact notorious to all, that wherever the socialists have become powerful they have waged war against revealed religion, and more especially against the Church. On their platforms and in their official programmes they sometimes proclaim that religion is the affair of the individual, and they do not interfere with the religious beliefs of any man; but such professions are not in accordance with their policy. They are made in order to deceive supporters and to win recruits, who would not join in an avowed anti-religious campaign. It is not by such professions we are to judge them, but by the whole trend of the movement; and, judging them by that standard, we see that in Germany, in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Spain and Portugal—in a word, wherever they have secured a foothold and can show their true colors in safety, they make no secret of their wish to overthrow the very fundamentals of the Catholic Church. On this matter there may be slight shades of difference. One man may express himself more violently than another; one man may be prepared to advance further and more rapidly than another; but, taking them all in all, I can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that the socialists, as a whole, wherever we find them in full swing, is the declared enemy of the Church."

"And it is precisely this undeniable fact, socialism's avowed enmity to the

Church, which should be insistently brought to the notice of the American Catholic laborer," says the Ave Maria, commenting upon the foregoing. "He is perfectly within his rights when, as a member of a union, or as an individual, he advocates, pleads for and votes for a large measure of social and economic reform; but he is emphatically going astray when he identifies himself with genuine philosophical socialists, whose aim is not merely to effect salutary reforms within the framework of existing society, but to destroy that framework altogether, and to abolish among other institutions the Church, to which labor and capital must look for the solution of their apparently insoluble problems."

MORE ABOUT "MENTAL BONDAGE"

From the Caskeet
Cardinal Newman called prejudice "the last quotations from his lecture on that subject, he described the prejudiced man as being one who has an object to, or to try to disturb, his projected view. He says: "To bring proof against us is, he thinks, but a matter of time; and we know in affairs of everyday how annoyed and impatient we are likely to become, when obstacles are put in our way in any such case. We are angry to let delay when they arise, but accidental, and the issue is certain; we are not angered, but we are sobered, we become careful and attentive to impediments, when there is a doubt about the issue. . . . Such is the feeling of the prejudiced man when we urge our objections—not softened by them at all, but exasperated the more; for what is the use of even incontrovertible arguments against a conclusion which he already considers to be infallible? This, you see, is the reason why the most overwhelming refutations of the calumnies brought against us do us no good at all with the Protestant community. We were tempted, perhaps, to say to our selves, 'What will they have to say in answer to this? Now at least the falsehood is put down forever, it will never show its face again?' Vain hope! Just the reverse, like Milton's day-star, after sinking into the ocean, it soon 'repairs its drooping head.'"

"And tricks its beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

Certainly; for it is rooted in the mind itself; it has no uncertain holding upon things external; it does not depend on the accident of time, or place, or testimony or sense, or possibility, or fact; it depends on the will alone. Therefore, "unhurt amid the war of elements," it "smiles" at injury and "defies" defeat for it is safe and secure, while it has the man's own will on its side.

The great Cardinal has described here, the mental processes of most of the bigots of this time, of all previous time, of all time since. Were the disputed matter merely business or politics the operations of prejudice would be lamentable enough; but when the matter involves the condemnation of the Catholic Church, or aversion to so vast a body of people because they are supposed to be "in mental bondage," or to be hopelessly under the spell of magic, or to be steeped in deceit, or to be pledged to treacherous principles of action; then these operations of prejudice are a vast and a terrible thing, possessed by them. And such an attitude of mind being most uncharitable, there must be responsibility and a bad conscience, in very many cases. Such a wholesale departure from justice can not in all cases be innocent.

"Such is the virtue of prejudice—it is ever reproducing, in vain, as let us expose; he rises again in Theodore's Teodoro is put down; in vain, for future story-tellers and wonder-mongers, as yet unknown to fame, are below the horizon, and will come to view, and will unfold their tale of horror each in his day, in long succession; for these whispers, and voices, and echoes, and reverberations are but the response, and as it were, the expression, of that profound, unvaried persuasion, and that intense illusion, which wraps the soul and steep the imagination of the prejudiced man."

ARCHBISHOP HARTY EXPOSES MISSIONARY SUBTERFUGE

We have already noted the action taken by Archbishop Harty with regard to the Jaus-facé policy of the Y. M. C. A., posing as "non-sectarian" in the matter of membership and at the same time acting as "sectarian" in election to its executive board. Now we find the same vigilant and sturdy guardian of his flock taking the most practical measures to have this double-faced conduct exposed before the world by sending to the leading newspapers here and in the Philippines a full statement of the despotic policy of the organization, noting in the ordinances of its constitution as to membership to show that it is really sectarian while professing to be non-sectarian. The Archbishop says in part in the course of his pastoral.

"Did the Y. M. C. A. confine itself to philanthropy, social activities or athletic sports, would probably be no occasion for us to notice it. But it is, as constituted, a practical denial of the Catholic Church, a heretical cult and a danger to Catholic youths; and on this account it is my duty to warn my flock against joining or aiding it."

"Not only does it not recognize the Catholic Church as the pillar and ground of truth, and the successor of St. Peter as Christ's Viceregent on earth; but, on the contrary, on its own authority, it has organized itself into a religious body entirely independent of

versions, in later years, however, in England, and in other countries, mark a steady victory for the truth. And, there is, we believe, in all Protestant communities less credulousness in accepting any and every old story or new story about the Catholic Church and the Catholic religion. And we think the number of Protestants who have considerable general respect for the Catholic religion and who are willing, to give one ear at least to Catholic explanations, has increased very much.

We have, however, under our eyes every day, the unmistakable proof that sixty years of education, study, travel and freer intercourse socially, have done prejudice almost wholly unaltered in a lamentable large number of Protestant minds. We are sorry to say that there is still a strong hold of prejudice in the Protestant pulpit, and another in the Protestant religious press. And Cardinal Newman, if he were now alive, would not have to go outside the little province of Nova Scotia to find illustrations for his lectures; and we fear that he would still be obliged to declare that prejudice is "the life of the Protestant view."

Such is the prejudiced man at best advantage; but commonly under the aspect of the possibility of a religion, they must not either join this double-faced and insidious hypocrisy or take part in its worship or lectures.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

the Catholic Church and its visible head. On its own authority also it prescribes what must be professed and what belief suffices for its membership; it holds religious services according to evangelical forms, and its preachers are either professional laymen or else ministers of evangelical denominations."

"By setting up its test of membership the Y. M. C. A. implicitly, at least, distinguishes between truths necessary to be believed, and doctrines not of faith. Singling out one dogma to be held, it implies that all other doctrines, even though revealed, are not binding upon the assent of the mind; or rather, since reason itself evinces that, if God revealed other doctrines, they must be true and must be held, this society, by excluding them from its test, casts a doubt upon their revelation."

"Moreover, in exercising its private judgment as to what must, or need not be believed, the Y. M. C. A. has planted itself on the basis of all Protestant sects, whose fundamental tenet is that in the choice of a religious creed the ultimate criterion of truth is not the authority of the Church, but the individual judgment of every man."

HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT NOW BELONGS TO CATHOLICS

The present year marks a Scottish centenary which is of more passing interest to the Catholic settlers in British Columbia. One hundred years ago a Scottish sheriff, strolling along the banks of the River Tweed, in leisure secured from his duties at the neighboring town of Selkirk, sighted a picturesque little farm lying in the hollow on the southern bank of the world-famed river. Its setting appealed to the poetic instincts of the pedestrian. To the rear the famous Eldon Hills tower, the hills which Border lochs credit the great Michael Scott as having "split the Eldon Hill in three." Almost every yard of ground around the farm speaks of Border raids and forays, the winding past it, Tweed's silver stream glittered in the sunny beam."

It was an ideal spot, which appealed to one whose soul was imbued with Border history, and so, after negotiations, the farm of "Clarty Hole" was purchased by Scotland's great novelist, Sir Walter Scott. Once in possession, Sir Walter found no charm in the name of "Clarty Hole," but with what name was he to replace it? Various titles were thought of, only to be discarded, until at last, a little bridge path from the high road to the river solved the problem.

Yet it was a curious irony of fate for the author of the bigoted "Tales of Grandfather" to be compelled to hand over to Catholic sources to find an appropriate name for the house and estate which were destined to keep his name green to the millions to come after the great Border Wizard, and to seek, in pilgrimage, the spot made hallowed by his name.

In the old Catholic days, when Melrose Abbey resounded to the devotions of the monks, when the Holy Sacrifice was offered up within its sacred walls, the successors of St. Cuthbert did not neglect their duties to the wide domain over which they ruled. In the neighboring hamlets of Galashiels, Selkirk, and other places, they sent their monks, all of which owed allegiance to the abbey, the holy men of God visited the prototypes of what would now be termed parishes, to celebrate Mass and minister to the people.

We can picture the monks or the abbots issuing forth from the abbey, and, mounted on sturdy Border ponies, traversing Melrose street, and proceeding along the southern bank of the river Tweed, arriving at where now stands Abbotsford's classic "romance of stone and lime." From the road they proceeded down the little bridge path to the Tweed, which they crossed at the ford.

And thus Sir Walter Scott gave to his new home the name of "Abbotsford," a name which was to become famous throughout the civilized world, and which was destined to attract annually thousands of the admirers of the works of "The Border Wizard" from all parts of the globe.

A sad feature of the centenary is the fact that the heir to the mansion and lands of Abbotsford, Mr. Walter Scott, has but recently left Tranquille Sanatorium after a somewhat vain quest after health, and has returned to his mother's home.

The present owner of Abbotsford is the Hon. Mrs. Joseph Maxwell Scott, whose husband is one of the Maxwell family. Mrs. Scott is a writer of no mean ability, and has edited her great ancestor's works on more than one occasion. She is also the authoress of several religious works, one of the best known being her life of Queen Margaret of Scotland.

Of plain, simple habits, the family spend a considerable portion of the year between Normandy and London. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is beloved by all the tenants and dependents on her estate. Her servants are rarely changed, and revere their mistress, whose health, like that of her eldest son, is far from robust. When the latter, some years ago, was nearing his majority, Borderers were elated at the possibility of the baronetcy of Sir Walter Scott being renewed in this young descendant, but the powers then at the head of imperial affairs allowed the occasion to pass unnoticed.

Abbotsford came into the possession of the late Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, James Hope, O. C., who became "one of us," in the old "secular days, when England was convulsed by the conversions of such men as Newman and Manning, both of whom were close friends of the eminent Queen's Counsel. Another warm friend was the late Right Hon. William Ewart Glad-

stone, who, it was thought, would have followed his trusted friend, Mr. Hope, within the folds of the True Church, but expectations were disappointed. The conversion of Mr. Hope was one of the sensations of the day. A man of sterling piety, his Rosary was his constant companion, and a friend of his assured the writer that on one occasion, when he sought out Mr. Hope on a legal matter, he found him pacing the lobby of the courts telling his beads.

Such was the man who married the granddaughter of Sir Walter, and whose wealth completed Abbotsford; externally and internally, in a manner not possible to the limited means of Sir Walter. But he did more. In the neighboring town of Galashiels, Mr. Hope Scott (he had to assume the name of Scott on his marriage) built a church which for beauty is unequalled by any Catholic cathedral or church in broad Scotland. The design is severe Gothic, and when the time came for its internal re-doing, Catholics were fortunate in having, as its pastor, Very Rev. Canon Rooney, in whom a first class artist was lost in the priest. Under the Canon's supervision the interior is now in keeping with the design of its founder, and even American Catholics, when they visit the church, are forced to admit that even the land of the Stars and Stripes can produce finer churches. But the erection of the church did not exhaust the generosity of the Hope family, for Mr. Hope's sister, Charlotte, on her death, bequeathed her jewels to provide for an altar of Our Lady, which, for richness of design, the writer has not seen equalled in Britain. In connection with this church there is a pathetic incident. Mr. Hope was nearing his eternal reward as the church was finished, and his last signature was over a check for the final installment of the money due to the builders.

Mr. Hope also sent large sums of money to assist poor missions throughout Scotland, while in Abbotsford he fitted up a costly private chapel, in which Mass is frequently said when the family are in residence.

On Mr. Hope-Scott's death, Abbotsford came into the possession of his daughter, who married one of the Dundee family, the curio of Abbotsford are known over the English-speaking world, but there is one object in the octagon glass protected case which has a mournful interest for our co-religionists. This is a beautiful ivory crucifix, valuable intrinsically and priceless as being the emblem of salvation carried by Mary Queen of Scots on the day of her judicial murder by her cousin Elizabeth.

Other objects of Catholic interest are copies of the ceiling of Roslin chapel and of the Abbots Bay at Melrose Abbey, the keys of Lockwood Castle, thrown into the lake on the escape of Mary, Mary. To a very favored few, Mr. Martin Flynn, who has grown gray as custodian of the Abbotsford treasures, will give, as he gave to his old friend, the writer, the precious privilege of a seat in Sir Walter's chair. Now that the heir of the estate has returned to the home of his fathers, let my fellow-Catholics sometimes offer up a prayer that he may be long spared to follow in the footsteps of his pious mother and uphold the Faith as she has done.

Let me close this little article by a story not generally known, which shows how God never forsakes those who trust in Him. Unlike some tales, this is a true incident of the days of Mr. Hope-Scott:

One day Mr. Hope-Scott was driving through the little town of Selkirk, a few miles distant from Abbotsford, and with him was a grave-looking gentleman. As the little dogcart was being taken up the steep hill which leads into the town, the horse stopped, at a close, and no amount of persuasion or even more drastic measures, would induce it to proceed. The two gentlemen were in desperation, and, as they stood helplessly by the rebellious animal, a woman came hurriedly down the close. "Do either of you gentlemen know where I can get a Catholic priest?" she queried excitedly.

Mr. Scott-Hope looked at his companion. "You have one here," he said, with that sunny smile for which he was noted.

His companion at once proceeded with the woman to a house in the close, where he found a poor woman dying. "I knew I would have a priest," she said, "because I had prayed every day to God not to die without the sacraments."

Having heard her confession, the stranger priest set out for Galashiels, and returned in time to give the dying Catholic the Viaticum. The woman died shortly afterwards, without knowing that she had been prepared for heaven by no less a person than Cardinal Newman. The story was told to me by Father Forbes, S. J., who was a close friend of Mr. Hope-Scott, and is given here to point a moral.—J. P. K. in the Western Catholic.

The Catholicity of the Temperance Cause

"Sometimes," says a Catholic priest, "we are accused of being fanatics because we criticize the liquor traffic as usually carried on; because we endeavor to have the laws enforced against saloons which are conducted in an offensive manner. As to the Catholicity of our conduct we are safe enough, for we follow the admonitions of Holy Church, which is pronounced by the Penary Council of Baltimore. The reason we do this is not because we claim to be better Catholics than others, nor because we have one set of principles and they another. It is because we know the saloon to be the place where the most drinking is commonly done. There it is that nearly all the drunkenness is committed. If, by exception, one learns to drink at home, he yet carries on his intemperance in the saloon. We know perfectly well where men get drunk. It is a plain case."

CATHOLIC NOTES

At the time of his death Cardinal Moran's total wealth amounted to \$9,025, and his debts to \$10,545.

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago, with Rev. W. J. Finn, C. S. P., at their head, will go abroad in May to take part in an international contest to be held in Paris.

Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., in an address to the students, officially announced to the student body the gift of \$100,000 to Holy Cross from the Bishop and priests.

When the Maid of Orleans was raised to the altars in Rome in 1900, 69 French Bishops and over 40,000 of the French clergy and laity thronged St. Peter's, and the Holy Father himself was present and venerated the newly beatified saint Joan of Arc.

The celebration on Thursday of the golden jubilee of Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, was a notable event in the city and country where the distinguished prelate is so well-beloved, and so highly esteemed by Catholics and non-Catholics.

The Catholic women of Winnipeg have formed themselves into an association to be known as the "Lady Helpers of the Good Shepherd," to assist the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in their noble work for the redemption of fallen way girls.

Justin McCarthy, the Irish historian, writer and former party leader, was eighty one years old on November 22. He lives at Folkestone, a pleasant watering place in Kent, England, and with him resides his daughter, Miss Catherine McCarthy, who was just named the distinguished literary man and politician through an illness from which he is still weak.

Most Rev. Ambrose Agius, O. S. B., Titular Archbishop of Palmyra and Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, died suddenly in Manila on December 13th, of peritonitis. Monsignor Agius had been summoned to Rome, and had arranged to sail January 7. His demise according to a press cablegram from Rome, has deeply grieved the Holy Father.

Cardinal Bourne of Westminster is the junior of the Cardinals created at the recent Consistory. He is in his fifty-first year. Cardinal Merry Del Val still remains the youngest member of the Sacred College. He is forty-six and was only thirty-eight years old when he was created Cardinal.

Rev. Patrick J. Supple, D. D., administrator of the Church of St. John, Roxbury, Mass., has been named as Boston's Bishop. Dr. Supple, who is in Rome as one of the suite of Cardinal O'Connell, is one of the best known of the younger priests of the diocese with which he has been connected ever since his ordination to the priesthood.

In the course of a sermon at St. Cecilia's cathedral, Omaha, Bishop Scannell scored the idle rich who patronize unclean theatrical productions that are presented under the guise of "art." "In my judgment," said the Bishop, "the greatest injury to the moral order is done by the idle rich. Moral deterioration always takes its rise among the well-to-do class, and gradually finds its way down among the plain people."

Holland entered upon the nineteenth century under a regime of bigotry and oppression, but developed during its course into one of the fairest gardens of the Catholic Church. According to statistics drawn up by a Protestant pastor, Holland in 1805 contained 673 parishes and 925 priests; at present there are 1,015 parishes and 2,310 priests. Between 1830 and 1900 the Catholic spent over \$200,000,000 on their churches alone, and established schools in which more than 150,000 children receive a Catholic education.

For working people residing in the suburbs of our large cities the duty of hearing Mass on holy days of obligation often presents very serious difficulties. In many cases for those living at a distance it is well-nigh impossible for them to attend at Mass and be at their place of occupation in time to begin the day's work. It was in consideration of this difficulty that a "mid-day Mass" was inaugurated at St. John's church in St. Louis on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The Russian ban against the Jesuits has proved a bar against the entry into that country of Father Pigot, an eminent Australian scientist, who is anxious to visit the Pulkova observatory to investigate some cosmological questions with Prince Galitzin. The British embassy, on behalf of the meteorological office in London, made special but futile representation at the ministry of the interior in order that the anti-Jesuit law might be relaxed in favor of the eminent scientist.

The arrangements for the establishment of a Catholic Institute in Glasgow, Scotland, are rapidly nearing completion. Most encouraging support has now been secured. According to the present intention of the promoters, a central site will be utilized for the construction of a club, library, reading rooms and lecture hall. The Institute, which will be registered as a limited liability company, will act as a centre of Catholic life throughout the West of Scotland. Professor J. S. Phillimore, Glasgow University, is chairman of the organizing committee.

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Finkner Cooper

CHAPTER IV

"No morbid maid might hope to vie With Laila's cheek, or Laila's eye; No maiden loved with purer truth, Or ever loved a lovelier youth."

"Miles," said Moses, suddenly, after riding a short distance in silence, "I must quit the old lady, this very night, and go down with you to town. We must have that money up at the place of sale, in readiness for the vagabond; for, as to letting him have the smallest chance at Willow Grove, that is out of the question."

"As you please, Marble; but how get yourself in trim to meet another relation, the second you have laid eyes on, in this world?"

"Think of that, Miles! Think of my having two relations! A mother and a niece! Well, it is a true saying, that it never rains but it pours."

"You probably have many more, uncles, aunts, and cousins in general, The Dutch are famous for counting cousins; and no doubt you'll have calls on you from half the county."

"I saw that Marble was perplexed, and did not know, at first, but he was getting to be embarrassed by this affluence of kindred. The mate, however, was not the man long to conceal his thoughts from me; and in the strength of his feelings he soon let his trouble be known."

"I say, Miles," he rejoined, "a fellow may be bothered with felicity, I find. Now, here, in ten minutes perhaps, I shall have to meet my sister's darter—my own, born, blood-niece; a full-grown and I dare say, a lovely young woman; and hang me if I know exactly what a man ought to say in such a state of the facts. Generalizing won't do with these near relations; and I suppose a sister's darter is pretty much the same to a chap as his own darter would be, provided he had one."

"Exactly; had you reasoned a month, you could not have hit upon a better solution of the difficulty than this. Treat this Kitty Huguenin just as you would treat Kitty Marble."

"Ay, ay; all this is easy enough enough, and to such scholars as you; but it comes hard on a fellow like myself to have his ideas out of him, as it might be, with a wind in the mane of the old woman right well, and could get along with a dozen mothers, better than with one sister's darter. Suppose she should turn out a girl with black eyes and red cheeks, and all that sort of thing; I dare say she would expect me to kiss her."

"Certainly she will expect that, should her eyes ever be white, and her cheeks black. Natural affection protects this much even among the least enlightened of the human race."

"I am disposed to do everything according to usage," returned Marble, quite innocently, and more discomposed by the situation in which he so unexpectedly found himself, than he might have been willing to own; "while, at the same time, I do not wish to do anything that is not expected from a son and an uncle. If these relations had only come one at a time."

"Poh, poh, Moses—do not be quarrelling with your good luck, as it's at its height. Have I not said, and I'll engage one of those four girls is your niece—that with the bonnet, for a dollar; as being ready to go home, and the whole having come to the door, in consequence of seeing the chaise driving down the road. They are puzzled at finding us last, however, instead of the usual driver."

Marble heaved, attempted to clear his throat, pulled down both sleeves of his jacket, settled his black handkerchief to his mind, slyly got rid of his hand, and otherwise "cleared ship for action," as he would have been very apt to describe his own preparations. After all, just as he was pulling up the horse he said to me, in a voice so small and delicate, that it sounded odd to one who had heard the man's thunder, as he hailed yards and tops in gales of wind.

"Miles, my dear boy, I do not half like this business; suppose you get out, and open the matter to the old lady. There's four of them, and that's that's three too many. Go, now Miles, that's a good fellow, and I'll do the same for you another time. I can't have four nieces here, you'll own yourself."

"And while I am telling your story to your niece, your own sister's daughter, what will you be doing here pray?"

"Doing? Why, anything, my dear Miles, that can be useful. I say, boy, do you think she looks anything like me? When you get nearer, if you should think so, just hold up a hand as a signal, that I may not be taken by surprise. Yes, yes; you go first, and I'll follow; and as for 'doing,' why, you know, I can hold the 'bloody' rube, who I caught, threw the reins to Marble, who seized them with his hands, as if the beast required holding, while I alighted, and walked to the cluster of girls, who awaited my movements in surprise and silence. Since that day, I have seen more of the world than might have been expected in one of my early career; and often have I had occasion to remark the tendency there exists to extremes in most things; in manners, as well as in every other matter connected with human feelings. As we become sophisticated, acting takes the place of nature, and men and women often affect the greatest indifference in cases in which they feel the liveliest interest. This is the source of the ultra sang froid of what is termed high breeding, which would have caused the four young women who then stood in the door-yard of the respectable farm-house at which I had alighted, to assume an air as cold, and as marble-like, at the sudden appearance of Mrs. Wemore's chaise, containing two strange faces, as if they had been long expecting our arrival, and were a little displeased it had not occurred an hour sooner. Such, however, was not my reception. Though the four girls were all youthful, blooming, pretty, delicate in appearance, according to the fashion of American women, and tolerably well attired, they had none of the exterior of conventional manner. One would speak quick to another; looks of surprise were often exchanged;

there were not a few downright giggles, and then each put on as dignified an air to meet the stranger as, under the circumstances, she could assume.

"I presume Miss Kitty Huguenin is among you young ladies," I so unheeded, bowing as civilly as was necessary; "for this appears to be the house to which we were directed."

A girl of about sixteen of decidedly pleasing appearance, and one who bore an uncouth resemblance to old Mrs. Wemore to be recognized, advanced a step out of the group, a little eagerly, and then as suddenly checked herself, with the timidity of her years and sex, as if afraid of going too far.

"I am Kitty," she said, changing color once or twice; now flushing, and now growing pale. "Is anything the matter, sir? has grandmother sent for me?"

"Nothing is the matter, unless you can call good news something the matter. We have just left your grandmother on our business, having been up to 'Squire Van Tassel's' on her affairs; rather than sit so on foot, she sent her chaise, on condition that we should stop on our return and bring you home with us. The chaise is the evidence that we set under orders."

In most countries, such a proposition would have excited distrust in America, and in that day, more especially among girls of the class of Kitty Huguenin, it produced none. Then, I flatter myself I was not a very frightful object to a girl of that age, and that my countenance was not of such a cast as absolutely to alarm her. Kitty accordingly, wished her companions hasty adieus, and in a minute she was placed between Marble and myself, the old vehicle being sufficiently spacious to accommodate three. I made my bows, and away we trotted, or ambled would be a better word. For a brief space there was silence in the chaise, though I could detect Marble stealing sidelong glances at his pretty little niece. His eyes were moist, and he heaved a violently once, and actually blew his nose, taking occasion at the same time to pass his handkerchief over his forehead no less than three times in as many minutes. The furtive manner in which he indulged in these feelings, provoked me to say—

"You appear to have had cold this evening, Mr. Wemore," for I thought "Squire Van Tassel" might be improved, in the way of breaking ground with our secret.

"Ay, you know how it is in these matters, Miles—somehow, I scarce know why myself, but somehow, I feel bloody womanish this evening."

I felt little Kitty pressing closer to me, as if she had certain misgivings touching her other neighbor.

"I suppose you are surprised, Miss Kitty," I resumed, "at finding two strangers in your grandmother's chaise?"

"I did not expect it—but you said you had been to Mr. Van Tassel's, and that there was good news for me; does 'Squire Van Tassel' know that grandmother paid him the money?"

"Not that exactly, but you have friends who will see that no wrong shall be done you. I suppose you have been afraid your grandmother and yourself might be turned away from the old place?"

"Squire Van Tassel's daughters have boasted as much," answered Kitty, in a very subdued tone, a voice, indeed, that grew lower and more tremulous as she proceeded, "but I don't much mind them, for they think their father is to own the whole country one of these days." This was uttered with spirit.

But the old house was built by grandmother's grandfather, they were truly, and grandmother was born in it, and so was I. It is hard to leave a place like that, sir, and for a debt, too, that grandmother says is sure has once been paid."

"Ay, bloody hard!" growled Marble. Kitty again pressed nearer to me, or to speak more properly, farther from the mate, who violently once, and actually blew his nose just at that moment.

"All that you say is very true, Kitty," I replied; but Providence has sent you friends to take care that no wrong shall be done your grandmother, or yourself."

"You're right enough in that, Miles," put in the mate. "God bless the old lady, she shall never sleep out of the house, with my consent, unless it is when she sails down the river to go to the theatre, and the museum, the ten or fifteen Dutch churches there are in town, and all them ere sort o' thing-umereens."

Kitty gazed at her left hand neighbor with surprise, but could feel that maiden bashfulness induced her to press less closely to my side than she had done the minute before.

"I don't understand you," Kitty answered, after a short pause, during which she was doubtless endeavoring to comprehend what she had heard.

"The King of Egypt you mean, do you not, uncle Olof?" cried Kitty, with another little laugh.

"Well, Ethiopia or Egypt; it's all pretty much the same—this girl has been wonderfully educated, Miles, and will turn out famous company for me, in the long winter evenings, some twenty years hence, or when I've worked my way up into the latitude of the dear, good old soul under the hill yonder."

A slight exclamation from Kitty was followed by a blush, and a change of expression, that showed she was thinking, just at that moment, of anything but uncle Olof. I asked an explanation.

"It's only Horace Bright, out yonder in the orchard, looking at us. He will be puzzled to know who is with me here, in the old chaise. Horace thinks he can drive a horse better than any one about here, so you must be careful how you hold the reins, or use the whip. Horace!"

This boded so good to Marble's plans for passing the evening at his old age with Kitty to amuse him; but, as we were now on the brow of the hill, with the cottage in sight, Horace Bright was soon lost to view. To do the girl justice, she appeared now to think only of her grandmother, and of the effects of the recent discovery of her son would be likely to produce on one of her years and infirmities. As for myself, I was surprised to see Mr. Hardinge in earnest conversation with old Mrs. Wemore, both seated on the stoop of the cottage, in the mild summer's evening, and Lucy walking to and fro, on the short grass of the willow bottom, with an impatience and restlessness of

manner it was very unusual for her to exhibit. No sooner was Kitty alighted, than she ran to her grandmother, Marble following, while I hastened to the point where was to be found the great object of my interest. Lucy's face was full of feeling and concern, and she received me with extended hands, that, graceful as was the act itself, and most grateful as it would have appeared to me under other circumstances, I now feared boded no good.

"Miles, you have been absent an age!" Lucy commenced. "I should be disposed to reproach you, had not the extraordinary story of this old woman explained it all. I feel the want of air and exercise; give me your arm, and we will walk a short distance up the road. My dear father will not be inclined to quit that happy family so long as any light is left."

I gave Lucy my arm, and we did walk up the road together, actually ascending the hill I had just descended; but all this did not induce me to overlook the fact that Lucy's manner was hurried and excited. The whole seemed so inexplicable, that I thought I would wait her own pleasure in the matter.

"Your friend, Marble," she continued, "I do not know why I ought not to say so, but I have a feeling, at length, discovered who his parents are, and to have discovered them to be so respectable and worthy of his affection."

"As yet, he seems to be more bewildered than happy, as, indeed, does the whole family. The thing has come upon them so unexpectedly, and there has not been time to bring their feelings in harmony with the facts."

"Family affection is a blessed thing, Miles," Lucy resumed, after a short pause, speaking in her thoughtful manner; "there is little in this world that can compensate for its loss. It must have been sad, and to the poor fellow, to have lived so long without father, mother, sister, brother, or any other known relative."

"I believe Marble found it so; yet, I think, he felt the supposed disgrace of his birth more than his solitary condition. The man has warm affections at the bottom, though he has a most unaccountable manner of making it known."

"I am surprised one so circumstanced never thought of marrying; he might, at least, have lived in the bosom of his own family, though he never knew that of a father."

"These are the suggestions of a tender and devoted female heart, dear Lucy; but what an effort to do without a wife! I have heard it said Sir John Jervis—once termed Lord St. Vincent—always declared a married seaman, a seaman spoiled; and I believe Marble loves a ship so well he would hardly know how to love a woman."

Lucy made no answer to this indistinct and foolish speech. Why it was made I scarce knew myself, but her heart has its bitter moods, when it prompts sentiments and declarations that are very little in accordance with its impulses. I was so much ashamed of what I had just said, and, in truth, so much frightened, that, instead of attempting to laugh it off, as a silly, unimportant, or endeavoring to explain that this was not my own way of thinking, I walked on some distance in silence, myself, and suffered my companion to imitate me in this particular. I have since had reason to think that Lucy was not pleased at my manner of treating the subject, though, blessed be the sweet consequence of the foregoing communication, that lay to heart of her heart to allow one of her generous, disinterested nature, to think much of anything else.

"Miles," Lucy at length broke the silence by saying, "I wish, I do wish we had not met that other sloop this morning."

I stopped short in the highway, dropped my beautiful companion's arm, and stood gazing intently in her face, as if I would read her most inmost thoughts through those windows of the soul, her serene, mild, tender blue eyes. I saw that the face was colorless, and that the beautiful lips, out of which the creature I had just heard her speak, by their accents that their direct significance, had proceeded, were quivering in a way that her lovely mistress could not control. Tears, as large as heavy drops of rain, too, were trembling on the long silken eyelashes, while the very attitude of the precious girl denoted hopelessness and grief.

"This relates to Grace!" I exclaimed, though my throat was so parched, as almost to choke my utterance.

"Who, or what else, can now occupy our minds, Miles? I can scarce think of anything but Grace; when I do, it is to remember that my own brother has killed her."

"What answer could I have made to such a speech, had my mind been sufficiently at ease as respects my sister to think of anything else? As it was, I did not even attempt the vain office of saying anything in the way of alleviating my companion's sense of the misconduct of Rupert."

"Grace is then worse in consequence of this unhappy rencontre!" I observed, rather than asked.

"Oh, Miles! what a conversation I have had with her, this afternoon! She speaks, already, more like a being that belongs to the regions of the blessed, than like one of earth! There is no longer any secret between us. She would gladly have avoided telling me her precise situation with Rupert, but we had already gone so far, I would know more. I thought it might relieve her mind; and there was the chance, however slight, of its enabling us to suggest some expedient to express still further good. I think it has had some effect of the first effect, for she is now sleeping."

"Did Grace say anything of your communicating the miserable tale to me?"

"I is, indeed, a miserable tale! Miles, they were engaged from the time Grace was fifteen! Engaged distinct of the implied understandings, by which those who were so intimate, generally, might believe themselves bound to each other."

"And in what manner did so early and long-continued an engagement cease?"

"It came from Rupert, who should have died first, before he was so untrue to himself, to my poor father, to me, to

all of us, to Miles, as well as to his own husband. It has been as we supposed; he has been deluded by the 'scot that attaches to these Mertonians in our provincial society; and Emily is rather a showy girl, you know—at least, for those who are accustomed only to our simple habits."

Alas! little did Lucy then know—she has learned better since—that "showy" girls belong much more to our "simple" state of society, than to the state of those who are commonly conceived to be more advanced. But Emily Merton was, in a slight degree, more artificial in manner than it was usual for a Manhattan female of that day to be, and this was what Lucy meant—Lucy, who always thought so humbly of herself, and was so ready to concede to her rivals all that could plausibly be asked in their behalf.

"I am well aware how much importance the leading set among ourselves attaches to English connection, and English rank," I answered; "but it does not strike me Emily Merton is of a class so elevated, that Rupert Hardinge need break his faith in order to reap the advantage of belonging to her or her family."

"It cannot be altogether that, Miles," Lucy added, in an appealing, but touchingly confidential manner, "you and I have known each other from children, and whatever may be the weaknesses of one who is so dear to me, and who, I hope, has not altogether lost his hold on your own affections, we still rely on each other. I shall speak to you with the utmost dependence on your friendship, and a reliance on your heart that is not second to that which I place on my dear father's; for this is a subject on which there ought to be no concealment between us. It is impossible that one so mainly, as you are, right as honest, I will say, as yourself, can have lived so long in close intimacy with Rupert, and not be aware that he has married defects of character."

"I have long known that he is capricious," I answered, unwilling to be severe on the faults of Lucy's brother, to Lucy's own ear perhaps I might add, that I've known he pays too much attention to fashion, and the opinions of fashionable people."

"Yes, as we cannot deceive ourselves, let us not attempt the ungrateful task of endeavoring to deceive each other," the true-hearted girl replied, though she said this with so great an effort, that I was compelled to listen attentively to catch all she uttered.

"Rupert has failings worse than these. He is mercenary; nor is he always a man of truth. Heaven knows how I have wept over these defects of character, and the pain they have given me from childhood! But my dear, dear father overlooks them all—or, rather, seeing them, he hopes all things; it is hard for a parent to believe a child irreclaimable."

I was unwilling to let Lucy say any more on this subject, for her voice, her countenance, I might almost say her whole figure, showed how much it cost her to say even this much of Rupert. I had long known that Lucy did not respect her brother as much as she could wish; but this was never before attributed to me in words, nor in any other manner, indeed, that would not have eluded the observation of one who knew the parties less thoroughly than myself. I could perceive that she felt the awful consequence of her own conduct gave me a claim on her sincerity, and that she was suffering martyrdom, in order to do all that lay in her power to lessen the force of the blow that unworthy relative had inflicted. It would have been ungenerous in me to suffer such a sacrifice to continue a moment longer than was necessary.

"Speak yourself and me, dearest Lucy," I eagerly said, "all explanations, but those which are necessary to let me know the exact state of my sister's case. I confess, I could wish to understand, however, the manner in which Rupert has contrived to explain away an engagement that had lasted for years, and which must have been the source of so much innocent confidence between Grace and himself."

"I was coming to that, Miles; and when you know it you will know all. Grace has felt his attention to Emily Merton for a long time; but she never was a rival until just before the left town. Then she felt it due to herself to know the truth; and, after a conversation which was not very particular, your sister offered to release Rupert from his engagement, did he in the least desire it."

"And what answer did he make to a proposal that was as generous as it was frank?"

"I must do Grace the justice to say, Miles, that, in all she said, she used the utmost tenderness toward my brother. Still, I could not but gather the substance of what passed. Rupert, at first, affected to believe that Grace, herself, wished to break the engagement; but in this, you well know, her ingenuous simplicity would not permit him to succeed. She did not attempt to conceal how deeply she should feel the change in her situation, and how much it might influence her future happiness."

"Ay, that was like both of them—like Rupert, and like Grace," I muttered humbly.

Lucy continued silent an instant, apparently to allow me to regain my self-command; then she continued—

"When Rupert found that the responsibility of the rupture must rest on him, he spoke more sincerely. He owned to Grace that his views had changed; and they were both too young to contract themselves when they did, and that he had made an engagement to marry, at a time when he was unfit to bind himself to so solemn a contract—said something about minors, and concluded by speaking of his poverty and total inability to support a wife, now that Mrs. Bradford had left me the whole of her property."

"And this is the man who wishes to treat the world believe that he is the true heir! nay, who told me, himself, that he considers you as only a sort of trustee, to hold half, or two-thirds of the estate until he has had leisure to sow his wild oats!"

I know he has encouraged such notions, Miles," Lucy answered, in a low voice; "how gladly would I realize his hopes, if things could be placed where we once thought they were! Every

dollar of Mrs. Bradford's fortune would I relinquish with joy, to see Grace happy, or Rupert honest."

"I am afraid we shall never see the first Lucy, in this world, at least."

"I have never wished for this engagement since I have been old enough to judge of my brother's true character. He would ever have been too feeble, and of principles too light, to satisfy Grace's heart, or her judgment. There may have been some truth in his plea that the engagement was too early and inconsiderate, and all that she had said, convincing me what will, or what will not be necessary to their own characters a few years later. As it is, even Grace would not refuse to marry Rupert. She owned to me, that the heaviest part of the blow was being undeceived in relation to his character. I spoke to her with greater freedom than a sister ought to have used, perhaps, but I wished to arouse her pride, as the means of saving her. Alas! Grace is all affections, and those once withered, I fear, Miles, the rest of her being will go with them."

I made no answer to this prophetic remark, Lucy's visit to the shore, her manner, and all that she had said, convincing me that she had, in a great degree, taken leave of hope. We conversed some time longer, returning toward the cottage; but there was nothing further to communicate that it is necessary to record. Neither of us thought of self, and I would as soon have attempted to discover a chink, as attempt to obtain any influence over Lucy, in my own behalf, at such a moment. And my feelings reverted to my poor sister again, and I was dying with impatience to return to the sloop, whither, indeed, it was time to repair, the sun having some time before disappeared, while even the twilight was drawing to a close.

TO BE CONTINUED

especially that of other people, was not a matter of importance to him.

"You can't go with us to-day, Teddy," Eva pronounced sentence with difficulty. "I can't possibly take you as you are. But you shall go another day, and soon—I'll manage it somehow. There's a penny for you, and now run home, like a good boy!—Come, children, we've no time to spare."

Reluctantly, the girl turned, painfully aware of what she was sending him back to, conscious that he was standing still, staring after her, stunned by the unexpected blow, which even the presentation of a penny had failed to soften. Poor little Ted! "Oh to be able to take him away forever from his wretched surroundings!" she thought, as the train sped on between stretches of green, with sandy dunes and red-roofed houses.

The first glimpse of the shimmering radiance of the First brought shouts of delight from the children, whose acquaintance with the Clyde was limited to the dark waters flowing under Glasgow Bridge. And so, in a glow of rapturous expectancy, Saltcoats was reached.

As she emerged from the station, Eva discerned that her return attracted a great deal of attention, which at last found audible expression. When such phrases as "That's a shame!" "I never saw the like!" smote her ears, a dire suspicion seized her, and wheeling round she beheld Teddy, more grimy and dusty than ever, and still in the striking costume which had failed to win her approval.

"How did you get here?" she asked faintly.

He explained that he had followed at a distance to the train, got into a compartment unseen and hidden himself under a seat until he had heard some one say, "This is Saltcoats." His plan of campaign had been beautifully simple. The best must be made of the worst now, and Eva shook her brains together, wondering if for three shillings (all she had of spare cash) decent apparel could be purchased for Teddy—a question that was speedily settled by the recollection that his fare must be paid. She was sinking into the dead calm of despair when the sight of two small boys playing in a garden surrounding a large old-fashioned house, with the device "Jebb's Boarding Establishment," suggested a possible way out of her difficulty. She led the children to a seat on the esplanade, with a view of the sea and passing ships.

"All of you must wait here until I come back," she told them, and screwing her courage to the sticking point, she returned to the house with Teddy. Teddy raised an inquiring gaze of an elderly lady who was reading on the porch.

"I am sorry to intrude," she began nervously, "but I wonder if you have an old suit of boys' clothes?"

"Mrs. Jebb never sells things at the door," the lady interrupted, and again Miss Raeburn trembled on the verge of hysteria.

"I fear I am not in a position to buy," she said, and presented Teddy, then details, during the recital of which the severe lines of the lady's face relaxed into a compassionate smile.

"It was hard for the poor little fellow to be left behind," she commented. "Come in, Mrs. Jebb has several boys, and I am sure she will help you if she can."

Mrs. Jebb, four square yards of good-nature crowned with a velvet bow, rose to the occasion with admirable promptitude; so that, after an interlude of soap and water, Teddy was speedily clothed in the garb of respectability.

Mrs. Scott held Eva's hand closely in her own for a minute or two.

"You are a dear girl to take so much trouble about these poor wails," she said kindly.

Her glance followed the two departing figures until they were quite out of sight.

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Tells of the Wonderful Benefits Obtained From DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Like many another Newfoundland living far from doctors, Mr. Stone feels unbounded gratitude for the benefits obtained in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

For years he had suffered from a congested condition of the liver and kidneys, with headaches, backaches, pains in limbs and body. Words fail to describe his sufferings as well as the gratitude he wants to express for the cure.

Mr. Alex. J. Stone, West Point, Nfld., writes: "I suppose you thought I had forgotten all about you when I got Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but I haven't. You must excuse mistakes, for like many Newfoundland men I have not much education, but I want to thank you many times for your medicine. I cannot tell you what I suffered from liver and kidney derangements, indigestion and constipation, nor can I find words to express how much good this medicine has done me. I feel better than I have for five years and have given some of these pills to friends, who tell me they have done them a world of good. If you want to express my heartfelt gratitude for the benefit derived from the great medicine,"

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Woman, Lovely Woman

Like morning roses bathed in dew is the complexion of a woman who has made herself lovely by regularly anointing her face with the purest and best of all skin foods, "CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM."

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"What will be Teddy's next exploit, I wonder? Children are always in mischief, she mused; and thoughts chased each other through her mind until, like waves, they struck on the rock of bitter memories, and the shadow of past sorrows darkened her proud old face.

Several years had gone by since her only child Agnes had run away with the handsome scoundrel against whom everyone had warned her, against whom though in the course of time Mrs. Scott had relented and been prepared to grant forgiveness, Agnes had never tried to obtain it. She had left Glasgow with her worthless husband, and out of the whirlpool of London into which they had plunged not a word had come and all traces of them were lost.

Mrs. Scott leaned back in her chair with closed eyes, marveling why the old world throbbed anew to-day and why the voice so long unheard should seem to be ringing in her ears, until two young persons entered, sufficiently like each other to be known as brother and sister, though at present one was wearing a smile and the other a frown. As the latter laid down her golf clubs rather noisily, Eric raised a warning finger.

"Sh! I Aunt Helen is asleep." "With I were, never to waken!" said Clare, before Aunt Helen could repel the charge of slumber.

"If you were my child, you should be sent to bed with a heavy supper—crabs and oysters and lobsters and pork pies for choice," he said. "Then you'd be glad to have your dressing in the morning. It's easy for me to laugh," she retorted crossly. "But I am tired of having to go without things that every other girl has. And you have no sympathy."

"What'll we do about this, Mrs. Scott?" It was the voice of Mrs. Jebb who had just entered with something in her outstretched hand. "That little boy left his coat behind him in his hurry, and I was just giving it a shake when this fell out of it. Perhaps it belongs to the young lady. You'll see there is a name on it."

"It was a much-tarnished locket, which Mrs. Scott took mechanically, and examined with the aid of her eyeglasses. Next moment a sound that was half a sob, half a cry, brought them all beside her in alarm.

"Eric—Clare—look here!" She spoke in gasps. "It is a locket I gave to Agnes. She was wearing it when she went away. Her name is on it. See! My own portrait used to be inside."

Her trembling fingers could not open it, but Eric did that for her, revealing a miniature of herself, painted when her hair was not so white, and care had not trod so deep an autograph on her brow—but unrecognizable as she was. "Surely that young lady will be able to tell us something. We must find her at once," said Mrs. Scott, every nerve quivering. "She was going to the shore with some children, and they will be there still. We must find her, Eric!"

"As you know her, that will be easy," he said cheerfully. "In a certain way, Aunt. Never mind how long you've had to wait for it!"

It was the time of year when Salt-coats becomes a suburb of Glasgow, and the shore was crowded with people from that city. Children dived and swam in the sea, and the sparkling water, while their mothers exchanged confidences and opinions. To and fro, from group to group, Mrs. Scott led her niece and nephew until she recognized Eva and indicated her by a gesture, finding herself unable to speak.

The picnic had reached its most interesting stage—the distribution of the eatables. Eva was handing round sandwiches; and the eager uplifting of small sallow faces, the impetuous extending of bony fingers to grasp the food, the instantaneous devouring of it, told a tale that brought a glow to Clare's smooth cheeks.

"Eric, to think I was trying to quarrel with you to-day because you wouldn't give me a sapphire bracelet!" she murmured in a rush of wholesome self-reproach. She had thought herself aggrieved because an unnecessary ornament was not forthcoming; and here were children who knew what it was to starve! "Just stay here and take care of Aunt Helen," he whispered, seeing that Mrs. Scott was perilously near breaking down with excitement; and he went forward alone.

How strange it was! To Eric Scott it seemed that the days of his life had been leading on to this moment, when he saw in the clear depths of a maiden's eyes possibilities and revelations of happiness as yet unknown. Her rising color recalled him to the necessity of explanation.

"May I ask if this locket is yours or the little boy's?" he began. "One of you must have left it with the old coat at Mrs. Jebb's."

"It was not Eva's," so she called Teddy, who responded, clinging fast to a large bun. He claimed the trinket without hesitation. It was his very own and he carried it about with him everywhere, because he did not want it to be "put in the pawn." He did not know that she had lost it.

"And where did you get it, dear?" Eva asked. "It was mother's," he answered. She noticed how, as he said that, the intonation and accent of the slums seemed to fall away, as if something of the influence of better times associated with "mother" asserted itself.

"Not Mrs. Graham, Ted?" "No, Mrs. Graham, Ted?" he replied; the distinction seemed subtle, but Eva understood it perfectly. "Do you know anything definite about him?" Eric asked her.

"Yes, a little. He is an orphan. His father's name was Edward Graham. You know it, I perceive." "Only too well!" said Eric. "Please go on!"

He surmise that Teddy's mother was a lady. She died suddenly in London, and his father came back to Glasgow and married again—this time a woman who dragged him lower and lower, until he also died, almost in destitution. The boy has been looked after in a way by his stepmother, but I have been hoping to get him adopted by some one rather than to see him die."

Eric put one more question, this time to Teddy himself:

"That is not mother's picture in your locket, Ted?" "No; someone said it was granny's," he replied indifferently. Obviously the name had no meaning for him. Eva could not understand the emotion in Eric's handsome face, nor the tenderness with which he put his arm round the boy, and so led him to Mrs. Scott. "Aunt Helen," he said haughtily, "those brown eyes are these if not Agnes? I will remember her!"

It was late in September now, and Miss Reburn was the guest of the Scotts at Seaforth. Mrs. Scott occupied her own room, and the porch, and at her feet her small grandson listened with a face of rapture to "Aunt Clare's" recital of the gallant deeds of Bruce and Wallace—a picture which Eva contemplated with immense satisfaction from the shelter of the drooping ash tree to which she had taken refuge.

"It is strange that just through an old coat Mrs. Scott and her grandson should have been brought together!" she mused.

"It is responsible, too, for my introduction to the dearest girl in the world. You are that to me and more. As the sacred right to take care of you, to protect you, and make you happy till death do us part?"

That the answer was satisfactory may be gathered from a later remark of Mrs. Scott: "Eric is a dear good boy, and always has been, but he will be better still with such a jewel of a wife as Eva."

BLESSED JEANNE D'ARC

SERMON BY FATHER VAUGHAN, IN TORONTO

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, when she was born, it looked as if France and England were going to be united under one crown. Our fifth Henry crossed in 1415 to France, resolved seemingly, not to be content till he had won the crown of Clovis for his brow. His inheritance from his great-grandfather, Edward III, he thought would give him a good foundation for further conquests, and these he pushed almost to the furthest point of success. As you know, by the Treaty of Troyes, he was appointed Regent of France during the lifetime of his father-in-law, Charles VI, the imbecile, with the right to the crown when Charles should have passed away. As it happened, in 1422 our fifth Henry died, and shortly after him Charles was carried to the grave. You remember the great pomp and circumstance that surrounded the coronation of Henry VI, the child, at Paris, and how the Duke of Bedford, his uncle, was appointed Regent.

While our heroine was still a child Bedford thought to win the crown of France completely for his young charge. Orleans was the one place that was needed; it must be stormed, captured and brought under Anglo-French domination.

Need not remind you that, if the Salic Law obtained in France, as it did, neither our Henry V nor Edward III. had much legitimate claim to the crown of France. Strange to say, before Henry had been in his grave thirty years, all that he had inherited from his forefathers, as well as his own conquests in France, were lost, except what stood behind the walls of Calais; and what England lost she never regained. Finally the "fairest gem that sparkled in her diadem"—Calais—was lost to England, and his name was written on broken-hearted Marie's heart.

The circumstances of the case put before you, and so I have briefly recapitulated these facts, which I ask you for the moment to bear in mind.

ENGLISH ANTAGONISM TO JOAN

"Here let me also remind you that during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there was hardly a good word to be said in England for Joan of Arc. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries she comes a little more to the front, and in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, especially after Waterloo had established the evidence of the trial, she stood full height before my countrymen, while in this twentieth century we have made a splendid act of reparation to her. We thought when we were beaten that we were beaten by a devil-worshipper, by one sent to us by the evil spirit of the Middle Ages. I think that our countrymen ought never to have paid such a compliment as that to the devil. I can quite understand even England being beaten when she had to contend with one sent against her by Almighty God, but when sent by the devil—I should pay him no such compliment; I would tell him to go to his own place, to hell."

A MAGNIFICENT AND INSPIRING FIGURE "To day I am going to put before you as briefly as possible an outline story of this matchless soldier-maid. She is simply magnificent, she is inspiring. It would be well for every Englishman to study her character, for he would then be truer to the King and country. Wonderful! that in this age of democracy we should be able to lift up the portrait of this little village maiden and point a lesson which all of us need so much to-day. I am going with your kind permission, to tell the story as simply as she told it herself. I have no sympathy with Anatole France, nor with Jules Blois, who emulating the so-called art of Renan and Sabatier, because her own does not suit their theories of this world. But Anatole France and Jules Blois, with some others may be just about the door with Renan and Sabatier, those other two romances, who read their own story into the lives of our Divine Saviour and St. Francis of Assisi."

In the Province of Champagne, in France, near Vanouleurs, there is an unpretending village called Domremy. Here in a modest homestead, standing near the village church, was born on the eve of the Epiphany, 1412, Jacques and Isabelle d'Arc's fifth child and second daughter. They christened her by the name of Jeanne, and she grew up a typical little French Catholic girl, fond of weaving flowers for fairy trees, as I dare say you and I have done in our childhood; and fonder still of gather-

ing great bouquets of wild flowers to put at the feet of the First Woman of Creation—God's Mother. This bright little child grew with her brothers and sisters, lithe and vigorous, with a healthy kind of piquet, not goodly, but thoroughly good, strong, well-braced-up, and splendidly built, spiritually as well as physically. Nothing very much happened, or nothing that I need tell you, during her early childhood days.

THE SWEETNESS AND INNOCENCY OF JOAN

"She was a child pure as the waters that danced beside her home, bright as the bloom that decked her garden plot, sweet as the herbs hidden within the woods, and as full of promise of summer as the love songs of the birds that flew from tree to tree. This bright, live poem of a girl was one day in her thirteenth year, working in the garden, helping her father when suddenly she noticed a great light, and there appeared the form of some sainted creature, who had a message to her. It was St. Michael. He came and he went, and with him came and went two others, St. Margaret and St. Catharine. They appeared for two or three successive days, coming and visiting her in times weekly. There was nothing of illusion about this simple, healthy girl in her ideas of what she saw, for she saw them and looked at them and felt them and pursued them, and kissed them, ground on their feet, and tried to hold them fast to her. They were almost paralyzed by what they thought was a devilish girl, a witch, an enchantress."

AGAIN VICTORIES

"On the 7th of May the soldier-maid said the siege must be raised, and she drew forth her forces and attacked the St. Loup, which had been taken in the first fight, but Les Tourelles, the great fortress that stood on the bridge which with its fifteen arches spanned the river. Cannon was mounted on the walls and on the force held by the English. The Maid led her forces, her spearman and her archers, who were to make straight for Les Tourelles, that central fort of the English. And as she stood by—because she never drew blood—she urged her countrymen to do their work bravely and well. The battle was fought on the 8th of May, and then by the other, every inch of the ground being obstinately fought for. But victory seemed to favor the side of the French, who fighting under the eye of the maiden, at the sound of her voice felt that they were called by God to carry out their great duty, and the English and coun-tiling warrior-maid stood encouraging her fighting men beside the fortress wall, a shaft winged by an English Bowman caught her in the neck and she reeled and tottered and fell. This disaster gave the English fresh courage, thinking she had destroyed her forces, but soon, with her own hand having drawn out the barb, she was seen again urging on her men, until at last they fung themselves upon the great bridge and seemed to fill the Tourelles. Presently fires were blown and soon the bridge gave way, and the English, who had made to the mainland, found the bridge was broken down, so that those who were not drowned, and those who were not burned, were slaughtered by the troops and returned at night after the victory. In the morning some watchmen from the tower, looking over the bridge, found the bodies of the English, found that their tents were struck and that they were nowhere to be seen."

THE DO NOTHING DAUPHIN

"After Mass of Thanksgiving, the Maid of Orleans thought out of pressing on to meet her king. She had raised the siege. How it had been achieved, who can tell? One thing is certain, that one of the decisive battles of the world, one which settled our position in France, was won by a village maiden, who could neither read nor write, but who had a mission. She met the Dauphin, and he gladly recognized her great services to the country, but when she urged him to push forward to Rheims to be crowned, he could not be made to stir. He was a real princeling, an idler. He had all his splendid robes, he had all his crossed lances, he lost time, he did nothing, a girl, a village girl, having to do his work for him. She did it far better than he could have done it."

THE DAUPHIN CROWNED AT RHEIMS

"At Jargeas she met the bold, stubborn and dauntless Suffolk, and there she fought him, and he was taken prisoner. At Pafay, Talbot, who had known nothing of defeat, had to yield to her forces. She chased the English, and to make a long story short, she at last compelled by her achievements the Dauphin to follow her to the gates of Rheims, which on the 16th of July were sung open to receive him. There, laid by the Maid, the king, amid the pealing of bells, the braying of trumpets, and general rejoicing, took possession of the royal city. Next day he was seen kneeling in the sanctuary of the cathedral with Bishops and abbots and priests and serving men beside him, the body of the great basilica filled to overflowing with the peers, knights and gentlemen of his service. Presently the crown of France was lifted above his brow and he took his oath to defend his people and to be their true sovereign. Then it was that the maid would have liked to have felt that her work was done. But never again was she to pass beside that river that made music by the home, never again was she to see the sun setting in glory behind the village green, never again was she to hear the chimers of those bells in the tower of the church which was to her the dearest, holiest spot on earth. Her mission now was to lead her forces to Paris, and general rejoicing, she entered the city, but no other words, not even the maiden herself could persuade this sluggish prince to come forward and hold his own. They arrived in August at St. Denis, outside the walls of Paris. Again they petitioned him to come. 'Just go, my self, sire, before the walls of Paris are taken, and offer you allegiance.' But the King said, 'To-morrow, to-morrow,' but that 'to-morrow' never came. On the 8th of September, she gathered her forces about her and led her men to the gate. St. Honoré's Banner in hand she leapt through the city, and she plunged through the second, and like

troops, she looked to the kit, she found what was wanting, she looked for points of vantage. She seemed to be especially skilled in all matters connected with artillery—this girl who had not learned to ride or fight, who could neither read nor write. "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong, and the foolish to confound the wise." He was doing it now.

VICTORY FOR THE SOLDIER MAID

"On the 6th of May, in the afternoon, the Maid astonished for as well as friend. She went forth leading an attack on St. Loup. The English were full of expectation of ultimate victory. The battle of the Herrings had seemed to settle the case in their favor; besides the French were nearly starved into capitulation. The battle was fought on the 6th of May, and then by the other, every inch of the ground being obstinately fought for. But victory seemed to favor the side of the French, who fighting under the eye of the maiden, at the sound of her voice felt that they were called by God to carry out their great duty, and the English and coun-tiling warrior-maid stood encouraging her fighting men beside the fortress wall, a shaft winged by an English Bowman caught her in the neck and she reeled and tottered and fell. This disaster gave the English fresh courage, thinking she had destroyed her forces, but soon, with her own hand having drawn out the barb, she was seen again urging on her men, until at last they fung themselves upon the great bridge and seemed to fill the Tourelles. Presently fires were blown and soon the bridge gave way, and the English, who had made to the mainland, found the bridge was broken down, so that those who were not drowned, and those who were not burned, were slaughtered by the troops and returned at night after the victory. In the morning some watchmen from the tower, looking over the bridge, found the bodies of the English, found that their tents were struck and that they were nowhere to be seen."

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FALLS INTO THE ENEMY'S POWER

"Now when the spring came round—because I must hurry on—she found an opportunity of doing something for her sovereign. She thought she must go to the relief of Compeigne, one of the last strongholds, loyal as loyal could be to this poor makeshift of a king, it was going to call him a puppet king; he was not of the stuff that made St. Louis of France. She thought she must go to the relief of Compeigne, for the Burgundians and the English were closing in around it, tightening their grip upon it. So to Compeigne she went, this girl who was so completely in the hands of her Maker. You know, that when she was not in the saddle she was on her knees—this girl who had no complaint to make of anyone, who was, by her peerless character, like a tower for all time in the landscape, as a thing of beauty and of joy to her country forever. This child managed to make her way into Compeigne, and on the 23rd of May, 1430, at sundown, when she thought the Burgundians and the English would be unbuckling their armor and retiring for the night, she rode from under the portcullis about to be a retreat and to get within the citadel, they were intercepted by the English; while she, as she turned her charger's head and was riding over the bridge hoping to find a shelter behind the city walls, saw the draw-bridge rise up before her and the city shut out forever from her sight."

ACCUSATIONS AGAINST THE MAID

"The rest of the story you know. She was captured. You remember what Bedford, her captor, wrote to her, saying that she was an ill-conditioned woman, dressed in man's clothes and leading a bad life. They could not believe in this girl: They would bring her to trial. Having bought the girl for a price, Bedford first thought of Paris, but he could manipulate more easily, so to Rouen the maid was brought for trial. You know how she was kept in that tower, how she was held by chains within a sort of iron cage like a wild beast not to be let loose even behind iron bars; how for months she was under the eyes of rabble soldiers, rude, rough men of those times, who were of the exquisite tortures of a pious madnet, not for a moment, not for a second, to be screened from the rude gaze of men so vile. It was a condition of things worse than any other trial. Only think what a relief it was to her when her mock trial at last began. She was brought forth to stand before her judge, Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, Jean Lemaitre the Vice-Inquisitor, and Estivet, the Promoter. "Was there ever such a trial recorded in history? There was once, when her Master was tried. Then there was not a voice raised on his behalf. She played a good second. She showed forth his hidden life, his public life, and now she was going through his passion-tide and presently she shall pass into his life triumphant. Marvellous! Wonderful! Some people say, 'What a play she was not called before her! No, let the girl win her crown, win her spurs, by passing through the Valley of the Shadow of suffering which alone can build heroic character."

ALL TORTURE IN VAIN

So she passed through this ordeal. I need not harrow your feelings—indeed there is no time, even if I wished to do so—by telling you the horrors of it. How they tried to get her to say what they could against truth and then to make out that she had said what she had not said. You know how the day came when they showed her the tortures that were prepared for her as an enchantress, a witch, and a heretic, and how for the moment she seemed to lose her self-confidence, her self-control. But she rallied splendidly and declared that if they were to lead her limb from limb she would still be true to her voice, and that she had only carried out the mission to which she had been deputed, the work which she had lost her charge by Him Who is the Master of us all."

THE MAID'S MARTYRDOM

"At last the fatal day arrived, the 30th of May when she was told that she

must go forth to be burned alive. She was found guilty of being a devil-worshipper, a traitress, an idolater, a suicide one in d-pair, a chismatic, and the French University endorsed all that and added: 'And she is, too, a liar and an enchantress.' She heard the ver-

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Subscribers changing residence will please give old as well as new address.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed to the intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

It strenuously defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ.

Donatus, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

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

In matters of faith and morals, and in the Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. Falgouty, Arch. of Larissa, Apos. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1912

“WRECKING THE HOME”

In a recent number of the Christian Guardian under the above title there is an editorial which, considering the point of view, is not so very unfair, and yet is likely to do much harm.

The term “Romish Church” is not scholarly; is it decent? We do not think so. Why not “papish” or “papist”? We do find in the dictionary the term “Romish,” which we are told is used in an opprobrious sense. Is it gentlemanly to use an opprobrious epithet? We do not feel hurt, but we do feel a certain pity for the man who can descend to the use of such language.

The editorial in question is an answer to the Honorable Sir Richard Scott's article on the Ne Temere which recently appeared in the RECORD, and which the Guardian admits treats the subject “exhaustively and temperately.” We thought so; we have no place in our columns for intemperate treatment of this question. Yet the Guardian says the article “only shows more clearly the weakness of the Roman Catholic position.”

The Guardian in its statistics overlooks the fact that the decree is intended to prevent such marriages as take place at Windsor and Niagara Falls, much to the dishonor of the Christian clergymen who perform them—marriages which do not appear amongst the divorce records of Canada—but it is only the other day that we read of four divorces being granted in Detroit where the marriages were performed the previous week in Windsor.

“It is all very well to claim that the Ne Temere binds only Roman Catholics, but in the case of a mixed marriage whatever affects the Roman Catholic must affect also the Protestant.”

This is perfectly true.

“And it is little to the point to argue that the Church decree does not affect the legal status of the marriage it declares invalid.”

Why?

In so far as the laws of the land can affect marriage, is not the legal status the whole thing? Do you want a civil enactment regulating the conditions under which the Sacrament of matrimony may be received?

It is quite true that the Catholic party may return to the Catholic point of view, and then he or she will not consider themselves married at all. But the Protestant party must always remember that this is possible, and must have a Catholic marriage to prevent such complication. The Protestant party can always prevent such complication by having the marriage ceremony performed by the parish priest of the Catholic party. The priest is a competent civil officer to receive and register consent to marriage, so that the parties will be not only civilly married, but the marriage will be recognized as a sacramental union by the Church. It may be urged that this is forcing the Protestant to go before a Catholic priest to be married. But is there any force in such objection? The whole agitation is based on the refusal of the Church to recognize as valid sacramental unions the marriages of Catholics unless they go before the duly authorized priest for the marriage ceremony. Either the Protestant party cares nothing for the opinion or recognition of the Church, in which case where is the grievance? Or he does care, in which case he can be civilly and sacramentally married by the priest without any extra trouble or expense.

The Guardian concedes to the Church the right to make any sort of decree for the guidance of her members. Is there a single Christian sect that does not claim in spiritual matters entire liberty? Even the individual who is affiliated with no religious communion claims and exercises absolute liberty in such matters. Would he not resent an unwarrantable interference a civil law controlling his conscience in any way? Catholics, then, must be free to believe and practice what they please in spiritual matters, including the sacrament of matrimony.

The great objection, however, that the Guardian urges against the working out of the marriage decree is one that we must admit must appear to Protestants very serious.

“When the Roman Catholic priest enters the home and seeks to separate husband and wife, we think the limit has been overstepped.”

We quite agree with our contemporary. We do not think there are many priests in Canada who would so mistake their duty in the premises. We are sure that no priest would have the approval of his bishop in such a course. The course of procedure would be to validate the marriage, and if the Protestant party should refuse to renew consent to marriage, there is a dispensation in *radice* which would apply should the Catholic party desire to have the marriage made valid in the eyes of the Church.

“Only last week,” the Guardian proceeds, “we were informed of three such cases in three small towns. In the first case the husband was a Roman Catholic and the wife a Methodist, and the wife and children were attending the Methodist Church. The priest visited the man and told him bluntly he was not married, that his children were illegitimate and that his wife was simply his mistress.”

From what we have already said, it can be seen we consider that priest to be coarse-grained and mistaken in his duty. The man ordered the priest out, which was the proper thing to do.

“In another case the wife was a Presbyterian, and the same tactics were resorted to, but without result. In the third case, however, the husband actually left his wife and children, and for nearly a year he has never contributed a cent for their support.”

Here are three cases, in two of them the alleged action of the priest had no effect whatever; in the third it is not clear that the priest had anything whatever to do with the desertion of the husband. In any case the wife had all the rights that the law could give her, and might have brought an action at law against the husband for non-support. Such cases occur every day and are not chargeable to the Ne Temere decree.

We believe that the very undesirable feeling that obtains, owing not so much to the Ne Temere decree as to the Ne Temere agitation, can only be allayed by educated and influential men, Catholic and Protestant, calmly facing the question as it stands and wisely seeking a solution.

“ST. GREGORY THE GREAT”

A few years ago we stood in the Church of St. Gregory the Great, and on a marble slab inside the door were these words: “Step, pilgrim, and read.” And there, together with two English Protestants, we read the names of Augustine and the forty monks who with him converted England, and became the first Bishops of the old historic English Sees. What the feelings of our Protestant friends were we do not know; but they seemed deeply impressed, and later when the caretaker—an old woman—asked us to sit in Gregory's chair in the little room or cell off the sanctuary, one of them said reverently: “No, we are not big enough to fill that chair.”

Are there any living who are big enough to fill that chair?

St. Gregory the Great, the only man to whom history has given both these titles—Saint and Great—was the first monk to fill the chair of St. Peter. Much had the monks done already and more they did later for the civilization and Christianization of the world. Even Catholics do not realize how much.

Gregory, the young monk, noting the white bodies, the fair faces, and the golden hair of some youths who stood in the market place at Rome to be sold as slaves, asked: “From what country do these slaves come?” “They are English Angles,” the slave dealers answered. “Not Angles, but Angles, with faces so Angel-like,” answered Gregory. “From what country come they?” “From Deira,” which was the name of a province of Britain. “De Ira,” was the untranslatable reply. De Ira, in English, from wrath.

In 590 he was elected Pope; but so averse was he to accept the great honor that he disguised himself and fled, but was discovered and brought back to Rome.

The conversion of England, though it touches us perhaps more closely than anything else he did, was only one of the great things done by this great Pope.

He it was who first of all the Popes adopted in the preamble of official documents, the fine title “The Servant of the Servants of God,” which imparts the seal of humility on the papacy itself, and has become the distinctive title of his successors.

No name is better worthy of the study of Catholics who love to seek out the great characters who have largely made the history of the world.

MR. BERNARD SHAW

As a writer Mr. Bernard Shaw is in the public eye. He is original and flip-pant, but his pen leaves at times a trail of prejudice. Mr. Bernard Shaw has taken upon himself the defence of those unlovely people from Ireland who are known as the “Irish Players.” In many of the American cities they have presented what is called the “Playboy of the Western World.” The Playboy murders his father. For this he receives unentitled applause from his fellows; and this is called a perfect delineation of Irish character. Perhaps in no country in the world are parents held in such veneration as in Ireland. When, therefore, Mr. Bernard Shaw calls this theatrical outfit a real Irish company it will be noted that Mr. Bernard Shaw has risen superior to the truth. When Mr. Bernard Shaw declares that there are not a half dozen real Irishmen in America outside that company of actors he will be adjudged guilty of a gross inaccuracy of statement. As well might he say that Harry Lander is the only real Scotchman extant. Mr. Bernard Shaw calls Mr. John Synge, the writer of the “Playboy of the Western World,” an Irish writer with a real Irish name. The Kellys, Burkes and Sheas he would not admit to be Irish at all. Mr. Bernard Shaw belongs to that class of Englishmen who retain a deep hatred for, and will look but with contempt upon, all natives of the Emerald Isle who will not consent to be retrievers for them. The real English gentleman is one of the noblest specimens of mankind. Mr. Bernard Shaw is far removed from that class. He is one of those who possesses more than his share of inflated boastfulness, and firmly believes that our good Lord created the Angles and the Saxons first and made all other human beings afterwards for their special benefit. Yes, Mr. Bernard Shaw hates, the Irish with a vehement hatred; and against such men as Mr. Bernard Shaw may be laid the charge that for centuries they have been the means of preventing the creation of a feeling of amity between Ireland and England. Once upon a time men like Mr. Bernard Shaw, James Anthony Froude for instance, were liberally paid out of the secret service money of England to defame the Irish people. They were sent to America for that purpose. Moreover, English gold was employed to buy up the editorial columns of some of the New York press in the old days with the object of crushing the spirit of Irish nationality in America. But all these efforts failed, and the Irish to-day in the United States form a powerful element in the government of that country. And so it will ever be, for it matters not where the Irish go they carry with them the fear and love of God and keep in close touch with the faith St. Patrick planted in their native country. Ireland will ever continue to give to the world the best and bravest spirits, by sheer worth forging their way to the top in every sphere that ennobles humanity. The Kellys and Burkes and Sheas were reviled in the old days by the Puritans, but they are now living and thriving and multiplying in the land of the Puritans, whilst the Miles Standishes have become well-nigh extinct. And the Kellys, Burkes and Sheas will be with us when the Shaws are forgotten.

PUT OUT THE OLD

Paragraphs appearing almost every day in the newspapers prompt us to call attention to conditions which are becoming a scandal amongst the sects, and would lead one to suppose that their churches are fast becoming commercialized. It is a species of Modernism which will tend in the long run to lead the sects into a still greater variety of divisions and subdivisions. We have reference to the prevailing system of preachers receiving “calls.” In some cases this breathes a harshness, an un-Christianlike and altogether an un-Charitable behaviour on the part of the congregations. A young or middle-aged man is assigned to one of the churches of the sects and for years he gives them the best that is in him. At long last the pew-holders become weary of his sameness, his line of thought becomes tiresome, the old gospel message becomes wearisome, and there is an absence of flights of oratory on burning questions of the day which have no reference to religion. The Church committee—as politicians would say who are a long time out of power—think it “time for a change,” and they are on the lookout for a more desirable occupant of the Sunday pulpit. Sometimes a man much talked about is invited to preach to them, and, to use a term used in one of Ian MacLaren's books, the “sermon-tasters” are to the fore. If the young man, fresh from a seat of learning where it is customary to have a wide open mind on Christian

doctrine, proves to be attractive, eloquent, forceful, humorous at times, and original, he receives a “divine call” to come and be their minister. But what of the man who had given them faithful service for years. He is provided for, of course, but as a general thing placed near the end of the class—sent to some small congregation oftentimes in an out of the way rural locality, and in looking back upon his life work the bitter reflection comes to him that his preaching was all in vain, that his hearers were but the slaves of the entertainment plan and that the fundamentals of Christianity had but little place in their daily lives. How different the system prevailing in that Church founded by our divine Lord. The sheep and the shepherd are as one, the former looking up to their guide with holy love and trust, the latter looking upon his flock with affection, ever guiding and guarding them through life. His place is secure. He may have come to them in the heyday of youth and when the winter time of life comes to him the love that subsisted between them at the beginning has not only increased but partakes of that spirit which almost universally prevails between a model father and the children of his household.

BE UP AND DOING

A play entitled “There was no room for them in the Inn” was last week presented in St. Peter's Hall, this city. It was the work of amateurs, but, notwithstanding, a very creditable performance. Other entertainments of an equally interesting character have taken place in the same hall and the result has given us reason to be thankful to the teachers of our Separate schools—the Sisters of St. Joseph—and to Father Odrowski, who seems to have a special aptitude for bringing out the very best that is in the boys. These entertainments prompt us to draw attention to the importance of frequently bringing our Catholic people together to enjoy this and kindred amusements. Where they have not the same advantages as in London, the possession of perhaps the best provincial hall in Canada, school houses could be utilized where entertainments of a literary and musical character could be frequently given. It is of importance, of course, that innocent recreations should have their place, but the main work, it appears to us, is the building of a strong Catholic character and the promotion of a taste for the higher things in life. Pastimes, as we said, have their place, but when undue prominence is given to such—when spare hours are almost entirely devoted to them—nothing is left but vacant and untrained minds. It were difficult to realize the full importance of promoting as far as possible a taste for good reading. This will give the boys and girls a golden asset that will be of inestimable value to them as long as they live. The boy or the young man who thinks only of shuffling pieces of paste board in euchre or whist games may possibly develop into the gambler. He will thus be far removed from the society of those who count for much in the community. He will be but a blank, and a bad blank at that, in the Dominion's commercial and professional activities.

A FREAK COUPLE

This is what keeps the divorce courts working overtime: Justice of the Peace B. J. Meyer, of St. Joseph, Mich., married a couple in the Savoy saloon on Dec. 21st. Solomon Scott was the happy bridegroom and Marguerite Campbell the blushing bride. The ceremony took place in a wine room and the despatch tells us that beyond the door of that room could be seen the hand of that room clerk added interest to the ceremony. The Justice said he married the couple because they both had insisted on the saloon as the place for the wedding. It may be taken for granted that Mr. Solomon Scott and the lady who is now Mrs. Solomon Scott have the most supreme contempt for the Ne Temere or any other decree that would raise impediments to marriage. We should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Scott and his wife would live together for awhile, then come over to Windsor and get married again to other partners.

WHAT WILL WE DO ABOUT IT

A five hundred million dollar meat merger has been stopped by the action of the United States government against the meat packers. A Canadian contemporary tells us that this is an example of the combinations which control even the food of the people across the line. “Those who live in glass houses, etc.” We have some combinations in Canada which are equally vicious. Is it not a fact that certain gentlemen engaged in the meat trade in this country meet from time to time in Toronto and agree as to the price they will pay the producer for his goods and the price they will demand from the consumer. In the one case they will cut it down to the very lowest notch, and in the other demand an exorbitant price. They stand, these Buffalo Bills of commerce, between the producer and the consumer, bleeding both, and at the end of a season's business they divide amongst each other profits which may range from fifty to one hundred per cent on their investments. In the case of pork they pay about 60¢ per pound for the live hog and charge from 22¢ to 25¢ per pound for bacon; and he it remembered nowadays everything in the hog except the squeal is made marketable. Had reciprocity carried they would have utilized the squeal. When complaint is made the filibusters of trade strike an attitude and ask, “What are you going to do about it?” Those dishonest business methods do not apply only to food products. The factory men also have their time of trial. The United States shoe machinery company is now before the courts and startling evidence has been submitted. Some of our Canadian factories wish to buy their machinery, but, according to the evidence of Mr. Thomas Duchaine, the shoe machinery company would not sell it unless they put all other machines they had been using out of their factories. The future alone will tell what is to be done with all these dishonest methods of

doing business. Prosecutions for conspiracy and imprisonment if found guilty seems to us to be the only course. The infliction of fines will have little or no effect. The fines are paid and the conspirators will continue to do business at the old stand as usual.

TIME TO ACT

We are pleased to note that some of our people are beginning to pay serious attention to the harm done by reckless and oftentimes bigoted newspaper writers. The Canadian Press Agency in Winnipeg have been sending broadcast a story in regard to a case bearing on the Ne Temere decree which took place recently in Winnipeg. The story is told that a Mrs. Frederik Brewster of that city was prevented by the Mother Superior of St. Boniface Hospital from visiting her husband on the plea that under the Ne Temere decree she was not his legal wife. The lady, it seems, is a Catholic and the husband a Protestant, and they were married in a Protestant church. The yellow journal reporters have found in this incident an opportunity for playing all sorts of pranks with truth and the facts of the case will no doubt shortly come into view, probably followed by the punishment of those people who have a habit, contracted through prejudice, of reviling the Catholic Church. We are now told that Mr. John O'Connor, Barrister, of Winnipeg, has been retained by a Catholic society to conduct an enquiry into the facts of the Ne Temere case recently aired in Winnipeg. He is examining witnesses and rumor says if the outcome is favorable action may be taken against Winnipeg publishers to vindicate the attitude of the Church in the matter. Because of the fierce and unjustifiable onslaughts which have been made on the Church from time to time by cleric and lay demagogues, it seems to us most advisable that steps should be taken to put a term to this nefarious work, which not only inflicts injustice upon the Catholic Church, but tends to create a spirit of unrest and distrust in the community and retards the real progress of the country.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

PETER PENCE this year in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia reached the magnificent total of \$27,867.62, and Boston almost doubled it with a total of over \$50,000. What more eloquent testimony than this could be desired to the vitality of the Faith in America and the hold Pius X. has upon the hearts and minds of American Catholics!

STATISTICS of Catholic missionary work among the colored people of the United States evidence a healthy growth. There are now thirteen priests and one hundred and twenty-nine seminarians actively engaged or in advanced preparation for the vast undertaking of bringing this numerous people to the knowledge of the true Faith. Hitherto they have been a prey to every upstart fantastic sect, but signs are not wanting that the harvest is ready for the Catholic missionary, and that its garnering depends upon the interest and support of good Catholics everywhere. Let us hope that this will not be lacking.

The Christian Guardian applauds a Chicago contemporary for this characterization of Dr. R. J. Campbell, the London preacher whose “marvelous face” and “wondrous eyes” were the subjects of much newspaper tattle during his recent visit to Toronto. “His theology,” said the Continent, “is neither constructive nor destructive; it is simply vaporous, almost non-existent. By all signs the Lord never made him for a theologian at all, and the only pity is that Mr. Campbell did not find it out sooner.” This the Guardian considers a not unfair way of “putting the situation,” and adds: “It is often the would-be theologians and the would-be critics that stir up trouble in the church and unsettle what it takes the real scholar in these realms a long time to settle.”

THE CHARACTERIZATION is true to the life, but there is an amusing side to it, since the Guardian seems blissfully unconscious that it applies with equal force to the Protestant (or the Methodist) ministerial body as a whole. One has but to recall the proceedings of the different Methodist deliberative assemblies of the Dominion within the past year to be convinced that Campbell, or Jacksonism, or Workmanism (all it what you will) has eaten into the very vitals of Methodism and become the predominant factor. The average Methodist theologian has about as much Christianity as the said Campbell, and that is just about none at all. This “unsettling” and “settling” process has become the normal state of the sect, with special emphasis on the “un.” Under its influence Methodist theology is, to use an old simile, as clear as mud, and from the nature of the case must ever remain so.

WILL THERE BE UNION?

The organic union of the Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches in Canada, having passed the ecclesiastical courts, has now been sent to the people for their decision. It is quite evident that the proposal will not meet with the approval of the laity of the different churches. Our separated friends are engaged in a hopeless task, for outside the Catholic Church there will never be anything save disunion. As long as private interpretation of the Scriptures is adjudged to be a basis of Protestant belief, nothing else can be expected but a variety of churches, all holding contrary doctrines. In the event of the church union proposal being carried by the majority of the Protestant people of the denomination named, what then may we expect? At least a portion of the minority will formulate brand new churches, and as a consequence there will be greater disorder and disunion than ever. “Back to Rome” is the only possible solution of the difficulty.

“ADVERTISE”

A preacher in New York named Rev. Chas. Steele, who is Superintendent of the Presbyterian department of the Labor Church, advises that churches ought to follow the example of successful businessmen and advertise freely. He would have the preacher offer a choice selection of attractions for every Sunday service. Surely this is going far away from the old standards. The Christian church is supposed to be a place of worship, not a vaudeville! The reverend gentleman, we suppose, would have bargain days, grand openings of spring and summer styles in theology, a resuscitation of the old operas, and a presentation of the newest comic ones. We are living in a fast age, an age of sham and inconsistency. Whilst the parishioners of the reverend gentleman referred to are fast becoming dechristianized, they are ever ready to contribute liberally towards extending the gospel of salvation to the heathen.

MORE CARDINALS—PERPAPS

A despatch from Rome dated the 26th, which may be true, or which may have no foundation whatever in fact, but which we give for what it is worth, announces that the Pope will hold another consistory in the spring, when several prelates, among them at least one American, will be elevated to the Cardinalate. Some wonder, we are told, was expressed that the consistory would follow so closely the conclave held recently. But this was partly explained by the growth of Catholicity and the changes in conditions governing the Church. The report, we are furthermore advised, has given rise to a great deal of speculation as to the personnel of the new American cardinal or cardinals. Of course there may be other appointments from this country to the Sacred College and in the meantime the yellow press will have its candidates named for promotion. The Pope, however, has a habit of sometimes disappointing these people and naming men for promotion who are not in the minds of the associated press gentlemen.

IT MAY still be a question whether France as a Christian nation will survive, but that, despite the trend of events in that country, the largest part of the French people adhere to their ancient faith seems not wanting. Official statistics show that the anti-religious policy of the government is, especially in the West, leading to a revolt of parents against the teaching of atheistic materialism to their children. Last year, it is shown, that while the number of public schools increased 3.10 per thousand, Christian schools grew at the rate of 9 per thousand. The pupils in the former showed an increase of but 17.26, while in the latter the increase was 28 per thousand. Further: In La Vendee, while in four years the State schools have lost 8,780 pupils, or 196 per thousand of the total, the Christian private schools have gained 3,120. This decrease in State schools is also evidenced in those of Loire Inferieure with a falling-off of over 1,000 in a single year; and in Côte du Nord and Loire of more than 2,000 each.

A STUDY of France from another point of view is furnished in Mr. Charles Dewbar's “France and the French,” issued from the press of the Macmillan Company. The book gives impressions of ten years' residence, and while it contains much that to a well-informed Catholic is ridiculous, even grotesque, it is valuable as lifting the veil here and there and telling some, to outsiders, unpalatable truths. For instance, Mr. Dewbar reminds us that in seeing France one does not necessarily see the French, and that some of the phases of Parisian life with which the world is most familiar can scarcely be called French at all. There is, he tells us, a Paris provided for tourists which the Parisian, as such, rarely enters. And so, as this writer assures us, the Moulin Rouge closed its doors during the South African War, when the tide of English visitors fell off.

WE HAVE at hand evidence confirming of this, in a lecture delivered last winter by Principal Maurice Hutton of University College, Toronto, who had just returned from a year's sojourn in Paris. “The gaiety of Paris,” he said, “is, I think, rather an undeserved reproach. Every visitor finds the Paris he is looking for, and to many visitors Paris means one or two depraved music halls and cafes. These are kept open principally for English and American visitors, and are not usually patronized by the French.” And our readers may recall how the well-known lecturer, Max O'Reil, lost an election for a candidate for public office in an American city by putting to him the embarrassing question: “Will the gentleman tell us where he spent that Sunday in Paris?” The candidate had been inveigling against the introduction of what is called the continental Sunday, and cited Paris as an example. So, without qualifying in the least the heavy catalogue of misdeeds with which the French may be chargeable, it is well to bear in mind

ask this question—what doctrines must be accepted as essential to salvation—absolutely fundamental—and, “is that a question for full and free discussion?”

It seems a pity to say it, but this anxious soul has about as much prospect of receiving an answer as if he asked Sir James Whitney for his opinion on bi-lingualism—for the simple reason that those whom he interrogates do not know. They have, so far as they are concerned, made hash of the Christian faith, and are beating the air in a frenzy of wild conjecture as to the very first principles of revealed religion. What then have they to offer to this eager quest for the bread of life, but the stones of the street!

THE GUARDIAN is much concerned about Home Rule for Ireland, and while unable to snuff its eyes to the inevitable, seems to be possessed of a lingering hope that some way, somehow, the blow may be averted. Ulster Unionists, it says, will demand “fullest safeguards against the sinister influence of the Roman hierarchy,” and then it goes on to ask it arises from mere prejudice or is based on undeniable facts? The Irish peasant, it opines, is all right in the light of the past a significant if tardy admission, but, “many Irish Methodists seem to have profound distrust of the Roman priesthood.” Of course they have! The priesthood has blocked the way to every Methodist attempt to undermine the faith of the Irish people. Priests have mounted guard over the faithful peasant in every phase of the warfare against hatred and oppression. They have stood at his bedside through the numerous famines and pestilences that have well-nigh decimated the country. They have been his faithful friends and counsellors through the long dark night of persecution and trial, and are with him still as the morning dawns. This, the Guardian's friends know, and having no love for the hereditary faith of Ireland they naturally distrust (the word is very artless) its sleepless guardians. In this case Methodist distrust is the Irish priesthood's highest testimonial.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

THE EPIPHANY

THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPIRIT
For whoever are led by the Spirit of God they are the Sons of God.

The end of our pilgrimage, like that of the three wise men, my brethren, is union with our Lord. Of course union with God, through His power and His being present every where, always exists whether we are His friends or not.

ABSORBERINE
It is the most powerful medicine for the relief of all ailments of the stomach and bowels.

bring to his help a host of commentators, interpreters, preachers and ministers, and to set beside it, as explanations of what has already clear enough catechisms, articles of religion, and books of devotions.

THE BIBLE IN CHINESE

But though it was tacitly admitted that such helps were useful and even necessary to educated readers in Europe the Bible Society has clung for over a hundred years to the rule that not one word of explanation or introduction must be added by way of preface to versions of the Bible which it has poured out by millions of copies into far-off lands, where the whole character of the people makes even what is plain enough to an uneducated or illiterate native reader.

The same objections to "the Bible without note or comment" were made by some of the speakers at the great Centenary Conference of Protestant missionaries held in London as long ago as 1858.

MISSIONARIES' DIFFICULTIES

"Missionaries want permission to issue some explanation with the Bible. There is nothing to show those people what the Bible is, what it claims to be, where it was issued, and what it is about, and the man who has it cannot make any sense of it."

The distribution is partly carried out by missionaries, who presumably give an English reader some explanation. But the bulk of the work is done by a small army of colporteurs.

THE BIBLE "WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT"

How the Bible "without note or comment" serves in missionary work is well shown in an article in the Catholic Times (London) noting points from the 107th annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

It was founded by a group of zealous enthusiasts in the days when, more widely than at present, the British public believed that, if one could put a Bible into a man's hands and persuade him to read it, he would infallibly discover from its pages "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about God's revelation to man.

In China the hawkers are (if travelers are to be believed) men who are not fitted by education to do more than dispose of their wares, and certainly are not trained missionaries. They are given a scale of prices that makes their sales a heavy drain on the subscription list of the Society.

BIBLES IN SLIPPER SOLES

They are out up for wrapping paper. One native banker was found using Bible pages for rolling up money. Thousands of Chinamen are walking about in slippers the paste-board soles of which were once in the Bible Society's warehouse.

THE CHINESE BIBLE OF THE JESUITS

When Catholics express their doubts about the good done by this wholesale scattering of the Bible in China, although they have the support of practical-minded Protestant missionaries themselves in their criticism, the reply often is that naturally "Rome" wants to keep the Bible from the Chinese people.

BLESSED JEANNE D'ARC

Continued from page three
door, and she passed slowly over the cobblestones and the gaze of the people who had come forth to see her die!

THE OLD PROTESTANT TRADITIONS

But the Protestant tradition still survives that the Catholic continent are ignorant of the truths of the Bible. And the society's report tries to foster this tradition. We are told that in the Austrian Tyrol it is a crime to sell a Bible, and the report says: "The work of the society in the Austrian half of the Tyrol is a struggle against adversity."

THE PLAN FACT IS THAT IN THE CATHOLIC PROVINCE OF AUSTRIA

The plan fact is that in the Catholic province of Austria the hawkers who are dumping the Bibles of British manufacture are not wanted. The Tyrolese are a free people in the fullest sense of the word, but they are amply provided with Bibles by the press of their own capital and university city of Innsbruck.

BIBLE KNOWLEDGE IN A PROTESTANT UNIVERSITY

An American contemporary has lately published a selection from the answers given in a written examination on the Bible, not by boys in a primary school, but by young men. Here are some samples out of many.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED

Hamilton, Ont.
Bible of the famous "2 in 1" Bible.

COMPLETELY CURED OF DYSPESIA

By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

We are continually hearing from grateful people who have had experiences like that of Miss Alice E. Cooper, of Niagara Falls, Ont., who writes: "I wish to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I received from your most wonderful Dyspepsia Tablets."

"Nazareth was the mother of Christ, Nazareth was His father." "Thou art the man" are words said by Judas to Christ.

THE HOTEL BIRON

In consequence of the iniquitous laws passed against religious orders by the French Government a number of monastic buildings have been swept away in Paris, and commonplace six-storied houses are quickly replacing these homes of prayer and the shady gardens that surrounded them.

A SOUTHERN PLANTER'S HOSPITALITY AND ITS FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES

The golden jubilee of Sister Mary de Sales (Smith) celebrated at the famous old Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C., brings to light a singularly beautiful episode in the family history of the venerable nun.

MEMORIAL CHURCH WINDOWS

During these evil days of the Reign of Terror Biron's lonely home was used as a prison, and the spacious salons, where the careless eighteenth century men and women had danced and talked were crowded with an anxious crowd of doomed victims.

WENEELY & CO. WATERLOO

The Old Reliable CHURCH WINDOWS, BELL'S, and OTHERS.

CHURCH BELL'S

Memorial Bells a Specialty.

Church Bells a Specialty.

New York—who had come to the place as a witness in a trial, and was captivated by his keen intellect, his straightforward honesty, and his wonderful oratorical powers.

The future nun entered Georgetown Academy of the Visitation in 1850—it had been more than half a century in existence then—and in 1856 she was graduated with honor.

The man went direct to Georgetown, and obtained a letter from Sister Mary de Sales to General Meade who was stationed at Alexandria.

THE HOTEL BIRON

From America
In consequence of the iniquitous laws passed against religious orders by the French Government a number of monastic buildings have been swept away in Paris, and commonplace six-storied houses are quickly replacing these homes of prayer and the shady gardens that surrounded them.

These rapid transformations not only represent a crying injustice, the fact that, possibly, law-abiding citizens are deprived of their property and sent adrift; they are also deplored by archaeologists and antiquarians, who, apart from any religious feeling, are indignant at the barbarous destruction of these historical or picturesque landmarks.

THE HOTEL BIRON

Among the religious buildings to which were attached many interesting memories, the Hotel Biron, belong to the nuns of the Sacred Heart, under Louis XIV, and when the nuns' property was seized by the liquidator a group of archaeologists resolved to save the noble mansion from wanton destruction.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN
OUR IDEALS

What we make of ourselves depends upon the ideals we habitually hold. Our lives are shaped upon mental models. If these be high, the life is lofty; if low, it grovels. Man is no better than his ideals. The stream can not rise higher than its source. Our work can never overtop our ideal, our ambition. It is a great thing to keep the constant suggestion of high ideals, of things that are great in the mind, it tends to make us love the right and hate the wrong.

There is one thing we ought to hold in such sacredness that no consideration could induce us to dilute it, and that is the quality of the life, the quality of our ideals. Whatever else we are careless about, we can not afford to be careless about our ideals, second class personalities or demoralized mentalities. However humble our homes or ordinary our environment, we should keep the quality of the life, the personality, at the highest possible standard. We should allow nothing to deteriorate it.

Yet most people are careless and indifferent regarding the quality of their lives. There is a sloppiness in their living, a slovenliness in their mentality, which tend to deteriorate the quality of the life and make it cheap and commonplace. Whatever your career, guard your ideal as the apple of your eye, the pearl of great price; for everything depends upon the direction in which the points of your life are bent, no amount of money or influence can redeem you from mediocrity, or even save you from a degraded life. Man is so made that he must follow his ideal. He can not get up if his ideal points down.

When the taste has become vitiated or demoralized by bad literature or vicious companions, there is no standard by which we can gauge the quality of life, and quality is everything. Quantity means little when compared with quality. Some one says: "The ideal which one possesses, or which possesses one, comes to control him so as to lift him up or drag him down, in spite of all other influences leading in another direction. Therefore, it becomes extremely important that a man's ideals should be worthy ideals, uplifting him in his aspirations and endeavors."

What do we not owe to people who have raised the standard of living and tried to do something better, to live a little finer life; who were not content to jog along in the same old rut, but were determined to get up higher? I have known a girl inspired by the lives of great men and women about whom she had read in literature and in the atmosphere and ideals of the little village in which she lived, as Benjamin Franklin changed the atmosphere of the entire printing establishment in which he worked while in England. We little realize how much we are influenced by the great example of others; how the great men and women whose lives we know mold and stimulate our characters and modify our ideals.

A great many people who live in out-of-the-way places and sparsely-settled communities are only partially developed, and are never thoroughly aroused, because of the lack of inspiring and ambitious examples in their community. It is not difficult to predict the kind of men that will develop from children who live in a vulgar atmosphere, in an environment of vice, who rarely hear anything inspiring or see models of anything that is degrading and deteriorating. On the other hand, we can easily forecast the future men who will develop from children reared in homes of refinement and culture, who breathe the very atmosphere of intelligence and nobility which inspire, elevate and ennoble. The mind is formed by what it feeds on. It must follow the character of its daily food. I have known unusually bright, promising boys to lose their ambition almost entirely when living in a vicious atmosphere and associating with those without purpose in life except to have a good time. Before they realized it, their ideals had become tainted, their aims warped, and their ambition dimmed.

There is something positively contagious about an inspiring ambition. Think of the influence and the power of being a living model, of igniting the spark in thousands of young lives, of awakening the ambition to be somebody and to do something in the world! On the other hand, what a curse to be a degrading model, to have a deteriorating influence! Anything which will lower our standards or ideals will cause an irreparable loss. One of the commonest and most unfortunate things that can happen to a human being is the ruination of the taste for better things. The taste should be kept sensitive, delicate and refined, so that the individual will be able to appreciate the best and highest possible to him. The moment a man stoops to the lower, he cannot maintain the higher; if he continues to do the lesser, he will render himself more and more incapable of doing the greater because his ideals will invariably drop to the level of his acts. Disraeli said: "The youth who does not look up will look down; and the spirit which does not soar is destined to grovel."

How true it is that without a vision the people perish! Where the pursuits are arduous, where the highest aim is the all-absorbing ambition to make money, something that is fust, cheapest and most beautiful in life evaporates; and the nature coarsens. The vast resources and great commercial prizes of this country are tempting, so fascinating that by the time they are ready for active life our youth are so saturated with commercialism, so ambitious to coin every bit of their ability, their education, their influence, their friendships, almost everything into dollars, that all else is neglected. They lose their ideals which are the true test of character.

The ambition of the old masters was to embody their ideals upon canvas, no matter how long it took or what it cost; they could not bear to associate money with their ideals. The canvas or the piece of sculpture was regarded as the child of the brain. There was a kinship in it. They loved it. They could not bear to part with it, even for the necessities of life. It was too precious to sell. The true artist transfers to the canvas the ideal which haunts his soul. Everything that he has seen, read and experienced is incorporated into his masterpiece. No pains, no study, no devotion are too great to give to the child of his brain. What are hunger and coldness to him! He sees immorality in his canvas. His idea is becoming tangible. He does not need the praise of the world, for there is an applause within which is infinitely more satisfying. He is in touch with divinity. He can hear up under any burden the desecration of that holy passion within him. Let others chase the dollars, let others crowd and jam in the selfish world, and live the strenuous life for that which perishes. He eats bread of which the world knows not, he takes his thirst at the very fountain of life.

In every really successful life, there are some principles which must always be put before every other consideration, whatever occupation we adopt. The ideal should be kept high, clear and clean of all contamination or compromise. It should not be warped or twisted by influence or by immediate prospects.

Whatever the tools with which we work, we can all be artists. We can follow the voice that calls us higher, we can do the best of which we are capable. Running through the noblest characters of the world, there is a great backbone of purpose. We feel the timber of their manhood; the stamina of their character. We feel that regardless of their vocation, there is a great moral force in them; something which they hold more sacred than money-making or mere business consideration. These characters are the salt of civilization. We know perfectly well that it is useless to try to twist, buy or influence them. They are not for sale. They stand like the rock of Gibraltar. The very reputation of having a moral backbone, of standing for something, of being known as a man who can not be wheeled into doing a mean thing, a man whose character is beyond perjury, beyond influence for the wrong, is the greatest kind of capital; it is credit in itself.

We base our confidence on a man's mere ability to pay. Many rich men in this country do not have half as much credit at the banks as others with a little of their wealth, simply because everybody believes in the latter. Their very names carry confidence. There is a letter of credit in their reputation. They carry it in their faces. Lincoln once said: "Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say that I have none other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."

We are always betraying our ideals, whether high or low. They crop up in our letters, in our conversation, in our conduct. As the ideal of the sculptor "carves itself in marble real," so the great life aim out-pictures itself in our words. How quickly a man is working in his lives of those he sees upon the streets or meets in traveling! How easy it is to pick out the clergyman or the priest, even when not wearing distinctive dress! The face of the professional or literary man betrays his vocation, the ideals which have actuated him become the thoughts held uppermost in the mind, which become life habits, very quickly become impressed in the face, the form, the manner.

One of the most lamentable things in our civilization to day is the fact that so few business men maintain the integrity of their ideals throughout their business life. Never before was there a time when there was so much winking at dishonorable methods, so much graft in business and politics, or when the great leaders of men were so tempted to stoop to questionable methods. It seems as though everybody were looking for a pull, trying to get a slice even by the good things that are going, even by methods that are questionable. The habit of always trying to do something better, to improve upon our yesterday's, the reaching-up habit, the habit of aspiring, is of untold value to those who would make the most of themselves. The mind that constantly aspires to that which is constantly beyond it, that perpetually yearns for a larger growth, a completer life, will not be forced to look back upon a deformed and hideous life.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A CONVERSION THROUGH THE ROSARY

The conversion, in 1874, of the Queen-Mother, Mary of Bavaria, relict of King Maximilian II, caused a great sensation throughout Germany; for she was by birth a Prussian princess, and had hitherto been a zealous Protestant. Her liberality to the poor and her charities of various kinds had made her an example among her co-religionists of the high and low degree; and from the day of her conversion she became a model of her order, to which she practiced the virtues of a good Catholic with charming simplicity and admirable fervor. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Queen Mary's conversion was due to the Rosary, says a writer in the Ave Maria.

When, in 1842, she was married to the heir of the Crown of Bavaria, she was in the prime of life and gifted with the most brilliant qualities. Great, presumably, was the influence she was destined to exercise over the hearts of her people. Her Catholic subjects began to feel uneasy on the score of their religion. To wit: of the impending danger, some pious ladies of Munich formed among themselves an association, the sole object of which was the conversion of their future Queen; and they decided upon the daily recitation of the beads for this intention. When death claimed the King, her husband, Queen Mary was cast into deep sadness, and began to see the futility of Protestantism as a comfort to the dying or to their surviving loved ones. She was forcibly struck, on the contrary, with the prayers and ceremonies with which the Church aids her departing members, and notably with the common practice of its devout children in reciting the Holy Rosary. Thereupon she determined to seek her consolation in prayer. As she often visited the public hospitals, she became closely acquainted with the Sisters of Charity, and frequently recommended her departed husband and herself to their prayers. On one occasion she asked the good sisters to instruct her as to the meaning of the beads, and the manner of saying them; and, long and fervently, to good account, she set herself to reciting the Rosary with the fervor which grew more and more intense as the days and weeks went by.

Passing a part of the summer at one of her country seats in the heart of the Alps, she came in contact with a well known priest of the neighborhood. By slow degrees she obtained from him instruction on all the points of the Catholic religion. The more she listened, the more she reflected and prayed; and the more completely, too, did her Protestant prejudices vanish. After long and fervent prayer, accompanied with deep study, she determined to become a Catholic. As soon as her resolve was reported in Berlin, every effort was made to induce her to change her mind. They sent her one of the chief Protestant pastors, in whom she placed the greatest confidence. He put forth all his arguments to prevail upon her to remain a non-Catholic. It was all to no purpose; for after having bootlessly sung out all his logic, and losing his temper, he added: "Then, Madam, all you have to do now is to say your beads." "An already," said the Queen with a smile, "the habit of saying them every day."

Incidents like this should have the effect of increasing our confidence in the efficacy of prayer and our devotion to the Holy Rosary. "More things are wrought by prayer," says the poet; and, as everyone knows, the Rosary has been the source of innumerable blessings, not merely to the Church at large and to nations, but also to families and individuals.—Providence Visitor.

TWO BRAVE LADS

Every boy who reads this paper has heard the story of the sinking of the Republic and of how the lad who was the operator of the wireless telegraph stood at his post for hours until he had brought help to passengers and crew. But there was a little sequel to the story which they may not have heard. A week after the disaster the manager of a vaudeville company offered this lad no less than a thousand dollars a month if he would appear on the stage. "No," he said, bewildered. "A thousand dollars? Why, I'm no actor!" This reminds me of a similar story, which also is true. A few years ago there stood in Penn square, in Philadelphia, a high old building filled with offices and in a ruinous condition. When a neighboring house was taken down, its foundations were weakened and its walls began to fall. Some of the occupants of the upper stories escaped; then the stairways fell. But the frame of the elevator remained standing and the engine continued to work. A great crowd assembled in the streets, watching the lift as it joggled slowly up and down, bringing a dozen men out of the jaws of death. As it started up again the frame of the elevator shook. The police interfered. "Stop!" they shouted to the boy, whose hand was on the lever. "But there are two women up there," he said. "The walls are going!" they cried. "Come out!" dragging at him. "There are women up there, and I'm the elevator boy," he repeated, doggedly. He went to the top story, took on the women, and came down slowly. When the floor of the elevator touched the earth, there was a great shout of triumph. They caught the lad, calling him a hero, and praying God to bless him; but he shook himself free from them. "Somebody had to go, and I'm the elevator boy," he replied, all unconscious of his bravery and usefulness.

BRavo, Mrs. Bruin!

A bear story with an element of novelty is related by Dr. J. Winslow Ayre in his "Life in the Wilds of America." The incident occurred on the Little Missouri River, in Dakota: "A young Indian told us one morning that he had seen a cub and cub on the bluff of a small creek on the opposite side of the river. Several of the party at once took a small boat and started in search of the game, resolved to take the cub alive and keep it for a pet. "They proceeded up the creek for a hundred yards or more. Then hastily clambering up the bluff, they soon found the cub in a recess of the rocks, but the dam was not to be seen. "This suited the hunters very well, as they were not in a bloodthirsty mood. By means of a rope they secured the cub without difficulty, but when they began to drag it down the cliff it made a noisy protest, and by the time the men entered the boat with their prize they discovered the old bear bounding downward in pursuit. Just at the mouth of the creek a large rock projected over the water, and toward this point the bear advanced. "Several shots were fired at her, but not one took effect. The men thought that they could easily row away from her, but, to their consternation, just as they were abreast of the rock she sprang from the extreme point directly into the boat! "The celerity with which the gentleman vacated the premises was really astonishing. Over the side of the skiff and into the water they plunged and swam to land, regardless of guns and wet clothing. The situation was ludicrous, or would have been so to persons in a less perilous position. "Meantime the boat had acquired sufficient headway to carry it down the river in midstream, with the bears still in it. Later it drifted ashore and was recovered, but the bears had escaped."

PURE MADE WHOLESOME IN CANADA MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM RELIABLE ECONOMICAL

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

In the November number of Boringuen, Rev. Mariano Rodriguez contributes an interesting article on religion and science, from which we take the following extracts: "At no time," says the writer, "has the Catholic Church been the enemy of science, nor has it looked upon the advance of knowledge as a hindrance to its growth and prosperity. Bacon said long ago, and Christians knew it before his time, that while ignorance draws us away from God, knowledge leads us toward Him. Only those who study things in a vague, superficial way take the wrong side in popular questions of faith. Those who belong to the group of half wits, as the great Molgno calls them, have the daring to accuse religion of being at war with knowledge, and of being the enemy of enlightenment. Those who sincerely give utterance to such avowals make their profound ignorance evident at once, and show us how little they know of the A B C of history; those who pretend to be learned and claim that their calumnious affirmations are the result of deep investigations, fall in the truth shamefacedly, and in their irreligious delirium they outdo even Voltaire himself. "But we hesitate to admit that in our day we know anything at all of the wise and learned men of antiquity; it is owing exclusively to the diligence of the patient Benedictine monks. "No; the Church in spreading through the world the teaching of the Gospel, addressed itself alike to the wise and the ignorant; it invited all by its light of knowledge and excluded none from its bosom; and while some of the Apostles preached in the lowly villages of Galilee, others, like St. Paul and St. Peter, announced the good news in the Forum of the great Athens and in the Forum of the learned men of Rome. "It is true that they came to count among their fervent and enthusiastic followers men that are known under such names as Dionysius, Origen, Tertullian, Jerome, Augustine and Chrysostom, who were and are the glory of science and of religion. "But we need not make these assertions; now that Catholicism had more than sufficient strength to resist the destroying forces of time and to prolong its existence, long after many would-be prophets had announced its downfall; many, even among athletes and haters of religion are willing to add to the catalogue of the Church's triumphs the fact that she has saved from destruction much knowledge that came down to us as a legacy from the past, but they take away much of this praise by asserting that in our own day the Church puts barriers in the way of civilization. But we cannot honestly make use of any such assertions, for if we glance at the picture presented by the most distinguished learned men of modern times, it is evident that now, as always, science and religion live in perfect harmony, and support each other mutually. "Of course it can be said that there is no lack of learned men who, far from believing, launch forth in their writings horrible accusations against the Catholic Church, and we know that, unfortunately, this is true, but it is also true, and undeniable that the opinion of men who are well instructed in the sciences becomes of little value when they treat of religious subjects of which they know nothing. Here their views are only equal to those of any half-educated person. Such eminent men merit much credit when they speak to us of the properties of matters, of the movements of the stars, of the formation of the earth, or of any other matters to which they have given deep study; then we listen to them as masters of their chosen science or profession, but it is not possible to grant them the same unquestioned authority when they discuss matters of which they have made no study at all; thus, as an astronomer, no matter how great his learning, is not called upon to resolve social problems, because the science of the stars has little in common with the government of men, so in like manner, neither the sociologist, nor the physicist, nor the mathematician, nor the lawyer have voice or vote in purely religious questions if they have not made religion a special study. This self-evident fact does away with the authority of irreligious men who may rank as learned, while it takes nothing from the worth of the testimony of the man who is both learned and a devotee, and who has studied the subject of which he treats. The reason is obvious. "The Catholic scientist, whatever be his special branch, studies and meditates carefully upon the truths which professes and upon the principles and maxims which guide his conduct, because this is one of the chief duties which his religion imposes upon him, and because he understands that it is of much more importance to him to

know the mysteries of faith than the mysteries of science. "Besides all this, we must confess that true believers to-day have a great obstacle to face when they devote themselves ardently to the study of any natural science, because they encounter at every step non-believers, who try to convince them that the teachings of the faith they profess are incompatible with the science to which they wish to consecrate themselves. And here we see that rationalists and free thinkers are the ones who really impede the advance of knowledge, and who do their best to trip up or paralyze the Catholic scientist, that his investigations may come to nothing; but precisely for this is the testimony of such a Catholic as the writer, who speaks of his subjects. In addition to the special study of his choice, he is forced to go deep down to the religious side of things and make a serious study of them and thus his judgments are formed about things that he really understands; in matters of faith he knows what he is talking about, whereas the rationalist, however learned on other points, about the matters in hand knows nothing at all. "And yet we have reason to be grateful to these very free thinkers and non-believers, for, without knowing it, and without intending it, they prepare the way for the Catholic scientist, and are ready for attacks and to be able to give an account of the faith that is in them."

OF WHAT USE ARE ANGEL GUARDIANS

Sir.—What object does my angel guardian serve? God is with me every action. In time of danger, if He is pleased with me, or for some other reason, He will protect me; and if He is displeased with me, He will probably abandon me. God watches over me personally. Then where is the necessity for an angel guardian? Yours, etc. [Signed.] COMMENT ON THE FOREGOING LETTER

It would be possible to retort to these questions, or to carry on the same line of questioning to an unlimited extent. Let us try. Of what use are preachers and teachers of religion? God is the master of grace, and could give it to us abundantly without their aid. Of what use is the Church? God is the supreme ruler of men, and could teach us and rule us in the way of salvation without the intermediary of Bishops and priests. Of what use is eating and breathing? God who has created our bodies could sustain them without waste, and therefore without need of renovation and refreshment. Of what use is our body? God could have created us pure spirits capable of functioning independent of the flesh. Finally and more philosophically, of what use are created or secondary causes, or the so-called agents and forces of nature? In order for them to act God must create them and preserve them in existence, and even supply them with all the force by which they act. Why cannot God do everything Himself without the intervention of secondary causes or agents. Ultimately all the force and power by which these secondary agents act is derived from God and is dependent upon Him; and He could do it all, and achieve nearly all the same results without them. Apparently He wants to make the universe a social thing—a thing in which His creatures depend not only upon their Creator but also upon their fellow-creatures—thus including a sense of fellowship among us. The result is, that we are created to create a man He wants to create a woman He makes use of a rib. When He wants to communicate with primitive man He assumes a human form and a voice. When He wants to lead a people out of bondage He commissions Moses and Aaron. When He wants to give commandments He sends them down written on pieces of stone. When He wants to redeem the world He makes His Divine Son appear on earth in human form. In order to provide this human form He makes use of a virgin. When the work of redemption is to be accomplished He makes use of the wicked men who put our Lord to death. When He wants to spread the gospel He does it through the mouth of the apostles. When He wants to establish a church He rules it through bishops and priests. When He wants to clothe and give grace He devises the sacraments. When He wants to wash original sin He makes use of water. When He wants to wash away actual sin He makes use of the words of absolution. When He wants to nourish the soul He makes use of bread and wine. When He wants to teach us religion He sends His Holy Spirit upon us as preachers and moralists. When He wants to communicate directly with men He sometimes makes use of inspirations, but also sometimes makes use of angels. Although desirous to give us all possible grace, He will also give it to us for it. But He will also give it to us if others ask for it on our behalf— if our fellow-Christians pray for us if the saints in heaven pray for us. Finally, if He wants to extend a special and sheltered care over each one of us He does it through the appointment of

guardian angels—He Himself supervising the whole work of guardianship all the time, but allowing it to be effectively carried out under His supervision by a created spirit. This is certainly a good thing in two ways. First, it gives us a sense of fellowship with the angelic order; and secondly, it gives the angels themselves an interest and activity in the well-being of the human order. It is, in short, a good thing both for the angels and for us.—The Examiner, Bombay.

ELOGIUM TRIBUTE OF MACCAULAY TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

Providence, Dec. 2.—Two Baptist ministers had something to say to their congregations last Sunday and they said it. Of course, it had nothing to do with the gospel of the day which was not unusual. Bowley Green, of the Broadway Baptist church, discussed the errors and falsehoods of Roman Catholicism, while a Central Falls Baptist minister named J. J. Williams discoursed on the "Evangelization of a City." The names of Bowley Green and J. J. Williams are comparatively unknown outside their small and rapidly decreasing congregations. It is doubtful if 5 per cent. of the population of Rhode Island has ever heard of either of them. Every schoolboy, however, has heard of Lord Macaulay, the great English historian. Lord Macaulay had no love for the Catholic Church. And yet, Lord Macaulay's opinion of the Catholic Church, written in his best style, is a classic of the English language. It is reprinted here.

There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifices rose from the altars, and when camels and tigers bounded in the Slavian amphitheatre. "The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. The line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice, when compared with the Papacy, remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. "The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farther ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe.

A DIFFICULT TASK "The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christians exceed in number a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that the end of them all is destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the

Bacon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—before Grecian elegance still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, make his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. "Is it not strange that in the year 1790 even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome had come? An infidel power ascendant—the Pope dying in captivity—the most illustrious prelate of France living in a foreign country on Protestant aims—the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting houses for political societies, or into Theophilanthropic chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination. END WAS NOT YET

"But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius VI, a great reaction had commenced, which, after the lapse of more than forty years, appears to be still in progress. Anarchy has had its day. A new order of things rose out of confusion—new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidst them emerged the ancient religion. The Arabs had a table that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and of all the works of men, bore the weight of the flood. "Such was the fall of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which has passed away. The republic of Holland was gone, the empire of Germany, and the great council of Venice, and the old Helvetian League, and the house of Bourbon, and the parliaments and aristocracy of France. Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a confederation of the Rhine. Nor had a late events affected only the territorial limits and political institutions. The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through a great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still here.

When friendships are real, they are real, they are not the glass threads or frostwork, but the solid things we know.—Emerson.

A Snap For Sale at Cayuga Ontario

Grain Elevator, capacity 15,000 bushels; price \$2,000. Located on G. T. R. and Wash.; built 2 years ago of timber, scantling; clad with corrugated galvanized iron on sides and roof; basement of concrete masonry; main floor 14 inch timber; 7 upper bins, built of 2 x 4 inch scantling flat and braced; eight ports leads to steel trolley conveying grain to cars on track; gas engine in basement run by natural gas costing 25 cents per thousand; capacity of 900 bushels per shift; full self-loading distributor; hopper receives grain outside, emptying into a 25 bushel hopper scales. Can easily be operated by a boy of 12 years old, as there are no handling of bags. Along with the grain business we will sell our Flour and Feed business, which can be handled on the main floor of the elevator. Annual turnover of wheat is about 40,000 to 50,000 bushels, besides the coarse grains, and the corn which we shipped in. Basement has a capacity for several cars of potatoes. Annual turnover of Flour and Feed about \$2,000 to \$3,000. Will sell out stock to purchaser at cost price; business is a good live one. Also have for sale a Feeding and Sale Stable in good location. An opportunity for a good business, there being no other in town. Will sell at reasonable price, below cost, as owner is leaving Ontario. For further particulars, apply to

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VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN THE GREAT RUSSIAN Pianoforte Master is making a farewell tour of the United States and Canada. He will give fifteen recitals in all the principal cities of Canada, and, like nearly all of the great Artists who tour this country, he has selected the NEW SCALE WILLIAMS CANADA'S GREATEST PIANO to be used exclusively by him in this country. His decision to use this instrument is a glowing tribute to the makers, and simply shows the high position the New Scale Williams occupies in the musical world. Mrs. Sembrich, after using this instrument on both of her Canadian tours, said: "It has one of the most beautiful tones I ever heard, and I will advise all of my artist friends who tour this country to insist on having a New Scale Williams Piano for their recitals." Other celebrities like ELMAN, GERALDINE FARRAR, SCOTTI, FREMSTADT, HOMER, SLEZAK, and many others agree with MME. SEMBRICH, and all have pronounced it perfect. If you would have the piano that is used by the world's Greatest Artists, simply on account of its magnificent tone quality, purchase a NEW SCALE WILLIAMS. The WILLIAMS PIANO CO., LIMITED OSHAWA ONTARIO D.P.

