

# The Catholic Record.

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

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN 5, 1907.

### SCIENTIFIC CHARLATANS.

We are of the opinion that The Citizen, Ottawa, can give its space to worthier things than the views of M. Berthelot on religion and morality.

As a nation, we are respecters of religion and we are not ready to lay the things for which religion stands at the feet of the theorist, whose theories, by the way, are discredited and discreditable.

Why The Citizen should permit M. Berthelot to fill its columns with explanations, that explain nothing save his antipathy to Christianity, is beyond our comprehension. He is a more retailer of chaff from infidel workshops. He says but what has been said a thousand times by the enemies of religion, and with a curious confidence in the truth of his pronouncements, and incidentally an amazing contempt for the intelligence of others, regards his assertions as principles to be admitted without dispute. He represents, we think, the cheap and windy school of infidelity of which Ingersoll was the chief exponent. We say this advisedly, because, in his own showing, he is not in accord with scientists of the first rank. When he says that science can but approach a God Who is neither moral nor immoral, he limits science to a sphere which is the least important in the realms of thought and he contradicts human reason and statistics. And he is not of the calibre of the real scientists who tell us that all knowledge must lead up to one great result, that of an intelligent Creator through His works. The scientist who scans the past, and finds everywhere the evidences of order and design and law, and recognizes in it all intellect and will, says, with Lord Kelvin, May 2, 1903: "I cannot say, he declared; with regard to the origin of life, science neither affirms nor denies creative power. Science positively affirms creating and directing power which she compels us to accept as an article of belief. So a real scientist knows no thing of the science represented by M. Berthelot, who, with many of his kind, deal in assumptions which are not true, and in theories which are not established by fact. When we see about us phenomena which postulate a cause—man with intelligence and will—order and motion and design in the worlds that rush through space and in the tiniest flower—to see this and to ascribe it to a God Who is neither moral nor immoral, may please M. Berthelot and his followers, but not the myriads who have not parted with their reason. Once grant the existence of a First Cause and reason must recognize that He is infinite and perfect, goodness and justice itself, the Supreme Personality Who has made man after His own image. We need more than assertions before we attempt to rob God of what belongs to Him. And we think that M. Berthelot's theory, which is not accepted by the real scientists, which has never been held by any people under the sun, which is as alien to our reason as it is to our heart, is no argument against principles which are beyond the reach of experimental science.

The cry, then, of a God Who is indifferent to His creatures is the cry of men who find it to their interest that there should be no God. The insinuation that all the forces of learning are in the camp of the Rationalist has no foundation on fact. Ampere and Ohm found faith compatible with science; Claude Bernard, the French physiologist, was a Catholic; and Dr. Pasteur's life proves that deep research and scientific discovery are not at variance with a humble faith. These men knew that reason not only declares its belief in the possibility of revelation but tells us with certainty that God has given a revelation of truths above the order of nature.

### WHY SHOULD WE NOT?

For a knowledge of nature the scientist relies upon inference and deduction. Why should we not follow the same method to gain a knowledge of God? The assertion that God can not make Himself known or does not wish to reveal Himself to men is merely an indication of rationalistic arrogance. It is an assumption that is disproved by the fact that from the day of creation to the present time, testimony to the existence of a supernatural revelation is found in the history of every nation. Without it history is not explicable and the desire of mankind for happiness without a cause.

## ASSUMPTION OF THINGS THAT AIN'T SO.

We are told that the serious and energetic young men of France have their eyes turned upon France. It is the religion of modern Europe.

Here again are assumptions of the scientific charlatan. It is not true, that "religion," which holds that God is neither moral or immoral, is the religion of any country. It has never been true of any tribe or nation as any stage of the world's history, and can never be true so long as human nature is what it is. We can still claim to be reasonable despite the charlatans. We can still endeavor to find out the reason of things and give some time to the study of cause and effect. When we have effects, as the longings of the soul for happiness, we are under the impression that they must have some cause. To say that we are composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon is not to tell us how these gases came to be a living being with intelligence and self-determination and self-guidance. To be brief, the masters in physical science are on the side of religious philosophy. The talkers do nothing but proclaim either their self-conceit or ignorance: the workers, Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Pascal, Pasteur, Kelvin, etc., acknowledge the existence of a beneficent Creator and Ruler. We say the charlatan shows his self-conceit when he asserts that what he does not know is unknowable. This, however, does not hinder us from availing ourselves of philosophy and of revelation. It is true that we can neither demonstrate the existence of God by observation and experiment nor find a soul at the bottom of a test tube. But if we restrict knowledge to that gained by observation and experiment, we must, as Father Gerard points out, renounce all knowledge, not only concerning God and the truths of religion, but of much else of which no man doubts, and even concerning the truths of science herself.

### A FEW EXAMPLES.

Take, for example, the province of physics. This deals with two factors, Matter and Force. Of Matter, which we can observe, says Father Gerard, we know a little, a very little, and every fresh discovery does but make it more obvious how little this is. But Force? As to what it is science knows just nothing at all. But because she is thus utterly ignorant of the nature of Force, which lies beyond the limits of observation and experiment, does science declare her mobility to be certain even of its existence. To do so would be to stultify herself and reduce all her domain to hopeless chaos. She assumes that gravitation, however incomprehensible, will continue to hold the earth and the other planets in their several paths round the sun. Similarly, uniformity as are the uses to which we have learnt to put electricity, no man has the faintest idea what electricity is. Scientists cannot verify, by either telescope or microscope, the difference between a work of Wagner or a second rate musician; but they know there is a difference. Science believes the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, but they do not discover it by a test-tube. We should remember that the science which M. Berthelot dubs a religion is neither scientific nor religious. Assertions and assumptions it has instead of facts; and, denying that between man and God there exists a conscious relationship, it strikes at the basis of religious life.

### NOT IRRATIONAL OR UNSCIENTIFIC.

By not restricting ourselves to pure reason, it does not follow that we, therefore, disparage it, and prove ourselves irrational or unscientific. It is our reason that leads us to the recognition of God, and convinces us that He has undoubtedly provided some means whereby we may obtain that knowledge concerning Him, an ineradicable craving for which He has implanted in our souls. We find the Catholic Church claiming to furnish these means, and millions of men in every age admitting her claim. By such marks our reason recognizes in her a creation which no mere human power can explain. Thus, being convinced, we quote Father Gerard, that here we have found the divinely appointed teacher, our common sense bids us submit ourselves to the Church, as otherwise she would have no reason for existing. How far the real scientist is from the charlatan may be seen in the following words of the great Pasteur:

"The result of all my studies has

been to bring me to have the faith of the Breton peasant. Had I pushed them further I should probably have even the faith of the Breton peasant's wife." (F. Bonnard "Pasteur sa vie et ses centres," p. 26)

The Toronto Globe, Nov. 8, deprecates the bitterness and recklessness, which are a discredit to Christianity, of both Roman Catholics and Protestants.

We have the profoundest respect for the non-Catholic who can journey into debatable land without the aid of vilification of things Catholic. But we have scant courtesy for those who insinuate on platform, and speak of us as if we were here in suffering, and in the darkness unilluminated by Gospel light. The non-Catholic may proclaim his views in season and out of season, and meet with no bitterness from the Catholic press.

But when his views are associated with caricatures of our faith and revilement of doctrines, which we hold dearer than life, we refer to him in terms which are neither reckless nor bitter. The orgy of calumny, to which we are invited now and then, would be a thing of the past were the non-Catholic to express his abhorrence of it in the public prints. A rebuke from a non-Catholic of weight might persuade the notoriety-seeking divine to be less sensational in his methods. We, that is, the most of us, irrespective of creed, regard this kind of preacher as a nuisance and of no value to any cause that demands something better than commonplace assertions.

The Globe itself, unwittingly, we assume, stirs up occasionally the muddy pools of bigotry. Its literary editor might be induced to erase the epithet "Romanish" from his vocabulary. A matter perhaps of little moment, but not, if we believe non-Catholic authorities, to a scholar or a gentleman. In a review of "The Woman of Babylon," by Joseph Hocking, he assures us that he "does not subscribe to all the pictures" of the work. This refusal of unqualified approval, while not a great evidence for his impartiality, is a sign that he has an eye on the pocket of the non-Catholic who is curious and glib, when he tells us that the ability of the author to weave an enthralling story around such a subject as a convent inspection, he begets a suspicion that his estimate of the intelligence of the reading public is as low as is his standard of worthiness. He ought to know that Mr. Hocking is but an anti-Catholic tract-writer of the old style. He is a purveyor of odds and ends frayed at the edges. There is always the priest's wink at somebody when he is not weaving nets of intrigues. There is always melodramatic claptrap and the cruelty of past ages. There is the poor, list, a charmer by the way, in his latest production, who accepts for a nun, and is immersed in a convent without the knowledge of her parents.

She is always rescued by her lover, etc. Now all this purporting to be a description of things Catholic can but appeal to the ignorant. Convents do not do business in this manner. Girls, charming or otherwise, are not spirited away by wily priests. The book is merely a portrayal of Mr. Hocking, and, as such, is valueless to either truth or literature. The Globe's critic should remember that knowledge is not a bad thing for a critic.

### BISHOP McPAUL TALKS ON CATHOLIC PAPERS.

Bishop McPaul was returned from his European trip on November 9, spoke at all the Masses in St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, November 11, and urged the congregation to subscribe for Catholic papers. His remarks were occasioned when he was telling of his interview with Pope Pius X. and he repeated the words of the Sovereign Pontiff with reference to the conditions in France. "As it is desired to be let alone," said the Pope meaning that the State should not encroach upon the Church. "Every Catholic," said the Bishop, "should have a clear understanding of the true state of affairs in France and should keep in touch with the movements in the Church that are of interest to all. This can be done in no other way than by reading Catholic papers." He stated that by having these papers one could learn of the progress of the Church in different lands and of the places in which she is being persecuted and be able to refute untrue assertions that are made from time to time. He spoke briefly of the countries he had passed through and said he would give a more lengthy account at a later time.—Michigan Catholic.

Self love is a cup without any bottom; you might pour the Great Lakes into it and never fill it up.—O. W. Holmes.

## FATHER FALLON ON THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

Buffalo Union and Times.

Very Rev. M. F. Fallon, O. M. I., rector of Holy Angels' Church, recently wrote as follows to the Buffalo Express. Father Fallon began by saying that he thought there had been so much misrepresentation and suppression of the truth by the Associated Press and by individuals that it was high time to hear the Church's side of the controversy now agitating France. The remark about the Associated Press had reference to the failure of a representative of that organization to send out the news which was handed him regarding a recent conference in Chicago of Archbishops and Bishops with reference to the situation in France. Nor was any mention made of the cable gram sent by the conferees to the Holy Father in support of the attitude of the Church.

"I was very much surprised," said Father Fallon, "to read in the columns of the Express last Sunday and to-day what purported to be a statement of an informed source. The writer is an informant, has been formerly superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library and a member of the Buffalo Historical Society, but I am unable to discover from his writings on this question that his connection with these sources of learning has been of much benefit to him."

"What he has to say of the position of the Church in France is clearly the comment of a man either too narrow-minded and bigoted to give both sides, or too ignorant from a lack of knowledge of the subject. I have no hesitation in saying that this gentleman has never read the text of the French law or the encyclicals of the Pope condemning that law. Nor has he read any correct interpretation of either the law or the encyclicals. In his comment of to-day he says:

"The Vatican and the Catholic Church in France are not contending in the main for the possession of property which has belonged legally to the French government for more than one hundred years, which the Church hitherto has had free use of, but for the further use of which the government has now prescribed certain terms."

### THE CRUCIAL POINT.

"This is scarcely the statement of a man with any knowledge either of past history or of present conditions. The Church is not 'contending in the main,' or in any other way, for the possession of property. Had the commentator read the Pope's encyclical or joint letter of the French episcopacy he would know that the point of contest is not the ecclesiastical property in France, but the asset which is made by the so-called separation law on the constitution of the Church.

"The Pope has said in formal terms that he objects to this law because it disregards and sets aside himself as the head of the Church, because it disregards and sets aside the Bishop as the father of the diocese, and because likewise it disregards and sets aside the pastor in the parish as the head of the parish. It gives the power of financial administration, which might be conceded to laymen, but it likewise gives what can never be conceded, according to the constitution of the Catholic Church, the right of governing and controlling everything connected with divine worship.

"This is the crucial point and the commentator who fails to put that point before the public, is either unfair or unacquainted with the conditions. This gentleman states further that 'the object of the present law in France is to put all religious institutions upon the voluntary self-supporting footing which they have in the United States.' I characterize such a statement as that as so far from the facts as to leave a doubt as to whether he who made it had any conception at all of the conditions that prevail."

Father Fallon quoted from a conversation he had had October 27, with Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, in which he emphatically declared:

"Let them give us a real bill of separation, but let them leave us free to pursue our way in peace and we shall be satisfied."

### DEPLIQUET AND TRICKERY.

"But," continued the rector, "it has been found impossible to deal with the duplicity and the trickery of the French government." Anyone undertaking to comment and criticize ought, in the opinion of Father Fallon, to be familiar with the papal document of August 10th of this year, which contains the following:

"The separation of civil and religious society may not be unacceptable, and is not unacceptable, if in separating from the Church the State will leave her the liberty common to all and the possession of her property."

In the foregoing was said to be reflected the attitude assumed in several countries by the Church toward States. The Church's resistance is explicitly defined in the declaration that she "does not condemn the law of separation."

Passing to more general consideration of the subject in the light of his own, Father Fallon brought out that in 1789, at the time of the French revolution, all ecclesiastical property was confiscated by the State. In 1801, Napoleon I, realizing the necessity of an amicable understanding with the Church, opened negotiations with Pius VII. The Holy Father agreed to make a claim for the return of the property that had been stolen. That, in the eyes of some, constituted ground for a claim of legal ownership—"a kind of

ownership of which no respectable person would feel proud."

### SECOND CONFIRMATION.

It was also brought out that Napoleon on his part agreed to place in the budget of public worship an annual appropriation of \$1,000,000 for the support of the Bishops and clergy and for the maintenance of the churches. With that began what is called the salaried clergy of France. "Now," one fell awestruck that annual indebtedness is blotted out by the so-called representatives of the French government and there was confiscated every bit of ecclesiastical property, real and personal. Not only were endowment funds, the fruits of a century of charity, of art, were ordered to hand over the control of the churches financially and spiritually to a board of laymen. That was described as separation of Church and State and freedom for the Church.

In closing Father Fallon commented on the violation of the concordat of 1801 as seen in the present situation and referring to the good bargain for the State which Napoleon had driven whereby in return for claims to property worth hundreds of millions of dollars the Church was to receive from the State \$1,000,000 annually.

This led up to a consideration and denunciation of the Wadon-Koussean law of 1901, not only confiscating the property of all religious orders, but declaring the orders themselves to be illegal. In this connection Father Fallon riddled the pretext for this law which was that by this spoliation a fund of \$200,000,000 would be raised and become available for the "peopling of workhouses for the poor."

It was stated that 30,000 men and 130,000 women had been driven from religious houses to penury and starvation, left to die on the streets or in the almshouses. And for what? Spoils of the worst kind as was shown by the following figures:

"Property of the Franciscan Fathers at St. Etienne, valued at \$140,000, sold for \$13,800; expenses of sale \$4,200; fee of auctioneer \$4,500.

"Property of the Ursulines at Treguier, valued at \$80,000, sold for \$11,000.

"Property of the Sisters at Limoges sold for \$5,320—one-tenth of its value, Expenses of sale, \$2,707; auctioneer's fee, \$2,800.

"How much of this went to the pension fund? Just \$13.

Other instances were shown in values and proceeds as follows: \$850,000 sold for \$80,000; \$300,000 for \$50,000; \$1,000,000 for \$100,000; \$213,000 for \$6,000; \$25,000 for \$2,200; \$218,000 for \$64,425; \$220,000 for \$35,925. After the expenses of sale and fees of lawyers and auctioneers there was a bagatelle for the pension fund."

Father Fallon characterized this as a colossal theft which threatened not only the Catholic Church but every form of religion and every kind of property. It was the putting into action of the doctrines of the apostle of infidelity Viviani, who made the proud boast: "We have torn all faith from the human conscience."

### BISHOP COLTON ENDORSES FATHER FALLON.

Monday's Equivocal quotes Bishop Colton as having made the following statement to one of his reporters: "There is nothing I can say in the matter. Father Fallon has stated the matter fully and well. He has stated the facts, and we all hold the same views as he does. He has, for what he said, the full endorsement of the diocese. I cannot at this time, even if my engagement would permit, add one line to what he has said."

### SWEETENING LIFE.

IT IS TO SEEK JOY AND CULTIVATE FAITH.

By Henry F. Cope.

At the beginning of the new year men take time to review and preview. What the future will be depends largely on the eyes with which we now look at it. If we look for joy we find it; if our ears are tuned to the joyful sound our lives go singing all the time. It is part of life's business to find this loving ever sings through the ages. Into the darkest lives there comes some consolation. The deeper we go into the valley of the shadow the more keenly do we realize the kindness, the sympathy, the essential goodness there is in this world.

Sometimes we need sorrow to give us new eyes and keener ears. A man never learns until he loses his money the worth of friends not bought with gold, the deeds of love that could not be hired, nor how rich is humanity in the eternal wealth of everyday goodness. Many a heart has first caught the anthem of heavenly happiness through the minor chords of pain.

Seek happiness. Cultivate faith in your fellow, in their sincere seeking to be decent, and kind, and better men and women. If this old world is a sad world don't try to sweeten it with vinegar. Don't warehouse all your happiness in heaven. Circulate the currency of that happy land here. If you feel pessimistic get out and see wood, hunt up some one in need and help them. Pray God to deliver you from the poison of despair.

Seek the joyful sound. Of all the good things of which men may boast at last the best of all will be to have touched up the dull places with light and lifted the heavy hearts with the magic love, to have made the world just a little better by believing in it and loving it.

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### M. VIVIANI'S BLASPHEMY.

A FRENCH PROTESTANT PASTOR IS AMONG THOSE WHO DENOUNCE A RECENT GOVERNMENT UTTERANCE.

M. Viviani enters a belated denial of the anti-Christian sentiments to which he gave expression at a recent teachers' convention, but what of the blasphemy of M. Viviani, the Socialist Minister of Labor in the French Cabinet? In England attention has been called to this in the columns of the Times, of London, by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. "All in unison, through our forefathers, our elders and our own descendants, we have associated ourselves with the past in the work of anti-clericalism, as the work of Ireland. We have burned the human conscience from faith. When some poor wretch, weary with the weight of his daily labor, kneels to pray, we lift him up, we say, to pray that, behind his mist, there is nothing but chimera. Together, and with significant gesture, we have extinguished in heaven the lights that will never be lit again."

"And," exclaims the Pall Mall Gazette, "the French Chamber has had that speech placarded in every commune in France! Well, we need not waste words over the prevarications of this insect sitting on its blade of grass and deying heaven. The lights in the firmament of faith will shine long after M. Rene Viviani has ceased to have his puny watering pot."

More notable still, the boast of M. Viviani has drawn forth a noble protest from the French Protestant pastor, M. Monod, of Rouen. "To extinguish the light from heaven," he replies, "you must take from us Christ, if you can. If there be one magnificent act, it is that of the Son of Man dying on the Cross of Calvary, and leaving to His brethren of mankind the supreme consolation, the supreme hope."

"French Protestants," remarks the London Catholic Times, "should now begin to see that the anti-clerical policy of the Government is directed towards the destruction, not merely of Catholicism, but of every form of supernatural religion. And we wonder how long it will be before a similar light breaks upon the minds of English Protestants? At present they seem to think that the struggle in France is one between the State and the Catholic Church. This idea is fed by the carefully prepared news given them in the columns of the secular press. The fact is that in France, especially, but also elsewhere also in its degree, the State is unfolding its determination to become supreme over the body and soul of every citizen. The time is near when all Christians must join in the fight for Christianity."

### LEST WE FORGET.

As Catholics we should remember that in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass we have not only a repetition of Christ's Passion while on earth, but our Divine Lord Himself in the most Blessed Sacrament on our altar.

What, then, should be our attitude while assisting at this solemn ceremony? How devout should we be in the presence of Him Who suffered and died for us, and Whom we hope to welcome as when we have passed from this life as His devoted children. Let us try and remember the importance of attending Holy Mass, and curb our wilful distractions.

Again, in approaching the Blessed Eucharist in our frequent Communion, let us forget all else save Him Who instituted this wonderful sacrament, that we might live forever by partaking worthily of His Body and Blood, and thus keep ourselves in company with God.

And while we must not forget to do the work God has laid out for us faithfully, we must not forget that all worldly affairs end here. And in order to meet our Blessed Saviour as a Friend whom we have passed away, we must keep ourselves mindful of this fact, and continually offer prayers of thanksgiving and gratitude to Him Who daily looks after our wants, if we would hope to spend eternity with God, His angels and His saints.

### EMINENT CATHOLIC.

WHO IS PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY AT HARVARD.

Dr. Thomas D. Dwight of the Harvard Medical School, who fills the chair of the Parkman professor of anatomy, commands the respect of his conferees not more by his eminence in his profession than by his uncompromising stand for religion. A recent appreciation of him says:

"Dr. Dwight does effectively for Harvard what Louis Pasteur did for France. With graceful omniscience and fitness he combines with his duties as head of the medical school where he cares for the physical body, his work as head of the St. Vincent de Paul in this archdiocese, where his philanthropic work does so much for the soul which he deals. Pasteur is well portrayed in the character of the Parkman professor and the medical world holds the one in as high esteem as they hold the other in fond memory. They meet on the common ground of Catholicity, and as effective and accomplishing a stand for religion. Dr. Dwight, the past greatness of Dwight typifies the glory of present accomplishment. Both were intensely humane and intensely Catholic."

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

By T. W. POOLS, M. D., LIBRARIAN, OBT. CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. McCoy showed no particular emotion over his acquittal. He even seemed more thoughtful and reserved than ever.

The fact was, another trial was going on in his own mind, and evidence was being gathered for and against: the cause at issue being no other than the innocence or guilt of the old Church, which is either the handiwork of God or the masterpiece of Satan.

From his researches, so far, he was prepared, theoretically, to acquit that Church of the odious charges brought against it, some of which are merely glanced at in these pages; but precisely he feared it—feared to approach or touch it.

Some one, whom it seemed ought to know, had said to him: "Oh you can persuade yourself into an acceptance of the doctrines of that Church, but six months practical acquaintance with it will reverse all your notions regarding it. Your eyes will then be opened to its true character when it is too late, and you will have disgusted your friends without satisfying yourself."

This was a style of argument, or rather a species of representation, to which, at the time, he felt it difficult to reply. He knew of no one who had made the trial he was contemplating, to whom he could appeal; and so he passed at the very portal of the dreaded Church, wishing, yet fearing, to pass within.

Once when in town, it occurred to him that he might do well to consult the priest; and he went in the direction of his house, as he thought, with that intent; but at the last turn of the street his heart failed him and he passed by without entering.

Being in the vicinity of the Church, however, he thought he would enter and pray for light and guidance; and he dreaded being seen, and made a detour of a block or so, and then coming from the rear, he passed quickly round the angle of the tower and a moment later found himself within.

Midway up the aisle he entered a pew and knelt down, and there, for a time, poured out his soul in anxious and fervent prayer. Tears flowed freely down his cheeks as he begged the good Father of All to resolve his present doubts, and lead him to the truth wherever it might be.

Those who have been brought up in the lap of the Church, perhaps can scarcely realize what a struggle is involved in a serious change of faith; how many prejudices have to be removed, how many ties severed. How often he had said to himself at this juncture:

Can I trust the ancient fold? Ah! mysterious Church of Rome! Shall you be my future home? Or be my undoing? Shall I find you dress or gold? On a nearer viewing!

It was not long after the event just narrated, however, before he found that he must seek admission into the Catholic Church. The thought haunted him day and night. In his busiest occupations he found the great topic welling up in his thoughts, till he could resist no longer.

Accordingly, one day he drove across the country to the village of Hopeton, and there presented himself at the house of the Catholic priest, where he stated his errand.

Father Tibbs received him in a kindly manner; and after a little conversation, led the way to a quiet room, which had been converted into a temporary chapel. Here Neil made his confession as best he could, was baptized conditionally, and made his solemn profession of faith.

For the moment, it seemed a trying ordeal, but it was soon over, and then he received the warm congratulations not only of the priest, but of an elderly layman who had somehow been present, and who expressed his vivid recollections of his own feelings on a similar occasion.

"You," cried Neil, in surprise. "Were you ever a Protestant?" "Yes," said Mr. Stobo; "it is now thirty years since I was received into the Church."

opinion of the village, the new venture was likely to prove a success.

A year went by, during which time Neil had occasion to pass over to Mertonville more than once, in relation to the winding up of his former business there. On these visits he shook hands with his old friends and neighbors, with his usual cordiality, and very generally met with kind responses in return.

"I always thought well of you," said one, a countryman of his own, "till you became a Roman, then I said 'I'd never darken your door again. But how are you anyway?"

"Poor fellow!" said another. "I'll pry for you."

"And I'll pray for you," Mr. Wiggle, said Neil, smiling.

"Ye dar'nt, ye dar'nt," said the old man, excitedly, shaking his fist, and moving away, in spite of Neil's gentle efforts to detain him.

Of course a few of his old friends never forgave him. But what did it matter. He had satisfied his conscience; and so far had found no reason to regret the step he had taken.

Nor, on the whole, had he much reason to complain of the treatment of his Protestant friends, who respected his sincerity of purpose, even though they could not understand or account for his change of faith.

It was during one of these visits that he learned, on the best authority, that Miss Dundee had quite recovered her usual health and good looks, and could now traverse the streets of Mertonville without having her ears disturbed, as they once had been, by annoying rumors.

Mr. McCoy had apparently entirely dropped out from among the personages associated with the drama of her life. Among the gossips, her name was now mentioned with that of Mr. Pertus, who was to be ordained in a few months, and who, if rumor spoke truly, had pleasing anticipations of making her his wife, as soon as his own future was thus fairly assured.

Certain it was, that he was a frequent, and evidently a welcome visitor, at the manse; and gave evidence, it was said, of talents which rendered him not unworthy of the love and esteem of the minister's daughter.

It appeared too, that Mr. Jermyn had become more familiar than before with the highways through that section of country: that a real attachment had sprung up between him and Matilda Jinks, and being a widower, with but one child, of ample means, he had taken her to a comfortable, and as the event proved, a happy home.

CHAPTER XIV.

During the first few months of Mr. McCoy's sojourn at his new place of business he had seen but little of his friends, the Maloneys. At length, one day, just as the autumn was merging into winter, he drove up to the door, and was received as usual with a cordial welcome.

"You haven't been setting fire to any more houses down there, I hope," said big Dan, as he shook his hand with a jovial air.

"When I do," said Neil, smiling in return, "you'll very likely hear from me."

"Bedad, you needn't send for me to ball you any more," said he.

"Why so?" "Why, now that you're a black hearted Papist, instead of an honest Presbyterian, do you suppose I could trust you?" said Maloney, his face radiant with a smiling laughter which seemed to be contagious.

"I think you oughtn't to be hard on me now," said Neil. "Seeing how much of it all is due to your wife's prayerbook."

Then was heard a clatter of cups and saucers, and savory bacon began to send forth its appetizing odor. Meanwhile he was watching the door and listening to every footstep for sight of the daughter of the house.

"Where is Mary?" he asked at length.

"She's gone to the convent at L—." "To the convent!" exclaimed Neil. "Not to join the community, and become a nun?"

a little more stiff and formal than it would otherwise have been.

It seemed so since several months since he had seen her; and in the interval she seemed to have grown taller and more handsome. There was more of womanly dignity about her too, so that as he looked at her, she impressed him with admiration not unmixed with a certain respect which is akin to reverence.

They talked at first of home and friends; while Sister Sophronius playfully expressed the hope that Mary was not refractory, and would not be confined to those solitary cells and chambers of horrors of which the world had heard so much.

"She used to be dutiful and good," he said. "Her mother is a model of all the virtues, and as for her father, he is the warmest hearted and most generous man in all the country side."

He glanced at Mary as she spoke, and as their eyes met, he saw that here were gleaming with tears at this kindly mention of her parents, and the memories which his words awakened.

Other visitors were admitted, engrossing the good Sister Sophronius for a time. And as Neil and Mary had retreated further down the large parlor to make room for the new arrivals, they were now comparatively alone.

"I am glad you are well," he said, coming nearer to her, and speaking in a subdued tone. "You must excuse me if I speak a little abruptly, but there is something I wish to say to you before Sister Sophronius returns."

"Sister Sophronius," said Mary, correcting him, with a smile at his mistake.

"This is a bad place for making love to a young lady," he continued, half glancing round, "if afraid of the Sister's intrusion, but that is precisely what I am here for. I went to your father's house, you know, expecting to see you, and when they told me you were here, I lost no time in coming. I have your mother's consent to speak to you, and now I ask you to let me love you, to try to love me yourself and by and by to be my wife. I have loved you a long time, though I have said nothing about it. I have been on the right hand of the Sisters, and wanted to make proof before I took this step. Now, if you will only make me happy—"

"Oh, Mr. McCoy, this is so unexpected," said Mary, "and in this place, too."

"I cannot help that," was his reply. "I could not leave you here, perhaps to become a nun, without telling you. Besides, 'it is the unexpected that happens,' you know," he added softly.

"But is it quite fair to—to—" she began, but paused, falteringly.

"Oh, if there is any one else; if your heart is pledged, of course—"

"You must understand me," she said quickly. "There is no one on my part, but I meant on yours."

"On mine?" he asked.

"Yes, it used to be understood in Mertonville that you were engaged, Mr. McCoy. I would not have alluded to it only, I see—"

"Oh, I see, but my dear, that is over long ago. She dismissed me in person, and her father did so by letter, solely on account of my leanings to Popery. That was before the fire, you know, and while I was still a Protestant."

"She looked at him, attentively.

"If she could not endure me then, when only a doubting Presbyterian, what must she think of me now that I am so much blacker?"

"Blacker!"

"Why of course. Have I not had a narrow escape from the penitentiary to say nothing of the unpardonable sin of becoming a Roman Catholic?"

A low rippling laugh just reached Sister Sophronius's ear, reminding her that she was perhaps neglecting her duty.

"You must really take pity on me in my present forlorn condition," he said, pleadingly. "Think what I have gone through already, and how far you may perhaps be to blame for having made me what I am."

holding it a moment in his own, unacquainted tremulously—

"Am I to hope or despair?" "I think you may hope," she said, looking up with an expression of face and eyes which told him the rest.

"Thank you, and God bless you," he said, as he raised her hand to his lips and then turned to go.

The others had passed out. Meantime Sister Sophronius seemed to have found some trouble with the door knob, which required all her attention.

"My visit has afforded me a great deal of pleasure," he said, looking down on the black serge dress, the massive beads and crucifix, and the white linen appendages which bordered the pure sweet face of the good Sister, as he bade her adieu.

SEVEN HUNDRED MILES FOR A PRIEST.

It was the 25th of February, 1900, the eighth day since the grim Boer commandant, General Cronje, had been surrounded by the British forces in the Modder River. He had some 4,000 troops, all told, whilst Lord Roberts had 50,000 men. Some of these were composed of crack Canadian and English regiments. Lord Roberts' artillery consisted of 150 pieces. After the third day of the grand defense of General Cronje and his heroic band, the British general determined to grant him an all hazards. On the south bank of the river he placed in position, at a range of 2,000 yards, the Eighteenth, Sixteenth and Seventy-fifth field batteries and two naval twelve pounders. On the north bank, and enfilading the whole river, were placed the Sixty-fifth Howitzer battery, the Seventy-sixth, Eighty-first and Eighty-second field batteries and three naval 4.7 inch guns. A terrible scene followed.

The British guns simultaneously poured shot and shell on the Boer position, which was about a mile square. The Lyddite shells raised great clouds of green nauseous smoke which filled the bed of the river, while shrapnel burst on the edge and down the sides of the river banks, into which the Burgers had burrowed, and from tunnels they had dug, they often poured a return fire, which laid many a British soldier low. On that day alone the British lost 800 men in killed and wounded.

The long line of British batteries belched forth death the whole day long, and on each side of them lay two battalions of infantry, whose Maxims sounded petty beside the roaring big guns. There were many dumb animals, oxen and horses, in that whirlpool of shot and shell, and many Boer women with suckling babes and many tiny tots, and many gray-haired men, but that did not stop the firing; not even during the night. The earth shook under the detonation of the fearful cannonading and the scolding grape shot and the bursting shells, each other and bursting in the midst of the Boer laager made a pyrotechnical display never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the fearful battle of the Modder River. The stubborn resistance of Cronje at first angered, then awed Lord Roberts.

One of the Shropshire regiments contained some Irish sharpshooters. That night the Shropshires were ordered to relieve the Gordons. They crawled on their stomachs to the trenches. But somehow one of the bullets of one of the Boers found its mark. Shot through the abdomen a young Irish Shropshire sergeant ceased his crawling and lay helpless. His comrades dragged him by his feet slowly and painfully to the rear, where the white tents of the Red Cross, each decorated with the symbol of mercy, shimmered in the flickering light of the assault. "It's a blamed treacherous wound," said the cool surgeon as he examined the man, "he may live three days and a little longer, but there is no cure in him." Gently the nurses placed him on a cot. The poor man had heard the blunt surgeon's remarks. He knew his time had come; and amidst the terrors of war and the bleak veil there arose in his mind the green fields of Ireland and the stillness of his little parish church and the benign face of the Soggarth Aaron, the dear priest. And he repeated to himself the lines of Banim so full of deep tenderness:

"Who, in the winter's night, Soggarth Aaron, When the snow did bite, Soggarth Aaron, Came to my cabin-door, And on my earthen fire Kneelt by me sick and poor, Soggarth Aaron!"

The head nurse had been admitted to Lord Roberts' field tent. He was about to retire. Standing upright at the small table, he listened attentively to what the nurse had to say. "Sergeant McCoy—will not admit that it cannot be done, my Lord. He knows that the next Catholic priest is seven hundred miles away. But he says, he cannot believe that you would refuse the request of a dying man. We have fought with him on every possible ground. He will not listen. The British general looked to the ground in silence. "What shall I say, my Lord, to the man?" insisted the nurse. Lord Roberts went to the opening of the tent. "Call Engineer Headly," the general said to the orderly, who was waiting outside.

A trim, wiry, stocky little man appeared, bronzed like a Florentine statue, with eager eyes, restless and keen, and stood at attention.

"Headly, is the train in readiness?" "It is, my Lord." "How long will it take you to ride to Kimberly and back?" "Four days, my Lord."

"Call Captain MacDonald." The orderly saluted. Tall and with quick steps the captain entered. "What of the last reports of the condition of the road?" asked General Roberts. "The last telegrams indicate, my Lord, that the road is well guarded and up to this hour no break is reported."

"Engineer Headly, you will proceed to Kimberly at once, then Lord Roberts sat at a small writing table and dashed

of a few lines. "Give this to Major Dudley." And then the men saluting, the nurse bowing, left the tent of the commanding officer. Soon the light in Lord Roberts' tent was extinguished.

And half an hour after, the men in the trenches heard between the lulls of the firing the whistle of the train, as it sped out of the camp into the night on its long way to Kimberly. "There must be something doing," said one to another. "Never heard of such a thing before," spoke a burly ambulance man, the red cross sowed to his left arm, as he bent over a still form with glassy eyes and lifted it upon the stretcher. "What did you hear?"

asked his companion, coolly examining his helmet through which a bullet had just whizzed. "Why, His Bobs (meaning Lord Roberts), has sent Headly with his train seven hundred miles to get a priest for Sergeant McCoy—who is expected to die within a few days; just the engine, the tender and a coach, and Headly is ordered to make the run of his life." The other ambulance-man only gasped and shook his head. They were nearing the hospital tents with their burden. "How is Sergeant McCoy?" they asked of the assistant surgeon, who when he saw the ambulance-men coming, drew back the tent flap for them. "Sleeping like a child," he responded, "and that ever since he heard the good-bye whistle of Headly's train."

AMONG THE INTREPID BOER GENERALS.

Among the intrepid Boer generals no name was more feared by the English army than that of the Commandant Christian De Wet. Young and fearless, witty and resourceful, gifted with that magnetism which made his men do his bidding with enthusiasm, he inflicted more harm by his daring night attacks on the British than the other Boer generals combined. He it was who would deal the supply-trains at an unexpected place and taking from the cars what suited him, would burn the rest. He was to be found cutting into the flanks of the moving army and taking hundreds of prisoners at a time. He would conceal himself in a road that crossed a deep nullah, and so well were his forces hidden, that the leading scouts passed over the drift without discerning them, and not until the wagons and guns were entering the drift did the Boers show themselves. They then opened fire and many of the drivers and artillery horses were at once shot down at short range, guns were captured and the Queen's best cavalry regiments put to flight.

Headly had reached Kimberly in safety. He was on his return to the Modder River with a single passenger, a Catholic priest, the chaplain of the Fusiliers at Kimberly, quite a young man, the idol of his soldier boys. The news of the train's singular trip had sped on before them along the line and wherever the engine stopped either to take on water or for the engineer to telegraph, the soldiers on guard looked inquisitively through the windows of the coach to see the Catholic priest for whose coming "Bobs" had sent a special train.

They saw him, a man of military and resolute bearing, calmly eyeing them, silent and composed. For he had with him, nestling closely to his beating heart, the Blessed Sacrament. It was past midnight and within a few hours they should reach the out-posts of General Roberts' army.

The squad of men guarding both entrances of the coach fell to the floor like so many logs as the train came to a sudden standstill. A fusillade of shots rang out into the night and a confusion of voices, rough and shrill, was heard. Before the men could gather themselves from the floor, strong men had pinioned their arms and the coach was filled with bearded Burgers.

Then a voice was heard, clear as the metal ring of a bell, but in badly accented English, saying: "You show me the priest and I let you pass. But by—if it is not so, I shoot you on the spot!" Headly was dragged through the throng, and back of him, towering like a giant, a revolver in his hand, came De Wet, the Boer general.

"Here, she is Father George, the chaplain of the Fusiliers, let him answer for me," exclaimed the engineer. "Stand back, men, do you hear, stand back!" cried De Wet, as he held a lantern on high and let the light fall full on the face of the priest, who seemed neither startled nor dismayed.

"I see you are a priest," said De Wet. "Did Lord Roberts send for you to attend a dying man at the Modder River?" "He did, sir," was the answer of Father George. "He may be a spy; he may have valuable papers on his person," remarked one of De Wet's men in Dutch. De Wet turned on him like a tiger: "Get thee out of here, and all of you. This train shall pass, and woe to him who will molest this man or not obey my orders." And the burghers knew Christian De Wet's temper. Pell-mell they scrambled out of the coach.

"The Lord, our good God, be with you, Father, and bring you safe to the end of your journey," spoke De Wet as he uncovered and held the priest's hands a moment in his iron grip and then vanished into the darkness, as the train puffing and hissing moved again over the rails towards its destination.

A wild shout went up among General Roberts' men as the train, the whistle screeching incessantly, reached the camp. General Cronje had surrendered two days before and he and his men were witnesses of the pandemonium that reigned when it became known that Headly had arrived.

Sergeant McCoy received the sacrament of the dying with his senses unimpaired and with a devotion and gratitude towards God that was truly edifying. A few hours afterwards he died, and in the dead of night he was buried.

"Slowly and sadly they laid him down. From the field of his fame, fresh and glory; They carved not a line, and they raised not a stone. But they left him alone with his glory."

—G. D. H., in The Messenger.

SELF-DENIAL IS NEVER A COMPLETE VIRTUE.

Self-denial is never a complete virtue till it becomes a kind of self-indulgence.—Bushnell.

PROSPERITY BEGETS PERIL.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND DEPRECATES PREVAILING SPIRIT OF SOCIAL RESTLESSNESS.

St. Paul, Dec. 2.—Archbishop Ireland has made the following statement in elaboration of his views on the dangers of anarchy, a subject on which he touched, awakening wide interest in his address at the reunion of the army of Tennessee at Council Bluffs:

"The very profusion of the prosperity of the United States begets peril, unless the American people can be taught to use these favors well and wisely. Through her recognition of manhood in every man the multitudes become the rulers, and at times the multitudes bend too readily to momentary excitements. Hence the extreme need of the proper formation of the popular mind, so as to correct thought and righteous action. Injury irreparable may be done during a brief interval of social or political insanity, and frequency of such conditions, however brief they may be, too easily degenerates into abiding habits.

"I extol the material prosperity of America. But as one of its accidental consequences, I must note the spirit of social restlessness which now agitates the country and in the appeasement of which the staunchest forces of patriotism must be steadily invoked. It is said too much prosperity comes to some, too little to others; hence new methods are called for in the distribution of wealth and the enjoyment it procures.

QUESTION OF PROGRESS.

"That all is perfect in present conditions; that there is no room for progress; that there is no room for reasonable discussion as to what is and what ought to be, we must not assert. That nothing should be said or done to avert public order, destructive of the spirit of the country and its institutions; that in the discussions taking place and the articles following them, the fundamental principles of right, reason and the constitution and laws of the public be not forgotten or set aside; that nothing be authorized or permitted which fans passion and renders difficult the compassure of mind needed in such discussion, we should insist upon.

"The wild anarchist, the would-be assassin of the public enemies of society, whom to tolerate is to tolerate an open sedition.

"An enemy, too, of public order is the workman who, refusing his own labor, deters by violence a brother workman from offering his labor, as in even in a greater degree, the strong and the powerful who override the law of the land in carrying out the schemes of their ambition.

PRIVATE PROPERTY SACRED.

"Private property, the right of every man to own and dispose of the fruits of his brain and hand, must be regarded as sacred and inviolable. It is the corner stone of the social structure. Destroy it, weaken it, your arrest ambition and effort; you give room to carelessness of the morrow, to indolence and idleness, you establish barbarism. Barbarism is that state of society where men, having nothing which is the exclusive possession of any, prey upon the strength and the labor of others. Stability of possession and stimulus to ambition and effort resulting from it are vital requisites for progress and civilization.

"That in the holding of private property there is inequality is a fact that is inevitable. Men are not and never will be equal in the power that builds up prosperity, in the sacrifice of self and the economy that preserve and increase it; hence they all never be equal in the amount of property that they do or can possess. The preaching of Utopias in remedy of this inequality and the proposal of schemes that ignore the nature of men and the vital conditions of human society are an insult no less than an injury to the individual whom they fail would beguile by their will-of-the-wisp glamor and deception."

THE DAY OF UTOPIAS.

"It is the day of Utopias. Seldom if ever before in the history of human society was there greater need and prudent wisdom on the part of would-be teachers, of patient reflection on the part of listening audiences. The gravest responsibility rests on all to move slowly, to think wisely, to avoid all perils of leaps into the dark.

"A chief panacea before us is common ownership through city, state and nation, of the chief agencies of productivity and of the transportation hither and thither, of the results of this productivity. Let all be on their guard. Common ownership in one thing leads readily to common ownership in another—although the more so when the purpose really held in mind is to grasp wealth without much personal effort, to make up for one's own deficiencies by despoiling others, and there is not serious danger therein of weakening individual ambition—which has been in America particularly the great stimulus to the wondrous material development with which the country has been blessed.

"To the poor man, to the wage earner, I should indeed preach the doctrine of ambition and energy. Let every one aim to secure a competency for himself and his family. Let every one strive to rise; it is his right; it is his duty. But all this he must do by means that are fair and just, without ever infringing on the rights of others, be they his fellow-laborers or those whom he and they call the rich of this land.

HIS DOCTRINES OF JUSTICE.

"To the rich and more fortunate I should preach unceasingly the doctrines of justice and charity. Just they must be all—depriving none of their God-given rights and of the opportunities which should be open to all—doing their best that the laborer may acquire, through his industry, the decent and befitting livelihood which human dignity demands.

"Unreasonable querulousness among the poor, senseless extravagance among the rich are equally to be reprehended, and if one is to be reprehended more severely than the other, it is the senseless extravagance of the rich.

"It is a crime against humanity that is madness itself to squander money in

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A SEARCHER AND WHAT HAVEN. The Rev. H. The Anglican who became done the Church through lished a pra "The Religi The book is in ferth in a cl reasons for su of the Church of the argum viewer of the

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SENSATIONAL REPORTS REGARDING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN FRANCE.

Our readers should be on their guard and not believe every report sent forth by the news agencies about the present serious condition of the Catholics in France.

Our attention has been drawn to last week's Huron Signal, which states that meetings were held in all the parishes of the diocese of London on Christmas day, to take joint action in protesting a boycott against French goods.

Our attention has been drawn to last week's Huron Signal, which states that meetings were held in all the parishes of the diocese of London on Christmas day, to take joint action in protesting a boycott against French goods.

The Catholic Church is the Church of the living God and the pillar and ground of truth, and desires nothing but the truth, for truth is mighty and will prevail.

M. BRIAND AND HIS BLASPHEMING COLLEAGUES.

J. B., of Ottawa, writes to us in reference to a statement made in the New York Catholic Register, which was recently copied in the columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD, to the effect that M. Briand, the French Minister of Education, recently made the blasphemous boast that "having driven Jesus Christ from the colleges, hospitals, asylums, etc., of France, he would now drive Him from the government."

J. B. states that a Protestant "pointed out to him this passage and expressed his doubt as to the authenticity of the quotation, alleging that a public man, such as the Minister, would hardly alleviate votes and influence from himself by making an utterance which would not only wound the sympathy of Catholics in France, but shock the Christian world in general."

We admit that, under normal conditions, there would be an incredulity about the story, on account of which it should be difficult of belief in regard to a public man, but the story of M. Briand's escapade was told under the circumstance of the brutal attacks, which his party have now for years been triumphing in successful elections, which were all too more triumphant the more disrespectfully they could speak of Christianity, and this made them the more extreme as the conflict became hotter.

M. Chaumie thus gloried in the shame of the party now in power in the French Chamber. He said: "The teachers are now making an admirable political propaganda and are forming good citizens in teaching the pupils to love the Republic and their country."

If a public man could speak thus of the teaching of the system which the Republican government of the worst class of radicals and socialists—a system which is based upon Voltairean methods—has demoralized the country, by making it in a great measure godless, increasing to an alarming extent the amount of crime, rousing the passions of the mob to the highest pitch of excitement, and producing race-

enemies to such an extent that the population of the country has actually decreased during the past year to the extent of 10,867, a thing hitherto unheard in any civilized country where the true principles of government are known and appreciated, increasing the evils of divorce with an incredible rapidity, we can scarcely be surprised at any boast of irreligion which the propagandist of the new paganism can make. M. Chaumie added:

"The teachers are making an admirable political propaganda and are forming good citizens who love the Republic."

This is to say, they hate the very name of Christianity. He continued: "Yes: we are encouraging them in doing this, and I do not think that any Republican chamber can condemn them for so doing."

M. Leygues, another predecessor of M. Briand, spoke in a similar strain. The unlikelihood of such language, on which J. B. insists so much, is very much diminished when we find that such is the style of language which the French atheists have made peculiarly their own, and it is only through the sacrifice of heroic Christian and apostolic men that France can be brought back to the love of God and the human race.

We were not present when M. Briand spoke his blasphemy, but the reality of his words cannot reasonably be doubted. They were reported in the daily papers, and were published by the French press, from which they were copied by the press of this continent. It was just a short time before M. Clemenceau called M. Briand to be his Minister of Education that the words were uttered, and it was probably for the very reason that he proved himself a thorough hater of Christianity, that M. Clemenceau thought he would be a suitable man to preside over the Department of Education, in the ideal infidel country into which the present government of France desires to transform that unfortunate nation.

M. Briand's disgusting words are reported as having been pronounced before a convention of teachers, and were applauded by them. No wonder! for these teachers were the men and women to whom the government of the Republic has committed the task of educating the rising generation of France, and unfortunately we must admit that they are doing their work well.

In the Toronto Globe of Dec. 18th, the words of M. Briand were quoted by Cardinal Gibbons, as follows:

"The time has come to root up from the minds of French children the ancient faith, which has served its purpose, and replace it with the light of free thought: it is time to get rid of the Christian idea. We have hunted Jesus Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, insane and orphan asylums and law courts, and now we must hunt Him out of the State altogether."

This is the very language which suits the Socialist party in the Chamber, one of whom, their leader, M. Jaures, said:

"If God Himself appeared before the multitude in palpable form, the first duty of man would be to refuse Him obedience, and to consider Him, not as a master to whom men should submit, but as an equal with whom men may argue."

One of M. Briand's colleagues, M. Viviani, the Minister of Labor, who has taken possession of the residence of the Venerated Archbishop of Paris, M. Sarrasin, said also recently:

"All of us together, first by our forefathers, then by our fathers, now by ourselves have been attached to the work of anti-clericalism and irreligion. We have sanctified the human conscience from belief in a future life. Do you think that the work is at an end? No, it is but beginning."

It will be seen from all this that M. Briand's talk is but a sample of how the present rulers of France are affected towards religion. They are not merely enemies of the Catholic Church, but of all religion, and unless their career be speedily ended, they will renew the horrors of 1792 and 1793 in France.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT TO THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

A curious and most unexpected result is now said to follow from Andrew Carnegie's gift of £2,000,000 to the Scottish Universities, and the graduates of these institutions are saying that the gift is an unmixed evil. The provision, whereby any Scottish student may apply to the Carnegie trust for funds to aid him in his studies, is interpreted with such latitude that any one who applies obtains the help which was intended to assist young Scotchmen on their university career, and even several colored students, besides those of other nationalities, have received assistance as well as the young Scotchmen for whom this fund was intended.

The students generally are made less economical and less self-reliant than they have been hitherto through the fact that they are sure of large help from the fund, according to the testimony of these graduates, and as most of them have for many years received ample sums from their parents, they have used these sums for their amusements and in their sports, while the Carnegie donation was used for the purpose of helping them along in their studies, as the fact was not so easily hidden that they had received such assistance. These circumstances are thought to have an effect opposite to beneficial on the character of the students, and on this account the act of the benefactions is deplored by these educationists.

Among the people in the more remote parts of the Highlands and in the Hebrides, another view is said to be taken of the matter. Mr. Carnegie is said to be in league with his satanic majesty, and it is added, that before Mr. Carnegie revisited his native land he consulted Satan as to what he should do in order to promote his cause—whether by building theatres and dancing halls to make people dance, and to hold card parties therein where they would learn to play cards, or in some other way.

The report continues that Satan told him: "Nay, nay, Andy! buy a kilt o' whistles for lik a kirk, (an organ for every church) and my work will go along well enough."

Mr. Carnegie has presented organs to many churches all over Scotland, and psalms are now sung with organ accompaniments, the music being of modern style, whereas before the psalms were vocally rendered only. This is considered (so we are told) proof of the diabolical compact.

The London Daily Mail was so impressed with the statement that Mr. Carnegie's university gift was degrading the character of Scottish students, that it instituted an inquiry into the charge, but it declares that such a statement has no foundation in fact, being founded only upon the known conditions of a generation ago, when there were throngs of poor men in the Scottish universities bravely working their way through. This type of workers, facing circumstances so difficult, has disappeared under the new conditions. The students being of the middle class, and better endowed with this world's goods, can get along very fairly without outside help. The poorer classes now drift into the factories; and thus the fund of Mr. Carnegie does not benefit to any great extent those for whom it was intended. The number of students has increased very slightly since the fund was established.

THE OLD POLICY.

Getting Irish news through London, England, seems to be coming into fashion once more. The influence that radiates about the Times office, largely of the Jewish money changers and holders of Irish estates, the first named to some considerable extent the owners of mortgages on these estates, take every opportunity to give to the public, sometimes facts, but more often fancies, which are calculated to reflect upon the Irish people. Of course all this is intended to promote a public opinion in England and elsewhere against Home Rule for the Emerald Isle. But let us see what is the latest terrible calamity that has happened in Ireland. For the moment the awful doings in France are put aside. The murders and outrages in England are seldom published and seldom thought about, and the lynchings and other murders, by the score, which take place weekly in the United States are scarcely noted, and we are told in a long press despatch that agrarian crime is going on in East Galway. That agrarian crime, be it remembered, consists in the application of the boycott. In county Galway, we are told, that the main purpose of the agitation is to drive the grazing farmers off the land and to have it divided among the people, and so this is the terrible outrage that is going on. One class of the people refuses to have any business intercourse with the other class. The people want to make a living by tilling the land,

but the landlords say: "We will not allow these Irish to occupy our lands: it pays us better to raise cattle. And there you are." It is becoming more and more evident every day that certain press agencies are run entirely on commercial principles. A substantial money payment will cause them to send any class of so-called news over the wires.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

It is very seldom that the Irish members of Parliament, Nationalist and Unionist, agree as one party in demanding justice for Ireland; and, in fact, it is generally the case that if a proposition is made whereby Ireland is to be benefited, that is sufficient to condemn it in the eyes of the Unionists, who come all from one half of the Province of Ulster.

But for the first time since the Union of Ireland with England and Scotland, all sections of the Irish members have recently signed unanimously an official document, which is a petition issued at the instance of John Redmond, leader of the National Party, representing that the restrictions against tobacco-growing in Ireland are very injurious to Irish interests, and asking the government to withdraw them. If the same unanimity had existed on the other matters for which Ireland has been constantly clamoring, the country would long ago have been prosperous and happy. The demands of the whole nation would have secured such attention as to gain what they wished; but in the past, with the country divided, even though three fourths of the parliamentary representation demanded Home Rule, they were not listened to by the other parties in the House, whether Whig or Tory, because the majority cared little or nothing for the wishes of a race which they regarded as aliens. In union lies strength, and if all the Irish parties could be made to unite in the demand for Home Rule, it would very soon be granted to them.

A THORNY OLIVE BRANCH.

The Toronto Mail and Empire considers the present attitude of the French Government toward the Church as the offering of an olive branch. It admits that the Concordat between France and the Church was broken without consulting the Pope, that the clergy are left only a pitiful pension, that:

"The Church property throughout France has been practically seized, for it was to be transferred from the Church to associations of laymen appointed to take charge of it. Finally the law of 1881 was applied to public worship. Under the Act, notice was to be given to the police authorities of all services before such could be held. As a matter of fact, the local police could determine whether or not the people should be allowed to assemble for religious exercises. There can be no doubt that the changed condition was very radical. The repudiation of the Concordat put an end to all relations between Church and State. It made the Church a voluntary organization such as all Churches are here. On this side of the ocean the change will not be viewed as at all objectionable, for we are accustomed to the principle of a free Church within a free State. The disposition of the property is another matter. All religious bodies must have their Churches. In the course of centuries that appertaining to such a Church as that of France must be very numerous and very valuable. To confiscate them is a measure that does not accord with the received ideas of justice. But it does not seem that the Act as originally adopted looked to confiscation in the sense that the property was to be diverted from the purpose to which it had been dedicated. On the contrary, the lay trustees were to take it over for religious use. It would pass from the clergymen, who hitherto controlled it, to the parish associations ordered by the State to manage it. It was only in the event of the Church refusing to form the associations that the buildings were placed in danger of confiscation, for then they were supposed to be derelict, and the State had the right to take them. The proposed amendment to the law, it is observed, effects a change in the regulations touching the religious edifices. A clergyman making the necessary declarations as to the use to which they are to be put, may occupy the buildings for religious purposes. This removes one of the Church objections to the new order of things. The government also modifies the rule with reference to the notification to be given to the police of all services that are to be held. Under the new plan, one notice giving the days and hours of service will cover everything."

And this is the olive branch which the Mail and Empire thinks the Pope and the Church of God ought to be glad to accept! Does not that interesting journal know that the Covenanters of Scotland fought to the death before accepting an olive branch from Charles II. of somewhat similar import. There should be made 33,000 separate legislative bodies in the Church instead of remaining as it is with one invisible Head in heaven, and one vicegerent of Christ on earth, the Pope, the bond of unity, who preserves the unity of faith and discipline without which any Church would, after a few days, be dissolved into thousands of schismatical bodies. And besides being separated from its

Head, not even the authority of the Bishops in their dioceses would be acknowledged. The Episcopal authority is an essential feature of the Catholic Church, and so is the authority of the supreme head of the Church, St. Peter's successor. The Bishops would have no authority in their own dioceses, nor would the Pope be recognized at all. It is needless to say that a Church like this would be a thing quite different from that which Christ established on Peter as its foundation.

The Mail and Empire admits also that the saying of Mass by the priest and the holding of religious services would depend upon the good-will of policemen puffed up with pride that they and not the divinely appointed Bishops of the dioceses would rule the Church of God, and would be the sole judges of what little liberty might be allowed them; but the police would at any moment suppress on false accusations, and the Government would laud them for their diligence.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN

The life of this distinguished churchman, whose unexpected demise created great sorrow in every portion of the Dominion, has been published. The writer is Miss Katherine Hughes, a relative of the Archbishop. Various chapters deal with Archbishop O'Brien's attitude towards Imperial and National affairs, also his views concerning education and its control. It unfolds, in some measure, the scope of the work of a man who was at heart a veritable educationist. His ministry as priest and Bishop, his patriotism and literary works, his home-life and the remarkable esteem in which he was held by Protestants as well as Catholics, are here carefully analyzed. The book, which contains about 250 pages of reading matter, is handsomely illustrated with eight half-tone engravings. Orders addressed to Miss Cornelia Hughes, 253 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, will receive immediate attention. We also have the work for sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office. Price, cloth \$1.00; paper 65 cents.

REMARKABLE ORATION.

STRANGELY ELOQUENT WORDS OF PROTESTANT MINISTER OF BANGOR, ME.

At the golden jubilee of St. John's Church, Bangor, Me., Rev. David R. Beach, D.D., a Protestant minister and president of the Bangor Theological Seminary, delivered a most remarkable address. He spoke in part as follows: There was a time not so very far back, when we were as yet undivided, and the Church of the West was one. The glories of those centuries and ages are our common heritage. We remember the early days of the Christian Church, with their martyrdoms and unspeakable consecrations. We remember the days after the Emperor of Rome had become a Christian, when the Church was in the height of its glory, and the great Gregory ruled it, when the whole spirit of the Church was to go out and evangelize our then savage ancestors along the Rhine, the Baltic, the presipitous Scandinavian coasts, and our mother islands, and when our own forefathers were by her brought to Christ. Then we remember the dark times when the reaction of barbarism had flooded Europe, and when the monasteries were fountains of light, of learning and of life for our common people. We remember the heroic centuries that followed these, when the as yet one Church of the West hurled itself with the Crusaders upon the Holy Land to rescue the sacred places from the hand of the infidel, and when the Church and the Moslem joined in deadly conflict. We remember how the Crusaders brought back the manuscripts of the old Greek classics and the manuscripts of the old and new Testaments and the revival of learning came, and the great universities of the continent and Great Britain had their birth under the same One Church.

Sometimes the young people of our non-ritualistic churches hie them away to the Episcopal church or to the Catholic Church, and when I have been asked why, I have often answered, that the blood of a thousand years of an ancestry that used the ancient ritual of the Church of the West was tingling in the veins of these children of ours and they were but returning to their own. The priceless heritage of those centuries and ages; the glories and achievements of the great One Church, and that is a historical reason why we rejoice with you to-night.

One consideration for our congratulations is the fact that the Church of Rome, uniformly from age to age, *semper idem*, stands for the great primary doctrines of the religion of Jesus Christ. One of these is the incarnation—that Jesus Christ entered our humanity, that He has become one with men. Another of them is the truth of the Holy and ever blessed Trinity—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Another of them is the truth of the atonement—that Jesus Christ, by His sufferings and death, wrought out our salvation; that there is none other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Another of them is the truth of the gift of the Holy Ghost to men, to convert, convert and sanctify. Another of these truths is the fact and ministry of a church of God in the world, the body as St. Paul says, of Him that filleth all in all.

And then there are the truths of the immortality, resurrection, and the life everlasting, which you Catholics maintain steadfastly and unswervingly. In the fact that the Catholic Church

stands for the great body of primary Christian truths, and stands without wavering, steadfastly witnessing to it in its dogma and in its life, flows a measureless blessing for the world, Catholic and Protestant alike. We Protestants are out on the firing line. We are doing certain things. Some of those things, we hope, will bless you as well as us. But you Catholics stand unflinchingly, with all the weight of centuries and ages behind you, witnessing for the great and eternal truths of our religion.

Then, secondly—and yet in a sense they are all one, for they are the outward manifestation of the inward thing—you Catholics stand for certain primary human obligations.

One of these is reverence—the sense of worship. The Catholic Church every hour, of every year, of every century, stands for reverence and the orderly worship of Almighty God. Then there is that most human thing, and primary to all true human life, the sanctity of the home. Marriage with the Catholic Church is not a progressive course from union to union, but what God hath joined together, man with her approval, may not put asunder. The holy and profound mystery of marriage and all that it means, is safeguarded and sanctified by the Catholic Church. Thank God for that! Thank God for that in our shameless times!

Then the Catholic Church stands for all manner of practical daily service. Its great hospitals lift their huge bulk against the sky all over the land, for men of every faith, and of no faith whatever. A telegram in the daily papers the other day said that Gen. W. J. Palmer, the founder of Colorado Springs, lay at the point of death from an accident while riding in Gloekner Sanitarium. What is the Gloekner Sanitarium? I seem to see it now. There is the great dome of Pike's Peak, 1413 feet above the sea level, and over against it the huge bulk of the Gloekner, one of the finest hospitals in the world, with its doors open for rich and poor alike. The self-denying work of the Sisters of Charity, and the other strong organizations of which St. John's had its abundant complement, these are practical doers of the word of Christ, even as He went about doing good.

And so it is, Mr. Chairman, that all Bangor brings congratulations to-night. Those hundreds and hundreds of years when the Church was one, and our ancestors a part of it, and bequeathed to us, equally with you, its hallowed and glorious memories; the fact that the Catholic Church stands unshaken in changing times for the great primary Christian doctrines; the fact that it illustrates in its life the qualities of reverence, of worship, of the sanctity of the family, and of great practical, Christian service; and the fact that the Catholic Church knows how to make citizens, great citizens—these are reasons that we rejoice with you unspcakably.

MGR. VAUGHAN ON SOCIALISM.

"Can a Catholic be a Socialist?" that is, can a person be a Catholic in good standing and at the same time be a Socialist? is a question which for months past has been in discussion by correspondents in some Catholic papers on the other side of the Atlantic. One would or ought to think, if the one be a Catholic, that it is a question easy to answer, the answer, however, depending altogether on the definition of the word Socialist. There are Socialists and Socialists, but what is the official Socialist, so to speak, and how do his principles stand in reference to the Catholic Church? Sufficient information and enlightenment on this point is given briefly by Monsignor John S. Canon Vaughan (presently on a visit to the United States) in a letter to the Catholic Times (London) noticing the effort of a correspondent in that paper to "whitewash Socialism," as to which Mgr. Vaughan thus presents the Catholic position:

"No doubt there are individuals, calling themselves Socialists, who are good and sincere Christians. But the term, when employed by itself, without any qualifying adjective, covers a movement which no true Catholic can tolerate or approve. We have 'Christian Socialists,' 'State Socialists,' 'Utopian Socialists,' and others; but when the word 'Socialist' is used without any qualifying term, it can only mean what its leaders and recognized advocates declare. Here are a few quotations from its foremost representatives: Karl Marx writes: 'The abolition of religion is a necessary condition for the true happiness of the people.' Engels writes: 'Necessity will force working men to abandon the remnants of a belief, which as they will more and more clearly perceive, serves only to make them weak and resigned to their fate.' George D. Herron the American Secretary of the International Socialist Party, writes 'Christianity to day stands for what is lowest and basest in life. To take on Christianity would be for Socialists to take Judas to its bosom.' Emile Vandervelde, the Socialist member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, writing for the Social Democrat, January, 1903, said: 'Can a sincere believer follow in philosophy and in politics, there must be war between Socialism and the Catholic Church.' Such is an epitome of their teaching. I might add scores of similar declarations from noted Socialists. If one or another Socialist may be quoted in an opposite sense, it does not affect the general situation; it makes it only the more important to differentiate between Socialists pure and simple, and the handful of Christian Socialists, whose creed, and methods and plan of campaign are diametrically opposite to the vast majority, who call themselves just simply 'Socialists.'"

Mg. Vaughan's quotations ought to settle the question for the Catholic correspondents in the controversy.—New York Freeman's Journal.

WAR ON THE C

London

The close of the a fresh and most application of the Franco. Hitherto been brought of pointment of B For the resump fall liberty to gary assembly, the clergy for pension tion in the outwa bration of public drals and chrobr under the admini que; the Archbi resided in their their presbyterie arrival of the a default of the t the forbidden an take over the p the old ecclesi the organization public worship pu With the dissol and the menes they possessed, the disposal, fall sequestrators, o —the State, the communes. Tha of the Church trusted to her ance and upk sbe, education She could, ind under the law, which she could render of the of her constitu clared that claimed liberty corollary of libe the succeeding ooded to the worship with all even to provide means which not to, but were at the rights and As well might tell the Congre could retain the that they organi the governanc had, therefore, the formation of ticles and to the their stand upon first, this was t Government of arms to the C country. The was that the La be enforced in But when it wa not to be fright decision arrive and deliberat drop their trust for a moderate the situation a change from was not one to confidence for longer contend of worship co through the as vided for by M ocean and M that the cathed stand open. A M. Briand, as issued a circul far a moderat that by articl regard to the after the appoi In this circun for the inform conditions ne necessary to worship, in spi Church to avail the associations of clings were regu and assemblies far a moderat that by articl they could declaratio h authorities, th must be regard the meetings granted free o more, as the p worship had t new Law, then the bureau re for the good o the Law of 15 to explain the parishes mig assemblies for buildings belo departments a the others w fabriques. Th of grace allo revert to the later would b tion along with the dissolved the buildings set apart for purpose, the from that p must be let and the peo of worship. as the curé occupiers w would not be for the use furnishings be they would r receive offeri And this wo allowed so f worship sho formity with quite other houses and buildings ha as the church depended on years' free u Separation of associations been formed The houses vert to their departments u until the en provided for them to the might disposi ion. Differi the seminari stituted an



SIX-MINUTE SERMONS.

SHOWING FORTH OUR FAITH. The manifestation of our Lord to the nations in the persons of the three wise men is what holy Church bids us consider to-day.

What we wish more particularly to insist upon is the missionary office of every Catholic, especially in these days of error and inquiry. Now, it is a characteristic of all spiritual good that it is in some sense communicable.

From the sacredness and sublimity of the Catholic priesthood flows its high dignity and the great reverence shown to it by the faithful. Indeed, St. Thomas, the prince of theologians, calls the priest the mediator between God and man.

We clearly see from these passages of Holy Scripture that God is pleased to accept the mediation of men, to say nothing of that of angels. This being so, what must we think of the power and efficacy of the mediation of the priest in his official, sacerdotal capacity, whose dignity and power, as such, are greater than that of angels!

TALKS ON RELIGION.

HOLY ORDERS. Its very name describes the office of the priest. When we see a Catholic priest we know him just for what he professes to be.

STRANGE TREATMENT OF THE BIBLE.

The North China Daily News, April 2, 1906. I found a week or two ago, says a Bible agent of Yang Ping Fu Chihli Province, China, that our copies of the Scriptures were being surreptitiously bought from colporteurs on the streets and then employed in wrapping up copper coins, much in the same way that dollars are wrapped up by foreign banks.

THE EPIPHANY.

The birth of our Saviour was announced in a miraculous manner by an angel to a few shepherds, and they spread the news throughout Judea. It was made known to the Gentiles in a no less wonderful manner. A star, never seen before by them—and many appeared moving through their eastern sky.

They offered Him gifts: gold to the King of Kings; frankincense of God; myrrh to the Man of Sorrows, the Saviour. We, too, can offer gifts. The Scripture shows us love under the image of gold: "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire."

Masses for Non-Catholics. "Does the Church allow the offering of Masses for the souls of non Catholics?" Assuredly—private Masses. This doubt was submitted to the Holy See some years ago by a priest of the diocese of Cleveland, and settled by an affirmative answer as above.

INDIAN WHO IS A PRIEST.

A POTTAWATOMIE WHO SPOKE IN THE TONGUE OF HIS FATHERS IN ROME. To be the first full blood Indian to become a Catholic priest, says the Topeka Capital, is the unusual distinction of the Rev. Father Albert Negahnquet of Kansas, now conducting religious labors among his fellow race in the Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

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LONDON, CANADA

JANUARY 5, 1907.

GS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A New Year's Talk. At the end of one year and the beginning of another one, is a good time to take stock.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Parable. Rev. H. J. Hughes, in the Freeman's Journal. The Young New Year as a child, stood looking over the edge of the world.

PURGATORY CONSIDERED HISTORICALLY.

The Catholic doctrine on purgatory is clearly set forth in the Old Testament. (II Maccabees, xlii xlii 43.)

But the moral standards of the Catholic, especially in literature and the drama, are different from those of the pagan world, and must be remembered in amusements.



Colonel Saunderson. Colonel Saunderson, Orangemen's solitary boast as regards intellect or ability, is no more.

Arrangements for the unveiling of a handsome Celtic cross over the grave of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, in Broham churchyard, near Devozes, are being made by the Moore Memorial Committee.

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Indeed there should be in your life some progress in spirituality, some growth in holiness, some advance in the practice of virtue.

Next, you should consider your business affairs. Are you any better off this year than you were last? Have you made any progress? What ambition have you?

Then the welfare of your body should be considered. Are you treating it right? Are you taking care of your health? Do you take exercise and bathe every day? Do you avoid the excessive use of tobacco, liquor, foul air?

And what about enlarging the number of your desirable acquaintances, increasing your bank account, taking shares in a building and loan society, buying a home?

Be a good son to your parents, a good brother to your brothers and sisters, a good lover to your sweet-heart, never staining her with sin; be a good friend to your friends, a good member of some good Catholic society, and a good business man at your work.

Recordaire's Advice to a Former Pupil. The first thing every Christian ought to have, wherever he may be, is a father, a master, a spiritual friend, is the first thing you have to find. You need a heart devoted to you, one who will keep you in the right path.

Such, my dear friend, is my advice. If you follow it, you will cling to the good principles which you drank in at Sorbonne school, and those principles, by shielding your morals and strengthening your character, will enable you to escape the perils of the liberty upon which you are about to enter.

If you issue from it faithful, good and religious, your whole life will be benefited by it; you will be thoroughly grounded in the principles of truth and honor. Alas! how many young men like you fall away without wishing to do so, from weakness in which they do not know where to look for support, which is increased by their pleasures, and which, having become by habit a second nature, leaves them no last resource but those final graces which God sometimes grants at the hour of death! I trust that will not be your case. You will fight against evil; you will remember to your sorrow days and the affliction I sore you, and I shall some day find you what I hope you will be.

Always Absorbing Knowledge. I know young people who have acquired a better education, a finer culture, through the habit of observation, or of carrying a book or article in the pocket to read at odd moments, or by taking courses in the correspondence schools than many who have gone through college.

Youths who are quick to catch at new ideas, and who are in frequent contact with superior minds, not only often acquire a personal charm, but even, to a remarkable degree, develop mental power.

The world is a great university. From the oracle to the grave we are always in God's great kindergarten, where everything is trying to teach us its lesson, to give us its great secret. Some people are always at school, always taking up precious bits of knowledge. Everything has a lesson for them. It all depends upon the eyes that can see, the mind that can appropriate.

Very few people ever learn how to use their eyes. They go through the world with a superficial glance at things; their eye pictures are so faint and so dim that details are lost, and no strong impression is made on the mind.

The eye was intended for a great educator. The brain is a prisoner, never getting out to the outside world. It depends upon its five or six servants, the senses, to bring it material, and the larger part of it comes through the eye. The man who has learned the art of seeing things looks with his brain.—O. S. M., in Success.

"I am going out of the World," said the patriarch.

"Soon you will hear the midnight chime and the clasp of the bells ringing me out, and ringing you in."

"And what will become of you then?" asked the New Year.

"I shall vanish: I shall go back into the great Eternity from whence I came, and nothing will be left to tell of the Old Year but this burden I am bearing with me."

"And what is it that you bear with you?" said the Child.

"Deeds—the deeds of men, done in my life time; some of them are good, some are bad. This old sack—and the Old Year spurned it with his foot—is full of broken resolutions; but I have here deeds of pure gold—the gold of charity shown to the poor, to widows and orphans; also I have sweet incense of prayer and praise. These golden deeds are those that were purely for love of God. Deeds also there are of silver, done from kindness of heart and good nature—not so precious as the golden deeds, yet pleasing also to Him to whom they will be presented."

"And who is that?" asked the New Year.

"God," replied the Old Year— "When I go hence the Recording Angel will take those deeds and present them before God's throne, and they will be stored up in His Treasure House till the time comes for those who own them to claim their reward."

"And what of the bad deeds?" asked the Child.

"They, and these broken resolutions, will be sorted out; the evil deeds and shattered resolutions of those who have also some good to show, and who shall repent truly of the evil they have done, will be cast into the abyss of the Mercy of God, and shall be heard of no more; the others that belong to the wicked who stay wicked, will go to the great rubbish heap, and will be brought up against those unhappy ones, when the time shall come."

"Oh how I hope, good father," said the Child, "that I shall have great store of good deeds to carry out of the World when I go."

"Ah," said the Old Year, and sighed profoundly. At that moment the sound of bells broke upon the night, and the Old Year was gone.

YOUR OWN BOSS. Now and then I hear a boy say: "If I could only be my own boss, then I would be happy."

You have heard of the "independent farmer." He is dependent upon wind, water and frost; he must be at home every morning and night to milk the cows. The physician must buy his clothes and groceries of his patients. The merchant, was independent.

Not a bit. He carried two great stores around on his back. He would have been unhappy if he had not been doing something for the thousands in his great army.

No one can be his own "boss," unless he goes out of the world, into the wilderness, and then he will find himself dependent upon the berries and animals.

There is, however, one way of becoming your own boss. Let me tell you. It is to stay right where you are, and begin by ruling yourself. That is the first step. Then begin to help other people, and after a while you will find them willing to do anything for you. Your workshop will be come a throne."—Selected.

The position of an altar boy is one of honor and of special privilege, which are not fully appreciated by some.

The altar boy should understand that he is in the august presence of the great God, and should at all times comport himself accordingly, and not giggle and laugh, turn around and run a race up and down the altar steps to see who can take hold of the dalmatic first or ring the bell.

Think a little, boys—not alone God sees you, but the congregation, which is apt to speak of it.—Church Progress.

All God's works of providence, through all the ages, meet at last, as so many lines in one centre.—Edwards.

TURNS HER PALACE INTO A CONVENT.

RAHROD MAGNATE'S WIDOW, A CONVENT, WILL LIVE WITH NUNS. Having decided that her life was a disappointment, says a press despatch from Springfield, Mo., Mrs. Alice O'Day, wealthy widow of a former president of the Frisco Railway systems, has turned her elegant mansion into a convent, and proposes to spend the remainder of her life as a guest of the twenty-four black-robed nuns who now own the \$250,000 estate.

Mrs. O'Day, who has been twice married, says that no man shall ever enter her life again. She says she expects to find peace of mind in the solemn round of religious duties in which she will take part to some extent. Having been once divorced, she cannot be a nun, but is allowed to reside with them as if a nun, and to be replaced by a chapel of the Sacred Heart, formerly known as "Lover's Nook," has been utilized for a shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes.

The more fancy furnishings of the building have been removed, and grated windows and bare floors greet the eye of the visitor.

The nuns conduct a school for girls, and the building is to be used exclusively for this after Mrs. O'Day builds them a new convent, which she has promised to do.

Mrs. O'Day was Mrs. Alice Williams of St. Louis, when she married the railroad magnate. Six years ago she had a violent quarrel with him, following which she secured a divorce and a heavy alimony settlement. He has been dead four or five years.

She began to give up society about that time and became interested in religious matters. Although long an Episcopalian, she became a convert to the Catholic Church, and the large gift to religion followed.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Burning Sensation. JOHNSVILLE, New Brunswick. For over six months I could hardly sleep and had a burning sensation in my feet, that would go through my whole system. I took Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic and I can say well, I will never be able to praise this remedy enough for what it did for me.

I take great pleasure in informing you that I am having a good sale of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good result in every case. I have been getting a great name in my locality, and I am getting a great name in my locality, and I am getting a great name in my locality.

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