

The Catholic Record.

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

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London, Saturday, August 26, 1899.

U. S. EXPANSION.

Our cousins across the border are making the welkin ring with denunciations of the expansion policy of President McKinley. Is it because the boys in blue have failed to make a triumphal march through the Philippines, or because they resent being misruled by a clique of politicians? The government by the people and for the people and of the people is a phrase much used by the stump orator when addressing his intelligent constituents, but it seems nowadays as devoid of foundation as an airy fairy tale.

THE DEAD AGNOSTIC.

Strong, true words, Ave Maria, anent the individuals who are pointing out Ingersoll's place in the realms of eternal misery! If they who talk about God's love and truth would give evidence of it in their daily lives the way of the Agnostic lecturer would not be paved with dollars.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

We are informed by the editor of the Christian Guardian that the publication of his address to the annual conference was requested, especially for young people. This explanatory clause led us to believe the address was a species of exhortation, but we were, after reading it, convinced that the editor intended it as a statement of facts, setting forth the progress and triumph of Protestant missions in general and of Methodist ones in particular.

His description of "the idol of the pagan and crucifix of the Romanist," as emblems of the errors to be overthrown, shows a faithful imitation of ordinary ministerial tactics, but we are at a loss to understand why the accomplished gentleman, with his open Bible and gospel truth, should sully his columns with insulting epithets. The unctuously pious address reminds us of what Heep said about his mother: "I am afraid she ain't safe—immortally safe, sir. I should wish mother to be got into my state. I wish mother had come here. It would be better for everybody, if they got took up and was brought here."

We have no intention of comparing our worthy brother to the famous Uriah. He is, we believe, sincere, but not troubled about the "accuracy which is the badge of scholarship." His modesty is evidenced by the assertion that the Methodist missions have yielded more fruit than those of the first century. Without making any comment on that vainglorious boast which takes one's breath away, or comparing the average gentlemen who "takes the field," to the Apostles, who friendless and rich in nothing save indomitable faith, battled against the allied forces of error and iniquity, we shall refer to some of the countries touched upon by the editor, and see if Protestant witnesses have a similar opinion anent the success of missions to the heathen.

We have no intention of withholding our admiration for the good work done by our separated brethren; but we have no hesitation in saying that their progress has, despite the outlay of money and the advantages of race, been blasted with sterility. The editor points to Japan and the conflict with Confucianism. What the result of the conflict is must be imagined.

There are twenty missionary societies at work in Japan, and yet the Crucifix is high in honor with fifty thousand, who are loyal and faithful children of the Catholic Church. Miss Beckerstein, in her book on Japan as we saw it says "that it was impossible not to be struck with the present complications of religious matters in the country, as compared with the days of Xavier." Perhaps the Japanese have an idea that religion is something more than an experience, dependent on moods and sensations. The day of the Amen corner and revival are passing away. Even in districts on this continent in which Methodism was once a power, we learn from reputable authorities, that the language of unbelief has supplanted the outpourings of souls seeking to be saved from sin and speaking

of themselves as a godly people with sign of election upon them. But that is another story.

In China there are about 40,000 Protestants as compared with 1,095,000 Catholics.

Mr. Serr, in "China and the Chinese," writes:

"When in China we are grieved to our heart's core to see the servants of the Roman Church, infatigably and zealously working regarding neither difficulties nor discouragements; whilst too many Protestant missionaries occupy their time in secular pursuits, trading and trafficking, and transferring their purchase to a native at an advanced rate, although they receive a handsome allowance more than sufficient for their support."

In China, of course, there is the same bewildering variety of teaching. Impressionable females and enthusiastic youngsters send our Bibles by the hundred, to be used, we are told, for the making of fire-crackers, and then write glowing descriptions of the spreading light of the gospel.

Lieutenant Wood, of the U. S. Navy (quoted by Cardinal Moran), writes, in 1889, after visiting the stations in China and Korea, that outside the menials who live about the quarters of the missionaries, there are no Protestant converts, and that even those menials become backsliders when their wages stop. Reliable authorities who render no allegiance to Catholicity unite in saying that China can never be Christianized in the present divided state of the missionaries, and "that after thirty years of work at high pressure, brambles, and baneful weeds, instead of wheat, cover the ground."

India also claims the attention of our esteemed contemporary. We could quote Protestants who have left on record no unsparring tribute to the heroism and success of Catholic missionaries; but our space will only permit us to transcribe some of the "holy war" carried on by our brethren in that country.

In 1859 Sir James Brooke told the Missionary Societies at Liverpool what he thought of their work:—

"With the Mohammedan you have made no progress at all; with the Hindu you have made no progress; you are just where you were the very first day you went to India."

Rev. Dr. Beckerstein (quoted by Cardinal Moran) declared in 1858 that the missions to Hindus were flat failures. "They unlearn," he says, "their own superstitions, but they do not learn the Gospel of Christ. They become in fact intellectual, accomplished unbelievers."

Sir W. Hunter tells us that the natives in India regard the missionary "as a charitable Englishman who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well and drives out his wife and little ones in a pony carriage." If St. Paul, before starting on one of his missionary journeys, had required St. James and a committee at Jerusalem to guarantee him £300 a year, paid quarterly, and had provided him with a shady bungalow, a pony carriage and a wife, he would not have changed the face of the world.

It is rather strange, too, according to General Gordon, that the priests who carry the "Romanist" crucifix succeed, while the professional Protestant missionary fails.

Have they succeeded any better in Europe? We shall call upon, Rev. F. U. Macdonald, secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to answer that question. In 1897 he quoted the following report from Rev. M. Gallienne, president of the French conference:

"The general position of affairs is unchanged. A good deal of faithful work has been done, with the result of keeping up simply our numbers, and it is necessary, from the financial point of view, that our English friends should thoroughly understand that this is the story of French Protestantism in all its branches for the last quarter of a century. The MacAll Mission, etc., have failed to create any important religious movement."

Our contemporary must see that his brethren do not waste much eloquence on the missions to the heathen, and that "it's a great deal better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so."

We disclaim all intention of depreciating the noble labors of Wesley, who more than once exhorted his followers to forsake the "miserable bigotry, which makes many unready to believe that there is any work of God but among themselves."

Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer; satiety has lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to others that first of earthly blessings—the being easily made happy.—"Atheist Philosopher."

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO IRELAND.

The New Title Conferred Upon His Eminence Cardinal Logue.

Dublin, Aug. 14.—The Nation today announces that the Pope has appointed Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, Apostolic Delegate to Ireland, for the purpose of presiding at the national synod of Irish Bishops to be held in 1900.

POPE LEO AND THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

At the close of the Peace Conference the following correspondence between His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, was read by the secretary. The originals are in French, and the translation has been made for the New York Freeman's Journal:

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND'S LETTER TO POPE LEO XIII.

Most August Pontiff: Your Holiness, whose eloquent voice has always been raised with so much authority on behalf of peace, having in your recent allocution of April 11 given expression to generous sentiments on the subject especially bearing upon international relations, I deem it my duty to inform you that at the request and on the initiative of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias I have convened a conference at The Hague for the 15th proximate, which will endeavor to discover means calculated to diminish the present crushing military charges and if possible to prevent war, or at least mitigate its consequences.

I am persuaded that Your Holiness will look with a sympathetic eye on this conference, and I shall be very happy if, in rendering me an assurance of this high sympathy, you will give your precious moral support to the great work about to be elaborated at my residence in accordance with the noble project of the magnanimous Emperor of all the Russias.

I eagerly seize the present occasion, Most August Pontiff, to renew to Your Holiness the assurance of my high esteem and personal devotedness.

Wilhelmina.

Lipburg, May 7, 1899.

POPE LEO'S RESPONSE TO THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Your Majesty: We are naturally pleased at the letter in which Your Majesty informing Us of the meeting of the Peace Conference in the capital of your realm, has shown Us the attention of requesting Our moral support for this assemblage.

We hasten to express Our warm sympathy as well for the august initiator of the conference and for Your Majesty, who has consented to give it honorable hospitality, as for the highly moral and beneficial scope of the labors already inaugurated.

We consider that in such undertakings it is in a quite special way Our role to give not merely moral support, but effective co-operation, for the object is eminently noble in itself and is closely linked with Our august ministry, which possesses from the Divine Founder of the Church, as well as by virtue of tradition many times secular, a sort of high investiture as the mediator of peace. The authority of the Supreme Pontificate goes out beyond the frontiers of nations—it embraces all peoples to confederate them in the true peace of the Gospel; its action in promoting the general welfare of mankind rests above the particular interests which the different heads of States have in view, and it is better able than any other to promote concord among peoples whose characteristics so widely differ.

History, too, bears testimony to what Our predecessors have done by their influence in softening the unhappily inevitable laws of war, in even arresting all bloodshed sometimes when conflicts have arisen between peoples and between princes, in bringing to amicable settlement the bitterest contests between nations, and in courageously maintaining the rights of the weak against the pretensions of the strong.

And we also, despite the abnormal condition to which we are now reduced, have been able to put an end to grave differences between illustrious nations like Germany and Spain, and even now we are confident of being able to restore harmony soon between two nations of South America which have submitted their dispute to Our arbitration.

Notwithstanding the obstacles which may arise, we shall continue, since Our duty so imposes, to fulfill this traditional mission with no other end in view than the public good and without coveting any glory but that of serving the sacred cause of Christian civilization.

We beg Your Majesty to accept the expression of Our particular esteem and Our sincere wishes for your prosperity and that of Our realm.

LEO PP. XIII.

From the Vatican, May 29, 1899.

Many men live as if they had no souls. In their traffic of this life they scheme as if they were to live forever. In their preparation for death they trifle as if there were no life beyond the grave.—Cardinal Manning.

INGERSOLL AS WE SAW AND HEARD HIM.

Catholic Union and Times.

A gentleman whom we have known and respected for many years and who, we fear, is largely tainted with agnosticism, asks our opinion of Ingersoll as an orator.

In reply, we may say that we never heard—indeed, never saw the rhetorical unbeliever but once; and then by curious circumstance each saw and listened to the other. The novelty of the situation, we remember, caused no little humorous comment at the time; for it was surely a strange spectacle to see Ingersoll and a Catholic priest speaking from the same platform.

The occasion was a noted one—the thirteenth annual banquet of the New York State Bar Association, held in Albany, in January, 1890. The Legislature was then in session, with our quondam townsman—the Hon. William F. Sheehan—in the Speaker's chair; and it is no exaggeration to say that it would be rare to find a more brilliant assemblage than the one which thronged the Delevan banquet hall on that evening. We were honored with a seat between Judge Arnoux and the late David Dudley Field; and among the warmest felicitations we received at the close of the address we then delivered were the words of the noted anti-Catholic bigot, the late Col. Elliott F. Shepard of the New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Ingersoll was seated at the left of the chairman, six or eight chairs away. As before stated, we had never before seen him; and as he rose to speak we looked into his face and listened to his words with curious interest. Though we were not introduced to each other, we know that he recognized our name as the one assigned to the preface of Dr. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll"—a booklet that had phenomenal sale and that dealt a crushing blow to the infidel's blasphemies. But he must have either forgiven us for the severity of our strictures in that preface, or thought that evening he not only did not say aught to which priest could object, but, much to our surprise, he even quoted approvingly from the address of ours which he had just heard.

The impression which Ingersoll left upon us then was quite the opposite of what he was commonly reputed to leave on his lecture audiences. To them he was the "orator of laughter and applause" who poked fun at Moses and the prophets; scoffed at hell and devil; preached the pagan doctrine of Horace—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die;" who poetized about woods, valleys, mountains, winds, waters, flowers, firmaments, stars and suns; grew singularly eloquent over the tears of wife or mother, and revealed in the ringing laugh of a little child.

But on that evening, as we remember, he affected neither wit nor humor. No merriment pursued his lip or flashed his eye. No convulsing story rose to give point to his words or embellish their meaning. He spoke with deliberation and gravity; and in the unaffected earnestness of his utterance there was convincing evidence of sincerity. He kept the unabated interest of his hearers to the close; but we do not wrong to his memory when we say that of oratory—in the common acceptance of that term—with its mysterious thrill and hypnotic power, there was absolutely none.

And yet we have no doubt but that Ingersoll possessed the gift of oratory to a high degree. He was a conjurer with words and an artist in phrase; while his periods rolled along, at times, with the melody of the lute or the roar of waters. When to these we add his grace or gesture, his fire of eye and impassioned delivery, we can well imagine the secret of his power on great occasions—as, for instance, when he thrilled the Republican hosts at Cincinnati with the pictured glory of the "Plumed Knight."

As a speaker Ingersoll was undoubtedly brilliant; but as a thinker he was neither original nor profound. His admirers may be challenged to instance a single new argument he has advanced against the Christian religion. He was a copier and imitator. He eviscerated the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine and the noted anti-Christian scoffers of other days; and refurbished, with modern veneer, the castaway productions of their passions and dreams. On these he put the Ingersoll stamp; claimed as his own what was not his; so that the structure of his fame as a thinker rests on a lie.

Whether Ingersoll was sincere in his opposition to Christianity, or whether he ignobly entered upon that career for the purpose of putting money in his purse is not for us to say. Only He who searches the secrets of all hearts can judge. It is sad to think that a man like Ingersoll, who could have done so much to illumine the hearts and homes of his fellow citizens with Christian faith and hope and love, should have used the gifts which God gave him in laboring to blot this trinity of virtues from the life around him. He has assuredly done incalculable harm to the young of our land who would like to believe that there is no hereafter in which injustice

gratified passions are punished. While he has done his best to quench the lamp of faith that lights the way for wandering feet, he has sought to shroud forever the star of hope within the weary heart, and pluck from the longing soul the fadeless flower of love.

THE PAPACY AND PEACE.

Pope Leo's Exclusion From the Hague Conference one of the Chief Reasons For Its Failure.

Roman correspondence of Freeman's Journal.

Rome, Aug. 2.—It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of the whole world have during the last week been turned from the Peace Conference at The Hague to Leo XIII. and the Vatican. The correspondence between Pope Leo and the Queen of the Netherlands, which were read during the closing sessions of the abortive conference have revealed the fact that those who are really anxious for the success of the project were convinced that it was impossible to reckon without the Pope in discussing the peace of Christendom. As a host of misrepresentations have been published concerning the attitude of the Papacy and some of the powers in the preliminaries and progress of the Congress, it will be opportune to state the real facts of the case.

The first part in the matter played by Leo XIII. was the cordial co-operation he promised the project to the Russian minister to the Vatican, before the publication of the Czar's letter. The same minister was the medium of private communication between Russia and the Holy See touching the Conference.

When the different powers were asked to cooperate for disarmament Leo XIII. was not only included in the invitation, but was at the same time privately invited to assist in the drawing up of the programme. His Holiness did so, both orally through M. Gscharikov and in this letter to the Czar, in which he laid especial emphasis on the subject of arbitration. Pope Leo had very little faith in the possibility of inducing the great powers to disarm. Events have justified his scepticism. He was convinced, however, that the dangers of war would be vastly lessened if the powers could be induced to consider an arbitration board as a court of first instance in their disputes. Czar Nicholas at once acted on the advice of the Pontiff by making the question of arbitration the main one for the Conference and relegating that of disarmament to the second place.

During all the negotiations preceding the meeting of the Conference the Czar considered it a matter of course that the Pope should be officially represented among the delegates. Within the last month English and American newspapers have printed various statements concerning His Holiness' displeasure with the Czar for not being invited to send a representative. In some instances the dispatches conveying this information have been dated from Rome—as a matter of fact, they have all emanated from England. It has been all along perfectly evident to everybody here that the Czar set the greatest store by the Papal influence.

Meanwhile the Italian Government took no active steps to prevent the Pope's representation at the Conference. The Ministry were in an embarrassing position. If they permitted the Papacy to sit in council among the nations, they realized that modern Italy would cut a sorry figure beside the Pope's representative: if they objected in the face of the Czar's wishes, they called the attention of the whole world to the fact that they live in mortal fear of the eternal Roman question, which they have declared time and again to be dead and buried.

The cause which finally spurred them to action was a trifling one—so trifling that it has quite escaped the attention of the all-seeing press. During the progress of the arrangements, then, for the holding of the Congress a Catholic paper in Rome published an editorial in which it boldly asserted that no Peace Conference could amount to anything which did not settle once for all that Roman question which was forever cropping up, directly or indirectly, in European politics. The article was devoid of all authority—perhaps it would not be going too far to say that under the circumstances it was extremely imprudent. The Italianisimi immediately took alarm. The Ministry (eight out of the eleven Ministers were Free Masons) at once instructed Admiral Canevaro to insist on the Pope's exclusion and to threaten that in the event of his being included Italy would refuse to send her representatives.

The Czar was greatly distressed. Through his representative to the Quirinal he argued, nay implored, for the representation of the Sovereign Pontiff. Canevaro remained firm. Italy positively would not sit at a conference where the Vatican was recognized as one of the powers. If a choice had to be made between the inestimable moral influence of the Papacy and modern Italy the Czar thought that modern Italy should be thrown overboard. The Italians were therefore informed that the Emperor of Russia had decided to invite the Pope to take a formal part in the deliberations,

when Canevaro played his trump card. He was in a position, he said, to inform the Emperor of Russia that if Italy declined to send her representatives to the Conference England would follow her example.

It was useless to attempt anything farther. Italy had succeeded in excluding its dreaded enemy, the Papacy, and in doing so had killed what little hope existed of any serious results being effected.

During all this time the Italian newspapers were full of stories about the intrigues of the Vatican to secure representation, and some of these stories have found their way into newspapers abroad—the New York Sun, for instance. I know on the best authority that the Vatican did not take a single step to that end. It is no secret that His Holiness expected to be invited, and that he is grievously disappointed over the turn things have taken.

It would seem after all, as if the one great result of the *soi-disant* Peace Conference were to divide the world on the subject of the Roman question. It is interesting, too, to note how the world is thus divided. In spite of all that has been written to the contrary, that of the great powers Russia, France, Austria, and Germany were anxious to see the Vatican taking a part in the recent deliberations, those on the other side were Italy, England, and I have to add with much pain, the United States.

The discussion is not quite over. Many powers were not represented at the Conference, and it has been proposed that those be asked to subscribe to the arbitration scheme. Will the Pope be included among them? The old battle has been begun again, and the United States are again on the wrong side. It is useless to speculate on the issue—and it is really of little consequence now whether the Vicar of the Prince of Peace take any part whatever in this most abortive of congresses. With all the mighty influence at his command Pope Leo could not galvanize it into life.

Voy Urbis.

THE LITURGY OF THE CHURCH.

"That non-Catholics should be ignorant of the language, dress and actions, in fact of all the symbolism in the services of the Church, is easily understood; but what should excite surprise is that so many of the faithful, who are constant in their attendance at the Divine Offices, do not know the precise meaning of the ceremonies they behold, nor of the words or singing they hear, nor of the different vestments worn by the priest on various days."

"How many pious people, in fact, if you were to ask them, for example, why the Gloria in Excelsis Deo is omitted in the Mass which they have just heard, or why the priest wears, at certain times of the year, a green chasuble, would answer you, surprised at your question, that they know nothing about it! How few understand and can explain such an action of the celebrant at Mass; or can follow the prayers which precede the consecration, and after the prostrate and prayerful silence at the consecration, accompany the Divine Victim, thanking and glorifying Him till the end of the Sacrifice! We might say, in a word, that ignorance of the Liturgy of the Church is almost universal amongst the faithful; and yet this is a matter of no little importance to Catholics."

"Dom Gueranger has given us this true definition: 'The Liturgy is the collection of the symbols, of the chants and of the actions, by means of which the Church expresses and manifests her worship to God.' It has also been defined: 'The social form of prayer.'"

"Those who, for not having made a slight effort, understand neither the prayers nor the rites of the Church, little suspect the lasting happiness and sweet emotion they would otherwise feel in following this beautiful daily Office. It is well worth the study, for there is no monotony in the works of holy Mother the Church. Everything with her has a meaning, nothing is left undetermined, no detail, however small it may be, is useless. She knows well how to sum up entire creeds in a sign; how to clothe in most eloquent language the least action of the Son of God which the gospels have preserved to us. She changes not, and yet possesses variety. In the services proper to each day, look at the surprising diversity of the sequences and hymns; look at the opportunity she gives us,—if we will but understand it,—of going over every detail in the life of Christ, of walking by His side, of becoming—poor creatures though we are—the close companions of our God."

"But then, you will say, if the prayers of the Liturgy have such efficacy and strength with God, why do so many Christians neglect taking part in them, when all they have to do is to open a book of instructions, a few minutes before going to Mass or Vespers? It would take but a very short while to learn and understand the symbols, meaning and object of the service which they are going to attend."—Rev. Father Huysman, in the Working Boy.

AUGUST 26, 1890.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.

The Greatest Little Thing Ever Written.

Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Some time ago Elbert Hubbard, the well known author and editor of that crisp and snappy little magazine, the Philistine, printed in the pages of that periodical an article to which he gave the suggestive caption, "A Message to Garcia." George H. Daniels, who is at the head of the passenger department of the New York Central railroad, came across Mr. Hubbard's sermon. He is a man who keenly feels the need for the competent subordinate. Mr. Hubbard's article so appealed to Mr. Daniels that he had it reprinted in a tasteful pamphlet, printed in the unique style of the Roycroft shop, and scattered it broadcast. The first edition of 10,000 was exhausted and the second edition of 100,000 has been ordered. Mr. Hubbard is well known to people in this vicinity both personally and through his writings the "Message to Garcia" is as follows:

(Copyrighted by Elbert Hubbard.)

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his cooperation, and quickly.

What to do. Some one said to the president. "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to deliver to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia. "Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but stufing of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well high appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Shipshed assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference and half-hearted work seem the rule: and no man succeeds, unless, by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task? On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions: Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismark? What's the matter with Charlie doing it? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shouldn't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself? And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the law of averages, I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind" and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will do act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia? "You see that 'ok-keeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Yes, what about him?" "Well, he's a fine accountant, but

if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work, and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his partner is oppressing or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given to him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself."

To night this man walks the streets, looking for work, the wind whistling through his work-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied, than a physical cripple, but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, selfish imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when the world has gone a slumbering I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty, says are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home.

And the man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the message without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing anything else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

BAD LITERATURE.

Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry on the Evils of Corrupt Reading.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope, calls attention to what has become one of the greatest and one of the most common spiritual dangers in an age so full of perils—the reading of the bad and unhealthy literature with which the world is deluged at the present day.

"Ever on the watch for our destruction, and using to that end every available instrumentality, the enemy of souls has found a terribly potent weapon in the abuse of that noble faculty God has bestowed on our human nature—that of communicating our thoughts to one another—and wields it with deadly effect in his attacks on morality and religion. Everywhere he finds this weapon ready to his hand. Using as his accomplices wicked writers, who pander to the most depraved tastes and vilest passions, as well as publishers and book-sellers, who, in trying to satisfy their greed for gain, care not what havoc they work, he contrives to place within the reach of all—of the young and the old, of the rich and of the poor—an endless variety of corrupting literature—infidel books and pamphlets, immoral romances and indecently illustrated papers—which in the most effective manner aid him in his work of destruction.

"It is against this fearful evil that we would raise our voice in earnest and solemn warning, saying to you with the prophet, 'Let every man cast away the scandal of his eyes,' calling on heads of families and those charged with the bringing up of youth to put

forth every effort to save those under their care from the contaminations of bad books and of bad publications of every kind.

"Among these instruments of evil may be classed trashy and sensational novels, which deprave the mind by feeding it on sophistry and false sentiment, and impair and weaken that intellect which Almighty God has endowed man for a high and noble end, and as they are for the idle and the indolent, they are written so as to save their readers the trouble and labor of exercising their brain, and, as a great educational authority has said, 'They completely satisfy the intellectual appetite and make it unfit not only for regular mental work, but for good literature of any kind.' As another great writer put it, 'Periodicals and novels of this class are, more especially to those whose minds are still unformed and in process of formation, a new and more effectual substitute for the moral springs of life and blighting in the soil those tender plants of virtue that otherwise would have bloomed into eternal life.' St. Liguori says of them that 'they put fantastical notions and affections into young persons' heads which destroy all devotion and afterward impel them to give themselves up to sin.'

"Yes, this is the great evil—not merely does the reading of them waste valuable time, not only do they impair the intellect, but many publications of this class do more. They undermine virtue by reviling it and characterizing it as folly; they represent shameless deeds of vice in the most attractive form; by retailing impure imaginations; they flatter and excite the worst and basest passions. Nor is it the openly indecent writings that do the most mischief. Such often disgust rather than attract. Hence the Demon inspires authors to conceal the fifth under cover of amusing stories, full of interest and highly sensational. We are thus reminded of the words of Ecclesiasticus, 'An enemy speaketh sweetly with his lips, but in his heart he lies in wait to throw thee into a pit.' "But dreadful as is the ruin wrought by unclean literature, there is another class of writings still more fatal in their tendency and effects, because they attack faith itself. So long as it is preserved, the sinner's conversion is still possible, whilst without it he can not be saved, and so the Evil One tries to extinguish every spark of faith by the propagation of infidel works. The press teems with productions of this kind—books which question or boldly deny the very existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the eternity of punishment, or which put aside the great truths of religion and principles of morality, as if they were of no importance to mankind—books in which revealed religion is combated with sophistical arguments and ridiculed as fable; books filled with scurrilous jests and ribald jokes regarding things dear and sacred to every Catholic heart; books which, with the object of discrediting Catholicity, distort its doctrines and even the very facts of history.

"And amongst the weapons employed by the enemy of God and of His Church are also to be found many of those so-called books of science and philosophy that are scattered broadcast, and find everywhere numerous readers, realizing the words of St. Paul 'For there shall be a time when they will not endure sound doctrine, but according to their own desires they will accord to themselves teachers having itching ears, and will indeed turn away their hearing from the truth, but will be turned unto fables' (2 Tim. iv. 6). It is of these false teachers the great Apostle speaks in another part of the same Epistle when he says, 'And their speech spreadeth like a cancer.' How terribly forcible this description he gives of their teachings! How truly such writers have been termed murderers of souls!

"We earnestly exhort you, then, as you value your immortal souls, never to read these impious publications, nor the others to which we have referred. Shun all these dangerous, lascivious and atheistical writings—imbibe not the poison that will destroy your spiritual life. You easily enough realize the mischief done by a bad companion, but the worst companion is generally harmless as a child compared with a vicious book. The scandal-giving associate can't be always and everywhere present, but only when occasion offers; the bad book one can have always and everywhere. Unknown to anybody it can be taken up or thrown aside at pleasure. In God's name, then, keep away from the flame that will set your souls on fire! Don't imagine your virtue and your faith are so strong that you can read anything and everything with absolute impunity. No, you can't touch pitch and escape defilement.

"And what you do in the interest of your own salvation you will try to do for others according to the measure of your influence and responsibility. The evil in question is a gigantic one, and to meet it the co-operation of all God-fearing people is necessary. No body worthy of the name of Christian can remain selfishly indifferent to any evil afflicting religion and society. Is it not deplorable that in an enlightened age, when public authorities in all civilized countries take such wise precautions to safeguard the lives and health of the citizens, such as regulating the sale of poisons and explosives, forbidding intra-mural interments, and carrying on dangerous occupations in populous neighborhoods, enforcing inoculation, and so on, the same authorities seem to have little or no regard for danger threatening the moral life of the people,

and allow almost complete license to the publishers of abominable literature?

But if those charged with the government of the country won't do their duty, that does not dispense us from doing ours. Give, then, no countenance or support to writers who insult your Faith or corrupt public morals. Never allow their books to be read by any one under your control; never give or lend them to others, with the risk of giving scandal and leading into sin. Never purchase such works or keep them, or allow them into your houses; if you do, you make yourselves accomplices, and incur the responsibility of co-operating in the ruin they may cause. If you happened to come across writings insulting to your father or mother, how indignantly you would feel! How anxious to put them out of sight! But is not God your Father and the Church your Mother, and have they not infinitely stronger claims on your zeal?

"But true Christian zeal, not content with merely preventing evil, loves to manifest itself in the endeavor to propagate truth and the maxims of sound morality. Thank God! books that inculcate and defend both are outside our reach. Works abound that fill the mind with ennobling thoughts, that teach us to amend our lives. Such you should read and re-read during your spare time, on Sundays, for instance, when the law of the Church enjoins rest; and, not content with that, you should try to induce others to follow your example. By recommending, lending or making a gift of a good book, you may be instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. A good book may, by God's grace, convert the most hardened sinner, and make him a saint. Besides the Sacred Scriptures and expositions of them, the lives of the saints and works written specially in defense or explanation of Catholic doctrine, there are many publications which, though they may be classed as light reading, are nevertheless pure, instructing and elevating, the reading of which is sure to make us both better and happier. 'For the rest, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame . . . think of these things . . . and the God of Peace shall be with you.' (Phil. i. 8.)

AN IGNOBLE PASSION.

Envy, spite and vindictiveness are very kin. Envy is chagrin over another's good. Spite is the infliction of wrongs for wrongs endured. Vindictiveness is the reckless award of private justice.

A few days ago an old man of eighty wished to marry. He had a sister who made her home with him. She opposed the marriage on personal grounds and because she disliked her prospective sister-in-law. Falling in with her efforts to prevent the match she went before the prosecuting attorney of the county in which they lived and accused her brother of a murder committed twenty-eight years ago. He was arrested and is being brought back to this state, where the crime of which he is charged was committed. The old man was living in peace with his neighbors and had earned a reputation for honesty, sobriety and general integrity. Only a few years remained to him on earth. Guilty or innocent, why not let him die with his awful crime buried in the coffin with him? His worst enemy would have shown him mercy. But none can be so cruel as our own flesh and blood. This sister, she who called his mother her mother; his father her father, conceived the dreadful thought of betraying him into the folded hands of oblivious justice. Cui bono? He was on the threshold of a momentary happiness and she bore him spite.

Spite is the most grovelling and most irrational of vices. Ambition seeks honors. Avarice seeks riches. Cupidity seeks pleasure. There is some sort of a plea that can be formed in ex-enuation of these vices. If there is not a good, there is at least an appearance of good in the thing sought. But spite finds gratification solely in the misery of others. It seeks no personal gain. It is satisfied at the neighbor's loss. It is a passion that devils would scorn. Devils torment men; they never do injury to each other. Spiteful men persecute their fellow-men.

This woman, who finds intense gratification in fastening a hangman's noose around the neck of her aged brother, is an exaggerated type of many men and women. The world is full of envious and spiteful people. There are courts for the settlement of private disputes and the punishment of public offences; but for one case that is brought before the courts ten thousand are settled by occult compensation or private vengeance. The tale-bearer, the gossip, the back-biter, the detractor, the slanderer, the wanton destroyer of property, the violent, the breaker of the public peace, the murderer—all belong to the same class, all find happiness in compassing the unhappiness of others.

Catholics are quite as much given to their private vengeance as other people; and the worst of it is, they seldom make it a matter of confession. They tell injurious tales about their neighbor, and do not scruple it either, because they are true or because they heard them from others. They did not "make them up." They preserve the memory of a wrong for years until the expected moment arrives when they can get satisfaction; and all that time they have gone to the sacraments! They think they are

perfectly justified in inflicting any injury on their neighbor, provided it does not exceed in quantity that suffered at that neighbor's hands.

Our Lord says: "Judge not and you shall not be judged." He tells us that we shall be judged with the same rights and measures we use in dealing with our neighbor. When we pray the Our Father, we do not say: "Forgive us my trespasses," but, "Forgive us our trespasses." We do not say, "My Father," but "Our Father." We do not say: "Lead me not into temptation," but "Lead us not into temptation." Charity is the supreme law of Christianity, and the sign, mark, badge and distinguishing characteristic of the follower of Christ. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another." Who will put a stop to this wild justice of revenge?—Western Watchman.

HOW TO REBUKE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

It is told of Hannah More, the famous English authoress of a bygone period, that when any one came to her with a story of another's misdoing, she would say: "How very sad! We must go right about finding whether this be true or not." Then the tale-bearer would be sure to answer: "It may not be so, after all. I am almost sure it is not." To which the good Hannah More would respond: "Why do you go about repeating it, then?" Sometimes she would not give up until she had dragged the unwilling gossip to the starting-place of the lie, which was not likely to be far away; in which case you may be sure she effected a speedy and permanent reformation of the person who had been so anxious to spread the scandal.

THE VAGARIES OF HERESY.

The comments of non-Catholic preachers on the death of the infidel Ingersoll are painful manifestations of the vagaries of those outside the Church. We would remind those quasi-apologists of blasphemy that there is "One Fold and one Shepherd" Christ built His Church, and He built it on foundations as solid as those of His throne in Heaven. All the vital organization of His Church is the work of Christ's own hand. The Church was not a result of religion; it was not established by men for the sake of religion. Priests, Bishops, Popes had no more to do with the institution of the Church than they had with the institution of the sun in the sky. Christ built His Church at the same time that He promulgated His religion. No one can be a Christian who is not a member of the one Holy Catholic Church. "He is no Christian," said St. Cyprian, sixteen hundred years ago, "unless he is a member of the Catholic Church." And a far greater than St. Cyprian said that unless we hear His Church we are as the heathen. The whole thing is supremely simple, as what God intended for our good always is, and the curse of curses is that men do not let the simple truth of God alone. There might be, as there are, geographically, distinct parts of the Church—just as there were, geographically, distinct States and countries—but these parts have no integrity apart from the Church of Christ. They are homogeneous. If they are cut off from the one Shepherd they are as worthless, as useless, as full of decay and dissolution as the hand or foot cut off from the body. So we had that wonder of wonders—unity or universality; all races professing one faith, sharing the same sacrifice, having the same traditions. We listen to the voice of the Pope, knowing well that his voice is the echo of the voice of Christ. That there is, and can be, only one Christ is a fact as clear as that the sun is in the sky. There is only one Church which claims infallibility. Other forms of religion may appeal to the prejudices and the passions of men, but our reason tells us that the Catholic Church must be infallible.—American Herald.

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CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S PLUCK.

A true story illustrative of the pluck of Cardinal Vaughan in his younger days is told in the Rev. Bernard Ward's "History of St. Edmund's College." The future Cardinal was driven in a dog cart along a lonely road which leads from Herford to Ware. Suddenly a man sprang out from a hedge and, covering Father Vaughan with a horse pistol, commanded him to stand and deliver. But the steady cleric had no intention of being "held up" in this manner. He jumped down and went for his assailant with the butt end of his whip. There was a tussle for some minutes, which ended in Father Vaughan getting possession of the pistol, and in the footpad securing the horse and trap and driving off at full speed down the road in the direction of Ware. Father Vaughan followed on foot, endeavoring to take pot shots at the man's rapidly retreating figure with the horse pistol, which proved on examination to be unloaded. However, when he reached Ware railway station he found his turnout safe and sound in charge of a porter. But the thief had made good his escape to London by a train which he had caught just in time.

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Eczema—"I was run down with complaints peculiar to my sex. Large sores broke out on my body head and limbs. I could not do any work on account of the itching. My trouble was termed eczema and I doctored for it for a long time. I then tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and several bottles effected a cure." Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ont.

Swellings—"I had a swelling on my chest. It caused me great pain and many sleepless nights. Physicians advised operation but my daughter urged that I take Hood's Sarsaparilla instead. I did so and after using six bottles, the swelling went away and I have not had any more pains." Mrs. J. A. C. CROSWORTH, 432 Front St., Belleville, Ont.

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London, Saturday, August 26, 1899

MGR. FALCONIO.

Some of the papers have been publishing details of the arrival in New York of Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate to Canada, and have even given an account of his intended movements until his arrival in Ottawa, which, it has been said, will take place within a few days. These details are imaginary, as the Delegate has not yet left Rome.

MORMONISM.

At the Mormon headquarters in London, England, Elder Anderson claims that recently there has been wonderful success in Mormon propaganda in the Southern States, as there were over one hundred new branches established during the year 1898. Many Mormon churches have been started in places where there was neither church nor chapel. It is said also that this wonderful success has excited new opposition among the opponents of Mormonism, chiefly on political grounds, as these adversaries wish to see Utah reduced back to the position of a territory. The Mormon elders, however, assert confidently that persecution will have the effect of strengthening instead of weakening their cause.

DREYFUS.

The most contradictory stories are told of the expected result of the second Dreyfus trial, which is now going on. Some are confident that the ex-captain of artillery will be convicted of the treason of which he was accused, while others assert that he will be acquitted. Even if he were guilty, the unnecessarily harsh treatment to which he was subjected as a prisoner on Devil's Island for five years, would create some sympathy for him, but amid the conflicting testimony it is difficult for an outsider to know whether he was really guilty or not. If his treason was real, an example should certainly be made of one guilty of such a crime, but unnecessarily harsh treatment should not have been inflicted. It remains to be seen, however, what verdict will be rendered by the court-martial now in session. It would appear that every effort is being made by the Government to do justice on this second trial; and it is possible that even if the accused be found guilty, he may be freed on the plea that he has been punished sufficiently.

THE "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE" FOLLY.

Professor Bradley, the leader of the Faith Cure, or so-called Christian Scientists, of Detroit, Michigan, advertised largely in the papers of Toledo, Ohio, that on the evening of Thursday, the 10th inst., he would do some faith-healing on a large scale in front of the Government building, as he had secured some of the most prominent men of the city to come to the meeting and submit to treatment. The promised exhibition drew a large crowd, as the prominence of the men seemed to be an assurance that the performance would be genuine. Among those operated on was Sam. T. Fisk, a broker, who has been a cripple for years. Bradley declared he would send Fisk away "as good as new," and that he would do the same for his other patients. Bradley then commenced operations, but was uniformly unsuccessful. At last Fisk was operated on, and at command of Bradley, hobbled across the stage, whereupon he found he could not do without his crutches, which he then took up in order that he might walk.

The indignation of the crowd grew high against Bradley as failure after failure was witnessed, and it reached a climax when it was evident that Fisk was as much a cripple as he had ever been. Cries were raised to duck or lynch Bradley, who prudently disappeared. A series of Faith Cure meetings had been advertised, but owing to the ill-success attending this first effort the engagement has been cancelled.

A "FAITH HEALER" FINED.

A faith healer named Mrs. Henrietta Blatch has been fined \$100 in Chicago for violating the medical act by administering medicine to Mrs. Annetta Flanders, who died under the "faith-healing" treatment of Mrs. Blatch and Alexander Dowle, a pretended "divine healer" of whom Mrs. Blatch is a follower. Dowle professes to heal by the laying on of hands, and Mrs. Blatch supplemented the treatment. It was this administering of medicine which brought her under the penalty of the law, which it appears would not have applied to her case if she had not used the medicine. Probably the "faith healers," or "Christian Scientists" would say that it was this fact of giving medicine, being outside of their mode of treatment, which was the cause of the death of the patient; but most people will say that the cause of death was the neglect of using the medical treatment which common sense would have dictated, but which the "faith-curers" repudiate.

A SAD INSTANCE OF NON-RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Two weeks ago we gave in our columns an account of a family feud which has been raging for many years on the mountains of Kentucky, in which members of the three families engaged have been shot in succession, every death which thus occurs being the signal for the family of the victim to swear to kill the assassin, so that death by shooting is sure to be followed by the death of the last assassin within a limited time, and so on indefinitely. A new feud of the same kind has just broken out in Union county, in the same neighborhood, between the families Robinson and Savage, which also threatens to be kept up in the same way. William Savage was shot and killed by John Robinson, and Robinson was at the same time mortally wounded by Savage. The relatives of the two principals of this fight have sworn to kill the nearest relatives surviving in each family, so as to perpetuate the feud.

This barbarous state of Kentucky society is a result of the absence of all moral and religious education in the public schools.

THE DRAMA OF JOAN OF ARC.

A sacred drama is now being performed at an obscure village in the Voges district of France, which bids fair to rival the world-famed Passion-play of Ober-Ammergau. It is the drama of Joan of Arc which the Abbe Mengin of the little village of Menil-en-Xantols has succeeded in producing. The village has only 200 inhabitants, while the play requires 140 persons, independently of those who manage the mechanical part. Consequently the Abbe called into requisition the services of the villagers from Dombarie, which is not far distant. The history of Joan of Arc's remarkable career is represented on the stage in a huge frame structure which holds 2,000 people, the stage itself being about the size of that of the Grand Opera of Paris. The Abbe Mengin designed all the costumes, and caused the scenery to be painted on 4,000 square yards of canvas.

The representation is said to be almost perfect, and special trains are run to bring to the village persons who wish to witness it. The cost of the preparation alone reaches \$8,000, which has already been covered by the receipts. It is not, however, to make money that the play has been designed, but to cultivate respect for the great French heroine. As there will now be a profit, small salaries will be paid to the players for their loss of time.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE BOERS.

In the present difficulty which is going on between Great Britain and the Boers of the Transvaal Republic, several of our Catholic contemporaries of the United States are loud in the announcement of their sympathy with the Boers in their determination not to be reduced to subjection by the British Government. It is a fact, however, that the Transvaal Government is the only Christian Government now existing which deprives Catholics and Jews from the exercise of the franchise, solely on the ground of their religion. Even in the recent offer of the Transvaal Government to extend the rights of franchise to the Uitlanders, with restrictions, at a secret session of the Raad, or Parliament of the Republic, it was resolved by a vote of 16 to 12 to continue the disabilities against Catholics and Jews. A later despatch sent to

indicate that the Raad has somewhat backed down or will back down from its intolerant position on the religious question, and that the disabilities will be removed if the trouble with Great Britain be settled peacefully; but till this report be confirmed by further action it may be considered still doubtful whether or not more tolerance will be shown by these obstinate followers of Martin Luther. In the meantime it might be advisable for our contemporaries above referred to to be less enthusiastic in their Boer sympathies.

UNHAPPY FRANCE.

Paris, which is nearly always in a volcanic state, is to the front again with an attempt at revolution. Two anarchistic journals, Le Peuple and La Petite Republique, appealed to the cantonal to make a rising against the Government, and many small groups of Anarchists wended on Sunday afternoon to the Place de la Republique, where they coalesced and became a considerable mob, which was violently addressed by several Anarchists, among whom were Sebastian Faure and Faberot, two well-known Anarchist leaders. The mob was attacked by the police, and after some hard fighting was scattered. Several churches and religious edifices were attacked and much injured by the mob, and the Church of St. Joseph, near the Anarchist centre, the Faubourg de Temple, was completely wrecked inside, and set on fire. The populace protected the church, and between them and the police, the Anarchists were at length driven off. Statues, and highly valuable pictures were utterly destroyed, among the statues being the crucifixes and statues of the Blessed Virgin. The Anarchists appeared to have been encouraged to make this demonstration, by the fact that M. Guerin, president of the Anti-Semite League, defies arrest in his house, which is strongly fortified, and is protected by armed Anti-Semites who have taken a rebellious attitude. The Government has permitted this anomalous state of affairs to continue, in order to avoid bloodshed, and the Anarchists imagine that they have a weak Government to deal with. Twenty Anarchists have been arrested, and found to be armed with revolvers, loaded sticks and knives.

GODLESS EDUCATION RE-SPONSIBLE.

Governor Chandler, of Georgia, has given an answer to several newspaper requests for a statement of his views on the race troubles of the Southern States, and the Georgia lynchings.

According to the Governor's opinion, much of the evil of the race conflict has arisen from the intermeddling of carpet baggers who, immediately after the civil war between the North and South, indoctrinated the negroes with the idea of their equality with the white population under every respect. Corrupt politics, and a fishing for the votes of the negroes by intermeddlers from the North, have had a like tendency, and the notion of perfect equality thus begotten, according to the Governor, has also tended to make the negroes bold in the commission of those horrible crimes which have generally been the reason on account of which the whites have pursued them so relentlessly, and have lynched the guilty with such barbarity.

The Governor adds that the crime which has been the cause of most of the lynchings is as much deplored by the better class of negroes, as by white men.

We have not the least doubt that such crimes are detested by the better class of negroes, and it is much to be regretted that they have been committed. They are not, however, a justification for the outrageous lynchings to which the white population has been certainly goaded by their perpetration. It is always a grievous wrong for private individuals to take the law into their own hands, and the evil is rendered all the worse by the fact that the innocent have been punished equally with, if not more frequently than, those who were really guilty. The horrible barbarity with which these lynchings have been perpetrated is also inexcusable, even if the parties thus tortured were really guilty. The punishments inflicted by these lawless lynchings remind us of the horrors of Chinese executions, or of the punishments inflicted by the American aborigines upon their enemies captured in war. Such horrors brutalize all who take part in them, and as there have been so many instances in which females, and even children of the tender age who have been made to take part in inflicting torture on a palce

happy victims, it is no wonder that among the people of the South the increase of crimes of every kind, and especially of the worst crimes of the calendar of vice, should be so alarming.

Governor Chandler, however, gives another cause for the increase of crime among the negroes, which deserves the careful consideration of the whole community, and especially of those who have upon them the responsibility of providing laws for the welfare of the people. He says that

"In Georgia, for a generation, there has been scarcely a negro between six and eight years of age who has not had access to a free school. As a consequence, illiteracy has decreased among them from 85 per cent. in 1870 to 40 per cent. in 1890, and yet it is a startling fact that crime among them has increased in about the same proportion that illiteracy has decreased."

No one is better able than Governor Chandler to give an intelligent opinion on this matter, and he has given it in words the force of which cannot be disputed. The increase of crime has gone on pari passu with the increase of education. Could we have more positive testimony of the deplorable results of godless education?

The Governor sees clearly that this consequence is to be deduced from the observations he has made, and anticipates the conclusion we have drawn from his words. He says:

"There is, however, another sort of education which can, in time, greatly relieve the situation. This is moral education, which must be acquired at the family hearthstone, and in the churches and Sunday schools, and by the daily contact of the inferior race with the superior for years, and even for generations."

It is surprising that the Governor should draw the conclusion that moral education can be given only in the homes of the children, where the parents are not fitted to give the instruction needed. Why should not the schools be so ordered as to give the necessary moral training? It is only in the schools that such a training can be given successfully, and the people of the United States and Canada alike cannot too soon arrive at the conviction that a godless education will never suffice to the establishing of national prosperity, and the making of good and virtuous citizens.

LATIN AMERICAN UNION.

It had been stated by the reporters of the press that a movement was on foot to unite under one Government, or at least to affect an alliance between the South American Republics, in order to counterbalance the present preponderance of the United States in the two continents of America, or to counteract the aggressiveness of the latter country in claiming predominance in the whole Western Hemisphere.

It has since been semi-officially denied that such a project is entertained, and probably the denial is correct: so far as the question of any immediate general union is concerned; nevertheless it is again asserted that negotiations are going on with the view of effecting a close alliance, if not a complete union between some at least of the various Spanish-American Republics.

It is not necessary to infer that the proposition to effect such a union is dictated by hostility to the United States, but when it is considered that these States have become so powerful, and are extending their rule gradually but surely, it is certainly the part of wisdom if the smaller and weaker States of America should consider whether it would not be to their advantage to unite against possible, and even probable future, aggression, from whatever quarter it may come.

Many of these Republics have been bullied from time to time by European powers, and they were totally unable to resist the claims made upon them, whether right or wrong. England, France, Germany, Italy, have in turn menaced either the South American Republics, or the petty Spanish-American States of North America, and the adjacent islands, and even warships have been sent to their harbors to threaten their cities with bombardment unless they should yield to the demands made upon them, and they did yield in every instance, rather than endure the horrors of war with the powerful nations which threatened them, except indeed, in the latest demands made by Great Britain upon Venezuela. The dispute between these two powers is to be settled by arbitration, and not by the annihilation of the weaker power; but if this has been the case in this instance, it was not quite because Venezuela's rights or claims were deemed worthy of being respected, but because the United States came to the rescue. That country was not pleased to see a European nation riding rough shod over one of its own neighbors, and for this reason, as most of our readers will recollect, the great union of which we speak is not, indeed, likely to be effected all

very plainly declared that if Great Britain undertook to settle by herself and in her own way her difficulties with any American State, she would have to settle with the United States as well as with the weaker state concerned. In fact President Cleveland laid down the law that the principal arbiter in regard to the troubles of the weaker nations of America must be the United States of North America.

We need not take it for granted, however, that the United States was entirely disinterested in taking this course. The brow-beating which Spain endured in regard to Cuba is still fresh in the memory of all our readers, and the result is that Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Island of Guam are now held by the great American power, with no one to dispute its right of conquest, and the Philippine Islands are in dispute, only because the Filipinos themselves are determined to have their say in the matter, before being handed over to another foreign master, further distant from them than were even their Spanish rulers.

Who knows when it may occur that the United States Government may come to the conclusion that she needs territory in South America in order to safeguard her interests?

It is not so very long since Mexico held sway over Texas, California, Colorado, and New Mexico, all of which are now in the United States domain. They were taken into the union by force of arms, on pretences the right or wrong of which we need not debate here; but the fact stands out distinctly that when the United States will come to the conclusion that it wants more territory toward the South, it will not hesitate to grasp it. The small, or we should rather say the sparsely settled, Republics of South America would, one by one, easily fall a prey to the power of the United States, should the time come when it might desire to take possession of them. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at if South American statesmen are seriously considering the advisability of effecting a union of some kind between their respective countries. If such a union were effected to-morrow, this should not be regarded as an act of hostility, either to the United States, or to any other power. It would be simply an act dictated by the instinct of self-preservation, which is the first law of nature.

The South American Republics have many interests in common. Spread over so large an extent of territory, they have, of course, many diverse and opposing interests also, but not more so than other countries which are spread over a large area, but are still able to sink their diversities for the sake of their common protection. The States of the great North American Republic, spread over an immense area, have themselves diversities of interests no less than those of Spanish South America. The inhabitants are by origin of all the nationalities of the world. Their occupations are more distinct and varied than those of any other people, not even excepting China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants. The American people, occupying themselves with trade and commerce, all the arts, sciences, and manufactures, agriculture, mining, etc., have interests almost irreconcilable with each other; and yet they have so managed as to put their differences in the background, in order to be ruled by one central government, while each State governs itself in regard to all local matters. Why should not the South American Republics take example from this, and do likewise?

A Latin South American union would not have half the population of the United States, even if all the Republics of that continent were joined together. Their union would, therefore, not be for aggressive purposes, but solely for mutual protection and defence, and to make themselves respected by the other nations of the world. Their commerce would be vastly increased: constant intercommunication being established among them by a political union; agriculture, and all the manufactures of the country would be vastly improved, and many other advantages would be derived from this new order of things; and the fact that one language is already established throughout the whole continent, and that for the most part the people are homogeneous in religion, it seems, would make a political union on the Federal plan very feasible and satisfactory. We have said that one language is everywhere established. The fact that the aboriginal tongues are also spoken does not interfere with the truth of this.

This great union of which we speak is not, indeed, likely to be effected all

at once. Many jealousies exist which have a powerful influence throughout the South American Republics. These have not only given rise to dissensions between the different States, but have been the cause of numerous civil wars. But time would consolidate the divers countries into one, just as the various interests of the people of the United States have been sufficiently reconciled to make them an undivided and patriotic people at the present moment.

A large proportion of the people of South America are the aboriginal populations, and to some extent many of the tribes are not even yet civilized. The same energy and progress could not be expected from them, therefore, which is looked for in a population which, like those of the United States and Canada, derives its origin from fully civilized Europe. But there cannot be a doubt that the union which has been mooted would hasten their complete civilization, and prepare the way for progress in every respect.

This union idea is not Utopian, and we are informed that already President Roca, of Argentina, is now at Rio Janeiro as the guest of Brazil to prepare the way for a union of some kind between these two countries and Chile. The presidents of the three countries are to meet at Buenos Ayres next month for the same purpose. If they succeed in their purpose, the union they will effect will certainly be a nucleus for the greater union of which we have here spoken.

We have no doubt that the recent Penary Council of the South American Bishops, held in Rome, has contributed greatly toward giving shape to the negotiations which are now going on. It is stated that the Council showed a brotherhood which was not deemed possible to exist between the people of the various countries of South America. No doubt, also, the wise Pope Leo XIII. encouraged the idea of a union which would strengthen the whole South American continent.

RECENT INVESTIGATIONS INTO SPIRITUALISM.

An article which appeared in the New World, from the pen of Professor James H. Hyslop of Columbia University, on the result of investigations in which he has been engaged in regard to Spiritualism, has excited a good deal of comment and discussion in the press, most of these comments being unfavorable, as those of the New York Sun, the Baltimore American, and other leading journals, while a respectable minority, including the New York Independent, take somewhat a favorable view of his researches, expressing the hope that from them may result some insight into the extent to which the so-called Spiritualistic manifestations may really come by communications from the other world. Nearly all admit, however, that for the most part Spiritualism, as it is practised by mediums generally, is nothing better than a transparent fraud.

There have already been some investigations conducted by scientific men into the character of Spiritualism, the result being that the manifestations were pronounced fraudulent. The Baltimore American sums up the results of Kiddle's and Marsh's investigations by telling that "Washington had a fit of the blues because he had to acknowledge that he had been animated during life with inordinate vanity." Bonaparte "suffered with anguish" because he had been inhuman through ambition; Shakespeare wrote some verses (which are said to have been ridiculous doggerel) regretting the evil influence of his dramas; and though Adam and Eve, Cain and his wife, Noah and his sons, David and Goliath, Samson and his parents, Solomon, Jonah and Job were all called up to be interviewed, none of these were able to tell anything new regarding the world's history at their respective dates, and the most patient of men, Job, was the only one of these spirits who actually talked and would give no answer whatsoever to the questions put to him!

It might be added to all this that Noah Webster and Shakespeare have been made by some mediums to talk in modern slang language. Sir Walter Scott has been exhibited as speaking in a dialect which is neither Highland nor Lowland Scotch, nor any other dialect which has ever been heard in any of the British Isles. But in regard to facts of this nature, the Baltimore American says:

"Professor Hyslop will not be able in all probability, to add anything of note to this rubbish, and scientists will be astounded that an intelligent professor can be so deluded as to offer it as scientific testimony, much less proof."

We will not venture to assert that communication with the dead, is absolutely impossible. We know from the Holy Scriptures that under some extraordinary circumstances such communication has taken place, with the special permission of Almighty God, as occurred in the instance when Saul visited the witch of Endor who brought to him the Spirit of Samuel, who revealed to him the future. 1 Kings, xxviii. (P. Bible 1 Sam.) Nevertheless, consultations with the spirits of the dead are forbidden in Scripture, and assuming that they really occur in spiritualistic seances, they are unlawful, because prohibited. The seances of spiritualists may be sometimes these forbidden communications with the dead, or they may be so in part, but it is certain that they are generally mere impostures. In the former case it is sinful to take part in them, and in the latter, it is a folly which becomes sinful because the intention is to have communications with the dead which are prohibited by the law of God.

We may express the true state of the case in the words of another periodical, the Providence Journal, which ridicules the acceptance of "the witness of the spirits whom a slatternly medium in a dark room may summon to talk with a sordid circle of hysterical cranks." This is a graphic description of the "Spiritualistic seances" as they ordinarily take place, and the wonder is that a learned professor of Columbia University should think it worth his while to defend Spiritualism manifested under such conditions.

The Spiritualists have made their theory into a form of religion. That religion is based upon the revelations which have been received from the spirits consulted, or said to have been consulted, during the present half century. It is almost needless to say that such a gigantic system of fraud and superstition could be erected on such a foundation. If the witness of imaginary spirits be taken, the system is a fraud; and if spirits really manifested themselves and gave evidence on the nature of the future life, the system has been based upon methods forbidden by the law of God, and it must, therefore, be diabolical.

We cannot expect truth to be the result of revelations which come from the father of lies.

Years ago a bequest was left to the University of Pennsylvania for the purpose of investigating scientifically the claims of spiritualism to be a means of ascertaining the mysteries of the other life. There were, since then, several investigations made, and mediums innumerable were tested, but in every instance they were found to be either frauds or failures; and on every occasion since when investigations have been made, the results have been similar. Surely the time is past when the system should be seriously investigated. So thought the faculty of Pennsylvania University, which, after repeated investigations, seriously conducted, at last turned over the bequest into the general funds of the institution.

IRELAND'S HOPE.

The following letter from the Hon. Edward Blake to Mr. Wm. O'Brien, in regard to the prospects of the Irish National party to gain Home Rule in the near future, will be read with mingled feelings of hope and regret.

Mr. Blake's services to Ireland and the Irish National party are highly appreciated by the party and the people of Ireland generally, though the factionists, who have been the cause of the disruption of the party, and who have given the deathblow to the well-founded hopes which Ireland not many years ago entertained that she was on the point of gaining that justice which she so persistently demanded, have abused him, and endeavored even to goad him into saying or doing something which might lessen the influence for good which he was able to exert, owing both to his ability and his conciliatory course.

The disinterestedness of Mr. Blake's adherence to the cause of Ireland can not be doubted. As the Freeman's Journal points out, he gave up his prospect of a glorious personal future in Canada for the sake of promoting Ireland's cause, and he has since sustained that cause without faltering amid its most gloomy surroundings.

The Irish Nationalist party has been torn into three contending factions, hating each other on the most trivial pretences, and on issues which should long ago have been consigned to the tomb of oblivion.

Mr. Blake has had nothing to do with these dissensions, nor has the greatest provocation caused him to

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Mr. Blake had nothing to do with these discussions, nor has the greatest provocation caused him to do

anything which should render him odious to any of these factions. He has simply labored to subdue the spirit of faction, and to unite the factionists again into harmony, and down to his present letter, he has hoped against hope that a reunion might be effected once more without dragging into the mire even those who have been most responsible for the disgraceful divisions which all friends of Ireland deplore still as they have done in the past.

No one is better qualified than Mr. Blake to speak of the present prospects of the National party. We had frequently expressed our hope that the discussions which have existed were about to be ended once for all by negotiations which were from time to time said to be going on between the leaders, or the rank and file of the three Irish parties, with the purpose of reunion. We have always been doomed to disappointment in the result, and now we are assured by Mr. Blake that he has lost all hope that the men who have thrown difficulties in the way of reunion, will cease to do so.

We have not lost faith in the ultimate success of Ireland's cause, but Mr. Blake assures us now that there is little or no hope that it will succeed, except through the people throughout Ireland working out their own salvation.

We know how difficult it is to gather a whole people into one political fold in any country, but with a great common cause in view, and by sinking differences of minor consequence, the task is not hopeless in Ireland, through the people. We hope, therefore, to see that at the next election at least a decisive majority of the people will be given in every Irish Nationalist constituency for a candidate who is willing to work with the majority of the Parliamentary party, and not for the carrying out of his personal whims and preferences. If this be done, union will be restored, but it cannot be achieved in any other way.

Mr. Blake expresses confidence that this object can be attained through the United Irish League, an organization which Mr. Wm. O'Brien has been, in a great measure, instrumental in propagating. It is hoped that, by giving a helping hand to this League throughout the country, a United Irish party may be created by the people themselves. Let this appeal be heeded, and there is still good reason for the hope that we may see once more a united phalanx of Irish members in Parliament intent on securing justice and autonomy for their country.

The general election is now not far and the time for organization is short. We hope that the people will act vigorously on Mr. Blake's suggestion.

Mr. Blake's letter is as follows:

House of Commons, London, July, 23 1899. My Dear O'Brien—Before leaving for a short visit to home I would see I feel impelled to write you a few words more than were possible on the other day.

We are rapidly nearing the election. The change of Parliamentary strength in the island is likely to be enormous, and the possibilities of good for Ireland are proportionately great.

But the attitude of large numbers here towards Irish questions, and still more the place to be accorded to them, depend on the reaction of unity and efficiency on our representation, and I can never regret that Irish rights are in this sense in Irish hands.

Yet I have ceased to hope for reunion through the exertions of Parliamentary leaders. The long continued efforts from within have now failed beyond remedy, and the people must work out their own salvation.

I believe that they realize this, and that, in the country at any rate, the party's best chance of success is succeeding a determination to achieve reunion.

But the United Irish League is founded on a platform so quiet, and so already done so much for reunion, that it seems to me the duty of every lover of the country to give it a hearty hand.

Its extension over all Ireland, its development as the great National instrument, and its achievement by the means of a genuine, effective, and organized re-union, should be the immediate aim.

The task is difficult, the time is short, the event may be uncertain. But the object is supreme; it is our best hope, and the prospects justify the effort.

Whether it succeeds or fails may largely depend on the events of the next few months. I can do but little to help, yet what I can do and I beg to enclose a second subscription to the fund, and to wish it you Godspeed. Yours faithfully, Edward Blake.

William O'Brien, Esq., Malloy Cottage, Westport, Ireland.

Commenting upon Mr. Blake's letter The Freeman's Journal of Aug. 3, says:

The letter of Mr. Blake, M.P., in support of the United League, is an utterance of the first importance. Mr. William O'Brien, to whom it is addressed, rightly commends it to the prompt and earnest consideration of the country. By splendid and disinterested service in the time of difficulty and discouragement, Mr. Blake has earned the gratitude and confidence of the Irish people. He came directly into the Irish movement when hope was faintest and help was most needed. For the Irish party he abandoned the leadership of the Premiership in the immediate future. Truly, having set his hand to the plough, he has never looked back. His true, his ability, and his private fortune have been devoted to unsparring generosity to the furtherance of the cause. He is not pleasant to touch on the gross discouragements to which he has been subjected. But Mr. Blake must have realized, as every intelligent man in Ireland has realized, that merely a small clique of evil-tongued self-seekers are involved in this campaign of calumny, and that amongst the masses of the people his character and services are gratefully appreciated. In the division created by Mr. Parnell's displacement Mr. Blake had no part. From first to last, when battle was fiercest, he took no part in the intestine

struggle. No provocation could extort one in cutting or abusive word from his lips. Every project for conciliation and reunion found in him an active and earnest accomplice. He would be leaders would sacrifice personal interest or personal malice to patriotism and to the common cause. Over and over again that hope has failed, and only has been openly assailed or treacherously obstructed by the men from whom its zealous furtherance might have been expected. No wonder that Mr. Blake has at last lost all hope in them. He writes: "I have ceased to hope for reunion through the exertions of Parliamentary leaders. The long continued efforts from within have now failed beyond remedy, and the people must work out their own salvation." But that hope is not extinguished, and it is to be maintained by the re-organization of the people, ignoring past differences. Mr. Blake believes that Unity may now be accomplished. He writes: "The United Irish League is founded on a principle so comprehensive, and has already done so much for re-union, that it seems to me the duty of every lover of the country to give it a hearty hand. Its extension over all Ireland, its development as the great National instrument, and its achievement by the means of a genuine, effective, and organized re-union, should be the immediate aim."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

By Ave Maria. In an article on "St. Francis and Modern England," contributed to the Weekly Register by Mr. James Britten, we find this interesting bit of information:

The Congregational Union of England and Wales publish three series of "graded lessons" for the Sunday schools. Bible classes, etc., under their care. In each of the three grades during 1897 appeared a life of "St. Francis."—There is no avoiding of the fact that the writer is not a Catholic; but each lesson is full of Catholic teaching, admirably conveyed, and might well be taken as a model by those among our ranks who are engaged in similar teaching. The "first grade" lessons are accompanied by a series of outline pictures which the pupils are told to take home and paint, and among these is one of a Franciscan feeding birds.

DECAYING.

The New York Evangelist, one of the ablest of the sectarian journals, makes this declaration: "The lights of Presbyterianism are going out all along the borders of Manhattan Island. Many that have for a long time flamed with steady radiance begin to flicker. At the present rate of progress, in ten years' time there will be few Presbyterian churches left, and those few will be in the prosperous and fashionable portions of the city." We venture to hope, continuing the Evangelist's metaphor, that when the Presbyterian lights along Manhattan Island go out, Presbyterianism will land on the Rock of Rome instead of on the sands of agnosticism.—Ave Maria.

RESCUED BY A PRIEST.

While Miss Maggie Schlagel and several companions were enjoying themselves Sunday afternoon bathing in the surf opposite Life Saving Station No. 1, at Sandy Hook, New York, Miss Schlagel, more venturesome than the rest, was carried out by the strong undertow and found herself in deep water.

Her cries for help drew the attention of other bathers, and Father Burke, pastor of St. Mary's chapel at Sandy Hook, who was bathing a distance away, struck out for her. Grasping the girl as she was sinking for the third time, he swam with her to the shore. She was restored to consciousness, but had to be assisted to her home.

BE HAPPY TO DAY.

"I expect to be happy some day," a man said last night, "when my children are all grown up and I have made my pile."

He is like most people—looking for happiness in the future and neglecting to cultivate it now. So many persons think to satisfy that craving for felicity by amassing money, by retiring from business, by achieving some distinction in politics or profession—by this or that. And, until the desired object is attained, they will not enjoy the happiness that is to-day within their reach—the pleasures of the family circle, the intercourse with friends, the delights of art, music and literature, the joys of religion. They fix their gaze afar off, and are blind to the merit of the things about them that make for their peace. Often, too, when they realize their ambition, they find that it cannot give them the comfort that they expected from it; that they are too old, too sleekly, too worn out, or too severely afflicted in other ways, to be able to extract any satisfaction from it. It becomes like Dead Sea fruit within their grasp.

Why not be happy to day? Why not consider the reasons for contentment that are now visible, the blessings that make gratitude is due, the things that make for the higher life of heart and soul, and get the good out of them, before they pass away? Tomorrow never comes. Next year will never be reached. To day alone is ours. Let us rejoice and be glad at the present time.—Catholic Columbian.

The London Tablet credits an American street urchin with the following retort. A fashionably-dressed lady, seeing that he was carrying a bird's-nest with eggs, stopped him and exclaimed: "You wicked little boy! how could you rob that nest? Think of the poor mother grieving for the loss of her eggs!"—"O, she don't care!" said the urchin: "she's on your hat." It is not told what the lady said to this.

WHAT GOOD ARE RELIGIOUS?

In view of the fiscal persecutions to which the religious orders are still subjected by the French Government, the "Monk" who writes in La Croix, pertinently asks, "What are the religious of both sexes good for?" He then points out that the members of orders, and especially those in France helped in evangelizing three hundred millions of the fifteen hundred million inhabiting the globe, that the rest of the human race will be evangelized by their aid within fifty years through the new means of communication opened up, and that seven thousand nuns in that country are engaged in saving fallen women, thereby effecting a work which astonished and held in check the communists of 1871, who could not and did not dare to attack the Good Shepherd Convents. As to the contemplative orders of penitence and prayer, the "Monk" considers them to be the intercessors for those who go out to do battle with the devil. In spite of those protests of Father Balley, Father Le Doret and other religious, the Treasury is pursuing its relentless exactions to the joy of the ignorant fanatics who know nothing and do not care to learn anything about the work done by the persecuted members of the great monastic, conventual and missionary bodies. This persistent and unrelenting persecution is one of the blots on the government of the republic. It had its origin with Jules Ferry and the Freemasons and Jews who supported him, and many of whom are to-day backing the Dreyfus agitation with all their might to the detriment of the country.

A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Women who yearn to exchange places with men would do well to consider what Professor Peck has to say to them; and it need not be remarked that anything he has to say on any subject is worth heeding. In the Cosmopolitan for June he writes about woman's early training, higher education, sphere of usefulness, and general development. This is the typical home as the shrieking sisterhood imagine it—an amazingly unreal picture of a house clothed in perpetual gloom; a home where it is always washday; into which God's blessed sunshine never penetrates; where peace and affection find no entrance; where the children are always ill or ill-natured; and a child's laughter, the sweetest music in the world, is never heard.

The woman, a sensitive, imaginative creature, is forced day after day to spend her hours in sordid labor over the cook-stove, the wash tub, the pickle jar, and the wash tub, performing the most menial tasks. She is one who might do great things in the larger world outside. She is an embryonic genius, containing infinite possibilities. She might be a great poet, a great artist, a social or political reformer; yet there she is, condemned forever to imprisonment in a greasy kitchen, preparing griddle cakes, hanging out the baby's linen and scrubbing floors; debarred from every opportunity for cultivation and intellectual growth, and a narrow touch of beauty and of ideal life.

On the other hand, her husband, to whom she thus devotes her life with no reward save the mere food and shelter that he grudgingly allows, goes grandly forth in a large, free way to meet with other men, whose conversation and example give to him an intellectual stimulus. He cultivates his mind, he enjoys life to the full. For him is the assurance of the future, and he grows both mentally and morally with every year; while the poor drudge who stays at home to scrub and sweep, with the odor of fried things perpetually in her hair, eats up her life in a dull and lonely way until her young ambitions are all blasted, her zest in life is deadened and destroyed; and she sinks at last into an abyss of hopelessness, with the spirit crushed out of her by her everlasting slavery to the cook-stove, the soap vat, the pickle jar, and the wash tub.

The hard working husband looks forward to his home-coming as the happiest hour of the day; and the light set in the window from which his better half is supposed to look out on the world with infinite regret is to him like a loadstar to a pilot uncertain of his reckonings. In reality his lot is as hard in its way as that of his wife—very different from what the shrieking sisterhood imagine it. It is no product of a morbid imagination that Professor Peck sets before us. He is as familiar with the environment of the average caretaker as with that of the average breadwinner.

There is many a woman, of course, whose life is largely spent at home; who does her own cooking and who bends over the soap vat, and the pickle jar, and the wash tub. Very true. But while she is doing this, what is her husband doing? Is he really floating airily about, expanding mentally and morally, and affiliating with the wise and the great? He is putting in his entire time in some laborious occupation not a bit more idealistic than her own. He is, perhaps, earning \$12 or \$15 a week in a grocer's shop, wrapping up cod fish and weighing out sugar and coffee, and measuring potatoes and selling 5 cent Connecticut cigars. Is his life less sordid, is his work more elevating and smothering than his wife's? Are the wise and great all scrambling for his society, and is he blooming gradually into a Goethe or a Shakespeare? Are his views on the Rappahannock movement any more valuable than his wife's? Does he read Rossetti and Ruskin and Walter Pater? Not at all. He is engaged simply in "hustling for a living," exactly as his wife is; and his surroundings, by force of circumstances, are in their way precisely as uninteresting as hers. And even if he had the opportunities which, as the "reformers" think, are cruelly forbidden to his wife, would he be able to improve them? Not in the least, nor could she do so either.

Prof. Peck is always practical. He never raises a question for which he has not a satisfactory answer; and after discussing the subject thoroughly he remarks: "The plain truth is that there is an immense amount of sordid, squalid, uninteresting, commonplace labor to be done in this our world, and some one has to do it." Those who do their part are probably enjoying the greatest measure of happiness. A little more than one's share is not a matter of life or death. The very grindstone will go on turning a bit

after you lose your hold of it. A hard-working man or woman is never a prey to despair, and the longest day is shorter to those who are faithful to their morning and night prayers. It has been well said that everyday work requires everyday grace, and everyday grace requires everyday asking.—Ave Maria.

POWER OF PURPOSE IN LIFE.

There is no true manhood without a high purpose. Purpose is moral concentration. It is the rudder of the individual life. Purpose means having an object in life, a definite goal to attain. It is not confined to an exalted ambition, towering into the clouds of the unattainable—it means the conscious directing each individual should give to his life.

The mother in her home can have this purpose within the four walls of her home—it may find its finest fulfillment there. It may be the consecration of her energies to the genuine, careful training of her children, watching more closely their individual needs. But it is purpose. It is not "letting things work themselves out." Oneness of purpose can accomplish almost anything it seeks to do, because every ray of mental energy and spiritual vitality is concentrated. The sun's rays can be focused through a lens of ice and made to melt steel, while the ice itself is unmelted.

Most of the failures of life come from wasted energies, from scattering one's forces over many subjects, from a vain attempt at versatility. Men of merely ordinary ability have brilliant success, while men of brilliant mind have made ordinary failures. Well-tilled gardens pay better than poorly-managed farms.

Young men starting out in life should have a definite purpose. There is stimulus, strength and companionship in great purpose. It makes failures but mere incidents on the march. There is a wondrous unifying energy that comes from the determination to reach a point set far in advance. Every day is then lived in harmony with that purpose. Each successive day shows new progress, slight though it be; new conquest of obstacle, new strengthening of habit, new miracles of turning the water of weakness into the wine of power. Then the weeks become white milestones on the road to realization. All nature stands aside for the man of a mighty purpose. When hope dies and purpose fades away into nothingness, man begins to drift. There is danger that he may become a human derelict—like an abandoned ship, with no crew, no cargo, no compass, no known port of destination.

JOSEPHINE'S SPURIOUS DIVORCE.

An old subject, which has been threshed over many times and long ago received its quietus, has been revived in local controversy and related to the present by the new and legitimate matter for discussion, viz., Napoleon's spurious divorce from Josephine. The facts are simply these. Napoleon wanted an heir and determined to divorce Josephine, and he determined to do so in a legal and legitimate manner. He went to Paris, made up of his own creatures with instructions to give a decision for divorce. The members of this tribunal in spite of the fact that they were his own creatures, protested that they had no jurisdiction; that the adjudication of the matter belonged to the Pope. The Emperor insisted that they take them into a decision according to his own wishes. The tribunal lacked jurisdiction in the first place, as its own members declared, and in the second it was a decision of illegality and void, and the decree of divorce was never recognized by the Pope. This is the long and short of the affair. He did not submit the question to the Church, never asked the Church to give a decision, and he never severed a valid marriage, never granted a divorce, where there had been a true and consummated marriage. When they hear alleged cases of divorce asserted, they may upon an ignorance of either the facts or of the canon law or of both. The Church cannot dissolve what is indissoluble by Divine law, and it goes without saying that the Church never dissolves. The Church is divinely constituted and is not going to violate her own constitution. What is not her jurisdiction cannot be done without violating her law, and she cannot do without violating her law. The Church is not a party to anything and everything, and like her Divine Founder she is being constantly calumniated. Catholics must expect this. They must therefore be surprised to see the old columns, like this of Josephine's so-called divorce, revived and rashed, for ignorance comes down from generations and generations, just as well as knowledge, especially in those instances when people do not care to know the truth.—Church Progress.

C. M. B. A.

The Coronation Oath. At the regular meeting of Branch No. 123, C. M. B. A. of Danville, Ont., the following resolution was moved by Rev. J. E. Crilly, P. P. Chancellor, seconded by James Barry, Treasurer, and carried unanimously:

Resolved, That the members of Branch No. 123, of the C. M. B. A., of Danville, Ont., do place on record its approval of the movement set on foot by the St. Joseph's Branch of the Catholic Society of Ottawa looking towards the abolition of the Declaration against certain fundamental Catholic doctrines which accords with the Coronation Oath of the Sovereign of the British Empire.

And furthermore it is the opinion of the members of this Branch that the demand of Catholic subjects of the Empire to have this objectionable Declaration abolished is reasonable, just and opportune, and should meet with the approval of all fair-minded men.

It is also resolved that copies of the resolution be sent to the Secretary of the St. Joseph's Branch of the Catholic Society and to the Catholic Record, Catholic Register, and The Canadian, our C. M. B. A. organ.

In accordance with the will of the late Mrs. Patrick McHride, \$100 from her estate was paid recently by the executors, Mrs. E. Severy, Mrs. Mary Hamlin, and Mrs. Emily Hart, to the Roman Catholic Church, to be used in reducing the debt thereof.—Northern Advance, Aug. 19.

When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a fruitful flower. When they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become sunny, deep, pure, and vivifying to the soul, as the natural pulse to the body.—Ruskin.

How did St. Anthony arrive at so great a degree of sanctity and perfection? By making the absence of one the prayer of another; and thus, in an industrious way, he went about gathering and collecting the virtues of the servants of God, to compose of them the honey of a holy edification.—St. Francis of Sales.

Our Queen Love-Crowned.

Ave Maria. The term of love's probation now was past, And Mary's love-vein soul was free; Her body, temple of sweet purity, Was not to nature's devastations cast. But was upborne by angels to the vault, And glorious home of sweet harmony. Where soul and body rest eternally. The twilight years of yearning crowned at last.

Ah! long, sweet Mother, were thy waiting years, And yet each one was meted out by love,— A love that kindled in to day the night, And made a noontide of thy every hour. A love that bore thee to itself above, And crowned thee Queen in realms of endless light.

A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

Montreal Witness, Aug. 10. A religious procession took place at the convent of the Sisters of Providence yesterday, when twenty-two young novices pronounced their first vows. Addressed to the novices, presided at the ceremony, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Billiau, of the Redemptorist order.

CATHOLIC PICNIC.

Woodstock Daily Times, Aug. 10. The annual Catholic Sunday school picnic was held at Beck's Grove yesterday. A very pleasant time was spent, and the one who was there writes:

Never were the dear little ones happier, and the day could not have been finer. Miss Hopkins and Miss Dunn, as well as the other teachers, left the convent to accompany the picnic, while Michael McHugh, William Laflamme, John Morris, John McDonald, Michael Kundle, Percy McLennan, and George Hunt were a volunteer backdrop, to the delight of the umpire and spectators. Prizes were awarded to the winners of the various games of the children, as they hastened over the C. P. R. track, to take their places at 7 in the afternoon. The picnic was a success, and given those of the scholars that had done best in Christian doctrine since last annual outing.

"THE IRISH PEOPLE."

During the past year so much has been done to rescue the Irish national movement from the position into which it has fallen in consequence of the dissensions and quarrels arising from the disastrous events of the end of 1897, that the Irish people are once more looking to the future with confidence, and resolutely preparing themselves for another great struggle for the restoration of the land of Ireland to its rightful owners, the tillers of the soil, and for the national self-government which is the ultimate object of all Nationalist efforts.

The marvelous progress of the United Irish League—an organization which is founded upon the union of all sections of Irish National party distinctions—the unanimous demand for National Unity, and the formation of active public bodies throughout the country as the instance of the Minister Committee, and the evidence on all occasions of the people are eager and anxious to come together and renew the fight for land and liberty as a united nation, have induced the formation of Irish Nationalists of all sections and parties to join in suggesting the establishment of a journal which will give expression to the opinions of the millions of our people who are ready to forget past differences as of old, and which will make due allowance for all that has happened since the birth of the Land League and the re-formation of old United Ireland. It is earnest and faithful advocate of Irish rights and as formidable a foe to the enemies of the people as that which placed the days of the Land and National Leagues.

Under these circumstances Mr. Wm. O'Brien has consented to undertake the editorship of The Irish People. The name is not new in Irish journalism, and the principles which it advocates are as old as the hills of the Irish race. He speaks with the utmost confidence for the practical support of all Irish Nationalists in this effort to place before the Irish people a home and abroad a paper which will be the organ of no section, or creed, or party, but which will give expression to the common lines and devoted exclusively to the furtherance of the common cause.

Arrangements have been completed for the publication of The Irish People, and several of the most distinguished Irish politicians and literateurs of the present time are contributing to its columns. The journal will not only be an organ of Irish nationalism, but a newspaper in the true sense of the word, and containing a weekly résumé of all that is important and interesting in Irish political and social life, so that the exiles in foreign lands will, through it, be kept in touch with all that happens at home.

PERSONAL.

We were delighted last week at having the pleasure of a visit from Brother Anselm, C. S. C., of Notre Dame, Indiana. Brother Anselm is the brother of the late Rev. Fr. Ave Maria. Until this year his time has been occupied in his first visit to Canada. He will likely remain in London for about two weeks. We wish Bro. Anselm every success in his noble work, which he is engaged.

NEW CANADIAN CATHOLIC READERS.

For Use in the Separate Schools Throughout Ontario.

A new series of Canadian Catholic Readers prepared by the leading teachers of Ontario, and named for this work by the Bishops and the Education Department has been recommended by the Inspector to be used in all the separate schools of Ontario. The series is a most valuable and interesting one, and the publishers are glad to have the best and cheapest series of English Catholic readers yet published.

Some of the features of the series are contained in the books are as follows: The first two of the series are based on the phonetic system of spelling, and are especially adapted to illustrate the lessons. The second part of the series is based on the logical, Part I dealing with all the short vowel sounds, and Part II with the long. The non-phonetic words of each lesson are restricted to the fewest possible, so that the harmony of the phonic teaching is not marred to any extent. The second and third books are based on the great variety of interesting lessons on nature and other subjects attractive to the child. The second and third books are based on the idea that children learn to read with much less effort when the lessons are varied and interesting. The selections have accordingly been made so as to infuse and foster a taste for good reading, the importance of which can hardly be over-estimated. The Fourth Reader contains a wide range of selections from the best English, American and Canadian writers, chosen so that the series is the most simple and profitable introduction to those whose influence in moulding character is so great. It is hoped that as a consequence of the use of these Readers a further acquaintance with the best literature, and to such which is worthless and even harmful. The paper, illustrations, and binding system of general mechanical execution are up to the high standard required by the Government for the corresponding books used in Public Schools.

Part I, 64 pages, 10 cents; Part II, 66 pages, 10 cents; Second Book, 124 pages, 20 cents; Third Book, 201 pages, 30 cents; Fourth Book, 341 pages, 40 cents. Because it allows additional space for literature, and because it affords the teacher greater freedom in presenting the subject, no notes, lists of hard words, or anything of the actual nature are given in this series. It is a hand-book one for Parts I and II, another for Books III and IV, and the third for Book IV. The selections have accordingly been made which will deal with the methods of Teaching, Reading and Literature, giving the teacher help to the teacher in dealing with these subjects, and with any difficulties in particular lessons.

This series will undoubtedly meet with the cordial approval of teachers in the Convents and other Educational Institutions of the Dominion.

For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD Office, Address Thos. Coffey, London, Ont.

AUGUST 26, 1899.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON SPIRITUAL DEATH.

"Behold, a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother." (Luke 7, 12.) A young man, the gospel relates, was carried to the grave. Shortly before, he was the picture of health and vigor, the support of his mother, but now he is silent and cold, the eyes are sunken, the lips closed; the face is pale, the body without motion; death has claimed him as a victim. A sad sight, indeed, but a sadder spectacle it is to see the soul of so many young people resemble the body of the young man in the gospel; although corporally living, yet they are spiritually dead, and to them may be applied the words of the Apocalypse: "Thou hast died." A few years ago they were innocent, promising children, and on the day of their first Holy Communion, they promised undying love and fidelity to their dear Lord. They might have been compared to blooming young trees promising to bear most delicious fruits. But now they are grown, and alas, what must we say of them? They are spiritually dead, their soul is dead to God and life everlasting. They tore from their hearts the pearl of innocence, they cast away the pearl of piety, and alas, perhaps, even that of faith; they now walk far from God on the road to perdition, a source of the deepest grief to their parents, and of scandal to the community. Oh, how much more deserving of pity are not these spiritual dead young men, than the one mentioned in the gospel! How much better for them would it have been had death claimed them in their innocence, before the poison of sin destroyed their soul! How much better it would have been for them had their bodies been brought to the grave, instead of Satan bringing their innocence and their fear of God to destruction!

Let us also consider the weeping mother, who so sorrowfully follows the corpse of her only son. He was her only support, the staff of her life, and now she has lost him, and with him, all hopes of a cheerful old age. There are many parents who can speak of a similar grief, for how many have not been compelled to follow the remains of dearly beloved children whom death snatched away in the bloom of their youth! Their grief, no doubt, was great, but nothing compared to what Christian parents must, or should feel when they mourn the spiritual death of their children: if they see that a child which they brought up in the fear of God, has fallen a victim of temptation, fallen away from God and is now hastening to perdition.

Yet, how immeasurably greater will not be the grief, if parents must admit that they are the cause of their children's destruction! Perhaps, through blind love for them they have been too indulgent, did not correct their faults or punish them when necessary, perhaps they have not been sufficiently watchful of dangerous amusements, or they may have allowed them to enter services for the sake of a few dollars, regardless of the associations they have indeed caused to weep, but despair not, rather look up with confidence to Him who is the mighty helper in every need.

The procession moved outside the gates of the city. Bowed down with grief, the weeping mother followed. Behold, the mournful cortege is quickly changed into a rapturous throng. The Saviour spoke to the mother "Weep not" to the son "Young man, I say to thee arise," and obedient to the Master's voice "he that was dead sat up and joyfully the mother clasped him to her bosom." Thus, the omnipotent Consoler of the sorrowful changed the tears of woe into those of joy. The same God is still living, possessing the same omnipotence, and can raise not only the corporally dead, but also the spiritually dead to life. Who could count the number of souls dead to God whom by His omnipotent voice of grace He has raised from a long and fearful death of sin, to a new life of grace, and who now, in the midst of the holy penitents, stand before the throne of God, chanting the joyful, eternal Alleluia. May you, my young friends, who are now lying enclosed in the tomb of sin, also hear the self same words: may your hard heart be so pierced that you will hear the loving voice of Jesus addressing you: "Young man, young maiden, I say to thee arise. Arise from the death torpor of indifference, of pride and vanity, and of other vices. Arise from the spiritual death of sin. Arise, for, perhaps, actual death may overtake you suddenly and find you unprepared; then it will be too late. The spiritual death will change into eternal death, the death of hell. Arise therefore now, and save your soul when salvation is still within your reach.

And you, poor parents, who must lament over the death of the soul of your child, learn to-day to whom you must apply, that your child may rise from death and again receive the life of sanctifying grace. Appeal to the God Shepherd that He will seek the lost sheep, tell your grief to the Master and pray without intermission and with confidence for your poor child. Follow the example of St. Monica who did not desist from praying until she obtained the conversion of her son, who afterwards became the great St. Augustine. Pray earnestly, perseveringly and with confidence, and you will be rewarded. Your prayers will be heard and you will be able to exclaim: "This, my son, this, my daughter, was lost, but now he or she is found; the soul was dead, but now it has come to life again. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A SEA SONG TO OUR LADY OF THE ASSUMPTION.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY IN AVE MARIA. All day among our rigging fair The west wind crowned from shore. Behind us frowned grief, toil and care; Joy, freedom smiled before. And soft we sang, as twilight pale Fell round us dreamfully: "Mother of Mariners, all hail! Hail, Queen of earth and sea!"

The moon was white upon the wave: The stars on wastes forlorn, Were like the lilies in thy grave Upon Assumption morn. And still we sang, "Heath silvery sail, Our faces to the lee: "Mother of Mariners, all hail! Hail, Queen of earth and sea!"

Thou art our Moon, O Mary sweet! Thou art our polar Star! We follow on thy shining feet Across Death's morning bar. No cloud shall then thy pure face veil; We'll sing eternally: "Mother of Mariners, all hail! We've reached our Port—and thee! Sea Isle City, N. J.

Proprietors of the Table. To persons of good breeding nothing is more annoying than violations of the conventional proprieties of the table. Reaching over another person's plate; standing up to reach the different articles instead of asking to have them passed; using one's own knife and spoon for butter, salt, or sugar, when it is the custom of the family to provide separate utensils for the purpose; setting cups with the coffee dripping from them on the tablecloth; using the tablecloth instead of the napkins; eating fast and in a noisy manner; monopolizing pieces in the mouth; looking and the jelly or the jam; or as if eating as if they were hungry, or as if anxious to get at certain dishes; sitting at too great a distance from the table and dropping food; laying the knife and fork on the tablecloth, instead of on the edge of the table. All these particulars children should be taught to avoid.

St. Francis and the Wolf. In the neighborhood of Gubbio there was a most audacious wolf. As if winged it dashed into the village, captured the finest sheep, indeed, any animal of moderate size, and even children. The men of the village, with dire threats and rusty sabres, banded together for the destruction of the raptacious wolf, but he was every where and nowhere all at once, and where and nowhere to find their flocks diminished by his visit and their households in agonies of terror. At length the idea became prevalent that his Satanic Majesty was in league with the ravenous beast. At this juncture the affairs of St. Francis happened to pass through the village. The inhabitants gathered around the gentle saint to tell their grievances and implore his help against their wily foe. Dear Saint Francis listened patiently to the tale of horror. His heart, the faithful reflection of the sweetest of all hearts, the Heart of Jesus, was touched, and he bade them guide him to the forest in which they supposed the wolf to be. This was rather a perilous thing, but surely the good saint would not expose them to danger, so they led the way, but very cautiously. Before long the identical wolf came trotting along at a brisk pace straight for the village. St. Francis stepped forward, then raised his head with a growl, then quite abashed, dropped it, and stood in a very humble and seemingly penitent mood before the saint.

"O brother Wolf," began St. Francis, whose great heart embraced the universe at large, "thou art doing wrong indeed, and thou hast been very cruel to these good children of God. That must not be. Come, hither, brother Wolf, come hither; lay thy foot here in my hand and promise never again to molest these Christians."

The wolf ambled up to him and laid his paw in St. Francis's hand. A Legend. From the French by Grace M. Tobin. One day Jesus, with only Peter accompanying Him, walked on the shore of a lake near Genesareth. The burning mid-day sun cast its rays upon them when they saw, seated before the threshold of a poor cabin, the widow of a fisherman, sadly rocking her child and spinning her flax. Jesus and Peter were not far from her; they sheltered themselves in a grove of fig trees so that they might see without being seen. Suddenly an old man carrying a pitcher on his head, passing by said to her who spun: "Woman, I wish to carry this pitcher of milk to a man residing in the neighboring village; but you see, I am weak and bent with age; and I know that alone I will not accomplish this work for which they will pay me an obol." The woman arose without saying a word, left without hesitating her distaff of flax and the cradle where cried the orphan, took the pitcher and went with the old man. When she had gone Peter turning to Jesus, said: "No doubt he was worthy of help, Master; but that woman had very little sense to abandon her son and her house for the first old man who crossed her path. He would have met, not far from here, another who would have taken his pitcher and carried it."

But Jesus replied to Peter: "In truth, when one poor person helps a poorer one, my Father watches over his house and sees that it prospers. This woman did well to go without hesitating." When He had said these words, Our Lord went and seated Himself on the wooden bench before the poor hut, with His divine hands He

spun the flax and rocked the little one then rising He made a sign to Peter and they departed.

And when she returned to her lodging, the widow to whose charity God had given this proof, found—without divining by what friend—her flax spun and her child asleep.—Rosary Magazine.

Two Brothers. In one of the elevated railroad trains occurred an incident of a peculiarly touching character that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty fifth street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the face of the passenger, and an old gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked. "Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?" This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his thin hands, ran it across his lips and began to play softly. "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat, and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide With Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along, the passengers listened and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed friends, the "Swansea River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—New York Times.

Thackeray and Adelaide Proctor.

Since Adelaide Proctor, the pensive Catholic poet, is a favorite with most of us, it is interesting to know what a great master thought of her works when those familiar old poems were new. Writing to Miss Proctor in 1860, Thackeray said: "Why are your verses so very, very gay this morning till the sky has got a crape over it. I don't like to think you half so sad as your verses. I like some of your very much indeed, especially the little tender bits. All the allusions to children are full of a sweet, natural compassionateness, and you sit in your poems like a gray nun with three or four little prattlers nestling round your knees and smiling at you, and a thin hand laid upon the golden heads of one or two of them, and having smoothed them and patted them and told them a little story and given them a bonbon, the gray nun walks into the gray twilight, taking up her own sad thoughts and leaving the parvulus silent and wistful. There they are, lighting up the chapel. Go home, little children, to your bread and butter and teas and kneel at your bedside in crisp little nightgowns.

"I wonder whether this has anything on earth to do with Adelaide Anne Proctor's poems? I wish the tunes she sang were gayer; but *que voulez vous?* The Lord has made a multitude of birds and fitted them with various pipes, and the chorus of all is 'Laud Domino.'"

The chorus of all is "Laud Domino!" There's a pretty thought for the lightening of our daily burdens and for the sweetening of our life long sacrifices!

Good-Night. There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good night! The little one lies in as gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and prayers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish: parents and children, friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are voyagers, putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barques of life set sail and go onward into darkness and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by daylight. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us: it is the vigilance of One stronger and wiser than we, who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, are the same meaning. "Good-bye" is only "God be with you." "Good-night" is really "God night," or "God guard the night." It would be a childish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the sorrowful, day by day, may say, "Good-night." Selected.

"He that is warm thinks all so," but many people are always cold because of poor blood. They need Hogg's Sarsaparilla.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Industry and Frugality. The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly upon two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

The Man Who Succeeds. The man who makes a success of an important venture never waits for the crowd. He strikes out for himself. It takes nerve. It takes a great lot of grit. But the man who succeeds has both. Any one can fail. The public admires the man who has enough confidence in himself to take a chance. These chances are the main thing after all. The man who tries to succeed must expect to be criticized. Nothing important was ever done but the greater number consulted previously the accomplishment of what most people think can't be done.—C. V. White.

Should be Kept. The happiest households are those which do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift-giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question, owing to the straightened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes around, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated. An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers, or some special music prepared for the occasion, will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrances, which count for more than the money value of any gift.

Shabby Clothes. It is undoubtedly true that poor or slovenly attire will prejudice men against a person before he has said a word, and it has been remarked that, "Had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress, than have admired his eloquence;" yet some men have the mistaken idea that carelessness in dress is the first step towards an intellectual life. This might have been true a couple of centuries ago, as it is related of two eminent and learned men of that time that "they had but one mind, one purse, one chamber and one hat;" but literary and learned men and women of our day dress as carefully as any other cultivated people, and the idea of unkempt and unwashed genius is a thing of the past. Tidiness is always to be commended, and nothing more readily hints of inward purity than a neat appearance. Let every boy remember this and not attempt to appear a genius by affecting carelessness in his attire.

Be a Gentleman. The most successful men in this world are those who, possessing fair abilities, are gentlemen in deportment, polite in manners, dignified and courteous in bearing while dealing with all classes of people, male as well as female. The man who respects the feeling of the servant as well as the high official, the laboring man as well as the employer, is the one to command the good-will and services of all. Truly great men never indulge in acts of coarseness and disrespect, jest or give to the disadvantage of others, utter oaths, slang or vulgarity, or constantly indulge in uncleanness of person. Courteous habits of speech and conduct, combined with strict integrity and devoted to duty, add a charm to one's manners, and raises him in the estimation of all with whom he comes into contact, and will do as much to advance him on the high road to success as any other quality he can possess. Young men should, among their other acquirements, learn to be gentlemen at all times and in all places.

Demand the Best in Yourself. None of us expect enough from ourselves. Excuses for our own lacks and mistakes are easy to find, and we usually find them. How can we expect ourselves to become strong and excellent when we deal with them in this fashion—which, to speak bluntly—is lazy and cowardly? The greatest dishonesty in the world is dishonesty with ourselves. We seldom look squarely at our lives and ask for a rendering of accounts. Not often do we take ourselves to task for our inefficiencies. We will not face the truth when it is the truth about ourselves.

The person whose life develops into its best is the one who holds himself rigorously and sternly to his possibilities. He is more frank at condemning failings in himself than at condemning those in his neighbor. Of his life he demands the best. He requires great things of himself. His ideals and his aspirations are exalted, and he seriously brings himself to book when he fails to come up to them. In character and achievement he expects much from himself, and is too brave to make excuses for his own failings that he would not make for a neighbor.

Be Your Own Landlord. This announcement from the pulpit is worthy of reaching a wider audience than that for which it was originally intended: "The pastor is pleased to note that a couple of families have been buying real estate, during the past month. He would like to see every family own its own home, and have every young man cherish this ambition from the day that he starts to work by owning a piece of property. "Put your money in real estate and not in the cash register of a saloon," or, we would add, the pockets of a mining speculator. There is more in this good advice than appears on the surface.

LABATT'S PORTER.

Undoubtedly the BEST brewed on the continent. PROVED to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

surface. The proprietorship of property is a qualification for membership of the City Council, as well as a qualification to vote for aldermanic candidates. The position of alderman is a stepping stone to higher public positions such as membership to the provincial legislature and the federal parliament. It is not now necessary to pay for a lot and house at once. They can be purchased on terms that suit all positions and incomes; and their purchase is a strong incentive to the practice of thrift.

Meeting Company. I know a family where there are sons and daughters, the latter charming and in every respect young gentlemen. But the sons fall far below their level. They come to the door with thundering knocks that make everyone in the house start disagreeably with surprise, walk through the hall without introducing their muddy boots to either scraper or doormat, sit down to meals without the usual preliminary of hand washing and hair-brushing, and are altogether rough and unrepresentable.

If friends call at the house these young men rush away from the chance of encountering them; or if they cannot help meeting them, they blush scarlet, look gauche and uncomfortable, and feel miserable. They knock things over out of pure awkwardness, and never realize that the secret of the whole matter is the want of self-training. Girls are animated by a greater wish to please, an amiable desire that need not be confounded with vanity, and this wish led the sisters of these young men to practice those small acts of daily self-denial which after a while produce the highest self culture so far as manners go.

What is habitual neatness but constant coercion of human nature's innate indolence? What is politeness in the home but the outcome of affection and self-respect, and the suppression of all those natural instincts of self-seeking that, allowed their way, produce the worst manners in the world?

If any young man desires to be a perfect gentleman, he must begin in his own home. It is delightful to see some young men unobtrusively attentive to their sisters, watchful of every need of their father and mother, cheerful and pleasant in their manner, full of fun and brightness, yet never losing the gentleness that denotes the fine nature, and so beloved in the home for all these endearing qualities, that when they leave it they are sadly missed.

The father misses them for the pleasant companionship; the sisters miss them for the boyish spirits and the exuberant fun that never exceeds the bounds of good taste and refinement; and the mother misses them more than anyone else, for no one better than she knows how many times a day her boys have set aside their own wishes in deference to hers, quietly, silently, unostentatiously—in a word, out of pure good manners, in the deepest, highest, truest sense of the words. Such gentle, virile natures look out at the world through the countenance, which is a letter of recommendation to them wherever they go.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Balm is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Itch! Itch! Itch! Awful Itching of Eczema Dreadful Scaling of Psoriasis CURED BY CUTICURA

CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin, CUTICURA OINTMENT, to heal the skin, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool the blood, make the most complete and speedy cure treatment for torturing, disfiguring humors, rashes, and irritations, with loss of hair, which have defied the skill of the best physicians and all other remedies.

THE SET \$1.25

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INDIAN MISSIONS.

IT HAS BECOME A NECESSITY TO appeal to the generosity of Catholics throughout Canada for the maintenance and development of our Indian Mission. The resources formerly at our command have in great part failed us, and the necessity of a policy imposed itself at the present moment, owing to the good dispositions of most of the pagan Indians and to the live competition of the Franciscan Nuns (Quebec), etc. Persons hearing this call may communicate with the Archbishop of St. Boniface, or with the undersigned, who has been specially charged with the promotion of this work.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899.

THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY ENTERTAINING Indian Annual for 1899 contains something to interest all boys and girls, and it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS. It is within the reach of all. The frontispiece is a very nice illustration of St. Anthony proving by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament—The King of the Precipice (illustrated); How Jack Hirdeth Freed Winneton from the Comanches, by Martin Ames Taggart, author of The Hissaywatsit Office; Three Girls and Especially One, by Bransome River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (illustrated); Fast Mending (illustration); Mary, Queen of Heaven (illustration); You're Out (illustration); Playing with Kitty (illustration); Stolen Fruit (illustration); An Army of Two (A True Story); Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (illustration). This little Annual has also an abundance of games, tricks and puzzles—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Diagonals, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers. Another Way To Keep a Bouquet Fresh; as well as splendid recipes for Home-made candy. Altogether it is one of the nicest little books that we know of, for the price—5 cents. Orders mailed at once on receipt of price. Address: Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

CLARET & SMITH, Undertakers and Embalmers

113 Dundas Street, Open Night and Day. Telephone 541

Mr. John Redmond, report has it, intends collecting funds in this country for the purpose of carrying on political agitation in Ireland.

We predict the gentleman will return home without many dollars. His graceful and impassioned speech lying will not close our eyes to the bickerings and dissensions that have disrupted the Irish party and made it a laughing-stock in the halls of Westminster. When Redmond and his kind step down out of Irish politics, it will be a red-letter day for the old land.

CARDINAL MORAN ON THE SAMOAN DIFFICULTY.

Cardinal Moran reiterates his statements regarding the injustice done to Samoa by the United States and England. The British Consul and Chief Justice Chambers are Protestants and dispensers of the civilization that delights in "burning the houses and plantations of the Catholic catechists and desecrating their churches."

Referring to the election of a native king in Samoa the Cardinal says that the chief wrote to Chambers, asking if they would be within their rights in choosing Mataafa; he replied affirmatively, and Mataafa was placed on the throne. He ruled wisely, and proved during his tenure of office that he possessed no mean measure of ability.

But Samoa, of no international importance and without a friend among the great powers, was destined to fall a prey to Anglo Saxon duplicity and rapacity. Mataafa was replaced by the strapping Tann, and the Samoans who followed the fortunes of the rightful ruler became targets for long-range guns.

A few graves, however, in distant Samoa, a few widows and orphans who can vouch for the civilizing agency of galling and maxims, are not likely to disconcert the diplomats or to cause an international crisis; but that English and American sailors should murder peaceful people who trusted too much to the plighted word of an European—and do it in the name of justice—is one result of civilization "whereof many a heart is sick."

ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN'S PASTORAL.

We call the attention of our readers to the pastoral letter of the Archbishop of Halifax, published in another column. It is indeed invigorating reading, with its graceful diction, clear statement of truth and fearless arraignment of error. We read and re-read it with pleasure and with gratitude that we, in these days of loose speaking and writing can happen upon a production so brimful of solid instruction as the letter from the scholarly prelate of Halifax. It is a timely letter, and, despite its courtly phrasology, it is a hard hitting letter.

The Archbishop has no patience with the half-educated apologist who is ready to father every speculative changing, and he has but pity for those who are holding up the trophies of commerce and art and scientific guesses as conclusive proofs of an enlightened civilization.

"For Catholic apologists a metaphysical training is essential." His Grace insists upon a man being drilled in the principles of Catholic philosophy before he essays to do battle for the truth. The rejection of the system of the schoolmen, and the substitution of odd ends and from the philosophic collections of the Germans, has contributed not a little to the spread of infidelity.

The Archbishop has a word of warning for these "defenders of the truth" who have sought refuge "from the arguments of opponents" by admission, which far from strengthening the Catholic position, materially weakens its line of defence. "A proposition may not be proved by any dogma, Faith, and yet be untenable, either because it is demonstrably false, or because its consequences would be destructive of known truths."

"Catholic apologists should bear mind that in this conflict it is not they who have the most exemplary and pious life."

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Diocese of London.

Rev. Father Holden, Chancellor of the diocese of Hamilton, has been appointed Bishop of London.

Diocesan Changes.

His Lordship, the Bishop of London has appointed the Rev. Father McKeon, formerly of the diocese of Hamilton, to the parish of St. Augustine, High and Wingham.

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