

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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VOLUME XV.

A GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Just About to Fall.
Have you seen the happy mother when the baby begins to talk?
Have you seen her teach the tiny tangled feet the way to walk?
Ever near each slender shoulder, yet so feeble and so small,
With her ready hands to hold her, when she's just about to fall.
Shut your eyes and you can see her in the baby's childhood days,
When the golden gleam of sunset on her tangled tresses plays;
And the mother, though grown older, still is near enough to call,
With her ready hands to hold her, when she's just about to fall.
Now the baby is a woman and she's bending over a bed,
When the spirit from the body of her gentle mother fled;
As the lifeless limbs grow colder, "Mother!" "Mother!" hear her call,
But there are no hands to hold her, and she's just about to fall.
Launched alone on life's rough ocean, she is drifting with the years,
But the voyage is a lonely one, and sometimes she can seem to see her mother; she can almost hear her call,
And by faith she sees another hand to hold her should she fall.
—Cy Warman, in the New York Sun.

WILL ENGLAND BECOME CATHOLIC?

A Great Probability of Her so Doing.

Over the signature of "Gallo," a writer in the current issue of the *New Review* deals with the question, "Will England become Roman Catholic?" The article is interesting from various points of view. Indeed, some years ago it would have been regarded as extraordinary, and would have excited some ridicule, for the prospect of the country's return to the ancient faith is not merely considered by the writer as a possibility, but canvassed as a probability. A reviewer who could seriously entertain such an idea half a century ago would have been deemed almost a fit subject for a lunatic asylum; at best he would have been looked upon as a dreamer of idle dreams. But the article, which has apparently come from the pen of one who is zealous for the welfare and progress of the Church of England, is quite as remarkable for its admissions with regard to that Church as for the view it takes of the future of Catholicism. No attempt is made to disguise the semi-chaotic condition of the Anglican creed. The thirty-nine Articles, which form the first line of defence of the Establishment, have, he tells us, become "utterly out of date." Most Anglican clergymen frequently acknowledge that they cannot believe some of the Articles literally. They endeavor to satisfy their consciences by asserting that the doctrines embodied in these Articles are of small importance compared with "practical Christianity," and this way out of the difficulty seems to commend itself to the majority of their flocks; but the claims of reason and logic are inexorable, and our reviewer quite perceives that the vast body of Anglican clergymen who, at their ordination, solemnly bind themselves to observe the Thirty-nine Articles and subsequently trample upon them are placed at a disadvantage in religious controversy. Nor has he any greater faith in the Church of England's second line of defence—its official position in the State. This bulwark, he is well aware, must fall before the steady march of democracy. There still, however, remains to the defenders of the Anglican Church the final hope that by the good name she has won for herself and the hold she has over the sentiments of the people she will survive disestablishment and even disendowment, and that she will come out of the struggle stronger than ever. This point is dealt with at considerable length by the reviewer and his opinion very evidently is that in a battle with Catholicism a Church which is at once Protestant and Catholic, fallible and infallible, black and white, hot and cold, priestly and congregational, dogmatic and latitudinarian, cannot secure the victory. Should Anglicanism be beaten from the field, non-conformity would not, he thinks, prove a very serious obstacle to the spread of Catholicism. The different non-conformist sects would not present a united front against it, and they may even have to flee to the Catholic Church for protection from the waves of atheism. This is a candid judgment as to the fate of the forces with which we Catholics have to contend, and we cannot but feel grateful for it. The Church of England, the reviewer believes, may be able to survive all the attacks of its opponents if it reforms its doctrines and formularies; but how this is to be done is not indicated. To us it appears that where there is such wide divergence of doctrine and such disinclination to recognize authority, it is impossible to prevent the parties who disagree from ultimately setting up as independent Churches. We fail, too, to see the grounds upon which Agnostics and "easy-going fellows" are assigned to the Catholic Church as recruits. "The irresistible conclusion one is led to," says the reviewer, "in considering the future of religious England is that the unthinking Agnostics and easy-going good fellows who form such a large proportion of the Church of England either belong to no Church at all or belong to the extreme dose of dogmatism, discipline and religious senti-

ment certain types of mind require." So far, amongst the converts which the Catholic Church has received into its fold, Agnostics and easy-going Anglicans have been almost altogether conspicuous by their absence, and from the fervid religious earnestness of those who have come over to us we should imagine that if at some future time the Church of England loses its members and its influence in the country, we shall gain not its least admirable, but its best, elements. We also decidedly object to an observation redolent of Pharisaism made by the writer in the *New Review*. "If," he says, "our country ever does embrace Catholicism, it is an insult to suppose that Englishmen will become as dissolute as Frenchmen, as lazy as Neapolitans, or as superstitious as Spaniards." To reverse the argument, does the Celtic crofter change his nature because he is Catholic in Kerry and Presbyterian in Skye? If the reviewer divested himself of his insular prejudices and studied the daily lives of those whom he thus sweepingly censures, he would be forced to confess that in these sentences he has been a libeller. In the matter of purity the French Catholic men and women will bear comparison with the men and women of any other nationality whatsoever. A Neapolitan may be as energetic as an Englishman; but we must remember that their climates are very different, and that they live under different conditions. The Spanish Catholic, unlike the English Protestant, can give a sound reason for all his religious acts, and the Celtic crofter, whether he lives in Kerry or in Skye, is as hard working, honest and upright as any member of his class, or of any other class in the world. From the remarks of the reviewer one or two valuable lessons may be gathered by Catholics. Referring to the likelihood of Anglicanism being supplanted by the Catholic Church, he says, "It may be anticipated by some that if in any way in the days of her richness and official power the Church of England scourges us with whips, the Church of Rome if she gains the ascendancy, would scourge us with scorpions." This fear of the power of Rome, especially of the Bishops and priests, is unfortunately common to nearly all Protestants. It is a relic of the past when in the heat of religious strife deeds were done by Catholic and Protestant leaders which no apostolical can justify. Its effect even at this day is most baleful. One may convince intelligent Protestants—professors, barristers, journalists, and others—of the strength of the Catholic position, but they often refuse to act on this conviction, contenting themselves with the reply, "Oh, I have read history. Your Bishops and priests are tyrannical." We must live down this prejudice. It will disappear as soon as Protestants learn from experience that our Bishops and priests are tolerant, broad-minded, charitable and kind. Again, the writer in the *New Review* dwells enthusiastically on the importance of the social work accomplished by the Church of England. We can not compete with it in resources for this work, but we can rival it in zeal and activity, and we should ever bear in mind if we desire to hasten the conversion of England, that the Church which shows the greatest amount of real beneficence is sure to win the homage of the English masses. —*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

A GRAND GIFT FOR EDUCATION.

Archbishop Cleary Gives the Magnificent Gift of \$500 to the Cause of Catholic Education in Kingston.

To the Editor of the *Canadian Freeman*:
DEAR SIR—I would ask you to publish the enclosed letter received by me from His Grace the Archbishop, which is a great encouragement to the Board of Separate School Trustees in their present position, imposing upon them, as it does, the necessity of arranging for a complete change in the teaching staff of St. Mary's school. This is the first time that the Board has had to acknowledge substantial and timely assistance from the Archbishop.
Yours truly,
E. RYAN, Treas. S. S. Board.
Kingston, Aug. 25, '93.
To the Treasurer of the Board of Separate School Trustees, Kingston:
DEAR SIR—Having examined your accounts, I am convinced that your ordinary revenue derived from the school rates is insufficient to enable you to meet all your requirements so long as you are encumbered by a half-dozen floating fields, each bearing an interest against you, one of them at a rate that might well be called usurious. To aid you in getting rid of this latter obligation I enclose a cheque for \$500, and wish the Board of Trustees complete success in its efforts for the advancement of our Catholic youth in religious and secular education.
I am, dear sir, yours most faithfully,
JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,
Archbishop of Kingston,
Archbishop's Palace, Kingston, 23rd Aug., 1893.
At a special meeting of the Board of Separate School Trustees held on Sunday last, the following resolution was carried by acclamation:
Proposed by Mr. E. Cochrane and seconded by Mr. W. Duffy, that the thanks of the Kingston Board of Separate School Trustees be conveyed to His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, for his truly generous donation of \$500.
In support of the resolution the meeting was reminded of the active interest and continual sympathy which the Archbishop always thus practically exhibits in the schools of his epis-

copal city. In spite of the numerous demands upon the limited resources of His Grace, proved by his constant and liberal gifts to the multifarious religious works throughout the length and breadth of the Archdiocese, yet, without appeal to him, the Archbishop is mindful and watchful of the schools in Kingston. We recall his princely donation of \$1,000 to St. Vincent's Academy, and an additional \$1,000, as a loan at a merely nominal interest, and now this further sum of \$500. Moreover, this Board is grateful for the Archbishop's kindly and paternal words expressive of his confidence that neither the secular nor the religious education of the children of Kingston will be neglected by us. It is to us a greater satisfaction, in a certain sense, to receive this approbation of the Archbishop, who has so ably championed the cause of religious education in this Province, under the greatest difficulties, than to be the beneficiaries of his generous hand. We receive both, and therefore, we hasten to offer this resolution of the Board as a public manifestation of our gratitude. The Board ordered a copy of the resolution to be forwarded to His Grace, the Archbishop.—*Freeman*.

GREAT CHRISTIANS.

Ten of the Most Illustrious That the Century has Produced.

A GLIMPSE BETWEEN THE COVERS OF M. VILLEFRANCHE'S VALUABLE WORK, "DIX GRANDS CHRETIENS DU SIECLE"—THE SUBJECTS OF THE BIOGRAPHER ALL LAYMEN.

O'Connell, Donoso, Cortes, Ozanam, Montalembert, de Melun, Dupont, Veillot, Garcia, Moreno, de Sonis and Windthorst are the names that have inspired the Christian writers to portray in brilliant colors, for the edification of the present generation, the characteristics of those who have taken the lead in the conflict of Christianity against vice, infidelity and the enemies of religion. It was a happy inspiration of the author, in casting a retrospective glance over the history of the nineteenth century to select the names of those master-minds, the leaders of Catholic thought and of religious progress in the times in which they lived.

While France has a slight preponderance in numbers, the author gives the first place in his collection to O'CONNELL, THE GREAT IRISH TRIBUNE, the defender and the liberator of his countrymen, and the friend of Pius IX. Windthorst the last on the list, was also the last to give up the arduous struggle in which he gained so signal a victory over Bismarck; indeed he led the way for the present position of German politics, and the waning influence of the Triple Alliance. Five nations are represented in this galaxy of great men—Ireland, France, Spain, Germany and Ecuador in South America, that part of the world which Americans and even Catholic Americans are so ready to vilify and misrepresent.

History does not give the name of one English layman worthy to be placed among the leaders in Catholic affairs, during the century. Italians are conspicuously absent, and the English-speaking Catholics of this country have not been prolific in great men, although they are very boastful of their liberty, their patriotism and their superiority generally over every other people in the world.

The book is well reviewed by C. H. S. J. in one of the ablest publications of its kind in France.

The reviewer calls it "a most timely and welcome book," and says "it has been earnestly desired by all those who hoped to see the"

CATHOLIC FORCES IN FRANCE united, active and victorious. A friend who is very dear to us had gone so far as to form the resolution to write such a book, but, after reading the work of M. Villefranche as we have done, from the first line to the last, he declared, without a particle of jealousy, that it could not have been better done.

"The subject was of necessity interesting; these ten names of great Christians, placed at the beginning of this book, indicate a rich and unusually grand subject. These men, possessed of such great hearts, all belong to contemporary history. Most of them have been engaged in the struggle which we still maintain. All are illustrious sons of the Church, and during the present struggle, have fought in the front ranks. All were citizens most remarkable for their virtues and their services to religion and society.

ALL LAYMEN, ALL EARNEST CATHOLICS, they found in their faith the origin of that force which overshadowed their lives and gave the impulse to all their beneficent actions.

"To portray clearly their individual physiognomies, so different notwithstanding their great resemblance, and to group them in a framework so attractive in itself was the happy idea of M. Villefranche. This he has done without omitting a single point that could add to the interest or the attractiveness of his subject. His clear and racy style is admirably suited to this kind of short sketches—graphic but rich in interesting matter,

I know not if Plutarch or Cornelius Nepos, whose names are suggested by the preface, have painted more accurately or more vigorously the portraits of their heroes. But the author of "Plus IX," and of "Don Bosco" is not simply a biographer. He is a polemical writer of great ability. This has been suspected because of his predilection for Villot; it is distinctly felt in his manner of summarizing the train of events; his sobriety and justice and the rendition of judgments always so APPLICABLE TO THE INDIVIDUAL, and always so frank—qualities which soften criticism, if perchance there should be room to complain of partiality.

"It is not simply a beautiful and attractive book, it is a useful book. Mr. Villefranche, very justly, has intended it for young people. The great men whom he praises are no more. Their work is unfinished, it is still vigorously opposed—destroyed. To resume it, to consolidate it, to finish it, combatants are necessary, especially lay combatants. But the young Christian who wishes to engage in the struggle for principle is, perhaps, not aware of the objects against which he should direct his attacks. If the youth, eager for active work, begin by reading *in extenso* the lives of the great Christians of the century, it would require much time to enable him to select his ideal, for biographies are, in many cases, too full and abound in unnecessary detail. This volume, however, gives him a selection in which is reproduced the leading features of the

BEST MODELS OF THE CENTURY. The young man has only to choose according to his taste. Has he the qualities necessary for a great orator, he has O'Connell and Montalembert as models. Has he a taste for polemics he may study Montalembert and Veillot; would he become a leader, O'Connell and Windthorst are grand models; a statesman, the noble careers of Donoso Cortes and Garcia Moreno cannot fail to inspire him; a man of science or a soldier, he may select Ozanam and de Sonis; is he filled with charity and the love of his neighbor, de Melun and Dupont mark the paths most attractive for him. Is it possible he cannot find a congenial place in the combat, in some one of the different positions in which God and country have been so well served?"

Let us earnestly hope that this volume may soon find a place on the table of every Christian scholar and be liberally distributed and carefully read, in all Catholic colleges. We are convinced that numerous recruits will come forward to join the defenders of the Church. The author of "Ten Great Christians" will think himself well recompensed, if the reading of his book inspires even one French youth with the courage and perseverance necessary to give us an O'Connell, a Windthorst, or a Garcia Moreno; if he inspires some one to imitate a de Sonis, a Melun or a Louis Veillot. We think we can count on the generosity of many. It is not the will that is wanting, it is the initiation."—*T. P. C., in Catholic Review*.

HOME RULE.

London, Aug. 30.—The last stage of the Home Rule debate in the House of Commons began to-day. The exceptionally large attendance showed that the country recently for their holidays had returned to hear the final speeches of the party leaders, and to take part in the final division on next Friday night. On the Irish benches hardly a seat was vacant.

Mr. Gladstone arose amid a storm of cheers. He began his speech with references to the criticisms made by Unionist leaders on the historical precedents he had cited on former occasions for Home Rule in Ireland. The Opposition, he said, had contended that in no other countries could analogies be found for changing the union between Great Britain and Ireland. Their contention could not be supported by historical facts. In Austria-Hungary, in Norway and Sweden, in the United States and in the British colonies were to be found the abundant proofs that it was altogether desirable to separate local from imperial affairs. Throughout European and American literature it was not possible to find a writer entitled to consideration who approved of the conduct of England towards Ireland, or attempted to apologize for the grievous and shameful history which since the union they had felt compelled to deplore. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone said: "We have faith in natural liberty, faith in its efficacy as an instrument of national education. We believe that the experience widespread over the whole vast field encourages us to our work at every point. Finally, we feel that the passing of this great measure, after more than eighty days' debate, does, and must, constitute the greatest among all steps hitherto provided towards the attainment of a certain and early triumph." Prolonged cheers from the Irish and Ministerial benches followed Mr. Gladstone's peroration.

Leonard Courtney, Unionist for the Bodmin Division of Cornwall, then moved the rejection of the bill. He spoke briefly.

John Redmond, leader of the Parliaments, who followed Mr. Courtney, defined his attitude towards the bill. The bill was defective in some respects and disappointing in others. The financial arrangement was ungenerous and unjust, and he regretted that the efforts of the Nationalists to improve it had not been successful. The amendments had tended to weaken rather than strengthen the bill. Nobody in his senses could regard the bill as a final and satisfactory settlement of the great questions at issue. The word "provisional" was stamped on every page.

When the time arrived for the vote on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, the House divided, and the result was: For the motion, 301; against, 267.

Mr. Blake will represent the Irish Parliament Party on the Irish day at the World's Fair, 30th September, and will return to England for the opening of the autumn session of Parliament.

WARM PRAISE FOR MR. BLAKE.

T. P. O'Connor in the *Sun* has a warm eulogy of Hon. Edward Blake as the most remarkable and valuable recruit of the Irish party since 1880.

EDWARD BLAKE DINED.

The *Globe's* London cable of August 30 contains the following account of a dinner given to this distinguished Canadian:

Between fifty and sixty members of the Irish Parliamentary party met to-night to entertain the Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., to dinner before his departure for Canada on Saturday next. Mr. Justin McCarthy, leader of the Irish party, presided, and Messrs. John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Michael Davitt, Thomas Sexton and T. P. O'Connor were among the company. The proceedings were of the most enthusiastic character throughout. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in giving the health of the guest of the evening, referred to him as "their distinguished colleague, their honored comrade and their very dear friend." He eloquently recounted Mr. Blake's services in council and debate from the moment he landed in Ireland last year to the present time. Amid loud cheering Mr. McCarthy declared that Mr. Blake, while facing a serious risk to his reputation when he came to Westminster, had triumphantly succeeded. He had acted with the Irish party night and day and had become one of them. They gave him to-night a loving and brotherly farewell, and hoped soon to see him back, when he should receive a loving and brotherly welcome.

Mr. Blake, on rising to reply, received a great ovation. He acknowledged the extreme kindness and confidence which has been shown him by the members of the party, and in a speech of much vigor he reviewed the position of the party, and the result of the Bill on Friday night. He argued that the Home Rule Bill was a great political character of freedom, giving the Irish people a large, wide and generous measure of self-government. The details of the Bill might be open to criticism, he admitted, but its third reading meant that the House of Commons irrevocably affirmed its spirit. This acceptance of the principles of a just and real union between the two nations marked a stage in the path of progress for Britain himself. He urged the members of the Irish party to keep their armor on in view of the further struggle which must take place and which would undoubtedly be one of the most severe ever faced. To come out victorious in this struggle it was absolutely necessary that they should maintain their present close alliance between the Irish and English democracies. Mr. Blake concluded his speech amid enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Blake, who hopes to reach England again in the opening week of the autumn session, will represent the Irish Parliamentary party at the Irish day celebration at Chicago on September 30. He sails by the Oregon from Liverpool on Saturday.

BROTHER AZARIAS DEAD.

Stricken by Pneumonia After Completing a Course of Lectures.

Rev. Brother Justin, president of De La Salle Institute, New York, received a despatch from Plattsburg Monday, announcing the death in that city of Rev. Brother Azarias. Brother Azarias had just finished a course of five lectures on "University Education in the Middle Ages" at the Catholic Summer School in Plattsburg two weeks ago when he was stricken with pneumonia. Brother Azarias was a voluminous writer of books and of essays, his more important articles being contributed to the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary Review*, of London, and the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *North American Review* and the *Forum*. Among his larger works are "The Philosophy of History," "Development of English Thought," a treatise on "Style as Found in Herbert Spencer's Works," and "Phases of Thought and Criticism."

A GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

The *Independent*, in replying to the charge that certain offensive language used by a Hindoo speaker at the Christian Endeavor meeting at Montreal might be used in any Protestant pulpit in the world without exciting much comment, says:

"The statement that such language about the Virgin Mary would be endured in any Protestant church is atrociously false. It would be as intolerable an insult to Protestants as to Catholics. Why, the Presbyterian Directory of the Worship declares that children 'are to be taught to read and repeat the Lord's Prayer.' The Apostles' Creed, which venerates the mother of our Lord, is included in the Presbyterian Confession of Faith with the ten commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and so it is in the directories of worship of nearly all Protestant bodies."

We like the spirit which impels the *Independent* to show that Protestants venerate the Blessed Virgin much more than we admire the argument it uses to that end. There can be no doubt that Protestant writers and speakers, led by their opposition to Catholic devotion to "Our Lady," have made little of the Mother of our Lord; have carefully relegated her to the background, and treated her in an apologetic tone. Some indeed have spoken bitterly of her and have loved to quote the words of our Lord: "Woman, what is that to me and to thee, my hour is not yet come." as a reproach to her, forgetting that our Lord, at her behest and on that very occasion, worked a miracle when a leading Protestant journal like the *Independent* labors to free its brethren from a reproach which it cannot deny had some foundation.

It is not natural for a Christian who believes in the divinity of Christ to treat His Mother with disrespect, and the only way we can account for the low place Protestants have been accustomed to assign to her is to say that they were led into it by their false ideas of Catholic doctrine and worship. As they understood those doctrines better, and the nature of the worship we pay to the Mother of God, they begin to recede from their extreme and unreasonable position. Instead of twitting them for this change we rejoice at it, and hope the time will soon come when they will join with Catholics in fulfilling that prophecy in the *Magnificat* which Mary, the inspired prophetess, uttered:

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit has rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid, for behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Why All This Agony?

Joe Howard in N. Y. Recorder.

I wonder what the *Herald* means by saying that "the coming here of an American Pope met with no opposition from the Protestants, who were either too blind or too indifferent to see its importance?"

Importance? Importance to whom? The internal management and arrangements of the Roman Catholic Church are of supreme importance to men and women of that faith, but why should members of other faiths concern themselves? It is not reasonable to suppose that the Holy Father, or any of the millions who look to him as the head of the Church, cares a rap about the internal arrangements of the Methodist Church, the Baptist, the Congregational or the Episcopal organization; so why should Protestants bother their heads as to the importance of the appointment of a delegate, the suspension of a priest or the excommunication of a Bishop?

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Boston Pilot.

James Russell Lowell summed up the duty of writers in regard to cleanliness of thought and word, when he wrote to E. C. Steadman, apropos of Swinburne's trollop Muse: "Let no man write a line that he would not have his daughter read," adding, with a pardonable Biblical paraphrase: "The true Church of poetry is founded on a rock, and I have no fear that these smutty back-doors of hell shall prevail against her."

The Boston *Herald* is right in saying that Irish Americans are conspicuous by their absence from anarchical demonstrations. It is also right in ascribing their law-abiding conduct to the restraint imposed by their religious obligations. The young woman, Emma Goldman, who denounced them in New York, the other day, for their subserviency to the law, paid them only a well merited compliment. Irishmen have always been ready to fight and die for liberty, but they have never confounded liberty with license, much less with the madness of Anarchy.

Let us bless God that we are children of His mother; let us imitate her and consider our great happiness in having her as a patron.—*St. Teresa*

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER X.

THE GLASGOW FAIR.

"But soon that glorious course was lost. And treacherous proved the deep; Never thought they were so well, When temptations seemed to sleep."

—HOWITT.

Every year during the month of July a great fair is held in Glasgow. Fairs are held all the world over, and I do not know that the Glasgow one differs from others of its kind. The young go there for amusement, and, if they are well-intentioned, they may find it innocently enough; but the probabilities are terribly strong that they will not leave the fair exactly as they came to it.

It is not a place to which a guardian angel would with pleasure accompany his charge, who, he knows, will see and hear much that ought to shock a pure mind, and he would naturally dread lest contact with evil should spoil the beauty of the soul committed to his care. So much, and no more, can be said for those who go to the fair merely for the sake of amusement—amusement which their hitherto innocent hearts intend to do without harm. But these are in the minority; by far the greater number of the persons who, during the latter fortnight of July, through the fair, belong to the ill-intentioned portion of the community. There the "profession" (thieves) muster strong; there, too, come abandoned characters from the lowest haunts of vice in the city. The bold, bad girls; the drunken, dissolute women; the foul-mouthed, idle men, who will neither work nor starve, and who therefore contrive to live in wickedness at their neighbors' expense.

There are boys and girls, children and old people, young men and maidens, disgracing themselves by intoxication, by swearing, and other profane talk; outraging common decency by their wild, loose behavior, and thus plainly demonstrating that they have forgotten the existence of their immortal souls—souls created, oh, stupendous thought! for the eternal enjoyment of Heaven's beatitude. Many an innocent girl, still in her teens, has had to date her ruin from that cursed Glasgow Fair! Many a home has been broken up; many a poor wife and mother cast adrift to shift for herself, or go to the bad, because her weak, foolish husband has suffered himself to be led into bad company during the season of that same fair.

The prisons, before its close, are full to overflowing; the policeman's duty is made tenfold hard to him; mischievous demons seem to be let loose upon the town—and the cause of so much evil is the love of money! Money!—that men will insist upon amassing to themselves, in spite of the misery, temporal and eternal, which their greedy passion causes to their fellow-creatures.

Katie Mackay had been just two months in her situation when the Glasgow fair recurred. So far she had given every satisfaction to her mistress. She took to all her new duties with a cheerful alacrity which pleased Mrs. Royson. They were not light ones either, for Katie was the only servant, and there were eight in the family. She had to scrub, clean, wash, and iron—in fact, to make herself generally useful—for through Mrs. Royson was a hard working woman, and did a great deal herself, she expected a great deal from her servant, and the place was one which an idle girl would not have kept for a week.

On Sunday afternoon she, however, generally got some free time to spend as she liked, and Katie invariably on these occasions betook herself to the Convent to see the "Mothers." Into Glasgow she rarely went, except on Sunday mornings, to Mass, and, as she always attended an early one, she was not likely at such an hour to meet any of her former acquaintances. Hither to all had gone well with Katie; she was perfectly contented in her situation, she liked her mistress and her mistress liked her, and she had no time to herself during the week, so that she could not, even had she wished it, have gone into Glasgow to make inquiries about her mother, or any of the old set.

On the 16th of July, the first day of the fair, it is the custom with the Sisters of the good Shepherd to gather together those of their former children who have gone back from the school into the Convent reception-rooms, to which all the "out children," as they are called, are invited. Their "Mothers" are present to entertain them, and the afternoon, up to a late hour in the summer evening, is passed in walking about the grounds and gardens, the girls thus enjoying themselves in a pleasant, innocent manner.

This gathering of the 16th of July is a powerful inducement to the children to abstain from the dangerous pleasures of the fair, in order to be able to meet their Mothers and their old companions together assembled. By one of these latter, a good girl named Lizzie Logie, Katie was invited to spend the afternoon of the Sunday following the school-fair. Katie gladly accepted the invitation, conditionally, of course, for she did not feel sure that her mistress would give her so soon again an afternoon to herself. Mrs. Royson, however, considering that her young servant was, at such a time of general holiday, entitled to a little extra liberty, willingly gave the

required permission; and Katie, for the first time for nearly five years, found herself free to wander at her will through the Glasgow streets.

She had no intention of wasting her time by re-visiting any of her old haunts; she meant to go straight to Lizzie Logie's house in Maxwell street, and she thought, if they had a mind later on in the evening, they could take a little walk together. She wondered if she should see anything of the Kerrs. Not very likely, for Lizzie Logie had heard that they had removed from Glasgow, and had told Katie so in the letter which she had written to her when they had met on the sixteenth.

Still it was just possible, for if they were anywhere near Glasgow they would surely come for the Fair season; and Katie rehearsed twenty times in her own mind the reception she should have to give to any advances on their part towards a renewal of their former friendship.

It is a hot July afternoon, but Katie does not mind the heat. She goes along at a tremendous pace, with a heart full of bright sunshine, which reflects itself upon her face, in spite of its flushed coloring.

As she nears the town her heart begins to beat rather more quickly than usual, for she cannot help wondering if she will meet with any old acquaintances. Passing by the Cross, she lingers for some minutes, gazing alternately up the High Street and down the Saltmarket. Katie thinks that it would be rather fun just to see, without being seen, and it is with a slight feeling of disappointment that, perceiving no familiar face, she continues her quick walk through Argyle Street.

Her dangerous wish is however realized a few moments later, for, turning the corner of Maxwell street, where Lizzie Logie lives, Katie suddenly finds herself face to face with Jeanie Kerr. The recognition of each other by the two girls is instantaneous, for though five years have undoubtedly worked changes in both, they have had too much to do with one another not to be able to see at a glance the old friend under new colors.

Jeanie is in no way altered for the better. She is nineteen now, and as coarse and depraved looking as ever. It is she who speaks first, after giving utterance to a scream of surprise.

"Katie!—wee Katie Mackay!—it's niver ye!"

"Wee Katie Mackay!" echoes Katie, drawing her tall, slender figure proudly to its full height, and looking down upon Jeanie, who is quite half a head below her—"wee did ye say, Jeanie? I's nae sae wee as ye'll allow that!"

"Och, niver heed!" responds the other roughly, "ye ken what I's meanin'; ye war unco wee when I see'd ye last, eh, Katie? But I's that proud to see ye, ma heart's just like to burst thro' ma bodice!"

"I didna ken ye war in Glaskie, Jeanie. I heard tell ye had flittit these two years an' mair."

"Och, lassie, ye ken it's here the day an' there the morrow wi' the likes o' us. Howsomever, mithe's ta'en a fine house in Edinburgh, but we cudna hae done ithe wiser than to come till Glaskie for the Fair."

"Come on I'll let ye see," answers Jeanie, passing her arm familiarly through Katie's, and making an effort to draw her along with her; but Katie hastily withdraws herself, answering with decision.

"I's no comin', Jeanie; ye maunna seek to mislead me nae mair; I's gotten a situation, ye ken, an' I maun behave mysel', an no gang wi' any bad company."

"Siccan a resolution!" says Jeanie, disdainfully. "Ye'll weary o' that afore lang, lassie. Hout! what's this cam' owre ye? Ye're nae what ye ance war."

"Whist ye, Jeanie Kerr, dinna mak' sic a clatter, ye gar a' the folk stare," answers Katie, somewhat vexed and ashamed of her companion's loud voice and disreputable appearance, as she pursues. "Times is ehangit, ye ken, I's na ignorant noo, sae I wish ye guid night."

"An' whaur may ye be ga'en, if it's a fair question? I'd like fine to ken," says Jeanie, planting herself in Katie's path. "Ye're that nagratof, Katie Mackay; an me that war sae guid a friend to ye in auld lang syne."

"Ay, ay, ye war that, an' I'll no deny it; but let me alane, Jeanie, these days are awa'. When I min' them, I's like to dee wi' shame. Ye're nae behavin' yersel', Jeanie, I ken it fine; an' I's nae ga'en to hae any mair to do wi' ye."

"Hoo likit ye the schull, Katie?" says Jeanie Kerr, suddenly changing her tactics, and turning to walk by Katie's side down the street.

"Fine," replies Katie, briefly, not at all desiring Jeanie's further company.

"Whan did ye win oot, lassie? Yer time's nae ended, surely?"

"I's gotten oot nigh on twa months syne."

"An' whaur are ye bidin'?"

"No in Glaskie."

"Whaur?"

"Twa miles oot o' Glaskie. An' noo, Jeanie Kerr, sin' I'm obleeg't to say't, ye dinna need to be speirin' efter me; ye maun tak' yer ain ways, and leave me to mysel'. Good night tye."

"Och! ye proud, hard-hearted lassie that ye are! D'ye nae care to get any ward about yer ain mither, an' yer ain sister Maggie! I wadna ken ye to be the same yince ye war, Katie Mackay."

"I's no carin' about Maggie. Whaur's my mither?" asks Katie, half turning at the mention of her mother's name.

"In Edinburgh, wull ye no win in tull see her, lassie?"

"Maybe some day," says Katie, doubtfully. "I canna mak' nae promises."

"Ye're come to be awfu' bonnie, Katie!" remarks Jeanie, still lingering, as Katie, having reached Lizzie Logie's number, stands still to bid a final good-bye to her former friend; "but in the name o' a' that's luckie, what gars ye dress sae dowly?"

"Just mind yersel', Jeanie Kerr," answers Katie, putting, and vexed, in spite of her better sense, at this allusion to her excessively plain and old-fashioned attire.

"I dinna mean to vex ye, lassie. Dinna bleeze up sae muckle. Wull I no get seein' ye ony mair?"

"I dinna ken. I dinna think it," replies Katie, hurriedly, for she hears Lizzie's step coming down the stairs, and does not wish to be caught talking with Jeanie Kerr.

"Guid nicht, maybe I'll see ye another time."

"Wha's yon lassie, Katie Mackay?" This last somewhat suspiciously, from however, are to be had, and drinks of various kinds, which, together with cakes, "sweets," and other such like eatables, are pretty safe to attract the idle crowd, especially the young, who are rarely rigid Sabbatharians.

"Will we have an ice?" asks Steenie as they pass one of the tables, where pyramids of pink mixture, supposed to be strawberry cream, are being served out in glass cups.

"Ay," answers Katie readily, but Lizzie demurs, glancing around her uneasily.

"Och! no, Katie, it's owre late; come on, we sudna buy an' sell on a Sunday, ye ken."

"We'll, Ise nae carin'," says Katie good-humoredly, instantly turning away from the ice-stall; "niver heed them, Maister Steenie."

The young man laughs, but makes no further attempt to detain his companions, and they walk on quickly through the lower part of the Fair, and are on the point of leaving it safely behind them, when a circumstance occurred which might be attributed to "ill-luck," only that there is no ill-luck in the dispensations of Providence.

Temptation is rather the opportunity offered to the soldier of Christ to rise from the ranks, and to earn for himself the proud title of conqueror! The hour was come when Katie's courageous resolutions were to be severely tested; the evil spirit had found his opportunity, and the Good One has to stand by and see his charge confronted with the enemy.

For the second time to day, to her extreme vexation, Katie finds herself again in the company of Jeanie Kerr. If Katie had only seen her a minute earlier, she would have turned off in another direction, or would have retraced her steps, so as to avoid her; but she does not perceive her approach until an exclamation from Jeanie makes her look up quickly, to see, not only Jeanie, but several others with her, with whom Katie had been, in former days, unfortunately acquainted.

Among the rest, leaning upon her like the Evil Genie of her infancy, Katie recognizes at a glance her sister Maggie. There are several men among the party, and one of these seems to know Steenie, for he exclaims, "Hallo, Steenie!" and clasps him familiarly on the shoulder.

Steenie shakes his head abruptly, walks past the group who have surrounded Katie, and calls to his sister to "come on." Lizzie, however, determined not to leave Katie, stands still, waiting till Katie joins her; and Katie does not detain her long, for, in spite of Jeanie's entreaties, and Maggie's half scornful, half reproachful expostulations, she steadily refuses to turn back and go "a bit o' the way along wite them."

"Awa! ye gar, then," bursts out Maggie at last. "Ye ill nattered, unattractal lassie that ye are! Siccan an intolerable specimen o' pride as I never seed."

"Och! dinna heed them Katie," calls out Lizzie indignantly. "Jist come awa' an' leave them to thesels, the bad lot!"

Lizzie's exclamation provokes an impatient rejoinder from more than one of the noisy group, and her honest face flushes painfully at having herself stigmatized as a "reformatory dell" together with Katie, whose passionate temper would certainly cause her to burst forth into an open quarrel, if Lizzie, with her better sense and wiser self-control, did not interfere. She lays her hand firmly on Katie's arm, draws her onwards, almost by force, and quickens her pace that they may overtake Steenie.

"Ye sudna hae interfered, Lizzie," says Katie, a little sullenly. "I's no willin' to tak' insults frae onybody—least o' a' frae they bad lot."

"I wadna be mean mysel' to fecht wi' em. Ye ken yersel', Katie, it's aye the way that well-meanin' folk's aften ta'en up in a wrang light. Ye maunna heed them, lassie; the less ye hae to do wi' em the better it'll be for ye, I'm thinkin'."

"I'll be gettin' nae peace noo wi' that Maggie; my word, but I jist hate the very sight o' her spitefu' face, so I do," pursues Katie, still boiling with indignation. "But she had better tak' care wha she's meddlin' wi'."

They have by this time come up with Steenie, over whose face has come a cloud, which does not escape his sister's notice.

"Steenie, wha was yon fellow that clapped ye sae free like owre the shoulders? I wad like fine to ken."

"I dinna ken by what name he is Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

and Steenie accompanies his sister and her friend.

It is a very pleasant walk; the three young people have good spirits and good consciences; and they are thoroughly satisfied with each other's society. The sky is blue above them; a soft breeze, very refreshing after the great heat of the day, is blowing in their faces as they walk along; the world seems a very fair spot to each one of them, but perhaps to Katie even fairer than the rest.

Nine o'clock was the hour fixed by Mrs. Royson as the latest moment for Katie's return. Accordingly Katie, in obedience to her mistress's instructions, is very careful to set her face betimes in a homeward direction.

Lizzie and Steenie announce their intention of seeing her safely on her way for which purpose they cross the river into the Broomielaw, and saunter leisurely down the side of Glasgow Green nearest the Fair. Being Sunday, the fair is, of course, not open, that is to say, the shows are not going on, and the stalls are closed. Lees, however, are to be had, and drinks of various kinds, which, together with cakes, "sweets," and other such like eatables, are pretty safe to attract the idle crowd, especially the young, who are rarely rigid Sabbatharians.

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kent in Glaskie," answers Steenie, evasively.

"Whaur hae ye seen him afore, Steenie? I dinna like the looks a' him."

"The de'il tak' it if I do either. But ye ken, lassie, it's no sae easy for a man to mak' name but guid acquaintanceships; it's no the best o' company one's fa' in wi' in toons like Glaskie, an' I seith, an' sic like places."

"Hoo do ye ca' him?" persists Lizzie, with a look of increased misgiving.

"If ye maun ken a' the ins an' outs," answers Steenie, reluctantly, "it's Willie Cameron. He was ane o' the mates aboard the *Jessie* when we gaed oot to America yon time. He had gotten hissel' oot o' quod—the Lord kens hoo, an' ye may believe we didna ken it at the time—but he worked his passage oot to America to escape the police."

Then Steenie, remembering the bold, admiring gaze which Cameron, as he passed, cast upon Katie, becomes moody and silent, nor does he take any further part in the conversation until, having reached the lane leading to the farm, Katie stands still, and, with a bright smile, bids him good night.

Steenie's honest face glows a ruddier red than usual. Poor Steenie! Would it have been better if he could have known there and then how, vanishing from his sight, Katie scarcely gives him so much as a thought again that evening?

Foolish Katie! Her mind is taken up with the remembrance of the dark, insolent, but alluring eyes, whose glance of admiration at herself she too, as well as Steenie, has noticed, and which she does not care to forget. She yields to the vanity, the softness in her disposition, the attractions of externals, and is blind to the good near at hand. Gazing after a sudden phantasy, which is awakening evil in her heart, she misses, or rather passes by, unheeding, the path that might have led her to happiness. Some day, looking back upon the past, Katie may have to say, with Guinevere,

"Ah! my God, Had I but loved Thy highest creature here, It surely was my profit had I known, It would have been my pleasure had I seen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWICE SAVED.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Great drifts of snow lay like mountains over the fields and meadows. Merry sleigh-bells rang out on the frosty air, mingled with the sounds of gay voices. In the midst of the forest lay a lake, icebound, and covered over with groups of happy children. On the frozen surface burnt a large fire, and now and then the skaters formed rings around it, and glided nearer and nearer the flames, when, at a given signal, they separated, skating swiftly to the bank, and trying who should first reach his own place by the fire again.

Suddenly a child's voice rang out in terror on the air. All looked towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. A great opening in the ice showed that some one had broken through. Suddenly a head appeared and two little hands grasped the icy edges, but they broke away, and once more the child went out of sight.

A tall lad dashed from among a group of skaters, and glided rapidly towards the spot.

"The ice is cracking, Harry. Come back!" shouted a hundred voices, but the brave lad kept on. Near the hole, he threw off coat and vest, tore off boots and skates and plunged into the icy water.

The crowd gazed in silence. At last two heads were seen above water, but once more they disappeared. By this time the alarm had been given and two men appeared with ropes. They threw them to the boy, who was again at the surface, holding on the ice with one hand, the other supporting the unconscious child. He seized the ropes, slipped his left hand through one noose, changed the child carefully to the left arm, slipped his right hand through the other, and clasping the little girl to his breast called out in a weak voice: "All ready! Harry."

The pair were in a few minutes drawn safely to land, and taken to a little house which stood on the bank overlooking the lake.

Mrs. Brady, the widow who lived in the cottage, opened the door in response to their knock. She turned white as death when she saw the two unconscious figures, one of whom she recognized as her own little Kathleen. But she saw that there was no time to talk, so she bustled around and in an incredibly short time had their circulation restored and the children between blankets, while she steeped some "yarb tea" on the shining little stove.

Then she listened to the account of the accident. "Sure it's me own little girl she is," she said when they had finished, "and it isn't with the skaters she was at all. 'Mother,' she sez to me, sez she, 'there's a lovely fire burnin' out on the lake,' sez she. Let me go and see it, mammy avic.' An' sez I, 'it's to yon bed ye'll go,' sez I, and not down on the treacherous waters, where ye might be drowned,' sez I. But when me back was turned, I spose she wint down to the shore, and the ice was thin, and she wint through. God bless the brave little lad that saved her!"

Word was sent to Harry's mother about the accident; and that he was perfectly safe, but it would be better for him to stay between the widow Brady's blankets till the next morning.

The good woman herself lay on the floor before the kitchen fire, only too glad to give up her comfortable bed to the preserver of her child.

Next day when Harry left her she said: "It's only a poor widdy I am, an' I can't reward ye fur yer bravery, but I can pray fur ye night and day, an' if ye wou'dn't be above acceptin' this I'd be proud to have ye take it. It'll keep ye fur from all harm."

She placed in his hand a badge of the Sacred Heart. He thanked her, and assured her politely that he would keep her little gift. He was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and non-Catholic as he was, he wondered what the sacred emblem meant.

"Father," said Mrs. Murphy, as the priest stood at the door of her little school to speak a kind word to the children, on his way back from devotions, "there's a poor woman very sick down in Mullins' Alley. She's very sick, indeed, and won't let anyone send for the priest. Perhaps if your reverence would just look in she might be reconciled to the Church."

"Does she belong here, Mrs. Murphy? I think I know all the inmates of Mullins' Alley. I manage to get a sight of them at least at Easter."

"She's here off and on, Father. I think she's from the country. To my knowledge she has never put her foot inside a church in this city."

"Well, I'll just call there now, Mrs. Murphy. Thank you for telling me, and the priest turned away.

A few steps brought him to Mullins' Alley. Used as he was to visiting the poor and wretched, Father Watson always shuddered when he reached this den of crime. Heaps of reeking fish and half-cad human forms met his eye, and on his ear fell curses and words of blasphemy.

Pushing his way up the rickety staircase, the priest opened the door, and by the dim light that came in through the dirty window, discovered a woman's form stretched on a rough bedstead. A candle stood on the table beside her, and Father Watson lit it, and scanned the features of the woman before him. She did not seem to be more than thirty years of age, but sin and shame had set their seal upon her. Her eyes were wide open, and her breathing thick and heavy.

"What can I do for you, my child?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"What are you doing here?"

"No answer."

"You do not belong to my parish?"

"Not a word."

"My poor child," said the priest, "you are dying. You must not face your Creator with your soul stained with sin. I have come to save you, and to forgive you your sins in the name of Almighty God."

She fixed her eyes on his.

"Go away," she said, "I do not want you. Let Kathleen Brady die the outcast she has lived!"

"Kathleen Brady!" said the priest.

"Were you born in Lorneville?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Is your mother living?"

A crimson flush overspread her face.

"No," she said of a broken heart.

The priest took a little book from his pocket, and from between the leaves produced a badge of the Sacred Heart.

"I saved you once, Kathleen," he said, "when you were a little girl. You fell through the ice of the lake. I jumped in and pulled you out. Your mother gave me this, which was the means of bringing me to God—to the Holy Catholic Faith. Now I have come to save you again, for the last time."

He laid the badge upon her breast. Kathleen was vanquished. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she made her confession and received the last sacrament.

The next morning, at Father Watson's request, she was removed to the Sisters' Hospital, where she lived for some days in the most edifying dispositions, making constant fervent ejaculations to the Sacred Heart, and dying at length with the badge clasped to her breast—that badge that had brought a stray sheep into the True Fold, and had caused the angels to rejoice over one more sinner's doing penance.

A. SAN JOSE.

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Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs to be regulated; just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to LEVINA BROS., Ltd., 43 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health, in fact he is quite a new man."

On

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THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S TOMB.

An interesting Article From the Pen of Rev. Burchard Villiger, S. J.

In the August number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart is an article from the pen of Rev. Burchard Villiger, S. J., until recently the beloved pastor of the Church of the Gesu, on "Our Lady's Tomb." The article will be read with unusual interest by those who followed the movements of the revered writer during his recent trip to the Holy Land.

OUR LADY'S LIFE AT EPHESUS. After the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles, St. John the Evangelist left Jerusalem with Our Lady and went to live in Ephesus. Our Lady's life at Ephesus and the preaching of St. John wrought many wonderful conversions.

THE HOLY CITY'S CLAIMS. Our reasons for admitting that Our Lady died and was buried in the Holy City are these: 1. The honor paid her tomb by the various schismatics of the East, all of whom celebrate in their liturgies the death, burial and assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

3. The Greek authors testify to the existence of the tradition that Our Lady died in Jerusalem. St. John Damascene and Andrew of Crete expressly state that the Blessed Virgin lived on Mount Zion, that her house was afterwards changed into a chapel, that she died in the presence of the apostles and disciples, that her body was carried out by the apostles to Gethsemani, that she was assumed into heaven, body and soul, and that her tomb was honored in their day by the concurrence of all nations.

historians of the Church. These traditions tell us that the Angel Gabriel was sent to announce to Our Lady the tidings that the days of her exile had drawn to a close and that she was to be united again to her divine Son. The angel presented her with a palm branch in token of her triumph, gained by crushing the serpent's head.

Then, when the heavenly host that accompanied Gabriel had departed, Mary told St. John, the son whom Jesus had given her from His cross, and St. John informed the Christians of Jerusalem that the Mother of the Church was to be taken from them.

AN ANECDOTE OF CARDINAL GIBBONS. How he Prayed and Preached in a North Carolina Baptist Meeting. The Bible says something against "praising a man during life," yet it may be well to do it occasionally.

Our Public Schools. Are the main-stay of our republic. In them are being cultivated the minds which are to be our future law-makers and leaders in every walk in life.

Enter This Term. The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 14th.

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Consumption is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful Food Medicine, Scott's Emulsion

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and Anne, the father and mother of the Blessed Virgin. Two steps lower down, on the right, is a similar recess, which contains altars dedicated to St. Joseph and to the holy old man, Simeon, who received Our Lord into his arms when He was presented in the temple.

The ceiling is without ornament and is blackened by the smoke of the hundred lamps that are lighted on feast days. On the right of the large chapel is a smaller one, which contains the Blessed Virgin's tomb.

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all that, in the Old North State, getting nearer and closer to the people, following the example of Bishop England, Cardinal Cheverus, and other apostles of our country.

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Mrs. Anna Sutherland Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or Goitre year, causing 40 Years

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The Catholic Record.

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THOMAS COFFEY, Publisher and Proprietor, THOMAS COFFEY, MESSRS. LUFF, KING, JOHN NIQU, P. NEVEN and M. C. O'DONNELL are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and transact all other business for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

London, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1893.

A DISREPUTABLE BUSINESS.

The Toronto Mail is keeping up its character as the organ of that faction in Ontario which delights in misrepresenting the Catholic Church as having for its chief purpose the keeping of the people in ignorance and the persecution of Protestants.

In New Brunswick, before 1871, the schools were for the most part private schools to which some aid was extended by the Government.

In 1871 a Public School law was passed by the Legislature by which private schools were practically closed, just as was done in Manitoba in 1890, and this law is still in force.

As Catholics were obliged by this Act to pay taxes toward the Public Schools, they would be doubly taxed if they continued to support their own schools also, and an appeal was made to the Government of the Dominion to veto such unjust legislation.

The Dominion Government declined to take this step, as it was not shown that any system of Separate Schools had been formerly established by law, so that the clauses of the Confederation Act prohibiting such interference by the Local Legislatures, as deprived minorities of privileges enjoyed by them at the time of the passage of the British North America Act, were held not to apply to the case.

However, as the action of the New Brunswick Legislature was against the spirit, if not the letter, of the Act of Confederation, the Dominion Parliament passed a strong resolution against that action, forecasting that steps would be taken with a view to redress the grievance under which the Catholics were laboring, unless the Provincial Legislature would see fit to redress it of their own accord.

Owing to this cause and the general dissatisfaction, especially among Catholics, on account of the injustice inflicted on them, though the law remained on the statute books, the departmental regulations were somewhat modified, making it possible in practice to give Catholic education to the Catholic children outside of the legal school hours, in those localities where Catholics were numerous enough to have schools which might be termed Catholic schools, though, of course, it was provided that Protestants should not attend the Catholic doctrinal instructions. Under these circumstances the Catholics generally made use of the Public Schools.

Bathurst is a Catholic locality in the county of Gloucester, though there are there a certain number of Protestants, and naturally a majority of the trustees were generally Catholic, and for the most part Catholic teachers were employed in the schools. However, the Catholic majority never showed any disposition to force the Protestant children to attend Catholic religious instruction. In one of the schools of the parish, which is attended almost exclusively by Catholics, a religious order was employed to teach, and this has been made by some of the Protestants, who cannot endure the dress of a Catholic religious, a cause of complaint.

The Mail in a recent issue puts the case thus: 'New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have effected compromises with the Roman Catholic Bishops under which certain of the Public Schools are conducted on sectarian lines. Where bargains have been struck friction has arisen.'

The Church, has (in Bathurst) taken possession of the schools, and has thus enabled itself to sustain the little churches with Protestant taxes. As the schools of the parish are Catholic, the Protestants are reduced to the necessity of complaining loudly and of sending their children to private institutions.'

In a previous issue a still more extensive complaint was made, that the Protestants were obliged to go to the convent to receive religious instruction, and were forced to attend religious exercises in the Catholic church.

A judicial investigation has been made into the complaints, and they have been found to be entirely without foundation, as nothing can be shown either against the priest or the nuns in the way of forcing the Protestants to attend religious exercises of any kind. The whole complaint, as far as we have seen the particulars, has been reduced to the single one that Catholic religious who wear the dress of their order have been employed to teach in one of the schools where there are a few Protestant children. There were not even any religious emblems in the school, except that accidentally some religious statue had been once left there for a few days, which was removed as soon as attention was called to the fact that thereby the regulations were infringed upon.

The Hon. T. W. Anglin, in a letter which appeared in the Mail of the 24th of August, calls attention to its misstatement of the case, and states that the teachers are acknowledged to be thoroughly competent, and that the Catholic electors of Bathurst had always elected one Protestant out of the three trustees, and that the Board had made it their practice to employ Protestant as well as Catholic teachers in order to treat Protestants fairly. But it was surely a small business for the Protestant ministers and laymen to raise a cry which has sounded from one end of the Dominion to the other against the modest and becoming dress which was worn by the ladies who taught one of the schools, and it is equally small for the Mail to represent them as persecutors of Protestantism. It is even more disreputable to represent them as having done an injury to the Protestants of the town by turning the schools into 'little churches;' but of course this kind of talk is expected from the Mail by the intelligent class of readers who are its patrons.

The charge that the Sisters had brought the children to the convent has been resolved into this fact, that as the convent had some suitable rooms, the School Board found it more convenient and less expensive to use them at a low rental, instead of building a new school-house.

A BRILLIANT MATHEMATICAL.

The Irish Home Rule Bill having passed through the House of Commons, and being now under consideration by the Lords, is in a critical stage, and its opponents are leaving no stone unturned in seeking arguments wherewith to attack it.

The Toronto Mail is one of the bitterest, or we might truly say the bitterest, journalistic opponent of the Bill on this side of the Atlantic, and it is very amusing to read some of its utterances, which are intended to crush the advocates of Home Rule with their intense logic.

One of that journal's latest efforts in the direction we have referred to was in its issue of the 26th of July. It was evidently written by the mathematical editor, if there is such an official on its staff, and the conclusions drawn by this modern Tycho Brahe are truly astounding to those who know anything of the progress of national sentiment in Ireland.

Of course a mathematical calculation must be based upon figures, and we are accordingly furnished with figures on the present occasion, in a style which would bring the blush of conscious inferiority into the face of any of the arithmetical freaks that are to be found from time to time exhibiting their powers in the dime museums.

The figures are those of the Irish Unionist Alliance and are to the effect that 'the number of petitioners against Home Rule in the twenty-three counties, comprising the three Catholic provinces of Leinster, Munster and Connaught, was . . . outside of Ulster . . . upwards of 127,000 against the Home Rule Bill.'

The Irish census gives an average of five persons to a family, so the Mail concludes that the population of 2,805,000 Catholics in the same three provinces represent 561,000 families.

Outside of Ulster the exact number of petitioners is represented to have been 127,292. Now supposing that nine-tenths of the Protestants neglected to sign, being sick, absent, indifferent, or awed by intimidation, 'on the basis of one signature per family,' there must have been '50,220 Protestants, and 77,072 Catholic petitioners against Home Rule.'

Another supposed fact is mentioned to show that but a small proportion of the Catholics who are against Home Rule signed the petition. It is stated that 'a Catholic farmer writing to the Irish Times' asserted 'that in his parish on one Sunday after Mass,

thirty other Catholic farmers assured him that they were opposed to it.' It is added that 'evidently none of the thirty-one signed the petition, which shows conclusively that the Catholics who were afraid to sign the petitions greatly outnumbered those who had the moral courage to do so.' From all this the Mail concludes that

'If there was neither intimidation nor violence it is reasonably certain that the Protestant and Catholic opponents (to Home Rule) together amount to more than 40 per cent. of the total population of Ireland, although the Protestants number only 24 per cent.'

Of course the object of all this reasoning is to show that if a majority at all of the population of Ireland is in favor of Home Rule, that majority is a very small one, and that it is reasonable to assert that so small a percentage of the people should not be allowed to prevail against the wishes of the more intellectual and wealthier Protestant population who wish to retain the ascendancy which they have enjoyed for over three hundred years.

But let us look a little into these figures. There are in Ulster 744,858 Catholics and 874,953 non-Catholics. In the rest of Ireland there are 2,804,898 Catholics and 279,619 Protestants, the religion of 1,884 being not stated. The total population is 4,706,162, of whom 3,549,756 are Catholics, and 1,154,572 non-Catholics. The non-Catholics are therefore 24 per cent. of the population, as far as religion is stated.

We are now told that outside of Ulster 77,072 Catholics signed the petition against Home Rule, being much less than half the number of Catholic opponents. We may reasonably suppose that there must have been 175,000 Catholic opponents, representing 875,000 of the Catholic population, or 31 per cent. If the same ratio of Catholics oppose Home Rule in Ulster we shall have 234,630 Ulster Catholics, or a total of 1,109,630 Irish Catholics and 1,154,572 Protestants against Home Rule, being over 48 per cent., or very nearly half the population of all Ireland, and over 68 per cent. of the population of Ulster against Home Rule, according to the Mail's methods of calculation, instead of 40 per cent. of the population, as it states. Evidently the writer stopped short of bringing his figures to their legitimate conclusion, because he saw their absurdity would be too patent.

Now how do these figures agree with the results of the recent Irish elections? It is not to be supposed that the 48 per cent. of 'Unionists' or Tories are all lived by nature into one corner of Ireland; and indeed we do not find them so very predominant in Ulster as to justify the belief that they are hived there. Surely, then, they should have gained a few seats outside of Ulster; but as a matter of fact they have not one, if we leave out the two University members, who do not depend upon these figures at all for their election.

Predominant in Ulster! Why? everyone knows that in 1886 Ulster returned 17 Home Rulers against 16 Unionists; and only for the unfortunate schism of the Parnellites, who threw their strength in with the Tories of the Province, the result would have been very much the same in 1892.

As matters stand, there are now nineteen Tories elected from Ulster, six of whom had very narrow majorities. All this does not look as if they are very predominant there. Indeed so large were the Home Rule majorities even in the Home Rule constituencies of Ulster that the Province gave a majority of 15,000 for Home Rule, while in the other Provinces the Unionists were literally nowhere.

We need say no more to show that the Mail's calculations are preposterous; yet we do not feel justified in leaving the subject till we remark that the Mail itself acknowledges that 10 per cent. is too small an allowance for the Protestants who neglected to sign the anti-Home Rule petitions. If we allow 25 per cent. we shall have results more preposterous still than those we have indicated. It is, therefore, easy to see that the figures used by the Mail are purely imaginary. We shall not be surprised if the nineteen Tories now elected by the people of Ulster should, at the next election, fall to the lot of the Home Rulers, and that the next contest. It is clear that there are many more Protestant Home Rulers than Catholic Tories; and this is just as the case ought to stand. It is not, and it ought not to be, regarded as a religious question at all.

We must strain our ears to catch the divine inspirations, or they will sound only like an inarticulate murmur, when they are not inaudible altogether. —Father Faber.

A CONSPIRACY OF SLANDER.

Mr. Lavergne, M. P. for Drummond and Arthabaska, has written a letter to the St. Catharines Star, in which he brings to task a minister of that city who preached a sermon which was published recently in that journal, and in which occurs the following passage:

'On the Plains of Abraham, consecrated by the blood of British heroes, a beautiful monument has recently been erected. It shows the figure of a man with his face radiant with the excitement of victory. One of his feet is on the neck of a crouching figure—the figure of a man with a Bible clutched in his hands, and with terror and despair depicted in his face. The erect victorious figure is that of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and he is represented crushing Protestantism. On the base of the monument is a Latin inscription announcing that the monument is erected to the glory of God. That represents the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church to-day as much as it did in the days of Loyola. Every consistent Roman Catholic must of necessity acknowledge the supremacy of a foreign potentate.'

Any person of common sense, or even tolerable education, would know at once that the person who uttered these remarkable words is a dealer in fables—a wilful slanderer of the vast bulk of Christians throughout the world. And who is this deceiver? A self-styled dispenser of the gospel of Truth! Surely

'An honest man he is and hates the slime That sticks on filthy deeds. Hon. St. Ignatius.'

The spirit of the Catholic Church, we are told by this voracious preacher, is to trample underfoot Protestantism and the Bible together! And where did Protestantism find the Bible? Was it not preserved by that same 'Roman Catholic Church' with the greatest care and reverence during the fifteen centuries while the person's sect had not even an existence, and was it not thus handed down to the present generation? And is it not Protestantism itself which gave forth the celebrated 'Essays and Reviews' and other works written by prominent Anglican divines, some occupying the most elevated positions in the Church of England, with the express purpose of undermining the authority of the Bible? Is it not Protestantism which has produced such teachers as Dr. Smith of Cincinnati, Dr. Briggs of New York, Dr. Campbell of Montreal, and others like them, placing them in positions where they can safely propagate their belief, one of them even teaching that a great part of the Bible has been inspired by no less a personage than the devil himself?

Truly it is the height of impertinence for a Protestant minister of any sect to accuse the Catholic Church of the crime of trampling on the Bible; for if any one has done this it is the Protestantism of which the person in question is the apologist and representative.

The doctrine of St. Clement I., himself one of St. Peter's successors, has ever been that of the Catholic Church: 'Study diligently the Scriptures, which are the true oracles of the Holy Ghost. In them there is written nothing unjust nor perverse.' (Ep. I ad Corinth.) Similar to this is the teaching of St. Augustine:

'Believe me: whatever is in the Scriptures is deep and divine. Truth is in it everywhere, and a discipline most suitable for the refreshment and nourishment of souls.' (On the usefulness of believing.) Hence the Council of Trent defines: 'The Holy Council . . . receives and venerates all the books both of the Old and New Testaments, as God is the one author of both.'

A few of the Protestant sects have indeed imitated more or less closely these clear definitions of Catholic faith; but never has Protestantism as a system so spoken. It has, on the contrary, sapped the foundations of faith in the Bible; and the evidences of this fact were never more numerous and convincing than they are at the present day, when it is the custom to doubt not merely the inspiration, but even the truth, of whole books of the Bible.

As regards the story of the Quebec statue, Mr. Lavergne writes: 'I am prepared to deny in the most emphatic manner the existence of such a monument as is referred to in the reverend gentleman's alleged sermon. It would not be tolerated by Roman Catholics any more than by Protestants. The only monument on the plains of Abraham is one of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec.'

Thus was the statement of the calumniator completely refuted. But now the Montreal Witness rushes to the rescue, stating: 'The monument is not on the Plains of Abraham, as now reserved, and so far Mr. Lavergne is right, for there is a mighty difference between public and private property, but the difference is hardly great enough to warrant

Mr. Lavergne's comment that the preacher was 'preying on the credulity of some of his co-religionists.' The monument does exist and does stand on the confines of the old battle-field, as any one who drives along the Ste. Foye road will see.

Mr. Lavergne was quite justified in his remarks. He met the calumny as it was uttered. The preacher stated that the statue is on Abraham's plains; and of this supposed location use was made to excite the anger of an Ontario audience. It is now admitted that there is no statue of St. Ignatius on the site indicated, and the Witness takes refuge under the fact that elsewhere, not far away from Abraham's plains, there is a statue of St. Ignatius! Yes, there was erected a statue to the great founder of the Jesuit Order, last year, on the private property of the Jesuits, but it does not answer at all to the description given by the St. Catharines' preacher; and it was, certainly, not Mr. Lavergne's duty to perambulate the world looking for something somewhere which might have given some color to the deliberate falsehood by which the preacher 'preyed on the credulity' of an anti-Catholic audience.

The truth is simply, and our information is authentic, that St. Ignatius is represented holding in his hands the book of Jesuit constitutions, with the words ad majorem Dei gloriam (to the greater glory of God). Under his feet is the figure of Satan, with a book symbolizing his teachings; but by no means can this be represented as the Bible, the teaching of the Montreal Presbyterian divine that Satan is the author of a great portion of the Bible not being part of the faith of the learned and pious Jesuit Fathers of that city.

It is to be remarked that the Witness itself does not presume to say that the St. Catharines' preacher, the Rev. Mr. Bosworth, told the truth on this point either; but though it carefully avoids this pretence, it cannot be excused in the work of calumny, inasmuch as while maintaining that Mr. Bosworth was right on the point that there exists a statue, it tries to give the impression that he was right also in his whole statement with the exception of an inconsiderable mistake as to the locality.

Elsewhere in this issue of the RECORD will be found some remarks on the Witness' misrepresentations on the life of St. Ignatius himself.

ST. IGNATIUS.

In another column will be found an account of an attempt made by a St. Catharines clergyman, backed by the Montreal Witness, to excite religious rancor by misrepresenting the character of a statue erected to St. Ignatius in front of the residence of the Jesuits of Montreal.

The Witness takes advantage of the occasion to publish a woodcut of the statue, and to state that Ignatius was 'an enthusiast whose life work it was to shut the doors of religious liberty to the Latin peoples;' and that he established 'that order of men whose name is in all languages a synonym for unscrupulous craftiness.'

As to the use of the word Jesuitism by acrimonious controversialists who hate the order because it has done so much for the propagation of the Catholic faith, we deny that their thus attaching an evil meaning to the word is any proof that the order is what they represent it to be. It is an association of zealous, learned, devoted and pious priests who give their whole life to the service of God without looking for earthly reward. The word is used in an evil sense only by those who hate the Catholic Church, especially because the order was instituted at the critical period when Protestantism was contending for supremacy in many countries of Europe, but was foiled by Jesuit zeal. The term 'religious liberty,' used by the Witness, is made to cover man's pretended right to do evil as well as good. The Jesuits cannot be truthfully accused of opposing religious liberty except in the sense that they deny man's right to disobey the laws of God.

The Witness says, further: 'His (Ignatius) mind was utterly unable to grasp that which was giving spiritual life to so many, or to see that it was the very nature of the Christian religion to develop individual personality.'

There is something very vague about this last statement. All men are of course individually responsible to God for their good and evil actions, and they will be individually rewarded or punished. But there is nothing in Christianity to forbid those who feel the necessity of constant spiritual direction to submit themselves to the will of a superior of tried prudence

and virtue in their pursuit of Christian perfection. This is what the Jesuits do, and it is a course dictated by the highest prudence. It is recognized in all countries that where a body of men act as with one will, their power is great, whether for good or evil; and thus the armies which are to defend their country must obey implicitly their commanding officers. No one imagines that this is wrong when the cause is a just one, yet there is great danger that the power thus gained may be employed for the attainment of unjust ends. This is frequently the case. But with the Jesuits it is expressly provided and well understood that implicit obedience must be demanded only in things lawful and in accordance with God's commandments. Why should not this potent means of effecting good be employed 'to the greater glory of God,' which is the Jesuits' motto, as well as for the attainment of merely secular and frequently evil ends?

The Jesuits practice obedience in order to conform to the example of Christ, who 'was obedient unto death; even to the death of the cross.' (Phil. ii, 8.) He was also obedient to His parents, and subject to them. (St. Luke, ii, 51.)

The writer of the article in the Witness must consider himself a man of intense piety and perfect in knowledge of the science of the saints, for he sits in judgment on the means of sanctification employed by those whom the Christian Church of all ages has solemnly adjudicated to be saints of God. We may, however, be permitted to doubt that the editorship of the Witness is a school fitted to prepare men for the fulfillment of such an office. We may therefore doubt the accuracy of that journal's judgment when it assures us that because Ignatius was a soldier, he had not the training of a saint of God. It adds:

'His mind was utterly unable to grasp that which was giving spiritual life to so many.'

St. Ignatius was indeed a soldier, but even in this capacity his was the soul of honor and self-sacrifice. After the siege of Najara, in which he displayed the greatest valor and soldierly ability, he refused to accept any part of the booty, though he was entitled to the largest share. But it was when he was laid up in the hospital at Pampluna that he became imbued with that desire of giving up all worldly things to devote himself solely to the service of God. The reading of the Lives of the Saints and the Imitation of Christ led him to this resolve. How he profited by this reading may be known from his book of Spiritual Exercises, of which another saint has said that it has given to God more souls and made more saints than it contains letters. It would be amusing if it were not so pitiable to listen to one who does not appreciate such a book passing adverse judgment on one whose every utterance proves how thoroughly he had meditated upon and mastered the means of sanctification.

We erect monuments to preserve the memory of our statesmen and soldiers who have done good work for their country. Surely, then, the sons of St. Ignatius did well to erect a monument in Montreal in remembrance of one who did for religion all that St. Ignatius succeeded in doing by instituting that most illustrious religious order which has given Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, educators and zealous missionaries without number to the Church of God, and who has been the cause of converting millions to the gospel of salvation.

THE ONLY REMEDY.

The Rev. Dr. De Costa of New York recently expressed his horror at the fact revealed by the latest statistics regarding divorce in his State. He said:

'Think of 328,716 divorces in twenty years in the State of New York.'

The doctor hopes to see this deplorable state of affairs remedied by legislation. He fails, however, in recognizing its cause, which is the loose ethics for which Protestantism is responsible. The only remedy which can successfully combat the evil is to return to the primitive doctrine of Christianity on the indissolubility of marriage. But it is not within the range of the probabilities that this will be done as long as Protestantism is predominant. The only remedy will be, therefore, to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church which has preserved faithfully the ordinance of Christ, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' (St. Matt. xix, 6: St. Mark, x, 9.)

The position of the Catholic Church

on the question of marriage is takable. Divorce was introduced under the Old Law, but Lord declared that it was cause of the hardness of Jews, but it was not so beginning. God made parents, one man and one woman, and there was no provision and our Lord in ordaining marriage should not be dissolved to its primitive purpose. He made it to cement, one of the most sacred relations of Christianity, the husband and wife the creature to enable them to fulfil their state.

Doubtless there was a sufficient reason for the law of the marriage tie, which, indeed, but never dissolved only by death. History records how in even kings who desired former marriages should that they might contract whereby their power increased, or their passion the Popes were always firm that the divine law on the most lofty princes equal lowest of their subjects; consideration, whether the schism, as in the case of or of temporal evils which inflicted on the Holy See sovereigns, as in the Emperor Napoleon I., could Sovereign Pontiffs to depose law of God in the matter of

Very different is the modern man-made Church, know how the Church of its existence to the des VIII. to have a Church his will. Luther and his establishing Protestantism were equally accomplished; they had no other purpose make friends among the whose influence they would leave to have a second readily granted to Philip of Hesse, when he desired wives; so that it was a gamy rather than of d we see that Protestantism mitted on principle the crimes which can be considered the sanctity of marriage and divorce.

The morgantic marriage are of frequent occurrence among German princes, another form under which of marriage is violated the first marriage is of a woman of low the understanding not to be an ob second marriage with a in rank to the princely band. At these marriages clergy do not hesitate to

The Greek Schismatic not generally been so laxism in regard to marriage but a few years since at the time king of Serbia from the Metropolitan M supreme synod of the S a decree nullifying his Queen Natalie. This merely to allow Milan evil passions.

We do not ignore the are divorce laws in Italy, but these laws by the Infidel rulers of tries, contrary to the the Pope and the who ratify the dissolution effected under these laws passed to please infidants. Faithful Catholics advantage of them. fore, justified in saying deplorable by the Rev can be remedied only the Catholic Church, making the Catholic the law of the land.

THE DOMINICAN

A writer visiting of Trinidad, pays a devotion and self-sacrifice of the Dominican nuns, of the Leper asylum, two hundred inmates ing and mental labor a score of nuns. T afflicted with this comes violent at their attendants, but the admirable patient women. Many of that the world hol mured within their labor on in all gent

on the question of marriage is unmitigable. Divorce was indeed allowable under the Old Law, but our Blessed Lord declared that it was allowed because of the hardness of heart of the Jews, but it was not so from the beginning. God made our first parents, one man and one woman. There was no provision for divorce, and our Lord in ordaining that marriage should not be dissolved restored it to its primitive purpose. At the same time He made it to be a sacrament, one of the most sacred institutions of Christianity, conferring on husband and wife the graces necessary to enable them to fulfil the duties of their state.

Doubtless there was under the Old Law sufficient reason for that relaxation of the marriage tie, which was tolerated, indeed, but never commended. But under the New Law that tie can be dissolved only by death.

History records how in the cases of even kings who desired that their former marriages should be nullified that they might contract new ones whereby their power might be increased, or their passions gratified, the Popes were always firm in insisting that the divine law on the matter binds the lowliest of their subjects; and no consideration, whether the danger of schism, as in the case of Henry VIII., or of temporal evils which might be inflicted on the Holy See by powerful sovereigns, as in the case of the Emperor Napoleon I., could induce the Sovereign Pontiffs to depart from the law of God in the matter of matrimony.

Very different is the stand taken by modern man-made Churches. We all know how the Church of England owes its existence to the desire of Henry VIII. to have a Church subservient to his will. Luther and his co-workers, in establishing Protestantism in Germany, were equally accommodating when they had no other purpose than to make friends among the petty princes whose influence they were seeking, and leave to have a second wife was readily granted to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, when he desired it. In this case Philip was allowed to retain both wives; so that it was a case of polygamy rather than of divorce. Thus we see that Protestantism at once permitted on principle the two greatest crimes which can be conceived against the sanctity of marriage, polygamy and divorce.

The morganatic marriages, which are of frequent occurrence, especially among German princely families, are another form under which the sanctity of marriage is violated. In this the first marriage is contracted with a woman of low degree with the understanding that it is not to be an obstacle to a second marriage with a princess equal in rank to the princely or royal husband. At these marriages the Lutheran clergy do not hesitate to officiate.

The Greek Schismatic Church has not generally been so lax as Protestantism in regard to marriage; but it is but a few years since Milan, who was at the time king of Serbia, obtained from the Metropolitan Michael and the supreme synod of the Serbian Church a decree nullifying his marriage with Queen Natalie. This was granted merely to allow Milan to gratify his evil passions.

We do not ignore the fact that there are divorce laws in Catholic France and Italy, but these laws were passed by the infidel rulers of these two countries, contrary to the loud protests of the Pope and the whole hierarchy of the Church; and the Church will never ratify the dissolution of marriage as effected under these laws, which were passed to please infidels and Protestants. Faithful Catholics do not take advantage of them. We are, therefore, justified in saying that the evil deplored by the Rev. Dr. De Costa can be remedied only by a return to the Catholic Church, or at least by making the Catholic law of marriage the law of the land.

THE DOMINICAN NUNS.

A writer visiting recently the island of Trinidad, pays a just tribute to the devotion and self-sacrificing lives of the Dominican nuns, who have charge of the Leper asylum. There are about two hundred inmates, and all the nursing and menial labor are performed by a score of nuns. The poor wretches afflicted with this terrible plague become violent at times, and maltreat their attendants, but all this ruffles not the admirable patience of these saintly women. Many of them have left all that the world holds dear; and, immured within their leper prison, they labor on in all gentleness and charity

waiting for the end. Truly their recompense will be exceeding great! Their death will not be heralded forth by fame, but the world will be the loser. Their lives are daily adding to the worth and dignity of human life. And what a rebuke they are to worldlings, seeking their pleasure, avoiding all pain and sorrow, and, in their selfish ease, unmindful of the woes they could alleviate! They have a purpose towards which all their actions converge—the bearers of the charity that "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," and that long years since shone forth from the actions of Him who came to soften sorrow and to console the afflicted. Debarred from all intercourse with civilization, their sole companions are the diseased wretches to whom they minister.

"A man may be a hero," says the writer; "he may perform a noble act of self-sacrifice, but as a rule it is done instantaneously. But there are few of us to whom is given the patience, who possess the faith, of these women, who thus watching death in its most lingering and loathsome form—themselves denied all earthly pleasures—can calmly wait the end which comes to all. It is a wonderful example of the peace which is born of true faith and belief in supreme good. For ever I read serenity and happiness in the face of woman, I certainly read it as I looked in the Dominican nuns of Trinidad."

"TRUE BLUE."

On Monday, Toronto's civic holiday, kindred fraternities went to Lindsay, the better class of the True Blues and they freighted two trains. As they had at several places on the road to disembark for predatory purposes, they did not arrive exactly on time; but at last they came howling into the station, and soon spread themselves over the town. It will be seen from the following extracts out of the Lindsay paper that they carried out their usual programme. With every disposition to belaud whatever pertains to Orangism or Blueism the Watchman says:

"Some of the proceedings were a disgrace to any place in the country; fight followed fight in rapid succession; the crowds rushed hither and thither; axes, swords, belts, beer bottles, clubs, fists, stones and drum sticks were used indiscriminately, and the powerlessness of our police force was clearly shown. There were more drunken females in Lindsay on Monday than were ever seen here since the town was first named. Toronto the good is fondly called by the denizens of the city. Peterborough, Brantford, Owen Sound, Hamilton and Lindsay all agree that the 'good' people never leave the city on an excursion."

Even the Lindsay *Warder*, of which Mr. Sam Hughes is editor, has the following to say in regard to the conduct of the True Blues:

"Would it not be well to enquire what is the cause of such repeated bad conduct, which is in direct opposition to the teachings of True Blueism, or any society of Protestants of which we have any knowledge? A word to the wise is sufficient. Such rowdiness as was exhibited in Lindsay on Monday will have to be put down with a strong arm and high hand."

As Mr. Hughes has been for years identified with this element—indeed, one of its most prominent leaders—he surely ought to take thought and conclude that much harm and no good whatever will result from the banding together of the rough and uneducated class. Hatred of the religion of Catholics is a trump card amongst them, and Mr. Hughes, and many others, work on that line for the attainment of political distinction and power.

While very much blame attaches to him and to the other leaders of Orangism and True Blueism, infinitely more execrable is the conduct of preachers like the Rev. W. P. D. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Hall, who, while wearing the livery of heaven, go about the country doing the devil's work, sowing the seeds of dissension between man and man. They have sown the seed, and the crop was seen in Lindsay on the occasion noted above.

We also append an extract from the Lindsay *Post*, touching the conduct of Toronto's True Blues:

"It is no credit to Toronto that periodically it dumps into the quiet and law-abiding towns of the province such a class of toughs as excurted to Lindsay on Monday last. During the recent street car contest, the moral and law-abiding citizens of Toronto never tired of telling the public of 'Toronto the good,' but now Peterborough, Orillia and Lindsay can tell a tale of the so-called Queen City that makes it, to those who know, the very essence of hypocrisy for Toronto to repudiate the claim to owning the very worst class of toughs. The men who came called themselves Orangemen—we cannot deny them their title. There are Orangemen and Orangemen, we suppose, but the leaders of the order cannot dissociate themselves from rowdiness so long as they remain in the order, and such blackguardism runs rampant as the men were guilty of on Monday last. They came here evidently in the morning and with design to 'paint the town red,' and practically bore out their action and effected their design. Some time ago the same Toronto toughs disgraced themselves, their homes and their so-called Protestant professions by like conduct and behavior in Peterborough and Orillia."

It is worthy of note that these savages hail from a city which is so holy that street cars will not be permitted to run on Sundays. If the

preachers of Toronto would pay more attention to the slums of that city and do less ranting in the interests of a lifeless, puritanical Sabbath their labors would be more pleasing to God.

A WARNING TO PARENTS.

The Parisians even are becoming convinced that literature can, and does, produce effect on the minds of the people. Emile Zola is not as popular as he was a few years ago. The works of the realistic school have palled upon the appetites of a great man who but a short time since championed them as the best and truest exponents of human life. M. Ernest Larisse ascribes the recent rebellion of the students of Paris, who revolted against a decree forbidding certain indecencies at a masked ball, as some evidence of the moral disintegration that has seized the youth and intelligence of France. He bids the nation to examine the nature of the literature that has in recent years secured the greatest popularity in France, and he says:

"Beyond all question this literature makes its victims. It works havoc among the young, who are wearied with the monotony of school life and who rush out the moment they are free, in pursuit of those perilous enjoyments which thrust themselves forward at every street corner, in every wine room, under the eye of an indifferent police. It does worse: it destroys all freshness of feeling; it corrupts love at its very awakening and makes a curse of it. It makes woman a vile thing. It is criminally ignoble."

This is a fair statement, and true. Now, in presence of this fact, how can Catholic booksellers keep them for sale? The law does not permit the indiscriminate sale of poison, because the safety of the public would thereby be endangered. Why does it not compel these men without conscience to remove from the public gaze these iniquitous works. Surely this is poison that corrodes and deadens every faculty that can render a life noble and useful.

If they do not sap the very foundations of morality they lead the reader to form cynical or indifferent views of life. They despoil actions of their terrible responsibility and regard them as the outcome of opportunity. They appeal for public sympathy on the grounds that they expose social evils; but who ever was deemed worthy of reward for forming a cess-pool.

Critics condemn the French literature of the last part of the eighteenth century, but its sparkling epigram and double entendre were clothed in striking and expressive language. The literature of our day, however, is a barren recitation of things that St. Paul says should not be mentioned among Christians.

Denunciations may do good, but only in a negative way. The surest means of counteracting the evil is the establishment of parish libraries and the dissemination of clean literature.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT HAS BEEN announced that the Home Rule Bill which the House of Lords has now under consideration, will be rejected at its second reading, on the 8th inst. It is to be seen what action Mr. Gladstone will then take. It is the general belief that he will again appeal to the country, when it is hoped he will be once more sustained, whereupon the Bill will be again passed by the House of Commons, after which the Lords will no further resist the wishes of the nation.

THE PARLIAMENT of all Religions, which will open at Chicago on the 11th inst. and will last seventeen days, will be addressed by seventeen distinguished prelates, theologians and lay gentlemen who will explain the doctrines of the Catholic Church and its relations to the civil governments of the world every day during the sessions of the Parliament. Among those who will deliver addresses are Cardinal Moran of Australia, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Archbishop Chapelle of Santa Fe, Bishop Keane of the Catholic University of Washington, Bishop Watterson of Columbus, Bishop Kent-Stone of Buenos Ayres, and others. Jewish Rabbis, Brahmins and Buddhists, Mahometans and Confucians will also explain their different religious systems. There will be in addition a special Catholic day of the Parliament, which will be entirely devoted to Catholicity.

IT IS VERY positively stated by those who pretend to know how the wires are manipulated that Mr. Gladstone's followers, representing as they do so many divers interests and parties, are kept together with great difficulty.

Unionist opposition and obstruction are a less serious difficulty than the intestine jealousies of the various Liberal sections. The Welsh party have been particularly urgent in demanding the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales. The Scotch Liberals and English Radicals under Mr. Labouchere are also fractious wishing their peculiar ideas to be carried out; yet amid the whole din of these boisterous parties Mr. Gladstone has kept his serenity, going on straight to his purpose. Probably the experience of a session will make these fractious sections better understand the necessity of exercising some patience.

DR. STEPHENSON, ex-president of the Wesleyan Conference, contributed to the *Sunday Magazine* a glowing description of the Jesuit father, Pere Jogues. He is honest enough to give utterance to his admiration for the heroic priest who gave his life for Christ. The Jesuit, amid the cruel and debased savages of the wilderness, living amongst them, trying to love them, eager to help and uplift them, willing to live for them or die by their hands, is a heroic figure.

IT IS AMUSING to read the accounts of eloquent sermons and lectures, etc. Why not give the public a chance to exercise its intelligence? The good sense of the people is always equal to the task of discriminating between a good and bad thing.

SOME OF OUR Protestant friends of Toronto cherish the delusion that the Jesuits hold the doctrine of "the end justifying the means." Rev. Father Halpin, S. J., referred to this at the Catholic Summer School:—"We Jesuits have been accused of holding that the end justifies the means; but the contrary is the fact. My constant ethical teaching has been what I say to you today. The end does not, and never can, justify the means. An act will be an immoral act, however good the end aimed at may be, if the means used to attain it is wrong. A lie, for example, is never justifiable under any circumstances, even though much good might seem to be accomplished by it."

WE COMMEND these remarks to the editors who are wont to print the old story. "WHAT WILL I do with my boy?" is the question asked by many fathers. If you have means and the boy ability send him to the college or university. If the boy has talent he may become a good lawyer or doctor. But the greatest folly is to put a boy at college who has no inclination for study, and who, if he does get a "pass," achieves no success or distinction in professional life. Why not give such a lad a trade. Better for him to be a good mason or carpenter or machinist than a poor lawyer or doctor. The learned professions are over-crowded, and he only who is well equipped intellectually and is gifted with a strong, resolute will may hope to win success.

A SUCCESSFUL convention of the American Cecilian Society was held in Chicago last month. The practical illustrations of music rendered were edifying to all and encouraging to those who desire a style of music different from that now in vogue. The measured devotional chant, so consonant to the liturgy of the Church and so apt to promote piety, will, in the near future, take the place of the operatical music savoring more of the theatre than of God's Church.

PRESIDENT CARNOT has presented two members of the order of Bon Secours, Boulogne—Sister Matilda an Irish lady; and Sister Eulalie, a French lady—with gold medals in recognition of their services during the cholera epidemic of last year. The good Sisters value not such decorations, but it is an act of courtesy worthy of President Carnot, and as such will be appreciated by all admirers of unselfish charity.

THE CATHOLIC Congress to be held at Chicago promises to be an epoch-making event in the history of American Catholicism. Papers on practical questions will be read by men who are famous the world over, and who, though hailing with joy whatever is true and beneficent in the aspirations of the age, do not forget that man is of the race of God.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR is on his mettle. In the *Contemporary Review* he publishes an article entitled "Undoing the Work of the Reformation," which is a veritable cry to arms. He says that the time has come when it is the plain, imperative duty

of every true member of the English Church to reassess, at all costs, the principles—the scriptural, the primitive, the historic principles—the assertion of which is the sole reason why their Church as a reformed Church has any title to exist. It is rather late in the day for the ominous words of the archdeacon. The tide is flowing towards Rome. John Henry Newman formed the cleansing pool of Bethesda from which many Englishmen have emerged purified from the stains of a creed engendered in lust and propagated by the State. When the Archdeacon says that England will never again accept the form of religion which the Spanish Armada would have forced upon it with stakes and implements of hellish torture, his discretion outruns his judgment; for surely he remembers the old adage, "One must not shout till he is out of the woods." He is candid in his admission that there are thousands in England who rarely enter a church.

CERTAIN rural journals of Minnesota evidently know what is the true value of reports which are put into circulation by the A. P. A., for one of them on receiving by mail a copy of the bogus encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., which was so industriously circulated by that association in the United States, and its sister society, the P. P. A. in Canada, thus acknowledged receipt of the document:

"Some crank who evidently mistook us for a preacher, judging from the address on the wrapper, has sent us an anti-Catholic circular. Among other absurd things, it contains an encyclical purporting to be written by the Pope, advising the Catholics in the United States to murder all Protestants next September. Scoundrels, cranks, fools and dupes are not all dead yet by a long way."

WE WERE aware that A. P. A. 'ism is at a discount in the West; but this is an evidence of the supreme contempt with which it is regarded by honest Protestants.

MUCH has been said from time to time of the extravagance of the government of New York City, and it has been frequently asserted that it is corruptly managed because the government of it is in the hands of Irish Catholics for the most part. It now appears that the affairs of the city are much more economically managed than those of most other American cities. The *New York Sun* states that the tax this year is \$1.87 per 100, while in Brooklyn it was \$2.77 last year, in Cincinnati, \$2.84; in New Orleans, \$2; in Jersey City, \$2.84; in Cleveland, \$2.17; in St. Paul, \$2; in Omaha, \$1.10; in Chicago \$1.35. Philadelphia alone leads in economy, the tax there having been \$1.55. There was much corruption under the regime of Boss Tweed, but the Boss was not a Catholic nor an Irishman; but an Irishman, John O'Connor, discovered and exposed the corruption and frauds which were then perpetrated.

PERE LACORDAIRE.

The Leading Churchman of Modern France.

Lacordaire was one of the great figures of the French Catholic Church of this century; perhaps we ought to say "the greatest figure." He saw the necessity of the Church taking her place in the front of the popular movement of the time and guiding rather than censuring it. His school and his influence may truthfully be said to have saved French Catholicity. With Montalembert, Ozanam, and others he labored to bring Christianity into helpful relations to democracy, and that is why he will be honored in the future.

John Baptist Henry Lacordaire was born in Recey-sur-Orce, Burgundy, on May 1, 1802. His father died when he was four years of age, and his mother, a strong and courageous Christian, desiring to give him a first-rate education, placed him at the age of ten in the College of Dijon. Seven years after, he left college with the faith, which his mother had so carefully cultivated, destroyed, owing to the system of education, in which religion held but a secondary place. He then entered the Law School of Dijon, and went to Paris on the completion of his studies, in 1822. His legal talents soon attracted attention; but the faith of his youth returning, in a city where so many lose their faith. An ardent desire to lead a religious life induced him to seek admission into the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and on the 22nd September, 1827, he was ordained priest.

Having refused the office of Auditor to the Rota, he accepted the humble post of chaplain to a convent of Visitation Nuns. Toward the close of 1829, the desire to lead an apostolic life led him to determine on embracing a career in the new and fertile field of America. The Revolution of 1830 caused him to delay his departure. In this hour of his country's peril, M. de Lamennais announced to him the plan of the Avenir, and induced him to share in an undertaking in-

tended to be at once Catholic and national.

The course pursued by this celebrated publication excited a feeling of distrust among the episcopacy, and Lacordaire unable to rest under the shadow of doubt, proposed to his companions to submit their theories to the Pope and abide by his decision. They visited Rome to this purpose, and, after some delay, George XVI. pronounced his final and irrevocable judgment, condemning the doctrine known by the name of "Catholic Liberalism," in the famous Encyclical, *Mirari Vos*. Lacordaire dutifully submitted to the infallible judgment of the Vicar of Christ, and separated himself from his proud leader, who soon after renounced the Catholic faith.

On his arrival in Paris from La Chesnaie, he was kindly received by the Archbishop, and appointed to the chaplaincy of the Visitation Convent which he formerly held. In 1834, he opened the conferences in Stanislas College which revealed to him his true vocation, and made known to Paris the orator whom she possessed. Soon after, he was appointed to the pulpit of Notre Dame. Two years after he suddenly left Paris, and repaired to Rome. During his residence there he resolved to join the Order of St. Dominic, and pronounced his solemn vows April 12, 1840. Thenceforth Lacordaire labored to re-establish the Order of Preachers, and struggled with the French Government for the liberty of religious orders. After thirty-four years of religious labor, during which his patriotism, his humility, and love for Christ drew many souls into the Church, he died on Nov. 21, 1861.

Why We Pray to Mary.

Dr. Talmage grinds out his weekly sermons for the press, while enjoying his summer jauntings. His language is often embellished with the choicest rhetoric, but his sentiments are at variance and are frequently veriest nonsense. He sometimes approaches Catholic doctrine, but it is with tremulous pen, and away he darts again for fear of getting too close.

In a recent sermon he thus speaks: "The name *mother* is the watchword—the talisman of life. Indeed, it is the very object, almost of prayer, when the mother is translated. As the Catholic devoutly prays through the Virgin Mary, so you and I pray devoutly through our mother, not because we really believe she is a mediator, but because we want to have some sense of sympathy up there, and the mother has it. We get a hold on the beyond through her."

The office of sympathizer is that also of mediator, and in sympathy we find mediation of relief. There would be no meaning in appeals for sympathy without the hope and expectation of relief. And if "we get a hold on the beyond through her," it must surely be that her mediation through sympathy has been effectual.

"Hail, holy Queen, Mother of Mercy! Our life, our sweetness and our hope! To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. To thee do we send up our sighs mourning and weeping from this vale of tears. Turn then, O Most Gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us, and after this, our exile, show unto us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus. O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!"—*Catholic Columbian*.

"She Looketh Well"

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always old ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using



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Margaret L. Shepherd

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MR. KALBFLEISCH.

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

ON THE WHARF.

The news of the robbery reached Mr. Kalbfleisch just as he was stepping out to head the grand march, at the ball, to the music of "Die Wacht am Rhein."

When he was told of it, he rushed down to the market. Two policemen were guarding the spot. Mr. Kalbfleisch behaved as if he were mad. He looked at the empty closet and moaned.

"All gone!" he said. "All gone! Verloren ist verloren. Ach Himmel!" He was in despair. Mr. Kalbfleisch felt that his money gone, there was nothing worth living for. And it was all gone!

He listened to what people said, but he paid no attention to it. His hard savings were gone!

He would never get them back again, he was sure.

Mr. Kalbfleisch had no religion, and in this loss there was no consolation. He had never been a miser; he had always been generous when he had money, but he felt that without money, he could not live. He did not believe that the detectives could get his money for him again.

After his statement had been taken by the magistrate, Mr. Kalbfleisch, his fine clothes all disheveled, wandered down to the river again.

What was the use of living? he said to himself. It was very well for Catholics, like Charley, to talk of religion; but he did not see anything left for him on earth, when his money was gone.

He looked at the river, took off his coat and diamond pin and laid them on the wharf. He paused a moment, and hastily writing on a card very unsteadily in the dark these words, "For Charles O'Meara," he stuck the pin into the card, and put both into the pocket of the coat.

Fear seized him then. If what the Catholics said was true, he was about to cast himself into hell. And at that moment he felt it must be true. But he could not live without his money. He made a spring forward and reached the edge of the wharf.

WHERE'S CHARLEY.

Mr. Kalbfleisch felt there was no hope for him in Heaven or earth. He had loved money above all things, and the object of his love had disappeared.

He had, out of good nature, helped the O'Meara boys and given donations to the Little Sisters of the Poor. These were the only good deeds he had done. But the Little Sisters had prayed for him, and he was to be rewarded for his kindness to the O'Mearas. In another moment, he would have taken the plunge into the dark waters of the river. In another moment, he would have cut himself off forever from God.

He felt his arm grasped. He turned and saw dimly through his blood-shot eyes Willie O'Meara.

"What are you going to do?" asked Willie, breathlessly, for he had been running. He had just been sent out with a message to a steamer which lay in the bay, and as he jumped out of the boat and ran along the wharves, he saw Mr. Kalbfleisch.

"It's none of your business," said Mr. Kalbfleisch, trying to shake him off. "Let me go!"

"I won't!" said Willie, holding on to the butcher's thick arm with both hands. "You mean to kill yourself, sir! There's a policeman under that gaslight in the slip. I've only to call out and he'll nab you. You know what that means? Under the new law, here in New York, they put any body in jail that tries to kill himself. Come along!"

Willie was very nervous; but he tried hard not to show it.

Mr. Kalbfleisch hesitated. He was more afraid of jail than he was of the dark waters before him.

"Let me go!" he said. "I've nothing left in the world. My money is gone—lost—stolen!"

"Is that all?" said Willie. "You can make more. I'll help you—Charley will help. Don't leave us, Mr. Kalbfleisch; we haven't any father now."

Mr. Kalbfleisch covered his face with his hands and groaned. Willie gently forced on his coat and vest.

"Come home."

Mr. Kalbfleisch shuddered. The policeman approached them and looked at them curiously. Mr. Kalbfleisch rose and let Willie lead him homeward.

Once there, Willie bustled around, made some strong coffee, and by dint of talking incessantly and promising that the New York detectives would certainly find the thieves, he at last succeeded in getting Mr. Kalbfleisch to bed.

So soon as the butcher began to snore, he went to his own room, pocketing with much content the key of Mr. Kalbfleisch's room.

He knelt down and thanked God and his Blessed Mother for permitting him to do the service he had done for Mr. Kalbfleisch.

But where was Charley? Willie realized at once that his brother was not in bed. It was plain, too, that he had not been in bed. Where was he?

Charley seldom went out at night—and he was never out as late as this. Where was he? Willie knit his brow and wondered.

A NEW FRIEND.

Charley lay in Chambers Street Hospital, unconscious. The occasional

moan only gave evidence that he was alive. He had been taken there in the ambulance, as soon as the policeman had found him in the market. The doctors were very kind. His clothes were searched, but all they found was an envelope addressed to Charles O'Meara, a rosary, and a little money.

Early in the morning, when Willie was searching for him, and he was still unconscious, two men visited the hospital. One was a detective, the other a tall, stout, good-natured-looking man with an Irish accent.

He examined the occupants of the different beds. Just as he approached Charley's, the boy opened his eyes.

The man looked at him, and then turned hastily to the nurse.

"I would have sworn," he said, "that this was the face of a dear old friend. But he's only a boy. Those eyes! They are like O'Meara's."

"That's the boy's name," said the nurse, referring to a slip of paper in her hand.

The visitor looked at Charley again. "The visitor looked at Charley again. "No body could deceive me in the face of an old friend. Will he live?"

"Oh, yes," said the nurse. "He is only stunned. We'll send him home, but we don't know where to send him. I'll ask him now where he lives."

"I say," said the visitor, after a moment's thought, "I'll take him to my hotel. I haven't any child of my own, and if this is O'Meara's boy, I ought to take care of him. Can he be moved?"

One of the doctors was consulted. He said yes. The visitor left his card—

MR. C. DAWSON, Westminster Hotel.

A cab was called. Charley was dressed and put into it. But all the time he did not speak.

"We'll go to the newspaper office another time, Mr. Osborne," Charley's new friend said to the detective. "I'd like to see the Herald presses at work to-night, but just now I'd rather look after this boy. Tell the hospital people that I'll be glad to see the boy's friends when they come. Poor fellow! He's had a hard blow."

Charley, seemingly unaware of what was going on, leaned back in the cab. Once at the hotel, Mr. Dawson put Charley into a large and comfortable room and went for a doctor. He came, shook his head and prescribed.

On the next day, Charley was better, but he could not speak; he smiled in answer to Mr. Dawson's questions, and tried to answer them, but he could not. He was too weak to hold a pen.

The doctor said that perhaps if he were taken out into the country, a purer air might help to build him up. The boy had suffered no permanent injury, he said; he was only shocked and weak.

Mr. Dawson was impulsive. He had no doubt that it was his friend's son he had found while seeing the sights of New York, which, among the poor and the vicious—are terrible sights. Mr. Dawson, having adopted Charley on the impulse of the moment, was exceedingly interested in the boy. Unlike most impulsive people, he was constant in his fancies.

"I'll take him to the Rioridans," he said.

In two hours after he had made this resolution, he and Charley, in a luxurious palace car, were rushing towards the pretty cottage on the Hudson, where the Rioridans family consisted of the father, mother, Agnes and little Clara. Mr. Dawson had known the father and mother in Ireland before he became rich in California, and, as they had been kind to him, he remembered it. He had built this cottage for them, on condition that he should have a room in it as long as he lived.

It was built in what the architects call the Queen Anne style. It was large, yet cosy; warm in winter, cool in summer. A small farm surrounded it. Just beyond, between two hills, where the turquoise blue of the Hudson shone, was a Catholic church and school. Painted on a tile in the front of the house was a picture of the Sacred Heart. Peace reigned within. Each day the Rioridans wondered why God had, in His goodness, seen fit to make them so happy.

Mr. Dawson had telegraphed to Mrs. Rioridan. The room was ready, and, as Mr. Dawson opened the door, with Charley leaning on his arm, a pleasant sight met his eyes. In the ruddy glare of the grate-fire sat Agnes and Clara. Agnes held a roasting fork in her hand, and the toast diffused an appetizing smell through the room. Pussy and Clara looked on. The light falling on the intent faces of the children brought out the golden tint of their hair, and deepened the shadows around them.

"Well, pets!"

The children and pussy jumped up. The children were kissed by Mr. Dawson, who also smoothed pussy's back.

Charley was then introduced. Clara stared at him with wide-open eyes. Agnes gave him the hand that did not hold the roasting fork. A big chair was wheeled up to the fire, and Charley sank into it with a sigh of weariness.

Mrs. Rioridan, a woman with a sweet face and a neat white cap on her head such as she had always worn at home in Ireland, entered, bringing tea on a tray. Agnes, in a very neat and careful way, buttered the toast. Mrs. Rioridan then brought out some raspberry jam from a little cupboard, a round table was drawn up to the fire, and Mr. Rioridan having come in and said grace, they had tea in the twilight.

"I want you to make this boy talk," Mr. Dawson said, laughing. They all

laughed, too; and Charley even smiled. Mrs. Rioridan, who made it a rule always to have something pleasant to tell at the tea-table, told them that a little boy with a crutch had brought her a bunch of flowers and then sung a little song. He said his mother was a widow, and that he sold flowers and sung to help her along. He lived in New York, but came into the country every day for flowers. Mrs. Rioridan said that she was so pleased with the boy's polite manner that she had given him half a dollar and all the dahlias in the garden. He had sung his song over again, and Agnes had learned to play it on her violin.

After tea, Agnes took her violin from its nail, and, holding it upside down after the manner of the little Italian boys, played and sang—

"Flowers are sweetest Plucked in the morning. Rarest and sweetest Plucked in the morning."

"No, no," said Mrs. Rioridan. "You did not catch it, Agnes. It is not that you—"

"Sweetest are flowers Plucked in the morning. When dew's adorning Each dew-drop on them. Give them to Heaven, First of the day—Give them to Heaven, Kneel down and pray!"

Kneel down and pray. Give them to Heaven, Kneel down and pray.

Short are the hours, When we are young. They fade like flowers; Then, no work shirking, All through the day, Do what we can, Not sad, tearful, Wrothing no man, Hopeful, cheerful.

Not sad, tearful, Wrothing no man, Hopeful, cheerful.

"Pretty and well sung," said Mr. Dawson.

"I wish Willie were here!" Charley had spoken! Everybody uttered delighted exclamations. Charley had been interested in the little song; the peace and contentment around him, to which he was unused in the crowded tenement house in which he lived, had made him feel happy. From the bottom of his heart he had sighed, "If only Willie were here!"

Then Charley told the Rioridans and Mr. Dawson his simple story. When he had finished, Mr. Dawson kissed him on the forehead.

"You shall be my son now, Charley, for the sake of your dear father, whose footsteps you have followed!"

VII. THE TIN BOX.

When Willie, after three miserable days, during which Mr. Kalbfleisch had forgotten his great loss for an hour or two in the sorrow of his little friend, got Mr. Dawson's letter, he was almost mad with joy. There was a postscript to it, which made him turn with a radiant face to Mr. Kalbfleisch, who was in the room with him.

"Will you wait here for a minute?" "Yah," said Mr. Kalbfleisch. "Is Charley found? Wait! Yah. I wait? What good am I now, except to wait?" Willie ran down to the market. It was Saturday. To everybody's surprise Willie went down on his hands and knees, and, his heart almost standing still with fear that he might not find it, thrust his hand into the rat hole in the dock for the tin box. It was there.

He ran home, as he said himself, "like a streak of lightning."

"Mr. Kalbfleisch," he cried, "what would you do if I told you Charley had saved your money?" Mr. Kalbfleisch groaned.

"Come now!—What would you do?" "Don't make fun. Ach, Himmel, I am sick at heart!"

"What would you do?" "Willie," said Mr. Kalbfleisch, solemnly, "I don't believe that there is any Catholic and the Little Sisters. Yes, I would!"

"Here it is!" Mr. Kalbfleisch opened the tin-box and counted the money in silence. Then he dropped it on the floor and cried like a child.

"Willie," he said. "I will do whatever you say with that money. You have taught me that friendship and your religion are better to live for than money."

"But there can be no true friendship without religion. Father always said so." "So?" said Mr. Kalbfleisch. "How well you boys have paid me!" he said, when Willie had read Mr. Dawson's very full letter to him.

VIII. THE REWARD.

Mr. Dawson built another cottage near the Rioridans. There he, Charley and Willie live. Next year Charley will enter the seminary at Troy.

Willie declares that he will always stay with Mr. Rioridan, and help Mr. Kalbfleisch to manage the big stock-farm Mr. Rioridan has bought.

The last time I saw Mr. Kalbfleisch, he was carrying, with Mr. Dawson, Mr. Rioridan, and Willie the canopy held over the Blessed Sacrament in the Corpus Christi procession.

Truly, God had amply repaid him for his kindness to two orphan boys.

THE END.

What Do You Take Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

SILENCE. Says a great saint grandly: "The Father uttered one Word; that Word is His Son; and He utters Him forever in everlasting silence, and the soul to hear it must be silent."

This saying comes to mind on the feast of the Transfiguration, when we read how our divine Lord charged His disciples, to whom on a high mountain apart He had just revealed His glory, that they should tell the vision to no man till the Son of Man should be risen from the dead.

We are living in a time of peculiar publicity. A man's house is no longer his castle. An army of reporters invades it, and the sayings and doings of family life are dragged forth to the eye of day, and paraded in the newspapers.

So far has the evil gone that people seem to have a sort of hungry craving to behold themselves in print; and long lists of names and descriptions of dresses appear after a wedding or a party, like the names of the rescued on a burnt steamship, or of the heroes returning wounded from the seat of war.

A continual feast is spread for vanity and self-conceit, while envy lurks in the shadows, and carping criticism whispers at the door.

Far worse than this, men's characters are well nigh set at naught. Some light mind and idle tongue starts a surmise; it runs on, and the next tongue makes it a suspicion; and the third repeats it as a downright statement of fact. Nobody intends to tell a falsehood about it, but somehow it gets to be a falsehood, and the blame falls back, too often, where it has least reason to fall.

What character can feel itself safe in these days? We may truly answer that no character is safe. There is no help for it except to put one's self wholly and humbly into the hand of God, bearing criticism and evil report as we would bear any other cross or trial, knowing that in His own time He will certainly overrule all for good.

In Father Faber's notes of *Inward Peace*, he remarks how exceedingly sweet in the ears of the disciples our Lord's dear voice must have been, and how His favorite greeting to them was, "peace be to you." And then he says that inward peace seems to rise upward as from some depth in the soul; and that, strangely enough, it need not be forfeited by activity, but rather collect us for fresh activity; that it gives light also, and makes things clear in our minds, especially supernatural things; and yet it is forfeited by idleness, to grace, or an undue interest in worldly matters. And we may remember how St. Francis de Sales once wrote to Mme. de Chantal that he had been so overwhelmed with press of work that he had been unable to make his meditation, and yet that his mind, by divine grace, had not lost its interior recollection nor continual union with God.

Mark, now, how Father Faber tells us this inward peace is to be gained. He says it is, first, by having few wants, and thus few irritabilities; second, by not meddling with other people's business, or setting them right; third, by not judging them; fourth, by some sort of exercise of silence; fifth, by looking after humility particularly. And he promises us, as the fruits of all this inward peace, gained by this method of self-discipline and mortification, a certain robustness (as he terms it) in the practice of virtues, a great sweetness to others, sensible sweetness in devotion, a facility of realizing the presence of God, and a peculiar enjoyment of the very peace itself, "something beyond words to say—it is a touch of God."

St. Cajetan, the founder of the Theatines, was friend and contemporary of St. Philip Neri. Faber's spiritual father. His feast follows directly the feast of the Transfiguration, and his life is a direct commentary upon Father Faber's notes on inward peace. We are told of him that no idle or useless words ever fell from his lips, still less any which might appear harsh or uncharitable, but that his conversation was always regarding something which concerned either the glory of God or the good of his neighbor; and when he spoke he had a simplicity and simple dignity of speech which impressed every one with the greatest veneration. At the same time he was the most zealous observer and promoter of silence. And it came to pass with him that while ever at the service of the sick, the needy, and an innumerable number of penitents, even while carrying out these works his soul was absorbed in God, and often it seemed as if he had been thinking during his meditation only of the best way of helping his neighbor, so instantly would he fly to the relief of any one in trouble of mind or body, and on the other hand, it appeared as if amidst what many would have found an intolerable distraction, he only found a more perfect way of praying and uniting himself with God.

It is noteworthy that this blessed founder of the Theatines is one of the saints concerning whom some marked visible action of the Holy Ghost is related. His biographer tells us that in his childhood, a white dove flew down from heaven and settled on his head, while these words were clearly heard by all: "Peace be with you forever, O Cajetan! Beware of losing it from whatever cause!" And then, wheeling three times around his head, the dove disappeared. A holy priest interpreted this as follows: that the Holy Spirit of God had descended thus upon the child, to give him this great gift of peace, and the three gyrations signified that the peace was to be with God, with himself, and with his neighbor. We shall see, says the

historian, how no one in this world ever maintained this blessed peace more perfectly than Cajetan, and that through his whole life.

Let us learn to-day two lessons—of charity and of silence. If one-half the time we waste in talking of our neighbors were only spent in praying to God for them, we would pass many an hour on Thabor, and see the world transformed into the image of our transfigured Lord; and were half the time we give to conversation, given instead to prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, or in that inner temple of our heart where God's Spirit makes of His home, — so often, alas! an unregarded guest, — we should hear in that deep silence the Father utter His one eternal Word, and the Spirit say, "Peace be to you forever!" and we should exclaim with the enraptured disciples: "Lord, it is good for us to be here!"—Sacred Heart Review.

GOD EXISTS.

The man who says there is no God is obliged in the same breath to say, "All men in all ages and in all countries have been wrong, and I alone am superior in intellect to all of them." In other words, "I have no common sense!" For common sense is nothing else but the common and universal sentiment of the whole world.

A man who doubts the existence of God is therefore a man who has no common sense.

He is a man utterly void of right understanding. How, for instance, would he solve the plain and simple problem of the watch proposed by Fenelon? But it is more the heart than the mind that is sick among irreligious men of this stamp.

They are almost always either men destitute of morality, or men who, having superficially adopted the spirit of dangerous books, have given up their religious belief, and having accepted doubtful assumptions against the faith, imagine that they have strong minds. For such as these one must have strong pity.

Real, steadfast, unshaken atheism is only to be found amongst animals. When man desires to live like the animals, he may well pay for a time their absence of religion —

"But at the least reverse, The mask falls, the man remains. And the beast vanishes."

How many have been atheists in words, and have suddenly changed when they have stood face to face with death!

A celebrated anatomist has said, "Give me the tongue of a dead dog and I will make it howl at atheists." "Give me," one might add, "the tongue of an atheist, and I will prove to its owner, by an analysis of the wonders it presents, that he is himself either a mad-man or a liar."

The surest way to believe in God, is so to live that we do not fear His righteous judgments and to live thus in practice with care all that religion teaches—to be a good and faithful Catholic.

In all that goes to strengthen and build up the system weakened by disease and pain, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the superior medicine. It neutralizes the poisons left in the system after diphtheria and scarlet fever, and restores the debilitated patient to perfect health and vigor.

Enter This Term.

The fall term of the Peterborough Business College and School of Short-hand, Peterborough, begins on Sept. 4th. For particulars, terms, etc., writes to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., Principal.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Hickle's Antiseptic Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and mercifully in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

Unbearable Agony. For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint. Nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry I found great relief, and it did not fail to cure me.

Wm. T. Glynns, Wilfrid, Ont.

The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Hood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health and removing disease.

Satisfaction is guaranteed to every consumer of Hood's Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this.

IF YOU USE SUNLIGHT YOU'RE RIGHT.

Sunlight Soap has the LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD Because it is THE BEST IN THE WORLD And also because Those who use it

Find it will do what no other Soap can do. For Laundry and Household, it is a positive comfort.

AT HAND

In a dangerous emergency, AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is prompt to act and sure to cure. A dose taken on the first symptoms of Croup or Bronchitis, checks further progress of these complaints. It softens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and induces sleep. As a remedy for colds, coughs, loss of voice, la grippe, pneumonia, and even consumption, in its early stages.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

exceeds all similar preparations. It is endorsed by leading physicians, is agreeable to the taste, does not interfere with digestion, and needs to be taken usually in small doses.

From repeated tests in my own family, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved itself a very efficient remedy for colds, coughs, and the various disorders of the throat and lungs. Wm. Woodruff, Pittsfield, N. H.

For the last 35 years I have been taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for my throat and am assured that it is the best.

Saved My Life

I have recommended it to hundreds. I find the most effective way of taking this medicine, in small and frequent doses.—T. M. Matthews, P. M., Sherman, Ohio.

My wife suffered from a cold; nothing helped her but Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which effected a cure.—R. Amero, Plympton, N. S.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Prompt to act, sure to cure

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SEPTEMBER 9, 1893

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Your best remedy for E-rhypelatis, Catarrh of the Urinary Organs, Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Sores, A-bcesses, Tumors, R-unning Sores, S-curvy, Humors, A-nemia, Indigestion, P-imples, Blotches, A-and Carbuncles, R-ingworm, Rash, L-impure Blood, L-anguidness, D-L-iver Complaints, A-ll cured by

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Your best remedy for
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Salt-Rheum, Sore Eyes
A-bscesses, Tumors
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A-nemia, Indigestion
P-imples, Blotches
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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 50c; six bottles, \$2.50.
Cures other ailments, will cure you.

TO EDUCATORS.

Catholic School Books.

Table listing various Catholic school books such as 'Sadtler's Dominion Catholic Reading Chart', 'Sadtler's Dominion Catholic Speller', etc., with prices and descriptions.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

VANITY.

When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the highest place. (St. Luke xiv. 9.)
It is not many Sundays ago that our Lord's words taught us humility by the spectacle of the Pharisee's pride contrasted with the publican's lowliness.

We are too anxious to exercise the same certain judgment about relative merit in spiritual things as we fancy we can do in temporal affairs. You doubtless know the various standards of worldly preference.

Now, brethren, what is there in the spiritual life that answers to good clothes? I will tell you: it is certain external practices of devotion.

So when our Lord looks in among the guests at His spiritual table we may well imagine His saying to one or other of us: Friend, I perceive that you have been trusting a trifle too much to certain external practices; they are very good in themselves, but should be joined to a deeper and truer contrition for your sins and a more practical use of penance and mortification.

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TRIUMPHANT OPTIMISM.

Enthusiasm in the Prosecution of Common Interests is the Hope of Catholics.

"The world belongs to the optimist!" Whoever said this was right. And one of the best guarantees of the final reign of the Catholic Church in this country over all hearts is the present spirit of optimism—the glow of unquenchable hope which is felt among our young people.

Hope, like faith, without works is dead. We, who have such responsibilities, cannot afford to be idle. On our young women and men of to-day is dependent the future of Christianity in the United States.

Now the esprit de corps we need is that spirit of brotherhood which will help us to charity and enthusiasm. The Methodist Bishop Vincent and the other gentlemen who still hold opinions of the Church which represent the opinions of remote Scotch villages, where John Knox wears the halo of a saint, fancy that Catholics are a solid phalanx.

and in quiet country places; it means that the hands of the Americans shall be against Americans. It means that the ignorance of Bishop Vincent and his group is undoing, to the extent of their power, the best work of 76. We Catholics might meet it with prayer and humility; as American citizens we are forced to resent it by every argument in our power—even by the ballot, if necessary.

What young man, enthusiastically Catholic, who makes the most of himself, shall fall of success? What young woman, permeated by the spirit of the "Magnificat," can fall of contentment and joy, if she hopes, and puts this constant hope and enthusiasm into her life?

TO LOOK BACKWARD IS A SIGN OF OLD AGE; FORWARD, OF YOUTH. THE WORLD,

then, in the sunlight of this glorious nineteenth century belongs to us.

"Ah," one hears dear Bishop Vincent say, "hear the Papists talking—the world is theirs!" But what is there that Bishop Vincent would not misinterpret? He and his school have a genius for misunderstanding.

Our need is that we should make the most of ourselves and of our brethren. It is not only a question of bricks and mortar; it is a matter of spiritual and intellectual development—not a matter of votes, but of that power which comes of greater charity.

we Catholics as a body have an unbounded respect for the Sixth Commandment. St. Alphonsus Liguori, following the spirit of the Church, saw to it that in modern times. But for the Eighth Commandment have we so much practical respect?

The wonderful cures of thousands of people—they tell the story of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicine that it is all its name implies, a "Nerve Tonic."

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
A Reverend has Refreshing Sleep After Hard Study.
I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous and restless nights after hard study; it gave me refreshing sleep and great relief. I also ordered it for another person who suffered from nervousness and it did him much good.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at 50c per Bottle. 6 for \$2.50.
Largest B. W. Saunders & Co., Bragg, Bragg, Ga.

THE SEAL OF THE CONFESSORIAL.

Bishop Keane Says the English Decision Cannot Stand.

Legal circles still continue to discuss the decision of Chief Justice Sir Frederick Jeune, of London Court of Probate and Divorce, that a clergyman can be compelled to reveal on the witness stand, confessions made to him in confidence by his parishioners.

"I have read the announcement of Justice Jeune's decision, and, if it has been correctly reported, it is certainly contrary not only to common usage, but to all similar decisions of which I have ever heard in courts of law.

The Rev. J. Havers Richards, President of Georgetown University, when asked concerning the decision, said: "I have seen the account of the matter published in the papers, but know nothing further about it. It is the first time to my knowledge that the question of confidential testimony has ever been raised in the case of a Protestant minister, although it has been

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PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS
With Reflections for Every Day in the Year.
Compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints

several times decided in this country that a priest was exempt from the necessity of testifying concerning confidences gained through the confessional.

"What would be the result if the Jeune decision should be taken as a precedent, and an attempt made to compel priests to testify? The priests would go to prison. No penalty, however severe, would induce a priest to violate the confidence thus reposed in him.

"No, I do not think that there is any significance in the decision of the probate court at all. The same thing has happened before in the lower courts. I speak with certainty only in the case of priests, and the decision of the lower court has always been reversed by the court above.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.



PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS
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Branch No. 4, London, Ontario, August 29, 1893.

C. M. B. A.

Letter from the Grand President. Office of the Grand President of the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. of Canada.

Resolutions of Condolence. Hall of Branch No. 292, Chatham, N. B., August 24, 1893.

Resolved that we tender to the afflicted family our sincere sympathy in their great sorrow.

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E. B. A.

St. Cecilia's Branch, No. 29. A final meeting of parents interested in forming a branch of the E. B. A. at West Toronto.

POPE LEON'S BLESSING.

Some weeks ago Father Albert, O. S. F., rector of St. Anthony's shrine at Butler's Cross, upon petitioning for the Apostolic Benediction for the new sanctuary erected at Butler's Cross.

Canon, Mr. Monahan, Mr. Farrell and J. Dugan. A. O. B. Toronto, August 29, 1893.

Editor Catholic Record:

DEAR SIR—Since the establishment of Division No. 3, A. O. B., no more pleasing incident occurred than that which took place on Thursday evening Aug. 17, 1893—on the occasion of the retiring from the office of Treasurer of Brother Dan. Madden, he was presented with a beautiful and beautiful memento.

The Bells of Heaven.

When the bells of heaven are happy, When love's light shines bright and gay, When smiles the blishest sunshine Upon our path each day.

St. John's Orphan Asylum

St. John's Orphan Asylum was the scene this morning of a very imposing ceremony, the occasion being the clothing of six young girls in the habits of the Dominican order.

APPECIATION OF THE NEW "MANUAL OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD."

I have just read, from beginning to end, the new Manual of the Precious Blood, and I am glad to say that it is an abridgment of the New Manual of the Precious Blood.

of the Precious Blood, 167 St. Patrick's street, Ottawa, or will be sent by mail, on receipt of the price, \$1.00 per copy.

"THE COLUMBIAN JUBILEE."

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP WALSH. Messrs. J. S. Hyland & Co. I beg to acknowledge with thanks a copy of your beautiful publication "The Columbian Jubilee."

THE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

The regular monthly meeting of the League of the Cross was held Sunday afternoon in the basement of the Church of the Precious Blood, 167 St. Patrick's street, Ottawa.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Sept. 7.—Wheat 9/6 to 10/3 per cental. Oats 9/6 to 10/3 per cental. Beef 8/6 to 9/3 per cwt.

THE WESTERN FAIR.

The wide publicity given the Western Fair through the press of the Dominion and posters has had the effect of inducing leading cattle breeders in the Province of Quebec to enter their stock for competition here.

Latest Live Stock Markets.

Sept. 7.—Export Cattle—Sales were light with prices quiet. Market sales were under 400.

THE P. B. C.

If you intend to obtain a Business or shorthand education in the shortest time and at the least expense attend the Peterborough Business College, Peterborough.

once good."—L. S. T., in N. Y. Recorder. A National Anthem. God save our Native Land!

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Sept. 7.—Export Cattle—Sales were light with prices quiet. Market sales were under 400.

THE P. B. C.

If you intend to obtain a Business or shorthand education in the shortest time and at the least expense attend the Peterborough Business College, Peterborough.

To Enter a Convent. Little Rock, Ark., August 16.—The Gazette's Washington special says: The evening papers in this city contain some sensational articles regarding the alleged disappearance of Miss Daisy Garland, daughter of ex-Attorney General Garland, on Friday last from her home, 915 Rhode Island avenue, this city.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczema and other itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Itchy, and Pruritic eruptions, caused by humors, and cured by CUTICURA.

CUTICURA

Soaps, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA Cream, a skin and hair dressing, are the only remedies that cure Eczema, Scald Head, Itch, and other eruptions.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS.

With their weary, dull, aching, heavy, all-day sensation, relieved in one day by the use of the CUTICURA Plaster. The first and only instant pain-relieving strengthening plaster.

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure by the application of MINAR'S LINIMENT, to a painful Rheumatism of the hip, which has been cured by the application of MINAR'S LINIMENT.

AGENTS WANTED.

"COLUMBIAN JUBILEE" OR, FOUR CENTURIES OF CATHOLICITY IN AMERICA. Published by S. H. Collins, Co., Chicago, with the approval of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, and approved by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and all other Bishops and Bishops throughout the continent.

TEACHERS WANTED.

A MALE TEACHER WANTED FOR R.C.A. Separate school, No. 1, Hay, holding and 3rd class certificate, capable of teaching French and English. State salary and excellent recommendations. Duties to commence on Aug. 15, 1893. Address: Mr. S. J. Drysdale, P. O. Ont.

THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A.

We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It is being widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protestants from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps by the dozen, 4 cents per copy and 3 cents per copy.

BOYS

If you are intelligent and energetic enough to make prompt returns, address J. HAZELTON, Guelph, Ont.

LETTER FROM POPE LEON. THE ADDRESS BY CARL MOSSIGNON SATOULLI. GREETING OF THE HONORABLE PAPERS AND LITTON WELLS REPRESENTATIVE CONGRESS.

The Catholic congress was auspiciously opened. The present is Catholic World's Fair, and it is the mark of the collection of the city now called together at one time and country, with the possible last plenary council feature of the past however, lies in the fact a clerical gathering, a priest and layman staffed. The deliberations are bound to produce results which will alone throughout the world. The committee on occasion that the congress itself to the consideration of "Social Question," as XIII., in his encyclical of which should be education of the Holy See, conceded, however, the most appropriate and opening address at the first papers and late to the evening and commemorated by the in our exposition.

The congress is composed from the different vicariates of the United York is allowed the last, 170 delegates; Boston with 120 delegates, 27, being elected to New England delegates all told. There is Hartford with 49, Springfield with 27, and Chester with 27.

THE EXERCISES ON

a solemn High Mass at 9 o'clock, delegates attended. of the Mass the del of the Art Palace, where exercises were held. T thousand persons in Secretary Mahan, on organization, came to order by the Archbishop Vechar, commended the visitors to city and to the con Bryan, representing also made an address. The opening address by Cardinal Gibbons upon the delegates and things be marked by and a spirit of Ch. Among other things: "During the l of the globe parts of the globe position group works of man. I Chicago the Wind the City of Lofno no longer call Ch no christen her City of Wonders, and determined to contemplate wonderful works come here to visit. Happy to Chum, you have matters of faith, and determined THE DIVIN and we cannot in Him who is 'th the life. But luminous region and chaotic reg a vast field for all your proce courtesy and ch. "Perhaps the dignity of visitors to before you is W the grand old m in the House of Mr. Gladstone he is to day. A going on rega ministry were a tax from the of relieving the of the brewer, would bring J Archbishop of Lord on the sup a dreary spee and that the tax collector of an amicable not be disturbe "As soon as Mr. Gladstone House was su lethargy an enthusiasm. He vords when h by the sup gratefully b needed a step His Lordship stone resumed