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The Catholic Record.

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VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25 1905

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The Catholic Record.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1905.

REV. MR. MACKAY vs. DR. SCHAFF.

Says the Rev. Jno. Mackay:

"The Roman Catholic Church has had the fairest of fair trials time and time again, but in every case has utterly failed to raise the peoples subject to her to anything like national or individual Christian greatness."

The leaders of Protestantism do not agree with Rev. Mr. Mackay. No man indeed, however opposed to us, may assent to the foregoing statement. For its refutation is given not only by every day life, but by the facts of every day life, by Catholics who yield to none in individual Christian greatness." But it seems that some preachers cannot touch on the Church without violating the canons of social amenity and thrumming over threadbare commonplace received by tradition from the easy credulity of times past. Now Protestants reverence, and with reason, Dr. Schaff. And he tells us that "the Latin Church is a glorious Church. She was the Alma Mater of the barbarians of Europe. She still stands like an immovable rock bearing witness to the fundamental truths and facts of our holy religion, and to the Catholicity, unity, unbroken continuity and independence of the Church. And she is as zealous as ever in missionary enterprises and self denying works in Christian charity."

Dr. Schaff is a fair counterpoise to Rev. Mr. Mackay.

AN OLD STORY.

We may mention here that Rev. Mr. Mackay is concerned with the problem of Quebec. To show how well equipped he is to solve it he commits himself in print to the following assailable assertion: "French Canada is to-day," he says, "behind every section of our country in every thing which characterizes nineteenth century civilization, not because she is French, but because she is Catholic." Not being a mind reader, we cannot say what the gentleman means by "everything which characterizes nineteenth century civilization." If we accept Emerson's dictum that the truest test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, but the kind of man the country turns out, French Canada is on a high plane of civilization. She has been the worthy mother of men who have been pre-eminent for dauntless courage, who have conserved the traditions of the past and wrought them into song and story, and who have been and are insistent in teaching, both by precept and example, the justice and morality which are the foundations of civilization. The man who knowing aught of this country's history refuses to acknowledge the services of French Canada is but a drag on the car of progress.

CIVILIZATION THAT COUNTS.

The French Canadian, however, is not on his knees before the idol of material civilization. He has as much regard for the trophies of commerce and science as have his fellow countrymen, but he knows — thanks to his schools and colleges — that the civilization which endures is rooted in the impartial administration of law, in the purity of women and the honor and virtue of men.

To gentlemen with a taste for problems we commend that of the low-birth rate of Ontario. Instead of inveighing against Quebec why do not the preachers try to disabuse us of the idea that Ontario is slaughtering the innocents? There at their doors is something which may well call forth all their impassioned eloquence. And when they have succeeded in washing that spot out of the social fabric, and have taught their followers to imitate the toleration of which Quebec has given proof time and again, we may bear with them more patiently than we do at present. Meanwhile they ought to remember that fustian and rant, conjoined to a low-birth-rate in the land of the "open Bible," are not credentials to inspire unalloyed confidence either in them or their statements.

OUR WORK FOR COUNTRY.

Why talk of us as hindrances to the "unification" of Canada? We understand, of course, that so far as we are concerned this unification must be procured at the expense of our rights. If we, however, have conscientious objections to this proceeding why are these not entitled to respect? If we are willing to abide by the constitution

and to give of our best to the upbuilding of Canada, why should we be singled out as objects for tyranny misnamed unification? We stand to-day on the level ground of charity and liberty shoulder to shoulder, brothers to all Canadians, irrespective of race, politics or creed, scorning all dissension and discord and ready to give our blood for the fame of Canadian confederation. What more do our friends ask? We know that, according to some individuals, we should send our children to Godless schools and abandon our creed. But if we believe that we are in possession of the deposit of faith once delivered to the saints, and believe, too, that it is our duty to inculcate it into the minds of our children, what then? Silfe or muzzle our conscience? But do our friends really think that schools wherein young Canadians are taught that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" are a barrier to the unification of Canada? If they do they are not in line with the educators who proclaim that schools that ignore the "wisdom which maketh wise unto salvation" are a menace to civilization.

THEY HAVE A PLENTIFUL LACK OF WIT.

What amazes us is the complacency with which our friends assume that their views of revelation are far superior to those held by us. "Give them," says Rev. Mr. Mackay "the full gospel—capture Quebec for spiritual Christianity." Considering there are so many brands of spiritual Christianity on the market the French Canadian may have some trouble in making a selection. He may wish to know, too, why he should renounce his creed for that of the Presbyterian. It will not do to tell him to read the Bible and to take its message to heart. Can our friends account in a rational manner for their belief in the inspiration of the Bible? We know they do so believe, blindly it is true, but others may wish to have a motive for such belief. In a word, before accepting the Bible as an authority in matters supernatural, we must be sure that it is divinely inspired. Can our friends satisfy us on this point? No. They vouch for it, we know, as the Word of God. But why? They cannot expect us to stake our hopes of salvation on the word of men, who may be deceived, and who have not, and cannot have, if true to their principles, a reasonable belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Another thing, if all men, as they teach, have the right to interpret the Bible for themselves, why should they send preachers to Quebec? Why should they go to expense to enable Rev. Mr. Mackay or any other gentleman to preach his personal views of the Bible? The French Canadian may not see eye to eye with them, but who is to say what is true doctrine or what is false doctrine? It strikes us that a clerical gentleman with a book which he claims to be the Word of God, though he does not know why it is, cannot be a herald of "enlightened Christianity."

Well does the distinguished convert, James Kent Stone—now a Passionist—say that of all absurd notions which ever claimed large sway over the human mind, perhaps the most singular is that of a Supreme Being Who for ages had spoken to men by direct communication or by ministers and prophets having a special gift of His own Spirit. Who at last sent His Son with a message, should, when He recalled that Son, have simply put the record of all these transactions in a book and given to none any authoritative power of interpretation.

NO REASON TO BE DISCOURAGED

For citizens who are supposed to be behind every section of this country in everything which characterizes civilization, we are, according to Rev. Mr. Mackay, not doing so badly. To begin with, 42 per cent. of "the people of Canada are now Roman Catholics." "The great majority of our present immigrants are Roman Catholics." "We are planting colonies in New Ontario," etc. "Black-robed priests are the shrewdest of Montreal's financiers." "Catholic influences are predominant at Ottawa in the councils of our country." So in this showing we have energy and foresight, and are factors to be reckoned with in the money-mad and within halls of Parliament. Sad news this for Mr. Spruille and the Colonel. But to hear them Mr. Mackay talks of the necessity of saving the "countless number of men and women" who are being despoiled of all religion by the Catholic Church. For this state of affairs he

does not blame Catholics, but Protestants, "who have a higher culture, and know better what is needed." The gentleman is not chary of generalities and unsupported assertions. But the average non-Catholic may want to know where are these thousands of men and women who yearn for the colporteur and the preacher. For our part we can tell him that these men and women do not exist save in the imagination of Rev. Wm. Mackay.

GOOD NEWS.

The Christian Guardian notes, and with pleasure, that the Protestants working among the French Canadians appeal to the reason and religious instincts of the people. If so, their methods and manners are improving. For we remember that in Rome they depended for success on slander and "superstition;" in Quebec on Chiniquy, whose books are still sold here and there in Canada. Far better than the sending of preachers, who may take away the religious belief of some French-Canadians without being able to give them something better in return, would be a declaration from our Evangelical friends that they neither use, nor approve, nor sell, nor allow to be sold by the publishing houses controlled by them, the works of Chiniquy.

A DIFFERENCE.

According to The Presbyterian the work of the colporteur and preacher is to give the French-Canadian "a gospel that can stand unabashed in the searchlight of the highest culture." The non-Catholic Mallock says: "The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself."

Matthew Arnold declares that Catholicism will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear.

Again, The Presbyterian says that "the French Canadian will hear the gospel that makes men free." Dr. Brownson, regarded by Montalambert and Lord Brougham as the greatest philosopher of his age, says in "The Convert": "I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have as a Catholic felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic. The faith which, to quote Frederic Harrison, speaking of the state of society in the thirteenth century 'still sufficed to inspire the most profound thought, the most lofty piety, the widest culture, the freest art of the age, filled statesmen with awe, scholars with enthusiasm, and consolidated society around uniform objects of reverence and worship.' Great thinkers like Albert of Cologne and Aquinas found it to be the stimulus of their meditations. Mighty poets like Dante could not conceive poetry unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists like Giotto found it an ever living well spring of beauty."

To a statesman, artist, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, worker, chief or follower, it supplies at once inspiration and instrument."

DOES THIS FAITH KEEP MEN SLAVES?

"PAY WHAT THOU OWEST."

CARDINAL GIBBONS DENOUNCES CRIMINAL DESIRE FOR RICHES—HIS EMINENCE PREACHES ON LAX NOTIONS OF HONESTY.

Baltimore, Md., November 6.—Cardinal Gibbons preached yesterday morning at the Cathedral a sermon on "grat" and the modern financial organization. He took his text from Matthew xviii., 22 and 35: "Pay what thou owest." He said: "This subject is the most opportune, and is invested with vital interest, at this time when colossal frauds and defalcations are revealed to us in rapid succession.

"Justice is a cardinal virtue, prompting us to pay what we owe our neighbor. Justice is the foundation of social order and of business intercourse. For if we did not believe that men had a sense of justice in their integrity, and without this confidence commercial life would be paralyzed. Dishonesty is diametrically opposed to justice.

"I purpose this morning to set before you some of the principal ways in which dishonesty is practiced in mercantile and in private life. I think that this subject should be treated more frequently in our churches, for there would be fewer occasions for the exercise of charity if every man came by his own.

KEEP AN INVENTORY OF YOUR DEBTS.

"In the first place, that man has a loose conception of business integrity who does not keep a strict account of his indebtedness. For if he has no record of his obligations he is liable to overlook and forget them. If he forgets them he may be tempted to increase

his liabilities. If he go on augmenting his debts he may be startled by their magnitude, and may be unable to meet them when the day of reckoning comes.

FAY DEBTS PROMPTLY.

"Second — Be punctual in the payment of your bills. There are some men who are criminally negligent and dilatory in discharging their honest debts. They will allow weeks and months, and sometimes even years, to pass without meeting their just obligations. Their remissness does not arise from their inability to discharge this duty, but rather from a blunted conscience and a morbid attachment to wealth. They regard the creditor as a Shylock, and complain of his importunities, though he is demanding only what is justly his due. They make no account of the annoyance, inconvenience and pecuniary loss which the creditor sustains from their perverse procrastination.

"Some years ago I met a citizen in a distant city who had a formidable title prefixed to his name. He regarded himself as a man of honor, and would resent any imputation on his integrity. He would deem it a disgrace not to pay promptly a gambling debt but had lax notions about his grocer's, his butcher's or his tailor's bill. He thus accented me: 'A certain man had the assurance to ask me to-day, in the street, to pay a bill which I owe him. I felt insulted, sir, and I did not fail to tell him so.'

"If I had had any spiritual jurisdiction over the person referred to I would have replied to him: 'Sir, it is not you, but your creditor who ought to feel offended. Pay your debts. The money you have in bank or in your purse is not yours so long as your creditor's just demands remain unpaid.'

BORROWING MONEY.

"Third—Don't make a promise to refund a loan unless you have the ability to do so. Dishonesty in another form is committed by those who borrow money without having any well grounded hopes of being able to refund it. Yet they will give you the positive assurance that the loan will be restored at a stated time. When you press them for information regarding their ability to make good this assurance they will acknowledge that for some time they have been out of employment, that they have no visible means of support and that the prospects before them are far from being bright. Thus they make an absolute promise which is based on a very uncertain contingency.

"If they had frankly told you from the outset that, while sincerely desirous to repay the loan, they could give no positive pledge, you would commend their candor and veracity, though placing little reliance on the security, and they might appeal at least to your benevolence, if they did not commend themselves to your business methods.

"The man who tries to eke out a subsistence by borrowing money soon becomes lost to all sense of honor and self respect, and he forfeits the confidence of the community in which he lives.

REFERS TO MICAWBER.

"Many of you are familiar with one of Dickens's well-known characters, Wilkins Micawber. He sustained a checkered existence by borrowing money, or which he insisted on giving a receipt, and he was always precise in adding the fraction of a half-penny, if necessary, to the pounds, shillings and pence. When he gave his acknowledgment he was so proud and independent as if he had presented the security, and they might appeal at least to your benevolence, if they did not commend themselves to your business methods.

"The man who tries to eke out a subsistence by borrowing money soon becomes lost to all sense of honor and self respect, and he forfeits the confidence of the community in which he lives.

"As an offset to the foregoing example, I will mention that some years ago I was acquainted with a young man in this city who was studying with a view of embracing a profession. Though he had earned enough for a bare subsistence, he declined to accept any proffered loan. He is now enjoying a lucrative practice in his profession.

"But he is far more economic in his habits than those who, like Micawber, live on borrowed capital. For he has been taught in the school of adversity to appreciate the value of a dollar. I would hold him up as a model to all of you young men who are entering on a business or a professional career.

EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

"Fourth—There is another form of dishonest life far more common and reprehensible than the vice just mentioned—I refer to the pernicious habit of living above one's means. In fact, this vice may be considered as characteristic of Americans. Our countrymen are fond of making money, but they are still fond of squandering it. It has been said with truth that a French or a German family can subsist on what is wasted by an American family.

"One of the causes of this fatal extravagance is the love of self-indulgence and the ambition of keeping pace with our neighbor in the race of social distinction.

"I am envious of my neighbor when I observe that he keeps a splendid equipage; that his house is elegantly furnished; that he fares sumptuously; that he entertains lavishly; that his wife is dressed in the latest fashion, and I am determined not to be outdone by him. I enter on a career of prodigality totally disproportionate to my means.

"But in a few years I find myself overwhelmed with debt and on the road to bankruptcy. I have been squandering my present income and have been mortgaging my future revenue.

"The man who lives beyond his means is not leading an honest life. My young friends, you who are on the threshold of a business career, practice

a rigid economy. Live within your income. Save up something for a rainy day. This is more easily done than you imagine. Where there is a will there is a way.

"The wants of nature are few and easily supplied. Most of the things we want are artificial and contribute little or nothing to our happiness. Sweeter to the palate is bread and water in a garret than is a delicious feast to the spendthrift who is tortured by the spectre of the creditor knocking at the door. While the insolvent debtor is a slave, you will possess a free and independent spirit, and will enjoy the testimony of a good conscience.

UNEQUAL WEIGHTS.

Fifth—Another common system of fraud consists in the use of unequal weights and measures. This is one of the oldest methods of dishonesty, and is strongly denounced by Moses and other sacred writers in the pages of the Old Testament. 'Divers weights and measures,' says the Book of Proverbs, 'are both abominable before God.'

"A school teacher asked the children of her class, 'How many ounces make a pound?' One of the pupils, whose father was in the grocery business, answered: 'Teacher I know, but it is a secret.' When pressed for an explanation he replied: 'When we buy we demand sixteen ounces to the pound, but when we sell—that is a business secret.'

"But the day will come when the unjust tradesman himself will be found wanting.

"There is another species of dishonesty which is conducted on a large scale. It lauded to the inquiry of water stock and floating it on the market, of inflating stocks and bonds and giving them a fictitious value. This is the sudden impulse of temptation, but is perpetrated in cold blood by the sharp-witted men, who count the esteem of their fellow citizens. They use all kinds of specious arguments to catch the unwary in their toils, and inflict untold misery on a too confiding community.

DISHONEST BANK OFFICERS.

"Sixth—I might also allude here to dishonest presidents and cashiers of banks and business clerks. Their number—in bank God—is very small compared with the army of loyal and upright officials.

"These unfaithful officers yield to the criminal desire of growing suddenly rich. They secretly appropriate the funds of the institution in which they are employed with the vague intention of restoring them. They gamble in stocks and other securities, hoping to secure large profits. Their first venture is a failure. They cast the dice again and gain, each time staking larger sums with the same results, till they have gone down the stream of speculation too far to retrace their steps and hide their iniquity. They involve themselves in irreparable ruin and degradation. All the waters of the Mississippi could not blot out the stain. A name which before was mentioned with honor is now whispered with bated breath or covered with the charity of silence. The last chapter in their sad history is usually suicide, exile or the penitentiary.

"On, if in the first instance they had pursued the temper they would have lived and died honored by their fellow citizens, and possessing what is infinitely more precious than wealth, the legacy of a spotless reputation.

POOR WOMAN REWARDED.

"There is a story told of a poor woman, who, in retreating one day from market, was bewailing her poverty, for her scanty means were exhausted. While brooding over her condition she stumbled and fell, and in the fall her outstretched hand touched a purse lying in the road and containing 100 gold crowns. Her first sensation was one of joy that she had found a treasure to relieve her pressing wants. But on reflecting that the treasure-trove was not her own, she determined to restore it to the owner. A few days later, having learned that a reward of 10 crowns was offered to the finder, she hastened to give the owner his purse and to receive her reward.

"But the miser was reluctantly to part with the ten crowns, and he falsely maintained that the lost purse had contained one hundred and ten crowns when she found it. This she indignantly denied, solemnly declaring that it contained only one hundred crowns when she found it. The dispute was referred to a civil tribunal.

"The judge, after hearing both sides, gave a decision worthy of a Solomon. 'You maintain, sir,' he said to the man, 'that your purse contained one hundred and ten crowns when you lost it. Evidently the purse which was found is not yours. And you, my good woman,' he said to the finder, 'swear that the purse you found contained only one hundred crowns. It is yours. Keep it till the true owner is found.'

GREATER THAN VICTORIOUS GENERAL.

"I have spoken of the sin of dishonesty. Let me now say a word about the honest citizen. All honor to the merchant or professional man who has left behind him a clean record.

"The man of business who has never soiled his hands with ill gotten wealth; who has never taken undue advantage of his neighbor in a momentary transaction; whose word was his bond; the man who has punctually paid his honest debts; who has never sheltered himself behind a legal technicality to escape a financial obligation; the man who in every vicissitude of trade and commerce, in adversity, as well as prosperity, has maintained the honor of his good name—in a word, all honor to the

man who has passed through the perils and battles of commercial life with a character unblemished—such a man, I hold, is more worthy of our esteem and veneration than the victorious general who returns in triumph from a prolonged war. For surely a business campaign is usually more protracted and requires more persevering energy and courage than a military conquest. 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war.'

"Listen to the eulogy which Holy Scripture pronounces on such a man: 'Blessed is the rich man that is found without blemish; who is he and we will praise him, for he hath done wonderful things in his life; who could have transgressed and hath not transgressed, and could do evil things and hath not done them. Therefore are his goods established in the Lord, and all the church of the saints will declare his alms.'

A POINTED ILLUSTRATION.

"I know a merchant who possessed in an eminent degree the qualities above enumerated. He has long since gone by his reward, and died honored in the community in which he had lived. I will mention one incident in his life to illustrate the rectitude of his character:

"While he was a director in a leading bank he sold a portion of its stock, which was to be delivered in a few days. But the day after the sale the directors discovered that the bank had sustained a heavy loss by reason of the cashier's defalcation. As a consequence there was a considerable shrinkage in the value of the stock.

"Several days elapsed before the directors were prepared to make an official statement of the embezzlement and its injurious effects on the bank. On the appointed day the purchaser, ignorant as yet of the loss sustained by the bank, called to get possession of his stock. The director refused to surrender it and was not then prepared to disclose the reason of his action. The purchaser earnestly insisted on the transfer, and had almost recourse to violence. He afterward brought a mutual friend to argue with the director, but all in vain. He refused to effect the sale.

"But a few days later, when the bank officials had made a public announcement of the defalcation, the would-be purchaser at once realized the situation and perceived that if the sale had been consummated he would have been a heavy loser and the owner corresponding gainer.

"A man with a less delicate sense of commercial ethics would have closed the sale and justified himself on the plea that he had acted in good faith; but my venerable friend would have scorned to be a party to a transaction which would in the slightest degree sully his conscience or arouse against him the faintest breath of suspicion. He went down to his honored grave, leaving his children and his children's children the precious heritage of a pure faith and a spotless reputation for business integrity.

"The moral which I wish to draw from these remarks is contained in the words of the Apostle, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another, for he that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law.'

IAN MACLAREN ON CATHOLICISM.

Speaking at Father Barry's bazaar at Liverpool last month, Rev. Dr. Watson, more widely known by the pen name Ian MacLaren paid a notable tribute to Catholicism. He took that opportunity, he said, of expressing with some knowledge of the facts, his profound respect for the high character and the national patriotism of the Catholic Church of Scotland (Applause).

The Scotch priest had been distinguished for his devotion and his urbanity, for his culture and his loyalty, and he did not know that the eighteenth century in Scotland, rich although it was in scholars and ecclesiastics, produced any finer figure than Bishop Hay (applause), who more than any other man in that century, established and commended the Catholic Church in Scotland. (Applause) While he might be pardoned for paying this tribute to the Catholics of his own race he was not forgetful of and yielded to none in respect for the virtues of the Catholic Church in other lands, and not least in Ireland and England. It seemed to him that no minister of religion had been more true and faithful to a poor and suffering people, or done more to sustain a high standard of social morality than the Irish priest (applause), and no body of men in England made greater sacrifices for their principles during the last three centuries, or in proportion to their numbers made a larger contribution to sacred and other learning than the English Catholics. (Applause) It ever had been grateful to his mind to observe the excellence of those from whom he might be separated by differences either of creed or of party; and as he closed his public life in Liverpool, he was proud to remember the intimate friendships he had had and still had, with distinguished ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church, and the cordial welcome he had more than once received at Catholic functions. His most earnest prayer was that year by year prejudices which were the heritage from an unfortunate past, and which had been too warmly treasured in Liverpool, might gradually die down into grey dust and be forgotten, and that those that loved the same Lord might come more and more to live together in charity, contending only to shield the young, and to bring in the day when that city of their habitation should be filled with peace and prosperity, with holiness and sweet content. (Applause.)

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

THE RULING PASSION

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE WHITE BLOT.

The real location of a city house depends upon the pictures which hang upon its walls. They are its neighborhood and its outlook. They center upon that touch of life and character, that power to begot love and bind friendship, which a country house receives from its surrounding landscape, the garden that embraces it, the stream that runs near it, and the shaded paths that lead to and from its door.

By this magic of pictures my narrow, upright, slice of living-space in one of the brown stone strata on the eastward slope of Manhattan Island is transferred to an open and agreeable site. It has windows that look toward the woods and the sunset, watergates by which a little boat is always waiting, and secret passageways leading into fair places that are frequented by persons of distinction and charm. No darkness of night obscures these outlets; no neighbor's house shuts off the view; no drifted snow of winter makes them impassable. They are always free, and through them I go out and in upon my adventures.

One of these picture wanderers has always appeared to me so singular that I would like, if it were possible, to put into words.

It was Pierrepont who first introduced me to the pictures. Pierrepont the good natured; of whom one of his friends said that he was like Mahomet's Bridge of Paradise, because he was so hard to cross; to which another added that there was also a resemblance in the fact that he led to a region of beautiful illusions which he never entered. He is one of those enthusiastic souls who are always discovering a new writer, a new painter, a new view from some old wharf by the river, a new place to obtain picnic dinners at a grotesque price. He swung out of his office, with his long-legged, easy stride, and nearly ran me down, as I was plodding up town through the languor of a late spring afternoon, on one of those duty-walks which conscience offers as a sacrifice to digestion.

"Why, what is the matter with you?" he cried, as he linked his arm through mine. "You look outside, tired all the way through to your backbone. Have you been reading the 'Anthony and Melancholy,' or something by one of the new British female novelists? You will have a gripe in your mind if you don't look out. But I know what you need. Come with me, and I will do you good."

So saying, he drew me out of clanging Broadway into one of the side streets that run toward the placid region of Washington Square. "No, no," I answered, feeling even in the act of resistance, the pleasure of his cheerful guidance, "you are altogether wrong. I don't need a dinner at your new found Bulgarian table d'hote—seven courses for seventy-five cents, and the wine thrown out; nor some of those wonderful Mexican cheroots warranted to eradicate the tobacco habit; nor a draught of your South American melon sherbet that cures all pains, except those which it causes. None of these things will help me. The doctor suggests that they do not suit my temperament. Let us go home together and have a shower-bath and a dinner of herbs, with a little reminiscence of the stilled ox—and a bout at baggammon to wind up the evening. That will be the most comfortable prescription."

"But you mi-take me," said he; "I am not thinking of any exercise, comforts for you. I am picturing that want you to see; not a colored photograph, nor an exercise in anatomical drawing; but a real picture that will rest the eyes of your heart. Come away with me to Morgenstern's gallery, and be healed."

As we turned into the lower end of Fifth Avenue, it seemed as if I were being gently fluted along between the modest apartment-houses and old-fashioned dwellings, and prin, respectable churches, on the smooth current of Pierrepont's talk about his new found picture. How often a man has cause to return thanks for the enthusiasms of his friends! They are the little fountains that run down from the hills to refresh the mental desert of the despondent.

lives and moves and makes his profits, and was admitted to the shrine of the Commercial Apollo and the Muses in Trade.

It has often seemed to me as if that little house were a silent epitome of modern art criticism, an automatic indicator, or perhaps regulator, of the aesthetic taste of New York. On the first floor, surrounded by all the new-fangled fashions in antiquities and bric-a-brac, you will see the art of to-day—the works of painters who are precisely in the focus of advertisement, and whose names call out an instant round of applause in the auction-room. On the floors above, in degrees of obscurity deepening toward the attic, you will find the art of yesterday—the pictures which have passed out of the glare of popularity without yet arriving at the mellow radiance of old masters. In the basement, concealed in huge packing-cases, and marked "Paris-Fragile,"—you will find the art of tomorrow; the paintings of the men in regard to whose names, styles, and personal traits, the foreign correspondents and prophetic critics in the newspapers, are now diffusing in the public mind that twilight of familiarity and ignorance which precedes the sunrise of marketable fame.

The affable and sagacious Morgenstern was already well acquainted with the waywardness of Pierrepont's admiration, and with my own persistent disregard of current quotations in the valuation of works of art. He regarded us, I suppose, very much as Robin Hood would have looked upon a pair of plain yeomen who had strayed into his lair. The knights of capital, and coal barons, and rich merchants were his natural prey, but toward this poor but honest couple he would be worthy only of a gentlemanly rather to show anything but courteous and fair dealing.

He expressed no surprise when he heard what we wanted to see, but smiled tolerantly and led the way, not into the well-defined realm of the past, the present, or the future, but into a region of uncertain fortunes, a limbo of acknowledged but unrewarded merits, a large back room devoted to the works of American painters. Here we found "Falconer's picture," and the dealer, with that instinctive tact which is the best part of his business capital, left us alone to look at it.

It showed the mouth of a little river; a secluded lagoon, where the shallow tides rose and fell with vague lassitude, following the impulse of prevailing winds more than the strong attraction of the moon. But now the unshaded harbor was quite still, in the pause of the evening; and the smooth, undulating hills, growing deeper toward the west, where the river came in. Converging lines of trees stood dark against the sky; a cleft in the woods marked the course of the stream, above which the reluctant splendors of an autumnal day were dying in ashes of roses, while three tiny clouds, poised high in air, burned red with the last glimpse of the departed sun.

On the right was a ready print running out into the bay, and behind it, on a slight rise of ground, an antique house with tall white pillars. It was but dimly outlined in the gathering shadows; yet one could imagine its stately, formal aspect, its precise garden with beds of old-fashioned flowers and straight paths bordered with box, and a little arbor overgrown with honeysuckle. I know not by what subtlest of delicate and indistinguishable touches—a slight inclination in one of the pillars, a broken line which might indicate an unlighted gate, a drooping resignation in the foliage of the yellowing trees, a tone of sadness in the blending of subdued colors—the painter had suggested that the place was deserted. But the truth was unmistakable. An air of loneliness and pensive sorrow breathed from the picture; a sigh of longing and regret. It was haunted by sad, sweet memories of some untold story of human life.

In the corner Falconer had put his signature, "T. F., 'Larmonie,' 189—," and on the border of the picture he had faintly traced some words, which we made out at last—

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours." Pierrepont took up the quotation and completed it—

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours. Dwellings and trees yellowing bowers: To himself he talks: For at evening he sits on the hill, By his work you may hear him sob and sigh. In the walks he hears the heavy stalks of the mulberries; Heavily hangs the broad swallowtail; Heavily hangs the hollyhock. Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

"That is very pretty poetry, gentlemen," said Morgenstern, who had come in behind us, "but it is not a little vague? You like it, but you cannot tell exactly what it means. I find the same fault in the picture from my point of view. There is nothing in it to make a paragraph about, no anecdote, no experiment in technique. It is impossible to persuade the public to admire a picture unless you can tell them precisely the points on which they must fix their admiration. And that is why, although the painting is a good one, I should be willing to sell it at a low price."

He named a sum of money in three figures, so small that Pierrepont, who often buys pictures by proxy, could not conceal his surprise.

that the painting has a bluish. It is not always visible, since you have failed to detect it; but it is more noticeable in some lights than in others; and, do what I will, I cannot remove it. This alone would prevent the painting from being a good investment. Its market value will never rise."

He turned the canvas sideways to the light, and the defect became apparent. It was a dim, oblong, white blot in the middle distance; a nebulous blur in the painting, as if there had been some chemical impurity in the pigment causing it to fade, or rather as if a long drop of some acid, or perhaps a splash of salt water, had fallen upon the canvas while it was wet, and bleached it. He could not be enough to see that it could not be erased without painting over it, perhaps not even then. And yet it seemed rather to enhance than to weaken the attraction which the picture had for me.

"Your candor does you credit, Mr. Morgenstern," said I, "but you know me well enough to be sure that what you have said will hardly discourage me. For I have never been an admirer of cabinet art; in works of art. Nor have I been in the habit of buying them as a Greek father trains his daughters, with an eye to the market. They came into my house for my own pleasure, and when the time arrives that I can see them no longer, it will not matter much to me what price they bring in the auction-room. This landscape pleases me so thoroughly that, if you will let me take it with us this evening, I will send you a check for the amount in the morning."

So we carried off the painting in a cab; and all the way home I was in the pleasant excitement of a man who is about to make an addition to his house; while Pierrepont was conscious of the glow of virtue which comes of having done a favor to a friend and justified your own critical judgment at one stroke.

After dinner we hung the painting over the chimney-piece in the room called to idleness, and sat there for some time, talking of the few times when we had met Falconer at the club, and of his reticent manner, which was broken by curious flashes of impersonal confidence when he spoke not of himself but of his art. From this we drifted into memories of good comrades who had walked beside us but a few days in the path of life, and then disappeared, yet feeling, as if we cared more for them than for those whom we see every day; and of young geniuses who had never reached the goal; and of many other glimpses of "the light that failed."

For several months I continued to advance in intimacy with my picture. It grew more familiar, more suggestive; the truth and beauty of it came home to me constantly. Yet there was something in it not quite apprehended; a sense of strangeness; a reserve which I had not yet penetrated.

One night in August I found myself practically alone, so far as human intercourse was concerned, in the populous, weary city. A couple of hours of writing had produced nothing that would bear the test of sunlight, so I anticipated judgment by tearing up the spoiled sheets of paper, and threw myself upon the couch before the empty fireplace. It was a dense, sultry night with electricity thickening the air, and a trouble of distant thunder rolling far away on the rim of a cloudy sky—one of those nights of restless dullness, when you wait and long for something to happen, and yet feel despondently that nothing ever will happen again. I passed through a region of aimless thoughts into one of migratory and unconnected images, and the haze of unfinished dreams, and I drifted back into an empty, sun-drenched room toward the shore of consciousness. I cannot tell. But the student lamp on the table had burned out, and the light of the gibbous moon was creeping in through the open windows. Slowly the pale illumination crept up the Eastern wall, like the tide rising as the moon declined. Now it reached the mantelshelf and overlaid the bronze heads of the Egyptian image of Isis with the infant Horus. Now it touched the frame of the picture and lapped over the edge. Now it rose to the shadowy house and the dim garden, in the midst of which I saw the white blot more distinctly than ever before.

It seemed now to have taken a new shape, like the slender form of a woman, robed in flowing white. And as I watched it through half-closed eyes, the figure appeared to move and tremble, and wave to and fro, as if it were a ghost.

"A haunted picture! Why should it not be so? A haunted ruin, a haunted forest, a haunted ship—all these have been seen or imagined, and reported, and there are learned societies for investigating such things. Why should not a picture have a ghost in it?" My mind, in that curiously vivid state which lies between waking and sleeping, went through the form of careful reasoning over the question. If there may be some subtle connection between a house and the spirits of the people who have once lived in it—and wise men have believed this—why should there be any impassible gulf between a picture and the vanished lives out of which it has grown? All the human thought and feeling which have passed into it through the patient toil of a picture is the most living and personal thing that a man can leave behind him. When we look at it we see what he saw, hear after hour, day after day, and we see it through his mood and impression, coloured by his emotion, tinged with his personality. Surely, if the spirits of the dead are not extinguished, but only veiled and hidden, and if it were possible by any means that their presence could flash for a moment through the veil, it would be most natural that they should come back again to hover around the work into which their experience and

passion had been woven. Here, if anywhere, they would "Revisit the pale glimpses of the moon." Here, if anywhere, we might catch fleeting sight, as in a glass dimly, of the visions that passed before them while they worked.

This much of my train of reasoning along the edge of the dark, I remember sharply. But after this, all was confused and misty. The shores of consciousness receded. I floated out again on the ocean of forgotten dreams. When I woke it was with a quick start, as if my ship had been made fast, silently and suddenly, at the wharf of reality, and the bell rang for me to step ashore.

But the vision of the white blot remained clear and distinct. And the question that it had brought to me, the chain of thoughts that had linked themselves to it, lingered through the morning, and made me feel sure that there was an untold secret in Falconer's life and that the clue to it must be sought in the history of his last picture.

But how to trace the connection? Every one who had known Falconer, however slightly, was out of town. There was no clue to follow. Even the name "Larmonie" gave me no help; for I could not find it on any map of Long Island. It was probably the fanciful title of some old country-place, familiar only to the people who lived there.

But the very remoteness of the problem, its lack of contact with the practical world, fascinated me. It was like something that had drifted away in the fog, on a sea of unknown and fluctuating currents. The only possible way to find it was to commit yourself to the same wandering tides and drift after it, trusting to a propitious fortune that you might be carried in the same direction; and after a long, blind, unaided search, you might find it, without hurrying chase, one day you might feel a faint touch, a jar, and peering through the fog, lay your hand at last, without surprise, upon the object of your very quest.

As it happened, the means for such a quest were at my disposal. I was part owner of a boat which had been built for hunting and fishing cruises on the shallow waters of the Great South Bay. It was a deliberate, but not inconspicuous, craft, well named the "Patience" and my plan for using it had come. Black Zekel, the captain, crew, and cook, was the very man that I would have chosen for such an expedition. He combined the indolent good humor of the negro with the taciturnity of the Indian, and knew every shoal and channel of the tortuous waters. He asked nothing better than to set out on a voyage without a port; sailing aimlessly eastward day after day, through the long chain of landlocked bays, with the sea plunging behind the shores of Long Island sleeping on our left; anchoring every evening in some little cove or estuary, where Zekel could sit on the cabin roof, smoking his corncob pipe, and meditating on the vanity and comfort of life, while I pushed off through the mellow dusk to explore every creek and bend of the shore, in my light canoe.

There was nothing to hasten our voyage. The three weeks' vacation was all but gone, when the Patience groped her way through a narrow, crooked channel in a wide salt meadow, and entered the last of the series of bays. A few houses straggled down a point of land; the village of Quantock lay a little farther back. Beyond that was a belt of woods reaching to the water; and from these the south countenance of the bay, plunging with a narrow bay of planks at the central end, here was our Ultima Thule. Not even the Patience could thread eye of this needle, or float through the shallow marsh-canal farther to the east.

We anchored just in front of the bridge, and as I pushed the canoe beneath it, after supper, I felt that indefinable sensation of having passed that way before. I knew before that what the little boat would drift into. The broad saffron light of evening fading over a still lagoon; two converging lines of pine trees running back into the sunset; a grassy point upon the right; and behind that a neglected garden, a tangled bower of honeysuckle, a straight path bordered with box, leading to a deserted house with a high, white-pillared porch—yes, it was Larmonie.

In the morning I went up to the village to see if I could find trace of my artist's visit to the place. There was no difficulty in the search, for he had been there often. The people had plenty of recollections of him, but no real memory, for it seemed as if none of them had really known him.

"Queer kinder fellow," said a wrinkled old bayanna with whom I walked up the sandy road; "I seen him a good deal round here, but I can't like havin' any' quance with him. He used ter stay round 'Squire Ladoo's place most o' the time—keepin' company with the gal I called Larmonie? Yaas, that's what they called it, but we don't go much on fancy names down here. No, the painter didn't 'zactly live there, but it 'mounted to the same thing. Las' summer they was all away, house shut up, painter hangin' round all the time, as if he looked for 'em to come back any minute. Purfessed to be paintin', but I don't see's he did much. Lived up to Mort Halsey's; died there too; year ago this fall. Guess Mier' Halsey can tell ye most of any one 'bout him."

At the boarding-house (with wide, low verandas, now forsaken by the summer boarders), which did duty for a village inn, I found Mrs. Halsey; a notable housewife, with a strong taste for ancestry, and an unquenching her soft of romance still brightening her soft eyes. She knew all the threads in the story that I was following; and the interest with which she spoke made it evident that she had often woven them together in the winter evenings on patterns of her own.

built a house there like the one he used to live in. There were three things he hated: slavery and war and society. But he always loved the South more than the North, and lived like a foreigner, polite enough, but very reserved. His wife died after a few years, and left him alone with a little girl, Claire grew up as pretty as a picture, but very shy. Falconer had come down from the city; he stayed at Larmonie first, and then he came to the boarding-house, but he was over at the Ledoux' house almost all the time. He was a Southerner too, and a relative of the family; a real gentleman, and very proud though he was poor. It seemed strange that he should not live with them, but perhaps he felt more free over here. Every one thought he must be engaged to Claire, but he was not the kind of a man that you could ask questions about himself. A year ago last winter he had gone up to the city and taken all his things with him. He had never stayed away so long before. In the spring the Ledoux had gone to Europe; Claire seemed to be falling into a decline; her sight seemed to be failing, and her father said she must see a famous doctor and have a change of air.

"Mr. Falconer came back in May," continued the good lady, "as if he expected to find them. But the house was shut up and nobody knew just where they were. He seemed to be all taken aback; it was queer if he didn't know about it, intimate as he had been; but he never said anything, and made no inquiries; just seemed to be waiting, as if there was nothing else for him to do. We would have told him in a minute, if there was nothing else there must have been some kind of a quarrel between him and the judge; and if there was, he must know best about it himself."

"All summer long he kept going over to the house and wandering around in the garden. In the fall he began to paint a picture, but it was very slow painting; he would go over in the afternoon and come back long after dark, damp with the dew and fog. He kept growing paler and weaker and more silent. Some days he did not speak more than a dozen words, but always in a pleasant way. He was just dwindling away; and when the picture was almost done a fever took hold of him. The doctor said it was malaria, but it seemed to me more like a trouble in the throat, a kind of dumb misery. And one night, in the third quarter of the moon, just after the tide turned to run out, he raised up in the bed and tried to speak, but he was gone."

"We tried to find out his relations, but there didn't seem to be any, except the Ledoux, and they were out of reach. So we sent the picture up to our cousin in Brooklyn, and it sold for about enough to pay Mr. Falconer's funeral. There was nothing else that he left of any value, except a few books; perhaps you would like to look at them, if you were his friend."

"I never saw any one that I seemed to know so little and like so well. It was a disappointment in love, of course, and they all said that he died of a broken heart; but I think it was because his heart was too full, and wouldn't break."

"And oh!—I forgot to tell you; a week after he was gone there was a notice in the paper that Claire Ledoux had died suddenly, on the last of August, at some place in Switzerland. Her father is still away travelling. And so the whole story is broken off, and will never be finished. Will you look at the books?"

"Nothing is more pathetic, to my mind, than to take up the books of one who is dead. Here is his name, with perhaps a note of the place where the volume was bought or read, and the marks on the pages that he liked best. Here are the passages that gave him pleasure, and the thoughts that entered into his life and formed it; they be came part of his life, but where has he gone?—now?"

Falconer's little library was an un-studied choice, and gave a hint of his character. There was a New Testament in French, with his name written in a slender, woman's hand; three or four volumes of stories, Cable's "Old Creole Days," Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal," Page's "In Old Virginia," and the like; "Henry Esmond" and Amiel's "Journal" and La Fontaine's "Fables"; and a few volumes of poetry, among them one of Sidney Lanier's and one of Tennyson's earlier poems.

There was also a little morocco-bound book of manuscript notes. This I begged permission to carry away with me, hoping to find in it something which would throw light upon my picture, perhaps even some message to be carried, some hint or suggestion of something which the writer would fain have done for him, and which I promised myself faithfully to perform, as a test of an imagined friendship—imagined not in the future, but in the impossible past.

I read the book in this spirit, searching its pages carefully, through the long afternoon, in the solitary cabin of my boat. There was nothing at first but an ordinary diary; a record of the work and self-denial of a poor student of art. Then came the date of his first visit to Larmonie, and an expression of the pleasure of being with his own people again after a lonely life, and some chronicle of his occupations there, studies for pictures, and idle days that were summed up in a phrase: "On the bay," or "In the woods."

in their own time and place. A date told of his change from Larmonie to the village, and this was written below it: "Too heavy a sense of obligation destroys freedom, and only a free man can do best to love." Then came a number of fragments indicating trouble of mind and hesitation; the sensitiveness of the artist, the delicate, self-torturing scruples of the lonely idealist, the morbid pride of the young poor man, contending with an impetuous passion and forcing it to surrender, or at least to compromise.

"What right has a man to demand everything and offer nothing in return except an aspiration and a hope? Love must come as a giver, not as a beggar." "A knight should not ask to wear his lady's colors until he has won his spurs." "King Cophetua and the beggar-maid—very fine! but the other way—humiliating."

"A woman may take everything from a man, wealth and fame and position. But there is only one thing that a man may accept from a woman—something that she alone can give—happiness." "Self-respect is less than love, but it is the trellis that holds love up from the ground; break it down, and all the flowers are in the dust, the fruit is spoiled."

"And yet"—so the man's thought shone through everywhere—"I think she must know that I love her, and why I can't speak."

One entry was written in a clearer, stronger hand: "An end of hesitation. The longest way is the shortest. I am going to the city to work for the Academy prize, to think of nothing else until I win it, and then come back with it to Claire, to tell her that I have a future, and that it is hers. If I spoke of it now it would be like claiming the reward before I had done the work. I have told her only that I am going to prove myself an artist, and to live for what I love best. She understood, I am sure, for she would not hit her eyes to me, but her hand trembled when she gave me the blue flower from her belt. The date of his return to Larmonie was marked, but the page was blank, as the day had been.

Some pages of dull self-reproach and questioning and bewildered regret followed.

"Is it possible that she has gone away, without a word, without a sign, after what has passed between us? It is not fair. Surely I had some claim." "But what claim, after all? I asked for nothing. And was it not pride that kept me silent, taking it for granted that if I asked she would give?"

"It was a mistake; she did not understand, nor care." "It was my fault; I might at least have told her that I loved her, though she could not have answered me."

"It is too late now. To-night, while I was finishing the picture, I saw her in the garden. Her spirit, all in white, with a blue flower in her belt. I knew she was dead across the sea. I tried to call to her, but my voice made no sound. She seemed not to see me. She moved like one in a dream, straight on, and vanished. Is there no one who can tell her? Must she never know that I loved her?"

The last thing in the book was so printed scrap of paper that lay between the leaves:

Would the gods might give: Another field for harvest: Man must live one life: E'er he learns to live: Ah, there is the great grave: Was it no chance; what now can save!

So there was a message after all, but it could never be carried; a task for a friend, but it was impossible. What better thing could I do with the poor little book than bury it in the garden in the shadow of Larmonie? The story of a silent fault, hidden in silence. How many of life's deepest tragedies are only that; no great transgressions, no shock of conflict, no sudden catastrophe with its answering thrill of courage and resistance; only a mistake made in the darkness, and under the guidance of what seemed a true and noble motive; a failure to see the right path at the right moment, and a long wandering beyond it; a word left unspoken until the ears that should have heard it are sealed, and the tongue that should have spoken it is dumb.

The soft sea fog clothed the night with clinging darkness; the faded leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sand-dunes vibrated through the damp air like chords from some mighty violon; large, warm drops wept from the arbour while I sat in the garden, holding the poor little book, and thinking of the white blot in the record of a life that was too proud to bend to the happiness that was meant for it.

There are men like that; not many perhaps, but a few; and they are the ones who suffer most keenly in this world of half understanding and clouded knowledge. There is a pride, honorable and sensitive, that imperils the realization of love, puts it under a spell of silence and reserve, makes it sterile of blossoms and impotent of fruits. For what is it, after all, but a subtle, spiritual worship of self? And what was Falconer's resolve not to tell this girl that he loved her until he had won some fame and position, but a secret, unconscious setting of himself above her? For surely, if love is supreme, it does not need to wait for anything else to lend it worth and dignity. The very sweetness and power of it lie in the confession of one life as dependent upon another for its fulfillment. It is made strong in its very weakness. It is the only thing, after all, that can break the prison bars and set the heart free, it enslaves it. The pride that hinders it, it enslaves it. Love's first duty is to be true to itself, in word and deed. Then having spoken the truth and acted verily, it may call on honor to keep it pure and steadfast.

If Falconer had trusted Claire, and showed her his heart without reserve, would she not have understood him and helped him? It was the pride of self-dependence, the passion of self reliance that drew him away from her and divided his heart from hers in a dumb isolation. But Claire—was not she also

in fault? Might she not have done so? Should not she have done so? The truth was Falconer's never put it into words. Her pride that she never put it into words. The virgin reserve of her heart is more sacred than the pilgrim. She is the woman always the one sought. She anything for granted. She right to wait for the avowal. Then, and the shrine may open to the shrine who do the avowal. And Cl who do are the ones and winning. And Cl them. It seemed to had dreaming, on the of these two lives that other in the darkness, her figure moving through beyond where the pale tall cosmos flared in the of the mist. Her face very fair, for all its shadow, faint as a shadow trembled at her waist and fro along the path. I murmured to loved her; and she pride be stronger than Perhaps, after all and belated confession had written in it in some way. Come to the suches where they together, it might be of the moeig of the had lost each other world. Perhaps, all it is not so?—for the with all their errors faults, there is no there is "another be As I turned from tense notes of the sur the night. The part rushed as they left the honeysuckle. But sounds it seemed as voice saying "Claire lips whispering "Te to be con-

THE BEART By Maurice I. Mr. Washburne alone in the world passed away five Christmas of 1901. Laura, had married try gentlemen, and folk. His wife's ture was crowned with figure of Amphitruo that who had success face of this wonder ture express only in ton had been an Ag after her death, the Unitarian; and he towards this by the ton:

"To be still te know by what t truth to truth as a golden rule in the otic, and makes the Church, not ward union of co wardly divided m On consideratio Milton's words, t tarians as one of the sense to lead hi fashionable Boston nihilation, Nerva cept; and, as busi retired from the to think of in the care a distasteful t England went into a bac New York, and t rlier than ever. H prose, in a sp Marcus Aurelius became a benefice favorite Unitaria tist who religion was declared that a noble motive; a failure to see the right path at the right moment, and a long wandering beyond it; a word left unspoken until the ears that should have heard it are sealed, and the tongue that should have spoken it is dumb.

The soft sea fog clothed the night with clinging darkness; the faded leaves hung slack and motionless from the trees, waiting for their fall; the tense notes of the surf beyond the sand-dunes vibrated through the damp air like chords from some mighty violon; large, warm drops wept from the arbour while I sat in the garden, holding the poor little book, and thinking of the white blot in the record of a life that was too proud to bend to the happiness that was meant for it.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 19th, 1905. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

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

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1905. A MESSAGE HAS BEEN RECEIVED FROM ROME to the effect that His Holiness the Pope granted a private audience on Sunday, 19th instant, to His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston and His Lordship the Bishop of London.

THE RELATION BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The Toronto Holy Free Thinking Society held a meeting in Toronto in the middle of October to hear an address from Mr. H. Weinberg of New York, who is a member of the Rationalistic or Reformed Jewish community in that city, the chief characteristic doctrine of which is unbelief in a future life, and, as a consequence, that the whole aim of mankind should be to make this life comfortable, to acquire riches and to assist our fellow man—though, indeed, where there is no responsibility to God it certainly will not be the aim of men to do good to others, but rather to look out for one's own worldly interests.

The large crowd of men and women who attended Mr. Weinberg's lecture showed that a very great proportion of the European Jews who have come of recent years to Canada are votaries of Free Thought, which is a fact much to be regretted. A little leaven corrupteth the whole mass; and we have already too much of the leaven of unbelief in the country, so that it is not desirable that the amount thereof should be increased.

Mr. Weinberg declared unmistakably that the association on behalf of which he spoke has for its object not only the raising of the workingman from his position of so-called servitude, but likewise the abolition of private ownership and the dissemination of free thought principles.

It is certain that the abolition of private ownership would result in the deterioration of the human race. Men will not devote themselves to necessary labor if the whole community is to be the proprietor of the fruits of that labor. We have an example of the conditions resulting from this principle in the present condition of the Dukhobors who have settled in our North-West. These have hitherto held their property in common, and there is now complaints that they have fallen practically under the power of Peter Vargin, who lords it over them as a king, and is alleged to have asked the Dominion Government to put in his name all the property intended for the Dukhobors which has not been actually taken up by individuals. It is not to be expected that the Government will accede to such a request.

But still more dangerous is the avowal that this association aims at the dissemination of irreligion. Mr. Weinberg condemned the present social conditions, which, he said, are due to the prevalence of religion in the world. He advised his hearers not to believe what their rabbis and other preachers told them, namely, that as a compensation for the sufferings of this life they should look for a recompense in the world to come. "They will get nothing," he said, "in the world to

come, the existence of which he doubted."

The coal mine owners and capitalists were condemned strongly, and the speaker asserted that their presence in the world can be dispensed with, whereas the worker, who is the producer, is a necessity.

Mr. Weinberg is evidently mistaken as regards the relations which should exist between capital and labor. We should not aim at the abolition of capital and capitalists, for these are necessary for the fruitful direction and employment of labor, but the solution of the problem should be sought by procuring for the workmen a sufficient recompense for their labor, so that they may support themselves and families in comfort.

SPIRITISM OR SPIRITUALISM.

Dr. Isaac Kaufman Funk, LL. D., a Protestant clergyman, and founder of the Literary Digest, publishes under his own name in several papers a curious statement in regard to the existence of a spiritual world which is attested by many incidents which he regards as sufficient to establish not only that there is a world of spirits, but that at times these spirits communicate with men on earth.

In regard to the general fact that there is or has been such communication, no Christian can for a moment entertain any doubt, for Holy Scripture is clear on the point. It is not here a question of the manifestations of His self which God has made to man by revealing Himself personally. This has been done many times, as when God revealed Himself to our first parents in the Garden of Paradise, and later on to Abraham, Jacob, Moses and the Prophets of the Old Law. Under the New Law also we have the account of how God revealed Himself to many of His faithful servants in connection with the Incarnation of Jesus the Son of God. Thus the birth of Christ our Saviour was revealed to the wise men of the East, and to the shepherds of Judea, all of whom verified the revelation by visiting the stable or cave in which the Saviour of mankind was born, having come to earth "to save His people from their sins." Christ then remained on earth thirty three years teaching and preaching the Gospel of salvation.

But besides these manifestations and revelations of God Himself we read of the appearance of spirits of the dead. Such was the appearance of Samuel the prophet to Saul when God permitted the great prophet to advise that king to rule His kingdom justly and in accordance with the revealed law of God.

We cannot deny, therefore, the possibility of communication with the spirit world, and yet Spiritism, or the continual communication which so-called spiritualistic mediums pretend to keep up with the spirits of the dead, are undoubtedly for the most part fraudulent. Over and over again the most gross frauds have been perpetrated under this pretence.

More than half a century ago these frauds were begun by the Fox sisters, who went through the United States professing to be able to summon spirits of the dead at will, and to give their followers communications with the dead through mysterious knockings which were made by the supposed spiritual visitants who answered all sorts of questions, a code of signals having been adopted whereby the knockings spelled out the words by which their answers were made intelligible and were announced by the mediums in more or less intelligible though very often ungrammatical English, and frequently these revelations were in current slang.

It was afterward discovered that the pretended revelations from the spirit world were really produced by muscular movements of the joints of the fingers and other parts of the body and by mechanical contrivances which were concealed by the mediums, the leaders of whom were the Fox sisters, who, however, instructed others in their methods so that any one with sufficient effrontery, powers of deception, and quickness of apprehension to draw inferences on facts which were known in other ways, could learn the trade. If some people were sharper than others and could draw their inferences readily, like Sherlock Holmes, from almost any trivial circumstances, they very soon became expert mediums, and devoted themselves entirely to this occupation, which became to thousands a means of livelihood.

The more lucrative the occupation of a spiritualistic medium became, the larger became the number who embraced it as their trade, and new methods were found to keep up the delusion. The spirits began to turn hats and tables chiefly by muscular action. An instrument called Planchette was devised which being placed over sheets of paper wrote spiritual messages, and later on the spirits exhibited themselves on a dimly lighted stage and answered in their proper forms the ques-

tions which were put to them by eager enquirers into the nature of the future life, and especially into the state of the souls of departed friends of the dupes making these enquiries.

Spiritism now became a religious sect with its own dogmas concerning the nature of the immortality of the soul; but, for the most part, the existence of God was ignored. On many occasions, however, the supposed spirits admitted that they were spirits of evil, and it is sure that on some occasions they declared themselves to be devils when they were closely interrogated.

In very great measure this so-called spiritualism, which we prefer to designate as Spiritism, is undoubtedly merely a fraud. Spiritist pictures have been produced by the Bangs sisters of Chicago, the noted Vera Diss Debar of New York, and others, by the use of chemicals, and were made to appear suddenly on a plain surface of paper or canvas, and have been accepted as genuine spirit pictures by dupes who paid sometimes thousands of dollars to the mediums for them.

It is a fact also that there are shops in which the machinery necessary for the conducting of an elaborate mediumistic show can be purchased at any price from \$50 to \$1,000, and perhaps more. Most mediums furnish themselves with these aids, and can deceive the spectators to an incredible extent. There is no doubt that these exhibitions are mere frauds practiced upon the public. But we do not deny that there have been instances in which the tricks of the mediums are such that it seems they must be attributed to preternatural powers exercised by these persons. In such cases, which we believe to be comparatively rare, this preternatural intervention must come from evil spirits or devils. The doctrines these alleged spirits teach are purposely made to correspond to some extent with the divine teachings of Christianity, as they would at once create suspicion if they were directly to contradict these teachings on evidently fundamental points. But they soon betray themselves by an exposure of the cloven foot in some way. They give a totally different explanation of the future life from the known teaching of the Christian religion, and thus they are known to be revelations of the evil one and not of God.

It is evident from what we have here stated that it is unbecoming and unlawful for a Christian, especially for a Catholic, to have any share in spiritualistic or spiritistic sances, which are always either mere frauds, or, when not entirely fraudulent, are diabolical manifestations.

Professor Funk relates a strange psychic phenomenon of a New York physician who was attacked by paralysis in Florida, and was quite conscious that he was at death's door. As a medical expert he watched the progress of his disease until he became unconscious, and shortly afterward thoroughly conscious and free from pain. He wondered if this was death.

While in this condition he thought of a friend living a thousand miles away, and with whom he had been long exceedingly intimate.

He immediately beheld his friend and the members of his family surrounding him at home. He was conscious of what they said and did, and even spoke to them, but could not attract their attention. Suddenly the friend visited fixed his eyes upon him and said: "Why, doctor, are you here? I thought you were in Florida," and he stooped forward to greet him. The doctor who related this said "he felt repelled by his friend's approach." At all events, he disappeared from the friend as soon as the latter addressed and approached him. Then the doctor distinctly heard a voice which told him he might return to earth if he felt his work undone, or he might remain as he was—it being understood that he had already entered into the future life.

After much consideration and reflection he chose to return to earth, and he found himself in his bedchamber looking at the corpse of himself, which, to his experienced eyes, was that of a body from which the spirit had passed. "By a supreme effort of my will," he said to Professor Funk, "I reentered my body and found that the sun was up, and the whole night had passed since I had become unconscious."

There is surely no obligation for us to believe this history, as we are not certain whether the sole witness to the principal transaction was himself the victim of an hallucination or was merely playing upon the credulity of the professor. It is most likely from our point of view that there was either a deception or a hallucination. But if this story were a certain truth it would only show that there is at times some intercommunication between man on earth and the spirit world. This we are not disposed to deny, though we are inclined to the belief that in the present story there is a defect in the evidence, which ought to be indubitable before

we place faith upon it, or at all events before we should make it a basis on which to ground our religious faith.

We would not ground religious faith either upon these or any similarly attested or insufficiently attested stories, neither would we do so on the basis of such stories as the records of spiritism have brought to our notice.

Professor Funk is himself of the belief that the stories of spiritistic revelations from the other world should be very dubiously received. We are entirely in accord with him so far.

RELIGION IN QUEBEC.

There appeared a moderate and reasonable article in the Globe recently on the subject of Protestant missions to Quebec, wherein the editor reminded the ministers of certain Protestant Churches which have missionary establishments in that Province that they should not misrepresent facts by endeavoring to make it appear that the Province of Quebec has not the Gospel of Christ, and that it needs the light of the gospel as taught by the Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptist institutions which have been established for the purpose of enlightening the French-Canadians in the truth of the Gospel.

The Globe reminded these over-zealous ministers that there is scarcely to be found a single child of eight or nine years of age who does not know the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments thoroughly, and expressed grave doubt whether the Protestant children of Ontario of the same age are equally well instructed in divine truth. The Rev. Dr. Ross, pastor of St. Andrew's Church in this city, took occasion on Sunday, Nov 12th, to comment harshly on the Globe's statements in his evening sermon.

Dr. Ross quoted as his text St. Mark xvi 15: "And He (Christ) said unto them, go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

This text the doctor gives as the authority of himself and of his Presbyterian co-laborers for carrying the gospel as they understand it into Catholic lands, and endeavoring to force it upon Catholic people.

But these words might be as appropriately quoted by the Imams of Turkey or the Brahmins of India as their authority for teaching their forms of worship to the Rev. Dr. Ross and his colleagues are admittedly not successors of the Apostles to whom these words were addressed.

St. Paul says: "Every high priest taken from among men is appointed for men in the things that appertain to God that he may offer up gifts and sacrifices for sins. . . neither doth any man take the honor to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was," (Heb., v. 1-4.)

The Presbyterian ministers did take this honor to themselves without the divine call which God gave to Aaron and his successors in the priesthood of the Old Law, and it is for this very reason that after proclaiming the necessity of the ordination of priests (or ministers) as required by Scripture, the Westminster Confession admits that the ministers of the Kirk crept into their authoritative position not by the door of ordination, but surreptitiously by some "extraordinary" means, viz:

"There is at this time (as we humbly conceive) an extraordinary occasion for a way of ordination for the present supply of ministers."

How applicable here are the words of Christ: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the fold of the sheep but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." (St. John, x. 1-2.)

The Presbyterian "French Evangelizers" may also apply these words. The shepherds who came in by the door were in the Province of Quebec long before the thieves and robbers climbed in by some other way.

Rev. Mr. Ross declares that the French people of Quebec are sunk in a darkness which permeates the people, being taught by the Roman Catholic Church.

In making this assertion the rev. gentleman is most certainly misrepresenting these people, and it is all the more inexcusable because he says he knows the French people well as he lived amongst them. We know that all the children are carefully instructed in their religion, and, as the Globe said, all know the catechism more or less thoroughly, but the most essential parts of the catechism are known by all, among those parts being precisely the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, which, as the Globe admits, are but imperfectly known to the Protestant children in Ontario.

Rev. Mr. Ross says the French Evangelizers are frustrated by the priests, as far as possible. And why should not this be the case? These false Evangelists teach a false doctrine. They teach the Westminster doctrine in regard to God's character and

attributes, and which has already been repudiated by the Presbyterians of the United States, the Free Presbyterians of England, and the United Free Presbyterians of Scotland, a doctrine which even probably the majority of Canadian Presbyterians also reject, though it still has a place in their Confession of Faith.

Here is a religious darkness "taught by the ministers" who seem to be more in need of the light of the Gospel than do the people of Quebec, who know their religion, and believe in it firmly because it is the unchangeable truth, while Presbyterians "are carried about like little children, by every wind of doctrine."

And the Quebec people are "forbidden to have the Bible in their homes." This is also a misrepresentation. They are allowed and recommended to read the Bible, but not the wilfully corrupted version which Presbyterian colporteurs and ministers endeavor to circulate among them.

The rev. doctor told his hearers a most ridiculous story of a colporteur who had to prove that he was not the devil, by showing a French farmer that he had not cloven feet. This rehearsal of an old story would have suited a saloon better than an edifice which is supposed to be the House of God. At all events if such an incident ever happened the habitant was trying to have some fun with the "missionary." And the "missionary" was too serious a person to see the joke.

Again, the Rev. Dr. Ross rebukes the French-Canadian clergy for wasting the money of the people by building churches which cost thousands of dollars.

We have yet to learn that the French-Canadian people complain that their money is wasted which is spent in building churches suitable to the needs of each locality. That was virtually the complaint of Judas Iscariot, and the people of Quebec may well treat with indifference and contempt this gospel of Judas as preached in St. Andrew's church of London.

We have heard a good deal of recent years from Protestant ministers how Protestant churches waste money by building too many churches in localities where one such building ought to be sufficient, and the fact has been used as an argument why the different sects ought to unite. They should have the honesty to take the beam out of their own eye before seeing at the moat in their brother's eye. There are no more Catholic churches in Quebec or Ontario than are needed to supply the spiritual wants of the people, and it will readily be found by estimating the value of the Catholic churches throughout both Ontario and Quebec that there has not been an excessive expenditure beyond the ability of the people, and indeed it will be found that if there is a waste anywhere it is in the building of more Protestant Churches than would be needed if Protestantism were the one Church which Christ established on earth.

In conclusion, we feel it advisable to call the Rev. Mr. Ross's attention to the proceedings of the Ottawa Ministerial Association held on November 13th. Rev. George Johnson stated that juvenile crime is increasing to a sad extent in Canada, especially larceny, convictions for this crime forming 78 per cent. of the convictions of boys under 15 in 1903. Mr. Johnson continued:

"The Province of Ontario occupies an unenviable position in regard to juvenile crime, for while every million of the other Provinces shows 130 boy criminals, Ontario shows 267 per million. In other words, while Ontario has about one-third of the boys, it has over one-half of the boy criminals of the Dominion. There is a striking disproportion of boy criminals to girl criminals. Out of 308,119 girls under fifteen in Canada in 1901, only 25 were convicted for indictable offences. Of these, Ontario contributed 18 out of 337,443 girls, while all other Provinces contributed 7 out of a total of 570,714 girls of the age mentioned. Larceny was also the chief crime with the girls."

Rev. Mr. Ross will thus see that Ontario has very much to learn from Quebec in the religious and moral teaching of its children.

As the rev. gentleman admits that the morals of the youths of Quebec are the fruit of the teaching of the priest, we may well ask if the Ontario boys and girls derived their morals from the teaching of the Presbyterian ministers.

REV. DR. ROSS, pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church of this city, having made the assertion that the Catholics of the province of Quebec are not permitted to read the Scriptures, we desire to draw his attention to the fact that in every edition of the CATHOLIC RECORD may be found an advertisement of bibles for sale. We are disposing of these books in large quantities in every section of the country. Most certainly if the Catholic people were not permitted to read the Scriptures, a Catholic paper would be denounced for offering them for sale.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

It has been announced that the mission of Bishop O'Connell to Japan has been undertaken for purposes of securing for the Catholics of Japan certain important liberties of which they are deprived by the existing laws of the Mikado's empire, but which are much needed for the successful carrying out of missionary work, and for the education of youth. The details have not been made known to the public, but it is believed that a Bishop from America has the best prospect of success at the present moment when America is held in special esteem by the Japanese authorities and people.

The Nippon, a Japanese journal, commenting upon the appointment of Bishop O'Connell by the Pope to this important post of Apostolic Delegate, states that the Catholics have more native adherents in Japan than any other foreign faith, as they number sixty thousand in the Empire; but whatever is being done by the Catholic missionaries is done without ostentation, and without any opposition or annoyance from the Japanese people.

The Nippon continues: "The Catholic teachers work among the poor and humbly living people, while the rich Japanese seem to be more inclined toward Protestantism. The Protestant propagandists," the editor says, "are not men of great ability or personal magnetism, and no great teacher of this foreign faith is now in Japan. The Greek Church, which has met with some success in its work, has the misfortune now to be associated in the minds of the Japanese with Russia's policy of political aggressiveness."

These statements from the principal journal published in Japan are interesting, as giving us an idea of what the natives of Japan think of the operations of Christian missionaries in their country.

THE EFFECTS OF DRINK.

We have frequently had occasion to record frightful instances of the evil effects of the excessive use of intoxicating drinks, and some of these have been peculiarly shocking to human sensibilities. But seldom has it been our lot to relate a more deplorable instance of depravity than the following recent occurrence arising out of the abominable practice of the excessive use of intoxicants.

A Pittsburg woman named Mrs. John Leysick had a quarrel with her husband, during which it is said each one charged the other with drinking to excess, and indeed the woman had certainly been doing this, yet she took her husband's reproaches so much to heart that she locked herself in her bedroom with her six months' old infant.

Later on, when it was noticed that there were no signs of life heard from the room, the neighbors broke open the door and found the baby dead with the head almost severed from the body, while on the floor near by lay the lifeless body of the mother. In her hand was a bloody razor with which she had cut her own throat after killing the child. The name of this child was Annie.

Another child named Mary, three years old, was also near becoming a victim, as the mother led her to the bedroom before the double murder was perpetrated. She evidently then changed her mind, as she sent Mary down stairs, and then proceeded to her bloody work.

There were several razors open on the mantelpiece as if ready for murderous purposes, and it is noteworthy that after the death of the infant the mother used a fresh razor with which to kill herself.

These and like shocking crimes which are perpetrated every week, and almost every day, should be an eloquent warning to young persons of both sexes never to indulge in intoxicating beverages, a habit which is sure to be followed by horrible results.

THE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATIONS.

An interesting episode on the occasion of Archbishop Ryan's recent interview with His Holiness Pius X. occurred when His Grace requested the Holy Father's blessing for the Priests' Total Abstinence League of America, of which the Archbishop is Honorary President, and likewise the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. The Pope granted his special blessing to both associations, and renewed the Indulgences granted by Leo XIII. to these societies, remarking that they are calculated to do a great deal of good.

It is so universal a custom in Italy to drink light wines that it caused much surprise to the Pope when he learned that so large a body of both priests and laity pledged themselves against the use of all intoxicating drinks, including these light wines. He added that even though the priests generally might not need so strict a pledge, it is nevertheless an excellent example to give their

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCLXXIX.

The correspondent says: "Early Christianity, so far as we know anything about it, was a reaction by the powerless in worldly things against the powerful."

Here we have this writer's evident animus towards Christianity, the disposition to represent it as growing up, one hardly knows how, out of some obscure root, embedded under the half-forgotten name of Jesus of Nazareth.

This style of talk might have been more effective fifty years ago, when the Tubingen school was still in its prime, which accommodated the first history of the Church to an a priori theory of Hegelian philosophy.

This began, by putting the whole New Testament, except Jude and Revelation, into the second century. The fourth Gospel it put as late as A. D. 170.

Soon, however, reflection began to show the absurdity of governing history by theory, instead of theory by history. As soon as the spell of the Hegelian formula was broken (which is of value in its place): "First Indifference, then Antagonism, then Reconciliation," scholars began to find themselves at liberty to draw conclusions according to evidence.

Thus left free, there was a rapid revision towards the original dates. The critical school, as represented by Adolf Harnack, while still clinging to some of the old opinions, now puts almost the whole of the New Testament into the first century, and even dates many books earlier than tradition has done.

Such an approach of the critical to the original schools would have been thought almost impossible a few years ago. Professor W. M. Ramsay of Aberdeen, the eminent archaeologist, began by putting the whole New Testament, b. d. into the second century. However, the farther he carried archaeological, and historical, and geographical research, the more flagrant he found the contrast between the atmosphere and conditions of the New Testament and those of the second century.

He has ended by replacing all the original dates, not to mention their original dates, by the date of the pressure of three different orders of facts, concurrent in results. He evidently agrees with the learned Quaker scholar, James Rendel Harris, that "the Catholic traditions have an obstinate way of verifying themselves."

Indeed Roman himself, who began by disbelieving the very existence of Jesus Christ, ended by presenting a figure of Him, which, however distorted and defiled by the sickly and purulent sentimentalism of Parisian semi-theism, evidently rests upon the reality of the majestic original.

Here then, whatever scope any one may choose to give to the legendary imagination of the first Christians, we are in full possession of the original archives of the Christian religion, written during the first two generations after the Ascension, from their earliest specifically Jewish form, as found in the first chapters of Luke, and of Acts, through the half-rabbinical half-Hellenic style which St. Paul's intermediate position made it expedient for him to use, to the Platonizing tone which St. John thought best to employ when the Greek philosophy began to be powerful, and dangerous, in the Church, and needed to be met on its own ground, partly for refutation, partly for assimilation.

We have, besides, the serene simplicity of Peter's first Epistle, breathing an atmosphere of undisputed ascendancy.

Then we have, almost before the canonical writings are completed, the non-canonical namesake of St. Barnabas, Clement, the teaching of the Twelve Apostles, Ignatius, Polycarp, Quadratus, Aristides, Hermas, Athenagoras, Diognetus Papias, Hegesippus, Justin Martyr and Tatian, and others, until, with the Catholic bishops, Irenaeus, Hippolytus, and the Montanist presbyter, Tertullian, we are fairly ushered into the light of the third century. If anybody, with all this accumulation of evidence, will still have it that we enjoy only a dim, half-conjectural knowledge of early Christianity, he seems to be reserving certain convenient nooks of assumed obscurity, to which he may retreat if pressed by disagreeable facts.

There are many details of the early Church, to which we are imperfectly informed, but the essence of original Christianity is distinctly enough before us.

Was the Church originally a conspiracy of the poor against the rich and powerful? What else can be meant by calling it "a reaction" against them?

The Church might have been a reaction against the powerful in one of two ways.

It might, in the first place, have been a secret league, like some of our Anarchist sects, for the overthrow of the wealthy by using all convenient opportunities of fomenting disorder, in hope of securing a larger share of good things out of the general chaos.

I need not say that the early Church was anything rather than such a confederacy. In the exultation of the new deliverance, there were undoubtedly incipient stirrings of disorder, but these were promptly checked by the apostles. St. Paul bids believers remember that the constituted authorities, although heathen, and although often evil men, were God's own delegates for the maintenance of social order, and exhorts Christians to give the Emperor and his viceroys no occasion to suspect them of seditiousness. St. Peter says: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of men for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the King, as supreme, or unto governors, as sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. As free, and not using

your liberty for a cloak of maliciousness, but as the servants of God."

During the three hundred years of persecution, as we know, no rebellions are ascribed to the Christians, while robbery was accounted by them a mortal, and by the rigorists, a hardly venial sin.

Again, the Church, leaving the world to go its own way, might have required all her own neophytes, at baptism, to surrender their estates, and to renounce all eminent rank.

Of this, too, there is nothing, except in peculiar crises of the cause. The Saviour enjoys a free communication of soul, and indignantly denounces the contemptuous indifference of Diogenes towards Lazarus as worthy of damnation. Yet, as we see in St. Luke xvii, 7-10, the Lord assumes that even the Twelve might have servants, and land, and cattle, and in Chap. xxii, 25, 27, recognizes that there might be inequalities of means among them.

Yet St. Luke is precisely the one that brings out most distinctly the communistic side of the Gospel. Nevertheless, in speaking of the temporary socialism of the Church of Jerusalem, he emphasizes the fact that it was purely voluntary, and shows that it was transient, soon mentioning "the poor of the saints," as distinguished from those who had no need of help from abroad.

St. John also, as we know, did not take the Virgin to an apostolic phalanstery, but "to his own home." As the ruler of the prosperous business man, Zebedee, and friend of the High Priest, he was probably of abler means than some of his brethren, even had he not been the son of the Virgin's kinswoman.

We will consider some additional facts. CHARLES C. STARBUCK. Andover, Mass.

FOUR-MINUTE SERMON Twenty-fourth Sunday After Pentecost. JOY IN GOD'S SERVICE.

Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts, . . . and be ye thankful. (Coloss. iii. 15.)

Of the several great lessons contained in to-day's Epistle, the one most insisted on and brought out is that of thankfulness and joyfulness in the service of God.

In the labors of St. Paul (and his labors were more abundant than all the Apostles), in his frequent tribulations and crosses, he never ceased giving thanks in all things—nor did he ever tire of inculcating this same duty on the first Christians. If, then, my brethren, thankfulness and joyfulness are such a great part of religion, it would be well this morning to see if they be characteristic of our service.

We have a multitude of reasons for being thankful to God, if we but thought of them—the gifts of nature—life, health, strength, the pleasures and gratifications of the mind, learning, objects of interest, of study and beauty, both in nature and art, the pleasures of home, the joys of friendship. These are real and great benefits; they are the causes of joy and motives of thankfulness. Our good God intended us to find enjoyment in the moderate use of them, not, indeed, as ends in themselves, but as means to our one great end. And so he has spread the charm of beauty over this place of our sojourn and made it pleasant and interesting, lest we lose heart and become sad, and languish on our journey to heaven.

But to speak of higher gifts and benefits: What motives of joy and thankfulness ought we not to find in the knowledge of God, His truth, mercy and goodness as made known to us in the Scriptures, and in His Divine Son, our Saviour and friend, the God-Man: in the gift of the faith, the spiritual riches of the Church and the sacraments, His mercies to us personally, His blessings on our labors, the removal of dangers from our paths, His gracious forgiveness of our sins, time and again. Then, too, what we expect and through His mercy count on for the future—the joys of heaven, those delights which pass our understanding. The life of heaven will be pure joy, and its one occupation thankfulness. Surely, then, this life should be a figure and foretaste of it; and so St. Paul thought, for he bids us "be thankful," "rejoice and rejoice always," "sing in the Lord in our hearts, and in every word and work giving thanks to God."

It is plain that, since God has done His part in bestowing the benefits in such abundant measures, we should do ours in returning thanks. For gratitude is the correlative of benefit. It is equally plain that the true religion is joyful. Now, is such our religion? Is this the way we act? Is it the way we consider God's service? We see, think, or are anxious and sad faces than joyful and glad ones; and I fear that the joyfulness of the latter does not come generally from the reasons I have given. It comes too often from worldly causes, from success in temporal things, from hopes and prospects which relate to indifferent things, if they are not dangerous and positively bad. Whereas the common idea of religion is that it is an unpleasant, and uphill sort of a thing, which imposes restraints upon us, and far from being a cause of thankfulness and joy, is a great interference with the pleasures of life. Pious people, too, are regarded as dull, simple, spiritless creatures, quite the opposite of joyful.

This is all wrong, all false, and, if it be our religion, then we have not the true religion, at least practically. For as God's benefits are real and great, so our thanks and joy should be in them and correspond to them. Religion being our highest duty, should be and can be our highest pleasure. God says it is, and He is Truth; those who have tried say the same. "What shall I render to God for all He hath rendered to me?"—"better one day in thy courts than a thousand years in the tents of sinners."—"taste and see how sweet the Lord is." Our consciences and experience bear out the same truth; for surely evil cannot be compared to good in fullness, in intensity, and above all, it will not wear, it will not last, and it leaves us dissatisfied, fearful, sad. The pleasure and joy of a

good life to a good man even here are far greater than the pleasure of sin to a sinner. Let us, then, make up our minds, once for all, that not only in religion the most necessary, but the wisest and the happiest thing for us. Let us serve God with thankfulness, both for what He has done and will do for us. If we are faithful. If He has done so much in this state of probation, exile, and punishment, what will He not do when the time of reward and enjoyment arrives. Surely, considering what we are and what we have done, the pains and crosses bear no proportion to the benefits, and we have cause even in present labors to be thankful and in every word and work to give Him praise through Jesus Christ our Lord.

TALKS ON RELIGION. SCANDAL, SACRILEGE AND SIMONY. A large and an extensive business is generally promoted and propagated by a number of agents. The kingdom of God is advanced by the clergy, the religious and the zealous faithful. The work of Satan is pushed and propagated by his agents. There are a great many who, though they have made no special compact with the devil, are yet zealous in his service and in opposing God and in promoting evil.

People who give scandal are agents of the devil. Scandal is like a stumbling block placed in the pathway of the innocent, causing them to fall. Though the innocent may not fall, the scandal giver is guilty of having placed such a cause, or for having given the bad example.

The scandal may be given by words, as by cursing and by blasphemy. It may be given by deed, or by omission, as by giving no dress, or had conduct, or by omission of some duty, as to neglect to hear Mass. Then the spreading of bad literature or bad pictures is another fruitful source of scandal. Persons who advise others to steal, or parents who direct, or who teach, or induce their children to lie are to be numbered among the scandal-givers.

The murder of the body is a great crime, but it is not a crime so great as the murder of the soul, and scandal murders the soul. Hence our Lord says: "Woe to the man by whom scandal cometh." "It were better for him that he be drowned in the depth of the sea." Along the same lines are the words of St. Paul: "Destroy not him for whom Christ died." (Romans xiv, 15.)

Since each one is bound to save his own soul it is sinful to take scandal upon one to become its victim. We should avoid those who habitually give scandal on the principle, "If thy hand scandalize thee cut it off," which clearly indicates that we should not permit any one to endanger the loss of our soul. St. Paul says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." (1 Cor. xv, 33.)

Weak brethren are apt to take scandal from things that are not really scandalous to persons better instructed and of better judgment. Of those St. Paul says: "Eat not a scandal in your brother's way." (Romans xiv, 13.) And again the Apostle of the Gentiles says: "From all appearance of evil refrain yourselves." (1 Thess. v, 22.)

It is quite plain that all those who are doing the devil's work, either by design or carelessness, are really his servants and his agents. If they continue in his service they will eventually get their portion with him.

Sacrilege is a sin which springs from the violation of a person, place or thing which has been consecrated to God or to His service. Violence offered to any one consecrated to God is not merely a sin against the individual, but it is an affront offered to God. An insult offered to an ambassador of a king is taken as an insult offered to the king himself. Unless ample apology and satisfaction be given, nations justify the avenging of the insult by war. God is not less jealous of His own honor in the persons of those who represent Him, than we are of our own honor, and do not evil to His prophets." (Psalms civ, 15.)

When King Jeroboam stretches forth his hand from the altar in Bethel against the prophet of the Lord saying: "Lay hold of him; his hand which he stretch forth against him withered, and he was not able to draw it back again to him."—3 Kings xiii, 4.

We have here an example which shows that God miraculously avenged the violence which the king offered to the prophets who had spoken to him in God's name.

The honor due to God requires that those who are charged with His ministry should be treated with respect, not merely for their own sakes but out of reverence for the office they hold. "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchizedek." Any act of violence against a priest is a sin of sacrilege. The Church herself punishes the person guilty of such a sin with the penalty of excommunication.

Places solemnly set aside for divine worship should be treated as sacred. "If anyone violate the Temple of God, him shall God destroy." (1 Cor. iii, 17.) We know that our Lord drove the money changers from the Temple saying "My house is the house of prayer." If such safeguards were thrown around the temples of the old law how much more sacred are the temples of the new law, since they contain the Real Presence, Christ Himself.

Without moral as well as mental training education is incomplete. Catholic parents, therefore, ought to so appreciate our Catholic schools that they would not be satisfied with any other.

Tobacco and Liquor Habits Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes the desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

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"The Catholic Church has favored and blessed the stage, whenever and wherever the stage was kept within the bounds of sound morality," says the Catholic Transcript. "She had no sympathy for the Puritanical rigor which prescribed every actor as the son of the devil. She had no part, on the other hand, in the depravity of the Restoration, when playwrights seemed to vie with one another in flinging filth into the faces of the groundlings. For the morally clean and wholesome stage, the Catholic Church, let it be repeated, has nothing but admiration and encouragement. . . . Far from condemning the stage, the Church rightly claims to be the mother of the English drama. The miracle plays were her begetting. So were the moralities. She would employ the stage to inculcate historical and moral truths, and she scorned not to make it her handmaid in the education and education of her children. So long as the English stage remained true to its birthright, it was the much favored offspring of the Church."

BAD KIDNEYS. CAN ONLY BE CURED THROUGH THE BLOOD. Bad backs—aching backs—come from bad kidneys. Bad kidneys come from bad blood. Bad blood clogs the kidneys with poisonous impurities that breed deadly diseases. And the first sign of that fatal trouble is a dull, dragging pain in the back. Neglect it, and you will soon have the coated tongue, the pasty skin, the peevish temper, the swollen ankles, the dark-rimmed eyes, and all the other signs of deadly kidney disease. Pimples and pimples can never cure you. Kidney pills and backache pills only touch the symptoms—they do not cure you. You must get right down to the root and cause of the trouble in the blood—and no medicine in the world can do this so surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. This strong, rich, new blood sweeps the kidneys clean, drives out the poisonous acids, and heals the deadly inflammation. That is the only way to rid yourself of your backache and have strong, sound kidneys. Mrs. Paul St. Onge, wife of a well known contractor at St. Alexis des Monts, Que., says:—"I suffered for upwards of six years from kidney trouble. I had dull, aching pains across the loins, and at times could hardly go about. I lost flesh, had dark rims below my eyes and grew more wretched every day. I was treated by different doctors, but with no apparent result. I despaired of regaining my health, and was becoming a burden to my family. I was in a deplorable condition when one of my friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them and after using three or four boxes, I began to feel better. I continued the treatment for nearly three months, when every symptom of the trouble had vanished and I was again a well woman. I feel justified in saying I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life."

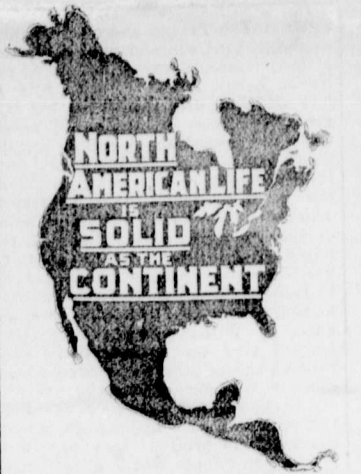
New blood—strong, pure, rich blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make cures not only kidney trouble but a host of other ailments, such as anemia, indigestion, rheumatism, erysipelas, St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and the secret ailments women do not like to talk about, even to their doctor. But only the genuine pills can bring health and strength, and these have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper around each box. If your dealer does not keep the genuine Pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1906. In Enlarged Form With Colored Frontispiece of the Child Jesus.

The Catholic Home Annual, Benziger's popular Annual for 1906, can now be had. It is considerably enlarged and contains a beautiful colored frontispiece of the Child Jesus, handsomely illustrated throughout. This Annual is even more interesting than in former years. In point of originality it cannot be surpassed, the contributors being some of our best Catholic authors. The following are some of the articles:

"Behold He Comes," (poetry), by Rev. T. J. Campbell S. J. (illustrated). "The Lord's Anointed," by Grace Keum (illustrated). "The Do Profundis Bell," by Conrad Kummel (illustrated). "The Great Sipton Tunnel," (illustrated). "Two Exiles," by Katharine Tynan Hickson (illustrated). "Madam Barak," (illustrated) 12 scenes in the Venetian Foundress's life. "Mary Nelson's Silence," by Magdalen Rock. "St. Anthony of Padua," (illustrated)—eight scenes in the life of the Wonder Worker of Padua. "Saved by an Inspiration," (illustrated). "The Lifting of the Cloud," by Mrs. Francis Chadwick. "The Infant Mary," a brief account of the devotion to the Infant Mary (illustrated). "The Seven Rooms of Satan," a Ghost Story With a Moral, (illustrated). "Sibel," (illustrated). "The Fever Chapel," a Tale of the Netherlands, (illustrated). "Some Notable Events of the Year 1905," (illustrated). New Bishop. The Dead of the Year. For sale at the CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE London. Price 25 Cents. Address: THOMAS COPPEY.

OUR BOY STORIES. By Louisa. The gunner getting this 'er gent—one of ye know—what's a long hours. 'I Well?' inq the parafin lamp full hair three o' however, on Jc tastes, and w lookin. 'How much able to put in Savings Bank) "I am sure I'll laconical "A fiver." to that? One you and me'll and what will all' get for ri

A FEW CONVERTED MINISTERS.

The following are the names of eminent converts (as given in the Calendar of the Paulist Church, Chicago.) who, before their conversion, were ministers in one or other non-Catholic denomination: James Roosevelt Bayley, who became Archbishop of Baltimore.

DIOCESE OF LONDON.

NEW SEPARATE SCHOOL AT WALLACEBURG Wallaceburg Herald Record, Nov. 15. The new separate school at Wallaceburg is a substantial, well built two-story brick building with concrete basement.

DEATH OF REV. FATHER DOYLE.

By the death of Rev. Father Doyle, which occurred at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville, Thursday, the 19th inst., Kingston loses a devoted and zealous priest.

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VOLUME X

The Catholic Record. LONDON, SATURDAY. THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

Other eminent converts who became priests: Thomas A. Becker, who became Bishop of Savannah.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The Catholic opponents of Catholic education "know not what they do," in "forbidding the children the educational way that leads to the Master."

THE D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

There was a very large attendance at the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle last Tuesday evening.

TEACHERS WANTED.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC FEMALE TEACHER, holder of a second class certificate, for school No. 9, Downey, for the year 1906.

ROBARIES.

GLASS BEADS FOR CHILDREN. 1411 Blue and white, 10 inch. 1412 White and yellow, 12 inch.

Writing of the difficulties which beset the people who are trying to bring about some sort of unity among the Protestant bodies of this country, Mr. Morning Oregonian of Portland, Ore. said on Oct. 16:

BRINGING THEM BACK.

In every parish there are some families which have lapsed from the faith. "The ought-to-be" Catholic is a hard man to reach," says Father J. F. Roche.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH.

Wednesday, the 15th inst., was celebrated as a gala day at Assumption College, Sandwich, as it was the President's festival which is held every year.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SACRED HEART.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus according to St. Alphonsus, or Meditations for the month of the Sacred Heart, for the First Friday of the month and for a Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

PRAYER BOOKS.

Child's Prayer Books. Manual of Prayer. New Manual of the Sacred Heart. Garden of the Soul.

MARRIAGE.

KEARNEY DEAN. St. Peter's church, Godrich, on Tuesday morning of last week, Rev. D. J. McLean P. P., Mr. Wm. Kearney to Mrs. E. M. Kearney.

DIED.

MCCARTNEY—Of your charity pray for the soul of Mr. George McCartney, who died on Sunday, Nov. 19th at Chelsea Green, London, Ont., aged eighty-nine years.

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