

The Catholic Record.

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

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A SIGN.

Never to see her, nor hear her,
Never to mention her name,
But ever to feel her grow dearer,
Always to love her the same.

To open one's arms to her, dearest
Through waiting, and still, if she came
To know she is never the nearer,
Yet always to love her the same.

To feel her never the nearer,
What for the heartache—the flame
Burning through tears but the clearer
Always to love her the same.

Never to see her, nor hear her,
Never to mention her name,
Only with tenderness dearer,
Always to love her the same.

—From the French of Sally Pradomme,
by Margaret Fay Coughlin, in Metropolitan Magazine.

THE MINISTRY OF SCHOLARSHIP.

CALL TO CATHOLIC COLLEGE MEN TO TAKE THE PLACE OF LEADERSHIP.

The Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, of Cleveland, preached one of the best baccalaureate sermons of the year in the scholarly and inspiring address which he delivered recently at the University of Notre Dame. He made a memorable appeal for consecrated leadership on the part of educated Catholics, pointing out their neglected opportunities in almost every field of service and urging worthy ideals of success than those of political place and material acquisition. Father Jennings spoke on "The Ministry of Scholarship" and especially emphasized the need of enthusiasm in those equipped for the place of leaders. Following is the full text of the sermon:

And I heard the voice of the Lord saying: Whom shall I send? and who shall go for us? And I said: Lo, here am I, send me. (Is. vi. 8)

There is something glorious in the idea of consecration in the vision of the prophet coming out of Ramoth to empty the horn of oil on the head of David; of the Redeemer of the world in the Garden of Olives bowing to the will of His Father and drinking the chalice of suffering; of the religious at the threshold of life, like the discoverer of continents, emptying her treasures at the feet of her Lord even before she knows the value of them; of the young levite on his face before the altar of supreme sacrifice, dedicating himself to God, his portion forever.

Whether it be the son of Jesse or the last born of the order of Melchisedec, wherever there is consecration there is always conquest. Just in so far as life is constrained to some high purpose, harnessed to some divine ideal, does it become rich beyond the impoverishment of wealth, holy beyond the contamination of the world, victorious beyond any chance of earthly defeat. By consecration every man becomes a priest, not perhaps of the Holy of Holies, but of that outer court which is still a sanctuary, in which he must lift up daily the offering of his example and daily preach the gospel he believes in living words no man can contradict.

Some such consecration should take place in the sanctuary of your hearts to-day. A conviction of power and eager sense of duty should lift you up to the mountain of immolation and fill you like leashes with the enthusiasm of those who have seen the face of God and in the glory of that ineffable vision are ready for any labor and any sacrifice.

BREEDING PLACES OF UNBELIEF.

The world follows leaders—and those whom nature and the advantages of education have endowed with superior wisdom and experience are the logical guides of their fellow-men. They are ordained by their opportunities to a ministry of help and example and enlightenment that lifts them to the place of power and authority. The world looks to them for direction and counsel, and seeks the law at their lips. In the face of this obvious and natural condition it is significant and ominous to know that the great majority of those who are qualifying for the arduous and responsible duties of leadership and who will inevitably take their places at the head of every social, intellectual and religious movement, are being trained in institutions in which the sources of inspiration are poisoned and the chair of truth usurped by the teachers of scepticism and unbelief.

Never in the history of the world has there been such a defilement of human reason. God and prophecy and miracle are put to flight and condemned. Never has there been a baser sensuality, more laxity of the marriage laws, a wider slaughter of the innocents, more defilement of the criteria of belief, more buffoonery in the name of religion. The wealth of the world, the scholarship of the world, the theatres of the world, the universities of the world, all are pouring themselves out to swell the ranks of the deniers of God.

If the leaders of the people deny God and disregard His law, their followers will despise authority and serve iniquity. Whatever leaders believe and teach and do, the millions come to accept. No society can long endure that abandons God. Sooner or later the State ruled by godless leaders will be torn from its moorings and carried swiftly and helplessly to anarchy and ruin.

TRUTH SHALL CONQUER.

But even though the fires are still burning upon the altars of paganism and are fed by the priests of doubt and despair who go forth annually in increasing numbers from these breeding places of scepticism and unbelief, it must ever remain true that "the earth is the Lord's," and now as of old the champions of unbelief challenge the sons of God to their own confusion. Shall the enemies of God hope to live and prosper in our day when the prophecy of destruction is fulfilled

in Damascus, which has ceased to be a city and is become a "ruinous heap of stones"; when the temple built on divine plans there is not left a stone upon a stone; when Babylon is fallen and all the graven gods therein broken and ground into powder; when Egypt is delivered to cruel masters, and her spirit crushed; brother pitted against brother, friend against friend and city against city?

The salvation of the world is with the apostles of truth. And that is why those doubly endowed by education and the safeguards of a divinely established religion, men in whom study, like the rod of Aaron, has opened the springs of life and thought; men whose companions are the wise and holy and whose meal is the fruitage of the race; men whose hearts are anchored in God, who wear justice as a helmet and modesty as a shield—owe it to themselves and to their fellow-men to take the place of leadership against the deniers of God who in this world temple of the Most High are calling upon His creatures to abjure Him. Now as when David championed the cause of Israel, they shall return with the heads of their enemies who go to battle in the name of God.

Every great movement for social and political reform has been conceived in the minds and hearts of men who in the schools learned the logic of principles as well as of events. It must ever be so. Even when the actual physical leadership is taken by others, the educated have always the ideas and grievances of the multitude.

WHERE ARE OUR LEADERS?

Where are the great leaders of today—the champions of the cause of God? The ages of faith generated martyrs, confessors, doctors, soldiers and statesmen. In our vain and progress so poor in the fruits of genius that we are compelled to boast of the past, we boast at all? Why is it that, with so many additional advantages, the champions of truth and charity are not multiplied a hundred fold?

Is it because our Christian scholars are convinced that a little learning is a dangerous thing, that they can look on unmoved at the mistakes and futile efforts of those who try to sing and drum their way to the conquest of souls divinely committed to them? Is it for the same reason that an educated clergy and laity abandon the field of journalism and leave the daily press and the more pretentious periodicals to the folly and vagaries of every prophet of evil, while the cause of truth is left without an advocate or defender? Is it the same reason that surrenders every species of civic and social activity to those who substitute philanthropy and humanitarianism for the charity extolled by the Son of God? Is this the reason that every legal aid society, every social center, the regulation of the liquor traffic, and almost every other reform is left to influences which if not directly and purposely anti-Catholic, are dominated by a spirit of pagan altruism and religious indifference? Is this the reason that the methods of the ward healer and the haunts of the cheap politician are more attractive than the pursuits of honorable labor? Is this why the great legal talent of the country is so often at the service of lawlessness in high places, and why the priceless harvest of years of study and self-denial is sold in the market to the highest bidder?

The nobility and service of Christian scholarship should not be forsaken for reasons so empty or so base. Here is a place for consecrated leadership—for men who have had the inspiration, companionship and example of thousands of ambitious youths struggling to the summit of knowledge; who are the heirs of Peters and Johns, the Pauls and Gregories, the Arcutines and Loyolas, the Godfreys, O'Connells and Mores—the glory as well as the fruit of their common mother. This legacy of example and inspiration of a saintly ancestry, the Catholic scholar carries with him into the warfare which began in Him whose gerundum was to be not peace but the sword.

WORLD RULED BY FEW WHO THINK.

Ideas and principles are pregnant as motherhood. Those who espouse them and advocate them rule the world. There is no such thing as public opinion—only there seems to be, it is only because the public clamors for what it has been taught to believe. The race is swayed and controlled by the few who think, by the men who with the power of originality superendowed by education, see great things where others see only little things, think strong thoughts and hold to them, say what everyone wants to say but lacks the ability to do, do what everyone knows should be done but lacks the courage to do.

You must be these men. You are trained for leadership. The world needs you. It has a right to the knowledge and experience and wisdom which you have had the time and means and perseverance to acquire and with which like strong wine you have regaled yourselves, while the multitudes trod the wine presses in poverty and patience. "Bless the Lord, ye mountains and hills," was not spoken of the physical world alone, but of the fill hominam—the sons of men who by their natural endowments, magnified a thousandfold by the advantages of education, tower above their fellows. And if the mountains and hills vie with one another in violence but eloquent rivalry for the kiss of divine love and approval, how much more should not these giants of the race crowd the altars of praise and sacrifice to lay the

first fruits of all their labors at the feet of their Master!

How majestic is the figure of the Christian leader—filling the eyes of a world with the glory of his presence, thrilling its ears with the charm and compulsion of his words, firing its soul with noble enthusiasms, freeing its heart from the ache of unbelief. He brings the dead to life and fills them with his own courage. Not everyone can bend the bow of Ulysses. A Paul or a Bernard or a Sorin is generated but once in an age, but each of them has spurred into life thousands who but for them would be unknown. One man established a knighthood which epitomized its principles in the shibboleth: "Loyalty to Christ and the Church," but the sentiment invoked by Henry the Fowler has inspired legions to throng the ranks of chivalry for a thousand years.

COLDNESS GREAT MALADY OF THE WORLD.

And when we know that this prevailing, multiplied power of leadership is the fruit of scholarship, what is the matter with so many of our university graduates, that experienced and successful business men preach the superiority of self-made men over college men? The fault is certainly not in the rich opportunity and superior equipment of the college men. Hardship and poverty, while they have their advantages, are not in themselves the passports to success. The trouble lies in the lack of enthusiasm and energy. The ignorant succeed not because they are ignorant but because they are filled with enthusiasm. Enthusiasm without knowledge rises higher than knowledge without enthusiasm. Coldness is the great malady of the world. The man without enthusiasm, without ambitions, without some noble purpose in life is dead. Whether he is buried now or twenty years from now, as far as the world is concerned, makes little difference. No one can roll back the stone that imprisons the captive spirit; "housed in walls of flesh," but man himself. The guardians of knowledge may call upon the dead to rise, but until the buried spirit itself throws off the lethargy of sloth and indifference, it shall stay forever shut in by doors of sense.

We are largely the arbiters of our own destiny. We cannot, it is true, go deeper than the foundations upon which our faith and our principles rest or higher than the call of the Infinite. But between these two, temptations from without and selfishness from within lure us to mean purposes. This is the rock upon which the resolves of Christian manhood must not be broken.

Like the Son of Man we are all up borne to the Mountain of Decision and shown the world. The fault is our own and the consequences too, if we do not put Satan and all the allurements of pleasure and sin behind us, and go resolutely to our appointed work.

EVERY MAN MUST PROVE HIMSELF.

It is not the fault of institutions like this that their products are not taken at their face value. So many have proved unready to duty, insensible to the requirements of their high estate, and in the mask of scholarship vie with trickery and deceit with knaves and degenerates that every true man must vindicate his title to a place in the ranks of those who deserve the respect and praise of the world. No university can make you more than your own sterling manhood will permit you to be made. The goal and the prizes and promotions in life are those which every man confers upon himself. Wherever educated men have impressed themselves on others it was because they were fundamentally manly men—honest, sincere and earnest.

Too many of our potential leaders are chained to the car of Moloch—their splendid talents and the fruit of all their advantages wasted in the pursuit of material wealth and success. They bend to their task with merciless self-education, whipping and goading themselves in the race with unknown rivals who with equal cruelty mercilessly lash themselves to outdistance them. It is when we see this that we realize that material selfishness are not the only temptations from which the money changer should be driven out. Souls are primarily the tabernacles of the Most High, and their desecration is not more pardonable because the despoilers are also the despoiled.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

He who consecrates himself to higher ideals than those of the world may be called a visionary, but he can afford to be called a visionary by those who have never heard the voice that calls him on or never seen the light that leads him on. Things of the spirit are immeasurably greater and more desirable than things of matter and sense. He who outlives the nobler things of mind and heart is rich. Only the wicked and the ignorant are poor. If you only know it, your fortune is made now. The scholar hangs the walls of memory with the riches of the world, and this palimpsest gives back its treasures without measure and without number. Whether a Greek slave like Epictetus, or on the throne of the Caesars like Marcus Aurelius, or in the cell of the recluse like the Angel of the schools, the wise and holy alone are rich.

And inalienably rich, because their riches are in themselves. Nor are they impoverished when they lavish all they have upon others. They give to others only to enrich themselves the more. No artist ever put on canvas the wealth of imagery that flooded his own soul. No musician ever expressed all the enchanting harmony that ravished himself. The Bourdaloues and Massillons conceived a wealth of meaning and strength of conviction

which even their matchless oratory failed to awaken in others. So the wise and the holy who live for others conceive a joy and satisfaction which, with all their generosity, they cannot give away. Sacrifice is the fullness of life, and they who give most receive most. He who gives nothing till he dies, gives nothing at all.

ONWARD AND UPWARD TO DEATH. While for you this day of service is just beginning, and while your opportunities for giving are more and larger now than they ever will be again, you shall will come to realize, as we realize, that the verdict of our lives at the end of every day obliges us to confess that we have not lived yet! We are still far from the goal of our hopes and our duty. The more we labor the more we grow. Only when man shall "roll up the sky like a hide" shall there be an end to labor and the aching of desire. If any day could find us fully satisfied, there could be no to-morrow! Onward and upward to death. Our best to-day is the stepping stone for our best to-morrow.

And when all your ships come in, and you know how you dream of the things you hope to carry with you when the port is reached—wealth, honors, friends—there will be one thing to the altar, poor and despised to-day—the day of opportunity—passes unheeded and unharvested.

How your Alma Mater—this miracle of educational achievement—like the proud mother of many children, must lift her pure face to God to-day and out of her heart of hearts praise and glorify Him for the saintly lives that build themselves into the very fibre of her being, who humbled themselves, that she might be exalted, who were hungry that she might feast in the richness of this day, naked that she might put on splendor and magnificence like a garment.

AN INSPIRING CALL.

You are the fruit of her womb, the last born in the line of Christian scholarship. To-day she comes with you to a day of consecration. She has a right to expect, that you will go forth from this sanctuary, as the representatives not only of her wisdom and inspiration, but of the sacrifices and travail of those apostolic spirits who spent their lives gladly that you might inherit the glory of this day. To you we look for that dedicated service, that conscious Christian leadership, that glorious representation of the highest Catholic ideals for which I have been pleading, and for which the whole world is waiting. It is true now as in the days of Elisha the son of Jesse—the Lord regards not the countenance of man nor the height of his stature, but what he is in himself. Like the last born of the sons of Jesse, the Spirit of God may pass Elisha and Abinadab, and all your elders, to lift you, the youngest born, to the place of destiny. So that when the prophet comes with the horn of oil he will say: "This is He!"

And in the day that the Master of all men shall need the clean of heart and tongue to speak His message to a perverse and impenitent people, when He shall seek the man worthy to wear the crown of consecrated leadership and when like Issai, with lips touched and purified by the coal from the altar of love and sacrifice, you hear the voice of the Lord saying: "Whom shall I send? and who shall go for us?" you shall say: "Lo, here am I, send me!"

FIRST BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

UNVEILING MONUMENT ERECTED TO MGR. DE LAVAL.

Quebec, June 21.—The ancient capital was to-day in the greatest holiday dress it has ever worn from the time of its foundation, three hundred years ago by Champlain, in honor of the Fete Dieu and the first of the three days' celebration attending upon the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Mgr. de Laval, first Catholic Bishop of Quebec and founder of the Quebec Seminary. To-day was altogether a religious celebration, participated in by all the Catholics of Quebec and thousands from all parts of the Province. The decorations at and around the Archbishop's palace were chaste, unique and beautiful in design. A facsimile of Champlain's ship the Dan de Dieu, a large painting of the landing of Champlain at Quebec, and the arms of Mgr. de Laval, surmounted with artistic designs and appropriate inscriptions, presented a most picturesque panorama, especially where they were illuminated by countless electric lights. The whole city was en fête and the streets spanned with arches and decorated, especially in the upper town, where the procession passed. No less than sixteen Archbishops and Bishops, with their household retinues, were present from various parts of the United States and Canada, including the Papal Alegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, and Mgr. Moril, a Bishop from China.

The most imposing spectacle of all was at the conclusion. The procession started and ended at the Basilica, where a large portico had been erected in front of the main entrance to the church, and on top of this portico a uniquely designed canopy upon the gaze of the whole populace. The processionalists marched back and massed in the square opposite the basilica, and

the Blessed Sacrament was carried up into the dome, where the service of Benediction was held in the presence of more than fifteen thousand people, who knelt in the square, in which the massed bands and various church choirs furnished the music and singing. This was indeed a spectacular scene, and those who witnessed it will never forget its effect. The city is ablaze with illumination to night and the streets packed with people taking observations of the effect, which is very grand. To-morrow the unveiling of the Laval monument will take place, which will be attended by His Excellency the Governor-General and many distinguished people from every part of Canada.

His Excellency the Governor-General Earl Grey, Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant Governor of Quebec; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Mgr. Sbarretti, Papal Apostolic Delegate; Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, seven Archbishops and nine Bishops together with a number of other Church dignitaries and a gathering of distinguished citizens, were present tonight at Laval University to take part in the conferring of degrees and the distribution of prizes to the graduating students of law and medicine.

Quebec, June 22.—Before a crowd of people which totalled up in the tens of thousands, including Her Excellency Lady Grey and Lady Sybil Grey, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, His Honor Lieut. Governor Jette, Mgr. Sbarretti, apostolic delegate, His Grace Archbishop Bagin, numerous bishops of other parts of Canada and prominent members of the clergy, Mayor Gouin and members of the commons and legislature, Mayor Garneau and other the handsome new monument erected near the Quebec post office to the memory of Mgr. De Laval, first bishop of Quebec, was unveiled this afternoon at three o'clock.

His Excellency the Governor-General officiating by pulling a handsome red cord which unveiled the gold and silver tinsel covering the large bronze figure. The ceremony performed, under a beautiful June sun, was a most impressive one. His Excellency spoke in French.

CONVERTS NEW AND OLD.

Appropos of the "New Oxford Movement" it is interesting to read again what was written sixteen years ago by a convert from Protestant Episcopalianism who was for some time Mayor of Quebec with us on the Review, the late Henry L. Richards. Mr. Richards was for ten years a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, when, as with Dr. McGarvey of Philadelphia and his fellow-converts to-day, the absurdity of his position forced itself upon him and led him into taking a step which never in the course of a long life had he reason to regret. This letter from which we quote was written by Mr. Richards on the fortieth anniversary of his reception into the Catholic Church, and in it he takes occasion to deny what is so often asserted about converts from Protestantism to Catholicism, namely, that after the novelty and the first fervor of their conversion wear off, they begin to find things far different from what they thought, and they become disillusioned and disgusted with the Church in which they hoped to find rest and peace. Mr. Richards wrote:

Believe me when I say from my heart that instead of being disappointed at my discoveries in the Catholic Church I have only found from day to day, as I have become more and better acquainted with it, multiplied causes for devout thankfulness to Almighty God for bestowing upon me such an inestimable boon, and I feel like crying out with the Queen of Sheba, when she came to visit King Solomon, "surely this halt was not told me."

For forty years I have been studying the Catholic Church both theoretically and practically—its system of teaching, of devotion, and its wonderful organization; and I must say its magnitude, its beauty and its glory have grown upon me continually, till I am ready to declare that there is nothing like it in all the world. It bears unmistakable evidence of the nobility of its origin and the superhuman wisdom of its organization and development. The only wonder is that a system so grand, so venerable, so fraught with all that is intellectually great and devotionally beautiful should not have commanded more attention from intellectual men and more general investigation of claims whose proof lies as if it were on the surface and is so easily accessible to any candid honest inquirer.

The self-same convictions which forced Dr. McGarvey and his companions out of the Protestant Episcopal Church the other day, were instrumental in Mr. Richards' conversion. In the same letter from which we quote the foregoing, Mr. Richards describes his gradual loss of belief in the claims of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, and the growth of his conviction that the place for him was in the Catholic Church. He wrote:

When I was officiating as a Protestant clergyman with strong High Church proclivities, I tried hard to persuade myself that we had great advantages over the other denominations, and I put on airs, and rung the changes on our being true Catholics—not Romanists, you know—the *Vin Media* and all that. But I could not always blind myself to the absurdity of that position. I saw clearly that we were in the same boat as the other denominations. In fact, there was greater confusion of doctrine among us than among them, because while the Presbyterians, for instance, had their unique, consistent,

flat-footed Confession of Faith, which, in theory at least, all were bound to adhere to, the Episcopal Church, which was originally founded in compromise, was bound to tolerate a wide latitude of opinion. So that while High Church and Low Church, Broad Church and Ritualist contended each for the supremacy of its own peculiar views, each accusing the others of teaching a gospel which was not the true gospel of Christ, neither party had really any right to say to the other, you have no right in the church.

I got sick and tired of this everlasting warfare of brethren upon one another, and I could not help asking myself if this were really the normal condition of the Church of Christ?

Time has only aggravated the conditions in the Protestant Episcopal Church which Mr. Richards in his day said were incompatible with the true ideas of the Church of Christ. The open pulpit canon emphasized more strongly than ever the state of disunion which he saw and deplored. May those who come to us to-day from Protestant Episcopalianism be like the whole-hearted lovers of the true Church of Christ, generous in word and work for her, and staunch defenders of her Faith and doctrine against all enemies! —Sacred Heart Review.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J., rector of St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, has been appointed rector of Loyola College, that city, succeeding Rev. W. G. Road Mullan, S. J., who is ill.

Bishop Foley addressed the Detroit Society for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis at its recent meeting. The Bishop takes an active interest in the work of the society, and has aided the movement in many ways.

Mr. Vincent McElderry, B. A., of Holy Cross Worcester University, son of J. E. McElderry, of Guelph, has received his degree of B. A. from Laval University, Quebec. It is Mr. McElderry's intention to study law in Toronto.

The miraculous cure of a young Swiss woman at Lourdes is announced by the Liberte of Fribourg. For the last eight years Marie Schouwey, of Balte, near Fribourg, has been suffering from an internal septic while several doctors had stated was incurable. While praying in the grotto at Lourdes her strength and health came back to her.

Amongst the treasures stolen recently from the Limoges Cathedral were marvelous emeralds valued at \$60,000 and sacred vessels estimated to be worth more than \$3,000. So complete was the work of the robbers that before celebrating Mass the following morning the priests had to go to a neighboring church to borrow chalices.

According to a leading clerical journal, the Pope will be presented on the occasion of his jubilee with a Marconi wireless apparatus to be installed on top of the cupola of St. Peter's. The Italo points out that such a station to be of practical service, would require the installation of a corresponding Marconi station by Catholic bodies in other countries, which it says, is not likely unless the Jesuits undertake the task of fitting up stations in their various houses.

Rev. Sigourney W. Fay, until recently canon of the Fond du Lac Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, has been received into the Catholic Church. About two weeks ago Mr. Fay suffered a severe attack of appendicitis, and was operated upon. He sent for Rev. J. W. Norris, J. O. D., of St. Mary's Church, Dual Beach, N. J., at which resort Mr. Fay was residing with his mother when taken ill. Father Norris received him into the Church. He has since improved in health.

When Cardinal Logue arrived in Ireland, June 12, after his sojourn in America, he was given a great welcome. The mayor of Cork, members of the corporation, representatives of the clergy and of many societies chartered a special steamer and went out to meet the liner. The Cardinal was enthusiastic over his reception in America. He said he was deeply impressed by the flourishing state of the Church in the United States and by the close union of the priests and the people.

In Mexico the feast of the Finding of the True Cross is celebrated with enthusiasm, particularly by brick-layers, masons, and all other workmen connected with the building trade. On every building in course of erection these workmen place a decorated cross which remains until the building is completed. The placing of these crosses are marked by pyrotechnic displays and as much noise as possible, while throughout the day they are surrounded by workmen, gathered to celebrate.

Harsh as the French authorities have been towards the nuns, everly though they have exerted themselves to ruin their influence and cast them forth to wander in helpless despair, occasions continually present themselves on which they cannot avoid paying a tribute of respect to those daughters of France who are devoting their lives to the service of humanity. President Fallieres' visit to the French Hospital in London brought him face to face with such an occasion. He was received at the institution by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, at their head being the venerable Superior who has nursed there her suffering compatriots for the past thirty years. "There was hearty cheering," writes one of the pressmen who was present, "when the President called forward Sister Superior Coline and pinned to her black robes the Cross of Merit in testimony of her thirty years good service."

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friends of the people, they became, for
the most part, fawning and craven dis-
tancers, and upheld the power to which
they owed their elevation. They knew
that with it they must stand or fall; for
they saw that the people whom they
had forsaken regarded them with ab-
horrence and contempt as deserters and
apostates.
But the guilds of Bruges repented too
lofty a confidence in Decoinck and
Breydel to admit of reflections such as
these at that moment. Their Deans
were now noble; they had now two
men who were admitted to the councils
of their Count, who dared look the
enemies of their rights in the face, and
oppose their lawless usurpations. They
felt that their influence was thus
greatly increased, and testified by re-
peated cries the rapturous joy they
felt. At last the tumult subsided, and
their gestures and beaming counte-
nances alone betrayed their gladness.
Adolf van Nienwand advanced to the
Deans, and summoned them to appear
before the commander in chief; they
obeyed, and joined the group of
knights. The features of the cloth-
worker betokened no elation of spirit;
he moved onwards, and calmly and
sedately, undisturbed by any exciting
emotion; a peaceful serenity and a
noble pride filled his soul. Not so the
Deans of the Butchers; he had never
learned to command himself,—the most
trivial incident, the lightest feeling
which passed through his heart, ex-
pressed itself at once upon his counte-
nance, and it was easy to see that
sincerely was the chiefest of the many
good qualities which he possessed. And
now he tried in vain to restrain the
tears which burst from his blue
eyes; he stooped his head to conceal
them, and thus, with beating heart,
followed his friend Decoinck. All the
knights and noble dames had dismount-
ed and given their horses into the care
of their squires.
Guy then beckoned to the four
esquires at arms to draw near, and pre-
sented to the Deans the costly suits of
armour they carried; the several
pieces were put on and adjusted, and
the helmet, with its plume of blue,
clapped on their heads. The men of
Bruges regarded this ceremonial in
breathless silence; their hearts were
filled to overflowing with glad emotion,
and each man felt that a measure of
this honour was his own also. When
the Deans were fully equipped, they
were directed to kneel; and Guy ad-
vancing, raised his sword over the
head of Decoinck, and said:
"Be thou a true knight, Messire
Decoinck; let these honours know no
stain, and grasp thy sword only when
God, thy fatherland, and thy
prince shall summon thee thereto."
"With these words he touched the
shoulder of the clothworker gently
with his sword, according to the custom
of knighthood; and then the same
ceremony was gone through with Brey-
del.
Matilda now advanced from the group
of ladies, and placed herself in front of
the kneeling Deans. She took from
the squires the two emblazoned shields,
and attached them to the necks of the
ennobled citizens. Many of the specta-
tors remarked that she hung the shield
round Breydel's neck first; and this
she must have done advisedly, for in
order to affect it she had to move some
steps on one side.
"These coats of arms have been sent
to you from my father," said she, turn-
ing herself rather towards Breydel.
"I feel assured that you will preserve
them in all honour; and I rejoice that
I have been permitted to bear a part in
this requital of your noble patriotism."
Breydel regarded the noble maiden
with a look of profoundest gratitude—a
look which was a pledge of the most
ardent loyalty and devotion; he would
certainly have thrown himself at her
feet, had not the stately and ceremoni-
ous bearing of the surrounding knights
checked his impetuosity. He remained
as one petrified, without speech or
emotion; for he could scarcely com-
prehend what had happened to him.
"You are now at liberty to return to
your troops, messires," said Guy. "We
hope that you will be present this
evening at our council; we have need
of your counsel and aid."
Decoinck made a lowly reverence
and retired, followed by Breydel; but
the latter had gone but a few steps
when he felt the movements of his body
impeded and restrained by the weight
of the armour. He turned quickly
back to Guy, and said to him:
"Noble Count, I pray you grant me
one favour."
"Speak, Messire Breydel, it shall
surely be granted to you."
"Look you, my lord, illustrious lord,
you have this day conferred on me a
signal honour; but yet you will not, of a
surety, hinder me from fighting against
our enemies."
The knights, astonished at these
words, drew nearer to the Deans.
"What do you mean?" asked Guy.
"I mean that this armour constrains
and oppresses me beyond endurance,
noble Count. I cannot move in this
cost of mail, and the helmet is so heavy
that I cannot bend my neck; in this
prison of iron I shall be slain like a
calf bound hand and foot."
The armour will defend you from
the swords of the French," remarked a
knight.
"Yes," cried Breydel; "but that is
quite needless in my case. So long as
I am free, with my axe and spear nothing
I should out of a pretty figure standing
in this stiff and ridiculous fashion. No,
no, messires, I will not have it on my
body; therefore, I pray you, noble
Count, allow me to remain a simple citi-
zen until after the battle, and then I
will try to make acquaintance with this
cumbrous armour."
"You may do even as you list, Messire
Breydel," answered Guy. "But you
are, and must remain, a knight for all
that."
"Well, then," cried the Deans, eager-
ly, "I will be the knight of the axe."
"Thanks, thanks, most illustrious lord."
Thereupon he left the knightly group
and hastened toward his men. They

received him with noisy congratula-
tions, and expressed their joy in reit-
erated shouts. Before Breydel had
reached his quarters, the armour lay
placemat on the ground, and as he re-
tained only the emblazoned coat of
arms which Matilda had attached to his
neck.
"Albort, my friend," he cried to one
of his men, "I wish this iron were
under my feet, and I would not cover
my body with iron while you
expose your naked breasts to the foe;
I will keep the Festival in my butcher's
clothes. They have made me a noble,
comrades; but I cannot give in to this.
My heart is, and will remain, a true
butcher's heart, as I mean to let the
French know. Come, we will return to
the camp; and I will drink my wine
with you as I have ever done, and I will
give each of you a measure to drink to
the success of the Black Lion."
The shouting recommenced on all
sides; the ranks were thrown into con-
fusion, and the soldiers were begin-
ning to rush back to the encampment in
disorder, so great was their joy at the
promise of the Deans.
"Hold there, my men," interposed
Breydel, "you must not march in that
fashion. Let every one of you keep
his rank, or we shall become very queer
friends."
The other divisions were already in
motion, and returned with sounding
trumpets and flying banners, to the en-
trenchment, while the party of knights
entered the city gate and disappeared
behind the walls.
In a very short time the Flemings
were sitting in front of their tents dis-
cussing the elevation of their Deans.
The butchers sat on the ground in a
large circle with their goblets in their
hands; huge casks of wine were stand-
ing near them, and they were singing,
in exulting unison, the lay of the Black
Lion. In their midst, upon an empty
barrel, sat the ennobled Breydel, who
began each stanza after the fashion of a
precentor. He drank, in repeated
draughts, to his country's liberation;
and endeavored, by drawing more close
ly the bands of their common hopes and
sympathies, to obliterate the memory
of his change of rank; for he feared
that his comrades might no longer re-
gard him as their friend and boon com-
panion as in time past.
Decoinck had shut himself in his
tent to avoid the congratulations of his
clothes-wearers; their expressions of affec-
tion moved him too deeply, and he could
with difficulty conceal his emotion. He
therefore passed the whole day in soli-
tude, while the troops abandoned them-
selves to feasting and rejoicings.
TO BE CONTINUED.

beams on the wall. When he had
dressed he strolled down the driveway,
and on his lips lingered the words of a
song his old nurse had sung him many
a year—
"Sing high! Sing low!
While the birds are in a row,
Let's run the fields together,
And tune to the
Our hearts so true,
In every kind of weather!"
"Sing high! Sing low!
The moments go
but pleasures swift are fleeting;
But sweet thy lay,
O happy day,
Thou sing'st me in greeting!"
The fountain nearby sparkled in the
sunlight, and several white doves gaily
flapped their wings in the cooling
waters. When Charles drew near they
cooed lustily and flew upon his out-
stretched arm. They were very tame,
and as he stood there, he wondered if
the little white doves would really
miss him when he was gone. He had
been a kind master to them, and many
happy hours had been spent with them,
and now he seemed to him as if his
heart's kingdom was all of a sudden to
lose all its richest treasures. The
little things of life! O, he does not
appreciate them half enough while they
last, and only when the parting comes
one seems to know their real value—
and it is too late.
Charles had always loved these inno-
cent little birds, and as they turned
their heads and opened their large eyes
so wistfully, his heart gave a sickly
beat and his eyes grew moist with
tears.
"Fly away! fly away! good bye!" he
muttered hoarsely as he snapped his
fingers. In a moment they were off.
He stood watching them wing their
flight through the morning air, until
they seemed but a few small specks in
the distant ether-space. Then he
turned mechanically toward the house
and his poor heart felt the first pangs
of the suffering that parting always
brings with it.
An hour later he and his mother were
comfortably seated in a Pullman car
bound for Billington—the college city.
Tender farewells had been spoken, and
now, that they were all over for a time,
both breathed more easily. It was a
tedious journey. The day was very
hot, but towards evening the air grew
cooler. At 6 o'clock Mrs. Mathers
gave a sigh of relief when the con-
ductor brought the welcome news that
the train would arrive at Billington.
"I wonder if Mrs. Atherton will be
at the depot to meet us, Charles," she
said. "I sent her a telegram early
this morning and surely she must have
received it. However, I know Billing-
ton fairly well and Grosvenor street
will be found very easily. You have
often heard me speak of Mrs. Atherton,
Charles. She is the dearest friend I
have in all the world. I hardly know
what I would do without her. She has
shown me much kindness, especially
during the last six years. Forty
years ago we were neighbor's children
in Stanford, and when we both grew
older we went off together to the con-
vent. At graduation we were fast
friends, and all the succeeding years
that followed have only helped to
cement those sacred bonds. Mrs.
Atherton was the first to marry. Col-
onel Atherton, her husband, had in-
herited a large fortune in early life
from his grandfather and was considered
very wealthy. But he was not strong,
and two years after marriage he died
of the diphtheria, whether he had jour-
neyed to his death or not, I do not know.
Mrs. Atherton was, therefore, left
a very rich widow early in life. But
see, Charles, here we're in Billing-
ton at last. Do you see those fine
buildings yonder? I think they are
part of St. Jerome's."
They were now nearing the depot,
and mother and son were both looking
out of the windows. The engine and
cars were moving slowly and the plat-
form was literally packed with men,
women and children.
"Ah! there she is, the dear soul,"
burst out Mrs. Mathers, excitedly.
"I just caught a glimpse of her,
Charles." And together they elbowed
their way out of the crowded car into
the fresh air.
They found later the two old friends
were sitting on the balcony of the
Atherton residence. Charles had swung
himself into a hammock and was soon
fast asleep.
Mrs. Mathers and Mrs. Atherton
were about of the same age, but in
looks one was the decided opposite of
the other. The former was tall, sharp-
featured, and delicate looking as a
flower. The latter was short, plump,
rosy cheeked, and her voice was strong,
almost masculine. The two chatted
briskly, and laugh followed laugh as
they recalled old faces in the brilliant
kaleidoscope of the early past. At
times their voices would sink into a
deep, tender tone of pathos, lips would
sink into a deep, tender tone of
tremble, eyes grow moist, as the songs
of bygone days came ringing through
the vistas of golden years; then again
the next minute would bring forth so
much brightness, and their voices
would break into such loud peals of
laughter, that even the little passing
newsboys and streeturchins turned
their heads and wondered.
It was band evening. Billington had
already begun to turn out "en masse,"
for its people was a music-loving people
and prided itself upon the excellence
of its strong musical organization.
Herr Von Schiller, a brilliant son of
Luzitz, swayed the baton, and every-
body loved him for it. His promenade
concerts were a fixture with the good
people of Billington, and the jolly
German professor was always sure of a
smile and kind word from every one
in the city.
The streets below the balcony were
now black with people; the noisy hum-
drum of their gladdened voices, and
the constant clump of feet on the as-
phalt pavements were to be heard
above the noises of the large river that
flowed but half a block away. The
lights in the bandstand across the way
suddenly lit up, and one by one the
musicians entered. Then last, but not
least, came the gray-haired Von Schil-
ler, in his hand his trusty baton.

The murmuring of voices in the
streets around suddenly ceased. All
eyes were on the gentle professor as he
mounted to his place. A white-gloved
hand was raised into the air; there was
a sudden downward sweep of the steady
arm, and a volume of delightful sound
floated into the cool air. Then followed
the ringing, soothing air of a rapturous
Strauss waltz which made one dream of
Hungarian life. One could almost feel
the breath of the blue Danube and hear
the roar of its many-tongued waves.
When the number was finished, rounds
of applause followed from the delighted
spectators. Von Schiller's face was
quite red and a bright smile brought
out many wrinkles on it.
Out upon the air again floated liquid
notes. The selection this time was a
"Romance sans Paroles," and the
delicate little song sought out every
corner, every pain. It was a beauti-
ful legato movement, and it laid itself
recall in the hearts of the audience
burning memories. The two women on
the Atherton balcony listened eagerly.
"What's the name of that selection,
Minnie?" at last broke forth Mrs.
Atherton. "The music is very fami-
liar. I have often played it myself
and yet I cannot recall the name."
"Played it yourself, Mae? Well, I
should think you have," quickly inter-
rupted Mrs. Mathers, in faint, trem-
bling voice. "Why, years ago you used
to play it for me often at the convent.
Do you remember now?"
"Let me see! Ah, yes! Why, to be
sure, it is Francis Thome's dear
little heart song—'Simple A-ven.'"
Again the two listened attentively.
When it was over Mrs. Mathers' eyes
were moist with tears and her face bore
a troubled look. The music had touched
her deeply; she tried to speak, but the
words would not come. Just then Mrs.
Atherton turned slightly—her eyes
still fastened on that throbbing sea of
humanity down in the streets. Cheer
followed cheer, and then there was a
mighty clapping of hands.
"See, Minnie! Von Schiller is going
to favor us with an encore, the good
fellow. He is always so generous."
Then her eyes fell upon Mrs. Mathers
and she grew sympathetic and much
concerned. "Ah! you're crying! Why,
what is the matter?" she asked.
"Do tell me, Minnie! Unburden the
heavy load that seems to be crushing
you?"
"Oh, 'tis nothing much, Mae. Music
often gets the better of my feelings."
Even then her voice trembled.
"But there is something more, I
know it—feel it. You must tell me."
"Why should I tell you, Mae? You
have had troubles enough of your own
without being burdened with mine.
And after all, I was only thinking.
Music always sets me thinking."
"Why are we friends Minnie? Is
it not that we may give sympathy when
needed most? Is it not that we may
dry the tears of sorrow that wear deep
lines on pallid cheeks? God desires
them to blossom as the rose, and when
their color is wanting, 'tis then a friend's
sympathetic hand should always be will-
ing to touch the faded blooms, kindly
and lovingly. Again, then, I crave
an answer."
Mrs. Mathers moved about nervous-
ly. The moonlight shone full upon her
white face and revealed pearly tears
that were ready to fall. At last, she be-
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"It seemed so foolish, and yet I
could not help it. The music impressed
me deeply. Heavy thoughts came
upon me and in a moment of weakness,
overpowered me. These thoughts often
come to me during the day. I try to
fight them, but I am not strong
enough. A few minutes ago, while
my eyes rested upon my sleeping boy
in yonder hammock, they came again—
burning thoughts—and they melted my
heart into tears. I thought of him, my
boy, and wondered—wondered if my
money would last until his education was
completed and he would come back to
me a priest. I am not rich, and I have
often thought of the undertaking too
great for me, but, Mae, I would sacrifice
everything to feel that my boy was mak-
ing the most of his life. Now, these are
the thoughts that sway my feelings con-
tinually, and to night, as the dancing
moonbeams traced a smile on his inno-
cent face they came upon me, heavier
and more resistless than ever, and I
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"Banish those thoughts forever,
Minnie!" began Mrs. Atherton. "Ten-
twenty years have passed and yet I
have not forgotten the promise I made
you that right here and day we parted
at the convent. The morning was strong-
ly odorous with rose perfume, the
happy commencement chorus was still
upon the air, and in our ears the words
of the valedictorian still lingered. Now
I see it all. There we stood beneath
the willows, near the old convent gate
and in arm with dear Sister Camille—
God bless her!—from whom we were so
loath to part. Do you remember how
we swore to be true to the old love,
and how I asked you to come to my
arms at any time in the future, when
in trouble or need, and I would help
you? Even now I see upon your bosom
the silver crucifix which I gave you to
reminde you of that sacred trust. Now
God gives me the opportunity of doing
something for you, Minnie, and I in-
tend to make the most of it. You shall
not pay one cent for the education of
that child, and when I go to St.
Jerome's with you to-morrow, I will
pay Father Salvini the first year's
tuition. I do so willingly and gladly
for your sake, Minnie, and for the sake
of your child. The more I look at him,
the more I think of my own boy. But
then, I must not murmur. I had no
right to keep him with me when the
Master's voice called him away!"
In the meantime the color had re-
turned to Mrs. Mathers' cheeks and
she turned to Mrs. Atherton.

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H. Shaw, Principal, Yonge &
Gerrard Sts., Toronto.

"You're so good, Mae, and I thank
you," she said gratefully, "but I
would rather you would let me pay for
Charles' education so long as I am in
a position to do so, and some day—some
day when I am in want, God knows, I
will come to you and remind you of the
promise."
Later there was a stir in the ham-
mock, and out jumped Charles, sleepily,
and came to where they were sitting.
Then he yawned and stretched himself
and rubbed his eyes. The hand con-
cept was over; Charles was sorry he
had missed it all, and for some time he
stood gazing from the balcony in the
street, until the footfalls of the last
straggler died away on a distant,
lonely pavement.
TO BE CONTINUED.

PARLOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

There are "parlor philanthropists"
as well as "parlor socialists," through
Archbishop Glennon's denunciation of
them in his Chicago address, al-
though he does not give them that
name. The Archbishop says: "For
those whose lives are in the shadows,
who possess nothing, in some instances
not even hope, the laws that are
written and the principles that are
afforded will not be sufficient to satisfy
them. If the charity committees meet
in upholstered club rooms to discuss the
sorrows of the poor, the poor will answer
to the club room apostle that it is home
they want and not the patronage of
those who rejoice in the luxury of their
dry the tears of sorrow that wear deep
lines on pallid cheeks? God desires
them to blossom as the rose, and when
their color is wanting, 'tis then a friend's
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THE YEARS BETWEEN.
A Novel by William J. Fischer.

Author of "Songs by the Wayside," "Winona
and Other Stories," "The Toller
and Other Poems," Etc.

CHAPTER I.
ONE EVENING AT STANFORD.

Stanford was a very busy Canadian
city, always bristling with activity and
excitement. Travellers at all times
had a good word for it, and, where
you might, everybody seemed to know
Stanford, and that it was a city of fac-
tories, foundries and mills, and that
nearly a hundred chimney stacks
pointed heavenwards and sent their
smoke into the air from dawn until sun-
set.
Stanford claimed the distinction of
turning out anything from a battery to
a huge powerful engine. The large
woolen mills that stood in the heart of
the city were the delight of every one
not only in that they gave employment
to over six hundred hands, but because
the name of Charles Dudley Mathers,
who owned them, had been connected
with all that had been just and honor-
able. In the hearts of the poor, especi-
ally, was his name treasured like some
holy thing, and no one knew the extent
of his charity save his Creator. Thrice
he had been elected to the Mayor's
chair by his fellow citizens and on all
occasions had discharged the duties of
his office faithfully and conscientiously.
A storm was brewing—a terrible
storm—which was sooner or later to de-
vastate his whole career. Business em-
barrassments had been threatening, and
now there were complications in his
affairs, and his commercial interests
were steadily weakening. He had made
several investments in the vain hope
of bettering his condition, but alas! all
attempts proved futile. Blow followed
blow, and each time it smote him with
greater force until he was financially
crippled. Then came failure—black as
a starless night—and forever shut out
the sunlight in his day. From that
moment Charles Mathers was a changed
man, and when his creditors closed the
doors of the Stanford Mills, they also
closed the portals of his heart against
the low, incessant, monotonous murmurs
of a world that was to him now nothing
but coldness and emptiness.
Always of a bright, sunny disposi-
tion, he was now dull and apathetic,
verging on the melancholic state. In a
short time he became only a shadow
of his former self. He shunned com-
pany and would sit for a whole day at
his window and move his lips only to
let sigh after sigh escape. His wife,
who had always been his inspiration,
vainly tried to restore the smile to his
pallid face. One could almost see him
falling—his vitality was ebbing low.
He contracted a cold which settled up-
on his lungs. Pneumonia and a pro-
tracted convalescence led to phthisis.
His weakened tissues could not combat
the powerful toxemia that was raging
within. It was a great struggle and
finally, after a very long and wearisome
illness, the power, that had for years
run the Stanford Mills, unaccountably
and the inevitable—and many hearts were
sad for the passing.
Six years had elapsed since Mr.
Mathers' death when this story opens.
Mrs. Mathers had not borne the sad-
ness of the trial very well. She and
her child—a boy of twelve—had not
been separated a day in all their lives,
and the hour of parting was soon to
come. Thoughts of that leave taking

CHAPTER II.
MRS. ATHERTON'S PROMISE.

Charles awoke quite early next morn-
ing. A flood of golden sunshine burst
from the portals of morn, through the
white lace curtains, and threw gres-
pable shadows everywhere, and long his
eyes followed the frolic of the sun-

A Sedentary occupation, more
than any other, requires care in
the selection of food. With
ordinary food the system easily
becomes over-loaded and conse-
quently thrown out of gear. Bovril
is the one food that fits the case
exactly. It contains in small bulk,
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blood, brain and muscle. Try it
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BOVRIL



The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$2.00 per annum. THEOS. COFFEY, L.L.D., Editor and Publisher...

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 15th, 1908. Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper...

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1908. Mr. Thomas Coffey:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD...

FRANCOIS COPPEE. The stern reaper has, within the last couple of years, been especially severe upon some of the best and brightest sons of France...

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

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chivalry and kept him active to the last. At his death M. Bourget wrote of him: "He has loved and served the best of causes. I would wish before his tomb that I also may shake off the doubt that is despair and believe that these causes shall not be lost forever."

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

It is an axiom that for the solution of a problem all the quantities cannot be variable. One at least must be constant. In order that any measurement may be taken there must be a fixed point. Applying the principle to the question of Protestantism we find that not only do the doctrines vary with different nations and different ages but the name itself is sadly subject to vicissitude.

At one time it was generally admitted to signify anti-Catholic. Its derivation points to that, its general use left this impression upon the adherents of its manifold doctrines. Whatever might be their positive theory, or however else they might vary they agreed in being anti-Catholic. They might be Anglicans or Lutherans or Presbyterians or anything else: one thing they were not, nor would they be, Catholic. Protestantism is letting its hold go of even this its hereditary and inherent attribute.

Growing ashamed of a name which is religiously negative and affirmatively irrelevant these Protestant Modernists are drawing a distinction, novel, unfounded and captious. They wish to differentiate between Catholic and Roman—regarding themselves as anti-Roman but not anti-Catholic. In fact they begin to convince themselves that the shield is reversed, that the Romans are Protestants and that they themselves are the only genuine Catholics. Their proof rests upon a simple syllogism; Catholics and Protestants (as a rule) accept the Nicene Creed. Roman Catholics in addition to the articles of this Creed teach that it is necessary to hold several others. These additions refer to tradition, Scripture and its interpretation, the definitions of the Council of Trent concerning faith and justification, the seven sacraments, the Mass as a real sacrifice, and others. Since the additions amount to twelve in number and range over the whole kingdom of grace and the application of Christ's merits to souls and the jurisdiction and constitution of the Church, nothing is surely left upon which the Nicene Creed may be based unless the mere Trinity and Unity of God, the Incarnation and the possession of the Holy Ghost. There can be no addition to the faith. Pius the IV. no more than Pius the IX. or the X. added to the faith. The very articles we have mentioned are no more supplementary to the faith than a judge's decision is to the law. To say that the Church was Catholic at the time of the Nicene Council and that by the adoption of the decrees of the Council of Trent it ceased to be Catholic and became merely Roman, if not anti-Catholic, is to contravene the authority of the Council of Trent itself. Way this Council, one of the greatest and most important Councils of the Church, should be despised by Protestants, is due principally to their own pride. This was of all the Councils the one specially summoned to consider the errors of Protestantism. It was not the Council's purpose to form a credo or to give an explicit statement of what the Catholics had to believe. Its purpose was to condemn the errors and heresies of the innovators of the sixteenth century, and to present Catholic truth only in so far as these errors impugned them. The council's decrees do not cover the whole field of Catholic belief. No one who desires the name of Catholic or desires unity can say: we believe the Nicene Creed but we reject the decrees of the Council of Trent. This is out and out Protestantism, private judgment, containing the leaven of poison common to all the sects. They may believe in some of the truths: they fall absolutely to integrate the definitions of all the councils in the living body of Catholic truth. The Protestant mind has lost the idea of Christian unity—some, and indeed many, without knowing it and without appreciating its stern necessity. The truths they have are in fragments—broken vessels—in variety and multiplicity, not in unity and universality. Catholic truth is an organic whole. To hold any of the errors condemned by any of the Councils or the Supreme Pontiff would be not only to maintain the particular error or vice of the proposition itself, but also to destroy the organism and to strike at the very principle of unity. It is to deny Christ Himself. From all this it will be seen that the difference between Catholic and Protestant is radical, lying in the distinction between submission to authority and private judgment. So far as the attempt to distinguish Roman and Catholic is concerned it is futile. We frequently hear it attempted, either as an

aspiration upon us or as a branch theory and a faint hope that Anglicans are not cut off from the main body of Christians. A living Church a living teacher. The shadowy background brings out more and more prominently the front figure. So in the history of the Church, as the shadows deepen the grand proportions and the strong attributes of the Papacy stand out clearer and clearer, as the centuries roll on, proving the primacy of St. Peter's jurisdiction and the truth of St. Augustine's words: *Ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia*—Where Peter is there is the Church. That only is Catholic which is Roman—all else is heresy.

KIPLING ON TEMPERANCE.

Rudyard Kipling had been wont to stigmatize temperance, but a change came over the spirit of his dreams. The scene presented by two young men getting two young girls tipsy and leading them down a city street startled the author. It made him a prohibitionist. Yet had he questioned the youths he would have been told it was a joke—coarse, unpardonable and offensive though it might be. It was enough, however, to make the celebrated author reflect and put the matter as he alone knows how to do. "Better is it," he says, "that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better is it to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furiously at back doors than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as these young folks were."

If the mere sight of these affected Kipling—what appeal do the ruined homes of poor and middle and wealthy people make to him and to his readers? There is more sorrow in the breaking hearts of wives and mothers from intemperance than from wars. No vice debases lower its well nigh helpless victim. None spreads its cruel nets wider or with more subtle cunning. Nor does any accursed habit or passion spread wider havoc and drag down to sinful depths and a deeper abyss still than the inhuman passion of drink. Any other vice may ruin, along with its own victim, one or two more. Intemperance spares none. The mother whose love was once the consolation and strength of her growing son, faints, as Kipling saw these fools, when her son staggers not along the public street but into his own home where virtue reigned, where God's love dwelt. The mother's idol is broken, her heart is crushed. How seldom does a mother's sore heart appeal with success against the demon of intemperance. It is worse with a wife. Her evenings alone, after the toil and hardship of the day, with the whole care of the children upon her and more than half the financial worry of the house—there she sits communing with trembling soul and bated breath—fearing, doubting, hoping—why does her husband come home? There is no difficulty, nor is there any advantage in filling up the dark picture. It is too common. The four young people seen by Rudyard Kipling were foolish; but this husband is worse. To the wife whom he swore to honor he is a criminal brute—to the children whose life and well-being depend so largely upon him he is a pilferer of their daily bread, the ruthless destroyer of their future happiness. Nor should we be content with regarding merely the temporal destruction wrought by this most deadly of the deadly sins. There is the guilt before God as well as man—the weakness of a soul broken by the most degraded habit, for no drunkard, high up or low down, has reverence for the God who created him. No sin so destroys the image of God in the soul as does intemperance. Religion is doubly offended and debased, by the vice itself and by the debasement which it brings upon its victim, destroying in his soul all self-respect. When all other temptations fail to ruin simple, faithful souls demons come with the temptation of intoxicants. What a change. Where once there was reverence for God's name, peace and union, fidelity to Mass, industry and devotion to life's responsibilities—all are gone. All the sins again; the decalogue have rushed in upon that soul. Nor will the demon's destruction stop there, for wife and children share in the irreligious sweep of this dread and fatal vice. They miss the consolations of religion, their increasing poverty discourages them and the humiliations caused by the degraded head of the family keep them at home when they should all be at Church and some of them at school. It is not hard to trace this sad effect to its cause. It is not far from the bar-room to the drunkard's home. But the blame is not due merely to the bar. Clubs are worse. Their example is more dangerous, so also are their surroundings—and the outlook for society from the standing of those who belong to clubs is much more serious. No virtue makes for the spiritual and

temporal welfare of the individual and society as temperance. No vice is so debasing, so reckless of those who ought to be most loved and shielded or so ruinous to the whole social fabric as is the spreading vice of intemperance.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

The Catholic Standard and Times, of Philadelphia, questions whether there is in the United States any real religious liberty and whether the separation of Church and State is not a myth. Theoretically all is freedom, at least if the constitution is worth the paper it is written on. But the constitution on paper is one thing, and the working of itself out by the democratic expression of universal suffrage as well as social life and commercial activity is quite another thing. There is nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent a Catholic from being a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. Yet is it likely that any Catholic would be so rash? Certainly not. What is worse and what is discreditable to the country is that Mr. Taft, the coming republican candidate for this first position, has found it necessary to disavow that he is a Catholic. He has gone farther: he has denied this connection not only for himself but for all his connections, his parents and kith and kin. The reason given by our Philadelphia contemporary is because "in the last analysis there is not any genuine belief in the justice of the Constitution as far as the religious principle is concerned and because bigotry and intolerance are in the ascendant in the 'Anglo Saxon,' 'Anglo-American' mind." This domination of intolerance is more peculiar to the Anglo-American mind than to the Anglo-Saxon. We do not deny that the latter have plenty, more than is good for their nation. But for unalloyed bigotry they are not in the same class with their puritanical American cousins. Canada is a good example. Sir John Thompson won the premiership of the Dominion without any question upon his religious faith. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is Premier for many years. Yet the religion of both these gentlemen is well known. No man in the country would be foolish enough to raise such a cry against either of them. Sir John Thompson was a convert to the Catholic Church, and in politics a conservative. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a liberal in politics. We should blush for the Dominion if our free constitution would not work out better than that we should have to search for a profession of faith upon the ballot papers. Our country is Anglo-Saxon. And if we turn to England we do not see that this objectionable feature is to be found there as prominent as in the United States. There is undoubtedly too much boasting about the freedom possessed by the neighboring Republic. But we do not think the whole blame for the bigotry and intolerance should be placed upon the Anglo-Saxons. There is another phase of this peculiar boasting to which we call attention, and which we think indicates an unhealthy condition. We refer to the tendency of the Catholic people of the United States emphasizing so frequently their loyalty. It is not a profession of religious faith as in the case of Mr. Taft; it is a profession of citizenship. Unless it should be this same bigotry and intolerance working in the other direction we could never understand the motive for Catholics in the United States repeatedly and boastfully to shout about their loyal citizenship. One would think that they are suspects, and that this frequent avowal is necessary in these days of peace. What the Catholics of the United States need is a public spirit as Catholics. What the boosters of "Old Glory" want as a general body is that liberty will be something more than nominal and that constitutional shall be something more than national pride on paper.

PROTESTANTS TENDER PRIEST FAREWELL.

Rev. Dennis J. Wholey who was promoted from Newton Centre, Mass., to Roxbury, was tendered a farewell reception by the Protestants of the town, at which practically every minister of Newton Centre was present. A gathering of Protestants to do honor to a priest, is a remarkable occurrence, especially in New England. In speaking of Father Wholey President Alvord of the Newton Centre Association, under whose auspices the reception was held, said: "For seventeen long and fruitful years he has stood up in this village and preached the law and the gospel. He has administered a religion of the very best kind, not a religion that makes men weep and whine over their sins, but inspires them with a cheerful desire to be decent and to have the structure of civic and home life built along the lines of eternal righteousness. The lessons thus taught have spread beyond the confines of his own immediate parish, and acted as a leaven to the whole community. That is why we honor him."

LETTER FROM ROME.

It is declared that for over twenty years no more touching scenes have been witnessed in the old halls of the Vatican Palace than those that signified the Pontiff's reception of pilgrims from Paris and other parts of France immediately following the promulgation of His Holiness' decision rejecting the mutualities, and which involved the sacrifice of millions of francs by the Church of France. In numbers the pilgrims reached something like two thousand in all, including priests and laymen.

When the Holy Father took a seat on a throne erected in the Scala Regia, the Archbishop of Paris read an address of homage to His Holiness. "The pilgrims," said the Archbishop, "venerate in you the head of the Church; they love you, and they wish to see you share in their joy, but they join with you, as they have done in the past, also in misfortune."

Mgr. Amette then spoke of the persecutions to which the clergy are subjected in France, and referred to their obedience to the Holy See. "We are obedient sons," he continued. "As the primitive Christians were called obedient to the words of Peter, we have your voice will be obeyed by us without hesitation, without any exception. We are confiding children, because we know it is from God alone you receive your inspirations for your decisions; and we follow them with security, firm in our resolution, and we hold as certain the victory and the triumph of the faith."

The close of the Archbishop's words was marked by prolonged applause from the pilgrims. When the Pope arose to reply he was weeping, and his voice trembled as he commenced to speak. The comfort, he said, which the pilgrims gave him would be paid back a thousand-fold by the Lord. To see the French in Rome, after all the sacrifices he had compelled to impose upon them, was the cause of the most lively pleasure. The only sorrow which rests in his heart is the fact that he cannot go to their cities, to their villages, to their hamlets for the purpose of showing by example how the deposit of faith, confided to him by Jesus Christ, must be maintained.

Here the Holy Father became more deeply affected. "You have given me a most beautiful demonstration of affection and of faith, but it could not be otherwise, since you are sons of that France which has been called meritorily the eldest daughter of the Church. I wish you could read in my heart the consolation which I experience at this moment. O your return home tell to your compatriots that the Pope is always with them and for them for the good of the whole Church."

The new "beata" who shall be to-morrow solemnly elevated to the honors of the altars will pray with the other saints that error may fall to the ground and that your country may completely turn to the faith as a penitent son to the feet of his father."

After blessing the gathering, the Pope proceeded to leave the room, amid the cries of "Long live the Pope!" "Long live Catholic France!" When near the door the Archbishop of Paris, who accompanied the Holy Father, turned back to the pilgrims and cried in a loud voice: "Do you believe the Pope is infallible? Do you promise him obedience?" And a mighty shout went up from the two thousand pilgrims: "Yes, we believe the Pope is infallible! Yes, we promise him obedience!"

And thus ended one of the audiences of the jubilee year that will go down to history for its consequences in the near future. I may add here that numerous telegrams daily reach the Vatican from the French Bishops declaring obedience to his decision regarding the confiscated foundations for Requiem Masses.

MANY PILGRIMS FROM AMERICA. Your readers already have the details of the Pontiff's reception of the great German American pilgrimage. Then came the big Brooklyn pilgrimage led by Bishop McDonnell. In addition it is worthy of note that the number of small parties now travelling from the United States to Rome seems much larger than at any time for the past ten years. Scarcely a day passes that a group of Americans do not ascend the Scala Regia to offer congratulations to the Prisoner of the Vatican on the attainment of the fiftieth year of his priestly life.

At the close of the private reception accorded to Bishop McDonnell the Pontiff and the Bishop, accompanied by several prelates of the court and a platoon of noble guards, repaired to the chamber occupied by the pilgrims. The latter, numbering about forty priests and the same number of laymen, offered through their leader their homage and that of the faithful whom they represented. His Holiness expressed his deep gratitude for the visit of his American sons, and bade them bring his blessing and expressions of his thankfulness to his distant children in the United States. Then, going round to each pilgrim, the Pope comforted all with kind words, granting to the priests many special favors of a spiritual nature. His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val afterwards received the Bishop of Brooklyn, the committee and American pilgrims, treating with them for above a quarter of an hour.

THE NATIONS TO PIUS X.

The reception of nearly three hundred English marines created quite a sensation here, for among most Italians "English" and "Protestant" are synonymous terms. Pius X. first received the officers, who accompanied the men, in one of his private rooms, and then proceeded, along with them, to the hall where His Holiness was

awaited with such impatience. The reception given the Holy Father by the burly tars, as the old roof of the Vatican Palace resounded with their cheers, was evidently a source of pleasure to him. His exhortation he addressed to their duty, to God and fatherland were listened to with deep respect. After giving his hand to the officers and men to kiss, the Pontiff presented each with a silver medal as a souvenir of the visit to Rome, and then blessed the body.

The first pilgrimage to come this year from Spain drove across St. Peter's Square to the number of four hundred priests and laymen, under the guidance of Cas. Urduliz. An address from the King all the oblique sentiments for which Spaniards are so distinguished was read by the Bishop of the military orders of Spain, amid scenes of much enthusiasm from the gathering.

The Pope in his reply, thanking the Spanish Catholics for their congratulations, recommended the parents to watch carefully over the training of their children, while he advised the latter to cherish unceasingly sentiments of veneration and love for their parents. Turning to the priests who were among the body, he reminded them that their road example would be the most potent factor in building up the character of fervent Christians.

BLESSÉD GABRIEL PΟΣSENTE. No servant of God has been raised within recent years to the honors of the altar who has gained so much love and admiration among all classes as young Gabriel Posenente, now the Blessed of Adolorata. Hence it was that on Sunday last, when men and women from every part of the Old and New Worlds were gathered in the Vatican to witness what is perhaps the most gorgeous and majestic function in the ritual of the Church, the young cleric's life and merits were lauded by not only Catholics, but by many to whom religion is only a name. As our readers have by this time a fair idea of the circumstances which surrounded every function of the kind, I do not consider it necessary to go into a description of the beatification of Blessed Gabriel. An unusual thing, however, was the presence of his brother, which indeed is worthy of note. This is Signor Michele Posenente, the leading medical doctor of the town of Camerino. Dr. Posenente says that his young brother was by nature vivacious, enthusiastic and prone to sudden outbursts of anger, but at the same time had a good heart and was always kind to the poor. As he grew older he gave himself up to society pleasures—all, however, of a strictly legitimate kind—and was specially noted for his love of dancing. It came, therefore, says Dr. Posenente, like a thunderclap on the town when, young Gabriel announced his decision of becoming a Passionist. And yet he could write from his retreat, some years later, to his old-time friend, Signor Filippo Giovannetti: "Diplo Mio, I assure you that if I had continued in the world I believe I absolutely could not be saved."

IMPORTANT PAPAL RECEPTIONS. Pope Pius X. has received in private and separate audience the Very Rev. Father Geremia della Spina, newly elected general of the Passionist congregation. His Holiness also received the Very Rev. Father Pacifico da Seggiano, the new general of the Franciscan Capuchins. The general was accompanied by his predecessor, the Very Rev. Father Bernard d'Andemati, whom the Holy Father has decided to elevate to the archiepiscopal dignity. The Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Lismore, Australia, has also been received on his visit ad limina.

NEWS HAS REACHED ROME OF THE DEATH OF Father Lorenzo Caratelli, who filled the office of Prefect Apostolic of Constantinople for the space of five years. Father Louis Coppre, procurator general of the Mission, has been nominated candidate to Propaganda. On June 28 Father Tasso, of the priests of the Mission, will be consecrated as Bishop of Aosta by Cardinal Merry del Val.

Correspondence Romana hastens to deny the report spread by the Journal of Turin, that the Archbishop of Paris has paid a visit to the French Ambassador, M. Barriere.—Roman Correspondence of Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

CARDINAL MANNING.

In an article in the London Chronicle Mr. W. T. Stead has some reminiscences of Cardinal Manning: "The present Bishop of London had hardly been twenty-four hours a Bishop before I called upon him and asked him whether or not I could count upon him to bishop me, for, as I explained to him, since Cardinal Manning died I had been an unbishoped man. When Cardinal Manning lived he did his bishoping gently but with great vigilance. He was a Roman Catholic. I was non-Communist but he looked after me as if he had been my spiritual father. Never was he interested in any public movement, or private party in which he thought the Pall Mall Gazette could be of any service, that he failed to communicate with me, and if at any time—and there were a good many times—there was anything in my leaders which he did not like, he was prompt to censure and to prevent, if he could, a repetition of the offense. 'I thought you had more sense,' he would write sometimes; 'come and be soiled'—a summons which I always cheerfully obeyed." In the same article Mr Stead goes on to say: "I venture to submit to our Right Reverend Fathers in God the question whether they are altogether wise in their day and generation in devising no mission to journalists? Bishop Ketteler, the famous Roman Catholic Bishop, who was the Cardinal Manning of the Raine, declared in one of his famous sermons that 'if St. Paul were alive to day he would certainly run a newspaper.' The successors of St. Paul might at least try to use them a little more than they do."

PATHETIC STORY OF A GREAT HOUSE

BIRTH OF HEIR TO DUKE OF NORFOLK CHANGES DESTINY OF FAMOUS FAMILY.

London, June 20.—Not only in the ranks of the nobility, and throughout the Roman Catholic world, but in all ranks of English society, the news will be read with vital interest that a son and heir has been born to the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

The official announcement of this very interesting event, which recalls one of the most pathetic stories in the history of a great English house—a story of vicissitudes of patient hope and faith, and of calm courage under the fall, and how after twenty odd years of endeavor to avert the stroke of destiny—was sent out from Arundel Castle as follows:

"The Duchess of Norfolk gave birth to a son at Arundel Castle. Birth mother and son are doing well."

AN AFFABLE EARL MARSHAL. Though he is the highest noble in the land, the Duke has always been able to inspire in those of the masses with whom he was brought in contact a respect and affection quite out of the common. Careless and even shabby in his dress, he has mingled among his tenants and his work-people with an entire absence of "side" and an air of comradeship that endeared him to all.

At the outset the Duke's life seemed to promise brightness. Succeding to the title at the age of twelve, one of his first duties was to visit the Pope. Concerning this pilgrimage a little story is told. His Holiness asked the boy nobleman what in the Vatican he would most like to see, and with the courtesy of youth the descendant of the Howards replied, "Please, holy father, to show me your bedroom; I say no one may enter there." He had his wish, and carried away as a keepsake the crucifix which hung over the Pope's bed. Since then it has been a venerated object at Arundel Castle.

GORGEOUS WEDDING. The Duke grew up under the tuition of Cardinal Newman at the Oratory School at Birmingham. Married Lady Flora Aubrey Hastings, daughter of the first Baron Dunsington and the Countess of Loudoun.

The wedding at Brompton Oratory was a gorgeous spectacle, for to the ornate and picturesque ritual of the Catholic Church was added the splendor and grandeur of the bridegroom's rank. Then for a space the Duke reigned at Arundel in almost royal style, while his town house in St. James' Square was the social centre of the aristocratic world. Troops of servants went with the ducal pair when they travelled, and to the first Ascot after their marriage they drove in a cortege so splendid as almost to rival the royal procession up the course.

A FAMOUS PATRIOT. The same eclipse, sorrowful and black. The only child of the marriage was Philip, Earl of Arundel, born September 7, 1879, and he was an imbecile and deformed. As the years went by the medical skill of all the continents was brought to the Castle in a vain endeavor to arouse the torpid intellect. Prayers were said, Masses were sung unceasingly; pilgrimages were made to the healing waters of Lourdes; the poor boy was bathed in the waters of the Jordan, but to no avail.

The Duchess died of grief in 1887, and the disappearance of the Duke from the social world was then complete. He was devoted to his afflicted boy and spent some time with him each day, though true companionship was impossible, for he was blind and deaf and dumb; and always, after an absence from Arundel, his first care was to seek out his son in the apartments reserved for him and his attendants.

To seek relief from his great sorrow the Duke in later years took part in the public service. In 1895 he became Postmaster General in Lord Salisbury's Government; and his energies at St. Martin's-le-Grand are still remembered in that busy hive, despite the many changes of office since that date.

WENT TO SOUTH AFRICA. He was a kind and genial chief, and dressed as simply as any junior clerk, coming down to his duties in a lounge jacket and felt hat, and carrying his little black bag like the true city man.

In 1900 came the call of patriotism. Stirred by the military zeal that swept over the country during the black days at the close of 1899, the Duke enrolled himself in the Imperial Yeomanry and went out to fight for his Queen in South Africa. He distinguished himself by his activity, and returned only to take up his duties as Earl Marshall in connection with the coronation. He had upon his shoulders the whole task of organizing the ceremonial, allotting places and settling questions of precedence that would have turned grey the hair of any person less imperious than the Duke; and he performed his work so well that no one grumbled.

Sincerely were the echoes of the cheering dead, when, in the autumn of 1902, there flickered out the life of poor Philip Joseph Mary, Earl of Arundel, the earl who never knew what it was to own a title or to be heir to 49,000 acres and one of the finest rent rolls in the world.

THE SECOND DUCHESS. It was generally understood that while his son lived the Duke would not remarry. This self-imposed obligation removed, his grace, in 1904, took another bride in winsome Miss Goodenough Constable Maxwell, elder daughter of Baroness Horwicz, the holder of a title famous in the annals of Border sights. The union was a happy one, and it was to the acute disappointment of both the Duke and Duchess that the first child, born in 1905, was a girl.

Now, at the age of 61, the Duke has an heir in the direct line, and Lord Edmund Talbot, his brother, is dispossessed of the title of heir presumptive.

The Duke owns a large estate of Sheffield, and has mansions near that city, but his principle residence is at Arundel Castle, in Surrey. He was mayor of Sheffield in 1895, and first lord mayor of the town in 1896, and has taken a great interest in the establishment of Sheffield University. His gifts to the Catholic Church have been enormous. It is not generally known, for instance, that for years he has been building a great cathedral at Norwich, at a cost of half a million.

FATHER VAUGHAN ON "FOUL FICTION"

The eloquent English Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking recently on society outside the Catholic Church said that in the wider acceptance of the term it is fast becoming a conspiracy against the supernatural. He did not wish to imply that there was not a great deal of truth among the people of England for religion. To his thinking, the fever, fret, and fame everywhere observable, was a proof in itself that the heart of man was restless by nature until it found rest in God. Why was it that not only in the West End of London but in the provinces, and especially at seaside places, Spiritism and all its allied forces, down to the fortune teller, did such a flourishing business?

It all meant, continued Father Vaughan, that there was a mad craving for something new, for something that might for a moment give rest to the jaded spirit, worn and worried with seeking for what it could not find. The so-called trappings of the spiritualistic séance were the toy and plaything of what was frivolous, or fraudulent, or fenshish. He warned all his hearers against anything that smacked of Spiritualism. It exercised a more unwholesome influence upon its devotees, unfit them for their physical, mental, and moral life, and not infrequently drove them to the asylum. It was blasphemous to suppose that God would make use of people who were called mediums to reveal to them truths from the other side.

But there is something worse even than Spiritism and Father Vaughan denounced it as "foul fiction," which, said he, is actually doing more in undermining the moral health of the rising generation than ever the rottenness slum did to destroy the physical well-being of a generation gone by. It was enough to make a healthy man sick to see the sort of fiction that was served up to boys and girls between their hours of work and play, while it was terrifying to reflect upon the plague breeding garbage upon which some of the rising generation went to sleep. Whilst man sputtered rotten fruit, he feasted his soul on rotten fiction—he (Father Vaughan), called it fiction, for he would be very sorry to call the putrid matter he referred to as a novel, which, for the most part reflected credit upon the writer and if it did no positive good, did little real harm to its devourer.

The "rotten fiction" thus reproached by Father Vaughan is a crying evil in America as well as in England. It is the stuff patronized by many if not most of the average graduates of our public schools.—New York Freeman's Journal.

METHODIST BISHOP REBUKED

People who attack the Catholic Church nowadays, whether they be Methodist Bishops or not, over-reach themselves when they make charges that a few years ago might have been listened to with credulity. When the Rev. Mr. Stuntz, a Methodist missionary, undertook to beamish the fair fame of the Catholic Church in the Philippines, in an address delivered in Milwaukee recently, it was a daily paper of that city which was the first to rebuke him and controvert his statements. In like manner, another daily paper, the Haverhill Gazette, makes the following editorial comment on a recent Methodist outbreak in Baltimore:

It was an indiscreet utterance and unworthy of the great Methodist conference, when Bishop Neely charged the Catholic Church with interference in politics in the United States. The careful and conservative students of religious and political conditions know that the eminent churchman is in error and that the accusation would apply to few, if any denominations. Considering the wide latitude of things in this republic, the Church has kept remarkably free from political entanglements. It is to be presumed that Bishop Neely had in mind an exaggerated and mistaken view of the mission and purposes of the Apostolic Delegate at Washington. His charges of political play stand out all the more prominently at this time, because they are reinforced by the utterances of another churchman of less distinction, who recently directed his utterances more particularly at the confessional. It would be a foolish waste of space to recapitulate it, since only harm is done by bitter religious discussion or by encouraging criticism of the faith of any honest man. This churchman said among other things that the effect of the confessional on the priest was bad, and that it presented the temptation, frequently yielded to, of abusing the confidances they receive.

It would be a waste of time and energy to discuss such an attitude. But it may be interesting to call attention to the case of Abbé Bruneau, convicted of murder in France, some twelve years ago, and guillotined in accordance with the laws of that country. The Abbé was convicted of slaying a woman, but he defended his defense to the earnest statement that he was innocent. Seven years after his death it was found that his housekeeper, La Jeanette, was guilty of the murder. On her death-bed she made full confession of the crime.

She had confessed her guilt to the Abbé Bruneau after committing the murder and had thus made it impossible

for him to, in any way, direct suspicion at her.

The priest who endured a shameful death could have freed himself at once by breaking the seal of the confessional. But, taught by his religion that no earthly power could free him from his vow of secrecy, he carried the woman's confession with him to the grave and died in her place. In view of even one such instance as this, it would seem that the man, however eminent, who accuses Catholic priests generally of violating the secrets of the confessional, might be indulging in rather hasty generalization. It might be well to remember that no religion lasts through nineteen centuries of scientific and social changes and revolutions unless it is based on strong moral grounds and is faithfully obeyed by a majority of those who profess it.

As to the charge that the Catholic Church is a huge political machine, anyone who has read the Rev. Mr. Starbuck's papers in the Review relative to the activity of Methodist Bishops during the Grant administration will have to confess that the Catholic Church can teach the Methodist Episcopal church nothing in this regard. As to the confessional, it is remarkable that the highest tribute to its worth fall to day from the pens and lips of Protestant ministers who see what a power for good it exercises among Catholic people.—Sacred Heart Review.

BLESSED GABRIEL POSSENTI.

The solemn beatification of Blessed Gabriel Possenti of the Passionist order took place in Rome on May 31. He is to be the special patron of the youth of Italy. The decree announcing his beatification says: "He is a man who, in the midst of his family, but still more so in the monastery where, after having spent over two years, he closed his mortal career. But him whose hidden virtue had concealed from the admiration of men, the Divine Power has, in its own good time, brought into the clear light of a most extraordinary and seemingly unforced renown for miracles, a renown which has grown beyond all expectation. Thirty years after his death, and when the solemn rite of exhumation required for the inception of the cause of his beatification had barely been concluded, the fortunate Retreat, situated on the island of Penne, commonly called Isola, under whose roof his precious remains are preserved, began to grow famous as a sanctuary by reason of so great a number of miracles, that of even this day it continues the goal of devout pilgrimages without intermission."

The most unique feature of the life of this Servant of God is the absence of anything extraordinary. In his early life he never deviated from the straight, clean life which a Catholic young man is called upon to lead, but it contained no promise of his future holiness. When eighteen years old he resolved after a serious illness, to join the Passionist Order. His life as a novice and as a priest was very marked features; it contained no extraordinary and simply one of great regularity and ardent study. But a great work was going on in his soul. He was making great strides in the way of perfection and in a short time attained to the practice of virtue which the Church has declared to have reached a heroic degree.—True Voice.

NURSERIES OF ANARCHY.

IS GROWING LAWLESSNESS THE PRODUCT OF AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

In his address last week at the laying of the corner stone of the new Catholic college to be erected in Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. Terence J. Shealy, S. J., gave an expression to the thoughts of many of our countrymen which must force themselves on all men who look on the tendencies of today as auguries of the conditions of tomorrow. Father Shealy's reminder that our civilization is not Roman, nor Grecian, but Christian, that Christ is at the very basis of American civilization, is something that America is only too ready to forget.

"Our fathers ever regarded religion as an essential of liberty," he said. "That motto of Harvard University and the Church, 'For the Glory of Christ,' is graven in spirit on the seal of every institution in the land. Columbia has a magnificent phrase, 'In Thy light, O Lord, we shall see light.' I need not tell you that the motions on the seals of many of our secular colleges and universities have long since become a lie and a mockery."

Why? "And now the faculties of Cornell and of Princeton, and of Harvard, and of Syracuse, and the various other great universities are fairly outbidding themselves in 'paternal warnings' against the growing lawlessness of today. They look around them and say, 'Why have our ideals fallen?' 'Why is life now considered merely a mechanical problem?' 'Why is it that success in life is now being considered to be the result of force of muscle or brains, where the strongest and cleverest bear away the prize?' The answer to these questions because man must reflect upon his own work. And it is their own work."

"When the school fails in ideals the country must fall, and the fall is first in character. It isn't failure to be poor, to suffer defeat in the battle of life. What is failure, utter and abject, is the loss of our ideal. Such a failure, without Christian ideals, is a failure. The millionaires may give millions for education, but they are not educating anybody. The eminent President of Princeton only recently lamented that for decades they have

been training without training anybody, they have been teaching without teaching anybody, they have been educating without educating anybody.

"The foundations we have laid in the building of this nation are the grandest in all history. Now we find a great unrest. In the face of this unrest we find an 'ethical' movement abroad. It is an ethical movement without Christ and religion, and it is as vain and false as it is illusory to those who take part in it.

UNREST OF THE MASSES. "Do you know that the unrest of the masses, that terrible threatening unrest, brought about by unequal social conditions, is the great characteristic of the age? It is the cry of a despairing and hungry people. Never before have men been so stirred by the realization of so much inequality in social conditions and business opportunities."

"Shall we go on divided into two camps, the hearty and selfish rich and the despairing and angry poor? Shall we go on to the conflict and the slaughter? What power can preserve the equilibrium, can give a rational explanation, can keep the Constitution in authority?"

"I say apply your 'philosophy' to this test. How can the poor man use this in his home? Do you appeal to his patriotism, for the honor of the country? There is only one honor at the bottom of this, the honor of human self respect, of character. 'We will solve it by public opinion,' say the doctors of mental philosophy. 'We will guide public opinion. We will form public opinion.' Oh, a great power is public opinion without religion! Public opinion has done the mightiest wrongs, it has brought on more unjust wars, it has nailed Christ to the cross. Public opinion in America is nothing more than the characterless, the conscienceless, the godless Lucifer of destruction."

NAPOLEON'S CONCLUSION.

"Napoleon knew men. What did he say? That he would govern men by the sword? By the Constitution? Not at all. He said: 'I must make scholars that will be men. And no body is a man without God.' The man without God I have seen, at work in 1793, and that man you do not govern; you put grape shot into him."

THE "CRISIS" OF CATHOLICISM.

Before attempting to study the above question (writes Father Mallebrancq, S. J., in Etudes, Paris), we must first state that there can be no question whatever of a collapse of our religion which should threaten the essence of the faith. The Catholic religion was founded by Christ, and its Catholicity is essential in the Church established by Him, that is to say that its endurance is not less a dogma than its very divinity. Yet it is a matter of faith that hell shall never prevail against her, it cannot be said that the religious life, the life of the faith, is not to pass through veritable crises, since its periods of persecution and suffering have been foretold. There is no necessary weakening of a principle because its external applications appear at times to fall of their effect.

We are therefore forbidden by our very faith to suppose that any crisis through which the Church may pass, is capable of destroying her, since to lose faith in her, is to deny the divine nature of her origin. No matter to what rigorous limits schism might reduce her, she must still remain the visible body of Christ, and as such, must preserve her integrity assured. And notwithstanding the state of affairs and the godlessness of the present age, nothing really exists to warrant the statement made so often that the Church is at least approaching its term. Atheism there, as there always has been, and the larger proportions it has assumed within recent years, leads those who glance superficially at the question to confuse the real meanings of history.

The worst feature of the present state of society, Father Mallebrancq says, is the cowardly and unorthodox neutrality which even good people assume in the face of hostile manifestations against religion. If any remedy is to issue from the present struggle, it must surely arise out of the certainty that the defence is not to be inferior to the attack. That defence is not to be assured, if it is not entrusted to the direction of the Sovereign Pontiff and the hierarchy.

Throughout its way of living and certain irregularities of conduct, a considerable portion of the present generation has gone back to exactly the type of paganism which reigned in the Roman world in the first centuries of the Christian era, and if faith is to revive among the weak, it can only do so by the same methods which were used by the early preachers and churchmen, to revive it in the early days. It is among the lowly and the uneducated, as being the great majority, that the dynamic force of spirituality is not to be cultivated, in order that the world may come under the influence of the true faith.

It is not necessary to add, continues the Jesuit, that no priest who wishes to show himself a faithful servant of the Church, can take cognizance of theories advocated by self-styled Catholics once they are condemned by the Church. We believe in the divinity of Christ, but we do not believe in the divinity of the doctrinal authority of the Church, except what she accepts, and reject what she rejects. What characterizes the spirit of Modernism, is the tendency it displays to attack the whole line of dogmatic

truth, rather than particular portions of its teachings. In former centuries heresy was wont to attack some especial point of Christian revelation, and even Protestantism itself refrained from attacking or seeking to destroy any of the primordial dogmas.

In our own days, it is rare for Modernism to explicitly deny any one of the revealed truths, it certainly happens that its teachers endeavor as much as possible to restrict its meaning and application, if they do not go the length of destroying its entire doctrinal contents. Against such advances, there can only be one line of action, and that must be to unmask and fight them without pity or quarter.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF INTOXICANTS.

Among Catholics there is a difference of opinion as to the use of intoxicants, but there can be none as to their abuse. All Catholics meet on the common platform that drunkenness is a deadly sin. This has always been and always will be the doctrine of the Church. All our prayer books, when speaking of preparation for confession, tell us that gluttony, that is, excess of eating or drinking, is one of the deadly sins on which we must examine our conscience before approaching the tribunal of penance. Sinners addicted to drinking should consider the many evils that are consequent upon drunkenness, which changes men into brutes, which robs them of their reason, destroys their health, shortens their lives, consumes their substance, disturbs the peace of their families, withdraws from their wives and children their necessary subsistence, gives scandal and bad example to their neighbors, torments their passions, sets open the gate to all other sins, makes their souls dull and insensible to all that is good, unfit them for prayer and contemplation, and makes them slaves to their sinful inclinations. So that, of all other vices, there is none more difficult to be cured; for there are sins which, once come to a habit, generally follow men to the grave and plunge them into hell, where, with the rich glutton, they will thirst for all eternity.

It is plain then that no consistent Catholic is at liberty to deny the enormity of the sin of drunkenness. It follows, also, as a necessary consequence, that it is a great scandal to lead others into this grievous sin. But Christian charity requires of us one step further, that is, to do all we can, not only to reform drunkards, but to keep any one from becoming so. We do not know of any task that ought to be more pleasant than training children to be temperate. It is much easier to prevent the formation of the habit than to eradicate it when once formed. The obviously wise policy is to begin with the young. This opens a vast field for parents and teachers. Every possible encouragement should be given to form juvenile societies of total abstainers. There does not live a man so depraved as to want to see a young boy brought up a drunkard. In the catalogue of tribulations and miseries that fall to the lot of fathers and mothers, none can be compared to the misfortune of having drunken children. We know a general prayer will ascend to heaven from the hearts of all fathers and mothers that they may never be visited by such a terrible punishment.

There may be parents whose attention has never been called to this fearful danger. Others there may be who do not realize the possibility of their children becoming drunkards. There is no more safety against it than against any other misfortune. Let parents throw every possible guard around their children to protect them against that great calamity.—Sacred Heart Review.

VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

What love for us the Sacred Heart of Jesus has ever felt, and how forcibly that love is shown in the institution of the Most Blessed Sacrament of His precious Body and Blood! There He abides with us all days, until the end of the world. The same Jesus Who was to Mary and Joseph their unfailing source of happiness, the same Jesus Who healed the sick and gave sight to the blind; the same Jesus Who restored from death an only son to a widowed mother, is with us, here and now.

His abiding presence explains the heroism, the saintliness, the self-sacrifice that are found through all the Christian centuries among all Catholic peoples. Each of us can say: "Jesus Christ is actually with us, He my Redeemer Who died for me, that I might forever live to Him!" This truth the Catholic Church proclaims and teaches; and we ought to show our ardent faith in this consoling truth by our actions and by our love. One special means of doing this is found in the beautiful practise that is called, making visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

We like to visit our friends, to talk with them, to give them pleasure. In the tabernacle is Jesus, our chief friend, the true Lover of our souls; there His Sacred Heart is full of love for us; His delights are to be with the children of men. And oh! how full of divine sweetness are our visits to Him. With Him we can be in perfect peace. He understands us thoroughly. He pities us; He cares for us. We can tell Him everything; He will not weary of us. We can simply be silent before Him, and His loving Heart will know all that we do not even try to say. It is rest and consolation to be in His presence, even though we do not utter one word.

What causes that profound tranquility in a Catholic church, that divinely beautiful calm felt sometimes by non-Catholics themselves? Jesus Christ is there, in the tabernacle saying softly to the weary soul: "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!" It is a fair sight to watch the people come and go, on their visits to the Blessed Sacrament, in the warm, moonlit June evenings, perfumed with the

THROW AWAY LINIMENTS

Here's the Prescription to Cure Rheumatism.

Liniments only reach the skin and the muscles directly under the skin. Now, liniments can't cure rheumatism. They simply deaden the nerves for a time. When the effect wears away, the pain returns worse than ever.

If the bowels do not move regularly—if the kidneys are strained or weak—if the skin is dry or harsh—the blood is sure to be filled with impurities or urea. This urea is changed into uric acid which is the poison that causes rheumatism.

Now, the only possible way to cure rheumatism is to prevent uric acid from being formed. Logically, the only way to do this is to keep the bowels, kidneys and skin in good working order, and prevent the stomach from being too acid. And the only way to do this is to take "Fruit-a-Diva."

These marvelous tablets of fruit juices and tonics act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin—and put them in perfect condition. That is the only secret of their great success in curing rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago.

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VALUE OF THE SCAPULAR.

We all of us wish to die in our scapular, writes Father Lucow, S. J., in "The Parting of the Ways." And this, not as though the scapular could save us, as it were, by mechanical means, and independently of the dispositions in which we may then be. No Catholic holds such an opinion as this. It is not in any such ill-grounded trust that the true value of the scapular lies, nor even, perhaps, is it chiefly to be esteemed as a means of gaining many indulgences, though these, of course, are by no means to be despised. Its truest value, for some of us at least, may lie in this, that it may serve us as a reminder, now of the day of death and of judgment towards which we are hastening, and then of happy days, perhaps, long gone by, of days when our love of Mary was yet fresh and tender; a reminder that in the intercession of Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, there, is yet hope for us, however widely we may have wandered astray in the meanwhile. But, please God, we may not need in that last hour to look back over an interval of squandered years. Please, God, there may be no such breach of continuity in our lives. Please God, we shall not need that reminder at the hour of death; and that we may not need it then, it is well that our scapular should serve us as a daily reminder to us now, to make the intervening years a fitting preparation for that hour.—Church Progress.

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Advertisement for Cowan's Cocoa, featuring a small image of the product and text describing its quality and availability.

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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HONORS CONFERRED BY OTTAWA UNIVERSITY

Ottawa Free Press, June 27. There was a splendid attendance at the closing exercises of Ottawa University...

Our Commencement Exercises are outwardly less academic and less elaborate than we would like to make them...

Friends and others, if there are others especially students in attendance this year, are asking when we are going to build...

Now I wish to state the most pleasant of vacations. I hope to see all our graduates...

Some students all who are receiving medals and work that deserve commendation...

The degree of Doctor of Laws will be conferred upon Hon. Charles D. O'Brien...

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Francis W. Gray's books and contribution to leading reviews and magazines...

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HONORS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, TORONTO

The closing exercises at St. Joseph's Academy yesterday morning were honored by the presence of Mr. Brant...

Papal medal for Christian doctrine and Church history conferred for senior department...

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Miss M. Donahue; third prize—Miss H. Simon.

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CHATS WITH

Fun is a necessity; it is not a luxury. Most people have a lack of it.

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The Return of Mary O'Murrough. Price, \$1.25.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Fun is a Necessity. Most people have the impression that fun and humor are life incidentals, not necessities; that they are luxuries and have no great bearing upon one's career.

Many think of fun as frivolous, indicating a lack of serious purpose in life. There are parents who want their children because they want to have fun and go in for a good time. These parents have yet to learn the great part which fun and humor play in the physical economy, and their influence on the life.

What a complete revolution in your whole physical and mental being comes after seeing a really funny play! You wear to the play tired, jaded, wornout, discouraged. All your mental faculties were clogged with brain ash; you could not think clearly. When you come home you were a new being.

A business man, on returning home after a perplexing, exhausting, exasperating day's work, experiences the same thing. Kneading and playing with the children, spending a jolly evening with his family or friends, telling stories and cracking jokes, rest his jaded nerves and restore him to his normal condition.

I have been as much refreshed by a good, hearty laugh, by listening to good, wholesome fun, stories, jokes—or by spending an evening with friends as having a good time, as by a long, sound night's sleep; and I look back upon such experiences as little vacations.

Anything that will make a man new, that will clear the cobwebs of discouragement from his brain, and drive away fear, care and worry is of practical value. It is the shrewdest kind of business policy to do what will recreate, refresh and rejuvenate one for the next day's work.

We should not look upon fun and humor as transitory things, but as solid, lasting, permanent influences on the whole character.

Why should not having a good time form a part of our life program? Why should this not enter into our great life plan? Why should we be serious and gloomy because we have to work for a living? Why not do it with joy and gladness? Why not sing at our work, as the sailors do?

Laughter is a good health-builder. Give me an employee who loves to laugh, who enjoys a joke, who always sees the ludicrous side of things! Laughter is a token of sanity. Abnormal people seldom laugh. It is as natural to want to laugh as it is a good time as it is to breathe. There is something wrong about a person who seldom laughs.

I know a man who rarely smiles; who looks disgusted when he sees any one convulsed with laughter. He is cold-blooded and selfish; he lacks tenderness, sensitiveness, delicacy and is very unpopular.

There is a moral influence in things which amuse and makes us enjoy life. None is ever spoiled by good humor; but tens of thousands have been made better by it. Fun is a food as necessary as bread.

Who can estimate the good men like Mark Twain have done the world, in helping to drive away care and sorrow, to lighten burdens, to take drudgery out of dreary occupations; to cheer the homeless and the lonely?

Any one who has brought relief to distressed souls, who has lifted the burden from saddened, sorrowing hearts has done as much as any one of those who have been civilization builders.

Does a Vacation Pay? What a difference there is in what two people bring home from a vacation! One comes back tired, disgusted, bored. He has spent his money and doesn't feel that he has much of anything in return. Another comes back all radiant with the riches which he has drunk in and absorbed during every moment of his vacation. He comes back rejuvenated, refreshed, inspired, a new creature with a new grip upon life.

The cobwebs, the brain ashes have been swept away from his jaded brain. He has been made over again. Life means more than ever before. His dimmed ideals have been brightened and sharpened, his ambition renewed. Ask him if a vacation pays, and he will ask you, in turn if it pays the grub to throw off its ugly shape and blossom out into a butterfly; if it pays a rosebud to open up its petals and fling out its fragrance and beauty to the world.

When you go into the country, make up your mind that you are going into God's great gallery of charm and beauty to enjoy yourself and to see what you can get out of it. Resolve that you will come home laden with riches that no money can buy; that you are going to extract from the landscape—from the mountains, the valleys, the fields, and the meadows—a wealth which does not inhere in the dollar.

Learn to drink in beauty and health at every pore? Try to realize that the flowers, the grass, the trees, the brooks, the hills—the charm and beauty everywhere—are God's smiles; that they are for him only who can appreciate them, who can respond to them, who can appropriate their messages. They can not be bought, they belong only to him who can enjoy them.

Many of our business men are beginning to see that frequent vacations are the best investments they can make; that nothing else pays them so well as keeping in tune, keeping fit for work. As a rule, the men who rarely take vacations—who think they can not be spared a few days, a month, or a year if necessary, from their offices, who think that everything would go to pieces if they should go on a long vacation or take a trip abroad, do not accomplish as much and do not keep in as good physical trim as those who combine play with their work, who work hard when they work and play hard when they play.

The men who are everlastingly grinding at their work, and who play very little, not only age much faster but also as a rule accomplish much less than those who take time for recreation, for rejuvenation.

The monotony and the strain of perpetual grinding tend to unbalance men. They become hidebound and rutty. Their mentally shrivels. They touch life at so low points that they become very narrow and uninteresting. All work and no play inevitably tends to make a man one-sided.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Honor Thy Father And Thy Mother. There is a touching story told of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Oxteter, and sell them from a stall in the market place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-tolling father; so when he visited Oxteter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market place, at the time of business, uncovered his head, and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the book-stall used to stand. "This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Doctor Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it, in marble, on the doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something harder than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their grave.

Dr. John Todd of Pittsfield, the eminent writer, never forgot how, when his father was very sick, and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie, that "the druggist had not got any such medicine."

The old man was just dying when little Johnny came in, and he said to him: "My boy, your father suffers great pain for want of that medicine." Johnny started in great distress for the medicine, but it was too late. The father on his return was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy: "Love God, and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."

"Through all his after life, Doctor Todd often had a heartache over that act of falsehood and disobedience to his dying father. It takes more than a shower to wash away the memory of such sins. Dr. Todd repented of that sin a thousand times.

The words, "Honor thy father and thy mother," means four things; all ways toward the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick and grown old. I never yet knew of a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents that turned out well. God never blesses a willful boy.

When Washington was sixteen years old he determined to leave home and become a midshipman in the Colonial navy. After he had sent off his trunk, he went to bid his mother good-bye. She wept so bitterly because he was going away that he said to his negro servant: "Bring back my trunk, I am not going to make my mother suffer so by leaving her."

He remained at home to please his mother. This decision led to his becoming a surveyor, and afterwards a soldier. His whole glorious career in life turned on that simple act of trying to make his mother happy. And happy too, will be the child who never has occasion to shed bitter tears for any act of unkindness to his parents. Let us not forget that God has said: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Little Acts of Kindness. A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeannette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the Emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated on the stand she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself:

"It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor my old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old."

Then she gave up her seat to the old woman and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courier of the Emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, and said:

"Little girl, His Majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box."

When the abashed child stood before the Emperor, he graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side."

So God honors those who honor his servants, especially honors those who honor the aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.

Between Ourselves. The girls who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-righteousness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the best nature of others.

Most of us know girls who have appealed to us in this way. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the girl who perhaps never

makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency. And if there came a time of real stress when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose above all to go to this sweet girl, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties and readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take.

Beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face and form and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unalloyed human goodness and sympathy.—True Voice.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

FEAST OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

It is with joy of fruition and of hope that Holy Mother Church celebrates the Feast of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. With all the love of her being, bowed in deep adoration before the tabernacle, she sends forth loud anthems of praise and thanksgiving. The Precious Blood of Jesus Christ!—Ah! who can fathom the true meaning of those sacred words? In them is contained the price of our redemption, and the cause and instrument of our salvation. In them is summed up all the love of God toward His children. Through their divine efficacy the shadows of death have been dispelled, and ignorance and sin have given way to light and justice. Poor fallen man, bound to earth by the chains of slavery and sin, through them has become the friend of God and the heir of eternal life. Truly indeed has the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ been our salvation. It has given efficacy to the Sacraments, those chosen gifts of God which purify our souls and make us worthy of eternal happiness. It is the brightness of the saints and the glory of heaven.

The eternal Father, angered by our many sins, through the saving power of our Lord's Precious Blood has commanded His grace to us and made us participators in His glory. The Precious Blood has conquered the world and sin, and we have been made the inheritors of the victory. In every act of Jesus' life the Precious Blood was shed for sin. First as the Divine Infant, He offered it for us to His Father. He bled the ground of Gethsemani on the night of His agony. It crimsoned the lashes, the pillar, the garments of the soldiers, and flowed on the pavement of the courtyard at the scourging. It marked every step of the way from Pilate's tribunal to Calvary. But most of all from the gibbet of the cross it emptied itself to the last drop from the lance-pierced side of the crucified Savior.

But how have we received this precious gift? Do we desire and long to share in its might, strength, and life? We love and honor the soldier, who goes to battle and sheds his blood for the preservation of his country, we transcribe his name on monuments of enduring brass and revere his memory on every suitable occasion. But the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed to preserve us from eternal death and to liberate us from the snare of sin, for it perhaps we have no love, no remembrance; alas! some have nothing but insult, blasphemy, and contradiction.

Christian soul, beware how you treat this Precious Blood! It was shed for you. It was your sins that caused it to gush from the wounds of Jesus. Without it you would have been consigned to an eternal doom. For, as says the Apostle, "without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Just as our Lord did not consider the Divine justice satisfied until He had shed the last drop of His Precious Blood, so will He consider your participation and gratitude incomplete until you have been sanctified by frequent reception of it.

Jesus shed His Precious Blood because He loved us; and so great was that love that He wished to make it a daily act, hence He instituted the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass, in which His Precious Blood continually ascends to the Father in expiation of our sins. Let us then, dear brethren, become worthy of so great a prodigal a love. Let us adore His Precious Blood on this the day set apart for its honor and praise. Let us become more intimate with it by worthily receiving it frequently in the Blessed Eucharist. It is our only hope, our true friend. If we love and revere it now, our eternal welfare is assured. If we reject it, all is lost, and that blood, as for the first, "will fall upon us" but for our condemnation.

SCHISM THAT FAILED. VILLATTE'S ASSISTANT HAS MADE HIS PEACE WITH ROME. The Holy Office has last week published an official announcement that the priest, (Father Roussin) who for a few stormy weeks assisted "Archbishop" Villatte in the attempt to organize a schismatic conventicle in Paris has been received back into the Church after making due reparation. One almost forgets now that a French schism was ever attempted, so utter has been its failure.

And yet it is less than two years since the French anti-clerical newspapers were full of the impending movement which was to detach from Rome thousands of French priests and millions of French Catholics; since mysterious circulars were being sent to priests all over the country, papers were being subsidized by Briand and Clemenceau to foster the revolt and hints of possible defections even among the hierarchy were sedulously circulated, and even a few abortive associations outlines were formed in de-

Anyone who thinks of buying a piano should first see and hear a Gourlay piano. It may cost a little more than the one you had in mind, but it is very little to pay for such superiority as is evidenced in the Gourlay. Besides, the artistic sacrifice in buying a lower priced piano may be tremendous.

CANADA, FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

In the year 1608 the city of Quebec was founded by the Christian hero, Samuel de Champlain. In 1708, the first Bishop of Quebec, Francois de Montmorency Laval, passed to his reward. These two events are to be commemorated during the coming summer. The Casket of Antiquarian, N. S., tells us that it was the original intention to have the celebration, in its main features at least, French Canadian and Catholic. It was, doubtless, in this charac that the Archbishop of Quebec explained it to the Pope. For the letter which the Holy Father addressed to the Bishops of Canada on the subject, views the celebration entirely in this light. He wishes his voice to be heard in the general rejoicing, because the Church enjoys in Canada a greater liberty, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world—a liberty due to the courage and perseverance of its Catholic citizens on the one hand, and the justice of public policy or other. Moreover, Canada has shown a special loyalty to the person of the Vicar of Christ, notably when the French Canadian youth hastened to the defense of the Papal States.

Such was to be the character of the celebration as understood by Pius X. But the vicar General of Canada, inspired by motives of public policy or by a desire to make his administration in some way notable, proposed that the Quebec celebration should become an imperial affair and should commemorate not only the founding of the ancient capital and the death of Bishop Laval, but also the conquest of Canada by England.

This is rather an incongruous addition, and many Canadian papers have criticized it. The Casket, referring to this, says, however:

But, looking at the matter from a Catholic point of view, there is a congruity of the highest sort between the two elements of the celebration. To the English conquest of Canada we owe it that Quebec is not to day a city of the aboriginal French Republic with the work begun by Champlain and Laval unapproved as far as legislation could be the Union Jack floated from the citadel, we should see our religious turned out of the hospital and school to starve upon the streets or find a home in some foreign land, the name of God erased from our churches and our school books, our churches seized by the State and our use of them merely tolerated because there is yet no other use to which they can be put, the bells which called the faithful to the Holy Sacrifice melted down and cast into statuary to commemorate those who have most distinguished themselves by the blasphemy and obscenity of their writings. In a word, we owe it, in the Providence of God, to the English conquest of Canada that the work begun by Champlain and Laval goes on flourishing and prospering. And, therefore, there is for the Canadian Catholic the strongest possible link connecting the two elements of the coming celebration.

This is the note which Catholic writers and speakers should sound with trumpet tones on every possible occasion during the approaching festivities. Perhaps we shall be told that such a note will offend the ears of the representative of official France.

Let us only seek to show that official France should not be represented at Quebec. The men who boast that they have given Jesus Christ from every public institution in France do not represent the nation which sent Champlain and Laval to spread Christ's Kingdom beyond the Atlantic. The nation which sends spies upon the officers of the army, and refuses them their due promotion if they dare to go to Mass; the nation which denies its soldiers the sacraments of the dying in the military hospitals and Christian burial on the battlefield, is not the nation for which Montcalm and De La Rivé and their brave comrades fought and died on the Plains of Abraham and at Ste. Foye. The France of Champlain and Laval, of Montcalm and De La Rivé would be fittingly represented by the Archbishop of Rouen or Count Albert de Mun. But if Fathers or Clergymen or any of their plebeian crew should have the audacity to set foot on the soil we are halloved by the associations we are recalling we hope they will hear from eloquent French-Canadian lips and read from vigorous French Canadian pens such words as will make their ears tingle and their cheeks burn with shame, if such a thing be possible.—Sacred Heart Review.

IS THIS MEANT FOR ME? A story was told that at the Fourth Ecumenical Congress of the United States last October, by Father Elliott, O. S. P., a simple story with a moral that stings one, like a spear thrust into the question: "Is this meant for me?" This is the brief narrative:

It happened that a Catholic of education and prominence had a pious non-Catholic friend of a high Anglican church. After a good many years of close acquaintance, the Catholic, about to remove his residence, took leave of the Protestant, and, as if suddenly inspired by a bright idea, he exclaimed: "My dear fellow, why don't you join the Catholic Church?" After a painful pause, and looking his Catholic questioner full in the eyes, the Protestant answered: "Because you have never told me to."

Inside of a few months he was received into the Church. Because nobody tells them about Catholicity, and especially about its dearest treasure of both love and truth, Jesus in Mass and Communion, vast numbers of souls in America are living and dying deprived of the aids of salvation.—Sacred Heart Review.

A Methodist Missionary in Japan writes regarding his Gourlay piano: "It has now passed through all the changes of climate in Japan and is in fine order. You are to be congratulated on producing an instrument that will stand this climate. Others brought from America are terribly damaged and cracked by the climate."

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