

THE BLAKES AND FLANAGANS.

BY MRS. JAS. A. SADDLER.

CHAPTER XI.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP.

It was "past twelve" when Tim Flanagan's guests quitted his hospitable dwelling, and as we have seen Mr. and Mrs. Blake home, we cannot do less than return for some of the others. Now we would have great pleasure in accompanying Mrs. Reilly and her son, or Mr. O'Callaghan and his daughter, to their respective domiciles; but for the present we must, however regretfully, overlook their claims to our attention, in order to see what befell the Sheridans, for whom we have no small regard. They were walking home very quietly, Daniel and his wife before, and Mike following close behind with his young sister. The great city was silent and motionless, save where the lurid light and the discordant sounds of drunken revelry, issuing from an open door, proclaimed the gin-shop or the low tavern, or perhaps the filthy brothel—places wherein are perpetrated those "deeds unholly"—that make night hideous to contemplate.

It so happened that the Sheridans had to pass a tavern of the very lowest description, and as they came near the door, Daniel turned round and said in a low voice to his son, "Don't say a word, Mike, till we get past Boner's, for I hear such a noise in it that I'm sure it's full. Keep quiet now and let us all hurry on."

"All right, father—go ahead!" said Mike; "we'll be as quiet as mice."

He had hardly said the word when out from Boner's came two or three rowdy-looking fellows, evidently celebrating themselves on having outwitted the landlord, and one of them, a fine, strapping young fellow, in a round top-hat, and a white hat with a black band, said with a horse laugh, "I guess I done him slick that time, for all so wide-awake as he is? didn't I, Jim?"

"I guess you did, Hugh—the old shark got bit for once. Ha, ha!"

"But who have we here?" said the first speaker, snuckily catching a glimpse of Annie Sheridan's fair face. "I say boys, there goes a first-rate gal—who'll try his fortune?—I will, for one!"

"Go it, old fellow!" cried both of his comrades; "we'll stand to you like bricks."

The Sheridans quickened their pace almost to a run, but it was no use, their rufianly partners were still close behind.

"For God's sake hurry on, children!" said the mother, in a thrilling whisper, and not daring to turn her head.

"There's two of them," said one of the ruffians—the fellow addressed as Jim—"let us knock down the fellows and we'll have them slick. Coming on, we're three to two, and one of them an old 'un."

"Not so old as you think," said Dan to himself; "young enough and strong enough to deal with the like of you the best day ever you were."

"A fine night, Miss!" said the fellow called Hugh, coming up close to poor Annie, whose little heart throbbled as though it would burst its prison. Now it so happened that Mike had borrowed Edward Flanagan's highly valued oak stick, observing, half in jest and half in earnest, that it might be useful before he got home. This trusty friend he clutched lovingly in his right hand, keeping his eye steadily fixed on the other, in whom he had at once recognized an old acquaintance.

"Not so fast there!" cried the drunken assailant; "I'm bound to have a look at this here gal. I say, young woman, won't you take my arm?" at the same time catching the terrified girl by the shoulder.

on his posterior, telling him to take that by way of a keepleak. Mrs. Sheridan and her daughter had just got into the house, where Nancy, the maid-servant, had been sitting up waiting for them.

"Never mind wakening the men, Jenny!" said her husband from without, "Mike and I have settled the fellows ourselves. Here comes Mike and his shillelagh. Did you see that last move, Mike? Didn't I give Bill what he was working for?"

"You did, indeed, father!" said Mike, laughing heartily, "what a great lubberly poltroon the fellow is!"

"Poltroon!" repeated Dan; "faith I made him a poltroon, for I gave him the weight of my fist before you came up, and that cooled his courage wonderfully. The rest was all smooth water."

By this time the door was secured—the mother and daughter laughed and the mother and Nancy was almost beside herself with joy when she heard how her master and his son had drubbed the rascals.

"I'll tell you what, Mike!" said his father, "I think we ought to hang that stick over the fire-place, as they used to hang up swords and guns in old times. It did us good service this very night. I hope you're not hurt anywhere?"

"Nothing worth speaking of, father—I think I sprained my wrist making that blow at your friend Jim—but it doesn't signify."

Mrs. Sheridan's anxiety thus aroused, she speedily went about preparing a liniment and a bandage, and Mike's arm was very soon bound up and resting in a sling.

"I wish you joy of your admirer, Annie!" said Mike, with a smile. "Do you know who he is?"

Annie began to pout. She was only fourteen, though tall for her age, and she was really so far behind the age as to feel ashamed at any allusion of the kind. "No, I don't know him," said she, "nor I don't want to know him. He's a nasty big bad man, that's what he is!"

"Did you know him, father?" inquired Mike earnestly.

"Know him! to be sure I did—wasn't it that vagabond Dillon? didn't I hear what you and he said to each other?"

"Why, now, Dan," said Mrs. Sheridan, "can it be possible that he's so far gone as that?—a decent father and mother's child as he undoubtedly is."

"Well, decent or no decent," said Dan bluntly, "there he is for you. If his father and mother were decent, they were neither wise nor prudent—that's all we can say. Our Mike here is bad enough in all conscience, but I hope in God he'll never come so low as that, eh, Mike?—but, indeed, shouldn't have a heavy word on you this night, my poor fellow! after your fighting for us all so bravely. There's my hand, Mike, that I was only in jest. With all your little wildness, you never gave an ill word to your mother or me, nor a sore heart—I'll say that much for you!" and the tear of affection glistened in the father's eye.

Mike cleared his throat once or twice before he attempted to answer. "Small thanks to me for that, father! I'd be worse than a Judas if I could ever forget your goodness to me, and, please God, I never will! I'm bad enough at times, I know, and gets past myself with merriment, but I hope I'll never lose sight of the fourth commandment, as poor old Mr. Lanigan used to say."

"May the Lord bless you, Mike!" said his mother, as she laid her hand on his head and smoothed down his rich Auburn hair with a mother's fondness. "You must go to bed now, my son! for you're in need of rest, and so is your father."

"I hope that unfortunate Dillon isn't badly hurt," said Mike, thoughtfully. "I know he was only stunned, for I saw him beginning to move as I ran off to help your father."

went, it is true, but with little hope of succeeding; still he went, because he thought it his duty to go when asked; and he talked to Hugh with that mild dignity and persuasive eloquence which had won back many a soul from the ways of vice and error; and Hugh listened with apparent interest, and told the priest "that was what he called first rate talk, and he guessed he'd think of it—some day;" that was all the satisfaction the Doctor could get from him, and with a heavy sigh he left the house, pitying the unfortunate parents of such a son, and saying in his own heart: "pray heaven he may die a natural death!"

That was Dr. Power's last visit to Hugh Dillon, who ever told as a capital joke how the priest had tried "to come it over him, but was confoundedly bit—the cunning old fox!" Hugh's education did not end with Mr. Simpson's tuition; it was continued in and around the engine houses, where his evenings and sometimes, nights were spent, from the age of fourteen to eighteen or twenty—that is, when he could not raise money to go to the theatre. The light of his countenance, and when he did go there it was by stealth, as his father had forbidden him the house since he had decamped with the money. Still, his poor heart broken mother encouraged him to go once in a while, when she knew her husband was likely to be absent, and he might "against hope," and she might yet reclaim him.

Alas! that time never came; Hugh Dillon never sowed any other "wild oats." He lived and died "one of the b'boys." When about nineteen, he bound himself to a butcher, in Centre market, but very soon found that he had no taste for such hard work. He left the butchering business to those who liked it better, and tried his hand for a while at stage-driving. This, too, was soon given up, for the fact was that Hugh could not confine himself to any regular employment. He grew every day more idle and dissipated. People began to wonder how he found money to spend; but whether he had money or not he kept lounging around a confound, in due time, he became Irish and rascally; the meanest and most worthless of human beings—(always excepting election days, when no man is worthless in the great Republic.)

If Hugh Dillon had ever possessed heart or soul—and Tim Flanagan always maintained that he had had originally a fair share of both—they had evaporated, long years before his second encounter with Harry Blake for Irish and rascally; the meanest and most worthless of human beings—(always excepting election days, when no man is worthless in the great Republic.)

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"Now that's what I call real mean of you, Dillon!"—do you know that I've got my arm broken—and it was all along your quarrel, I had nothing to do with it. See there!" and he pointed to the arm which hung motionless by his side.

"Well, it can't be helped!" replied Dillon, coolly. "Where's that blubbering fellow, Bill? Hello! here he comes! I guess his arm ain't broken! He 'most always gets it on the other end of him!"

Sure enough, Bill came up rubbing and bemoaning the very part indicated by Dillon, whereupon the latter burst into a loud laugh, saying: "I told you so, Jim—didn't I?—who kicked you, Bill?"

Bill only replied by a sullen grunt, and an affectionate consignment of the querist to the land of "blazes." Jim was in little better humor, so that Dillon found it expedient to lay a stickling-plaster over their mental wounds.

"Come, come, now—don't be so savage on my hands—let's go back into Boner's, and you'll see if I don't warm your hearts with some of his number one. That's the stuff for broken down courage—eh, lads, ain't it?"

"I guess it won't heal my arm!" growled Jim—"it will take a doctor and some close confinement to do that—sure the feller, if ever I get my eye on him again, I'll do for him—I will, by—"

"All right, old feller!" responded Dillon, as they gained the door. "It will go hard with two of us, if we don't give him his oats! We owe him, let me see, a broken head, ditto an arm, together with an unmanly application of his foot-toe to the rear of Bill's premises." Well, never mind, that's all over now; I'll come at him for the whole round sun when he least expects it!"

"But it wasn't the young man that I had to do with," said Bill, sullenly; "it was the old feller himself. I'll be hanged if he hasn't the strength of an ox in him! That leg of his must be something harder than sugar. I'm bound to say, I'll not forget it in all the years of my life. He rubbed the alledged part, to the great amusement of Dillon, at least, for Jim was in no humor of laughing. His friend Boner sent for a doctor to set his broken limb, and in his hands we leave him. Well content are we to get back to "other men and other scenes." And yet the course of our narrative brings us but one step higher in the moral order.

It was the morning after the merry meeting at Tim Flanagan's. Miles Blake and his wife were seated at the breakfast table. They had sent more than once to apprise the young people that breakfast was ready. Miles was in no very good humor, and told his wife not to bother herself any more about them—"my heart's broken with them," said he, "that's what it is. They have no respect for either of us. Did you ever hear anything like the impudence that Henry gave me last night?"

Eliza coming in at the moment prevented her mother from making any reply. "What in the name of goodness kept you so late?" said Mrs. Blake. "It's a shame for young people like you to have their father and mother waiting for them at the breakfast table! Is your brother coming down, or what is he about?"

"Why, I thought you knew that he wasn't going to breakfast here!"

"No, indeed, I knew no such thing. Where else would he breakfast? Hush! here he comes!"

But Henry T. Blake was not going there; he had no intention of joining the little family-circle on that particular morning. Passing on through the hall, and turning neither to the right nor the left, he deliberately put on his hat and sailed forth, no one knew whither, except himself, and perhaps Eliza. In a note, which was just handed to Mrs. Blake, the dutiful son "declared his intention with a vengeance. The note read as follows:

"MY DEAR MOTHER—As my father thought proper to favor me last evening with an intimation that my ways were not altogether pleasing to him, and that he intended to turn me out of doors, or something to that effect, I hereby beg to apprise you and him, with all due respect, that I would much rather perform that office myself than have him or any one else do it for me. Wishing you both a good appetite for your breakfast, although I cannot partake of it without forfeiting my own self-respect,

I remain, my dear mother, Your affectionate son, HENRY T. BLAKE.

At first this note was regarded by both parents as a practical joke, notwithstanding Eliza's assurance that it was no such thing; but, on inquiring of the servants, it was found that Henry had actually sent off his trunks very early in the morning. This was a dreadful news for the father and mother. Mrs. Blake fell back, pale as death, in her chair, and her husband had to rise and walk to the window, in order to conceal his emotion. Eliza looked from one to the other; she thought of the long years of devotion and affection, and tender care; of the many sacrifices which they had made for Henry and herself; she remembered the brilliant visions in which she had so often heard both parents indulge when talking of their children's future, and now she saw them spiritless and heart-broken. It is true, she still sympathized with Henry, but she could not look on such a scene as this without a pang of sorrow, perhaps remorse.

Going round the table to where her mother sat, she put her arm round her neck, and begged for her to be composed. "Come to your breakfast, pa, dear!" said she. "It will be quite cold; ma, do not take on so. I'm sure Henry will be back soon. I guess he will soon tire of boarding out, and you shall see him coming home a true penitent some of these days."

Miles shook his head, but resumed his place at the table. His wife dried her eyes, and prepared to pour out the coffee. Eliza's kindness was the best consolation that either could have had at the moment, and their gratitude to her was so touchingly manifest, that Eliza could scarcely restrain her tears. It seemed to her then that nothing could ever again induce her to treat them with disrespect. Whether she kept her good resolution remains to be seen. But, lest the reader should be too sanguine on that point, he remembered that a certain place, which we do not choose to name, is paved with good resolutions. Singular paving-stones for such a place!

In the course of that afternoon, Henry Blake met Zachary Thomson, by appointment, for the transaction of some important business. "Before entering on the matter in hand," said Blake, "let me inform you that I have changed quarters this morning. The old man spoke to me in such a way last evening that I could no longer put up with it; and to tell the truth, I feel much better pleased to be away from the old couple; their surveillance was at times, scarcely to be tolerated."

"At all events, changes are pleasant now and then," said Zachary, "but where have you moved to?"

"For the present you will find me at Mrs. Delmaine's boarding-house."

"But what of Eliza?"

"Oh! Eliza's all right; she's in full possession at home. She can, somehow, submit to what I could not—or would not if I could! Eliza's your look-out, not I! Eliza's your look-out, not I! Eliza's your look-out, not I!"

"Well, I suppose I needn't attempt to deny it," said Zachary, with a smile, "better her than Jane Pearson—eh, Henry?"

"Nonsense! you always get on to that subject, start where we may. But what about the other affair?"

"Oh! that's all settled. The Lodge meets to-night, and I'll introduce you, I proposed you at the last meeting, and you are to be admitted this evening. I suppose you hardly thought it necessary to acquaint your governor with your intentions?"

"Hold on there, Zachary!" cried Blake, laughing; "I object to one of your terms; Mr. Miles Blake is no more my governor than he is yours. I shook the dust of slavery from off my feet this morning, and stand before you a free man."

"But what of Dr. Power?" laughed Zachary. "You have often told me that your Church is opposed to secret societies?"

"Oh! as to that, Dr. Power never consults me in his affairs, nor will I go out of my way to consult him. You have proved to my satisfaction that he is a Freemason, and as I mean to attain a high place in the profession, if I possibly can, I will leave no means untried. If joining your honorable order, may serve as a step, I am right willing to do it. At what hour do you assemble?"

"About eight, or half-past eight. Shall I call for you?"

"If you please—you will find me ready. At eight o'clock, punctual to his appointment, came Zachary Thomson, and as the two friends walked arm-in-arm to the house where the Lodge assembled, Henry said, all of a sudden:

"Appropos to what we were just saying; do you hear what befall that wild cousin of mine, Mike Sheridan?"

"No, what was it?—nothing bad I hope for I confess I have a sort of liking for Mike; he's a good-hearted fellow as ever lived."

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"Oh, of course," said Henry laughing; "good nature is, I believe, a characteristic of the class to which he belongs; Mike is of the genus Paddy—as thoroughly Irish as he had fed on potatoes all his life, and made his daily ablutions in holy water."

"Well, but you have not told me what happened to him; I am really anxious to hear."

Henry proceeded to relate the occurrence, ending with: "I cannot tell how true it may be; I've not had time to inquire."

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

"That Dillon is a great scamp!" said Zachary, with honest indignation. "There's scarcely a week goes over my head that I don't hear of him in some disgraceful brawl; he's a hard-browed, but a brave fellow, and I honor him—I do so. But here we are!—now, make up your mind, my good friend, for a solemn scene. In a few minutes you must stand before that venerable body, Lodge No.—and ask to be admitted a member of that time-honored order, whose power is felt throughout the earth, and makes thrones and empires tremble at will. Are you still resolved?"

"Quite so—why do you doubt it?"

"I don't doubt it—come along, my friend—my brother that is to be! You are about to take an important step, but I have taken it before you!"

After an hour or spent in Lodge No.—our two friends sallied forth once more and turned their faces towards Zachary's home. "How do you feel now?" was Zachary's question half laughing and half serious.

"Perfectly satisfied," was the response, "and much encouraged."

"Don't you feel as if you had got a staff to lean on?—that's just how I felt after being admitted."

"Well, I can't say I feel such a perceptible support as yet," replied Henry laughing; "whatever I may do hereafter, I feel, however, that I have crossed the Rubicon, declared myself a free man, as far as the priests are concerned, and secured for myself the sworn assistance of a very numerous and powerful body! If that be your staff, then it is also mine."

"I am happy to hear it. Come in now and have some supper. Father will be rejected to hear of your joining the order."

"Why do you mean to say that your father is a Freemason?"

"Yes, I do; I thought I had told you so before Father has been a Freemason, now going on. Let me see, five-and-twenty years. It was he that made me join, for he always says that he attributes his own success in business, in a great measure, to his being a Free-

THE GHOSTS OF THE ABBEY.

AGNES O'FARELL BOWEN IN CATHOLIC WORLD.

Author of "Strangely Met," "Come," "A Shadowed Life," etc.

It was a very old, rather tumbled-down and dilapidated looking house. For years it had borne the reputation of being haunted and was supposed to have been a monastery in days gone by.

The country declared that the monks were to be seen nightly about the grounds, telling their beads, while one old friar in particular was reported to traverse certain corridors, and visit parts of the house in a manner which most decidedly seemed to point to the fact that some secret weighed heavily upon his mind.

This good spirit was described by those who alleged they had seen him as wearing a coarse brown habit fastened at the waist by a cord, the hood, or cowl, being always well drawn forward so as to conceal the head. A low murmuring sound, generally heard some distance off, was thought to warn people of the approach of the supernatural visitor, was supposed to accompany each apparition.

"No, I cannot say that I have been honored by a visit from his reverence myself," said our host, in answer to some of the questions asked; "but my daughter has seen the visitor twice, according to her story, but alas! never mustered sufficient courage to challenge him. I must acknowledge that we have all heard rather strange, uncanny sounds at times, but have seen nothing, so we put the peculiar noise down to no more romantic source than the settling of water rats." In spite of Mr. White's assertion that he saw some dark object hiding among the ruins of the old abbey church a few weeks previously, the major still remained an unbeliever and could not be raised to sufficient enthusiasm to head the search party which we intended to institute.

Both my friend and I had fully made up our minds that if such a person as the monk existed we would unearth him during these few holidays. Now, I was only a young medical student whose head for some time had been far more full of love for pretty Ella Leigh, Jack's sister, than it was of either study or medicine. According to Jack's own arrangement that night we slipped from the house long after all the more sober-headed inmates were asleep, and having hidden ourselves among the ruins, waited for the first appearance of the ghost.

Meantime Ella Leigh lay awake thinking of all the stories she had ever heard in connection with their new home. It was only of late years that the old Abbey had been purchased by her father, and now that she had finished school and was at liberty to indulge in a little romance of this sort she found it very interesting to hear the different stories told by the neighboring peasants.

To her it seemed not an improbable thing that the monks should still haunt their earthly home. What more likely than that their relics and valued church treasures were concealed somewhere about, hidden from the time of the Reformation? Perhaps they were but waiting for the arrival of one of their own faith who would have courage to listen to them, and to whom they could divulge their secret and thus earn a much-needed rest.

Lengthy tired out, the weary lids closed, and she fell into a heavy slumber. Suddenly she awoke with the feeling that she was not alone. She raised herself on her elbow and looked around. The bright moonlight streamed in through the window and cast a halcyon radiance about the room. It seemed to the girl that the room, in her little bare parlour, had been for more than half a century, his head bent forward and his hands joined in an attitude of prayer, stood before her.

With a terrible feeling of horror upon her Ella lay watching him, spell-bound with amazement, scarcely daring to breathe lest her attention might be attracted towards herself.

The mysterious figure stood for some time as though expecting the girl to address him, but all her boasted courage seemed to have deserted her. She only stared with wildly terrified eyes upon him, while her tongue, with which she would fain have summoned help, seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth and was unable to perform its office.

For fully five minutes, which seemed hours to her, the figure stood there, seeing and hearing likely to be made on her part; the monk raised his head and looked straight into the eyes of the girl. A pleading expression passed over his pale, haggard countenance as he fixed a pair of piercing eyes upon her, and then slowly and solemnly made a movement with his long, bony fingers, motioning her to rise and follow him.

During this interval some of her old courage and daring had returned. It was not likely if this was a visitor from another world that he would want to harm her; besides, was not this the opportunity for which she had often longed? Now that it had arrived surely she must do something. Terribly frightened and shivering in every limb, though trying her best to be brave and if possible to learn what it all meant, the girl instinctively followed.

Her guide did not seem to walk, but rather glided along as though floating on air. Still keeping her courage well to the fore, the girl pressed on, closely following him as he traversed the landing outside her room. Pausing at last before an alcove which was quite big enough to hold the full-sized stature of a man, her strange guide paused.

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Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Believing you and wishing you success, I remain, Sir, your faithful friend, J. D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larises, Apost. Delek.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1904.

THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

It is a very great pity that our general elections cannot be conducted on lines having reference only to questions of public policy.

In matters of this kind men may hold quite opposite views, and still be sincere and honest citizens.

But the importation of racial questions—racial race—into political life cannot be too severely condemned.

Senator Chiquette a few weeks ago made a speech in Quebec having reference to the present contest, in which it is said he made some complimentary reference to the Premier and the race to which he belonged.

The Quebec Chronicle reported him as follows: "Are our religious interests not better assured in the hands of one of our own, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, than in the hands of an English Protestant like Mr. Borden?"

The Senator wrote the Quebec Chronicle emphatically denying the use of the above words; but that paper, being apparently a party sheet of the lower order, refused to publish his denial.

Equally reprehensible is the conduct of the leading Conservative organs of the province of Ontario, the Toronto Mail and Empire and the Hamilton Spectator and nearly all of the less prominent papers of the same side of politics.

They published the report as it originally appeared in the Quebec Chronicle, but they will have no denial. What the Honorable Senator is reported to have said is just what they require for party work.

This dishonest report of his utterance has been scattered throughout the province of Ontario. Every Orange lodge is ringing its changes. And the demon of religious bigotry and race hatred is invoked in all of these districts, where men have been taught the horrible doctrine that their Catholic fellow-citizens are not to be trusted and that their religious belief is something which every Protestant must look upon with dread and misgiving.

What wonder, then, that the men who have stooped so low as to bedevil their fellow-citizens in this way have been thrown out of place and power as unworthy the confidence of the great mass of right-thinking, broad-minded and patriotic citizens of Canada?

Will any one say that we are too severe? It cannot, we think, be claimed that we are when we find the first lieutenant of the leader of the Conservative party, Dr. Sproule, Grand Sovereign of the Orange order and member for the East Riding of Grey, giving utterance to the following sentiments in his annual address to the Grand Lodge: "While we, as Orangemen—loyal supporters of the crown—should be very chary about criticising the actions or conduct of our ruler, it seems to me, as head of this great order in Canada, instituted for the supporting and maintaining of the Protestant religion, that I would be remiss in my duty did I not at this time and place express my regret at the recent visit of King Edward to the Pope. We were all delighted at the cordial reception by the rulers of the various countries which he visited, thus showing the friendly feeling which at present happily exists between Great Britain and other nations, still I cannot see why his Majesty should desire to visit his Holiness the Pope, who is the head of the Church which believes in his infallibility, and which has, since time immemorial, been the enemy of the man that we as Protestants hold dear. The protest against this visit wired to the King by the Protestant Association of England has my commendation, because the history of the past

has left behind it a lingering suspicion that such visits and secret conferences may be the forerunners of something not in the interest of the sacred rights we hold."

Need we ask, what a dangerous thing would it be were firebrands of the Dr. Sproule order given power to rule the destinies of our country?

But firebrands as Dr. Sproule and his Orange brothers are, the worst sample comes to us from the intensely Orange constituency of Carleton. A meeting was held on Friday last at a place called City View, which is about six miles from Ottawa.

During the course of the proceedings Mr. J. E. Caldwell, the Liberal candidate, made a speech, and when he had finished his remarks he asked if some of those present wanted to say anything. No one desired to do so, but the chairman, Robt. Nelson, we are told, arose and made an attack on Mr. Caldwell for supporting a French Premier and a French Government.

The Press report then goes on to say that Mr. Nelson "got very hot over French intolerance, French disloyalty, French bigotry and French illiteracy and then attacked Bourassa. He wound up his harangue by wishing to God that the province of Quebec were sunk into the depths of the sea."

Mr. Nelson is, verily, the exponent of that mad bigotry and stupid ignorance which is so much in evidence especially in the rural constituencies of Ontario.

The Toronto Mail and Empire and the Hamilton Spectator are but the mouthpieces of that robust bigotry which has dragged the Conservative party of this Province in the dust. It would, however, be unfair to charge the whole Conservative party with the responsibility for this conduct.

There are men on that side of the political fence who bear a high character—men who are liberal-minded, conscientious and patriotic—men who would do no ill to a Catholic neighbor were the power placed in their hands. But, unfortunately, the influence of these men counts as little nowadays in the party ranks in this Province. Its destinies seem to be guided by men of the Dr. Sproule, Sam. Hughes and George Taylor order—men who trade on bigotry—men who have been lifted into Parliament by the waves of bigotry—men of the mediocre order, whose only chance of obtaining prominence is to play on the chords of religious bigotry when addressing their ultra-Protestant and Orange constituencies. And, sad to say, these deluded men are only too ready to respond, giving thus a lamentable exhibition of a large dark spot—a cloud of evil omen—still existing in our province despite our boasted enlightenment and our claim to be abreast with the civilization and progress of the new century.

Far different are the utterances of that grand character who comes to us from the banks of the St. Lawrence—the French-Canadian Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In all the speeches which he has delivered in this province—taken apart from questions of public policy, with which the RECORD has no concern—his great mind and his burning words have been engaged in the noble work of fostering unity amongst all the people of the country, irrespective of creed, race or color. For this he has been deservedly commended by all who truly love Canada—by all who are sincerely desirous that her future should be a glorious one.

All good Canadians—Canadians worthy the name—should frown upon attempts to resurrect the bitterness and the rancour of the past; and we hope the time is not far distant when the men who engage in this ignoble work will not be elected to take a seat in the legislative halls of our Dominion.

A MAHOMETAN PROPAGANDA.

It was announced some few years ago that the Sultan of Turkey and his advisers were seriously considering a plan to turn the tables on the Christian missionaries who have established mission stations in the Turkish Empire for the conversion of Turks to Christianity.

Several obstacles to the carrying out of this plan prevented its development into a fact. It was so novel an enterprise that but few persons who had or were supposed to have the ability would undertake the work, and it was feared that the only result would be to spend a great deal of money to no purpose, which could be much more profitably employed otherwise.

A wealthy Englishman, Mr. Webb, who is a convert to the Islamic faith, was found afterward who offered to undertake the work, and to establish Mahometan missions in England and America, and the work was to be begun in London and New York; but the proposal was never acted upon.

Now the matter has been brought forward again in what appears to be a somewhat practical form, and it is stated that a central Mahometan mosque is now soon to be established in London, England, which will serve

as the head-quarters of the missionaries who will endeavor to propagate the Islamic religion throughout both the British Empire, and the United States.

A Turkish pasha is said to have employed Robt. Williams, the well known architect, to prepare plans for the erection of the mosque, and these plans are to be submitted to the Sultan and a large committee of pashas before being finally adopted.

We cannot for a moment believe that the proposed mission will have much success in making converts to Mahometanism; but who knows? Countries which furnish recruits to Mormonism, Eddieism, Dowieism, Theosophy, and Spiritism, are perhaps far enough gone into folly to give converts to Mahometanism.

The proposed Mosque, it is said, will be a magnificent structure of red and yellow stone, with marble and jasper decorations, and will be surmounted by a cupola, and a golden crescent 200 feet from the ground. Besides being the Moslem missionary headquarters, it will be the place of worship for Mahometans from all countries whether India, Egypt, Persia, or Afghanistan.

MORE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST MALPRACTICE.

The Christian Scientists have scored a victory before the New Hampshire Supreme Court, which we believe is the first victory they have gained on a charge of malpractice when the results of their treatment have been disastrous.

A Mrs. Jennie Spoad of Concord, N. H., entered suit to recover damages for alleged injuries done to her as the result of treatment by Irving W. Tomlinson, a Christian Science practitioner of the same city. Tomlinson had failed to cure the plaintiff, who put herself under his care for treatment of a serious illness under which she was laboring. She claims that the cure was greatly delayed by the time spent in taking Tomlinson's treatment, and we do not doubt that this was really the case. The Supreme Court, however, dismissed the case, not on the ground that the Christian Scientist treatment was of any benefit to the patient, but because she put herself under the treatment knowing its character, and that Tomlinson was no medical practitioner. There was, therefore, no deception practiced upon her, as would have been the case if a quack doctor had practiced upon her, deceiving her with the application of useless nostrums.

No doubt the Christian Scientists will congratulate themselves greatly on their first legal victory, as they have hitherto been left sadly in the mire in the persecutions entered against them, and they are in the mood to make the most of the smallest point in their favor. But it is a victory of the Pyrrhic order, that is to say, another such, and their stock will be depreciated below redemption. Another such victory and their cause will be ruined in public estimation. It is the delusion of the patient in believing in the Eddyite pretensions that saves the malpractitioner in the case; and it is because Mrs. Spoad should have known better than to have employed a Christian Scientist that she is barred from receiving damages. The number of instances in which the sick have been hurried to death through giving themselves up to be treated by Christian Scientists is alarming; yet when people do this in regard to themselves, we cannot say that there is any injustice done to them, since they are themselves the cause of the damage inflicted upon them.

MISCONDUCT IN CHURCH.

In his sermon of Oct. 4th the Dean of Norwich (England) found it necessary to preach strongly against a practice which prevails in the Cathedral of that city of which he has charge, that is, the habit of young and thoughtless people using the Cathedral during the time of divine service for the purpose of carrying on love-making and flirtations.

It is very blamable to desecrate a church in this manner; and yet we are aware that such things are frequently attempted, especially in the large city churches in which there are usually large congregations at night. So far as we have noticed in Catholic churches in Canada this conduct is not often attempted by members of the congregation, who have generally too much respect for the House of God to desecrate it in this manner, but by strangers, who think nothing of turning the house of prayer into a den of thieves. We believe that the best remedy for such a state of affairs is to appoint a sufficient number of stewards of known respectability and exemplary character to correct those who are guilty of the unseemly conduct complained of. The Dean of Norwich has determined to adopt precisely this plan, and seventy stewards and a detective have been enrolled for the purpose in his Church. These have been directed to correct all persons who are found whispering or

giggling in the church, and to compel them to take front seats, where their conduct can be readily noticed; and if they continue to misbehave, they will be politely but firmly conducted out of the church. This ought to prove an effectual remedy to the evil.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL HEALER!

The Toronto Mail and Empire, in its issue of the 11th inst., publishes a special despatch from Rochester, N. Y., which describes the unheard of results produced by a Professor Thomas F. Adkin, through a wonderful discovery made by him, which it is to be expected will upset modern medical practice. The professor, it is said, discards the useless drugs and medicines used by doctors, yet heals hopeless invalids of diseases pronounced incurable by physicians and specialists, and succeeds in restoring life and health when doctor after doctor failed.

The professor claims and offers evidence beyond doubt, so says the despatch, that he has made the human heart beat again in the body of a woman given up to death. By means of this discovery, he claims he has made the blind see, and the lame walk, and has permanently cured paralysis, consumption, rheumatism, Bright's disease, and a host of other diseases heretofore supposed to be incurable. It makes no difference to him if the patients live a thousand miles away or near by. He declares that he believes there is no disease which he cannot cure, and that he intends to go on effecting wonderful cures, healing the sick and afflicted, as long as he is able to attend to their cases.

It is undoubtedly a wonderful story that is here told, and the professor names several cases of persons whom he has cured living in different parts of the United States, and at great distances away.

We must say that the story reads like that of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. We have not made enquiries of the parties named by Professor Adkin as his references; but we certainly do not give credit to the story any more than we give to the pseudo-Elijah of Zion City, Ill., or to Mrs. Eddy, who invented Christian Science, or than we gave to the pretended Faith-Healer Schlater who had thousands of devotees in the far West and the Southern States some years ago.

Notwithstanding the boasts of all these healers, there were not published any truly authenticated cases of diseases healed which had been thoroughly investigated by experts; and while we do not pretend to such knowledge of the medical art as to pronounce that there may not be new medical discoveries which will astonish the world by their simplicity and efficacy, we advise our readers to be on their guard against delusive promises of quacks or pretentious professors on whose declarations there is no confidence to be placed, until there is better reason than has yet appeared in Professor Adkin's case for putting trust in them.

PROTESTANT OR CATHOLIC?

Among the subjects which were announced as likely to be dealt with by the Protestant Episcopal Convention now in session in Boston, was the advisability of changing the name of the Church itself.

Soon after the independence of the United States became a fixed fact, it was deemed necessary for the Anglicans of the new nation to declare also the independence of their Church, and thus the Protestant Episcopal Church was constituted. But though in the beginning it was deemed that this name was very suitable, after a time the inconsistency of calling an organization which claims to be the Church of Christ, Protestant began to dawn upon its membership, and especially upon its thoughtful clergy. Against what did it protest? There was only one possible answer to this question. The name is historic, and brings the mind back to the origin of the word as a religious designation. The name arose from the fact of the German nobles at the diet of Spire who protested against the Catholic Church on April 19th, 1529. It implies that the sole, or at least the main purpose of the Church which adopts it as a title, is to pull down what already exists. It implies that its Christianity is a negative, not a positive quantity.

We had occasion some months ago to point this out when we refuted a lecture delivered in Montreal in which it was maintained that the word Protestantism stands for something positive, viz., a testimony to the truth; for this view of the case is unhistorical on its face; and the fact is fully recognized by those members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States who, having become ashamed of the name and its associations, are clamoring for a new name by which their Church may be called.

In fact the name Protestant implies the pre-existence of the Catholic Church, uninterrupted since the days

of the Apostles. It recognizes the perpetuity of the faith against which it protests.

And what name will the Episcopalians of America adopt? This we cannot tell; but Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, speaking in St. John's Church on Sunday declared that the proper title of the denomination is "the American Catholic Church." This is the most preposterous of claims. In no sense is the Protestant Episcopal Church either the American or the Catholic Church. To be called American it should be such either in its origin, or by its preponderance over all others on this continent, or at the very least it should preponderate in the United States, the people of which with no small amount of presumption usually call themselves "the American people."

We might pardon the Episcopalians for being equally presumptuous, if they were really the largest religious body in the country; but they are one of the minor sects, and the presumption is unparadiseable. They stand only ninth in the order of importance. The Catholics stand first, the Methodist Episcopalians are second, and there are three Baptist denominations, each of which comes before the Protestant Episcopalians, among them being the "Regular" or Colored Baptists!

Neither can it be said that the Episcopalians are American in spirit or in origin. They are of English origin, and their sympathies were almost entirely with England and against the Americans in the revolutionary war. But perhaps they were the first settlers who established a church in the country? They were not. The French and Spaniards both antedated them. There is therefore no possible ground why they should be called "the American Church."

Neither is there any ground for calling it the or a Catholic Church. The Catholic Church must be universal—but a National Church cannot be universal. The Protestant Episcopal Church was made local from the very fact that it nationalized itself when the United States became a nation.

We can scarcely conceive that the Boston convention will attempt to perpetrate the folly suggested by Bishop Grafton, but should it do so, the chief result we foresee will be that it will make the denomination more ridiculous in the eyes of the American people than it has ever been before, even in the absurd discussion which took place between Bishop Potter and the Vicar of Hexton last summer, or the ritual rumpuses which occurred in Los Angeles and other places within the last few years.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

The troublesome question of divorce is being earnestly discussed at the general convention of the United States Episcopal Church which is now being held in Boston.

The trouble lies in this that it has for long been the practice of the ministers of the Church to remarry any divorced persons who present themselves for marriage, when the cause for which the divorce was granted was adultery, if the applicant were the supposed "innocent party."

There had been, before the present practice was adopted, a good deal of laxity in this matter, ministers taking to themselves the liberty of marrying any persons who presented themselves provided only they were free under the civil law to contract marriage. But it was soon found that this mode of procedure put the Episcopal Church into as scandalous a position as any other Church in the United States. Marriage was no longer a religious act, but merely a civil contract, which could be dissolved at the will of either party, on the most trivial pretexts, and families were broken through the separation of husbands, wives and children, to an alarming extent. A limitation was afterwards put to the freedom of Episcopal ministers in this regard. A canon was passed many years ago whereby they were forbidden to remarry parties who had been separated for any other cause than adultery. This checked the evil to some extent, but even this course has been found ineffective toward remedying the evil entirely. It is so easy to include a charge of unfaithfulness when a divorce is applied for, that it is nearly always done; and thus it can always be used as a pretext that this unfaithfulness exists in the case. And, farther, from the fact that unfaithfulness is required as a condition on the part of the Church to make the practical legality of the divorce admissible, members of the Church will in most instances take good care that this condition shall not be lacking.

The proposition now is to forbid clergymen to remarry divorcees under any circumstances, while the two parties who have been divorced are living, except when they come to the clergyman to be remarried to each other, the

plea being then that they have become reconciled.

Bishop Doane of Albany is peculiarly in earnest to have this proposition adopted. Preaching at the Church of the Advent in the afternoon of Sunday, the 10th inst., he said:

"I think that the time has arrived when my own Church should deal with the marriage question. Although the Church of England does not permit the remarriage of persons who have been divorced, the Episcopal Church of this country allows the marriage of the innocent person in case of infidelity. Many of our clergymen decline to marry any person divorced for any cause, and an attempt is being made at the present convention to have their views embodied in a canon, which shall displace the present one.

"According to the marriage ritual of the Prayer Book, nothing but death can sever those who have been united in holy matrimony, and I think it is time the canons of the Church should agree with the Prayer Book."

Coadjutor Bishop Greer added that "It is not only the duty of society but of the officers of the Christian Church to preserve the sanctity of the home, to keep it pure and inviolate; for marriage is not an institution to be broken by the pleasure of men, but a union indissoluble, inviolate, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. God Himself created it, an everlasting mystery, similar to the union of Jesus Christ and His Church. I believe, therefore, that the Church should bring marriage into harmony with the prayer book."

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Webb of Nashotah, Wisconsin, told of the enormous extent to which the evil of divorce has spread over the United States. "There have been," he said, "sixty thousand divorces in the United States during the past year. There are signs that the people are realizing that the divorce evil must be checked. Some of the States have improved their laws within the past few years, but there is still need of a general reform."

It will be noted here that the speakers are very plain in announcing that the American canon is a violation of the law of God, which the prayer book sets forth properly.

We fully agree that the Church should not depart from the law of God, but what are we to think of the Church which has done this according to its ablest divines? Can that be the Church against which, according to our Divine Saviour's pronouncement, the gates of hell shall not prevail; but of which He will remain to the end of time? Can it be the Church which St. Paul calls "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth?"

It will be noted also that Bishop Doane admits that in a pronouncement of the American Church, there is a notable departure from its parent Church of England. It is evidently because these Churches have ceased to be one, under one visible Head on earth, that they already disagree on a notable point of God's revelation; for the indissolubility of the marriage tie is undoubtedly a matter of God's revelation, God having said of it: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

There can be no clearer demonstration of the necessity of a Pope, or a divinely appointed Head for the universal Church of Christ, than these admissions of eminent prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

And here, it might be said, the presence of English and Canadian prelates shows the unity of the faith between the bodies to which they belong. So far is this from being the case, that their presence is an irrefutable evidence of multiplicity. The convention is the only supreme body in the American Episcopal Church. The strange Bishops are merely guests present by courtesy and not by right. They may be allowed to give an opinion or an advice in regard to matters under discussion, but they will have positively no voice in the decisions reached. Of this the American Bishops have already assured the public, and not even the Archbishop of Canterbury can veto any of the proceedings.

There is, therefore, absolutely nothing to show that these churches have one faith, or that they will continue to hold nearly the same doctrines for any length of time.

Unity of faith can be kept only by unity with and submission to the divinely appointed successor of St. Peter, Pope Pius X., and his successors.

Several Canadian Bishops present at the Convention offered the greetings of the Anglican Church of Canada. Among them Bishop Hamilton of Ottawa gave an interesting address on the divorce question. He said:

"The facilities for divorce which have devastated 60,000 homes in your country in a single year, do not exist in our country, thank God."

He then informed the Convention that when the Canadian Confederation was accomplished, three Provinces had also had a divorce court, but this has not yet had any business to do. In thirty-two years, Parliament has granted 16 divorces to the Province

of Quebec with a population of a million and a half, and 41 to Ontario with a population of two million.

He divorced the very small number of divorcees in Quebec with its population of a million and a half to the "excellent influence of the Roman Catholic Church."

We wish success to the movement of the American Episcopal Church to check divorce, and congratulate its promoters on this approach to the ancient faith of Christendom; though we fear their success will be very partial, owing to the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church is but a small fraction of the population, and to the other fact that the public will not have confidence in any divine authority at the back of any pronouncement which may be made.

But there is another consideration which makes the outcome of the present movement very dubious. The same question has been frequently before the General synods of the Episcopal Church, but the proposition now offered has always been defeated by the lay vote, and it is most likely this will occur again.

In fact Christ sent His Apostles to teach "all things whatsoever He commanded," but in the Convention, the Lay vote will probably oblige the supposed successors of the Apostles to teach only whatever they are desirous of being taught.

At a later stage of the proceedings, it was seen that our presentment as expressed above is very likely to be the decision of the Convention.

A lengthy report was handed in by the Rev. J. E. Davenport of Memphis on behalf of the Committee on canons appointed at the previous convention to deal with the subject. They recommend that where there is reasonable cause to doubt whether a person desirous of receiving baptism, or communion has been married according to the Word of God and discipline of the Church, the case shall be referred to the Bishop for his judgment thereon.

The crucial passage now comes: "No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons, unless by enquiry he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been or is the husband or the wife of any other person then living, from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage."

This sets forth in an unmistakable manner the course to be pursued under the circumstances referred to, but it has already been shown that this position will be bitterly opposed.

The Rev. G. B. Van Waters of Portland, Oregon, in a warm speech declared that the divorce reformers of the Church are requiring more than Christ Himself required, and that such a canon as the majority report proposed, will drive persons to other denominations. He favors "letting well enough alone."

A GOOD WORK.

Holy Angels' parish of St. Thomas, Ont., has established the custom of forwarding annually to the reverend Fathers laboring on the Indian Missions boxes of good, serviceable, second-hand clothing, quilts, shoes, etc., for distribution to the poor Indians to whom they are preaching the gospel, and even to the pagan Indians among whom they are laboring. Some five packing cases containing warm clothing for adults and children, and all freely donated by the congregation at the call of the pastor, Rev. T. West, have recently been shipped, freight prepaid, to the missionaries at Rat Portage, Ont., and Prince Albert, Sask.

MRS. CARRIE NATION AND HER COMPANY.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, who has for several years past been notorious for the raids made by her upon saloons, entering them with a number of female followers, hacking the fixtures with hatchets, and breaking bottles, has again got herself and companions into trouble. A few days ago she broke into several saloons along with Mrs. Lucy Wilhout, Mrs. Myra McHenry, and Mrs. Lydia Mounitz, doing considerable damage. These were all arrested, and penalties were imposed. Mrs. Nation was fined \$150, and given six months in jail. Mrs. McHenry and Mrs. Wilhout were fined \$150 each, and Mrs. Mounitz \$50. Notice of appeal was given on behalf of all these.

Mrs. Nation and Mrs. McHenry were

no sooner released from jail on appeal bond on the 7th inst. than they went down the streets of the city, (Wichita, Kansas,) knocking cigars from the mouths of the men they met.

They were again arrested, and are now once more in the city jail on a charge of disturbing the peace and obstructing the sidewalk.

This uncouth mode of promoting temperance in regard to liquors and the use of tobacco, deserves all the penalties which have been imposed upon these enthusiasts, or rather fanatics, and it is to be desired that the authorities shall prevent the recurrence of such pranks.

A CATHOLIC FACTORY.

INTERESTING INSTITUTION IN FRANCE WHICH MAKES MONEY WHILE PUNCTUATING THE DAY WITH RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

We have a number of "model factories" in this country, all more or less exploited, and all exhibiting some really admirable features. None of them are in any sense "religious" factories, and it is difficult to conceive how such an institution could exist with profit to the owners and without absurdity to the employees.

And, of course, being in the hands of thorough Catholics, it naturally has attractions for a Church of England person like myself. There was gradually evolved a colony of Christian homes. Val des Bois is not a profit-sharing concern. It is not even co-operative in the technical sense. Yet there is a moral profit-sharing and a spiritual co-operation which is very real indeed.

We commenced our day with the High Mass, sung in the chapel of the factory, and attended by nearly all the colonists. The chapel is the home of the great family of six hundred employees. Though no secret is made of it that religion is what the Harmels really care for, there is no compulsion exercised. Everyone is free to "practice" religion or not as he likes.

Scattered about the chapel one saw young soldier sons and others who had come over to spend the day with their families. The music was hearty, though a little rough. It was homely to hear the Missa de Angelis and other familiar sounds. The cure celebrated most reverently, attended by eight little garçons de chaer, who did the parts well, just giggling enough to assure us that they were not angels but real boys. After the Creed the prayers were bidden in the "Parson's Handbook" style. I wished that some of our "spikes" had been present to be shown that such things are done by Romans. The notices, too, were characteristic. They chiefly concerned the preparation for the Feast of the Assumption.

Another joyous sight met my eyes. It was a committee of men who opened and closed their proceedings with prayer. They meet every Sunday to arrange for the relief of those who, for one cause or another, have not been able to earn sufficient during the week. The "Living Wage Problem" is here solved in an early Christian way. They part to every man as ever man has need. Wages are paid to the fathers of each family for the work of wife and children. If so much per head has not been earned, it is made up out of the fund administered by the committee.

The practical Britisher will no doubt ask me: "What about the business?" Well, the business has all the appearance of being very prosperous. Scarcely a day goes by when the Harmel family from making substantial profits. Their business is extending rapidly; they are opening out trade with Yorkshire and Lancashire; the great loss they sustained by a terrible fire some few years ago has been recouped. They are men of genuine faith. That is the secret of it all. They believe in the religion of the incarnation. Their God is a God Who by becoming Man has sanctified all human things, and with them human work is worship. They cannot believe that the righteous will ever be forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. Then, again, the Church is a great reality to these people. It is not a separate organization, acting upon them from the outside, with a set of officials whom they come in contact with only on occasions and for posthumous purposes. It is the one real true human living body to which they belong and in which they are active members. Their committees and councils are merely parts of the great whole which is the Catholic Church of Christ. It is as Churchmen that they do their daily work in the factory, just as it is as Churchmen that they make their Communions and confessions. Nor do they only live religiously within their own narrow circle. They are made to feel that their hearts are beating with the one great pulse of Christian Labor Community throughout the world. Regularly, year by year, M. Harmel takes them, together with thousands of other French working people, up to Rome to visit the Pope. For a week or more they live in the Eternal City fed at an astonishing small cost of per head at the Vatican itself.

If a man is not greater than the greatest things he does, the less said about him and the better.

The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, the heart, and the conscience.—Cardinal Manning.

MASS RESTORED.

WAS SAID SEPTEMBER 4TH, FIRST TIME SINCE SUPPRESSION IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

The traveler in South Devon who follows the road from Ashburton to Chudleigh, after passing the village of Bickington, sees stretched out before him a wide and beautiful valley, bounded on the northeast by a high hill. On the slope of this hill is the ancient town of Bovey Tracey, consisting of one very long street. The Bovey, an affluent of the Teign, flows below this now extinct borough, which hardly numbers more than 2,700 inhabitants. It has a singularly beautiful old parish church, and its surroundings, with the Haytor Rocks and the stern solitudes of Dartmoor it its immediate neighborhood invest it with a charm of its own. In old times the manor must have been bordered by that of Heathfield of which the Abbot of Buckfast was the feudal lord, and the Cistercian habit would be now and then seen at Bovey. It was a history, to which a new interest has been given by the fact that after a lapse of 343 years, Mass has again been said in this ancient manor of the Traceys, Barons of Barnstaple. Indeed of all the events of its history, this one ought to be looked on as one of transcendent importance.

Bovi was the Saxon name of the place, probably the name of some forgottenthane, like that Tovi who owned a good deal of land in Devon in Saxon times. But in the days of the Conqueror it belonged to Harold, afterwards the brief space King of England, the Conqueror gave it to the Bishop of Coutances, from whom it passed not long after to the Traceys, created by King John Barons of Barnstaple, in North Devon. William de Tracey, the son of Oliver, was one of the murderers of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and by his crime was entailed on the family the curse expressed in the old rhyme:

"All the Traceys Have the wind in their faces,"

to indicate the evil fortune that attended the house of Tracey ever after the murder Tracey, who had fled to Devon to escape popular vengeance, hid himself in a secluded part of his estates at Wollacombe, (it is said) before proceeding to Rome to obtain penance and absolution. He died at Cosanza, on his way to the Holy Land, of a horrible malady. But it has always been said by Devonshire men that as part of his penance he gave land and money for building at Bovey Tracey that parish church which until the Reformation bore the title of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The title was altered in the reign of Henry VIII., and has since been restored; and even now one of the two annual fairs is held on July 7th, the Feast of the Translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, according to the grant made to Henry de Tracey in the thirteenth century, while the paintings on the screen seem to represent passages in the life of the great Archbishop.

The church built by Sir William or by his family was nearly destroyed a century and a half later, and the one that succeeded it was like most churches in Devon, restored in perpendicular style during the fifteenth century. There is no record of a religious foundation at Bovey, but the parish church was at least from Bishop Grandison's time charged with annual payment for the maintenance of the Augustinian Hospital of St. John at Bridgewater. How the manor came to be the property of George, Duke of Clarence, is not clear, but so it was, and after his execution the Duke's lands reverted to the Crown. By Henry VII. it was given with other estates in Devon to his mother, the saintly Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond. When in Devon she usually lived in the manor house at Torrington, of which she made a present to the parish priest, to save him the trouble of a walk from his house to the church. But it is hardly possible she should not have visited the rest of her Devonshire manors, and have prayed to St. Thomas in the church of Bovey Tracey, little dreaming that her grandson was to proclaim the glorious martyr a traitor to his king.

It is to be feared that George Manning inducted as Vicar in 1516, was a time-server, for he seems to have retained his benefice during the reign of Edward VI and until 1554, when he was either displaced or he died, and Christopher Pettit succeeded him. He must be looked on as the last Catholic parish priest. Unable, doubtless, to conform to the change of religion, he resigned not long after Elizabeth's accession, and William Merriek, the first Protestant vicar, was installed in his place, and the long night of heresy settled down on the quiet Devonshire town. The only event worth recording in its history during the next three centuries happened on February 9, 1646. Fairfax and Waller had been gradually narrowing the circle round the Royalist forces, then in arms for King Charles. It was 6 in the evening and already dark. The joyful cavalier officers quartered at Bovey were drinking and playing at cards when the tramp of horse in the street warned them that Cromwell's troopers were upon them, commanded by Cromwell in person. Lord Wentworth and the other card-players opened the windows and threw out the stakes, escaping while the Roundheads scrambled for the coins, for the Royalists were not even armed and resistance was hopeless. Cromwell's march had been kept carefully secret. Up the valley of the Teign he had led his troopers till very near Chudleigh, when he suddenly wheeled round and hastened to Bovey in the hope of capturing Wentworth, in this he failed, the fugitive cavalier, making their way to Islington and Ashburton. But this is a digression.

Of late the High Church movement has reached an advanced degree in Bovey, and has availed the parishioners with Catholic ideals. The usual consequences followed; the curate was received into the Catholic Church, and six of his parishioners, instructed by the Rev. Father Lawrence Lonergan,

O. S. B., chaplain of Syon Abbey, followed his example, and were confirmed by Bishop Graham on 12th July of this year 1904, in the Church of the Brigantine Community at Chudleigh. The Holy Sacrifice was offered up at Bovey Tracey for the first time since its suppression in Elizabeth's reign, on Sunday September 4th, the celebrant being the Rev. Father Mounitz of St. Michael's Convent, Newton Abbot.—Liverpool Times.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES — HIGH MASS AND VESPERS.

Not a few persons are ignorant of the fact that High Mass and Vespers are not a matter of choice with the clergy, but of positive command from their ecclesiastical superiors, and this implies a corresponding attendance at them by the laity. It is true one is not obliged to go to these solemn services—Low Mass fulfills one's obligation, and almost any reason excuses non-attendance at Vespers—still the fact remains that one should attend those from a sense of piety and devotion as frequently as possible. In seminaries and all religious houses, where there are large numbers, there are both Low and High Mass. The first takes place at an early hour and is called the community Mass, for all the members of the house receive Holy Communion at it; the High Mass, or song Mass, follows at a later hour, say 9 or 10 o'clock and is the formal offering of the day. Vespers invariably takes place every Sunday and holy day. These solemn services are the joy of the religious. The beauty of the ceremonies appeals to their holy aspirations and the sacred music accompanying them goes to the depths of their souls. No one who has ever been present at a service in a seminary or religious house will ever forget the effect the solemn services made upon him; and the sweetest recollections of those in religious life are the holy hours of High Mass and Vespers passed in the days of the novitiate. See, then, the goodness of Holy Mother Church in arranging that the faithful at large have the opportunity to enjoy the same advantages, by commanding High Mass and Vespers for them also. It was the good old-fashioned custom to attend these solemn services. It should be so then now than in the older days. Ceremony, music, sermon have all improved with the increase of priests and churches, but the attendance, sad to say, has not kept pace. It should be the practice rather than exception to attend at least one of the solemn services on Sundays, High Mass, of course, preferred. The communicants should try to return to it. If not only should every seat be filled, but we should see many standing, as the writer saw not many years ago in a certain cathedral on an ordinary Sunday. How inspiring the sight for every one present! People pray better, everything is more effective the larger the crowd.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

SERMON BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

WE are told in the Book of Genesis that the patriarch Jacob in a dream had a vision in which he beheld a ladder extending from earth to Heaven and the angels of God ascending and descending. This vision reveals to us the dignity of prayer and the ministry of the angels of God, who bear our prayers to the throne of grace and return bringing us benedictions from our Heavenly Father.

The same ministry of the angels is referred to in the Book of Tobit. We are told there that the angel Raphael in human shape, accompanied the young Tobias on a long journey and on his return revealed himself to the elder Tobias and said to him: "Prayer with fasting is good. When thou didst pray with tears and bury the dead, when thou didst leave thy dinner and bury the dead, I offered thy prayers to the Lord."

"Humble and earnest prayer—for this is the only sort of prayer worth considering—is the source of light to the mind, of comfort to the heart, and of strength to the will. By prayer we ascend, like Moses, to the holy mountain. There He removes the scales from our eyes. He dispels the clouds of passion, of prejudice and of ignorance which enveloped us. He sheds a flood of light upon us which enables us to see things as they really are.

"Standing on that mountain, we see the shortness of time and how passes like a shadow, and we see the immeasurable length of eternity. We are penetrated with a sense of the greatness of God alone and the littleness of man, and if we perceive anything attractive in him it is because he is shining with borrowed light. We observe how paltry and trifling are all things earthly, since they are passing away; and, like the beloved John, we get a glimpse of the heavenly Jerusalem. It is time, indeed, that outside of prayer we acknowledge these truths. "But it is only in prayer that we fully realize them and relish them and that the words of the Apostle are brought home to us: 'We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come.'"

teries of the Kingdom, He will enlighten us on a subject far more useful and profitable to us. He will send his searchlight into the hidden recesses of our souls and disclose to us our hidden sins and transgressions, our imperfections and shortcomings, our vanities and illusions. He will search Jerusalem with lamps,' as He said by His prophet. He will make His lamp to shine within the temple of our hearts and lay bare before us the dust of smaller vices which had accumulated there unobserved for months—aye, for years. He will give us a knowledge the most practical and essential—the knowledge of ourselves.

"Prayer is a sovereign remedy for dejection of spirits. Is anyone sad among you? Let him pray. Prayer is a source of comfort to our hearts. How can we as children approach our Heavenly Father, the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, without feeling a sense of security and confidence!

"You are not obliged to have a friend to present you at His court, for no one knows you better than your Creator. He who fashioned you knows the clay of which you are made.

"You are not compelled to wait for an audience. Your heavenly Father never nods nor sleeps. Neither is He preoccupied or engaged. He is always at home and ready to receive you. The eyes of the Lord are upon the just, and His ears are open to their prayers. You can speak to Him in church and out of church, at home and abroad, by day and by night.

"And when you enter into the presence of the Most High you are not required to present your petition in choice language and well-sounding periods. Those so-called eloquent prayers of which we sometimes read in the papers I fear do not go farther than their author intended them to reach. They tickle the ears of men, but do not pierce the clouds. The prayer that moves our Heavenly Father is that which spontaneously flows from the heart, such as the prayer of the Publican when he exclaimed: 'O God be merciful to me, a sinner!' or the prayer of David: 'Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy.'"

"To sum up, prayer is the noblest and most sublime act in which man can be engaged, because it exercises the highest faculties of the soul, the intellect and the will. It brings us in communication with the greatest of beings—God Himself. It is the channel of Heaven's choicest blessings. It is the mystical ladder which Jacob saw reaching from the earth to Heaven, angels ascending with our petitions and descending with heavenly gifts. It gives all access to our Heavenly Father at all times, in all places and under all circumstances. In a word, prayer renders us co-operative with our Creator in the moral government of the world, since many of the events of life are shaped by our entreaties. The affairs of mankind are decreed from eternity, and the eternal decrees themselves are determined by the prayers of His servants. 'Prayer moves the hand that rules the universe.'—Baltimore Mirror.

CATHOLIC BELGIUM.

HAS BUT ONE PAUPER TO EVERY EIGHTEEN HUNDRED.

It is the fashion at the present time, for enemies of the Catholic Church to endeavor to revive the exploded fiction that where the Catholic Church is there also is poverty, indolence, ignorance and consequently, lack of enterprise.

They forget that almost half the population of the German Empire is Catholic; that the Austro-Hungarian Empire is a Catholic State, and that Italy and Spain are too distraught to use their natural advantages to the best purpose, it is those forces that have been antagonistic to the Church no the continent that cause the industrial settlement which renders steady industry next to impossible.

And never do these people trouble to learn the condition of life within the borders of their Catholic neighbor, Belgium, a nation which has done no great things in the field of war, nor in ocean trading, but which, withal, can show a population whose intelligence, industry and comparative comfort and wealth rank them as foremost among the industrial communities of the world. And this a Catholic state.

Little more than seventy years ago Belgium was a poor, struggling subject of Protestant Holland. Yet, when she had thrown off the yoke and set herself to the management of her own affairs, prosperity was not long in coming and the 4,000,000 of those days is 7,000,000 to-day. The nation whose 4,000,000 found the struggle for existence under the Protestant rule of Holland a difficult one is to-day able to boast that she has but one pauper to every 1,800 of her population, while England and Wales, the exemplar of Protestant progress has a pauper for every 38 of her inhabitants.

Low taxation and equitable laws are the secret of success under the Catholic government which has already solved those economic problems with which the greatest minds in England are wrestling to-day.

A JAPANESE PRIEST

SERVING HIS TIME IN THE ARMY. THE AUTHORITIES SHOW EVERY CONSIDERATION FOR HIS HOLY OFFICE.

From the Sacred Heart Review.

Some months ago we had a letter from Tokio in our columns, quoted from the Lamp (Protestant Episcopalian), telling about a Japanese priest who was also a soldier in the Japanese army. We learn now further from a letter in the Boston Transcript that this priest when called upon to serve his military authorities with every consideration for his holy office. It was known that he, by his ordination vows, could not take life, and therefore he was sent into the line, but rather was assigned to the medical branch. Thus every duty could be heartily fulfilled

by the reservist, and his native land has the benefit of his service. "The point of it is, of course," says the writer of the note in the Transcript the appreciation of the difficulties of his position by the government and the pains taken to allow for them, while in no way relaxing the duty of military service. This, in a government not Christian, but frankly and openly 'pagan,' is noteworthy. It by no means indicates that Christianity of any sort is likely to be accepted by the Japanese nation very soon, but it does show that the war with Russia is not intended to be to the detriment of Christianity, although some few influential Japanese Buddhists have at one time or other tried to stir up zealous spirits among their fellows to advance the cause of Buddhism."

This certainly does speak well for Japanese Governmental fairness. This pagan government is far ahead of France in this particular.

PIUS X. AND THE SACRED HEART

The Osservatore Romano, July 1, 1904, published a decree of the Sacred Congregations of Indulgences and relics dated June 17, in which the Holy Father grants an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines to the priest and faithful who add to the prayers after Low Mass the invocation "Cor Jesu Sacratissimum, miserere nobis" three times. We give herewith a translation of the decree:

"That the faithful, especially in the bitter trials of the present day, may the more fervently turn to the most Sacred Heart, continually pay to it the tributes of praise and reparation, and implore the divine mercy, requests have been made more than once to His Holiness Pope Pius X, that to the prayers which by commands of Pope Leo XIII. of holy memory are wont to be recited after the celebration of Low Mass, the following invocation might be added three times: 'Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us,' and some Indulgence granted for the priest and the others who recite it devoutly with him.

"His Holiness, who on account of the special devotion he has practised even from boyhood, has nothing more at heart than that the devotion of all peoples might daily increase more and more towards the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, in which are hidden the treasures of all graces, has most willingly granted these petitions; and therefore to all Christians who, together with the priest, shall add the above invocation to the prayers already prescribed after Low Mass, he has graciously deigned to grant an Indulgence of seven years and as many quarantines, applicable also to the souls in Purgatory. Rome, June 17, 1904."

* Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright of heart.—Ps. 97:2.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN. CCCXXIII.

The Republican correspondent, as we have seen, is greatly scandalized at the assumption that the faith and morals of many centuries have been divinely committed to the Church of Damasus and Hildebrand, to be guarded.

Of course this means that Damasus I. and Gregory VII. were such gigantic criminals as to make it impossible to believe that God can have appointed them chief pastors of Christendom.

Let us, for the time, assume that these two Popes were as bad men as this writer plainly means us to suppose. How would this show that they were not divinely commissioned? This gentleman may have a vague and hazy knowledge of the New Testament as he evidently has of Church history, yet I take it that he has at least a superficial knowledge of the Parables. Now in these the Saviour portrays His departure from earth under the image of a householder journeying abroad and appointing a Chief Steward of His household, and says that this high functionary may prove either eminently faithful, or thoroughly unfaithful and dissolute. If faithful, he was to receive an illustrious reward. If unfaithful, he was to incur a fearful doom. Yet in either case he would have been the divinely appointed Representative of His Lord.

Now let us suppose that Damasus and Hildebrand had been as evil men as John XXIII. or Alexander VI. This would not have shown that they were not authentic pastors of the Church. It would only have shown that they were exceedingly unworthy pastors. Indeed, our horror over the crimes of Octavian, and Cossa, and Borgia, rests on our sense of the exalted opportunities which God has given them to do good, and on their failure to do so.

As it is, when Dr. Henry B. Smith, afterwards Moderator of the General Assembly, appeals, in confirmation of some great truth, to the witness of saints and theologians, "of holy Bishops and Popes," the language of this great Presbyterian divine is far more closely in agreement both with Scripture and with history than the sneering and petulant talk of the Springfield Republican correspondent.

I may remark, in advance, that I hold this writer's insinuations as to Pope Damasus, and still more as to Gregory VII. to be futile. However, for our present purpose, we will let them go on for awhile as if we agreed with them.

I will now appeal to Protestants with an argument of fact. Under George II. there was an Archbishop of York who publicly kept a mistress, bound to say that he was therefore not Archbishop of York? Of course we all allow that he ought to have been deposed; but as he was not, did not his official acts bind the Church of England? Should we dream of saying that the babes baptized by him ought to have been re-baptized, the youths confirmed by him to have been re-confirmed, the clergy ordained by him to have been re-ordained, the rectors and vicars instituted by him to have been re-instituted, the Bishops consecrated by him to have been re-consecrated? It would be hard to find a Protestant that was so fanatical a Lollard and Hussite as to say this. Nay, we should say that a great and holy successor would soon cleanse away the defilements of this August Sec. And what we say of the Bishop of York, are we not to be allowed to say of the Bishops of Rome?

Even those who deny the continuance of the modern with the earlier Archbishopric would deprecate such an outbreak of fanaticism as should abolish it, or depose it from its peculiar dignity, because it had had this unworthy occupant. Yet what is York, Catholic or Protestant, to Rome, whose primacy, in some deeply significant sense, has not only been acknowledged from the beginning, but is still allowed even by the Easterns and the Anglicans, and whose dying Bishop has been lately prayed for in Paritan congregations? To reduce the mighty See to the insignificance craved by our correspondent, it would not suffice to convert the whole Catholic world into Protestants. Nothing would accomplish this longer, for degradation unless we could let loose the final extravagance of mere fanaticism. A successful outbreak of a second Thomas Munzer might effect it, but hardly anything short of that.

Let us come now to the two Popes whom our writer singles out as the initial objects of his abhorrence, Damasus the First and Hildebrand.

As to Damasus, he is chosen, I suppose, on account of the sanguinary tumults of his election. This is one of the saddest pages of Church history, but I am not aware that Damasus is responsible for it.

Our common Protestant, especially our Paritan notions of the early Church, are very fanciful. As the eminent Catholic Mohler remarks, the great breach of the sixteenth century largely sprang out of a genuine desire for reform, but that religion passed, especially on the Calvinistic side, into an immoderate fierceness of demand, which reached its most irreconcilable point in Puritanism. The Paritans were less sanguinary than their Huguenot brethren, but they were more extravagant in their requirements of Church discipline. Apart from celibacy their rules of conduct better suited a monastery than a great society.

As a result of this we have always, in spite of the plain evidence of the two epistles to the Corinthians, fancied the apostolic Church a pure congregation of saints, having its hypocrites and apostates indeed, but in the bulk of its members almost ready for immediate glorification. In fact it was nothing of the kind. The sons and daughters of peace throughout the Empire were

rapidly gathered into it, and their influence, reinforced by the presence of apostles and apostolic men, was controlling. Yet around this regenerating nucleus was gathered a large throng of those who, with general sincerity, had professed adhesion to the Christian standard, but who were still largely infected with heathen looseness, mendacity, and fierceness. The Church of Corinth shows us how St. Paul had to bear with faults which now, even in our most worldly congregations, would set us aghast. Like our missionaries of to-day, he had to labor largely for coming generations.

As the Church, in spite of persecutions (which, moreover, were fitful and often long suspended) rose steadily in numbers and wealth and public dignity, the power of these half-heathens within her pale largely increased. She still bore the note of holiness, which, as Mr. Bryce declares, was never obliterated by the utmost corruptions or ferocity of the Middle Ages, and she could still appeal to the far higher level of life within her bounds. Indeed, even Julian the Apostate was plainly embarrassed by this moral superiority of the Church, to which only the highest examples of heathenism made a certain approach. Yet, with the final collapse of paganism it was impossible to obviate a vast irruption of virtual pagans into the Church, bringing with them the wild passions of their earlier life.

These passions, long before repelled from political activity, found often outbreak in episcopal elections, which were still decided by the votes of the people, from whom the clergy were, much to their honor, unwilling to take away this primitive right. At last the scenes of violence sometimes witnessed at the elections of the greater Bishops, above all of the Roman Bishop, compelled the limitation of the votes in large measure to the clergy. Yet surely the occasional sanguinary tumults which finally necessitated this restriction were not something for which the candidates were necessarily answerable. We might as well deny that a virtuous President ought to take his seat because no candidate can restrain his supporters from a vast amount of bribery.

As to Damasus personally, I know but little about him, and I doubt whether our writer knows much more. He is said to have been harsh towards the Arians, which, in view of the appalling Arian violence towards the Catholics, is neither surprising nor particularly scandalous. Certain it is, that the Christian doctrines of faith and morals were as well guarded by St. Damasus as by any other successor of St. Peter.

We will next take account of the great Hildebrand, St. Gregory the Seventh.

CHARLES C. STARRBUCK. Andover, Mass.

GREAT SCIENTISTS AND THE ROSARY.

FAMOUS MEN WHO WERE ZEALOUS DEVOTERS OF THIS FORM OF PRAYER.

Modern science, writes James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in The Ave Maria, is supposed by most people to repudiate more or less all idea of the efficacy of prayer. It can scarcely fail to prove one of the greatest surprises to these people to find how many distinguished scientists, whose names we owe ground-breaking discoveries in many branches of research, were not only fervent believers in the efficacy of prayer, but lived up to a practical exercise of their convictions. They went far beyond ideal or speculative belief, and faithfully practiced habits of devotion that to the skeptical can scarcely fail to be a never-ending source of amazement.

If there is one form of devotion which on theoretic grounds, might surely be considered as unlikely to attract attention from scientific minds, it is that of the Rosary. Unfortunately, a misunderstanding of its real significance has led many people to think that it is little if any better than a conventional succession of formal words frequently repeated, without any proper realization of their meaning, by the ignorant and lowly. As a matter of fact, however, there are a number of prominent men in every department of science who have been especially faithful in their devotion to the Rosary.

Such men as Alessandro Volta, the first great worker in experimental electricity, whose name is enshrined in his discovery of the Voltaic pile; his contemporary, Galvani, to whom we owe the first hints as to the existence of animal electricity and from whose name the word "galvanism" is derived; Ampere, the great French physicist, whose name also is preserved in the terminology of his favorite science, were all of them zealous devotees of this form of prayer which is often considered to be worthy only of the poor, of those who are unable to pray or of those deficient education does not enable them to meditate without some external help, and whose tendencies to distraction make it difficult for them to keep their minds in contemplation of religious ideas.

Electricity, however, has no monopoly in this matter; and electrical scientists were not the only ones who were proud to carry their beads and use them. Chevreul, the great French chemist, was often remarked quietly telling over his beads. The same is true of Leverrier, the renowned French astronomer. Medicine, at least, might be supposed to make, in its great discoveries, an exception to this rule of love for the Rosary; but the assumed unorthodoxy of medical science does not extend so far. And such men as Morgagni, the father of modern pathology; Laennec the founder of modern physical diagnosis, and, in our own time, here in America, O'Dwyer, the discoverer of intubation, one of the few great original bits of progress America has contributed to medical advance, were all wisely proud enough to enroll themselves among the clients of the Blessed Virgin and add their contribution to the crown of roses which is daily worn in her honor.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-second Sunday After Pentecost. Obedience TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES.

Under therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

Our Lord made this reply, my dear brethren, to the question of some who asked him whether it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not; or, in other words, whether it was right to pay taxes to support the government of the Roman Empire, to which the Jews were then subjected, and which was a pagan, and in many ways an impious and ungodly power. They hoped that He would say that it was not; for if He did, they would have a very good charge to make against Him before the Roman governor, as one who was a rebel and a disobeyer of the laws; and could thus bring about His ruin, which they earnestly desired. Now, if it really had been wrong to pay these taxes, Christ would of course have said so; for, as they had said to Him in truth, though they meant it as flattery, as He was a true speaker, and would not betray the truth to please any man or to escape any danger. But instead of answering in this way, as they hoped, He surprised them by saying that they ought to pay the taxes which were imposed on them; he commanded them to obey the power, hateful in many ways as it was, whose subjects they were.

We must, therefore, conclude that the power of the state, or the law of the land as it is called, has a real claim in the name of God and of Christ to our obedience. For if our Lord required those who heard Him to obey the Roman authorities, He would also require us to obey the duly constituted authorities under which we live at any time. For the cruel and persecuting pagan empire of Rome was surely no more worthy of respect and obedience than any other under which our lot is likely to be cast.

And if we could have any doubt as to our duty in conscience on this point, St. Paul confirms this lesson most emphatically. "There is no power," he says, "but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. . . . And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation. . . . Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath (that is, for fear of the consequences) but also for conscience' sake." And coming to the very matter of which our Lord has spoken, He proceeds: "Render, therefore, to all men their dues. Tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom."

We see then clearly, my brethren, that the laws of the land bind us in conscience. And we do not by any means need to go back to apostolic times to find instructions to this effect. The successor of St. Peter, and those teaching in union with them, have always insisted on this duty of obedience to the civil power very strongly. For instance, our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has, in an encyclical letter, taught it to us very clearly. "The Church," he says, "rightly teaches that the power of the state comes from God. . . . He tells us that, whatever the form of government may be—that is, whether the rulers are chosen by the people or not—it is not simply from the people that their right to rule and to be obeyed comes; the people in an elective government do not make the power, although they designate the person or persons in whom the power of God is to rest.

Of course no one denies that the civil power may, in particular cases, forfeit its claim to our obedient respect or plain-ly contrary to the law of God or of the Church; as, for instance, if it should require us to attend Protestant worship, or should forbid us to make our Easter duty. But such cases are very rare, at least here in this country. We shall know easily enough when they arise. There is little fear, as things now are, of too great respect for the law among us; the danger, rather, is of our regarding laws as the mere decisions of a majority, which we have to submit to as we cannot help it, and because we cannot help it, but to which we owe no interior reverence, and by breaking which we commit no sin. Whereas the truth is that we do sin by breaking any law of the land which is not manifestly unjust or contrary to the rights of God and the obedience we owe to Him.

Remember, then, my brethren, to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. The President, Congress, our governors and legislatures, and the other powers that be are really God's viceregenters, though not in so high an order as the spiritual; still in their own place they truly act in God's name. Find out and consider what they require; confess and amend any disregard or disrespect for their laws, unless you wish to be guilty of contempt and disobedience to Him from whom all laws come.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

When thou perceivest, son, a longing after eternal bliss to be infused into thee from above, and that thou desirest to go out of the dwelling of this body that thou mayest contemplate my brightness without any shadow of charge, dilate the heart and with all charity, dilate embrace this holy inspiration. Return very great thanks to the divine bounty which deals so favorably with thee, which mercifully visits thee, ardently excites thee and powerfully raises thee up, lost by thine own weight thou fall down to the things of the earth.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M. D., C. M., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto. References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: W. E. Meredith, Chief Justice; Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario; Rev. John Potts, D. D., Victoria College; Rev. William Cayton, D. D., Knox College; Rev. Father Tealy, President of St. Michael's College, London; Right Rev. A. Sweetman, Bishop of Toronto; Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, CATHOLIC RECORD, London.

It Nourishes Infants.

No other baby food is as nourishing wholesome or so universally used. It is a perfect substitute for mother's milk.



THE TWO ORDERS OF COLORED SISTERS.

THEIR PLACE IN THE WORK OF THE CONVERSION OF THEIR RACE IN THE SOUTH.

Writing from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Right Rev. Mgr. John M. Lucey says: In the Arkansas booth of the Educational Building in the St. Louis Exposition may be seen a cabinet containing specimens of plain and fancy needle work, map and free hand drawing, examination papers and photos of the school buildings, teachers and pupils of the Colored Industrial Institute at Pine Bluff, Ark. The teachers are the Colored Sisters of the Order of the Holy Family, whose mother house is in New Orleans. The annual enrollment is 250, less than 10 per cent. of whom are Catholics. The school program, of which they assumed charge four years ago, is valued at \$25,000.

My chief object in writing is to awaken some interest in the work of our two colored orders of Sisters, the Oblate Sisters of Providence and the Holy Family. It is probable that Catholics in general do not know much about these Sisters or of the particular reason which justifies their existence. Of the white religious orders in the South during the past fifty years it may be safely said that they were more instrumental in the hands of God for the preservation and extension of the Catholic faith than the clergy. Districts of a hundred or more miles square were not very favorable for pastoral visitation, and it was the convent school of the Sisters of Mercy, or of Charity, or of some other order, that kept the faith alive in this pioneer stage.

What the white Sisters of the South have done for the white Catholics of the South, the colored Sisters are capable of doing for the colored. Their place in the work of the evangelization of their race becomes all the more prominent from the fact that the colored priest will not for some years to come be a factor of much significance. The colored people love their own blood, just as other races do. If every little progress has been made in the conversion of the Negro to the Catholic faith, an explanation may be found in the circumstance that colored Sisters are not enabled to enter the missionary field to any great extent and colored priests not at all. White priests cannot reach the hearts of the Negro. There may be exceptions here and there as Father Keller, a secular priest of Galveston, Maryland and Louisiana are not fair fields for comparison, though it will be difficult to show that there has been an appreciable number of converts in these States through the efforts of white priests. The best thing that can be said on the point is that in these States were born the two orders of colored Sisters.

Why, then, not strengthen these orders in every possible manner, so that they may accomplish the best possible results? The white race of the South dominates, and until Catholic society ladies and Catholic influential laymen are willing to do for the colored Catholic Sisters what Protestant society ladies and leading laymen are doing for Protestant teachers, there cannot from the nature of things be much progress. It is such influences that encourage missionary workers and guide them through the darkness that would otherwise engulf them. The Orders of the Oblates and of the Holy Family are well founded and have attained a reasonable growth. Both are over seventy five years old and have each a few over one hundred members. The Holy Family Sisters, whose mother house is in New Orleans, have schools in Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and Central America. The Oblate Sisters have schools in Baltimore, St. Louis, Washington, Leavenworth, Havana and in Old Providence and Central America. The members of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored and Indians are: Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Farley, with Very Rev. Dr. Dyer, president of Mount St. Mary's seminary. What inspired any zealous souls might be inspired to do, either by the lines just mentioned or others, would naturally meet the approval of the above commission; but there is scarcely a doubt that those distinguished prelates would gladly welcome the entrance into the field of missionary work among the Southern Negroes of Catholic society ladies and prominent Catholic laymen.

The sacrament of love leads to the realm of love. Friendship requires that rare mean between likeness and unlikeness, that bipenned each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. There are a number of varieties of corns. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove a Warty Wart. Call on your druggist and get a bottle at once. I WILL PROLONG LIFE - De Soto, the Spaniard, lost his life in the wilds of Florida, while he went for the purpose of discovering the legendary "Fountain of perpetual youth." He said to exist in that unknown country. While Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will not perpetuate youth, it will remove the bodily pain which makes the young old before their time and harass the aged into untimely graves. A CURE FOR CONSTIPATION - Constipation comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes, usually disordered digestion. Parrot's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in the mass through the stomach and set upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. The pills are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

Advertisement for North American Life insurance, featuring a map of North America and the slogan 'SOLID AS THE CONTINENT'.

Advertisement for North American Life Assurance Company, listing the home office in Toronto, Ontario, and the managing director, John L. Blaikie.

Advertisement for The Mutual Life of Canada, highlighting 30,000 policyholders and \$40,000,000 in assets.

Advertisement for Benziger's Magazine, described as 'The Popular Catholic Family Monthly' with a subscription price of \$2.00 per year.

Advertisement for Stammerers and Headache treatments, including 'The Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ont.' and 'Father Koenig's Free Five Tonic'.

Advertisement for Thorold Cement and Portland Cement, listing various building purposes and agents.

Advertisement for Constipation Cure, featuring 'Parrot's Vegetable Pills' and 'Ambrose Kent & Sons Limited'.

Advertisement for the Estate of John Battle, located in Thorold, Ontario.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Often the dull, yet steady and plodding person, faithful to duty, and doing the very best he can, in the long run will leave more brilliant companions far in the rear.

Would You Carry Youth Into Age? Don't let anything interfere with your regular hours of work and rest, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Keep busy; idleness is a great friend of age, but an enemy of youth. Regular employment and mental occupation are marvelous youth preservers.

Put some beauty into your life every day by seeing beautiful works of art, beautiful bits of scenery, or by reading some noble poem or prose selection.

Never compare yourself with others of the same age, or think that you must appear as old as they because you have marked the same number of years.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day, in all weather; walk, ride, row, swim, or play; but, whatever you do, keep out of doors as much as possible.

Love is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth all your life with it.

Eat plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables in summer, and cut down your meat diet. Drink a liberal allowance of pure water at all times, but not ice water.

Pure air both indoors and outdoors is absolutely essential to health and longevity. Never allow yourself to remain in a poisoned or vitiated atmosphere.

Success.

An Unworthy Aim. Only by getting above our usual level can we make the progress we ought.

The man who merely maintains the level to which his life has hitherto risen is, at the best, standing still—and that means falling behind.

"I did my level best" is not enough. Our average ought to be constantly higher, and an average is never raised by being merely equalled.

Only by beating our average can we raise our average. "Better than my best" is a worthier standard than "my level best."

The Illusion of Being Busy. A ridiculous notion is common that we live in a time when there are more important world affairs on hand than has ever been known before.

And there are silly people who expect to be admired for a useless expenditure of their nervous and physical energies on all sorts of absolutely foolish objects into which no particle of intellect enters.

Simply to be always busy, always occupied, always doing something, passing restlessly from one piece of work to another, to have their hands full, never to be idle, as they say, seems to be their ideal of life.

These precious muddlers who plume themselves on never being idle pass their time doing useless things under the pretext of being busy; and they assume credit for a purposeless activity.

The biggest people, those who have really thought out their plan of life, do not make the mistake of doing that need not be done. They have time for everything because they do not imagine they are economizing time by occupying every spare minute in being unnecessarily busy.

The Habit of Saving. The necessity of paying a certain amount of money at regular intervals is not a hardship, but a practice sure to inculcate thrift.

Human nature seems to be so constituted that it is even harder to retain money than it is to earn it—a task of itself calling for all the skill a man can exercise—so that anything that has a tendency to form the habit of saving, even though that influence be small, is deserving of encouragement for that alone.

Some Helpful Thoughts. Failure is to be untrue to the best you know, and the best you know is to stay where you are and do what you can, as well as you can. — Maltbie D. Babcock.

Honor is like the eye, which can not suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw. — Bossuet.

Every life of sweet-sold, sunny goodness; of patient, earnest service; of honest, faithful toil for truth, counts for its full weight in the momentum of humanity's progress. It does not go out, it goes in upon the race. Have within you a strong and simple soul, bent on noble deeds, and the work will come in which you, too, shall live on, an imperishable force upon the earth. — E. Heber Newton.

Many a man is weak and cheerless because he does not see the future large. The present is too narrow to form the home of an immortal soul. The earthly future has springs too few to quench the thirst of a heart made for eternity. Tear down the time curtain! Lift up your eyes and look upon the world which adjoins the world with which you are nearly done. Dare to expect light brighter than the brightness of sun, music sweeter than any you have known, raptures intenser than the earth affords, life abundant and divine! — Charles E. Jefferson.

Entangling Alliances. The mania for getting rich—the mad, false idea that we must have money—has played worse havoc among ambitious people than war or pestilence. A member of the Chicago Board of Trade says that the men of the United States contribute a hundred million dollars a year to the sharpers who promise to make them rich quick.

They work the same old scheme of a confidential letter and shrewd baiting, until the victim parts from his money. Thousands are plodding along in poverty and deprivation, chagrined and humiliated because they have not been able to get up in the world or to realize their ambitions, for the reason that they succumbed to the scheme of some smooth promoter, who hypnotized them into the belief that they

could make a great deal very quickly out of a very little.

The great fever of trying to make \$1 earn \$5 is growing more and more contagious.

Thousands are tied up by financial or other entanglements, even before they get fairly started in their life-work, that they can only transmit a tithing of their real ability or their splendid energies into that which will count in their lives. A large part of it is lost on the way up, as the energy of the coal is nearly all lost before it reaches the electric bulb. — Orison Sweet Marden in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY.

The Agony of Our Blessed Lord in the Garden.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBRIER.

FIAT.

The nurse maid met them at the door and took Alban up to his tea, while Bernie for once remembered to rub her shoes on the mat.

"Come in here, Bernie," said Mrs. Cleve, and Bernie entered, wondering if a lecture was in prospect, and going through a swift course of self-examination as she obeyed.

Mrs. Cleve had been in town most of the day and had only just returned. She threw off her hat and rang the bell for tea as Bernie sat down near her.

"How untidy you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleve, who was exquisitely neat in all things, the study of clothes and her appearance generally being a most absorbing occupation to her.

Bernie did not answer. Defending herself by saying that she had been in the garden with Alban never entered her head. She moved as if to rise.

"No, don't go up. I want to talk to you," said Mrs. Cleve, taking her hat off her pretty, still sunny hair.

"It is so extremely tiresome. I have been to Dr. Warne about Alban, and he says that he must positively not spend another winter in England—you know he saw him the other day."

"No, I did not," said Bernie with a startled look in her eyes and a strange tightening at her heart.

"Yes; the day your father took him up to see his Aunt Bess. Dr. Warne happened to see him there—you know he is her brother-in-law, and he croaked a good deal about the child and now this is what he says."

"Does he then think Alban so delicate?" asked Bernie in a low voice.

"Of course the child is delicate," said Mrs. Cleve. "You are so unobservant, Bernie; you surely could see that for yourself."

Bernie was silent.

"Your father thinks we had better let the house and go abroad to Switzerland. It seems the dry, cold air is what Dr. Warne thinks will be good for Alban."

"I do hope it will," said Bernie. "Then I suppose you would go soon?"

"Yes, very soon," said Mrs. Cleve, "so as to settle there before winter finally sets in. Coelia will like it, there's plenty of gaiter there—he recommends Montreux—and I don't know the place at all. Your father says that he will be able to write there, and seems rather pleased at the plan."

"But you do not like it, mother?" asked Bernie, feeling she was expected to say something.

"No, I cannot say that I do. You see, your grand-mother having just come here it makes it awkward to go away and leave her."

"Yes, I forgot."

"She came on purpose to be near us. Took that little house and brought her furniture over from Ireland, and all just to be close to us. However, of course, this is quite unforeseen."

"Shall we be long away?"

"The whole winter, and then Alban may be quite wrong. Dear Pet, I hope it will work wonders for him. Your father is so anxious about it all, nothing would do but for him to go to the house-agent then and there and see about letting the house."

Bernie went up to the nursery soon and had some games with Alban, who was quite unconscious that his health was upsetting the entire family. He was a sweet-tempered child, beloved by every one, but to Bernie he was as the very apple of her eye.

In a week the house was let very favourably, and Mr. Cleve came into the drawing-room one afternoon with guide-books and maps in his hand.

"It's a capital plan. Very much better than going to a pension which I should hate, or to one of those big palaces of hotels which we could not afford."

"What is?" inquired Mrs. Cleve looking up from her occupation of trimming a very pretty travelling hat.

"You do forget so, Dick, that we haven't heard the beginning of this. I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking of."

Mr. Cleve laughed. He was a small man with spectacles, a very fussy manner and a deeply-rooted conviction that he was an unrecognized genius. As his books never brought in any money it was a good thing that he had a private income, small as it was, upon which the family lived.

"I heard from Patchett who went to Montreux last year, and he knows of just the very thing to suit us. A little flat on *troisème* in a nice house, view, and all that kind of thing, and he strongly recommends it. I think we can decide upon it."

It was all talked over, decided upon, and Bernie was busy helping to collect what was to be taken the next morning when her mother entered the room where she was upon her knees turning out a drawer.

"Mother, shall you want all those wraps; and I'd forget to ask you—am I to take my old serge as well as the new one?"

A strange look passed over Mrs. Cleve's face.

"Bernie, dear, I hope you won't be disappointed, but we think you can't go."

Bernie sprang to her feet.

"Mother!"

"Now, dear, do not make a fuss.

It's decided and there's no use arguing the matter. Our journey will cost far more than we expected—your father went into the whole thing last night after you had gone to bed, and so one less is a consideration. And there are other reasons."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Bernie roused in a way her mother had never seen her before. "I cannot be separated from Alban, I cannot—I cannot. Especially now I know he is more delicate than I thought. Take me instead of Harriet—I will be his nurse and I can go third class or any way and I won't be an expense and—"

Bernie stopped. She knew her mother's face well, and noted on it an expression which she had sometimes seen on it before, and which betokened that argument was useless, opposition perfectly futile.

TO BE CONTINUED.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Mr. Jones: "You state that we have not the originals of the Scriptures, even though we have true copies thereof. I am confident that we have. Who is to decide?"

You can decide it if you can produce or locate a single manuscript written by any one of the authors of the books of the Bible. As long as you cannot do this—and you know you cannot—you should not be so "confident" that we have them. That is the only way to decide. Copies—even true copies—are nothing more than a photograph of the original, and the original of Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones is the original of Mr. Jones. We simply insist on the correct use of words. The incorrect use, or abuse of words, is of all the sources or errors, the most prolific; it should be avoided with strenuous care. If you sold a copy of the Transfiguration as the original of Raphael you could be prosecuted for it, and no court would let you off on the plea that it was a correct copy of the original. The very plea would be taken by the court as a confession of fraud, and it would punish you accordingly for representing a thing to be what you know it was not—thus taking advantage of your dupes' ignorance.

Mr. Jones: "You don't seem to accept original for the Bible in any sense."

We are not talking about the Bible; we are talking of manuscripts, and no copy of a manuscript is the original manuscript. This is so plain a fact that it is surprising that any one is found—even in as smoky a place as Pittsburgh—to deny it.

Mr. Jones: "Then why does the Douay Bible in its preface say that it is made from the Latin Vulgate and diligently compared with original MSS.?"

We do not know why the writer of that preface said that. We can only surmise that if he said it, he fell into the same error you did, and said "original" manuscripts when he meant manuscript copies in the language of the original manuscripts. In the Douay Bible before us we do not find the quotation you give. But we find on its title page the following: "Holy Bible, translated from the Latin Vulgate, and compared with the original MSS. in Hebrew, Greek and other editions, in divers languages." There is nothing here about "original manuscripts."

Mr. Jones: "If we have no true copies of the originals, neither Protestants nor Catholics have the true word of God at all."

If our Lord left no means to know the word of God, but through the fallibility of transcribers we would be in a bad way indeed. This fallible medium is not a secure enough basis to rest our faith upon, and we could never be certain that we knew the revealed truth and will of God.

But the fallibility of transcribers was not the means left us by our Lord to arrive with certainty at a knowledge of the truths He revealed. He established His Church as the supreme teacher and guide of His flock in all things whatsoever He commanded. He said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. 16:18.) To this Church He entrusted the whole deposit of revealed truth—the Word of God—when He said to it in the person of its first ministers: All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth; going, therefore, teach ye all nations. * * * Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28:18, 20.)

To enable the teaching body of His Church to fulfill this great commission, and forget nothing, He said: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you, and shall be in you. * * * The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." (John, 14:15, 26.)

This teaching body thus commissioned and animated by the Holy Ghost, St. Paul calls "The Church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of truth," (1 Tim., 3:15.) This Church is the divinely ordained medium through which men can arrive at a knowledge of the revealed truth—the Word of God. This Church taught the revealed truth entrusted to her before a word of the New Testament was put in writing, and would continue to teach it if no original writings or copies of them had come down to us. To say she would not do the same as to say that Christ's promises have failed, and that He was therefore a false prophet.

This Church of His, the pillar and ground of truth, has existed throughout the ages, and still exists on earth, still continues to be the guardian and exponent of revealed truth, whether written or unwritten. And if we have the written word to-day, after two thousand years, it is because of her guardianship of it. It does not then follow, as you think, that if we had no correct copies of the original manuscripts we would

not have the Word of God at all. It is true that you who disregard our Lord's command to hear the Church, have no better basis for your knowledge of the Word of God than the fallibility of transcribers; but not so with those who obey His command and hear His Church whom He commissioned to reach all things whatsoever He commanded.

Mr. Jones: "Whom then, am I to believe?"

You are to believe the Church which Christ established and commissioned to teach you, and commanded you to hear under pain of being considered as a heathen or a publican.

Mr. Jones: "How find the truth of divine revelation?"

As above.

Mr. Jones: "Must I go to the visible natural universe to find out God's will and ways and nature, and my relation to Him?"

As long as you persist in disregarding the will of your Redeemer and refuse to hear the Church—that agency He appointed to teach you—it makes little difference where you go; you will not learn the things He requires you to know and to believe under penalty of damnation. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." (Mark 16—16)

Mr. Jones: "It seems that the translators of the Douay Bible, or the ecclesiastical authorities superintending the work didn't value the original manuscript as much as they did the Vulgate version."

They did not value the original manuscripts as much as they did the Vulgate version for the very good reason that the original manuscripts had ceased to exist many centuries before they began their work. They preferred the Latin Vulgate to corrupted copies of the original manuscripts, and it appears they had good reason for it. The Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, no friend of the Catholic Church, says in his introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, vol. I, page 277: "The Latin Vulgate preserves many true readings where the modern Hebrew copies are corrupted. It is to these corrupted copies that the Catholic translators preferred the Latin Vulgate. This you call preferring the Vulgate to the 'original manuscripts.'"

Mr. Jones: "Why, pray, did the Fathers of the Council of Trent declare that the Vulgate of St. Jerome was superior to the Hebrew or Greek texts?"

If they did so—and we will have something to say about that in a moment—they doubtless did it because they considered a correct translation of a document to be superior to a corrupted copy of it, such corrupted copies, for instance, as Horne, the well-known Protestant Biblical scholar, speaks of.

Mr. Jones: "The belief by a general council speaking on a matter of the highest importance for all Christendom, and rendering 'de fide' that a Latin version is superior to the original text in Hebrew and Greek, discourages further inquiry into the relative of our English translations."

Some one has been playing on your absorptive credulity. The Council of Trent made no such declaration as that which you attribute to it. The decree of the Council concerning the Vulgate was passed in the fourth session. Read it and you will wonder how you could have been so misled as to make so egregious a blunder. There is not one word or sentence in it that could suggest the statement you make; not one word about "the original text in Hebrew and Greek," no comparison whatever made. It would be interesting to know how you were seduced into making so serious a blunder. Whoever did it ought to ask your pardon for having fooled you into committing yourself so badly.

THE ROSARY.

What is the Rosary? A crown of roses offered to Our Blessed Mother. It is the most beautiful of prayers. It is suitable for king or peasant, Pope, philosopher or the unlettered. It is the simplest of devotions and the most sublime. It is the easiest to learn, and the most powerful with heaven. It consists of the creed, the profession of faith, three Hail Marys in honor of the Trinity, Our Father, ten Hail Marys, five times, with the "Gloria be to the Father" before each Our Father. This is also called "the beads." The complete "Rosary" consists of this series repeated three times—in honor of the five joyful mysteries of Our Lord's life, in honor of the five sorrowful and in honor of the five glorious mysteries. You see it contains the creed, the acts of faith of the apostles, then the prayer taught by Our Lord; the Hail Mary, which was partly the salutation of the Angel Gabriel, and of St. Elizabeth, with the concluding petition of the Church to ask her to pray

for us now, and at the hour of our death. One should try to say the Rosary every day; that is, the beads, five decades. For those who would find it impossible, a small number, they should say daily, at least one decade—Our Father and ten Hail Marys. When time has gone, and in the hour of need, the Blessed Virgin will remember those who have so honored her.—Catholic Union and Times.

Employ every possible means to augment the love of Mary in your own heart and that of others.

Our Lord will never fail those who do that which His word is always urging them to do, that is, to "seek" Him.

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURSES.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up and around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is found by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect and ignorance have visited upon man. How easy this may be, it is well known that Paracelsus's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sign of derangement use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with threat of chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Do not delay in getting relief for the fit is far. "Mother's Groves" Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

"Child's Play of Wash Day" Surprise Soap. Means: To make the dirt drop out, not be rubbed in, use Surprise Soap. The "Surprise" way without boiling or scalding the clothes. It's a new way and a clean, easy method of doing the wash. Surprise is all Soap; a pure Soap which makes a quick lather. Read the directions on the wrapper.

The Dye of Quality Maypole Soap. The new, clean, quick, brilliant, fadeless home dye, "Maypole Soap," is the dye of highest quality. It gives satisfactory results in home dyeing every single time. Its high quality prevents that "streaky" effect that powder dyes seldom fail to yield. Progressive druggists and grocers sell it—all colors. See a cake for all colors and 15c. for black. Book all about it—free by addressing Canadian Depot: 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

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Rest for Mother. Pleasure for the Children. It is not always that pleasure and profit can be combined. The New Century Washer affords the children an opportunity of rendering effective help—and at the same time delight themselves. Self-heating and strong, metal springs reduce to a minimum all the work usually necessary. Five to six minutes does a tubful. If your hardware dealer does not carry them, write us for booklet. Sold by most dealers at \$1.25. THE DOWSWELL MFG CO. LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.

Fruit is Nature's Laxative. Fruit contains certain principles which act like a charm on the liver—and keep the whole system well and strong. But these principles in the fruit juices are too weak to have any marked effect on the internal organs. The value of Fruit-atives or Fruit Liver Tablets lies in the secret process by which they are made. The fruit juices are so combined that they have an entirely different effect from fresh fruit. Their action is the action of fruit greatly intensified. They have a marked effect on the liver—loosening it up—making it active. "Fruit-atives" are, without doubt, the only complete cure for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles. 50c. a box. At all druggists. FRUIT-ATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

Pictorial Prayer-Book for Children. Mass and Way of the Cross Illustrated. POST-PAID, 10 CENTS. Catholic Record Office LONDON, CANADA.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt. Is not a patent medicine, nor is it beer, as some imagine, but it is a strong extract of Malt and Hops, recommended by leading medical men all over Canada, for the weak and convalescent. If you are run down a few bottles will do you good. Price, 50c per bottle. Refuse all substitutes said to be just as good. W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF INDIGESTION. Promptly relieved by K. D. C. DYSPEPSIA CURE. Prepared and Sold by K. D. C. THE MIGHTY CURATIVE.

THE CHURCH AND FREE-MASONRY.

A cable despatch states that Pius X. has ordered that at the christening of the Prince of Piedmont, the title by which the recently born son of the King of Italy will be known, no Free-Mason, even though he be of the royal blood, shall be accepted as godfather.

In holding this view they show themselves totally ignorant of the aims of European Free Masonry, which openly avows its hostility not only to the Catholic Church, but to every form of Christianity.

Such is the radical revolution Free Masonry would bring about. But the Catholic Church stands in the way. As guardian of divine truths she will not yield an inch.

We will rapidly sketch what should be the main lines of the Masonic Propaganda. We would have its action cover the whole ground, and prepare the emancipation of consciences, by combating the false teachings of the Churches and their influence.

In the Masonic programme here outlined, we see what is the ultimate aim of the organization that is responsible for the bitter anti-Catholic war so actively waged in a country which was once known as "the eldest daughter of the Church."

With a Freemason schoolmaster established in every French village the work of sapping the spirit of religion will be greatly facilitated.

It would be a mistake to suppose that these sworn foes of the Catholic Church would rest satisfied with destroying her influence if such a thing were possible.

The fact that they are the avowed enemies of Christianity in any shape must not be lost sight of. Their hatred of Protestantism is less intense for the reason that it does not present so unflinching a front to the anti-Christian principles as does the Catholic Church.

Men became followers of Jesus not because they see great cathedrals erected in His name and hear majestic organs and splendid choirs sound His praise, but because they know some plain men and women whom devotion to Him has made just and kind and humble.

HELP THE MISSIONARIES.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir, I enclose herewith (see editorial note) an idea which speaks for itself and which may be possibly instrumental in rendering your missionaries more efficient.

A Protestant writer, Edward Hutton, gives the following description of the rosary: "It was during this mission to Languey, in the midst of war and fame and slaughter, that St. Dominic instituted and composed that marvellous crown of prayers, the Devotion of the Rosary. A crown not of thorns, but of living jewels, each a pearl of the fifteen mysteries of the Glorias, the one hundred and fifty supplices of the Avee set in the pure gold of the fifteen joyful and glorious mysteries of Our Lord's life and death, bound together by them to the cross. Ah, though Galileo could number the stars, and see the earth itself as a mighty circle bound round by the intelligence of man, though we can count the weary miles to the sun, and find the new moon in the adorning sea, though we have taken the laws of

heaven captive and bound them to our will; he circled heaven with his prayers, and each prayer was an angel's wings for the poor. His Glorias have alienated the heavenly choirs. Christ will not resist the sweet rain of his Paternosters, and he has filled the Virgin's lap with his Aves. All the winds of heaven are powerless to put out the million flames of his prayers, for they have taken the world captive, too, and set the bells of all the churches to their music in the morning, and at noon, and at sunset.

THE INCOMING TIDE.

When one sits by the seashore, watching the tide come in, it is interesting to note the constant ebb and flow of the advancing waves. They mount towards us and then fall back, but when they mount again, they come a little nearer, and presently they reach our feet, if we keep our place, at the high-tide water-mark. So with the advance of our brethren outside the Church's visible fold, nearer they come, then seem to shrink away; yet look, a while after, and they are nearer still.

Even more, our non-Catholic brethren are beginning to imitate the old Church from which they separated. Vesper services, retreats, religious orders, confession, "Masses," altars, candles, incense, holy-water fonts, statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph, Lenten services, how many of these things are seen. And, as we mentioned several weeks since, some Episcopalians are beginning to pay "Peter's Pence," and to preach that the Pope is indeed Christ's Vicar, infallible, only he is just a little mistaken about them and their own individual ideas.

These things are at times a little amusing, but they have their very serious and very touching side. In the current Annals of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, pages 260-262 are devoted to "Letters from an Anglican Nun."

It would seem to us more exact if the good Sister called herself an "Episcopalian Nun," for the symbol "T. A. Pence," represents, as we understand it, the "Society of the Atonement," existing at Graymoor, Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y., and it has, so far as we know, no English branch.

The Sisters belonging to the community publish a pretty little periodical, Rose Leaves from Our Lady's Garden, a companion to the Lamp. They have a "Rosary League," and the object of this League is to promote among Anglo-Catholics an increase of true devotion to the Holy Mother of God, thereby helping to win back for our Glorious Lady her 'Dowry' in the homes and hearts of American and English Christians, that Mary's English-speaking children may once more become renowned throughout Christendom for the love and honor they show to the Blessed Virgin. The special work of these good Sisters is "to labor and pray for the return of the Anglican Church to her allegiance to the Holy See, that we may be again one fold, under one Shepherd."

Do not all these certainly remarkable and touching things serve to indicate how very near the incoming tide is approaching the shore where our Lord awaits it; and ought not the reading of all this to fan our prayers into burning words of faith and love, that very soon the keenest desire of our Lord's Heart may be satisfied, and all men may be one in Him?—Sacred Heart Review.

A Word for the Japanese.

Says Good Counsel Magazine: "The Catholics in Japan are free. They are not free in Russia. The Japanese are friendly, humane, enterprising, intelligent, while the Russians, at least in their Government, are cruel, religiously and nationally. As for the 'yellow peril,' it does not seem just for us to expect, or pretend to expect, that a nation which so rapidly and willingly dropping its chains of national, industrial and social barbarity, will reject the benign influence of Christianity when it has come into free contact with the followers of the true faith."

It is a fundamental law of a happy and useful life that we must keep sweet, for bitterness perverts the judgment and corrodes the heart.

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HELP THE MISSIONARIES.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD: Dear Sir, I enclose herewith (see editorial note) an idea which speaks for itself and which may be possibly instrumental in rendering your missionaries more efficient.

The Catholic missionaries to the Indians are generous and regularly supplied with gifts of partly worn clothing for free distribution, by their co-religionists of Ontario, and rightly so, for the Indian tribes have been economically speaking practically ruined by the advance of the white race and it is the duty of Catholics to assist in relieving their wants in all cases. This has been done to some extent by the contributions of our own people, but the Indian missions in view of the well known fact that poor pagan Indians are beginning to come under the benign influence of Church's teachings, are often turned away by non-Catholic religious teachers who, though they may in fact with more success themselves in Christianizing the red man frequently succeed in preventing his be-

coming a Catholic by tempting gifts of warm clothing for himself and family upon the spot. A year ago our pastor, Rev. T. West, shipped a costly supply of excellent second hand clothing to the Oblate Missionaries and Indian Ophanage at Prince Albert, Sask. The more than a hundred letters of acknowledgment he received induced him to read them from the pulpit to his flock, and request the parishioners to repeat their donation this year. They responded so generously that he has now been enabled to ship large consignments to two different missions. Judging by this it would seem that the Catholic ladies of many Ontario parishes are only to have their attention called to the matter, and to be informed where the needy missions are situated, to take the work up nearly.

As whatever is to be done this season should be done quickly, possibly some of the clergy who are in touch with the missionaries could furnish your readers with the addresses of missions where such supplies of clothing would be welcomed. Yours truly, W. B. WATERBURY.

DIOCESE OF HAMILTON.

BISHOP DOWLING OPENED TWO NEW CHURCHES. His Lordship Bishop Dowling has just returned from visiting the northern part of the diocese and has the honor to announce that he has opened two new churches—one at Mount Forest and the other at Georgetown. He conducted five hundred and forty-eight eucharisties and administered the pledge of total abstinence to all until they should reach the age of twenty years. His Lordship was accompanied by Rev. Father Cuy.

Bishop Dowling will hold three conferences for the clergy in Hamilton on the 28th, 29th and 30th inst. at 9 a.m. at the Hamilton Hotel.

SAD IS OUR YOUTH.

Sad is our youth for it is ever going, Sad is our youth for it is ever flying, Sad is our youth for it is ever flowing, Sad is our youth for it is ever passing, Sad is our youth for it is ever fading, Sad is our youth for it is ever dying.

A LOVE SONG.

(The appended poem was written by the late Dr. Phillips Brooks, in 1858.) We sit together in our soul's high window, That looks upon the street of human life; Within our hearts, without, the world, thou fearest; Within our peace; without, man's angry strife.

Look out! see how strange eyes look here upon us, How poor they think our dwelling and how cheap; The rich ripe fields of blessing that we reap.

Nay, close the curtain; it is wrong, my sweetest, Thy they should see the love they do not know; Our love, the purest, Darling, and completest God ever trusted to our care behind.

Sit here, my Love, with all the world behind, Sit hand in hand, nor dare to speak a word; 'Tis wronging God to share what He consigned To us, every outcast of the human herd.

So sit we by the soul's sweet fire, Fairer: The days go by as light winds kiss the flow'rs; They seek through all earth's sweetest and rarest: A love so sweet, a love so rare, as ours.

CLEVER LONDON GILLS. — Our congratulations are extended to Miss Madeleine Hogan and Miss Olive R. Gregory, who were recently the recipients of diplomas and medals at the graduation exercises in connection with Michael's Hospital Training School, Toronto.

C. M. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 151, resolutions of condolence were moved by Rev. J. M. O'Connell, and carried by a large vote. Jeremiah P. Moran on the death of his beloved wife. May she rest in peace!

MARRIED.

PINNEGAN-KELLY. At St. Patrick's Church, Kinkora, on Sept. 26 by the Rev. A. D. Emery, Mr. Edward Finnegan to Miss Catherine Kelly, date later with the late Mrs. Kelly.

MCLAUGHLIN-O'BOYLE. At St. Mary's church, Drayton, Mr. James W. McLaughlin of Toledo, to Miss Katie, eldest daughter of Mr. O'Boyle.

DIED.

WADDICK. — At Raleigh, on Oct. 5, Mrs. J. Waddick, R. I. P.

CALLAGHAN. — On Sept. 29th, at his residence, Lindsay, J. D. Callaghan, aged sixty-two years, R. I. P.

BURNS. — On 11th inst. at her residence, West-ops, Mrs. Thomas Burns, nee Drann, aged six years, R. I. P.

NEW BOOKS.

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by Rev. A. A. Lombing, L.L.D., author of "The Holy Sacrament," etc. Price 35c. Cloth. Published by Benziger Bros.

English Bells: A Canadian, Reasoned and Popular Exposition of Catholic Morals, by Rev. John H. Stapleton, with Impression of Archbishop Farley. Price \$1.75. Published by Benziger Bros.

MARKET REPORTS.

London, Oct. 20.—Grain, per cental—Wheat per cental, \$1.05 to \$1.07; corn \$0.82 to \$1.00; barley \$0.70; oats, new, 90 to 95; oats, old, \$1.00 to \$1.05; peas, \$1.00 to \$1.05; buckwheat, \$0.75 to \$1.00.

Spring chickens, per pair, \$5 to \$6; live do., per pair, \$3 to \$4; turkeys, dressed, live 15 to 14; ducks, dressed 70 to 80; ducks, live 60 to 80.

Farm Produce.—H-y, per ton \$7.50 to \$8.00; straw, per ton, \$3 to \$4; per load, \$3 to \$4.00; Moat—Horse, \$1.75 to \$2.00; pork, \$3 to \$4; veal, \$3 to \$4; mutton, \$3.50 to \$4.00; lamb, per pound, 10 to 12.

Live hogs, \$5.15 to \$5.50; pigs, \$3 to \$4; calves, \$3 to \$4; sheep, \$3 to \$4; goats, \$3 to \$4.

There is a moderate enquiry. Oats, unchanged; No. 2 white, \$1.10 to \$1.15; No. 3 white, \$1.05 to \$1.10; No. 4 white, \$1.00 to \$1.05; No. 5 white, \$0.95 to \$1.00; No. 6 white, \$0.90 to \$0.95; No. 7 white, \$0.85 to \$0.90; No. 8 white, \$0.80 to \$0.85; No. 9 white, \$0.75 to \$0.80; No. 10 white, \$0.70 to \$0.75; No. 11 white, \$0.65 to \$0.70; No. 12 white, \$0.60 to \$0.65; No. 13 white, \$0.55 to \$0.60; No. 14 white, \$0.50 to \$0.55; No. 15 white, \$0.45 to \$0.50; No. 16 white, \$0.40 to \$0.45; No. 17 white, \$0.35 to \$0.40; No. 18 white, \$0.30 to \$0.35; No. 19 white, \$0.25 to \$0.30; No. 20 white, \$0.20 to \$0.25; No. 21 white, \$0.15 to \$0.20; No. 22 white, \$0.10 to \$0.15; No. 23 white, \$0.05 to \$0.10; No. 24 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05; No. 25 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05; No. 26 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05; No. 27 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05; No. 28 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05; No. 29 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05; No. 30 white, \$0.00 to \$0.05.

Montreal, Oct. 20.—Grain — Oats, 38 to 39c for No. 2. In store here; No. 3 37 to 37c; Corn — American yellow, No. 2, 61c; No. 3, 59c; No. 4 white, 58 to 60c; buckwheat, 59 to 59c; Flour—Manitoba patent, \$3.80; strong bakers', \$5.00; high Ontario blended patent, \$4.75 to \$5.85 in wood; choice 20 per cent, patents, \$5.90 to \$6.00 in wood, and 20c per bush less in shippers' new bags; straight rollers, \$2.10 to \$2.20, and 25 to 35c extra in wood; middlings—\$2.20 per bag, and \$4.90 per bush; Fed — Ontario, in bulk, \$1.7 to \$1.8; shorts, \$1.9 to \$2.1; Manitoba bran in bags, \$1.8 to \$1.9; shorts, \$2.1. Beans—Choice primes, \$4.45 per bush; \$1.10 to \$1.20 in car lots. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$17.50 to \$18; light short cut, \$17 to \$17.50; American fat hams, \$17.50; American clear fat hams, \$20; compound lard, \$10 to 7c; Canadian lard, \$10 to 7c; kettle rendered, \$10 to 7c; ham, 10 to 12c; bacon, 12 to 13c; fresh killed abattoir hams, \$7.50 to \$12.75; heavy fat hams, \$5.00; mixed lard, \$5.25 to \$5.35; tallow, \$1.40 to \$1.50; fat, \$1.50 to \$1.60; Cheese—Ontario white, 9 to 10c; colored, 9c to 9c; Q. cheese, \$1 to \$1.20. Eggs—Select, new laid, 24c; straight gathered, 23c; No. 2, 23c to 24c. Butter—Fancy grades, 19c to 19c; ordinary, 18c to 19c; and Western dairy, 15c to 15c.

Live Stock Markets. EAST BUFFALO, Oct. 20.—Cattle—Receipts, 100 head; price, steady, \$5.50 to \$5.55; shipping, \$4.75 to \$5.25; butchers, \$4 to \$4.50; calves, \$2.50 to \$3.00; cows, \$2.20 to \$2.15; bulls, \$2.50 to \$3.00; stonkers and feeders, \$2.20 to \$2.85. Veal—Receipts, 250 head; steady, \$1.50 to \$1.25. Hogs—Receipts, 670 head; fairly active, 135; Fat hams and lard, \$10 to \$11; Yorkers, \$9.25 to \$9.75; mixed, \$8.75 to \$9.00; roughers, \$7.75 to \$8.25; pigs, \$8.25 to \$8.50; roughers, \$7.75 to \$8.25; stags, \$8 to \$8.50; dairies and grassers, \$6.50 to \$6.85. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 5,000 head; steady; lambs, \$1.50 to \$2.

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